



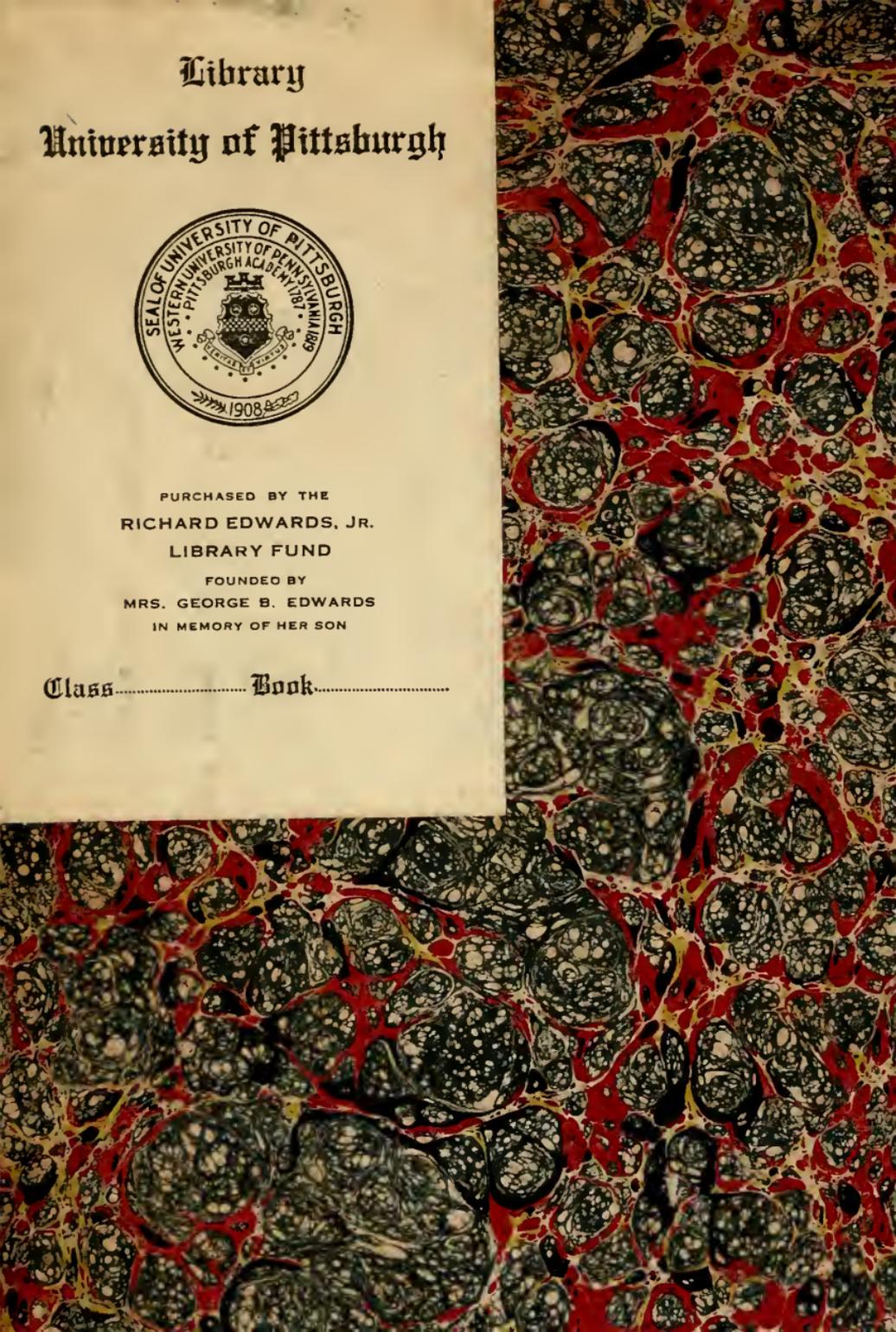
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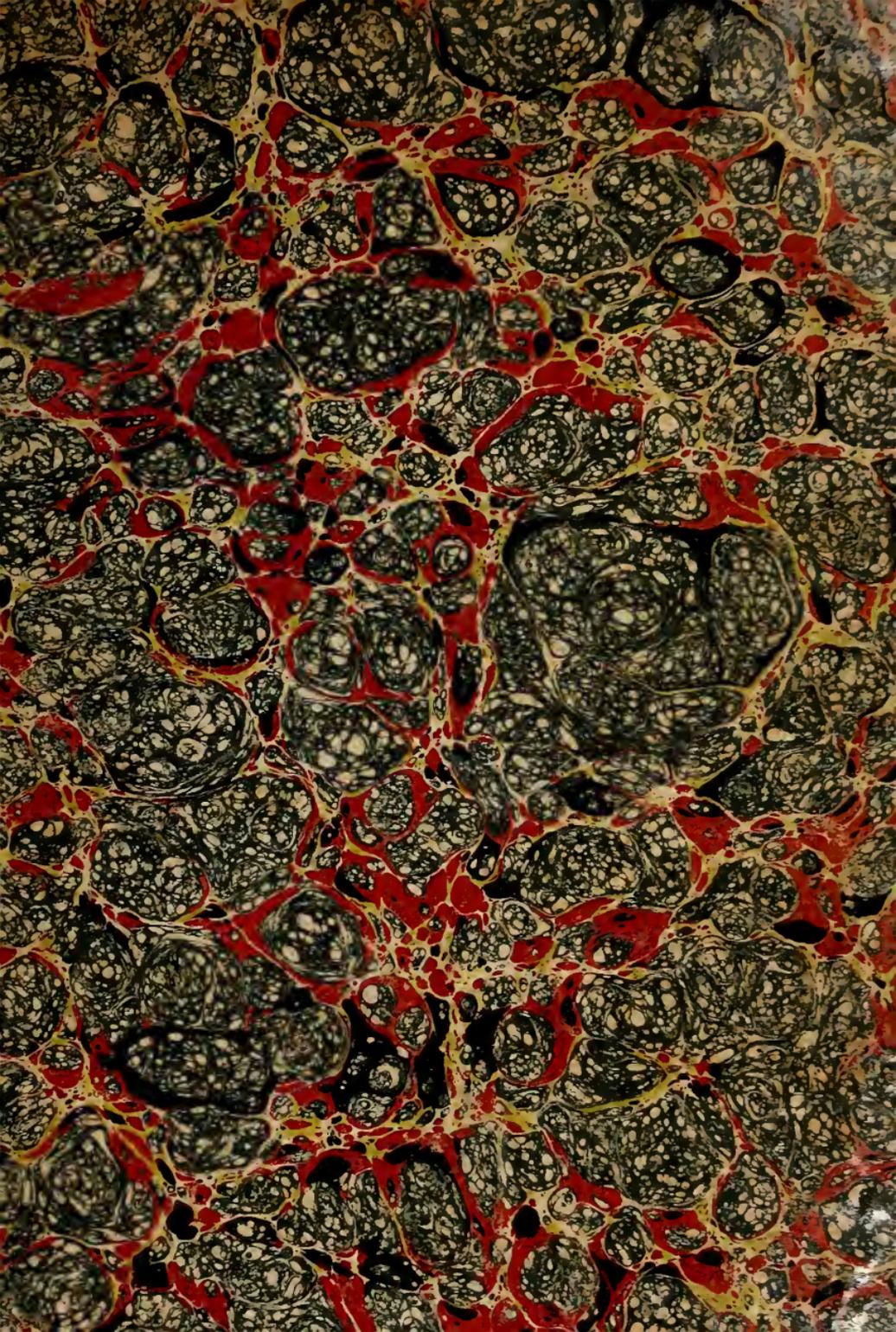


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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW,

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1845,

No. I.

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THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:  
A WHIG JOURNAL  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1845.\*

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In presenting to the public the first number of "The American Review," it will not be inappropriate to set forth the reasons that have led to its establishment. This is not because custom has made it proper, or that the public have a right to expect from each new actor a preliminary bow; but mainly because the reasons themselves are of weighty and earnest import. They arise on different grounds, and present their appeal by different considerations; but the result from them all is a united voice that speaks to the American people.

The predominant interests of our countrymen are involved in the issue of great and often-recurring political contests. These contests are always of prevailing concern, at times all-absorbing; and the leading intellects of the country, so long as our institutions shall happily remain free, must be largely devoted to the discussion of questions pertaining to the management of the national government. As the country progresses in extent and increases in population and wealth, these questions are becoming more varied and complicated. The necessity for new measures, and for the enlarged application of established principles to meet the exigencies of the times, demands constant action on the part of those to whom the people have committed their most sacred interests; and the formation of parties taking antagonistical positions

on these matters is a necessary result, aside from the inducements to division arising from personal ambition, cupidity, and love of place and power, which are found mixed up with all human affairs. Of such organizations, numerously existing or constantly springing up, the greater part are indeed of a local nature, or grow out of temporary excitements: two, however, embrace nearly all the rest, and mainly divide the commonwealth.

These great organizations are born of different elements, exist by different means and in a different atmosphere. In every thing of vital concern, their relation, by principles, policy, practice, is that of natural, unavoidable opposition.

The one is in all things essentially conservative, and at the same time is the real party of progress and improvement. It commends itself to the people, and is supported by them, not less for its rigid adherence to the Republican creed—for its unwavering support of constitutional and established rights, and its endeavors to preserve law, liberty, and order inviolate—than for the ameliorating and liberalizing tendency of its principles and policy. Such is that portion of the community who have justly adopted from the men of the Revolution the ever-honored title of Whigs. In all that tends to give strength to the confederacy, and knit together its various sections by the indissoluble bands of a common interest and

\* The Review is intended to date from the beginning of the year 1845; though the first number, as advertised, has been issued preliminarily in the autumn.

affection, the Whig party occupy the advance ground. Protection to the laborer and the producer, to the merchant and manufacturer; integrity and economy in the discharge of official trusts; the vigilant defence, as against the world, of national dignity and honor; the observance of honor and good faith in all our dealings with and treatment of other nations; the establishment and maintenance of a sound currency; an enlargement of the means of revenue, and a proper provision for its safe-keeping; an extension of the resources of the country by the construction of harbors, roads, and canals, as the wants of the people demand them; a vigorous administration of the laws; the separation of the seats of justice, by all possible barriers, from popular impression; the adoption, by constitutional means, of such regulations as shall confine the exercise of Executive power within due bounds; the general promotion of knowledge, and an enlargement of the means of education;—these form an outline of the distinctive principles of the Whig party, and by these and other cognate sentiments and measures it will be known to posterity. When the personal rivalries and partisan asperities of the day shall have been forgotten, and the mellowing hand of Time shall have consigned to the Future only the virtues of the Present, the positions and aims of the Whig party will stand out like watch-towers and beacon-lights on the mountain side, and be referred to and quoted as monuments to inspire, as precedents to guide, another race of statesmen and patriots; and whatever it may now do, the world will then acknowledge the moral heroism of those who, doubtless with some defects and some temporary mistakes, yet withstood in their day, the tide of corruption, the insidious arts of demagogues, and the clamors of faction, and taking their stand on the platform of the Constitution, defended the honor and integrity of their country from open and secret assault, and preserved to their countrymen the inestimable blessings of a good government.

The other great political division is as essentially anarchical in its principles and tendencies. In saying this, we would not be understood as denying to the body of its members their claims to sincerity; for the mass of a people, whatever may be their predilections, and however croneous their views, are unquestionably sincere and honest in their

professions. But whatever the pretensions of their leaders may be, they are practically working to destroy the prosperity of the nation, to corrupt the morals of the people, to weaken the authority of law, and utterly to change the primitive elements of the government. We know that these are grave charges: we believe that they can be substantiated.

A portion of the evidence lies in actual results. It is an unhappy and imperishable part of the national history. Professing an exclusively democratic creed, and a desire to advance the "greatest good of the greatest number," the period of the dominancy of this party in the government has been signalized by widespread ruin and distress, as plainly as the smouldering pile and the ravaged field ever marked the course of an invading army. A profligate waste of the national treasures; a general depression in all the various branches of business and enterprise; the country without a currency at all equal to its wants; the checking, at a vast loss, the progress of internal improvements; a depreciation of nearly every species of property; a denial to the people of their only means of securing an adequate market for the products of the soil, cheating honest industry of its rewards; a dishonorable feeling with respect to public debts; a blind obedience to party dictation, in which the voice of conscience is stifled and patriotism and the eternal rules of justice thrown aside as worthless considerations; a corruption of the elective franchise; the civil power set at defiance; countenance and support given to organized revolutionary parties acting in direct hostility to the laws, and in subversion of all government; the basest perfidy towards an unoffending nation proposed and upheld, and a candidate for the dignities of the chief magistracy selected on account of his willingness to carry out the foul design;—these acts and consequences have attached themselves to and distinguished the party which has strangely arrogated to itself the title of Democratic, as if democracy consisted not in levelling-up and preserving, but in reducing all things to an equality of degradation and ruin.

Yet these, however disastrous, are less to be regarded. Practical errors of individuals or of nations are comparatively of little consequence. They are of the present, and may be retrieved. They belong soon to history, and their

effects become weaker with remoteness in the past. It is the elements native to the character, the ineradicable principles and tendencies, that are of abiding concern. And these, with the party of whom we speak, appear to us thoroughly wrong and pernicious. As we have said, the mass of them are doubtless sincere; but they receive doctrines from designing leaders, of which they recognise neither the nature nor the end. They are led on they know not well to what; but discerning men in the Republic cannot fail to see that they are, in different ways, according to different sections of the community, practically working to relax the whole spirit of law among us, to disorganize and change the original framework and proportions of our government, and, under the deceptive name of advancement, insensibly descending in a rapid progression to evil. There is scarcely any dangerously radical opinion, any specious, delusive theory, on social, political, or moral points, which does not, in some part of the country, find its peculiar aliment and growth among the elements of that party. They are not content with sober improvement; they desire a freedom larger than the Constitution. They have a feeling, that the very fact that an institution has long existed, makes it insufficient for the growth of the age—for the wonderful demands of the latter-day developments. In a word, change with them is progress; and whenever the maddened voice of faction, or the mercenary designs of party leaders demand a triumph over established institutions and rightful authority, they rush blindly but exultingly forward, and call it "*reform*." It is thus, that in some sections of the Union they have sought to make the judiciary, which of all elements in a government should be left free from external influences, subject to periodical revolution by the people, and have shown themselves ready to set aside the most solemn state covenants on a bare change of majorities. It is thus, that in other sections they have exhibited a marked hostility to useful corporations, even to the crying down of institutions of learning as aristocratic monopolies. It is thus that everywhere, and at all times, they have been disposed to make the stability of legislation dependent on the dominancy of a party, and to consider the idea of law as having no majesty, no authority, no divine force inherent in itself—as not a great Idea enthroned among

men, coeval with Eternal Justice, which feeling alone can keep it from being trampled under foot of the multitude—but as derived from, and existing by, the uncertain sanctions of the popular will. And in all this they are not merely loosening the foundations of order and good government: they are paving the way—first, indeed, to anarchy, but next to despotism. For while in the false idea of "liberty" and "progress" they would deny the existence or renounce the exercise of those large and beneficent constitutional powers provided by the sages of the Revolution, they permit their acknowledged exponents to usurp the most extended and unlawful authority, and would give to the Chief Executive a power most liable to be abused, and greater than is possessed by the crowned head of any constitutional monarchy in Christendom.

To resist earnestly and unweariedly these destructive measures and principles, and, in so doing, to support freely and openly the principles and measures of the Whig party, is one great object of this Review. Yet in this we claim that degree of independence which every right-minded man in the Republic should vindicate—liberty to judge for ourselves as great interests change and new events arise.

The need of such a journal has long been deeply and widely felt. The Whig newspaper press is conducted with a degree of ability and address never perhaps excelled in any country; but its expositions and appeals are necessarily brief, and but by few either remembered or preserved beyond the occasion which calls them forth. The Review will be a means of presenting more grave and extended discussions of measures and events, and of better preserving them to after times. But aside from the important field of national politics, there is yet another, vaster and more varied, demanding as constant and stern a conflict for the truth and the right, and making far larger requisitions on the intellect and attainments of whoever would earnestly work for the well-being of his country. We speak of the great field of literature, philosophy, and morals. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that these, from the nature of things, are so closely blended with all other elements that go to compose a state, as to make whatever influences affect these vitally, affect also, for evil or for good, the entire political fabric. We have the voice of history

to this conclusion, since great governments have never fallen but by being first corrupted and undermined by the speculations of ignorant, or fancy-ridden, or designing men. But in relations of their own—above the form politic—as affecting those higher destinies of men, their social, intellectual, spiritual existence, they are of importance never to be estimated. And the aspect of the times reflects on them a yet more grave and serious import. There has been no age of the world in which the physical energies of men have effected so rapid and wonderful achievements—no age in which their intellects have been sharpened to greater acuteness—and no age rife with all speculative errors, with the falsest principles of taste in art and literature, with subtle delusions affecting the whole foundations of the social system. It becomes thus an age bearing in its bosom mighty and doubtful issues for the future. And this, whether we look to the eastern or the western hemisphere. The institutions of Europe seem rapidly verging to dissolution. Old forms have passed away—old foundations have been broken up. Though the convulsions of a former age, which threw down many dynasties, and thrones, and ancient usages, appear now fully subsided, it is but a deceitful calm. There is yet a power abroad on the surface of society, and a commotion in its lowest depths, fearfully ominous of some of those great events which change the face of the moral world, and shake it to its centre.

In our own country, likewise, the same restlessness is bearing us hurriedly onward, but we fear to worse ends. The nations of Europe are restless under the burden of oppression; we are restless under the weight of mere duty and custom.

We are a people eager for novelty; we care more for the newness of a thing than for its authority. This is a trait which, while it opens the way to striking physical improvement, has an unfavorable influence upon us in many respects. It affects our morals, since morality can have no sober growth but on a ground of stability and recognised truth. It affects all our philosophy and speculative belief, since old opinions, however well considered and just, are readily abandoned for new ones. It affects all regular formation of national custom and character, because we suffer our tastes and habits to be continually changing. It especially affects, what must have all these for a

partial foundation—the growth of our national literature. For if tastes may change and customs be laid aside with the hour, and opinions be held no longer than they are able to excite, and faith be considered a matter of choice, it is obvious that our literature must be forever unsubstantial and fugitive. It can have no dignity, because no consistency—little beauty as a whole, because little harmony of the parts—no great body of impression, from the want of uniformity among its effective elements.

Our literature has never been sufficiently earnest. It has been too much the product of light moments, of impulsive efforts, of vacation from other and engrossing employments. There have been many graceful and pleasing productions, and some exhibiting a degree of power that justifies the highest hopes of what *might* be; but few great designs, long considered and carefully planned out, have been entered upon with that serious and stern determination with which Milton commenced a work “which posterity should not willingly let die.” But surely, if literature has, what we *know* it has ever had, a forming influence on the minds of those who form and rule the minds of the multitude, it is not a light thing, a thing to be played with at languid intervals as one of life’s ornaments, but a matter to be borne in hand with earnest and fixed resolves. We are speaking here of original works among us; but what shall we say of the criticism of the times? We confess to an almost total distrust of its judgments. Never exhibiting great independence or power of discerning, it has grown of late even more slavish, weak, and meaningless. Foreign productions sent over, ticketed and labelled, receive an *imprimatur* accordingly; the writings of our own countrymen, deserving of cordial and ready praise, must often wait for the dicta of foreign judges; and a sea of trash seems rapidly swallowing up the delicate perceptions, and calm thought, both of critics and people.

For these reasons also, in addition to those of a political nature, has it been determined, “quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit,” to establish a national Review. Adding only, that all sectarian discussions and all sectional controversies will be avoided, so that the work may be of equal acceptability in every part of the country, we ask for it a support according to the character it shall be found to bear.

## THE POSITION OF PARTIES.

A STRANGER in the country, having little knowledge of our political divisions, would be greatly confused in his attempts to ascertain the real meaning of the terms "democracy" and "democratic." Having received from former free states the impression that the word properly respects the "power of the people," which it literally signifies, exercised by a majority of themselves for the people's good, he would naturally look around to see if the modern multitude who employ that ancient appellation are a sufficient part of the community for such a possession, to what large measures of public policy they have given rise, and with what line of conduct they or their leaders have, in general, pursued the interests of the commonwealth. To his surprise, unless he had made of demagogues and their arts a philosophic study, he would find the term, in its better sense, peculiarly misapplied. He would remark, on the one hand, that by far the greater and more intelligent portion of the people, and the portion from which nearly every measure which has in any degree tended to the common benefit, together with each and all of those broad principles that can lead the nation steadily on to prosperity and true greatness, long since originated, make no use of that attractive title, but are content to consider themselves abiders by the Constitution, consistent supporters of the Federal Republic.

By an opposing minority on the other side, he would hear the term vociferated with great zeal at all meetings in streets and club-rooms, whatever might be the occasion of their assembling, and in whatever part of the Union he might chance to be. Anxious to know, as having the finest opportunity since the days of the Athenian 'democratic,' the exact weight of the word, especially in their own minds, and what amount of distilled opinion has filtered down to them through the ages intervening, the stranger requests one of the more favorable specimens to define his creed. He replies—"I am a Democrat." It is intimated to him that principles and names are different things, and he is pressed to state what particular measure he supports that

is peculiarly democratic in its nature; what great doctrine he believes in;—briefly, what he is *for*.—Why, he is "for democracy!" He supports "the rights of the people!" He "believes in Jefferson!" Sometimes the explanation would be varied to the negative form, by recounting, which they are able to do more readily and at much greater length, what they are *against*. The matter pressed still further, a labyrinthine definition would be the issue, garnished with such a variety of prefixes, according to the locality of the speaker, as to render a consecutive series of ideas out of the question. Our friend, the stranger, grows disturbed in mind. He has lost his old ideas of the word, and gained no new ones. It has become to him a cabalistic phrase, equivalent to the term "great medicine" among the Chippewas or Pottawatamies. But what is this to the public? The cloak is of use to the party that wear it. They have given to it a most ample latitude of comprehension, and have compelled it to cover, like charity, a multitude of sins.

We shall not quarrel with them, however, for possession of the name. During the few unfortunate years in which they have held the false tenure, they have so encumbered the domain with useless and dangerous structures, so imbued it with unnatural, unconstitutional and destructive elements, so divided and undermined it with radical tendencies leading swiftly downwards to ruin, that we hardly know if any period of rightful usage by the worth and patriotism of the nation could restore it to a just and honorable significance. Nor is it, in truth, of much consequence. Names in themselves are nothing, principles and conduct everything; and we are desirous rather, in this article, of setting before the public the two great antagonist parties in the country, as they actually stand. We think this will be best effected by sketching, briefly and clearly as may be, the former history up to this time—especially the rise and progress, the early and the *latter* formation—of the Democratic party. Facts are substantial things: they cannot be lightly blown away by the breath that utters the "euphonious name" so volubly.

Every one is aware that the Democracy of 1844 makes great pretensions to antiquity. It professes to refer its parentage to the Republicans of 1798, and to the democracy of the Jeffersonian era. We think it would be discretion on the part of its leaders to say the least that may be in regard to its birth and childhood; but if, like biographers having the difficult task to impart a fair character to a bad subject, they must commence with the beginning of a vicious life, it would be well to go so far back as to make a reference to facts impossible.

Great differences of opinion did indeed exist among both public and private men at, and soon after, the formation of the government. They were not in regard to the principles of freedom and legal equality, for these were recognised by all—but as to the offices and powers of the federal government, the duration of terms of office, and the constitution and functions of the judiciary and the legislature. A free government was then an untried experiment, adopted with anxious hope, and confided in with trembling. Its wisest framers did not fully comprehend its capacities, its whole mode of action was not yet fully determined, and theories were for the first time to be reduced to practice. It was natural that in such a state of affairs different views of things should arise even among the wise and patriotic. Nearly every man had undergone the perils of war for freedom, and all were anxious to protect the great and dearly-purchased boon for the benefit of those who should come after them. It is seldom, in a contested case, that an intelligent jury of twelve men can agree upon a result, after a basis of facts has been established by evidence. Much less could it be expected that uniformity of opinion would be attained in so serious a matter as that of the formation of a government for a vast country, embracing a multitude of details, and providing for the exigency of a thousand unknown circumstances.

These differences divided the people at the first, and, with some modifications, for many years, into two distinct parties. They were so far parallel to the parties of the present day, as to be, the one *for*, the other *against*, those elements of a general government which experience has shown, are best suited to the condition and permanent interests of the people of this country. The *modern* Demo-

cracy are slow to trace back their origin quite to so mistaken a position. Yet the chief distinction is, though our opponents may think it a matter of no consequence, that the leaders of the radical minority of that day were honest men. For if, after so many years of reasonable growth and prosperity with the government, as first constituted, unchanged, professed statesmen are yet found supporting opinions that involve a practical opposition to some of its most important principles, what remains but to consider them either incapable or traitorous?

Not to digress, however, the earliest division of the people arose out of the primitive attempts to form a confederacy of the states, and subsequently on the question of adopting the Constitution so anxiously and wisely framed. The discussions in the several states were protracted and earnest: the friends of the Constitution, with Washington at their head, were designated as *Federalists*, its enemies *Anti-Federalists*. But the Constitution once adopted and acquiesced in, the questions which had arisen were rapidly lost sight of; and the latter designation becoming odious, was readily exchanged for the more popular name of Republicans. With the election of Jefferson in 1800 the power passed away from the hands of the Federalists; the old controverted points were settled or forgotten; new and exciting questions, as the impressment of seamen, the embargo, and various foreign relations, followed, engrossing the public mind, and essentially changing the character and position of parties. Finally, the war ensued, which, however looked upon in its origin, eventually created, for the most part, a community of sentiment throughout the country; and by the close of Madison's administration all previous party distinctions were effectually obliterated. We state results and facts fully established by contemporaneous history. Mr. Monroe entered upon his office by a nearly unanimous choice of the people. The Republican party of the preceding period, known as such, had placed itself on the important practical questions of the day, rather than on any exclusive claims to democracy, such as are now put forth, with little purpose, we think, except to continue party lines, and enable "scurvy politicians" to throw the dice more frequently for the spoils of office. Sometimes, it is true, an alarm was even then occasionally sounded by the demagogue about aristo-

eratic tendencies, with which opponents were charged; but they had not made, as now, a false title the battle cry of the party, their first, their last, their only argument. Great measures of foreign policy, almost wholly absorbing men's minds, had not permitted this small game to be played. In consequence, moreover, of the termination of these questions, and the defeat of the Federalists in reference to them, that party ceased to exist as an opposition. During the whole of Mr. Monroe's administration, they gave a cordial support to the government, and became merged with their antagonists into one united people, wearied with political strife and disposed to take a calm review of former contests. It was, in truth, the era of good feelings. Here and there some of those small men who feel that at such times they have no chance of emerging from that obscurity, for which nature designed them, were endeavoring to maintain the old distinctions of names in local and state elections; but their miserable efforts received little countenance from the mass of the people. The nation desired repose and a concentrated attention to those matters of internal improvement (we use the term in its best and largest sense) which had before to give way to the all-absorbing questions arising out of our foreign relations; and on those questions of national improvement, there was, at that time, but little difference of opinion at the North or the South. Southern men had no doubt of the constitutionality and expediency of protecting the national industry. The North concurred in the sentiment, although at that time its ostensible interests were no more connected with this question than those of other sections of the Union. All felt the importance of a national currency, and there was hardly a shadow of a difference as to the means by which alone it could be secured.

Neither was the election of 1824 conducted on party grounds. Local interests and personal predilections predominated. Adams, Clay, Crawford, and Jackson were the prominent candidates for the presidency. They were all recognised as Republicans, and were supported as such. Failing of an election by the people, the House of Representatives, under the provisions of the Constitution, elected Mr. Adams to the chief magistracy. In the contest between these several candidates, the members of the old Fede-

ral party were about equally divided, as they are between the parties at this day. The radical faction of the present day, neither in name nor principles, had any existence at that period. All pretended affinities of a more ancient date are unsupported by fact, the old Republicans holding few or no opinions in common with the *modern* Democracy.

In the course of this fortunate period there was an incident to which we would wish to call particular attention. It shows how the most violent spirits had felt the composing influences to which we have alluded, and yielded to the general spirit of peace, of unity and nationality which pervaded the land. Some other conclusions also may be legitimately drawn. We allude to a famous letter written during this period by General Jackson to Mr. Monroe. Many may call that letter in question, as some enlightened Democrats would deny that James K. Polk ever opposed a tariff; but we will not so far distrust the intelligence even of our opponents, as to offer proof of a fact so well known to all who have any knowledge of the history of the times. It is, however, rather remarkable that this letter should be suffered to rest in such comparative obscurity, while the most questionable acts of General Jackson's life and administration have been trumpeted forth as evidences of his superior democracy. When his most high-handed measures have ever been most ardently supported by those who have been clamorous in their alarms about the monarchical tendencies of conservative doctrines, it is certainly strange that one of the noblest acts of his life should be seldom mentioned. Over his famous proclamation against the Carolina nullifiers, a veil has been drawn, as though his most devoted friends regarded it as a blot upon his character; and when we allude to his letter to President Monroe, some most consistent Democrat may perhaps charge it to be a political forgery, designed to represent the old chief as failing in his allegiance to a party which had no existence until some time after it was written. But the letter lives. Many of the General's present political foes remember it as a redeeming trait in his character; and it may yet furnish the historian with some materials for his eulogy, and the future moralist a proof how much more valuable are a man's honest opinions in private life, than those he is made to promulge as the head of a polit-

ical party. We would say that the remembrance of this letter might yet furnish the hero of the Hermitage much consolation as he draws nigh the termination of his earthly career, if the charitable supposition had not been prevented by the malignity with which he yet assails Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams, and all who have acted in opposition to any measures of his public life. But to the letter itself. General Jackson directly addresses himself to President Monroe on this very subject of the harmony of the two parties, and its delightful effect upon the returning prosperity of the country. He advises the chief magistrate of the country, as from his high standing in the opinions of the nation he had a perfect right to do, that now was the time to destroy forever the "monster party spirit"—that he should take all pains to promote so high and laudable an object, and that in furtherance of it, he could not do better than to compose his cabinet equally from the two great parties into which the country had been divided. General Jackson a no-party man! Gen. Jackson a peace-maker! Gen. Jackson advise the appointment of Federalists to office! . . . . Let us carry our minds some seven or eight years ahead. There is a change presenting itself worth our notice. Mr. Monroe's administration had been conducted on the noble, liberal, and most truly national principles contained in this letter, and had passed away. His successor, Mr. Adams, had maintained the same high ground, although tempted to depart from them by the most unprincipled opposition by which a man had ever been assailed. We find this same General Jackson in office, and in a condition where he might have properly carried out his own advice. Can it be the same man? Could Hazeel have known so little of himself? Would he not once have said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But so it is. Humiliating as the fact is to our human nature, the warmest friend, the most determined foe, must both agree, that since the establishment of the Constitution there had not been witnessed an administration in which so bitter a party proscription had been carried on; no period in which the doctrine was so unblushingly avowed, that to the victor belonged the spoils of the enemy. At no time had the waters of political strife been let out in such an overflowing torrent on the land. A bitterness and savage fierceness unknown

to former conflicts marked all the administration of this most consistent man, and a more proscriptive party never cursed any country than that which had been studiously, designedly, and with the utmost care brought into being and fostered during that period, which, according to the noble principles of his letter to Mr. Monroe, ought to have been the golden age of peace, of harmony, of freedom from party spirit, and united national feeling in the promotion of every beneficent national work. Whence came this wondrous change? We will do General Jackson the justice to believe that he had been honest in his advice to Monroe. Men are always so in the declaration of their abstract sentiments. The events which followed were not primarily his. There had been an evil genius working in another part of the Union, who, combining subtlety and talent, playing upon the ungovernable passions of the military chieftain, had so transformed the scene, and dissipated the fair prospect which the letter had given reason to expect. Martin Van Buren, during the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, and the continuance of Mr. Adams's, had been playing the small game of "the mousing politician" in the State of New York. His circumstances were peculiar. A very great man then possessed the gubernatorial chair of this State. He felt the spirit of the times, and this, combined with the workings of his own noble and elevated intellect, led him to seek for honorable fame in promoting the best interests of his country. Ambitious he was, but ambitious in the noblest sense, to take advantage of returning peace with a foreign nation, and restored unity at home, in projecting and accomplishing that great scheme of national improvement from which we are now reaping such incalculable benefits. This man completely overshadowed Mr. Van Buren. It was a shade from which he could find no way to emerge into that distinction which he so ardently coveted, and which he felt himself unable to obtain by any means requiring the qualifications of a lofty statesmanship. But Mr. Clinton must be supplanted. He was an obstacle bidding defiance to any competition to be waged on any high and honorable grounds. There were, too, at that time, other great men, intimately connected with great national interests, and most honorably known in the national history. Not only Clinton and Adams, but that

name at the mention of which even then every heart in the nation warmed—the noble and disinterested statesman of Kentucky—all stood before him. The former, however, was the man, because the nearest impediment; the rest were assailable in turn. Clinton must be supplanted. But how? His antagonist had no resources in the field of exalted statesmanship. His name was connected with no services in the war which had just been fought. He had no plans of internal improvement for the benefit of generations yet unborn. He had no reputation in the world of letters and philosophy like his accomplished rival. What, then, were his resources? They were of a kind corresponding to the dimensions of the man; and the humiliating recollection that they were successful is almost lost, when we consider the tremendous consequences for evil with which that success was attained. Mr. Van Buren set himself to a task for which his abilities were exactly calculated. He found here and there some, who, amid the general harmony, were mourning in obscure places over that obliteration of party names in which their own small hopes of distinction would be forever blotted out. He began to scheme in secret with congenial spirits, among whom the then patron and political guide of the present loco-foco candidate for governor held an unenviable distinction. These men set themselves to the noble work of stirring up again the dying embers of former party strifes. In the absence of all meritorious deeds, they hoped to rise into distinction by the revival of those old titles which General Jackson had desired to be consigned to eternal oblivion. Wicked and unprincipled men were tempted with the hopes of office, and weak men were found in sufficient numbers to form the materials of the demagogue. Year after year the object was pursued with a pertinacity which is often a trait of the smallest souls. The title of Democrat was exclusively appropriated to themselves, their opponents, in contempt of the trick, silently permitting them to be successful in the petty larceny. A portion of the more unprincipled of the old Federal party attached themselves to this new phoenix of Democracy, which had so little likeness to its alleged sire, and, as might be expected, became Democrats of the most rampant sort. In short, the elements of party conflict were again revived with more than their ancient ran-

cor. Mr. Clinton and his friends were styled Federalists, for what reason no one could tell; but Federalists they were, although a great number of the most strenuous members of the old Republican party were among his most ardent supporters. In short, while Mr. Clinton, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Adams were projecting glorious schemes of general improvement, recommending national universities, national observatories, devising plans for a sound national currency, encouraging the efforts of the then dawning Republics in South America, rendering secure the national credit, and giving us a national character, which, but for the subsequent dark days of Democratic repudiation, might have made us the envy of the world—while these true statesmen were thus employed, Mr. Van Buren, and Roger Skinner, and Silas Wright were engaged in the sublime work of *rousing the Democracy*, of exhuming the buried ghost of Federalism, and holding it up as a scare-crow for those of their followers who had too little intelligence to discern the miserable cheat. They were then all bank men, all tariff men, all internal improvement men, because a sound and wholesome popular sentiment on these subjects then pervaded the country, in place of that spurious *vox populi* which has since been the product of their own manufacture, and which is the only species of domestic manufacture to which they were ever in heart favorable. But all these matters were held in reserve as subordinate to the other great matter in which they were so zealously employed, namely, the getting up in some way the old party names, and in adroitly taking to themselves that of Democrats. But we have not space to pursue further the wretched details.

It was in this cessation, then, of partisan politics that the new contest commenced, which resulted in the election of General Jackson to the Executive chair. It was a contest whose impress is yet visible upon the features of the country, and the consequences of which have in a great measure controlled the fortunes of political parties. Out of this contest has sprung the radical Democracy of the present period, and as the character and measures of this party have taken their complexion from the character of their leaders and champions, we shall offer no apology for giving a more extended description of both.

In all respects General Jackson was

a remarkable man. He possessed in an eminent degree many of those great qualities which give to *one* an indisputable command over *the many*. Born upon American soil while this continent owned the sway of the house of Hanover, he enlisted as a soldier of liberty before the flush of manhood had crimsoned his cheek. His growth was in a sparsely settled country, hardly to be distinguished from a wilderness, where the force of law, the restraints of society, and the rules of civilized life have but little weight. In such a situation self-preservation and self-protection are paramount to all other considerations. At an early day he formed such an acquaintanceship with hardships and danger as to give an indelible character to the man in after years. Self-instructed, and with none to render him assistance or to make the opening pathway of life smooth to his steps, without fortune, friends, or adventitious aids, he acquired an independence of thought and action, a disdain of danger, and a contempt of opposition, which followed him through all the vicissitudes of his career. Vigorous in action, energetic in the execution of his plans, ignorant of, or despising, alike the arts of the courtier and the nice distinctions of the casuist, he, in early life, acquired an influence in the border state of Tennessee which never deserted him while he had an ambitious wish to gratify, or a personal desire to be fulfilled. Possessing a haughty and unbending will which would brook no opposition, and which defied with equal boldness the threats of enemies and the entreaties of friends, he had nevertheless obtained an abiding influence over the affections of a vast body of the people, which rendered opposition to him at the polls almost a useless work. It was not because he was deemed a statesman that he was chosen as a candidate for the presidency, in exclusion of the other great men of the Republic. It was not because he was supposed to be possessed of any peculiar insight into the nature of our government, or of any intuitive appreciation of the duties of its chief executive, that the American people bestowed upon him their suffrages almost by acclamation. In an accurate knowledge of the theory and science of government, and of the details of legislation, Webster and Clay, Calhoun and Crawford, were immeasurably his superiors. His immediate predecessor was, without question, the most accomplished

statesman of the day; profoundly learned in all branches of knowledge, versed in the history of his country, and understanding practically all its varied and multifarious interests. Thus endowed, however, for profound and wide-seeing statesmanship, and fitted to be at the head of a great and growing republic, with all its complicated internal and foreign relations—nurtured among the heroes of the era of Independence, and himself the son of a Revolutionary statesman, John Quincy Adams was, notwithstanding, put down by a whirlwind of clamor and abuse, of falsehood and detraction, such as had never been witnessed in the political history of the nation. General Jackson had other claims to popular homage. It was the delusive glory of his military career which gave him this commanding prominence, and secured the enthusiastic support of the people. He had done the country signal service in its struggles with Great Britain; he had conducted our Indian wars with signal success; he had “assumed the responsibility,” and invading the territories of another nation without the sanction of his own government, captured its capital, imprisoned its governor, and dictated terms of peace with all the authority of a sovereign. Right or wrong, he never hesitated in his movements; and, as success invariably attended his undertakings, he gained credit for sagacity and wisdom. The shrewdness of a few leading politicians discovered in his character a combination of all that was requisite in a party leader. He was selected as a candidate; the new cry of “democracy” was raised; and the self-commissioned invader of a foreign territory suddenly found himself the idol of a party that was not over-scrupulous in its means of warfare, or in its choice of weapons. The event justified the accuracy of their calculations. The brilliancy of his deeds in the field, the sternness of his character, and the obduracy of his will, was reflected from his person through the long lines of his partisans, until the humblest of his followers was inspired with an ardor which presaged the victory that ensued. In his private life, the conduct of General Jackson had been equally marked by stirring events. Duels, rencontres, and street-fights, where rapidity of movement and personal courage are decisive, were the methods chosen by him to settle private controversies; and there are probably those now living whose

scars bear attestation to his violent profligacy. As a legislator he had not distinguished himself, unless it may be in the characteristic threat to cut off the ears of an unlucky member of Congress, who had ventured to inquire somewhat too closely into the legality of his acts. He made no pretensions to learning or scholarship of any kind; indeed his education was superficial, and but barely sufficient to conduct him decently through life. Such was the history and character of the man who was chosen to preside over a government of seventeen millions of people, as enlightened, at least, as any other portion of the world.

The history of his administration forms a counterpart to his military career and his private life. He entered upon the discharge of the duties of his high office, doubtless, with an honest desire to serve his country faithfully, and with the intention of observing strict justice and equity in regard to men and measures. But the affairs of a great nation, and the diversified interests of a widely-extended country, could not be managed without many differences of opinion arising between the two great parties, nor indeed without creating serious dissensions in the dominant party itself. The plans and policy of the President did not by any means meet with universal favor; and at the first serious opposition his wrath was kindled. He could never forget or forgive any one who had placed an obstacle in his path from the conception to the accomplishment of a design. Establishing his own opinion as the law of the land, he regarded every man as a villain who withstood his will. Bold measures, hastily conceived, and entered upon with little apparent deliberation, were pertinaciously adhered to, and crammed down the throats of his partisans—not without some grimaces and contortions of countenance. Obedience to the commands of the party had become a settled law; and as the party derived its vitality and strength from the character and energy of its chief, his simple word was in all controverted cases held paramount to the Constitution. In the matter of infallibility, he was allowed precedence of the Pope. The voice of the people, expressed through their legally chosen representatives, was to him and his adherents as an idle wind: the behests of sovereign States, conveyed through their senatorial guardians, were equally ineffectual.

At one time the Constitution—the organic law of the land—is not broad enough to meet his purposes. He gives to its provisions an interpretation of such latitudinarian scope as to astonish a section even of his allies, and their anathemas, neither few nor indistinctly uttered, are brought down upon him. At another time he is found to be so far a strict constructionist as to refuse the exercise of those discretionary powers which for great ends have been wisely deposited in the government. It was expected, of course, that he would fill all the chief posts of executive trust with occupants friendly to his interests, and holding similarity of views. Harmony in the government would require this, to say nothing of the policy and propriety of the course on other grounds. But the Dictator went far beyond this point. Acting upon the principle that the honors and emoluments of office were spoils to be awarded to the victors in the political arena, and treating all who were of another party as enemies to their country, he thrust out the thousands of incumbents from the petty posts scattered from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. This was done irrespective of their character, services, and situation, till there was hardly a postmaster or petty tide-waiter in office who had not blown his penny trumpet in honor of the victorious chief, or lisped with becoming reverence and precision the shibboleth of “the party.” It is conceded that there was no violation of the Constitution or of express law in this course; but it was a breach of propriety and a stretch of authority altogether beyond precedent. The effects of this system of rewards and punishment are yet subsisting and apparent: we even fear the practice has become a settled principle in the political code. Its effects are clearly disastrous. It has rendered all our political contests more bitter and acrimonious, corrupted the hearts of thousands with the hopes of gain, and driven the dictates of patriotism and the love of justice into a place of secondary importance in the view of multitudes. Patriotism and the love of place do not go hand in hand. If office be the sure reward of partisan fealty and devotion, hypocrisy and a contempt of the well-being of society will most surely follow. For this innovation in our political system the country must render due thanks to Gen. Jackson. That he was besieged

by a host of applicants clamorous for benefactions, and often violated his own views of propriety to favor a friend, is no doubt true; but this does not lessen the evil nor diminish the responsibility resting with him. He was the President of the nation, but he had not virtue enough to forget that he was the chief of a party. The Whigs contended against the introduction of this system, sternly and consistently; but the power of a long-dominant, corrupt party in a commonwealth to establish—it may be forever—a custom or a tendency unprincipled in its nature, and demoralizing to the people, has not thus for the first time been signally displayed.

Personal pique undoubtedly added in some degree to the violence of General Jackson's course, and gave a determining character to many of the measures of his administration. An enemy was at the head of one of the branches of the late United States Bank. The President failed to influence his removal, and procure the appointment of a friend. The friends and managers of the bank did not consult *him* in regard to the provisions of the new charter applied for, and he had not succeeded in bringing that institution under his control. Impetuous in all things, defying all things, whether of gods or men, this was an opposition to his sultanic will by no means to be endured. He commenced forthwith a war of words and measures against that ill-starred corporation, in which he was backed by all the powers of the government, and aided by all the arts of his shrewd advisers. They first destroyed its business and threw discredit and suspicion upon its solvency, never before suspected; then by crippling the resources and business interests of the country, they weakened its securities and impeded the collection of its vast and extended claims, till by a series of calamities and governmental hostilities beating upon it, the great fiscal institution of the country fell, irretrievably to the ground, and great was the fall of it. In its ruins were crushed the fortunes of hundreds of widows, and orphans, of innocent men, women, and children, whose entire means of subsistence were embarked in its immense capital. This bank had been chartered by Mr. Madison, than whom a better man or a purer patriot never exercised power in the Republic; and it had been sustained and aided by nearly all the other Republicans of the day. And it must be

remembered that Gen. Jackson himself did not then profess to be opposed in principle to a bank, but to *the* bank; for he expressly declared that if application had been made to him, *he* could have given Congress a plan for a national bank which would have accomplished the desired end. It was reserved to the patent Democrats of a later day to reach that sublimation of political wisdom which perceives certain ruin in a fiscal charter, federalism in a paper dollar, and rank treason in an innocent bill of exchange. Gen. Jackson was something of a Democrat in his day, but he had not attained this degree of acute discrimination. He was strongly in favor of the State banks, fostered them by all the appliances in his power, induced the creation of hundreds in the place of one, and left the currency of the country in a state of hopeless depreciation.

The destruction of the United States Bank was in reality *the great measure* of his administration. We may look in vain for any important principle settled by him, or any new theory brought forward, except in regard to the currency. In the management of our foreign interests, the honor of the country was protected, and our relations were generally maintained with dignity and caution. There was one notable instance of impropriety, but that was the error of Mr. Van Buren, his Secretary of State. We allude to the unwarrantable and uncalled-for introduction of our internal political divisions into his official correspondence with Great Britain. This was a proceeding without precedent, in every point of view indefensible, and a disgrace to its author. Whatever may be our internal dissensions, towards all other nations the American people should present an undivided front. National dignity and self-respect require the strict observance of this rule—the honor of the people demands it. In impugning the acts of his predecessors, aspersing their motives before the world, and calumniating a large section if not a great majority of his countrymen, Mr. Van Buren, from his high station, ventured to practise the petty arts which a village demagogue might emulate, but which no enlightened statesman of any party could ever countenance. For this unworthy act, the United States Senate rejected his nomination as Minister to England, and most justly; and this, we predict, will be the decision of every intelligent and impartial mind, when all personal

considerations connected with the question and the times shall be forgotten. Gen. Jackson deemed the castigation which his secretary received as reflecting an indignity upon himself. What could he do but enter the lists in support of his favorite, with his usual vigor ?

While the followers of Gen. Jackson were vociferating their attachment to democracy, and the "largest liberty," the old chieftain was gradually seizing into his own hands all the powers of the government. He needed only a control over the Senate to have established an absolute despotism. As far as its constitutional rights would allow, that dignified body interposed its authority to check the experiments and violent acts of the executive. His denunciations of its members rung through the length and breadth of the land, were echoed with avidity by the partisan press, and formed the theme of factious declamation at Tammany Hall, and from the rostrums of the club-rooms. The U. S. Senate is a constitutional and competent part of the government, with rights and privileges as well defined as those of the executive ; and we have yet to learn what rule of law, or of propriety even, was violated by it during that period. Yet a stranger in the country, from the frequency and violence of those denunciations, might well have supposed that the Senate was a tyrannical body, established and supported by foreign enemies, and bent upon the destruction of the government. Not content with the immense patronage in the hands of the executive, the influence of which reaches to the extremest limits of the confederacy ; not satisfied with the control of the army and navy, nor with a majority in the House of Representatives, which generally registered his decrees with punctilious servility ; Gen. Jackson exercised an absolute mastery over the Treasury, and through that sought to reach the interests and business of the whole people. He wished to regulate the laws of trade, to fix the limits of individual credit and enterprise, and to keep all conditions and classes of people subservient to executive control. This is no fanciful picture ; the tendency of his measures to centralize the whole force of the government in his own person was marked and apparent. It is needless to say, that the Whig party opposed the dangerous innovations, and sought to protect the people from the injurious effects of violent changes.

With all his obstinacy and independence, Gen. Jackson was easily controlled by a few designing men who had their own sinister ends in view. Mr. Van Buren, with his usual felicity, had gained a commanding influence over him. His ungovernable passions were played upon in such a way, that while he thought himself the most Roman of the Romans, he became the mere tool of one of the subtlest of demagogues ; and it was soon apparent that a suggestion from that plausible gentleman was sufficient to gain for any new design a ready adoption in the breast of the Dictator. How skilfully that influence was exerted has now become matter of history. At the call of the magician, "spirits came from the vasty deep," that under better influences would never have seen the light. In the ranks of his own party Mr. Van Buren had many enemies of no mean character and standing. They were all driven from executive favor with as much seeming zeal and alacrity as if they had been open enemies of the republic. As no situation in life, no high degree of ability and attainments, is absolute proof against intrigue and cunning machination, Mr. Van Buren was soon left without a rival either in the cabinet, or in the ranks of the party. Mr. Calhoun was distanced in the race, and finally driven over to the opposition with a great show of indignation and obloquy. Senators White and Rives were disposed of in a manner equally summary ; one cabinet was dismissed without ceremony, and another was overawed and forced into submission. It *may* have been purely accidental, but it was a singular circumstance, that in all these commotions and difficulties, whilst other gentlemen were discarded, outcast, overwhelmed, Mr. Van Buren was strengthening his position, and gathering force to reach the station already long occupied in mind by his anticipative ambition. We will not insinuate that he flattered the vanity of the President, or pandered to his prejudices and passions, nor that he used unworthy means to displace his rivals : those who know the habits and character of both will draw their own conclusions. But be this as it may, the last three years of President Jackson's term were employed, it would seem, almost entirely in preparing the way for the succession of the favorite. He had time, however, to make a fierce war upon the State banks, which had sprung up

almost under his supervision, certainly under that of his party. The rays of his indignation were all the fiercer as they radiated from the remains of one dead "monster," and fell upon the sleek and well-fed *corpora pingua* of a thousand little ones, so recently the objects of his especial care. An exclusively metallic currency, and a return to the age of iron had now become the desire of his heart, and with this measure bequeathed to his successor his administration closed. He had come into power on a wave of popularity, whose reflux had buried many of his truest friends; the country had begun to groan under the weight of his measures; but the power of his name, and the unscrupulous use of executive appliances, were still sufficient to elevate Martin Van Buren to the Presidency.

The Whig party at that time confined its exertions principally to preserve the balance of power between the different branches of the government, as the Constitution had wisely left it. The concentration of all the powers of the government in the hands of one man, was an innovation too dangerous to the safety of our institutions to be sanctioned or permitted. They also endeavored to protect the business interests of the country from the ruin which it was too truthfully predicted would follow the sudden and violent changes recommended by the executive. Exercising a conservative influence then as now, they desired to see the resources of the country developed, and to place the agricultural, mechanic, and manufacturing interests on such a basis as to defy the competition of foreign pauper labor, and the hostility of foreign legislation. The great and distinguishing measures which then divided the two parties are not now in issue before the people. We may dismiss the administration of General Jackson with the remark, that when left to his own better judgment, he acted honestly and uprightly; but passion and deep prejudices intervened, he was ill-advised and moved by insidious arts and practices, and we believe it not unjust to say, that no President has left so bad an example to posterity. The country owes him a debt of gratitude for his services in the field; and for these he will be remembered by the American people so long as the broad savannahs of the South shall extend their surface to the sun, or the waters of the Mississippi roll down to

the ocean. We would not detract to the smallest degree from his just claims to respect, but there are points in his civil career which cannot be passed over without the severest condemnation.

The advent of Mr. Van Buren did not at first materially change the situation of parties. He commenced his administration with a formal declaration of his principles at his inauguration. It was really void of meaning except as to one point, and in regard to that he was peculiarly unfortunate. He undertook in advance to veto any law that the National Legislature in its wisdom might enact in reference to a particular subject. The design of this was obvious, and its impropriety equally so. We speak of this without any reference to the merits of that question, in itself considered, and merely as to the promise of the President in advance of legislative action. It conciliated no interests, and displeased if it did not disgust all right-thinking men. All that any party could require of the President was to see that the laws were faithfully administered, and the Constitution of the country observed in all the departments under his control. The caution which he had displayed through life seemed to have deserted him at the very moment when it was most needed. Sagacity and shrewdness were the great characteristics of the man. Never to commit himself upon any great measure so far as to preclude the possibility of advocating either side of the question, unless the popularity of the measure was certain, appears to have been his settled rule. Always plausible, always circumspect and wary, feeling his way by inches, and appearing to follow rather than to lead in the track of popular sentiment, Mr. Van Buren had become the first political tactician of the day. There were no commanding traits in his character at all calculated to enlist the popular enthusiasm in his support; but possessing decided abilities, great experience, and an intuitive appreciation of character, he was always looked up to as a safe pilot by those who were ambitious of distinction and power in political life. No man could foil an enemy or deceive a friend with a better grace; and he had the art to do this in such a manner as to be himself, not unsuspected, but unconvicted. The blow fell, but the hand was invisible. Mr. Van Buren was a lawyer by profession, and attained a high standing at the bar.

He was a politician from choice, and the whole energies of his mind were from the first devoted to political strategy. Combining the carefulness of a special pleader with the tact of an advocate, he effected and controlled a more perfect political organization in his native State than has ever existed in this country. By the force of this organization he derived his power. Through it he could, and did, exclude every man from office who stood in his way, manufactured "public opinion" to meet any possible emergency, give to his suggestions the imperiousness of law, and yet completely cover up the while both from the general public and from the common ranks of his own soldiery, at once the movers and the designs. His chief officers were carefully posted with speaking trumpets in various sections of the State. His drill-sergeants were at every corner of the streets, presided over his primary meetings, and packed his conventions with accommodating delegates. By these means perfect uniformity of action was attained; and the future occupant of the Curule chair succeeded for a series of years in controlling the destinies of the first State in the Republic. It may not be uninteresting to exhibit this precious system in detail; we will give an outline of it, though we have not space to do justice to the subject.

We may remark, in the first place, that all individual opinions, all personal considerations were to be abandoned, and the "good of the party" made the prominent point of observance. Individual will, and the liberty of speech and action, were as completely subjugated under this system as they were under the religious system of Ignatius Loyola. To speak or to write in advance of the action of the central junto, was a capital sin; and when the central power had fulminated its decrees, political death was the punishment unhesitatingly inflicted on the disobedient. A State committee was organized at the Capital, whose functions were to mark out the ground for action, select the officers of the day, and define their duties. Subsidiary to this was a central committee in every county in the State, and under the supervision of the county committee were sub-committees in every ward, parish, and town. When the word of command was given, the order reached the various outposts at once, and action was commenced through the whole country long before

the public at the Capital had any intimation of a movement. If a Governor or other high officer of State was to be elected and the particular individual designated for the station, the first indication of action would appear in the shape of a recommendatory article in the columns of a newspaper at some remote point, soon followed by others of a like character in an opposite quarter. These would thicken, until at last the central organ at the Capital, with a prodigious show of candor and disinterestedness, would re-echo this spontaneous burst of "public sentiment," and with a vast deal of coyness and simple-hearted honesty, venture to give its laudatory opinion. If there was any danger apprehended from independent men, preparation was made for a nominating convention; and in the construction of such a convention, the machinery of the party was admirably arranged. Each town, ward, and parish sent delegates to a county convention, each county convention elected a prescribed number of representatives to a State convention, and this body made nominations for all State offices. At the primary meetings in the towns the faithful servants of the junto were always in attendance, and took a controlling interest in the proceedings; and the character of all the conventions was thus easily determined, till at last the State convention found the labor completed to its hands, having merely to sanction what appeared to be the general choice; and the nominations thus effected were supported at the elections by all the force and power of the united body. The lesser offices in the State were distributed in proportion to party services rendered; the important stations were always filled by those who moved the wires of the great machine. If there was danger of opposition from any of the lesser lights, some soft appliance, in the shape of office, was employed, and the rebellious spirit quieted. But if a man of character and standing, who was beyond the reach of a bribe, ventured to act independent of this insidious power, to abide by what he felt, to express an opinion of his own, he suddenly found himself branded along the whole line, from Lake Erie to the Hudson, with new and choice epithets, and compelled to flee to the opposition in self-defence.

This was the system of Martin Van Buren—the admired organization—the boasted "union of the democracy." By

it he gained whatever was within the capacity of his ambition; the country lost as much as it could well bear to lose. All consideration of public good, all the innate patriotism of the heart, private judgment and personal predilections, were swallowed up. Party expediency became the sole rule of action—all else thrust aside. "The party" might and did change its attitude with every change of the moon; driven in its tergiversations from pillar to post; advocating a principle and insisting on a measure one year to forswear it the next; and the whole combination, from high to low, were obliged to follow, and declare with the loudest protestations that they were all the while consistent—veritable democrats—their opponents aristocrats and rank federalists. A great part of the principles which this happy family of patriots advocated from 1830 to 1834, they now denounce as downright heresy. Such was the system of Mr. Van Buren. We have given an outline of it, as forming a part of the history of the times, and because its origin and success is really the only great achievement of his life.

That one so cautious in his general policy, and so uniformly careful to avoid all probable causes of discontent, as Mr. Van Buren had been through his whole life, should have been guilty of a positive impropriety in the first step in his executive career, was a matter of no little surprise to his friends. But his subsequent acts threw this circumstance into the shade, and verified the proverb, that "whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." His whole administration exhibited a series of measures unfortunate beyond example; and they fell upon the public with the weight of a mountain. These measures centred upon one point—the currency—in regard to which he followed out the intentions of his "illustrious predecessor." But the name of that predecessor had lost its charm. The time had gone by when a bad measure, though sealed with the imperial assent, could be forced into popularity. It was discovered at last that even *his* opinion was not infallible; that his arbitrary dictum was not sufficient to regulate the laws of trade, and the whole domestic policy of the country. The disorders of the times had opened the eyes of intelligent men. They beheld in the vista, not that golden age which the prophets and seers of the new democracy had predicted, nor that ineffable

state which should betoken the advent of a social and political millennium; but instead, the confusion of ruin, the very "blackness of darkness," and all-pervading distress. The previous action of the government had called into being a multitude of local banks, and these institutions had been made the depositories of the government treasures. Stimulated by this impulse, with a superabundant capital, no power in existence to keep them in check, and relying upon the continuance of government favor, these banks extended their business beyond all bounds of prudence. Speculations in every description of property had become universal; villages and even cities had sprung up in every nook of the remote wilderness of the West, which needed only buildings, business, and people to render them discoverable by the fortunate purchaser; and "intrinsic value" had become an obsolete term. This state of things had its origin partly in other causes, but mainly in the action of the government; and by a more sudden action it was checked. The bubble burst, and carried with it not only the illusory hopes of the rash speculator, but the more solid basis of the prudent and circumspect. Commercial houses that had stood firm through all changes for half a century were crushed; the activity of business throughout the land was suspended; confidence, and credit, the result of confidence, were destroyed; the banks, which had been fostered and then attacked by government, suspended payment; state obligations were neglected, in some instances repudiated; and even the federal government could not always meet its own engagements. It was at this juncture that Mr. Van Buren disclosed his great measure, and made it the law of the land. The panacea which he recommended in this disordered state of the body politic was the sub-treasury system; and this was the principal measure of his administration. The nature and practical operation of this system are now well understood, and need no new elucidation; the discussions in regard to it have occurred quite too recently to have been forgotten by any observer of events. The introduction of such a system in the most healthy and prosperous times would, of necessity, have produced a disastrous revulsion; and it then added immeasurably to the public distress. The sole pretext for the measure was to protect the govern-

ment from losses by the banks ; the real design was to destroy every moneyed corporation in the land. It is a sufficient commentary to state that the government lost four times as much, in the space of three years, by the faithlessness and rascalities of its sub-treasurers, as it had ever lost by all the banks since the adoption of the constitution. The fallacy of the system was quickly shown. Speculation and corruption became at once the order of the day ; nor was it long before the officer who had only abstracted his hundred thousand was looked upon as a tolerable pattern of sub-treasury trustworthiness. It is fitting to remark, that in 1834, this same sub-treasury scheme was denounced by the whole Van Buren party as a measure unqualifiedly infamous ; in 1837, he was equally denounced who was not in its favor :—so much had the new Democracy become enlightened in the interval. A wise statesman, in such a crisis, would have exercised his influence in sustaining both public and private credit. A patriot would have regarded the prosperity and happiness of the people as the great end of all government. Mr. Van Buren regarded “the party” as the object of his especial care, and his own re-election as of greater moment than the welfare of the state.

But in all his measures and plans, President Van Buren was doomed to disappointment. Public dissatisfaction was expressed in all forms, in every section of the country. Even the dominant party was divided and rent in sunder. Party trammels could no longer prevent an honest expression of feeling, and thousands of his friends left his ranks and deserted the measures which had brought down destruction upon their own heads. Mr. Van Buren, however, was determined in his course ; he had taken to his embrace all the ultra-radicals of the country and listened to their counsels. There was not a vagary so wild, nor a theory so impracticable, that it could not find protection and friendship under the robe of the new Democracy. The President still believed in the efficacy of party discipline. Possibly he thought that as Gen. Jackson, in whose footsteps he had declared it was his highest ambition to follow, had succeeded in bold measures and radical innovations, he, too, might gain some laurels by a similar course. But events were otherwise ordered. His course had left him no power except that which was inherent

in the office he held. When the day of trial came, his appeal to the “sober second-thought of the people” was answered by shouts of triumph and songs of rejoicing at the election of Gen. Harrison. As a public man, Mr. Van Buren’s history is ended. Discarded by his own party and distrusted by the other, his career presents the singular spectacle of unvaried success through a long series of years suddenly closed by the most unexampled reverse in the annals of American politics. We believe he has private virtues, and that he may be by education and habit sufficiently well fitted to dignify a private station. In his retirement at Lindenwold he will survey the course of events with calmness and fortitude. He may be visited by the phantoms of ambitious schemes. He will behold the vast shadow of popular power, ever changing like a tumultuous mist in the valley, invite him down to enjoy again the unsubstantial pleasures, unstable triumphs, of a political career. But another and a meaner has been thrust before him ; and he may now employ the leisure and abundant opportunities so kindly afforded, to reflect upon the mutations of the popular will, and to add to his busy experience in life some lessons of philosophic contemplation.

We have presented the prominent points in the history of the last two administrations for the purpose of showing under what circumstances the new Democratic party has perfected its organization. Any mention of the present administration would be out of its order in the narrative. If an exhibition of folly in all its phases is worthy of note, if treachery, perfidy, and imbecility need a record, the administration of John Tyler will demand a separate chapter.

We come, therefore, to the Democracy of the day, renewed into a diseased life from the corrupt remains of the Van Buren party. Professing more than ever an affection for the dear people, more than ever alarmed for the security of freedom and the rights of man, it is desirable to see of what this Democracy really consists.

Every thing has a character of some kind, but it is not always easy to discover what it is. The trouble in this case is, that a mere name, and falsely assumed, as we have seen, has been made a convenient external, universal habit for the party, covering all sorts of form and feature. There is no general character belonging

to them, throughout the country, expressed in any defined principles; it is everywhere traversed and broken asunder by sectional doctrines entirely discordant. They are all *democrats*; but their explanation of the happy term is ever according to their locality.

In South Carolina the man would meet with little short of decapitation, who should deny that the term means any thing else than immediate annexation of Texas, Free-Trade, and the Right of Disunion;—this is the *lex loci* in that state, as laid down by the elect “chivalry.” In Mississippi the same definition would be given, with Repudiation added, by way of illustrating the privileges of freemen. In Missouri a metallic currency is the popular exposition, joined with hatred of railroads, canals, turnpikes, and common schools. In Pennsylvania it signifies repudiation, if they have a mind for it; a half-regard for the tariff; and a Mussulman’s belief in the consistency of James K. Polk. In New Hampshire and Connecticut it embraces whatever heresy is promulgated, and especially rejoices in peculiar ideas of liberty to annul legislative enactments. In Rhode Island the idea is embodied in rebellion against legal government, opposition to constituted authorities, and immunity for plunder and anarchy. In New York it has most of these traits and meanings combined, with several others of less significance.

The cardinal principles, indeed, of the new Democracy are reduced to these two: “regular nominations”—and that “to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.” All measures of a positive kind, having in view the substantial interests of the country, are constantly avoided; because on such grounds, it is seen, the harmony of the combination would be constantly endangered. There is something in positive measures which requires discussion, and discussion produces thought, and thought leads to inquiry:—but the Democracy must not think. Hence the conduct of this faction, while it boasts so much of principle and censures its antagonists because like independent men they sometimes differ among themselves, has been ever negative and destructive. It has opposed the protection of the national industry; it has destroyed the national currency; it denies to the central government all legitimate and healthy powers, while it has enormously increased its corrupt patron-

age, thus tending ever to make it strong for evil and impotent for good. It has always looked with an evil eye upon the national judiciary, because it has instinct, if not intelligence enough, to discern that there can be no friendship between itself and the spirit of constitutional law. It has found its very vital aliment in sowing dissensions between different classes of the community. It has endeavored to set the farmer against the manufacturer, the merchant against both. By its stupid cry of aristocracy, it has sought to engender the most unnatural war between those natural allies, the poor and the rich; and by its senseless babble about Democracy and Federalism, has aimed to raise up a fiercer party strife than has ever been known in the annals of our nation. This has been the finale of that charming picture of promise which Gen. Jackson presented in his letter to Mr. Monroe. This is the issue which has resulted from a prospect so full of hope which the country presented during the administrations of Monroe and Adams; and this is the Democracy which now claims the title and inheritance of an honored party, with which it has nothing in common but a name which it has most dishonestly filched, and to which alone it is indebted for more votes than it could have procured from any other cause whatever. This is the new Democracy—the Young Democracy, as some call it: a Democracy with which the Clintons, the Madisons, the Crawfords, and Monroes of former days could have held no communion: a Democracy, the rise of which some of those departed patriots were just permitted to witness and denounce: a Democracy which has so largely figured in the prostration of the industry and currency of the country—in Mississippi repudiation—in South Carolina nullification—in Rhode Island mobs—in Congressional contempt for the most positive statutes—in repeated violations of the Constitution—in Texas treaties—in state bankruptcies, and the assumption of the debts of a foreign state—in a radical spirit spreading far and wide, and which threatens, if unchecked, to break up all the foundations of our government. It is a Democracy which everywhere allies itself with infidelity in religion—which holds in most sovereign contempt the intelligence of the people, as is shown by the arguments it daily addresses to them. It is a Democracy which delights in the dregs of all

that was really objectionable in old Federalism, while it indulges in the foulest slander of the man who was the country's right-arm of strength in her hours of greatest peril. It is a Democracy which although young in years has already given promise of a numerous offspring, each wiser than the sire to which it owes its birth. Already, like some species of prolific cactus, is it sending forth its young shoots in offsets from Tammany, now as little thought of as the present loco-focism was once, but destined in its time to become the young Democracy of its day, and to have its wild notions respecting community of property and marriage, and its hostility to the monopolies of colleges and academies, become the established doctrines of this ever advancing party. In the progression of ideas it has cast off its original founder, the man from whom it drew the very breath of life, and those who yet remain in its ranks are compelled to quicken their speed to keep up with its rapid pace, and to exhibit such a devotion to the growing spirit of lawlessness as is presented in the letter of Silas Wright to the committee of arrangements at the late Dorr meeting in Providence. So rapid is the Descensus Avernii that the acts and writings of the founders of the Republic have long since ceased to furnish matter of appeal to these modern patriots. The name of Washington—(significant omen!)—is never seen in the proceedings and resolutions of their meetings. Even the stale reiteration of Jeffersonian principles is becoming less and less frequent among them. In short, it is in every sense of the word a New Democracy, presenting new issues, new measures of destruction, a new and unexampled spirit of ultraradicalism, of which those whom they claim as their political progenitors had no conception. And all this marshalled under names as new as this new phase of the party itself, and yet, as they would have us to believe, names of renown, names connected with so many thrilling emotions—Polk, Tyler, and Texas.

Beyond the certainty that evil would follow, it is impossible to predict what the American people have to expect if such a Democracy shall succeed to the government. Certainly under such rule there can be no uniform and settled mode of action in any department of the government. It is the virtuous man only who, acting from deep and abiding principles, is ever consistent and uniform;

the juggler and the knave must bend to circumstances, and adopt such schemes of villany as the exigencies of his situation may require, to keep his neck from the gallows. We are earnest in this matter. It is a point of infinite moment. Our appeal is made to the clear judgment of the United People. As we have said, there is no really beneficent measure that the new Democracy can agree upon. What then, of benefit, can we look for? what of prosperity think to retain? what disasters not fear? The triumph of such a party, composed as it is of the ends and fragments of faction, would be the prelude to a scene of varying and inconsistent legislation, of temporizing and ill-digested measures, which would be destructive of every rational plan for the good of the commonwealth. No classes would be exempt from the influence of their discordant councils. We are taught by experience. They have heretofore prostrated our commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests, and there is nothing in the future to be expected at their hands but anarchy instead of peace and good order, and change in the place of stability. If continued under their guidance, the country would at last be divided into factions, each pursuing its downward course with fatal celerity, crushing in its way all those institutions and laws which have given to the American Union its strength, freedom, and respectability.

What the people of this country now desire and need above all things is stability in the government. We have had, for a series of years, sudden transitions, which inevitably produce disorder. The elasticity of the American people is proverbial. Difficulties seem only to inspire them with courage. The ruinous measures which we have noticed could not long keep them in despair; and it was a proof of attachment to their institutions, not surpassed in the history of any people, that during all these times, while the whole weight of the federal government was interposed to check prosperity and enterprise, full obedience was rendered to the laws. They trusted to their own future action at the polls to remedy the existing evils. The inscrutable order of Providence deprived them of the President of their choice, and thereby of the means of effecting the desired reform, and as yet but one ameliorating measure has been adopted. A Whig Congress has given the country a protective tariff.

Under its operation the national revenues have increased beyond the hopes of the most sanguine: industry has revived; workshops have been opened that had long been closed; and a new impulse has been given to all branches of enterprise. Facts give more light to men's minds than any series of reasonings. Is not, then, such a measure worthy of support? The conservative part of the Union are committed in favor of the protective policy, on the high ground of principle, and its candidate for the presidency is the father of the system. With Henry Clay at the head of the government, though the details of the law may undergo such modifications as the exigencies of the public may require, the people will have a guarantee that the principle itself will be sustained. On the other hand, the great body of the Democratic party are opposed to the principle. They hold up for the first office in the gift of the people a man, whose whole public course, his votes in Congress, public speeches and acts, convict him of a deep hostility to the system. This is openly proclaimed by his friends at the South, and no man there has the hardihood, and probably not the wish, to deny it. At the North, where the measure is popular, an attempt has been made to create a contrary impression, in direct contradiction of public records and established facts. It is sufficient that in his own neighborhood and state, Col. Polk's friends present it as the strongest inducement to public favor, that he is an uncompromising enemy to the whole protective policy. Duplicity like this is a sufficient condemnation of any party. In the event of his election, one portion of the people, at least, must be deceived by him, and it requires no gift of prophecy to determine on which the effects of the deception will fall.

The Whig party are also in favor of a wise and beneficent system of internal improvement. That whatever is national in character, or is evidently conducive to the common good, should be done at the common expense by the federal government, would seem to be the dictate of good sense and sound policy. The early and earnest action of the government on this subject, is conclusive evidence that the sages and patriots to whom we are indebted for our freedom and our constitution did not entertain such narrow views of the duties and powers of the general government as the

modern Democracy has adopted. But it is remembered that destructiveness is an element in the character of that party; they talk ever of progress, but it is not progression for good. The remembrance comes from fourteen years of their legislative sway in the State and in the nation. That the country has improved in any respect during that time, is owing to causes beyond the entire control of any party. The energy of our people, the fertility of our soil, the genial nature of the climate, and the security afforded for life, liberty, and property by the organic laws of the land, are happily beyond the reach of party power. In spite of bad administrations, natural causes have added to the growth and power of the nation. Under other rule it might have been half a century in advance of its present position. The people do not ask favors of their government, but they demand that its action shall not be always adverse to public good. Those whose very existence is bound up in partisan schemes, and whose only labor is the toil for office, seem to regard the interests of government and people as distinct. The people themselves are content when the government discharges its functions with fairness and equity; but they will not suffer their own public servants to play the part of tyrants and task-masters.

Above all, the Whig party contends for the integrity of the Union. For the mere acquisition of territory they will not consent to disturb the harmony and relationship which now exist among the States. No true-hearted American will stop to calculate the possible value of mortgaged lands in the wilderness, while there exists any danger that their acquisition will bring disgrace upon the character of the nation, or sunder the ties that have hitherto bound us together. He will look with indignation upon that flag, slung to the breeze in one section of the country, inscribed with those words of dark omen, "*Free-Trade—Texas—Disunion!*" If his heart beats with one patriotic emotion, he will be found only under the banner of stars and stripes, which in every latitude protects and shields the American citizen. Is there an American who does not appreciate the benefits and blessings of the Union? Let him cast his eyes across the ocean, and see men fighting with their fellows for the very crumbs that fall from the beggar's hand—unpaid labor and luxurious indolence—excesses of wealth, and the direst

poverty—pauperism in all its disgusting forms—taxes on all things, from the light of heaven to the furniture of the grave—and a soldier at every door. Let him then return to his own country and reflect, that within a century, and under the constitution formed by his fathers, it has grown great and prosperous—its population increased from three mil-

lions to twenty millions of people—its commerce extended until its flag casts a shadow upon every sea—its population well fed, well paid, and equally protected by the laws? he will then no longer regard the importance of domestic peace and unity, but will nerve himself for every contest in which he can do service for the CONSTITUTION and the UNION.

### HOW ARE WE LIVING?

OUR noblest life's an hour of morning slumber—  
 Not couch'd at rest, but walking in our sleep,  
 Begirt with dream-born phantoms without number,  
 And wandering dimly by a star-lit deep;  
 And now we seem to run, and now we creep,  
 Or droop in weariness on bended knee,  
 And now a moment gain some little steep  
 And think to scan the Illimitable Sea,  
 As o'er it we might reach our ports of destiny!

And ever and anon, where, fringed with flowers,  
 Some tranquil bay runs up into the land,  
 The laughing Pleasures build their summer bowers,  
 And near them beckon with enchanting hand,  
 Where Venus' star beams softly on the strand;  
 And Sirens sitting in each glassy cave  
 Utter alluring strains, so sweetly fann'd  
 By tremulous airs along the sea-beat pave,  
 As down the solemn voice of ev'n the Eternal Wave.

And then, again, the airy steeps are piled,  
 Where Pride and Fame are throned, and ancient Power;  
 Lo! on the beacon'd battlements and wild  
 What crown'd and mail'd phantoms shine or lower!  
 Hark! how the trumps are blown from tower to tower,  
 And Mars' red planet, burning on the sky,  
 Rules the ascendant of the thrilling hour;  
 And ever voices from their summits cry—  
 "Ho! climb and win renown, that ye may never die!"

And these have power upon the wisest mind,  
 To make it oft forget or vainly flee  
 Those warning tones that, wafted by no wind,  
 Yet come to us from o'er that Unknown Sea.  
 Oh! oft the noblest toil a space to be  
 Brief dreamers on those false and giddy heights,  
 Whence throngs have fall'n to undreamt misery—  
 Or turn aside where Pleasure's hand invites,  
 And taste the Circean cup which all the soul benights.

Yes! this is human life! If some have seemed  
 Not all-perversely journeying on their way,  
 Forgetting not the wondrous light that streamed  
 On childhood's path with strange celestial ray,  
 But onward watching for the burst of day—  
 Yet ever so the multitudinous crowd  
 Forget, and grope, and blindly lingering stray,  
 Or halt in strife, till breaks the misty cloud—  
 Around their naked souls a sea of light hath flow'd!

## STEAM NAVIGATION.

IF the immortal spirits of Watt, Fulton, and Trevithick can look down on the things of this nether world, and behold the grand results their discoveries and inventions have produced, and contemplate the vast good conferred by their labors on posterity, and the still more extensive blessings which are reserved for unborn millions,—what pleasure, what triumph must be theirs! For half a century the steam-engine had remained a barren fact in the archives of science, when the self-taught genius of the Glasgow\* mechanic breathed into it the spirit of vitality, and conferred upon it energies, by which it revived the drooping commerce of his country, and when the auspicious epoch of general peace arrived, diffused its beneficial influence to the very skirts of civilization. Scarcely had the fruit of the labor of Watt ripened, and this great mover been adopted as the principal power in the arts and manufactures, than by the enterprise and genius of Trevithick† its uses received that prodigious extension which resulted from its acquiring the LOCOMOTIVE character. As it had previously displaced animal power in the MILL, and usurped its nomenclature,‡ so it now menaced its displacement on the ROAD. A few years more saw the spirit of Fulton arise and call into existence what has proved perhaps the greatest and most important of all the manifold agencies of steam—that by which it has given wings to the ship, and bade it laugh to scorn the opposing elements, transporting it in triumph over the expanse of the trackless ocean, regardless of wind or current, and conferring upon locomotion over the deep a regularity, certainty, and precision, surpassed by nothing save the movement of chronometers or the course of the heavenly bodies. Such are the vast results which have sprung from the intelligence of three men, none of whom shared those privileges of mental culture enjoyed by

the favored sons of wealth; none of whom grew up within the walls of schools or colleges, drawing inspiration from the fountains of ancient learning; none of whom were spurred on by those irresistible incentives to genius arising from the competition of ardent and youthful minds, and from the prospect of scholastic honors and professional advancement. Sustained by that innate consciousness of power, stimulated by that irrepressible force of will, so eminently characteristic of and inseparable from minds of the first order, they in their humble and obscure positions persevered against adverse and embarrassing circumstances, impelled by the faith that was in them, against the doubts, the opposition, and not unfrequently the ridicule of an incredulous world, until at length, by time and patience, truth was triumphant, and mankind now gathers the rich harvest sown by these illustrious laborers.

It was about the eighth year of the present century that Fulton launched the first steamboat on the Hudson. After the lapse of four years the first European steamboat was established on the Clyde. From this time the art of steam navigation, in the two great maritime and commercial nations, the United States and Great Britain, advanced with a steady and rapid progress. But it took different directions, governed by the peculiar geographical and commercial circumstances attending these countries. The genius and enterprise of the United States saw before and around it a vast territory, intersected by navigable rivers of unequalled length, forming lines of water communication on a colossal scale between its extensive interior and the seaboard. The Mississippi and its tributaries, with their sources lost in distant tracts as yet untrodden by civilized man, and navigable to large vessels for many thousands of miles,—the Hudson, all but touching upon those magnificent

\* The invention of the steam-engine may perhaps fairly be dated from the year 1700. The date of Watt's improvements was between 1760 and 1784.

† Trevithick constructed the first locomotive engine in 1804.

‡ As the steam-engine was usually applied to mills previously worked by horses, it became the custom to express its efficacy by naming the number of horses which it displaced; hence the term HORSE-POWER.

inland seas that stretch along the northern boundary and are almost connected with the Mississippi by the noble stream of the Illinois,—the majestic Delaware, rendered memorable by the military achievements of the Father of American independence,—the wide Potomac, which washes the spot where his venerated remains are deposited,—a coast thousands of miles in extent, fringed by innumerable bays and harbors, and land-locked basins having all the attributes of lakes,—these addressed themselves to the eye of the engineer and the capitalist, and determined the direction of enterprise in the task of realizing what the foresight of Fulton had shadowed out. The application of steam power to inland navigation—the construction of vessels suited to traverse with speed, safety, and economy, these rivers and lakes, these harbors, bays, and extensive inlets—this was the task and the vocation of the American engineer, and this the interest of the capitalist and the merchant. And well may the American behold with honest pride the manner in which this object has been accomplished. Well may he direct the attention of the astonished European to the floating palaces in which he is carried between the head and the source of each gigantic stream. The world has afforded hitherto no parallel for such magnificent apparatus of transportation.\*

The problem of steam navigation, however, presented itself to the British engineer under other conditions, and invested with a body of very different circumstances. A group of islands intersected by no considerable navigable rivers, and neither requiring nor admitting any other inland navigation save that of artificial canals,—separated, however, from each other and from the adjacent continent of Europe by straits, channels, gulfs, and other arms of the sea,—it was apparent that if steam power should become available at all, it must be adapted to the navigation of these seas and channels—it must be adapted to accelerate and cheapen the intercourse between the British islands, between port and port upon their coasts, between them and the various ports on the adjacent coast of Europe, and perhaps even finally to a communication with the Mediterranean and the coasts of Africa, Asia, and Eu-

rope which are washed by it. While the American therefore was called on to contrive a steam-vessel adapted to inland and smooth-water navigation, the British engineer had the more difficult task to construct one which should be capable of meeting and surmounting all the obstructions arising from the vicissitudes of the deep.

It cannot be denied that the easier problem fell to the share of the American. The honor, however, from which he was excluded by the minor difficulties of the question, will be cheerfully awarded to him by his generous rival for the superfluity of success, the triumphant perfection to which he has attained in the achievement of its solution. It seems as though the aspirations of genius, ashamed of the too great facility of the task assigned to it, sought, in accomplishing much more than the bare conditions of the proposed problem exacted, that glory which would have been necessarily accorded to the solution of a problem of a higher order.

The result of the labor and enterprise of the English nation directed to this inquiry has been the present sea-going steam-ship. In the first attempts short trips alone, such as could be completed in a day or less, were contemplated; and lines of steamers were accordingly established between the principal ports of the United Kingdom on the Irish Channel, and between those on the eastern coast of England and the nearest ports of France, Belgium, and Holland. Further improvements gradually extended this intercourse to the coast of Spain, the islands of the Mediterranean, and finally to the chief ports of Egypt, Turkey, and Syria. As yet, however, the problem of sea navigation by steam was invested, by the geographical character of the region in which it was carried out, with one condition most essential to its facility and success. Wherever the voyages extended beyond what could be accomplished within a short interval of time, they were resolved into *stages*, at each of which relays of fuel were available, and at which the machinery could be overlooked and put to rights, and the boilers, if necessary, cleaned out. Thus the Mediterranean packets touched successively at Corunna, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and lately at Alexandria. In

\* Nothing can exceed the surprise of intelligent foreigners on first ascending the Hudson in such vessels as, the *Troy*, the *Empire*, the *South America*, or the *Knickerbocker*.

cases of emergency they might also run into any of the other ports along the extensive coast by which their course lay.

The importance of expediting the communication with the British dominions in the East next forced itself on the attention of that government and the East India Company, and it was soon determined to extend the operations of steam power to India. One or two steamers (impelled however *pro hac vice* more by sails than steam) were despatched and succeeded in reaching India by the Cape, relays of fuel being provided at several stations on the route. Steam power now penetrated to the heart of India, and the astonished Hindu beheld incomprehensible floating buildings, vomiting fire and smoke, ascend the waters of the Ganges and the Indus. The presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were placed in easy communication; and finally, a line of steamships formed and still maintain a constant and regular route for passengers and despatches between Bombay and Suez by the Red Sea, and between Alexandria and Malta by the Mediterranean, the Desert between Suez and Cairo being intersected by a good road capable of being traversed by wheeled carriages.

The time between Bombay and London was consequently reduced from four months to little more than the same number of weeks.

The difficulties which attended the adaptation of the steam-engine to the propulsion of sea-going ships in general, and more especially to ships required to make long trips, not capable of being (like those of the Mediterranean and Oriental lines) resolved into stages of moderate length, were various. Assuming that the vessel is propelled by paddle-wheels, (the method universally adopted until the improvements of Captain Ericsson,) the fully efficient performance of the engines requires that the wheels should have one uniform immersion, and that both wheels be equally immersed. The complete fulfilment of this condition was evidently impossible, subject to the vicissitudes of the deep. The rolling and pitching of the vessel would produce a continual variation of immersion of the wheels, and the gradual consumption of the fuel during a trip would produce a corresponding diminution of the displacement or draught, and would diminish in the same propor-

tion the mean immersion of the wheels. The former cause of variation would increase with the badness of the weather, and the latter would augment with the length of the trip. Although, however, these causes would diminish the efficiency of the moving power as compared with its effect in smooth water, a large balance of its locomotive virtue would still be available.

To be protected from the effects of the sea in rough weather the machinery must be below the deck. Its *form* and *arrangement* must then be accommodated to this condition, and not governed by those circumstances which would confer upon it the greatest mechanical efficiency. The nature, construction, and action of the paddle-wheels render it necessary that the machinery which propels them be placed in the centre of the length of the vessel, and the fuel must, of course, be at hand. The machinery and fuel must therefore have that *position* in the vessel—the middle—where tonnage is most valuable. To bring the machinery within the desired limit of height, cylinders were made in violation of the usual proportions; the length being generally equal to the diameter; instead of being twice that dimension, the proportion found best in practice. The beam, instead of being erected *above* the cylinder, was placed *below* it, (to save height;) and, as a consequence, *two beams*, with two sets of parallel motions, became indispensable, where one had previously been sufficient.

The adjustment of the power, tonnage, and fuel to each other, and to the length of the trip, so as to obtain the greatest practical advantage and commercial profit, was a problem of the greatest nicety and most consummate difficulty. It is a problem about the solution of which engineering authorities have not even yet been brought into accordance. The tonnage of a commercial steamship may be regarded as appropriated to three purposes—1st, to freight and passengers; 2d, to the propelling machinery; and 3d, to the fuel. A sufficient space must be reserved for the first, otherwise commercial profit, the sole object of such an enterprise, could not be realized. As such ships will always have the first class of sailing vessels to compete with, and as they must generally depend for their profit more on passengers than on freight, great speed is a condition absolutely indispensable to their success.

Great speed, however, requires that the power should not have too small a ratio to the tonnage. The more powerful the machinery is in proportion to the tonnage of the vessel, the more expeditious, *ceteris paribus*, will be her voyages. But from this springs a consequence of great importance in these projects. Just in the same proportion as the power of the machinery is augmented will the daily consumption of fuel be increased, and in a voyage of a given length, therefore, the stock of fuel provided at starting, and consumed on the trip, must be greater in a like ratio. The fuel provided for daily consumption must then bear a fixed proportion to the power of the machinery; and the whole stock of fuel provided for the trip must be in the *combined proportion* of the time of the trip and the power of the engines. For long voyages then it would be necessary to build ships with engines sufficiently powerful to insure the necessary average speed, with tonnage not so great in proportion to the power as to be inconsistent with that speed, and at the same time sufficient to leave space for profitable cargo and passengers after the requisite stock of fuel for the voyage was provided.

Beset with these difficulties, and perplexed by discordant conditions, engineers, practical mechanics, and men of science, as might be expected, offered various and conflicting counsel.\* For short trips, such as the channel and coast navigation, little difference existed, precisely because there no practical difficulties presented themselves. But for ocean voyages there were almost as many different opinions as individuals. All however agreed, in what indeed was very evident, that in long ocean voyages the power must have a less proportion to the tonnage, and therefore a less average speed can be obtained than in short trips. Some recommended the proportion of four, some of three tons to each horse power, and between these opinion fluctuated.

In the midst of these discussions, two grand projects were promulged, and courted the attention of enterprising capitalists,—the one, to establish a regular steam communication between Bombay and the Red Sea, in the face of the southwest monsoon; and the other, to open a

great steam road between the capital of the East and the capital of the West—between London and New-York. Subscriptions were solicited—companies formed—all the machinery of the share-market was soon brought into full operation—and the celebrated steam-mania of that day seized upon the British nation. In the midst of this excitement the keel of the Great Western was laid down at Bristol in the summer of 1826.

It is a fact well worthy of remark, in recording these events, that in this fever of excitement towards a project, the realization of which would so seriously advance the interests of this country generally, and of the city of New York in particular, not a dollar of American capital found its way to it! Our people and our press lauded the enterprise to the skies, and cheered on their British friends, as hundred after hundred was poured in to swell the growing capital; but, while they cheered, they quietly buttoned their pockets. Was it that with the shrewdness so characteristic of the nation, these cautious calculators saw that the pear was not ripe, but that its maturity might be forced in the hot-bed thus constructed at foreign cost? Was it that they wisely foresaw that, though the enterprise must lead to eventual good, it must first become the grave of a large portion of capital? Was it that they waited till the soil, still in its natural barrenness, should be manured by British gold, and ploughed by British labor, and that when the requisite fertility should have been imparted to it, then, and not till then, they would cast in seed, with the assured expectation of an abundant harvest? Was it rather that, in a genuine philosophic spirit, they reasoned on abstract principles, that all such projects must reach complete success through a series of failures; and that the prudent course were to tarry till the experiment, having passed through its first phases, should, in the fulness of time, reach that condition in which a successful issue might be regarded as secure?

We speak not here of that success, the realization of which should consist in barely crossing the Atlantic by the agency of steam. Although, in the asperity of disputation at the epoch now referred to, individuals are represented as doubt-

\* See the Reports and Evidences of Committees of the Houses of British Parliament on steam communication with India; and other measures of a similar kind, where the principal engineers, engine-builders, nautical men, and men of science were examined, and their evidence reported.

ing or denying the possibility of that result, no person really did so. "A vessel having as her cargo," says a writer\* of that day, "a couple of steam-engines and some hundred tons of coal, would be, *ceteris paribus*, as capable of crossing the Atlantic as a vessel transporting the same weight of any other cargo. A steam-vessel, it is true, would labor under some comparative disadvantage, owing to the obstruction presented by her paddle-wheels and the boxes which cover them; still, however, it would be preposterous to suppose that these impediments would render impracticable her passage to New York. . . . In fact, no doubt has been entertained or expressed as to the *practicability* of establishing a communication between these countries and New-York, by a line of steam-vessels. But a difference of opinion has prevailed as to what mode of accomplishing that object may best insure certainty, safety, regularity, and profit, without which last element it is presumed the other objects could hardly be secured."

In the debates which at that time prevailed on this subject, Dr. Lardner, as is well known, took a prominent part. He declared himself favorable to the project under certain conditions which he strongly urged on its promoters, the principal of which was, to adopt such a course as would secure to them the advantage of the British post-office contract, unsupported by which he pledged his judgment and experience that the enterprise could not, at that time, be conducted with permanent commercial profit. It was understood, that to secure this object, the steamers must make Halifax an intermediate station; a measure which would have the further advantage of abridging the trip of the steamer. He declared that until some greater advance were made in the art of steam navigation, a line of steamers between England and New York, depending exclusively on the profits of freight and passengers, and unsupported by any subsidy such as that of

the British post-office, could not be carried on with that profit which would ensure its permanency.†

The Great Western made her first trip across the Atlantic in April, 1838. Two other companies were at the same time engaged in a similar enterprise. The "Transatlantic Steamship Company," in the same summer, put two steamers, the "Royal William" and the "Great Liverpool" on the route between Liverpool and New York;—and the "British and American Steam-Navigation Company" put the "British Queen" on the route between Portsmouth and New York, in the following year; the same company soon after widening the scale of their operations, by the gigantic and unfortunate steamship *President*. We should state that this company had previously placed the *Sirius* on the same route, having withdrawn her, however, after a single voyage.

While these operations were in progress the *Cunard Company* was organized; and in accordance with the plan laid down and recommended by Dr. Lardner, submitted to the British government a project for a line of steam communication with the United States and the British colonies, touching at Halifax to land passengers and deliver the mails. They without difficulty effected an arrangement, and a contract was duly signed in 1839, securing to them a subsidy of sixty thousand pounds sterling per annum for the transport of the mails, which liberal stipend has since been raised to the sum of ninety thousand pounds a year! Thus munificently supported, the Cunard line of steamers commenced running between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston in July, 1840, and have continued to the present time to maintain a regular communication between the old and new world, not suspended or interrupted at any season of the year.

Of all the steamships placed on the direct New-York line by three compa-

\* See an article on steam navigation, ascribed to the pen of Dr. Lardner, in the *London Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., 1838.

† This, and similar declarations, form the foundation for the mistaken reports of Dr. Lardner's having affirmed a steam voyage to New York to be an impossibility. This, however, has long since been set right in England. See an able article in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, for Jan. 1842, entitled "Steam Navigation—has it been successful?"—in the course of which it is shewn from documents and facts that the predictions of Dr. Lardner have been realized with a degree of minute precision, which, if it be not fortuitous, affords a really striking example "of the coincidence between the deductions of philosophy and the results of experience."—[*ED. AM. REV.*]

nies, working with abundant capital, the Great Western alone has continued to run, subject to an annual suspension during the winter months, and an occasional interruption to her trips, arising apparently from the measures taken by the company with a view to selling her. The *Sirius* made a single voyage and was withdrawn. The "*Royal William*" and the Great Liverpool were worked on the route for a single season, and finally transferred to more profitable work. The *President* was lost. The *British Queen* was sold to the Belgian government; and failing apparently to answer its purposes, ultimately found its station with the Oriental Company, and now plies between Falmouth and Alexandria. The United States, another steamship destined originally for the New York route, was likewise placed upon the Mediterranean line. Some of the financial circumstances attending the operations of these companies are noticed in the article already referred to in the *Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

"The Great Liverpool," says the writer, "having in a single season earned a loss to her proprietors of six thousand pounds sterling upon the New York line, it was determined to withdraw her; and with another new vessel built for Atlantic voyaging, (the "*United States*,") now the "*Oriental*," to open a communication with India via the Red Sea. The proprietors of the *British Queen* became competitors with the Great Liverpool and *Oriental* for the Alexandrian line, plainly showing that both of these companies, after a vast expenditure of money, had arrived at the very conclusion Dr. Lardner held three or four years before. Has it never occurred to the proprietors of these vessels that they might have saved about one hundred thousand pounds, as well as vast responsibility, anxiety, risk, and discredit, if, at the commencement of the Atlantic discussions, they had prevented their passions from exercising their favorite calling, that of running away with their reason?"

Well, then, two of these companies which commenced operations some years since with such high aspirations and ardent hopes, have been swept from the face of the deep, and their very names erased from the tablets of the public memory. No one now hears of the "*Transatlantic Steamship Company*," or of the *British and American Steam*

*Navigation Company*." They have passed into the catalogue of the things that were. But the Great Western Company continues to have at least a "quasi" existence.

The Great Western has unquestionably been a fine vessel—probably the finest steamship which, up to the date of her establishment, had ever floated on the deep. Her efficiency is mainly due to the consummate ability of Mr. Field, who planned and constructed her machinery, and had a large share in all her other arrangements. This vessel alone has maintained the New York passage hitherto, subject to the suspensions and interruptions already adverted to. But the material question here is, has she done so with such commercial advantage as will insure her continuance,—as will induce the company to extend the scale of their operations by placing other vessels on the station, and as will attract additional capital to the enterprise? We are informed that in answer to this inquiry, the Great Western Company declare that this vessel is a thriving concern, that they are dividing nine or ten per cent. per annum on their capital, and that on the whole the enterprise is in the most prosperous condition. We should be too glad to lay down the pen in the tranquil assurance of this, but are compelled to acknowledge our doubts. This prosperous ship has long been understood to be in the market for sale. Recently a sale of her by private contract was actually made to the Mediterranean or Oriental Company; one of the conditions were, that the sellers should put new boilers in her, and that she should be approved by surveyors appointed by her Majesty's Board of Admiralty. The boilers were put in and the survey made; when, in consequence of some difference or misunderstanding, the Great Western Company replaced her on her original station.

Whatever be the condition of this negotiation or bargain, it is evident that the proprietors of the Great Western desired to get that vessel off their hands. It may then be fairly demanded how this is compatible with a "thriving and profitable concern"—how it is compatible with "dividends of nine or ten per cent.?" Is it likely that in a country where more than three per cent. cannot be obtained for money in the public securities,—where bills are often discounted at less than three per cent.,—where

money to any amount can be obtained even on house mortgage at four per cent.,—where railway companies dividing nine per cent. have their shares at one hundred per cent. premium,—is it probable that shareholders in such a concern would not merely be anxious to withdraw from it, but repeatedly offer the whole property in this successful enterprise for public sale, and what is still more strange, offer it in vain?

The shares in the Great Western are limited to so few hands, that they do not enter the market so as to be quoted like those of most other companies. We are not therefore able to bring this point to the test which the price of shares would afford. But it has been generally understood that sales have been made at fifty per cent. discount.

Such being the actual condition of things, it may be asked what is to be inferred respecting the transatlantic steam project? Has it been successful? Has it realized the hopes of its advocates and the promises of its friends? Will it be permanent? To some of these questions we think the history of the past and statement of its present condition, will supply a satisfactory answer.

That the direct New York route has hitherto failed—in the only sense in which failure was ever apprehended, that is, as a mercantile speculation, prosecuted solely with a view to profit—must, we conceive, be evident to every understanding unclouded by prejudice, and unbiassed by existing interests. The mere fact that the vessels which have been put on the route, since its commencement in 1833, to the present time, a period of six years, have all but one disappeared; being (with one exception, the *President*, which was lost) withdrawn by their owners, in consequence of the losses they sustained in working them—and that sole remaining ship having been offered in vain for sale—are sufficiently conclusive on this point. This being admitted, the next question is, What is the cause of this failure? To obtain the solution of this last question we must turn our view to the Cunard line of steamers.

That enterprise is established with every appearance of permanency. It has not been compelled, like the Great Western, to suspend its operation during the winter season. Instead of putting up its ships to public sale, it is augmenting their number, and increasing the frequency of their voyages. It is therefore fair to infer that this line is permanently and profitably established. On comparing it with the New York line with a view to discover the elements which have determined the success in the one case, and the failure in the other, the first circumstance which commands attention, is, that the Cunard line, by securing the contract for the British mails, is subsidized to the extent of £90,000 per annum. Now, if it be assumed that twenty voyages are made in the year, this will be equivalent to £2250 per trip; and if it be assumed that the average profit made on each cabin passenger for a single trip is £15, this contract would be tantamount in its effect to adding 150 cabin passengers, each trip, to the number to be obtained from the natural supply.

There is another circumstance which will be better appreciated at the other than at this side of the Atlantic. The Cunard ships are regarded as government vessels; as post-office ships; as carrying an officer of the navy, and agent of the admiralty, on board. This produces a strong confidence, among Europeans, in their efficiency and safety. Whether that exclusive confidence be well founded or not—whether the Great Western is as good, or better—whether it as well, or better officered and manned—is not here the question. Be it a legitimate source of confidence or not, the British mail steamers will always, on that account alone, receive a preference from a very large majority of the European public. To what cause other than this is it that the Cunard steamers can keep their cabin fares\* thirty-three per cent. above those of the Great Western, and yet carry a greater amount of passengers?

How far the Cunard line derives an advantage from the traffic in passengers to the British North American provinces, or from the shorter time of the

\* The cabin fare in the Great Western is thirty-one pounds, ten shillings; in the Cunard steamers it is forty-one pounds. On particular trips, when the Great Western changed her port of departure and sailed from Liverpool, the fares of the Cunard ships were lowered, but only so for that trip.

trips,\* it is not worth while here to inquire, for we think the two causes we have assigned, and especially the post-office contribution, are enough, and more than enough, to explain the question before us.

We have before us the prospectus of a project for the establishment of a new line of steamers between New York and Liverpool, advocated by Mr. Junius Smith, formerly connected with the "British and American Steam Navigation Company." In that document we find a detailed account of the profits and

losses of the British Queen and President, the authenticity and correctness of which may be relied on. From this account, it appears that these ships (with the exception of one voyage of the British Queen) never failed to net for their owners some profit, until the operations of the Cunard line began, and from that time till the dissolution of the company, all profit ceased, and every voyage only added to the loss. This fact pretty clearly indicates the chief cause of the failure of the New York lines of steamships.

\* The following table exhibits the performances of the Great Western and Cunard steamers:—

PASSAGES OF THE GREAT WESTERN.  
From Bristol to New York. From New York to Bristol.

From Bristol to New York.			From New York to Bristol.		
SAILED.	ARRIVED.	DAYS.	SAILED.	ARRIVED.	DAYS.
1838—April 8.....	April 23.....	14.50	1838—May 7.....	May 22.....	14.50
" June 2.....	July 17.....	14	" June 25.....	July 8.....	13
" July 21.....	Aug. 5.....	14	" August 16.....	August 30.....	13.50
" September 8.....	September 24.....	15.50	" October 4.....	October 16.....	12
" October 27.....	November 15.....	18	" November 23.....	December 7.....	13.50
1839—January 28.....	February 16.....	18.50	1839—February 25.....	March 12.....	15
" March 23.....	April 14.....	21.50	" April 23.....	May 27.....	14.50
" May 18.....	May 31.....	13	" June 13.....	June 26.....	13
" July 6.....	July 22.....	15.75	" August 1.....	August 13.....	12.25
" August 24.....	September 10.....	16.50	" September 21.....	October 4.....	13
" October 19.....	November 2.....	14.25	" November 16.....	November 30.....	13.50
1840—February 20.....	March 7.....	15.50	1840—March 19.....	April 2.....	14
" April 15.....	May 3.....	17.50	" May 9.....	May 23.....	14
" June 4.....	June 18.....	14.25	" July 1.....	July 14.....	13.50
" July 25.....	August 9.....	14.50	" August 18.....	August 31.....	13
" September 12.....	September 27.....	14.50	" October 10.....	October 23.....	13.50
" November 7.....	November 21.....	16.50	" December 9.....	December 23.....	13.50
		17) 268.25			17) 239.25
Average passage.....		15.76	Average Passage.....		13.48

PASSAGES OF THE CUNARD STEAMERS.

PASSAGE,			PASSAGE,		
Ship's name.	Sailed from Liverpool.	Out. Home.	Ship's name.	Sailed from Liverpool.	Out. Home.
Britannia....	July 4, 1840.....	12.50.....10.00	Caledonia... ..	July 4, 1841.....	11.25.....10.50
Acadia.....	August 4.....	11.16.....11.00	Acadia.....	July 20.....	11.00.....9.75
Britannia....	September 4.....	11.00.....11.20	Columbia... ..	August 4.....	13.00.....11.00
Caledonia... ..	September 19.....	12.30.....10.25	Britannia....	August 19.....	11.50.....12.00
Acadia.....	October 4.....	11.25.....12.20	Caledonia... ..	September 4.....	11.75.....10.80
Britannia....	October 20.....	12.00.....11.25	Acadia.....	September 19.....	13.50.....11.15
Caledonia... ..	November 4.....	12.00.....11.80	Columbia... ..	October 5.....	13.75.....11.00
Acadia.....	December 4.....	14.75.....10.75	Britannia....	October 21.....	14.15.....12.25
Britannia....	February 4, 1841..	15.40.....12.00	Caledonia... ..	November 4.....	11.80.....12.00
Caledonia... ..	March 4.....	14.00.....10.75	Columbia... ..	December 4.....	14.75.....11.75
Acadia.....	March 20.....	16.50.....12.75	Columbia... ..	March 4, 1842.....	20.75.....15.50
Columbia... ..	April 4.....	13.12.....11.60	Britannia....	April 5.....	12.85.....10.55
Britannia....	April 20.....	13.75.....11.00	Caledonia... ..	April 19.....	13.80.....10.75
Caledonia... ..	May 4.....	12.25.....10.75	Acadia.....	May 4.....	14.75.....10.30
Acadia.....	May 19.....	12.00.....10.60	Columbia... ..	May 19.....	11.85.....9.75
Columbia... ..	June 4.....	10.80.....10.25	Britannia....	June 4.....	11.75.....10.40
Britannia....	June 19.....	12.25.....10.00			
		17) 217.03	17) 188.15		
Average passage....		12.76	11.07	Average passage....	13.28 11.21

The passages of the Cunard line have been taken as nearly as possible at the same seasons as those of the Great Western.

	Days.	Hours.
The average out-passage of the Great Western is then .....	15	19
" " Cunard steamships .....	13	0
The average home-passage of the Great Western is .....	13	12
" " Cunard steamships .....	11	2
Difference of the out-passage in favor of the Cunard line .....	2	19
Difference of the home-passage in favor of the Cunard line .....	2	10
Difference of the voyage in favor of the Cunard line .....	5	14

The competition of the Cunard Line is indeed a most important element in this investigation. If, as was the case when the question was first debated in England, and when Dr. Lardner made his widely abused and much-misrepresented speech on that subject at Bristol, no other line were in being, the ground of argument would be different. He then insisted that the post-office subsidy was an essential element of success. That without it the enterprise must fail.— Whether this opinion, at the time it was expressed, were sound or not, we shall not inquire, as that can only affect the value personally of Dr. Lardner's judgment. The question now is, not whether a line of steamers can support itself *without* the post-office contribution, but whether it can sustain itself *against* that subsidy. Whether two rival enterprises cannot be both successful in their financial results, one of which is subsidized annually to the extent of nearly half a million of dollars, while the other is left to depend on its own resources— one of which has its safety, efficiency, good management and punctuality guaranteed by the sanction of the British government, while the other has nothing to offer but the assurances of a private, though very respectable, company? The odds are fearfully great in such a condition of things.

There is one circumstance obviously favorable to a New York line. It is undoubtedly true that the majority of passengers out would be more accommodated by arriving at New York, than by being landed at Boston, and the majority of passengers back would be better accommodated by embarking at New York than by starting from Boston. Against this, on the other hand, it must be considered that the average passage of the Boston steamers *out* has been two days and nineteen hours, and the average passage *home* two days and ten hours less than the corresponding passages of the New York steamer.\*

It is not our province to prognosticate the future result of speculations and pro-

jects still to be brought into operation. Of the past and present alone are we able or willing to speak. This is an epoch signalized by the rapid progression of the arts, and improvements are now in progress which hold forth bright promise. Much has been already accomplished, and much more in the fulness of time may be hoped for. The formidable barrier of the Atlantic has been crossed, and one successful and, we trust, permanent line of steam communication between the Old and New World has been established. Whether it connect New York with Bristol, or Boston with Liverpool, must, to the world in general, and to the United States in particular, be a matter of the smallest conceivable importance, however much such a point may interest particular classes and individuals in those cities respectively. We shall therefore dismiss this topic, and turn for a moment to take a view of some of the improvements which are in progress of development on this and on the other side of the wide Atlantic.

It seems to be admitted on every hand that wheels requiring for their efficient performances one unvaried immersion, are ineligible propellers of a vessel exposed to vicissitudes of the sea that vary the immersion every moment, and loaded with fuel, the gradual consumption of which produces a progressive diminution of the average draught. On both sides of the Atlantic engineers and projectors have therefore directed their attention to the contrivance of *subaqueous propellers*. Various forms of these have been tried in England, among which the favorite for the moment seems to be a screw carried with its axis horizontal and parallel to the keel, operating under the vessel, and kept in revolution by the engines. In this country, a submerged wheel, acting at the stern on an axis parallel to the keel, and having its face turned *sternwards*, the invention of Captain Ericson, has been in operation on various private vessels for the last four years, and has more recently been sanctioned by government, and adopted in the United States

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\* Since the above was written, it has been announced in the public journals that the Cunard steamers are henceforward to make their passages direct between Liverpool and Boston, and that the mails of the British provinces are to be despatched from and received at the latter city. If this prove to be the case, the time of the passages of these steamers will be further abridged, not only to the extent of their present detention at Halifax, but by being enabled to make a direct and more expeditious course to Boston. They will thus have on the out-passage an advantage over the New York steamers amounting probably to from four to five days.

steamship Princeton, and two revenue cutters.

Among the steps contemplated in the advancement of ocean steam navigation in Europe, that which has attracted most public notice, is the iron steamship built by the Great Western Steamship Company. This vessel and its machinery are said to have been planned and constructed under the superintendence of J. K. Brunel,\* the engineer of that company, and of the railway connecting London with Bristol. This stupendous structure is remarkable as being not only the largest ship ever constructed of iron, but the largest of any kind that ever floated on water. She is three hundred and twenty-one feet in length,† fifty-one feet six inches in width, and thirty-one feet six inches in depth; she measures three thousand six hundred tons.

One of the difficulties which have presented themselves in the adaptation of the endless screw to the propulsion of steamships is, that the velocity necessary to be given to the screw is in every case much greater than the speed with which the engines can be worked. Several expedients were proposed to surmount this. Some suggested the use of engines similar to locomotives; others proposed to convey the power of the engines to the screw by toothed gearing, by which the velocity might be increased in any desired proportion; while others again proposed that the engines should act upon a drum or cylinder of greater diameter than the shaft of the screw, and that this drum and the shaft should be connected by an endless band or chain. In this way the velocity would be increased in the ratio of the diameter of the shaft to the diameter of the drum. The last is the expedient adopted in the present case. The drum and shaft (constructed like a rag-wheel) are connected by an endless chain. The drum is placed on the main shaft driven by the engines, and this shaft carries upon it two cranks, each of which is driven by

two cylinders. These cylinders are placed two at each side of the vessel, in an inclined position, leaning towards the centre of the vessel. The piston rods, moving in guides, are connected with the cranks by long links or connecting rods. Each of the cylinders eighty inch diameter and six feet stroke, and they are supplied with steam by eight boilers. This machinery is said to have the nominal power of twelve hundred horses.

The machinery and other appointments of this leviathan of the deep being long since completed, and all being ready for sea, it will naturally be asked why she is not afloat?—why this grand project is not in practical operation!—why this stupendous production of art and science stands immovable in the dock in which the builder put her together! Will it be credited that those in whom this company put their trust for guidance in this novel experiment, have actually either miscalculated or omitted to calculate at all, the space requisite for the vessel to move through in passing from the dock! And that she now lies encaged, crying, like Sterne's Starling, "I cannot get out!" Bent on astonishing the Yankees, and filling the human race with amazement at such a monster-ship as eyes never before beheld, the aspiring engineer was either unable or unwilling to calculate the conditions necessary to liberate the megatherion! To do this it would have been necessary to compute certain matters of a very sublunary kind, such as the immersion, the width and height of the works, and to take into account the dimensions of the dock. Such calculations, it is true, were not as likely to startle as the exhibition of a ship the sixteenth of a mile long, nor were they as likely to draw upon the engineer the wondering eyes of mankind; but, humble as they were, they were indispensable, and they were neglected or wrongly executed.

It was not until all the arrangements for the first voyage were made, and the day and hour advertised at both sides of

\* Not, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, the inventor of the block machinery and engineer of the Thames Tunnel, but a son of that distinguished man.

† There are now (August, 1844) two steamboats on the Hudson of greater length, though less in their other dimensions. The "Empire" measures 330 feet, and the "Knickerbocker" 324 feet in length. These are truly magnificent vessels in every point of view, and we may possibly on a future occasion seize an opportunity of giving some information to our "neighbors" on the other side of the Atlantic respecting their performances, which will open their eyes to what has been already and may be hereafter accomplished by American engineering.

the Atlantic, not for the first voyage only, but for the second, and the third, and the fourth, that it was discovered that the dock obstinately refused to open itself wide enough to eject the monster-ship, and that the rigid material of the vessel just as pertinaciously resisted the contraction necessary to escape. In vain was expedient after expedient suggested. It was easier to astonish the world by producing an enormous vessel, than to get it practically afloat when built.

We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the forbearance and good-natured indulgence with which this piece of unparalleled professional ignorance or culpable negligence has been treated by the engineering profession and by the press in this country. Reverse the case, and suppose that instead of occurring at Bristol, it happened at New York; instead of being committed by a British, it had been chargeable upon an American engineer,—how endless, how unmitigated would have been the ridicule, what sneers against American engineering, and what self-complacent references to the British steam navy would have followed. But seriously, it is too bad to see capital and property ignorantly and rashly trifled with after this fashion. At the time we write this we learn that no expedient has yet been suggested to surmount this difficulty, except one which would cost the company the sum of fifteen thousand pounds sterling to carry into effect!

On the question of the ultimate success of this experiment, opinion, as necessarily must occur in such a case, is somewhat divided. Her extraordinary magnitude is in some respects a disadvantage. A traffic in passengers is always more successful with frequent trips and smaller loads than with long intervals requiring accumulated supplies. The convenience of the public is obviously better consulted by the former species of arrangement. Besides, in this case opportunities will be offered, twice a month, of sailing by the Cunard line. Will the large accumulation of cabin-passengers which is indispensable to make this huge vessel pay, wait for her? Again; nautical men express grave doubts whether, (supposing her to succeed in a commercial sense,) she will stand the Atlantic. They contend that she will strain herself until her joints will be loosened;—that her length is at the same time too great, and not great

enough for the swell of the ocean;—that she may stretch over the trough of the sea and balance herself on the crest of the wave, but that the weight of her centre in the one case and of her extremities in the other, will produce a destructive strain upon her;—that, in short, without being large enough to convert the waves of the ocean into a ripple, she is too large to glide along their acclivities like a sea-fowl. It is a question, however, on which it is vain to theorize, either in a commercial, nautical, or mechanical sense. Experience alone, and that not of one but many voyages, can give us data on which we can safely reason. Meanwhile we are glad to see so grand an experiment tried, and equally glad that we have ourselves no capital invested in it.

The United States steamship *Princeton* is an experiment in some respects similar to that to which we have just adverted, but presenting to the world a much more promising result, and indicating in its progress and details the presiding influence of a master hand. This splendid ship is, like the former, supplied with a subaqueous propeller. A wheel, fourteen feet in diameter, is placed on an axis projecting in a horizontal direction from the stern of the vessel parallel to the line of the keel. The face of the wheel is therefore presented sternwards, and is vertical when the ship floats in calm water. The thickness of the wheel or the space included between its face and under surface, is forty-two inches. The material is a metallic composition which resists oxidation. With a motion of continued rotation this propeller, by a series of spiral plates or vanes attached to the circumference of a hoop twenty-six inches broad and eight feet diameter, supported on the shaft by a number of twisted arms, acts upon the water so as to drive it sternwards, on a principle nearly similar to that by which the sails of a wind-mill are affected by the atmosphere, only that in the latter case the air is the agent and the sails the object acted on; whereas in this case the propeller is the agent and the fluid the object acted on. Suppose the atmosphere quiescent, and the arms of the wind-mill made to revolve by a steam-engine within the building. A current of air would then be produced by the action of the sails contrary in direction to that current which would have imparted to those sails the motion which

they are here supposed to receive from an internal power. Imagine, then, the fluid acted on to be water instead of air, and the revolving sails to be augmented in number, diminished in length, and increased in speed, and we have an apt illustration of the principle of this propeller.

The engines which give rotation to the shaft of the propeller consist of two semi-cylinders placed with their axes horizontal and parallel to the shaft, and their convex surfaces downward. On the axis of the semi-cylinder is placed a solid parallelogram equal in length to the cylinder, and in breadth to its radius. This parallelogram being suspended on the axis of the semi-cylinder, would hang in the vertical position when not acted on by the steam, and being movable in each direction, is capable of being raised on either side to the height of the flat top of the semi-cylinder. Thus this parallelogram is susceptible of a pendulous motion from side to side, through an angle of 90 degrees. It is this parallelogram which discharges the functions of the piston. Steam is admitted and discharged by proper valves on each side of it, and it is thus driven from side to side alternately with a corresponding force. The discharged steam passes to a condenser, where in the usual way it is converted into water, and the piston is suddenly relieved from its reaction.

These semi-cylinders are placed symmetrically on each side of the shaft, parallel to the keel, and in the bottom of the vessel. The action of the vibrating pistons is transmitted to the shaft of the propeller by short connecting rods attached to vibrating crank levers on the axis of the vibrating pistons, so as to convert the reciprocating pendulous motion into one of continuous rotation. This mechanical arrangement, which we could not hope to render intelligible without a model, presents a singularly happy combination of elegance and simplicity.

In the Princeton, the entire machinery as well as the propeller is below the water-line; the draught of the furnaces being produced by small separate engines acting the part of blowers, a funnel is not needed. A short one with the telescope tube motion is used in the present case, which may be raised or lowered at pleasure.\* The fuel used is hard

coal of the species commonly called anthracite, which having an inconsiderable proportion of bitumen, is consumed without flame or smoke.

The inventor claims that these engines occupy only one eighth of the tonnage necessary for British marine engines of the common kind, of equal power, and are only half the weight.

The design of this fine vessel and its machinery was complete before a single plank of it was laid, and that design has been carried into effect without a single deviation—a striking proof of the clearness of the views, and the consistency of the objects of the inventor. No blunder was made in her construction. She was completed and put afloat, and is now and has been for many months in successful practical operation.

The propeller and the other machinery of this vessel are the invention of Captain Ericsson, and have been constructed altogether under his direction, and according to his drawings—copies of which are now before us. The propeller is not an untried expedient, now for the first time essaying its wings. It was first promulgated by Captain Ericsson, in England, before his visit to this continent. He constructed, in England, two experimental boats of about twenty horse power each, besides the iron steamer Robert F. Stockton, which crossed the Atlantic in the year 1839, and has ever since been continually in operation, as a steam-tug, on the Delaware and Schuylkill. It has also been three years in practical operation, in a considerable number of vessels of various tonnage, carrying freight and passengers, on the lakes, the principal rivers, and along the coast in the United States and British provinces. The number of vessels now in operation, driven by Ericsson's propeller, at this side of the Atlantic, is above seventy. It is the more necessary to state this distinctly, as a general impression prevails that the Princeton is the first and only vessel so propelled, and therefore to be regarded as an experiment on a new principle, rather than the adoption of one on which experience so extensive has been obtained.

It will be naturally asked why advantages so great and obvious as those obtained by this invention, may not be equally secured by the screw-propeller

\* It has often been proposed to adopt expedients for raising and lowering the funnels of war steamers; but this is, we believe, the only instance of the principle having been brought successfully into practical application.

adopted in the Great Britain. We answer, that Captain Ericsson has succeeded in imparting to the shaft of the propeller the power of the piston by a simple connecting rod, without the intervention of any mechanism by which the smallest portion of that power can be lost or intercepted; that he has thus obtained all the requisite velocity without resorting to any of the usual expedients for multiplying the revolutions. Whereas, on the other hand, the screw requiring a velocity from four to six times that of the engine, the interposition of cog-wheels, leather straps, rope bands, or chains, becomes unavoidable.

In the Great Britain, the engineer, with a curious infelicity of instinct, has out of all this catalogue of objectionable expedients, selected that which is transcendently the most objectionable, namely, an endless chain working round a drum of twenty-four feet diameter, attached to the main shaft of the engines. The surface of this drum is cut into cavities or notches corresponding with the links of the chain. The smaller wheel, or pinion, driven by the chain, is fixed on the shaft of the propelling screw, and is what is called a rag-wheel, having a surface similar to that of the drum, being about one-fourth of the diameter of the latter. Let any practical mechanic imagine for a moment a chain of this kind moving at the rate of twenty-five feet per second!—and conveying the power of twelve hundred horses!! The bare mention of this, without going into the multifarious consequences which it will readily suggest to the mind, will, we conceive, be enough to demonstrate the extravagance of this monstrous project.

The superior claims of Ericsson's propeller have at length forced their way to the notice of the governments of England and France, which are not easily moved to venture on novel or untried projects. In these countries two frigates are now in preparation, in which these propellers will be used.

On the 20th of last October, when the Great Western was starting from New York for Liverpool, the Princeton was stationed in the North River, and a trial of speed took place between these two ships. It is stated, that in leaving the Battery the Great Western was about a quarter of a mile ahead, but was soon overtaken by the Princeton, which passed her, sailed round her, and passed her a second time before leaving the bay. The

G. Western had all her sails set on this occasion. The Princeton put up no canvass.

Independently of the superiority claimed for her machinery, the Princeton has obvious advantages over all steamers propelled by the common paddle-wheels. She may be rigged and worked as a sailing vessel as effectually as if she were not propelled by steam at all. No matter what position she may take in the water; no matter how she may pitch or roll, her wheel will exercise the same propelling power.

As a vessel of war, she has great advantages. All her machinery being under the water line, is protected from shot. She exposes no chimney to an attacking force. She can sail with a fleet without consuming her fuel, and can therefore preserve all her powers as a steamer in the longest voyage.

The prospectus of a project for another direct line of steamers has been recently offered to the public. It is proposed to form a company with the title of the "American Atlantic Steam Navigation Company," to be under the directorship of a body of our most respectable merchants. It appears that a charter was granted to this company about five years ago, since which time it has been, wisely as we conceive, dormant, watching, doubtless, the progress and collecting the results of the experience so dearly paid for by the English companies. The directors now think that the period has at length arrived when they may advantageously take the field. "The experience," they say, "we have had in Atlantic steam navigation,—the more economical construction of steamships,—the skill acquired in navigation and general management, have furnished practical data for our guidance, and developed the subject so fully, that we have only to adopt what is useful and reject what is not, to insure success."

It is proposed that the company shall commence operations by the construction of a steamship of two thousand tons, having accommodation for seventy-five cabin-passengers and eight hundred tons of measurement goods. The projectors expect that whether she gets passengers or not, she cannot fail to make a freight.

It is proposed that subscribers shall be allowed five per cent. discount on their freight bills. The subscribers may therefore, if they desire, monopolize the use of the ship for their own business.

"All the support, the company deem it necessary or expedient to ask of the general government is the privilege of receiving postage upon letters carried by their ships." This, we presume, is a privilege which they need not ask. It is a right that they may assume.

"The grand effects of carrying into execution the designs of the company," they observe, "are too obvious to need any comment. If it be important to retain in the hands of American citizens their own European carrying trade; if the prosperity and extension of commerce depend in any degree upon the facilities of carrying it on; if the advancement of this great city to opulence and commercial rank are dear to every American citizen; then he will with alacrity seize any and every opportunity to realize such vast and permanent results."

On these abstract propositions no difference of opinion can exist. If they can be attained without loss to the individuals who devote their talents, labor, and capital to carry them out, they ought to be, and without doubt will be, encouraged and supported. But the only practical view which can be taken of this enterprise must exclude mere patriotic considerations. It must after all be regarded, as it really is, a commercial speculation, in which men will engage with a view to *profit*; and it is only by the fair expectation of profit which it may hold out, that it can be tested.

It is stated in the prospectus that the cost of the British Queen was ninety thousand pounds, and that of her machinery twenty-four thousand pounds. Whether the latter sum is included in the former is not distinctly stated, but we presume it is. It is estimated, however, that a similar vessel, similarly equipped and propelled, may now be completed for little more than half cost.

How far the privilege of carrying freight at five per cent. below the rate charged to non-subscribers may operate favorably on the interests of the subscribers, we do not at present very clearly see. If the rate of freight charged to non-subscribers be such as would insure full loads, then it is clear that the privilege is delusive, for the owners will lose in their character of shareholders exactly what they gain in their character of merchants. If the rate charged to non-subscribers be higher than that which would insure full loads, and

the vacant tonnage be filled at the lower rate by subscribers, it becomes a nice matter of calculation whether the company as a body would not profit more by bringing down the freight to the limit which would insure fair loads at full price, and abandoning the plan of reducing the freightage to each other, which we fear will prove to be an expedient more adapted to attract unwary subscribers, than to secure any substantial and permanent advantage.

It would be extreme weakness if this company were wilfully to close their eyes on the facts we have stated in the preceding pages. Unless they can greatly improve on the Great Western, they will be surpassed in expedition by the Cunard steamers. Can they hope to stand against the formidable subsidy of the British post-office enjoyed by that line? Is it really "unnecessary and inexpedient" to seek some support from the general government, like that which is given to the Halifax line by the English government? If such support, or *any*, is likely to be accorded, we say that so far from being "unnecessary and inexpedient," it would be most necessary and most expedient, and would, in our judgment, prove to be the very life and soul of the enterprise. In fine, it is to our apprehensions as plain as light, that if some measure be not adopted to compensate to such a company for the want of that aid thus extended to the competing line, it cannot be reasonably expected that a profitable and permanent result will ensue; and we frankly confess that we see nothing in the published prospectus likely to produce such an effect.

After what has been stated regarding the Princeton, it is scarcely needful to say, that the serious attention of all parties interested in projects dependent on steam navigation, should give serious consideration to what has been effected, and is likely to be effected, by the improvements of Captain Ericsson. But this is especially incumbent on a body like the present, which avowedly looks to freight as the main source of profit. The machinery of Ericsson will not only leave a large amount of tonnage available for freight, but will give the vessel increased sailing power, and diminished expenses of the mechanical propelling power. We should say that if the project prove eventually successful at all, its best chance is through the agency of these improvements.

## HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS,

" IN LAVACRUM PALLADIS."

BY HERMENEUTES.

THIS poem had its origin in the following somewhat singular custom:—

It appears from the Scholiast, that the women of Argos, on a fixed day of annual recurrence, were accustomed to take the statues of Minerva and Diomed from their places, convey them to the river Inachus, and there bathe and purify them. It was unlawful for any male to behold these images uncovered; the punishment of the transgressor being either immediate death, or a life of misery. This corresponds with the fable of Actæon, who, through the resentment of Diana at his unintended sight of her disrobed, was changed into a stag, and miserably pursued and devoured by his own dogs. The poem is eminently beautiful—smooth, simple, and affecting. There runs through the whole of it that air of enthusiasm of feeling, mingled with plainness of language, which constitutes the great and enduring charm of all, but pre-eminently of early Greek, literature. The poem opens with an address and an exhortation to all the maids and matrons of Greece to hasten and come forth to

wait upon the goddess. The first few lines, translated into literal prose, run thus: "As many of ye as are the bath-tenders of Pallas, go forth all, go forth. I heard the sacred horses neighing but lately, and the goddess goes forth well adorned. Haste ye now, oh ye of the yellow hair, haste ye, oh women of the Pelasgi. Never did Minerva lave her mighty arms before she had dashed the dust from the flanks of her horses;—no! not even then, when, bearing their armor all sprinkled with bloody dust, she came from the goddess Earth-born." Thus he continues, with great poetical beauty both in thought and versification, for some fifty lines, describing Minerva's dress in her famous trial for the apple of gold and the prize of beauty, before the shepherd of Ida, the 'ill-starred Paris.' Then, after giving all males a caution not to gaze upon the goddess, as they would avoid ruin, he enforces his caution by relating to the listening maidens a beautiful tale, of a young man who had beheld Minerva bathing, and whom her wrath had struck blind among the mountains.

Go! Pallas! bathe thy heavenly limbs, while I to these shall tell  
 The hapless fate, which once a youth of promise bright befell.  
 In ancient times a dame there was—a dame of Theban race—  
 Whom Pallas' self, the great and dread, within her heart did place  
 Before her mates; the mother she of Teresias bold;—  
 And whenso'er the goddess drove by Thespiæ, rich and old;  
 Or Coroneia, where for her a perfumed grove arose,  
 And altars by the river's side, which far and winding goes;  
 Or unto Haliærtus turn'd the footsteps of her steeds,  
 To view Bœotia's woods and lakes, its hills and flowery meads;—  
 She lifted by her regal side, upon her chariot-seat,  
 This dame of Thebes, Chariclo named, companion young and meet;  
 Nor ever met the woodland nymphs, nor e'er the dance went round,  
 Where young Chariclo did not lead, and lightly beat the ground;  
 And though by dread Minerva's side, as peer with peer, she sate,  
 Yet many a line said wo for her among the leaves of fate.  
 For once they loosed their gold-clasp'd zones, their snowy forms to lave,  
 'Midst Helicon's o'ershadowing woods, in Hippocrene's wave—  
 A mid-day stillness cover'd all the mountain's varied face,  
 When young Teresias, with his dogs, approach'd the holy place,  
 And all athirst with hasty foot unto the fount he drew,  
 And view'd what Heaven's high law declares no mortal eye may view.

Then, whilst the swelling tide of wrath was gathering in her breast,  
 With awful glance, the trembling youth Minerva thus address'd :  
 " What demon-god, O ! ill-starr'd youth ! has led thy feet astray—  
 Thy hapless eyes their precious sight shall never bear away."  
 She spoke, and o'er his youthful eyes the veil of night she flung,  
 And trembling fell upon his knees, and silence on his tongue.  
 But loudly did the mother cry, " What dost thou to my boy ?  
 And are ye then such friends, ye gods ? Alas, my pride, my joy !  
 My wretched child !—Thou didst, indeed, Minerva's figure spy ;  
 But never shalt thou see the sun unclothe his golden eye.  
 Oh ! Helicon ! no more by me thy forests shall be trod,  
 For heavily upon my head is laid th' afflictive rod.  
 Much hast thou gain'd, for little lost—the scattering fawns which he  
 Destroy'd, thou greedy mount, were few—thou hast his eyes with thee !"  
 And then her arms around her child the weeping mother flung,  
 As some fond dove might fold its wings above its bleeding young.

Minerva saw, and pitied much the mother's deep distress,  
 And her with soften'd eyes, and words of soothing did address :  
 " Oh ! goddess-woman ! calm thy heart, thy bitter words revoke !  
 I darken'd not his youthful eyes—'twas fate's resistless stroke.  
 It joys me not to take the eyes of budding youth away—  
 But thus the irrevocable laws of old Saturnus say :  
 ' Whoe'er shall see a god, when he would shun to meet the view,  
 That luckless glance the wretch full long and bitterly shall rue.'  
 Oh ! goddess-woman ! I cannot restore his eyes their sight,  
 Since thus the thread of fate declared when first they saw the light.  
 But oh ! how many offerings rich would fair Cadmeis burn,  
 And Aristæus, would their lost Actæon but return !  
 Oh ! would he but once more return, though wretched, blind, and old,  
 What kindling joy would blaze once more within their bosoms cold !  
 The tale which to thy heavy ears, Chariclo, I relate,  
 Is future yet, and buried deep within the womb of fate.  
 Not Dian's self more fast could speed the hills and valleys through—  
 But what avails, when, though by chance, Diana he shall view ?  
 The trusty dogs, who follow'd him through many a sultry day,  
 Shall chase his steps with rabid rage, and deep-resounding bay.  
 The mother, through the forest depths, with pitiable moans,  
 Shall slowly totter, day by day, to find his bleaching bones.  
 And oh ! how happy shall she call, the fate thou deem'st unkind,  
 To see once more, once more embrace, her only son, though blind !  
 Then weep no more, companion dear—thy son, indeed, is blind,  
 But I will pour celestial light upon his rising mind,"  
 The goddess said. And comfort came unto the mother's grief,  
 And scatter'd through her darken'd heart, the sunlight of relief.  
 A wise and great, and mighty seer, her blinded son became,  
 And far through circumjacent lands went forth his prophet fame.

## MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.\*

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

If we apply the Horatian requirement to poetry, and deny a place to mediocrity, there are but two poets in England who now belong to the new generation—Alfred Tennyson and Miss Barrett. There are many others who write agreeable verses; accomplished men and women who, by the liveliness of their talents, or their cultivation and refinement, may afford us many a delightful hour; popular echoers of popular topics; easy versifiers who reflect for us our personal opinions, in the creed of politics, history, or religion—but the sacred name of poet exacts higher requisitions before it can be rightfully appropriated. How long Tennyson is to remain in the ascendant, “the glass of fashion and the mould of form,” to be worshipped and imitated by inferior writers, is a matter upon which the hopes of some who reverence the manliness of the English character and the ruggedness of the English race, and the contentment of his admirers, may differ. He is certainly not as favorable a representative of the manly character as Miss Barrett is of the feminine, and Miss Barrett’s genius is of too subtle and elevated an order ever to become widely popular with the people. Yet with two such guests standing at the threshold of the temple in which still a few of the great bards of the last age linger, though the music of their cunning hands be still in the choir forever, we need not despair of the coming future. We too shall have our poets. Our lives shall be illustrated by the song of the bard. Great as were the events in our fathers’ lives, ours too are the gift of God; and in good time poets shall sing for us, and raise our existence from the dull life of earth-worms; and we, too, shall transmit an inheritance of genius to our sons. It would be a sad belief if we thought that the poets were dead, and that our cares were to be concluded in buying and selling, sowing and reaping, without partaking of that higher life which the poet teaches us to live. Heaven sends us poets. This act of Providence

may not be included in the books which treat of the evidences of natural or revealed religion; but it is as great a blessing as that the sun shines or the grass grows. This is a reflection which may appear very simple, for it is very natural; but let us fancy our privation, for a moment, if that unconsidered, ill-rewarded being, the poet, together with all he brings to us of love and knowledge, were forever taken from the world. The language that we utter would begin to lose its harmony; we should find ourselves insensibly forgetting the mastery of that cunning instrument of speech which the poets have fashioned for all the finer relations of life, and talking in the jargon of the market and exchange; with our loss of happy words the occasion for them would have passed away, and instead of being friends and lovers by a thousand invisible ties which a refined imagination weaves for us, we should be coarse and treacherous, with no better impulses than desire and interest. Our religion would lose faith; that imaginative worship of the heart, and be driven back to stocks and stones. Our paintings and architecture, if they were suffered to exist, would be strange and idiotic; but they could not exist, for the sentiment that gives life to the color and harmony to the building would be withdrawn, and both would fall and perish by vulgar hands.

Let us, then, hail the new poet, and with the thousand voices of the press, utter the new-found fame wide over the land. This generation too has a poet, though Campbell be gathered to Westminster, and Burns be honored only at his monument, and Wordsworth shelter a quiet and revered age in silence.

Miss Barrett’s new book comes to us indeed with something of the interest of an American production. It is published simultaneously with the English edition, under the care of an American author;† and it has been preceded by the publication of a part of its contents, a

\* A Drama of Exile, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: H. G. Langley, 1844.

† Mr. Mathews, to whom Miss Barrett pays a delicate compliment in her preface, and whose volume of Poems she pronounces in another part of her volume “as remarkable in thought and manner, for a vital sinewy vigor, as the right arm of Pathfinder.”

few of the shorter poems, in the American Magazines. These already directed the eyes of the public to this new star, shining with a pale, steady lustre, yet growing intense as we look upon it, and far unlike the brassy glare of some wandering and much-worshipped meteors.

“ My love and admiration have belonged to the great American people, as long as I have felt proud of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as I have loved poetry itself. But it is only of late that I have been admitted to the privilege of personal gratitude to Americans, and only to-day that I am encouraged to offer to their hands an American edition of a new collection of my poems, about to be published in my own country. This edition precedes the English one by a step,—a step eagerly taken, and with a spring in it of pleasure and pride—suspended, however, for a moment, that by a cordial figure I may kiss the soil of America, and address my thanks to those sons of the soil, who, if strangers and foreigners, are yet kinsmen and friends, and who, if never seen, nor perhaps to be seen by eyes of mine, have already caused them to glisten by words of kindness and courtesy.”

There is much in this sentence to wash out the ignorance, flippancy, and contempt of British writers and travellers; who have, indeed, done themselves a greater wrong than us, by encouraging in themselves the practical infidelity and inhumanity of denying any goodness or virtue to so large a portion of the human race.

Miss Barrett is of too generous, too richly endowed and philosophical a turn of mind to favor such injustice. She confidently turns to this much-abused and ill-represented America, and pours out before us the wealth of her mind; and, as in all similar cases where the heart of man deals with man, she will receive in return the generosity she brings with her.

In claiming for Miss Barrett the rank of an original poet in English literature, we have of course implied that her merits, however distinct and unquestionable, are of a class that requires some study and preparation in the reader before he can fully appreciate them. This is a condition with every new writer, however it may be overlooked by the mass of readers who affect to understand metre, cadence, and reach of thought in a moment. Hence original authors are con-

demned, while imitators thrive. The great impulses in literature descend from the author, to whose sovereign height the people travel slowly up, getting partial glimpses by the way: critics should be the Mentors to warn the public of mountebanks and pretenders, and ever renew the flagging attention by calling it upward to the pure eminences.

What are we to expect in this authoress? How are we to receive her? We must prepare our minds for poetry of a different school from that of Eliza Cook or Mrs. Ellis, and sharpen our eyesight to something of a finer texture than the warm and easily worn, though beautiful and graceful, drapery of Mrs. Hemans. And perhaps, with every disposition of the reader to admire and enjoy, he may lack the peculiar studies and discipline of thought and feeling to enter into the habits of mind of this writer, whose subtle style may always remain vague and dim to the popular apprehension. Miss Barrett “soaring in the high region of her fancies, with her singing robes about her,” will be found breathing too rare an atmosphere for those who are willing to look no further in a book than for amusement. We warn the readers at libraries, and the loungers at booksellers’ counters, against opening these volumes at random, and confidently pronouncing upon their worth. Let them be silent if they cannot understand.

There are two methods which that intellectual chemist, the critic, may apply as the tests of a new work of invention, the synthetic and the analytic; and though these different processes should in the end verify each other, yet there will generally be a greater apparent generosity in the use of the former than the latter. Perhaps the former should be reserved only for those authors in whom we have confidence of genius working with perfect truth and simplicity. In such cases we take the poet’s own word, and proceed with him in the development of his work, satisfied that while we are pursuing genius we are following nature. Here let the author teach the critic. In the mass of works this would be evidently a misapplied mode of criticism. The departure from any law of natural growth would soon be detected, and the reviewer and the author would have to part company. We may venture to decide dogmatically at a glance upon most new publications; but we ought to beware of treating in this way the work of genius.

The most evident characteristic of Miss Barrett's poetry is its subjectivity; but she possesses this quality in a different sense from that in which it is generally and unhappily known in modern philosophy. It is not the self-torturing or diseased spirit of a mind recoiling from the outer world of God, man, and nature, and painfully turned upon itself. There is no self-willed arrogance, or spiritual pride, or morbid consciousness, in this high metaphysical abstraction, but a lofty spirituality, purified from ordinary life and common thoughts by the discipline of study and sorrow.

'Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence  
'Till all be made immortal.

No ordinary or grossly nurtured mind could long sustain such topics as the conversation of Seraphim, or venture to portray the sublimities of angels and the song of the morning stars. Miss Barrett has been educated by Æschylus and the Hebrew prophets.

But the prevalent trait of her mind, to which this pursuit of intellectual sublimity is secondary, is its truly feminine character. None of the diversified accomplishments of a muse learned, cultivated, various, pursuing ancient and modern art through the works of the masters of every land, and familiar with all, suffer us for a moment to be diverted from the happy gracefulness, the naturalness of movement, the easy, self-consciousness of womanhood. Learned women are notorious for becoming bold and masculine; but there are few men who could bear about them so many of the rich spoils of books and antiquity, without awkwardness and pedantry. The secret lies in this: what with most men and with other women is apt to be a mere matter of acquisition, something foreign and accidental hung upon the original framework of the mind, with her, by a long and natural process of assimilation, has become part of the texture of the mind itself. Milton's stern grasp of the facts and images of poetical antiquity was not more his own, rightfully appropriated by his manly intellect, and standing out firm, definite, colossal, than is the gentler spirit in which, as with a veil, this feminine mind wears the figure and countenance of an Athenian sybil. Miss Barrett is still young, but we may gather from the

fact of a very early publication of a volume of poems, and the evidences in her translation of Prometheus, and the volume of the Seraphim, that she has long been patiently devoted to the calm and diligent pursuits of learning, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." She has read Plato, Mr. Horne, in his Spirit of the Age, tells us, from beginning to end, and the Hebrew Bible from Genesis to Malachi. There are occasionally to be seen in a parenthesis of her prefaces, or by the side of a fine rhythmical line of her poems, a few of these Hebrew characters, which the reader passes by with reverence. There is nothing affected or disjointed in this. There is no impediment to the thought, which may indeed pursue a subtler current to task the mind, but never offends. How these studies were followed we may learn from certain graceful revelations in these volumes, in a poem commemorating some wine of Cyprus given to the poetess by H. S. Boyd, author of "Select Passages from the Greek and others," from which she passes, by a very happy turn of sentiment, to the studies of which the fragrant draught is the symbol.

And I think of those long mornings  
Which my Thought goes far to seek,  
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,  
Solemn flow'd the rhythmic Greek.  
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,  
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,  
While a girlish voice was reading,—  
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *oi's*!

Then what golden hours were for us!—  
While we sat together there,  
How the white vests of the chorus  
Seem'd to wave up a live air!  
How the cothurns trod majestic  
Down the deep iambic lines!  
And the rolling anapestic  
Curl'd, like vapor over shrines!

Oh, our Æschylus, the thundrous!  
How he drov the bolted breath  
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous  
In the gnarled oak beneath.  
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal!  
Who was born to monarch's place;  
And who made the whole world loyal,  
Less by kingly power than grace.

Our Euripides, the human—  
With his droppings of warm tears;  
And his touches of things common,  
'Till they rose to touch the spheres!  
Our Theocritus, our Bion,  
And our Pindar's shining goals!—

These were cup-bearers undying,  
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

And my Plato, the divine one,—  
If men know the gods aright  
By their motions as they shine on  
With a glorious trail of light!—  
And your noble Christian bishops,  
Who mouth'd grandly the last Greek!  
Though the sponges on their hyssops  
Were distent with wine—too weak!

Yet, your Chrysostom, you praised him,  
With his glorious mouth of gold—  
And your Basil, you praised him  
To the height of speakers old!  
And we both praised Heliodorus  
For his secret of pure lies!—  
Who forged first his linked stories  
In the heat of lady's eyes.

And we both praised our Synesius,  
For the fire shot up his odes!  
Though the church was scarce propitious  
As he whistled dogs and gods.—  
And we both praised Nazianzen,  
For the fervid heart and speech!  
Only I eschew'd his glancing  
At the lyre, hung out of reach

Do you mind that deed of Até,  
Which you bound me to, so fast,—  
Reading "De Virginitate,"  
From the first line to the last?  
How I said at ending, solemn,  
As I turn'd and look'd at you,  
That St. Simeon on the column  
Had had somewhat less to do?

For we sometimes gently wrangled;  
Very gently, be it said,—  
For our thoughts were disintangled  
By no breaking of the thread!  
And I charged you with extortions  
On the nobler fames of old—  
Ay, and sometimes thought your Porsons  
Stain'd the purple they would fold.

The learning, then, of Miss Barrett does not stand in the way of her womanly nature, but is rather a severe discipline which refines, elevates that nature, and puts not a pebble in the way of its natural course.

By this plea, that she is a woman, a true, natural woman, albeit a learned one, yet one in whom the intellect has not burnt up the heart, Miss Barrett justifies herself in approaching the great theme of the Fall of Man. "My subject was the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness; with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief,

which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man. There was room at least for lyrical emotion in those first steps into the wilderness,—in that first sense of desolation after wrath,—in that first audible gathering of the recriminating 'groan of the whole creation,'—in that first darkening of the hills from the recoiling feet of angels,—and in that first silence of the voice of God. And I took pleasure in driving in, like a pile, stroke upon stroke, the Idea of EXILE, admitting Lucifer as an extreme Adam, to represent the ultimate tendencies of sin and loss,—that it might be strong to bear up the contrary Idea of the Heavenly love and purity."

The "Drama of Exile" is cast in a form resembling that of the Grecian tragedy, a form which allows great latitude to the lyrical portions and permits an argumentative metaphysical strain in the remaining passages. The ancient chorus has been the incentive to Miss Barrett's lyrical poems, and not the old English song-writing.

The persons of the drama are Adam, Eve, Gabriel, Lucifer, Angels, Eden-Spirits, Earth-Spirits, and Phantasms, and the Saviour introduced in a vision. The scene is the outer side of the gate of Eden within the "sword glare," and in the region immediately beyond. Gabriel, the good angel, and the malignant, sneering Lucifer, are first introduced.

*Lucifer.* Hail, Gabriel, the keeper of the gate!

Now that the fruit is pluck'd, prince Gabriel,

I hold that Eden is impregnable  
Under thy keeping.

*Gabriel.* Angel of the sin,  
Such as thou standest—pale in the drear light

Which rounds the rebel's work with Maker's wrath,—

Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls;—

A monumental melancholy gloom  
Seen down all ages; whence to mark despair,

And measure out the distances from good!  
Go from us straightway.

*Lucifer.* Wherefore?

*Gabriel.* Lucifer,

Thy last step in this place trod sorrow up.  
Recoil before that sorrow, if not this sword.

*Lucifer.* Angels arc in the world—wherefore not I?

Exiles are in the world—wherefore not I?  
The cursed are in the world—wherefore  
not I?

*Gabriel.* Depart.

*Lucifer.* And where's the logic of  
"depart?"

Our lady Eve had half been satisfied  
To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt  
To fix my postulate better.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gabriel.* Go . . . depart—  
Enough is sinn'd and suffer'd.

*Lucifer.* By no means.  
Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!  
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;  
It holds, like mine immortal. Presently  
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as  
green

Or greener, certes, than its knowledge-tree;  
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,  
More eminent for shadow—for the rest  
We'll build it dark with towns and pyra-  
mids,  
And temples, if it please you:—we'll have  
feasts

And funerals also, merrymakes and wars,  
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along  
Right o'er the edges. And, good Gabriel,  
(Ye like that word in Heaven!) I too have  
strength—

Strength to behold Him, and not worship  
Him;

Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on  
Him;

Strength to be in the universe, and yet  
Neither God nor his servant. The red sign  
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt  
me with,

Is God's sign that it bows not unto God;  
The potter's mark upon his work, to show  
It rings well to the striker. I and the earth  
Can bear more curse.

*Gabriel.* O miserable earth!  
O ruin'd angel!

*Lucifer.* Well! and if it be,  
I chose this ruin: I elected it  
Of my will, not of service. What I do,  
I do volitent, not obedient,  
And overtop thy crown with my despair.  
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to  
Heaven;

And leave me to the earth, which is mine  
own

In virtue of her misery, as I hers,  
In virtue of my ruin! turn from both,  
That bright impassive, passive angelhood  
And spare to read us backward any more  
Of your spent hallelujahs.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gabriel.* Yet, thou discovered one, by the  
truth in me,  
Which God keeps in me, I would give away  
All,—save that truth, and His love over it:  
To lead thee home again into the light,

And hear thy voice chant with the morn-  
ing stars;

When their rays tremble round them with  
much song,

Sung in more gladness!

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

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gabriel.* Lucifer,  
I charge thee by the solitude He kept  
Ere he created,—leave the earth to God!

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

*Gabriel.* I charge thee by that mournful  
morning star

Which trembleth . . .

*Lucifer.* Hush! I will not hear thee speak  
Of such things. Enough spoken. As the pine  
In norland forests, drops its weight of snows  
By a night's growth, so, growing toward  
my ends,

I drop thy counsels. Farewell, Gabriel!

A chorus of Eden Spirits succeeds,  
chanting from Paradise, while Adam and  
Eve fly across the sword-glare.

Hearken, oh hearken! let your souls behind  
you,

Lean, gently moved!

Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,  
O lost, beloved!

Through the thick-shielded and strong-mar-  
shall'd angels,

They press and pierce:

Our requiems follow fast on our evangels,—  
Voice throbs in verse!

We are but orphan'd spirits left in Eden,  
A time ago—

God gave us golden cups; and we were  
bidden

To feed you so!

But now our right hand hath no cup re-  
maining,

No work to do;

The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining  
The whole earth through;

And all those stains lie clearly round for  
showing

(Not interfused!)

That brighter colors were the world's fore-  
going,

Than shall be used.

Hearken, oh hearken! ye shall hearken  
surely,

For years and years,

The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,  
Of spirits' tears!

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

The Spirits of the Trees utter their  
 song in words borrowed from the musical  
 winds that stir their leaves! These lines  
 are extremely melodious.

*Spirits of the Trees.*

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

*Voice of the same, but softer.*

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

And the Flower Spirits sing their fare-  
 well to the lost inhabitants of Eden:

Farewell! the flowers of Eden  
 Ye shall smell never more.

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

At the extremity of the sword-glare  
 Eve reposes upon Adam, reading a deeper  
 dread in his face than in the glittering  
 terror of the wall of angels.

*Adam.* Hast thou strength,  
 Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?

*Eve.* I have strength to look upward to  
 thy face.

*Adam.* We need be strong: yon specta-  
 cle of cloud

Which seals the gate up to the final doom,  
 Is God's seal in a cloud. There seem to lie  
 A hundred thunders in it, dark and dread;  
 The unmolten lightnings vein it motionless;  
 And, outward from its depth, the self-moved  
 sword

Swings slow its awful gnomes of red fire  
 From side to side,—in pendulous horror  
 slow.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is this, Eve? thou droppest heavily.

*Eve.* O Adam, Adam! by that name of  
 Eve—

Thine Eve, thy life—which suits me little  
 now,

I do adjure thee, put me straight away,  
 Together with my name. Sweet, punish  
 me!

O Love, be just! and, ere we pass beyond  
 The light cast outward by the fiery sword,  
 Into the dark which earth must be to us,  
 Bruise my head with thy foot,—as the  
 curse said

My seed shall the first tempter's: strike  
 with curse,

As God struck in the garden!

*Adam.* My beloved,  
 Mine Eve and life—I have no other name  
 For thee or for the sun than what ye are!—

\* \* \* \* \*

Shall I who had not virtue to stand straight  
 Among the hills of Eden, here assume  
 To mend the justice of the perfect God,  
 By piling up a curse upon His curse,  
 Against thee—thee—

*Eve.* For so, perchance, thy God  
 Might take thee into grace for scorning me;  
 And so, the blessed angels might come down  
 And walk with thee as erst,—I think they  
 would,—

Because I was not near to make them sad,  
 Or soil the rustling of their innocence.

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

\* \* \* \* \*

O my God!

I, standing here between the glory and  
dark,—  
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence  
hath fallen  
Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee  
That rather 'Thou hast cast me out with  
her,  
Than left me lorn of her in Paradise.

Music, "tender as a watering dew,"  
from a chorus of invisible angels follows.  
Lucifer appears tortured with metaphysical  
doubts and agonies, the Miltonic punish-  
ment of fallen angels, and the morning  
star, the beloved of Lucifer, takes his  
farewell in a song of fine imaginative  
power.

They go further on. A wild open  
country is seen vaguely in the approach-  
ing night.

*Adam.* How doth the wide and melan-  
choly earth  
Gather her hills around us, gray and ghastr,  
And stare with blank significance of loss  
Right in our faces. Is the wind up?

*Eve.* Nay.

*Adam.* And yet the cedars and the ju-  
nipers  
Rock slowly through the mist, without a  
noise ;  
And shapes, which have no certainty of  
shape,  
Drift dusky in and out between the pines,  
And loom along the edges of the hills,  
And lie flat, curdling in the open ground—  
Shadows without a body, which contract  
And lengthen as we gaze on them.

*Eve.* O Life,  
Which is not man's nor angels ! What is  
this ?

Adam wanders in terror with Eve till  
the surrounding phantasms figure them-  
selves in the sign of the zodiac.

..... That phantom, there,  
Presents a lion,—albeit, twenty times  
As large as any lion,—with a roar  
Set soundless in his vibratory jaws,  
And a strange horror stirring in his mane !  
And there, a pendulous shadow seems to  
weigh—  
Good against ill, perchance ; and there, a  
crab  
Puts coldly out its gradual shadow-claws,  
Like a slow blot that spreads,—till all the  
ground,  
Crawled over by it, seems to crawl itself ;  
A bull stands horned here with gibbous  
glooms ;  
And a ram likewise ; and a scorpion writhes  
Its tail in ghastly slime, and stings the dark !  
This way a goat leaps, with wild blank of  
beard ;  
And here fantastic fishes dusky float,

Using the calm for waters, while their fins  
'Throb out slow rhythms along the shallow  
air !

The spirits of organic and inorganic  
nature arise from the ground, and, as in  
the bold figures of a Hebrew psalm, the  
beasts, rivers, birds "with viewless  
wings of harmonies," the "calm cold  
fishes of a silver being," witness against  
man. The pathetic appeal of Eve in re-  
ply is exceedingly beautiful :

... Sweet, dreadful Spirits !  
I pray you humbly in the name of God ;  
Not to say of these tears, which are im-  
pure—  
Grant me such pardoning grace as can go  
forth  
From clean volitions toward a spotted will,  
From the wronged to the wronger ; this and  
no more ;

I do not ask more. I am 'ware, indeed,  
That absolute pardon is impossible  
From you to me, by reason of my sin,—  
And that I cannot evermore, as once,  
With worthy acceptation of pure joy,  
Behold the trances of the holy hills  
Beneath the leaning stars ; or watch the  
vales,  
Dew-pallid with their morning ecstasy ;  
Or hear the winds make pastoral peace be-  
tween

Two grassy uplands,—and the river-wells  
Work out "their bubbling lengths beneath  
the ground—  
And all the birds sing, till, for joy of song,  
They lift their trembling wings, as if to  
heave

The too-much weight of music from their  
heart

And float it up the æther ! I am 'ware  
That these things I can no more apprehend,  
With a pure organ, into a full delight ;  
The sense of beauty and of melody  
Being no more aided in me by the sense  
Of personal adjustment to those heights  
Of what I see well-formed or hear well-  
tuned,—

But rather coupled darkly, and made a-  
shamed,

By my perniciency of sin and fall,  
And melancholy of humilient thoughts.  
But, oh ! fair, dreadful Spirits—albeit this  
Your accusation must confront my soul,  
And your pathetic utterance and full gaze  
Must evermore subdue me ; be content—  
Conquer me gently—as if pitying me,  
Not to say loving ! let my tears fall thick  
As watering dews of Eden, unreproached ;  
And when your tongues reprove me, make  
me smooth,  
Not ruffled—smooth and still with your re-  
proof,  
And peradventure better, while more sad.  
For look to it, sweet Spirits—look well to it ;

It will not be amiss in you who kept  
The law of your own righteousness, and  
keep

The right of your own griefs to mourn  
themselves,—

To pity me twice fallen,—from that, and  
this,—

From joy of place, and also right of wail,—  
“I wail” being not for me—only “I sin.”

Look to it, O sweet Spirits!—

For was I not,

At that last sunset seen in Paradise,  
When all the westerling clouds flashed out  
in throngs

Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,  
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of  
God

Held them suspended,—was I not, that  
hour,

The lady of the world, princess of life,  
Mistress of feast and favor? Could I  
touch

A rose with my white hand, but it became  
Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely  
Along our swarded garden, but the grass  
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand  
aside

A moment underneath a cornel-tree,  
But all the leaves did tremble as alive,  
With songs of fifty birds who were made  
glad

Because I stood there? Could I turn to  
look

With these twain eyes of mine, now weep-  
ing fast,

Now good for only weeping—upon man,  
Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced  
Because I looked on him? Alas, alas!

And is not this much wo, to cry “alas!”  
Speaking of joy! And is not this more  
shame,

To have made the wo myself, from all that  
joy?

To have stretch'd my hand, and pluck'd it  
from the tree,

And chosen it for fruit? Nay, is not this  
Still most despair,—to have halved that bit-  
ter fruit,

And ruined, so, the sweetest friend I have,  
Turning the GREATEST to mine enemy?

The vision of CHRIST appears, and  
Adam blesses Eve in that Presence.

But, go to! thy love

Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,  
After its own life-working. A child's kiss,  
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee  
glad:

A poor man, served by thee, shall make  
thee rich;

An old man, helped by thee, shall make  
thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest. Such a  
crown

I set upon thy head,—Christ witnessing  
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee  
clear

Of all reproach against the sin foregone,  
From all the generations which succeed.

Thy hand which plucked the apple, I clasp  
close;

Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss  
close,—

I bless thee in the name of Paradise,  
And by the memory of Edenic joys  
Forfeit and lost;—by that last cypress tree  
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we  
came out;

And by the blessed nightingale, which  
threw

Its melancholy music after us;—  
And by the flowers, whose spirits full of  
smells

Did follow softly, plucking us behind  
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bow-  
ers

And fourfold river-courses;—by all these,  
I bless thee to the contraries of these;  
I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,  
To the elemental change and turbulence,  
And to the roar of the estranged beasts,  
And to the solemn dignities of grief,—  
To each one of these ends,—and to this

END

Of death and the hereafter!

With the words of the Saviour, we  
close this remarkable Drama.

Look on me!

As I shall be uplifted on a cross  
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,  
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands,  
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,  
But life,—beyond the reach of guilt and  
grief,

The whole creation. Henceforth in my  
name

Take courage, O thou woman,—man, take  
hope!

Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's  
sward

Beneath the steps of your prospective  
thoughts;

And one step past them, a new Eden-gate  
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,

And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall  
No more, within that Eden, nor pass out

Any more from it. In which hope, move  
on,

First sinners and first mourners. Live and  
love,—

Doing both nobly, because lowly;  
Live and work, strongly,—because patient-  
ly!

And, for the deed of death, trust it to God,  
That it be well done, unrepented of,

And not to loss. And thence, with con-  
stant prayers

Fasten your souls so high, that constantly

The smile of your heroic cheer may float  
Above all floods of earthly agonies,  
Purification being the joy of pain!

THE VISION OF POETS is the second elaborate poem in the collection. Its design is to show the mystery of the poetical character, by which genius is at war with society, and with itself; by which it pines in sorrow and neglect and suffering, both self-imposed and from without, while the rest of the world apparently lives on in joy and carelessness. Its object is the noblest that can employ the pens of poets, to "vindicate the ways of God to man," to teach reconciliation and submission, to calm rebellion, to create smiles of happiness out of very unhappiness itself in the wounded breast of man. Miss Barrett may take for her shield the poet's motto, "We learn in suffering what we teach in song." In truth, this verse of divinest bards is no child's play of the faculties, no elegant amusement of the boudoir penned on satin paper with crowquill for the admiration of taste and fashion, no accidental thing to be picked up by a man as he goes along the world, played with for a while and laid aside. It is the soul's experience, wrung from the very depths of a noble nature, and of the noble nature only;—and the whole life—childhood, youth with its shadows, manhood with calm day-light—the son, the lover, the father—must form its completeness.

A poet in whom the inward light prevented sleep, goes forth into a wood, like early Chaucer when he saw the wonders of the Flower and Leaf, and there meets with a lady on a snow-white palfrey, who leads him over the moor, where he is bade to drink of three separate pools, which represent the poet's dower, and tastes successively of the world's use, a bitter draught; the world's love bitter too, and of the world's cruelty; upon which he swoons, and being purified by this earthly purgation, is admitted to the vision of poets, held in some vast hall of the imagination in dream-land, where a Hebrew angel, clad in Miltonic strength and splendor, ministers at an altar, surrounded by the great bards of time.

Then first, the poet was aware  
Of a chief angel standing there  
Before that altar, in the glare.

His eyes were dreadful, for you saw  
That *they* saw God—his lips and jaw,  
Grand-made and strong, as Sinai's law.

*On the vast background of his wings  
Arose his image! and he flings,  
From each plumed arc, pale glitterings*

*And fiery flakes (as beateth more  
Or less, the angel-heart!) before,  
And round him, upon roof and floor,*

*Edging with fire the shining fumes,  
While at his side, 'twixt light and glooms,  
The phantasm of an organ booms.*

In a deep pool, nurtured by one of the eddies at the foot of Niagara, and shrouded forever by the clouds of mist, hid in a basin of rock aside from the steps of the careless traveller, a rainbow is literally burnt in with deep metallic dyes, an arc of gold and purple, fixed and immovable as steel, and surrounded by half-illuminated spray, fragile as air. Miss Barrett's Wall of the Poets, with its massiveness and "air-drawn" grandeur, has recalled to us this image, showing that even in the poet's cloud-land Nature has her omniscient prototypes, and that the highest invention cannot get beyond the actual.

Among the portraits hung up in these "chambers of imagery" we see Shakespeare and Dante, Goethe and Schiller,

Electric Pindar, quick as fear,  
*With race-dust on his cheeks*

\* \* \*

And Virgil! shade of Mantuan beech  
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And curl around his forehead high!—  
For his gods wore less majesty  
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

\* \* \*

And Chaucer, with his infantine  
Familiar clasp of things divine—  
That mark upon his lip is wine.

Here Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim!  
The shapes of suns and stars did swim  
Like clouds from them, and granted him

God for sole vision! Cowley, there,  
Whose active fancy debonnaire  
Drew straws to amber—foul to fair.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben—  
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows, when  
The world was worthy of such men.

Before these good and great spirits a worldly crowd of those who take upon themselves unworthily the name of poets enter, and plead their cunning, their frivolity, their earthly-mindedness in their disguises—

But all the foreheads of those born  
And dead true poets flashed with scorn  
Betwixt the bay-leaves round them worn—

Ay, jetted such brave fire, that they,  
The new-come, shrank and paled away,  
*Like leaden ashes when the day*

*Strikes on the hearth.*

The last expression is altogether Dantean.

To give the reader an idea of the variety of the poetical powers displayed in these volumes, we should have to follow in this way every separate poem, for each, with a fine under-current of the original mind of the authoress, is a new creation. These poems deserve to be studied as we study the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller. With the flexibility of language of the one, they have much of the moral significance of the other. The "Cry of the Children" is in the high lyrical German strain, beyond song-writing. A Rhapsody of Life's Progress recalls to us the philosopher of Weimar. In *The Dead Pan*, Miss Barrett has written a reply, call it rather a supplement, to Schiller's *Gods of Greece*. In felicity of language, in historical enthusiasm, in picturesque beauty, it is as certainly equal to Schiller's poem, as in its Christian morality it is superior. In a certain massiveness of thought and expression no woman may equal his manliness.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Can ye listen in your silence?  
Can your mystic voices tell us  
Where ye hide? In floating islands,  
With a wind that evermore  
Keeps you out of sight of shore?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken  
In old Ethiopia?  
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,  
Bathing in mandragora  
Your divine pale lips that shiver  
Like the lotus in the river?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crush'd your stagnant courses  
Where the silver spheres roll on,  
Stung to life by centric forces  
Thrown like rays out from the sun?—  
While the smoke of your old altars  
Is the shroud that round you welters?  
Great Pan is dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do ye leave your rivers flowing  
All alone, O Naiades,  
While your drenched locks dry slow in  
This cold feeble sun and breeze?  
Not a word the Naiads say,  
Though the rivers run for aye.  
For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,  
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?  
At the rushing thunderstroke would  
No sob tremble through the tree?—  
Not a word the Dryads say,  
Though the forests wave for aye.  
For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places,  
Oreads wild, for other tryst?  
Shall we see no sudden faces  
Strike a glory through the mist?  
Not a sound the silence thrills,  
Of the everlasting hills.  
Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,  
Crown'd to starry wanderings,—  
With your chariots in procession,  
And your silver clash of wings!  
Very pale ye seem to rise,  
Ghosts of Grecian deities—  
Now Pan is dead.

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,  
Whence the thunder did prevail:  
While in idioey of godhead  
Thou art staring the stars pale!  
And thine eagle, blind and old,  
Roughs his feather in the cold.  
Pan, Pan is dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Neptune lies beside his trident,  
Dull and senseless as a stone:  
And old Pluto deaf and silent  
Is cast out into the sun.  
Ceres smileth stern thereat,—  
"We all now are desolate!"  
Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven  
As thy native foam, thou art,  
With the cestus long done heaving  
On the white calm of thy heart!  
*Ai Adonis!* At that shriek,  
Not a tear runs down her cheek—  
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from  
One another,—huddled lie,  
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,  
Close beside her tenderly,—  
As if each had weakly tried  
Once to kiss her as he died.  
Pan, Pan is dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the fiery-hearted centre  
Of the solemn universe,  
Ancient Vesta,—who could enter  
To consume thee with this curse?  
Drop thy gray clin on thy knee,  
O thou palsied Mystery!  
For Pan is dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gods bereaved, gods belated,—  
With your purples rent asunder!

Gods discrown'd and desecrated,  
 Disinherited of thunder!  
 Now, the goats may climb and crop  
 The soft grass on Ida's top—  
                     Now Pan is dead.

Calm at eve the bark went onward,  
 When a cry more loud than wind,  
 Rose up, deepen'd, and swept sunward,  
 From the piled Dark behind:  
 And the sun shrank and grew pale,  
 Breathed against by the great wail—  
                     Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the benches  
 Fell,—each shuddering on his face—  
 While departing influences  
 Struck a cold back through the place:  
 And the shadow of the ship  
 Reel'd along the passive deep—  
                     Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,  
 And sank slowly through the air;  
 Full of spirit's melancholy  
 And eternity's despair!  
 And they heard the words it said—  
 PAN IS DEAD—GREAT PAN IS DEAD—  
                     PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion  
 Hung for love's sake on the cross—  
 When his brow was chill with dying,  
 And His soul was faint with loss:  
 When his priestly blood dropp'd down-  
     ward,  
 And his kingly eyes look'd throneward:  
                     Then, Pan was dead.

By the love He stood alone in,  
 His sole Godhead stood complete:  
 And the false gods fell down moaning,  
 Each from off his golden seat—  
 All the false gods with a cry  
 Render'd up their deity—  
                     Pan, Pan was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Truth is fair: should we forego it?  
 Can we sigh right for a wrong?  
 God himself is the best Poet,  
 And the Real is His song.  
 Sing His truth out fair and full,  
 And secure His beautiful.  
                     Let Pan be dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is true and just and honest,  
 What is lovely, what is pure—  
 All of praise that hath admonish'd,—  
 All of virtue, shall endure,—  
 These are themes for poet's uses,  
 Stirring nobler than the Muses,  
                     Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;  
 Nor mix falsehood with the whole!  
 Look up Godward! speak the truth in  
 Worthy song from earnest soul!  
 Hold, in high poetic duty,  
 Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!  
                     Pan, Pan is dead.

In the poem on Victoria "Crowned  
 and Wedded," there is a passage worthy  
 of a chant in old Westminster Abbey:

And so the DEAD—who lie in rows beneath  
 the minster floor,  
 There, verily an awful state maintaining  
 evermore—  
 The statesman, whose clean palm will kiss  
 no bribe whate'er it be—  
 The courtier, who for no fair queen will rise  
 up to his knee—  
 The court-dame, who for no court-tire will  
 leave her shroud behind—  
 The laureate, who no courtlier rhyme than  
 "dust to dust" can find—  
 The kings and queens who having made  
 that vow and worn that crown,  
 Descended unto lower thrones and darker  
 deep down!

The Lost Bower is a happy piece of  
 ruralizing, founded upon the recollections  
 from days of childhood of a woodland  
 bower, which is very beautifully and deli-  
 cately painted with the softness of a  
 Claude, vanishing away on the burden of  
 sweet lines into airy distance. She had  
 seen the bower once, but could not find  
 it again. Time passed on, and many joys  
 of the outer world and from humankind  
 were lost to the poetess, who, reclining  
 on her couch of illness, sees through the  
 fingers which press upon her eyelids this  
 vision of the trees, and grass, and the  
 birds of old. Is it not found again in the  
 verse beyond any concealment or disas-  
 ter—in verse simple, natural, fluent and  
 affluent?

The Rhyme of the Duchess May is a  
 most musical ballad of the olden song,  
 related by a bell-ringer in a church tower  
 ringing for the dead, with the burden in  
 every verse, "*Toll slowly!*"

But we must pause somewhere. Miss  
 Barrett's book is now before the Ameri-  
 can reader, and we confidently appeal to  
 the mind of the country, recommending  
 its cordial reception as a book that is  
 pure, genuine, honest, a book of sustained  
 power, well suited no less by its high  
 Christian sentiment, than as an example  
 of genius without artifice, to be profitable  
 to the intellect of the country.

## THE INFANCY OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES:

## A BRIEF CHAPTER FROM OUR NATIONAL HISTORY.

THE struggle for the general encouragement and promotion of American industry, by the establishment and support among us of new departments of productive labor, is of far earlier date and longer continuance than is commonly supposed. It has now been prosecuted for more than a century. While this country remained in a relation of colonial dependence on Great Britain, the American side of it was maintained at great disadvantage, but with indomitable spirit. It was a leading and then openly avowed object of British policy, to confine our people, so far as possible, to the production of colonial staples—to the cutting of timber, digging of ore, raising of grain, curing of pork, beef, &c., for the markets of the mother country, procuring thence our supplies of all descriptions of manufactures. Even Lord Chatham, our friend in the great struggle against arbitrary power, declared that Americans should be allowed to manufacture not even a hob-nail. Accordingly, acts of Parliament were passed from time to time, from the moment a disposition to minister to their own wants was manifested by our people, discouraging and thwarting that disposition. Thus, so early as 1699, only seventy-nine years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock—years in great part devoted to desperate conflicts with savage nature, more savage men, and the wily and powerful civilized foemen on our northern frontier—the jealousy of England had been awakened by the progress of our household manufactures, and Parliament enacted “that no wool, yarn, or woollen manufactures of their American plantations, shall be shipped thence, or even laden in order to be transported, on any pretence whatever.”

In 1719 the House of Commons declared “that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies tends to *lessen their dependence upon Great Britain.*”

Complaints continued to be made to Parliament of the setting up of new trades and manufactures in the colonies, to the detriment of the trade of the mother country. Thereupon the House of Com-

mons, in 1731, directed the Board of Trade to inquire and report “with respect to laws made, *manufactures set up*, or trade carried on detrimental to the *trade, navigation, or manufactures* of Great Britain.” The Board of Trade reported in February, 1742, and their report gives the best account now extant of the condition of our infant manufactures at that time. It informs Parliament that the government of Massachusetts Bay had lately passed an act to encourage the manufacture of paper, “which law interferes with the profit made by the British merchant on foreign paper sent thither.”

They also reported that in all the colonies north of Delaware, and in Somerset county, Maryland, the people had acquired the habit of making coarse woollen and linen fabrics in their several families for family use. This, it was suggested, could not well be prohibited, as the people devoted to this manufacture that portion of time (the winter) when they could do nothing else. It was further stated, that the higher price of labor in the colonies than in England made the cost of producing cloth fifty per cent. greater in the colonies, and would prevent any serious rivalry with the manufactures of England. Still, the Board urged that something should be done to divert the attention and enterprise of the colonists from manufactures, otherwise they might in time become formidable. To this end, they urged that new encouragement be held out to the production of naval stores. “However, we find (says the Board) that certain trades are carried on, and *manufactures set up*, which are detrimental to the trade, navigation, and manufactures of Great Britain.” Answers from the Royal Governors of the several colonies to queries propounded to them by the Board, were next requested. They generally reported that few or no manufactures were carried on within their several jurisdictions, and these few were of a rude, coarse kind. In New England, however, leather was made, a little poor iron, and a considerable aggregate of cloths for domestic use; but the great part of the

clothing of the people was imported from Great Britain. The hatters of London complained that a good many hats were made, especially in New York. In conclusion, the Board sums up :

"From the foregoing statement, it is observable that there are more trades carried on, and manufactures set up in the provinces on the continent of America to the northward of Virginia, prejudicial to the trade and manufactures of Great Britain, particularly in New England, than in any other of the British colonies ; which is not to be wondered at, for their soil, climate, and produce being pretty nearly the same with ours, they have no staple commodities of their own growth to exchange for our manufactures, which puts them under greater necessity, as well as under greater temptations for providing for themselves at home ; to which may be added, in the charter governments, the little dependence they have on the mother country, and consequently the small restraint they are under in any matters detrimental to her interests." They closed by repeating the recommendation that measures be taken to turn the industry of the colonies into new channels serviceable to Great Britain, particularly the production of naval stores.

Parliament proceeded to act on these suggestions. That year (1732) an act was passed "to prevent the exportation of hats out of any of His Majesty's colonies or plantations in America, and to restrain the number of apprentices taken by the hat-makers in the said colonies, and for the better encouraging the making of hats in Great Britain." By this act not only was the exportation of colonial hats to a foreign port prohibited, but their transportation from one British plantation to another was also prohibited under severe penalties, and no person was allowed to make hats who had not served an apprenticeship for seven years ; nor could any hatter in the colonies have more than two apprentices at any one time ; and no black or negro was permitted to work at the business of making hats.

The manufactures of iron next came in for a share in the paternal regard of Parliament. In 1750 Parliament permitted pigs and bars of iron to be imported into England from the colonies duty free ; but prohibited the erection of any mill or other engine for *slitting* or *rolling iron*, or any plating forge to work with a

*tilt-hammer*, or any furnace for making *steel* in the colonies, under the penalty of two hundred pounds. And every such mill, engine, forge, or furnace was declared a common *nuisance*, and the governor of the colony, on the information of two witnesses on oath, was ordered to cause the same to be abated within thirty days, or to forfeit the sum of five hundred pounds. Such was the spirit, such were the exactions of British legislation while our fathers remained subject to the mother country. [See the foregoing facts more fully cited from the original records in *Pilkin's Statistics*, edition of 1835, pp. 461-66.]

The consequences of this state of enforced and abject dependence on Great Britain for the great mass of our fabrics are such as have been a thousand times realized in the history of the world. Although allowed a nearer approach to fair trade with the mother country than she has ever vouchsafed us since our independence, the colonies were never able to sell enough raw produce to England to pay for the manufactures with which she was constantly flooding us. Our people had cleared much land, built houses, and provided every thing essential to physical comfort, but the course of buying more than their exports would pay for could not be evaded. In the midst of *outward* prosperity, the colonies groaned under an increasing load of debts, which were constantly effecting the transfer of property here to owners in Great Britain. It was a standing reproach against our Revolutionary fathers that they flew to arms to evade the payment of their mercantile debts and the importunities of their creditors. And the Congress which assembled in 1765 to remonstrate against the Stamp Act, drew a graphic though sad picture of the calamities which had befallen the people—the multiplication of debts, the disappearance of money, the impossibility of payment, the stagnation of industry and business, through the excessive influx of foreign fabrics.

The war of the Revolution corrected this tendency, cutting off importation, and largely increasing our own household manufactures. But peace, in the utter absence of all protective legislation on our part, revived the mischief which had been trampled beneath the iron heel of war. The struggle for independence had left all the States embarrassed, trade completely disordered

and the whole country overwhelmed with worthless paper money; and the unchecked importing of foreign fabrics still farther multiplied and magnified debts, deprived us of our specie, broke down the prices of our products, and created general stagnation and distress. From the state of desperation thus engendered, arose the disgraceful outbreak of insurrection in Massachusetts known as 'Shay's Rebellion.' This was but one symptom of a general disease.

Repeated attempts were made to put an end to this state of things, by imposing duties on imports. But the Congress of the old confederation had no power to do this, except with the concurrence of each of the state governments. It was attempted, but failed. Rhode Island, then almost wholly a commercial state, objected, though the duty proposed was but five per cent. and the object the paying off the debts of the Revolution. Here was presented that stringent necessity which alone could have overcome the prevailing jealousies of, and aversion to, a stronger and more national government. A Convention was called, a Constitution framed and adopted; and the second act of the new Congress stands on the records entitled: "An Act to make provision for the necessities of government, the payment of the national debt, and the *protection of American manufactures.*" This act passed both houses of Congress by a substantially unanimous vote.

Great Britain now became alarmed for the stability of her market for manufactures in America. Her Board of Trade made a report on the subject in 1794, urging the negotiation of a commercial treaty with the United States, based on two propositions; the first being, "that the duties on British manufactures imported into the United States *shall not be raised above what they are at present.*" The other proposed that the productions of other nations should be admitted into our ports in British vessels, the same as if imported in our own. But the government did not venture to press these propositions.

It was plainly discerned by the British economists of that day, that, while our Congress had explicitly asserted the *principle* of protection, and had intended to act consistently with that principle, yet, from inexperience and a natural hesitation to change abruptly the direction which circumstances had given to our

national industry, they had fallen far short of this. The few articles of manufacture already produced in the country to a considerable extent, were, in general, efficiently protected; but the greater portion of the manufactures essential to our complete emancipation from colonial dependence were left unprotected by duties of five to fifteen per cent. Years of hard experience and of frequent suffering were required to teach the mass of our statesmen the advantage and beneficence of extending protection also to those articles which had not been, but might easily and profitably be, produced in our own country, if the producers were shielded from the destructive rivalry always brought to bear upon a new branch of industry by the jealous and powerful foreign interests which it threatens to deprive of a lucrative market. We had but begun to learn the truths which form the basis of a wise and beneficent national economy, when the breaking out of the great wars in Europe opened to us large and lucrative foreign markets for our raw staples, and the heads of our most sedate thinkers were nearly turned by the tempting prizes proffered to mercantile enterprise by the convulsions of the old world. It seemed as though we had but to produce whatever was easiest and most natural to us, and Europe would take it at our own price, and pay us bountifully for carrying it where she wanted it. This was a pleasant dream while it lasted, but a brief one. We were awakened from it by seizures, confiscations, embargoes, and at last war, which imposed on us the necessity of commencing nearly every branch of manufacture under the most unfavorable auspices, and of course at a ruinous cost. The war with Great Britain was, in this respect, a substantial benefit to the country. The Congress of 1816 failed to impose a tariff at all adequate (save on a few articles) to the real wants of the country, but the germ of industrial independence had been planted in a soil fertilized by blood, and the plant was destined to live and flourish, though exposed to rude blasts and chilling frosts in its spring-time. From 1816 to 1824, it might well have seemed doubtful whether the country would not discard all the dear-bought experience of the past, and blast all the well-grounded hopes for the future, in a heedless pursuit of what seemed (deceitful seeming!) to be the sordid interest of the present. But better counsels ul-

timately prevailed, and the passage of the tariff of 1824 may be regarded as the resting of the ark of national independence on the dry and solid ground of efficient and positive protection to home industry. From that hour until the duties were sensibly reduced under the operation of the Compromise Act, the course of the country was due onward to more and more decided prosperity.

Experience and observation are of little use if we fail to regulate our conduct by them. The same policy which the British Government pursued towards this country whilst in its dependent colonial state, still forms the favorite measures of that government towards the United States. It would be no difficult matter to show that upon every agitation of the question of protection in Congress, the British Parliament have introduced some proceedings in order to distract, if possible, the attention of our statesmen, and to induce among us an opposition to any measures which should establish protection to our own industry, as the settled policy of the nation. The Parliament even carried the farce so far, that in May, 1840, a time when the whole people of this country were thoroughly waking up to the importance of the home system, they raised a select committee in the House of Commons, to inquire whether the duties levied by the British tariff "are for protection to similar articles" manufactured in that country, or "for the purposes of revenue alone." This select committee, in their report of August 6, 1840, appear to have lost sight of the principal object apparent on the face of the resolution authorizing their examination and report, and content themselves with observing that the English tariff "often aims at incompatible ends; the duties are sometimes meant to be both productive of revenue and for protective objects." But they state that they had discovered "*a growing conviction, that the protective system is not, on the whole, beneficial to the protected manufactures themselves.*"

After such a discovery, and its solemn announcement by a select committee of the House of Commons, it would reasonably be imagined that some steps would be taken towards rectifying that "*incompatibility*" in the British policy, and in abandoning that system which they represent as having been found not to be beneficial to their protected manufactures. If, however, we expect any such

thing from that quarter we shall be much mistaken in our anticipations. That report was grown and manufactured for the *American market*, and was not designed for any real effect upon the proceedings of the British House of Commons. It was intended to convince the American Congress and the American people that Great Britain was almost ruined by her protective system, (a system of ruin which she adheres to with astonishing pertinacity up to the present moment,) that our protective tariff would in like manner be ruinous to us, and that our only salvation was in adopting at once the principles of free-trade,—opening our ports to all British manufactures, and becoming, in fact, merely a market for British labor. Whether, following a change on our side of the policy, they would admit our agricultural products freely, or how our own mechanics should find employment to keep them from starving, they would leave to be afterwards discovered.

Finding that their recommendation to us had no effect upon the measures of our government, they cease to be careful of the principles they put forth to the world, and seeing no longer any good reason for disguise, the leading men in both houses of Parliament afford us a fine commentary upon the text of that report of the select committee. The Duke of Wellington very recently, with the frankness of his known character, stated in the House of Peers, the true and permanent policy of Great Britain, in observing that "when free-trade was talked of as existing in England, it was an absurdity. There was no such thing, and *there could be no such thing as free-trade in that country.* We proceed (says he) on the system of protecting our own manufactures and our own produce—the produce of our labor and our soil; of protecting them for exportation, and protecting them for home consumption; and on that universal system of protection it is absurd to talk of free-trade."

The necessity of a modification in our duties upon imports, which became apparent early in 1842, afforded a further insight into the course of British policy towards this country. So soon as the cry for protection to American industry became so loud and long as to require an answer to its demand from the supreme legislative authority, we were told throughout the whole length and breadth of our land, the information originating in

England for our benefit, that Great Britain was willing to take our surplus bread-stuff in exchange for her manufactures; and that there was therefore no necessity of changing our tariff policy in order to build up a home market for our grain-growers in the Western and Middle states, as well as our cotton-planters in the South. This would have been the tale to this day if we had not settled our protective system. It continued to be used as long as it could be with any effect; and when it became apparent to the British administration that the people of the United States could be no longer deluded by their interested and mystified views of state policy, volunteered for our service, they at once changed their note, as will be seen on reference to the speech of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, in May, 1843, upon the motion of Mr. Villiers for a repeal of the English corn-laws. Sir Robert sustains and advocates the British system, and that motion was rejected by a majority of one hundred and ninety-six votes! Those who had previously flattered themselves that the British ministry were prepared to go, in some modified form, for free-trade, will do well to notice the horror expressed by Sir Robert Peel of the consequences of abandoning "the principle of protection;" and they will see by that most decisive vote that the House of Commons agree with him in sentiment. As to the judgment of the House of Peers on the subject, there cannot be a question that they are more thoroughly opposed, from interest, to any kind of free-trade, than even the Commons. The Duke of Wellington in his speech (to which we have previously referred) expressed the sentiments of a large majority of that house.

It follows then, that unless we are determined to be infatuated, we must see that Great Britain does not intend, under any possible state of circumstances, to abandon the full and entire protection of her own agriculturists, and her own manufactures. We do not see then why we should for a moment hesitate about effectually protecting ours. It does not become us as a people to suffer ourselves to be hoodwinked by interested British statesmen,—to have our state policy indicated to us by British capitalists and manufacturers—a policy which they are very careful not to adopt themselves.

And with the knowledge which our people have, or may have by merely

looking into the history of the world about us, it is beyond measure strange that there should be a difference of opinion amongst our citizens on the subject. The new school of political economists, disciples of Adam Smith, have set up for their chief maxim, that nations should *buy where they can buy cheapest*. This may at any time be a sufficient rule for the *present* by itself; but they seem never to have reflected that with nations as much as with individuals, a smaller present good is often to be foregone for a greater good in the future. Great Britain was once dependent on Flanders for her woollen goods, on the East Indies for her cottons, on France for her paper, glass, and various articles. Had she continued to act on the present-advantage system, she would have been so dependent to this hour. She now makes them all for herself, besides gathering in half the wealth of the world by selling the surplus. It is the same policy which alone can raise us to any permanent height of strength and prosperity, or even keep us from sinking into a second state of colonial dependence. The advantages and blessings which have followed the adoption of the present tariff, the act of 1842, should open the eyes of all who are not intentionally blind. Just before the passage of the present tariff in August, 1842, there were forty thousand unemployed persons in the state of Pennsylvania alone; and at the same time full ten thousand of the industrious classes in the city of Philadelphia were vainly endeavoring to earn the means by which to buy bread to feed themselves and their families. Our tariff has fed the hungry, found employment for the destitute; and the blessing of those who were in want, and ready to perish, sanctifies it as one of the most righteous measures of a government founded for the good of the people.

The enemies of the American system are accustomed to assail it as unconstitutional. We consider this point to have been effectually settled by Mr. Webster's late clear and powerful argument at Albany. We do not see how any one can read that argument, or can be in any other way familiar with the history of those times, and not be convinced of the existence of such powers in the Constitution to the full extent claimed by the friends of the tariff. It is known, as well as any thing can be known, that the exercise of such powers by the new

Congress "was the expectation, the belief, the conviction that prevailed everywhere;" that the first three petitions presented to that body were from tradesmen, manufacturers, and mechanics, in different sections of the Union, for protection, and that Congress recognised the propriety of such petitions, and passed acts for their benefit.

History makes it certain, also, that our great men, throughout that eventful period and at a later day, whatever opinions they may have expressed when mere party or political interests were at stake, at other times, when looking alone at the true interests of the nation, the whole nation, have uniformly held and expressed but one opinion, and that in favor of the American protective system. Of the sentiments of Washington on this point there is not and cannot be a doubt. They have been too often expressed to leave it a matter of question. Our opponents, however, are rarely found quoting Washington on any point; they believe in Jefferson rather. They should have better known the opinions of the man to whom they so constantly and pertinaciously appeal. The sentiments of Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, on the subject, and others of the Men of the Revolution, it would be a waste of time to call forth in array; but as it seems to be somewhat the fashion of the day to represent the leaders of the Democratic party as opposed to the Protective System, we shall occupy a few moments to show most clearly, if they are so now, it is because they have abandoned the primitive faith of Democracy, as known in the time of Thomas Jefferson, and much later. We do this in no invidious sense, but merely to show that but one system of policy has ever been held in the country, from the first formation of our federal government to the present time.

And first, the Free-Trade and Texas party will be delighted to hear the words of one whom they are proud to call "the Apostle of Democracy." In Jefferson's "Report on the privileges and restrictions of the commerce of the United States" are the following sensible passages:—

"When a nation imposes high duties on our productions, or prohibits them altogether, it may be proper for us to do the same by theirs—*first burdening or excluding those productions which they bring here in competition with our own of the same kind; selecting next such manufactures as*

*we take from them in greatest quantity, and which at the same time we could the soonest furnish to ourselves, or obtain from other countries; imposing on them duties light at first, but heavier and heavier afterwards, as other channels of supply open.*

"Such duties, having the effect of indirect encouragement to domestic manufactures of the same kind, *may induce the manufacturer to come himself into these States, where cheaper subsistence, equal laws, and a vent for his wares, free of duty, may insure him the highest profits from his skill and industry. The oppressions of our agriculture in foreign parts would thus be made the occasion of relieving it from a dependence on the councils and conduct of others, and of promoting arts, manufactures, and population at home.*"

Corroboratory views are given by him in his Message of Dec. 2d, 1806. After representing the accruing revenue as being more than sufficient for the wants of government if peace should continue, he proceeds:—

"The question therefore now comes forward, to what other objects shall these surpluses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of impost, after the entire discharge of the public debt, and during those intervals when the purposes of war shall not call for them? Shall we suppress the impost, and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? On a few articles of more general and necessary use, the suppression, in due season, will doubtless be right, but the great mass of the articles on which impost is paid are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance and *application to the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers.*"

It is fitting that this should be followed by a maxim or two from Adam Smith, from whom this school have derived all their new tenets:

"Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, *tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the lands, and thereby still further to discourage agriculture.*

"If the free importation of foreign manufactures were permitted, several of the home manufacturers would probably suffer, and some of them perhaps go to ruin alto-

gether, and a considerable part of the stock and industry employed in them would be forced to find out some other employment."—*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, vol. i. p. 321.

These maxims are altogether the truth; we are not bound to consider whether the Doctor falsifies in them his own theory.

The name of Thomas Cooper, again, is constantly in the mouths of our opponents as an upholder of their favorite notions. They should learn to read less obliquely. We quote from his *Principles of Political Economy*, written during or soon after the War:

"We are too much dependent upon Great Britain for articles that habit has converted into necessities. A state of war demands privations that a large portion of our citizens reluctantly submit to. Home manufactures would greatly lessen the evil.

"By means of debts incurred for foreign manufactures, we are almost again become colonists—we are too much under the influence, indirectly, of British merchants and British agents. We are not an independent people. Manufactures among us would tend to correct this, and give a stronger tone of nationality at home."

Consistent Democrats are always lamenting the influence of manufactures on agriculture. They will be comforted by discovering that Judge Cooper thought otherwise. He remarks:

"The state of agriculture would improve with the improvement of manufactures, by means of the general spirit of energy and exertion which nowhere exist in so high a degree as in a manufacturing country; and by the general improvement of machinery, and the demand for raw materials.

"Our agriculturists want a home market. Manufactures would supply it. Agriculture at great distances from seaports languishes for want of this. Great Britain exhibits an instance of unexampled power and wealth by means of an agriculture greatly dependent on a system of manufactures—and her agriculture, thus situated, is the best in the world, though still capable of great improvement."

It should ever be brought out into the light and kept before the people, that we possess an immense country, with every variety of soil, and climate, and geological structure, calculated for all the staple manufactures in use among us, and for all kinds of agricultural products, especially those grown away from the tropics; and that one part of the country is fitted

to produce what another part cannot. One section may therefore just as well exchange commodities with another as with a foreign country, aside from the vast advantage of having a market nearer and surer. On this point and some others at the same time, we commend to free-traders among us some judicious remarks of their favorite, Judge Cooper:

"The home trade, consisting in the exchange of agricultural surpluses for articles of manufacture, produced in our own country, will, for a long time to come, furnish the safest and the least dangerous—the least expensive and the least immoral—the most productive and the most patriotic employment of surplus capital, however raised and accumulated. The safest, because it requires no navies exclusively for its protection; the least dangerous, because it furnishes no excitement to the prevailing madness of commercial wars; the least expensive, for the same reason that it is the safest and the least dangerous; the least immoral, because it furnishes no temptation to the breach or evasion of the laws; to the multiplication of oaths and perjuries; and to the consequent prostration of all religious feeling, and all social duty: the most productive, because the capital admits of quicker returns; because the whole of the capital is permanently invested and employed at home; because it contributes, directly, immediately, and wholly, to the internal wealth and resources of the nation; because the credits given are more easily watched, and more effectually protected by our own laws, well known, easily resorted to, and speedily executed, than if exposed in distant and in foreign countries, controlled by foreign laws and foreign customs, and at the mercy of foreign agents; the most patriotic, because it binds the persons employed in it by all the ties of habit and of interest to their own country; while foreign trade tends to denationalize the affections of those whose property is dispersed in foreign countries, whose interests are connected with foreign interests, whose capital is but partially invested at the place of their domicile, and who can remove with comparative facility from one country to another. The wise man observed of old, that 'where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

"Nor can there be any fear that for a century to come, there will not be full demand produced by a system of home manufacture for every particle of surplus produce that agriculture can supply. Of all the occupations which may be employed in furnishing articles either of immediate necessity, of reasonable want, or of direct connection with agriculture, we have in

abundance the raw materials of manufacture; and the raw material, uninstructed man, to manufacture them. Is it to be pretended that these occupations, when fully under way at home, will not furnish a market for the superfluous produce of agriculture, provided that produce be, as it necessarily will be, suited to the demand? Or ought this variety of occupation, and above all, the mass of real knowledge it implies, to be renounced and neglected for the sake of foreign commerce—that we may not interfere with the profits and connections of the merchants who reside among us; and that we may be taxed, and tolerated, and licensed, to fetch from abroad what we can, with moderate exertion, supply at home? It appears to me of national importance to counteract these notions.”

We pass finally to one of the modern pillars of the no-protection policy, John C. Calhoun. What he now thinks, his party profess to know. For ourselves, we are glad he ever held opinions so sound as these.

The passages, taken from a speech delivered in Congress, April, 1816, relate to that momentous condition to which every nation is liable, but the idea of which seems never to have presented itself to the minds of the radical economists—a state of WAR. The language is eloquent and powerful, the reasoning most conclusive:

“The security of a country mainly depends on its spirit and its means; and the latter principally on its moneyed resources. Modified as the industry of this country now is, *whenever we have the misfortune to be involved in a war with a nation dominant on the ocean, and it is almost only with such we can at present be, the moneyed resources of the country, to a great extent, must fail.* It is the duty of Congress to adopt those measures of prudent foresight which the *events of war* make necessary.

“Commerce and agriculture, till lately, almost the only, still constitute the principal sources of our wealth. So long as these remain uninterrupted, the country prospers: but war, as we are now circumstanced, is equally destructive to both. They both *depend on foreign markets*; and our country is placed, as it regards them, in a situation strictly insular. A wide ocean rolls *between us and our markets*. What, then, are the effects of a war with a maritime power—with England? *Our commerce annihilated, spreading individual misery, and producing national poverty; our agriculture cut off from its accustomed markets, the surplus product of the farmer perishes on his hands; and he ceases to produce, because he cannot sell.* His resources are dried up,

while his expenses are greatly increased, as all manufactured articles, the necessaries as well as the conveniences of life, rise to an extravagant price.

“No country ought to be dependent on another for its means of defence; at least, our musket and bayonet, our cannon and ball, ought to be domestic manufacture. But what is more necessary to the defence of a country than its currency and finance? Circumstanced as our country is, can these stand the shock of war? Behold the effect of the late war on them! When our manufactures are grown to a certain perfection, as they soon will, *under the fostering care of government*, we will no longer experience those evils. The farmer will find a ready market for his surplus produce; and, what is almost of equal consequence, a certain and cheap supply for all his wants. His prosperity will diffuse itself to every class in the community; and instead of that languor of industry and individual distress now incident to a state of war and suspended commerce, the wealth and vigor of the community will not be materially impaired. The arm of government will be nerved. Taxes, in the hour of danger, when essential to the independence of the nation, may be greatly increased. Loans, so uncertain and hazardous, may be less relied on; thus situated, the storm may beat without, but within all will be quiet and safe.

“However prosperous our situation when at peace, with uninterrupted commerce—and nothing then could exceed it—the *moment that we are involved in war, the whole is reversed.* When resources are most needed; when indispensable to maintain the honor, yes, the very existence of the nation, then they desert us. Our currency is also sure to experience the shock; and becomes so deranged as to prevent us from calling out fairly whatever of means is left to the country. The exportation of our bulky articles is prevented: the specie of the country is drawn off to pay the balance perpetually accumulating against us; and the final result is the total derangement of our currency.

“*Manufactures produce an interest strictly American, as much so as agriculture.* In this they have the decided advantage of commerce or navigation; and the country will derive from it much advantage. Again, it is calculated to *bind together more closely our wide-spread Republic.* It will greatly increase our mutual dependence and intercourse: and will, as a necessary consequence, *excite an increased attention to INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, a subject every way so intimately connected with the ultimate attainment of national strength, and the perfection of our political institutions.*”

Having thus exhibited the opinions on this great question, of the most eminent of those whose opinions our opponents have ever professed to follow, (undoubtedly they can claim that James K. Polk is not of the number—he never had but one sentiment on the subject, and the people will remember it,) we wish only to subjoin a passage from another eminent man, on a consideration of mightier importance to a great nation than any of these practical points—the influence, namely, of the protective system on the education and morals of the people. It is a passage from Mr. Webster's late speech at Albany.

"In this country, wages are high: they are, and they ought to be, higher than in any other country in the world. And the reason is, that the laborers of this country are the country. The vast proportion of those who own the soil, especially in the Northern States, cultivate their own acres. They stand on their own acres. The proprietors are the tillers, the laborers on the soil. But this is not all. The members of the country here are part and parcel of the Government. This is a state of things which exists nowhere else on the face of the earth. An approximation to it has been made in France, since the Revolution of 1831, which secured the abolition of primogeniture and the restraints of devises.

"But nowhere else in the world does there exist such a state of things as we see here, where the proprietors are the laborers and at the same time help to frame the Government. If, therefore, we wish to maintain the Government, we must see that labor with us is not put in competition with the pauper, unlearned, ignorant labor of Europe. Our men who labor have families to maintain and to educate. They have sons to fit for the discharge of the duties of life; they have an intelligent part to act for themselves and their connections. And is labor like that to be reduced to a level with that of the forty millions of serfs of Russia, or the serfs of other parts of Europe, or the half-fed, half-clothed, ignorant, dependent laborers of a great part of the rest of Europe? America must cease then to be America. We should be transferred to I know not what sort of a Government—transferred to I know not what state of society, if the laborers in this country are to do no more to maintain and educate their families and provide for old age, than they do in the Old World. And may our eyes never look upon such a spectacle as that in this free country!"

Having thus set forth, though in too short space, the early history of our

manufactures, the early and the latter conduct of England with respect to them, and the true and only policy of our government in the matter, confirming our views and the force of history by the opinions of men whom the enemies of such policy are bound to believe, we are disposed to embody, in conclusion, some of the grounds of the Protective Theory in a few simple propositions.

1. A judicious tariff affords to the industry of the country, protection against derangement and depression by unequal foreign competition; it sustains and cherishes such industry, increasing its efficiency and rewards at the same time that it provides a revenue, adequate to pay the debts and defray the current expenses of the government.

2. It extends and diversifies the sphere of home industry, by calling into existence such new branches of production as are adapted to the wants and circumstances of the people, keeping ever in view the natural resources and facilities of the country, and the genius of its inhabitants.

3. The effect of such protection is to increase generally the intellectual and industrial capacity of the laboring class; to render them more independent, and increase the reward of their labor; while at the same time it ensures to capital a more uniform activity, and renders property and products of all kinds more readily and uniformly convertible at fair and reasonable prices.

4. This policy is especially adapted to and demanded by the interests of the great Agricultural class, who can very rarely secure a steady, remunerating demand for their surplus productions elsewhere than in their own country; many of those products being perishable, and liable to be seriously injured, if not destroyed, by transportation to any considerable distance, while nearly all of them are bulky, and only to be conveyed to foreign countries at a ruinous expense.

5. Protection, though often valuable and necessary to the farmer in keeping out of our own markets foreign products which rival and supplant his own, is still more useful and indispensable to him in creating and maintaining all around and beside him ready and steady markets for his produce, by bringing into prosperous and durable existence new branches of industry which do not rival his own, but which employ multitudes who are con-

sumers only, and not to any great extent producers, of agricultural staples.

6. Duties levied on foreign fabrics which shut out those fabrics and build up a home production of substitutes, and so a vastly enlarged and quickened home consumption of provisions, fruits, wool, cotton, fuel, &c., are truly protective of agriculture, and essential to its prosperous existence.

7. The effect of an adequate and wise protection is to bring the producer and consumer far nearer each other—to unite them in friendly intimacy and mutual good-will—to diminish largely and beneficially the heavy subtraction otherwise made from the general proceeds of productive labor to pay the cost and charges of transportation and trade—and to secure them against the chances and changes of fluctuation in national policy and the occasional intervention of embargoes and war.

8. The limitations thus set to the sphere and operations of trade are not injurious even to a just and useful commerce, since every nation must still purchase of other nations those various products, mineral and vegetable, with which the diversities of soil, of climate, and of geologic structure, enable one to supply another with decided advantage to both; and far greater development and productive efficiency will be ensured to the industry of each nation by wise protection and encouragement. The imports of any nation will be found to bear a far nearer proportion to the productiveness of its industry than to the freedom of its trade—being governed by its ability to pay rather than its willingness to buy.

9. The proper and decisive consideration in determining whether to protect or not protect the home production of a particular article, is simply—Have we evidence that it may ultimately be produced here, if adequately protected now, as cheaply—that is, with as little labor—as it can be produced elsewhere? If it can be, then it is wise, beneficent, patriotic, to cherish the home production, although the money cost of the article, by reason of the cheapness of labor in some other countries as compared with its price in our own, may be permanently less if imported free of duty.

10. If the effective laboring population of our country be estimated at 4,000,000, by whom 3,000,000 under a revenue tariff are engaged in producing articles of necessity or utility, and

1,000,000 in interchanging, transporting, and selling them; and the consequence of a resort to protective duties be to diminish the latter class to half a million and increase the former, without impairing the efficiency of their labor, to three and a half millions, as its tendency must manifestly be, then the aggregate annual product of our national industry must be increased one-seventh, the average reward of labor enhanced in like proportion, and the wealth of the country be rapidly and steadily augmented.

11. While one effect of mere revenue duties manifestly is and must be an enhancement of the price to the consumer of the article on which they are levied, the influence of protective duties naturally is and must be to diminish the price of the protected articles to their consumers, by cutting down the cost of transportation and traffic, although the producer in this country may receive for it as much as, or even more than, formerly.

12. This tendency of protective duties in diminishing the cost of the protected articles to the consumer is accelerated by the following incidents or results of protection:

1st, Comparative *steadiness* of demand for the producer; the home market being naturally less variable than a distant one.

2d, *Increased* demand for the product. Our people buy and consume more of an article made at home and paid for with their own products, than of a foreign one.

3d, Comparative *steadiness* of *prices*. The maker of hats or calicoes for a protected home market, while he is constantly pressed down in his prices by competition, to a point very near the cost of production, is yet never subjected to that sort of competition which, based on cheaper labor and other elements of production, seeks a present ruinous depression of prices in the hope of securing a future monopoly of the market, and a consequent ample remuneration for all losses.

The man who produces any fabric, knowing that he is morally *sure* of a fair reward for his labor, can afford it cheaper, and generally *will* do so, than if he labored always in terror of an unequal and ruinous competition; just as the New England farmer of to-day can afford corn cheaper than his forefathers could two hundred years ago, when they were compelled to raise it only within

the shadow of a fort, and hoe with their guns stacked in the field.

13. We object altogether to the levying of a tariff for revenue merely, as unequal and unjust. On the free-trade assumption that *all* duties raise the price of the articles on which they are levied, and so operate only as a tax on the consumer, we deny the rightfulness of raising revenue in this mode, since the man who has no property to protect, and the woman who has no voice in the government, may often be compelled to contribute as much towards the support of the government as a Rothschild or Jacob Astor. If a tariff is not beneficently protective, it ought not to exist at all.

14. We do not propose nor advocate absolutely prohibitory duties. We would adjust the tariff so as to give to every branch of home industry a clear and undeniable advantage over the rival industry of foreign nations in the supply of our own markets, but leave it so that novel and rare fabrics might be moderately introduced, to stimulate invention and improvement in our own artisans, and contribute to the national revenue. Such limited importations may also be serviceable in correcting any momentary tendency to excessive prices by combinations among our own producers of any article.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE DANISH

MARK the little blossom, smiling  
By the way-side, sweet to see :  
When it looks up thine eye beguiling,  
Ah ! forget not me !

Blue it is as heaven above us,  
Friendship's emblem on our path ;—  
Of all the many flowers that love us,  
Most my love it hath.

When the hand of God bereaves us  
Of our life-friend loved so well,  
This pledge the loved departing leaves us  
Still of him to tell.

Yes ! when he hath gone forever—  
Gone unto the Far-off Shore,  
Sweet flower ! with his "forget-me-never !"  
Still it doth implore.

Want and sorrow ! when, unsleeping,  
Ye our dreary path have wrought,  
This flower, in dew our tears beweeeping,  
Sighs, "Forget-me-not !"

## NOTES UPON LETTERS.\*

HALF way through any tolerably full edition of Mr. Coleridge's poems may be found under "Ode to Dejection" this bit of music:—

We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live;  
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her  
shroud;

And would we aught behold of higher worth  
Than that inanimate cold world, allowed  
To the poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd?  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
Enveloping the earth:

And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

It is what five out of eight readers of Mr. Coleridge's poems would call very beautiful—running it over but once: two out of the eight would read it twice for a fuller understanding of its merits: and we dare say there might be one out of eight who would read it a third time, without any decided impression whatever. Of course this latter reader would be one of the "poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd;" and the first five, among whom we reckon L. Maria Child, who quotes it as the motto of her book, are they from whom "issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
Enveloping the earth."

Those who had to read twice in order to a fair understanding, would never think of placing it as a motto to a book of letters from New York or any other place; but very ingeniously is it placed on the title-page to letters of a lady who looks out ever from under "a fair luminous cloud" on scenes we are presently to enjoy, all the while her soul sending forth

"A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!"

We do not mean to speak too jokingly of a verse of Coleridge's—least of all of an ode which ourselves can run through delightedly in dreamy hours, and call, with heart full, and eyes almost—beautiful! But if we had business on hand and wanted our mind clear of cobwebs, our vision unincumbered by any "forth

issuing glory," our sympathies sound and our whole heart right, we should leave it, with all other Leaves Sibylline, on our shelf. Very likely, if we should think it worth our while to write a book of letters—full of sights and sounds about a great city—in the hope of doing the world a trifling service, we should want our mind clear, our view unincumbered by any poetic hallucinations, and our heart, not diseased with a morbid sensitiveness, but sound, healthy, right. Mrs. Child has taken the work out of our hands, and let us see how bravely she has done it.

And a note in setting out, upon her title. These are letters. There is a charm in that word—letters. It is a name to conjure with. If we were ever to take it into our head to write a book, and should wish, as we surely would, to make its sale great, we would call it—what do you think!—Letters from Home! Who in the wide world would not buy Letters from Home? But all letters are not *letters*. They will understand what we mean, and they only, who have, like ourselves, a little packet tied together with a narrow ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which they take cautiously and reverently out of some hidden nook, on days of driving tempest or far into the middle of a winter's night when all around are coying with Death's brother, and read them over with *such* smiles and *such* tears, *such* sorrow and *such* hope, *such* blessing and joy as no other one of all life's episodes can bring together. But these are not all. What sweet sympathies will not the social experience of another, written down fully, fairly, freely, call out of a sensitive soul! But mind—it must be written in letters. Think of Cowper: what a household name is that of Mrs. Unwin! Not through the whole cycle of romance does one woman-name bring such softened memories up as this of that good woman. And Lady Hesketh, and John Johnson, and Samuel Ross, and the Throckmortons,—what a life they live in letters! Think of Scott and his letters, and straightway—if you have a spark of music in your soul—

\* Letters from New York, by L. Maria Child, author of "The Mother's Book," &c., &c. Chas. S. Francis: 1843.

Johnny Ballantyne and Jemmy, and Constable, and Annie, and Laidlaw, and all the rest, are at your elbow. Letters are not to be read in a crowd, but by one's self, and late into the evening or at dusk. Nor must they be read aloud, but softly and quietly, with the mind free and the heart open. With these thoughts uppermost turn we again to the title before us:—Letters—from New York. A bold preface of the place. A good letter should have a blurred post-mark "we canna weel mak out," leaving us doubtful till our wishing eyes catch the first glimpse of the friendly hand running along the top-line in characters, how much plainer than print—New York. And then what—in the matter before us? No address—no kindly word—no *care* or *carissime*—no half-line? No, surely these of Mrs. Child's are no real letters. They have only one requisite—a careless freeness, how little without the rest!

"You ask what is now my opinion of this great Babylon; and playfully remind me of former philippics, and a long string of vituperative alliterations, such as magnificence and mud, finery and filth, diamonds and dirt, bullion and brass-tape, &c. &c. Well, Babylon remains the same as then. The din of crowded life, and the eager chase for gain, still run through its streets like the perpetual murmur of a hive. Wealth dozes on French couches, thrice piled, and canopied with damask, while Poverty camps on the dirty pavement, or sleeps off its wretchedness in the watch-house. There amid the splendor of Broadway sits the blind negro beggar with horny hand and tattered garments, while opposite to him stands the stately mansion of the slave-trader, still plying his bloody trade, and laughing to scorn the cobweb laws, through which the strong can break so easily."

Can these things even be, Mr. Mayor, and

"Overcome us like a summer cloud  
Without our special wonder?"

And would it not be the part of proper humanity to call upon Mrs. Child at her lodgings—which may be found by the new directory)—and, after sufficient inquiry, to send down a bevy of the new police to make capture of these bloody traders, and test once more their ingenuity in breaking through the cobwebs of the law? Your reputed caution will suggest at once the propriety of observing some degree of secrecy in conducting the manœuvre.

Letter I.—which we have half a mind to call, from sheer vexation, Chapter J.—continues in very much the same rhapsodic vein through its greater half; and then follows on in pretty comparisons of the Battery with Boston Common—of the Past and Present, of the Will and Force—of the Practical and the Ideal. The next opens with new gossip upon parks and trees—

"I like," she says, "the various small gardens in New York with their shaded alcoves of latticework, where one can eat an ice-cream shaded from the sun. You have none such in Boston: and they would probably be objected to as open to the vulgar and the vicious—(any more, pray, than a thousand two-shilling shows, or eating-places?) I do not walk through the world with such fear of soiling my garments. Let science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect, or humanize the heart, be open to 'Tom, Dick and Harry,'—and thus, in process of time they will become Mr. Thomas, Richard and Henry. In all these things, the refined should think of what they can *impart* not of what they can *receive*."—(p. 6.)

Very good: and she has imparted, we fancy, somewhat of her refinement to the utterance of the "poor fellow, lying a sleep, covered with filthy rags"—at the bottom of the next page, (the story, we mean)—who, on being awaked, exclaimed piteously, "Oh don't take me to the police office, please don't take me there!" Was there ever a ragged man in New York—not a lunatic—who did such speaking as that? We have a suspicion—a hard one, but a real one—that if the correspondent of Mrs. C. had been by such tatterdemalion, her ears (or his) would have been greeted more likely with the cracking laconism of some such wicked words as these, "D—n the police!" We make our report, not from disrespect to the report of the Letters, but as the more probable one. For the soul-born voice, "of all sweet sounds the element," does so modify the talk of every talking one, the work through, as to destroy individuality, and—we say it with regret—weaken interest.

But we are trifling, and our authoress trifles through chapters two and three—elegant trifles, but "light as air." Let us have something to suggest inquiry; and we find it no further over than on page fifteen.

"It is said a spacious pond of sweet, soft water once occupied the place where

Five Points stands. It might have furnished half the city with the purifying element; but it was filled up at incredible expense—a million loads of earth being thrown in before perceivable progress was made. Now they have to supply the city with water from a distance, by the prodigious expense of the Croton water works. This is a good illustration of the policy of society towards crime. Thus does it choke up nature, and then seek to protect itself from the result, by the incalculable expense of bolts, bars, the gallows, watch-houses, police courts, constables, and ‘Egyptian Tombs,’ as they call one of the principal prisons here.”

The reflection appears to us very unfortunate, inasmuch as the Croton works mete out an infinitely greater, and more accessible, and every way preferable supply of the pure element, to what even half a dozen ponds of however soft or sweet water would afford. Just so little of practical wisdom appears in many of Mrs. Child’s occasional remarks, as is manifest in this romantic regret for fresh water ponds, albeit the Croton is spinning its white floods down walk, and street, and gutter at every sunrise. So trustworthily would the Abyssinian prince, or his sister, Nekayah, have dilated upon city economy.

But should we blame an imaginative woman for one of the thousand errors in which taste takes precedence of judgment? We would not, surely, had she not arrogantly and needlessly made the same the vehicle for a mischievous satire upon social policy. If the reflection was unfortunate, the accompanying illustration is even more so. Not only does it fail her rhetorically, but from its very nature exposes the weakness of her logic. Observe her words: “Thus does it (social usage) *choke up nature*, and then seek to protect itself from the result, by expense of jails,” &c.

Now, did it ever occur to Mrs. C., we mean not in penning her illustration, but did it *ever* occur to her, that our nature does not need to be choked before it is full of depravity and rottenness;—that man is not sweet and pure, but rather the opposite, by nature—for which we beg leave to cite, most unfashionably, that Old Authority—than which, pray tell us, what is higher?

No, no, good Mrs. C., trust us for it: man needs not to be choked into uncleanness, but the rather if he is to be choked at all, it should be out of it. It may seem

trifling, that we use so many words to expose a mere disagreement of terms—unfitness of apodosis to protasis;—so, however, it does not seem to us; and for reasons we hope to make apparent. Two or three, or even half a dozen times, through the volume, does our pleasant-writing authoress give expression to opinions kindred to that quoted—of the aggressions of society upon the—not rights—but the dispositions and feelings of the individual. Thus, of the vagabond children at Five Points—in all whose eyes she sees visions of suffering innocence, stricken tenderness, debauched modesty, tearful aspirations—she says: “And this is the education society gives her children—the morality of myrmidons, the charity of constables!” And again on page eight, that “society makes its own criminals;” and again, “When, oh when will men learn that society makes and cherishes the very crimes it so fiercely punishes, and in punishing reproduces?” (p. 84.) And again, “Society is a game of chance, where the cunning slip through, and the strong leap over.” (p. 190.) And again, “For every criminal you execute, you make a hundred murderers outside the prison, each as dangerous as would be the one inside.” (p. 212.) Now, if disposed, we might take a very logical, and a very practical way withal, of disposing of this squeamishness, by asking, what is society after all, this bugbear, but the understood agreement of you and I, and the million, to conform to certain usages, which the past experience of mankind, and the known and accredited tendency of humanity to evil doing, unless restrained, seem to have rendered essential? If, now, those usages grate harshly on that sensitive one, or even chance to help forward this unfortunate, by its action, to misery, who are you, or who are the ten, or the ten hundred, wiser than all, who shall say of this great establishment—glorious with the highest of human endearments, rich with the golden sheaves of a harvest ripening ever, finding change by reform, and not reform by change, (*sedulo cavere, ut Reformationis studium mutationem inducat, non autem studium mutationis Reformationem pretextat*),—away with it! it is unclean! But, we say, we prefer, with a little of the reader’s forbearance, to take up the matter in Mrs. C.’s own gossiping way. “Society makes its own criminals.” Well, we will not now question the fact, for we think we are told in

the book under hand, that the wildest fancies are facts somewhere within the limits of God's creation; and if this notable one must be met, why, as well here as anywhere. If society makes its own criminals, it should not surely punish its own making:—if not, it makes no more. But, straightway, if we are to consider any point settled in human experience, criminals proceed to make themselves; now, query—had society better make a few, giving a monopoly, as it were, of crime, or had individuals better multiply it among themselves to the most profit?

Or the question can be stated thus: Society, in its corporate capacity, if it make criminals, ought not in justice to punish; it therefore does not, and is just—to whom, pray! Why, only to the criminal; it appearing a matter of very little importance whether justice is done to those who are not criminal. Thus it appears that half of Mrs. Child's romantic regrets lose sight entirely of the great principle that the glorious operations of justice have regard not only to the *individual* subjected to its power, but to that *society* of which it is protectress. A violation of civil obligation, under any enlarged consideration of the subject, should be viewed not only with reference to the *violation*, but to the interests which are violated. Further on, where her pleasant trip to Rockland Lake calls forth some remarks upon the fate of the unfortunate Andre, she says: "It is not therefore a sense of justice, but a wish to inspire terror, which leads to the execution of spies." There again she loses sight, from mere wilfulness, (will directed by her strong sympathies,) of proper distinctions—distinction between justice to the individual and to the species. Could there be less of reason in smaller space? A General is servant to the interests of the people investing him with power. Justice to the interests of that people is his motive of action. If these interests are hazarded by such and such anticipated operations, so as to require the execution of such and such demands, on their occurrence, who would not see, and say, that justice was fulfilled in their execution, whether done by inspiring terror, or some other way!

But again, give these ideas of the harsh justice of society the most practical bearing they can have—apply them to the need of the criminal himself. Here is a man who has offended against law; he is committed to the "morality of myrmidons, and the charity of constables,"

without any very visible perturbation in the outward world. But society made him a wretch, and, if you please, (a hard supposition,) he is aware of it; either through the medium of some such written sentiments as are within these covers, or better, because more probable, he arrives at it amid his prison fancies. Well, by and by he finds there are those outside of just his way of dreaming. He credits it hardly, (especially if a shrewd knave,) but yet credits it; and we will suppose him anxious to see such sympathizers. He finds one in a lady—any lady but Mrs. Child. Pleasantly, very likely, he listens to words that render less and less cankerous his own conscience, and give it less and less of doubt and fear to digest; but presently, amid the verbiage which seems to have no definite issue—neither opening his prison, nor making it sweeter—nor breeding any new love for his species which has so wronged him, nor for Right, which has given him such a left-handed blow—nor for his own nature, seeing it has made a shuttlecock of him, but only for his vices, which have made a hero-martyr of him, which martyrdom he would neither extend nor renew, however graphically came from his visitor the pictures of its glory—amid all this, we say, he ventures the question, "Here I am: now what shall I do!" A disgusting bluntness the fellow has, but what shall he do? How a short, plump question, testing practical issues, does bear down, and bear away, the pretty, the ideal, the vain! Now that he is in earnest, it will never do to read him Coleridge's Ode on Dejection, or to tell him of the bond of human sympathy, or of unutterable human love, or of spiral progress to the clouds, or of a "gleam in the far-off future;" for if a weak man, they will make him a lunatic, and if a strong one, he will either grieve, or else put a fresh quid of tobacco in his cheek. No, no; the only way is the best way: "Sir, you have offended the law; you are in duress for it. You must reform, and if the temptations society has held out have helped you to misery, you should in future resist them; you can, and you must. Inaction or womanly regrets will never strengthen you."

How like a flood of effulgence beams in here the memory of a Howard's philanthropy! directing to a world that knew no crime—bringing promise of a career that will never fade! We do not intend to excite any comparisons very

unfavorable to Mrs. C. We are sure few possess her warmth of heart-feeling; it pulsates heavily through her pages; we know it must beam in her looks. Still, once more, we put it to her candidly, do these romantic sneers at the hollowness of existing social usage, considered either speculatively or practically, prove either helps or helpers? If so, which way, and who are the helped? Are the sufferers helped, one or all; counted few or many? Nay, consider a moment; reckon all the sufferers you will—hundreds or thousands—are such sentiments like manna to the fasting descendants of Abraham?—are they words to bring down manna? Does she even propose any system—digested or not—for better usage? Has she in her moments of nearest commune with Infinity, whether ascending by the steps of music, or sympathy, or making the petals of forget-me-nots the ladder-rounds for celestial pilgrimages—has she ever contrived a probable scheme for that “Living by Love” which the gold-wrought vases over the head of the out-cast woman so prettily suggested? If, even now, men and women were to call together, for the government by Love, with the which society should make no criminals—criminals no crimes—trust induce honesty—sympathy breed universal love—riches be magnified, and yet scattered—old formularies discarded—laws abrogated—prisons be transmuted into blooming conservatories for crabs-cactuses—alas, would not our philanthropist be weak to marshal the movement, or even to act as third-rate committee-woman in directing issues? There might be those, and she among them, to cry, even with brazen-mouthed trumpets, or golden wrought ones, (for such matters would be common under the rule of Love,) have faith—grow strong in soul—be steadfast—have love; but who shall tell us what new state of things would make more listeners, or more quiet for listening, than now?

“Virtue could see to do what virtue would,  
By her own radiant light, though sun and  
moon

Were in the great sea sunk.”

But have we not here an honest disclaimer of all speed and Proteus sort of reasoning: “What is written is written: it did itself. I would gladly have shown more practical good sense, and talked wisely on the spirit of the age, progress of the species, and the like, but I believe

in my soul, fairies keep carnival all the year round in my poor brain; for even when I first wake, I find a magic ring of tinted mushrooms to show where their midnight dance has been.” Would to heaven that all who devoured these same tinted mushrooms believed them no sweet vegetable growth, but only diseased fungi from over-imaginative brains! Yet we quote from her without full endorsement: “Thy simplest act, thy most casual word, is cast into the great seed-field of human thought, and will reappear as poisonous weed, or herb medicinal, after a thousand years.”

Letter XIV. is somewhat remarkable from the half-dozen very wonderful vignettes it brings to notice. We dare say, without intimate knowledge in the premises, that such, and so many as the news-boy—the two Spanish youngsters and mother—the tired vagabonds sleeping under the trees—the creature dragged all over with mud, and the struggling woman at midnight—of such uniform benignity of aspect—such inner sympathies shadowed in their tearful eyes—never in one day before delighted the most inveterate romancer. Why, Lawrence Sterne—that kind soul whose eyes flowed over at the sight of a spilled bowl, found only one Maria in all France; yet here we have two Marias in a day, and curly-headed boys, with bright eyes, for prisoned “starlings.” And should our lady observer extend her walks till after ten, who can tell how many Rosamond Grays she might find, pleading how tenderly, against the new measures of the new authorities?

We by no means say that faces full of inward pleading, telling of innocence undone, may not sometimes waken a good man’s sigh, even in New York streets; but that they may be found by the half-dozen in a walk over the Battery, is too great a reproach upon humanity. Brute sorrows, tears and desires, may be found any day with the looking after; but how unlike to that soul-touchedness of aspect which Mrs. C. so currently reckons on! Unlike as baby tears to those of manhood, or as the dim circles which an occasional mist will throw about the sun, to those glorious and changing ones which to-day (Sept. 7) are twining brilliantly as braided rainbows, and tortuous as a shifting wave, high over head.

We have after the chapter of what we cannot help considering eccentric beggars—an account interesting, and more

full than we remember to have seen elsewhere, of that singular being, Macdonald Clarke :

“ A poet comfortably crazy,  
As pliant as a weeping-willow ;—  
Loves most everybody’s girls ; an’t lazy—  
Can write an hundred lines an hour,  
With a rackety, whackety, railroad power.”

Thus, not inaptly, he described himself. He was born in New London, lost his mother at twelve—slept in Franklin’s monument at Philadelphia, “ habitually,” at one period of his youth—wrote for New York papers in 1819—married an actress, from whom he was forcibly separated by her mother, after a serious ducking at her hands in a rain-water hogshead. “ From this time, the wildness of poor Clarke’s nature increased, until he came to be generally known by the name of the ‘ mad poet.’ ” Mrs. Child mingles with these prime facts some romantic touches, after her own way, making his story altogether a very readable one. Indeed, there are numerous stories, and anecdotes, and curious facts, scattered up and down throughout the volume, interesting enough for a book of much greater pretension ; and subtracting somewhat from them, as in courtesy due to her very active fancy, they are very reliable stories, and safe to be read. Such is that about the Polish Jew—the fish and the ring of Captain T. and the Swiss emigrants—of the snake and the swallows. And of places, and histories around New York, are these true daguerreotypes and transcripts, such as we would put into the hands of a fresh country cousin, even in lieu of a pocket map.

But our business now is not so much to give a general idea of the book—which, however, we may do incidentally and in all fairness—as to observe such things dropped here and there, as seem to require a *note*. Thus, having ourselves little confidence in mesmerism, we relished indifferently well the raiillery which, in her chapter on that subject, she takes occasion to throw upon those who cavil at the professed attainments of that branch of human speculation ; and observed, with some degree of caution, the progress of that raiillery—very prettily, daintily, and speciously made out, until her uniform extravagance of expression betrays her. “ Nothing can be more unphilosophic,” says she, “ than the ridicule attached to a belief in mesmerism. Our knowledge is exceedingly imperfect

even with regard to the laws of matter ; though the world has had the experience of several thousand years to help its investigations. . . . There is something exceedingly arrogant and short-sighted in the pretensions of those who ridicule every thing not capable of being proved to the senses.” (p. 119.)

How is this ? It appears to us on the contrary the part of a rational man to receive with exceeding distrust, and of a merry man even to ridicule the pretensions of those who believe without “ proof to the senses”—saving only in matters of the soul’s connection with futurity. Mrs. Child’s error consists in neglecting proper nicety of distinctions. The fact that a phenomenon cannot be understood in its nature or in its relations, in no way invalidates the evidence which may and ought to be presented to the senses, that the phenomenon exists ; in fact, acceptance of the phenomenon as real, is virtual acceptance of the evidence—which must come through the senses, and in no other way. Therefore we say again, the rational thinker will very properly hold himself aloof from what is not proven to the senses—in animal magnetism, as in any other branch of inquiry.

We know of electricity scarce any thing but that it exists in two states, which we term negative and positive : the evidence of these is palpable to the senses. But a belief in any one of the theories started to account for its action, being insusceptible of proof to the sense, is not held as good. Just so of mesmerism : prove to the senses that certain manipulations will render a lady capable of seeing new sights, and of telling new stories, and we will believe it, understand the phenomena little as we may. But observe how accurate must be the character of evidence to establish premises so unusual. First, there must be evidence to show that the manipulation has connection so intimate as to induce, and alone to induce, the new state : next must be proof that the new state is *bona fide* a new state—that the mind under treatment is opened to sights previously unseen and unheard of by that mind. It will readily appear that such evidence, from its nature, is hard to come by, and that trust (which is only evidence to the senses taken at second-hand) must be almost unlimited before the circle of testimony is complete. Therefore it is that mesmerism is slow in working out for itself belief in the minds of men ; there-

fore it is that the arrogant will ridicule any extravagant confidence, and that moderate ones—they who lack the *perfervidum ingenium* of our authoress—defer belief; and Mrs. C. must continue to pity, but, we entreat her, not reproach.

“Carlyle’s sharp rebuke,” which she quotes with big assurance, will not altogether uphold her. “Thou wilt have no mystery and mysticism? Wilt walk through the world by the sunshine of what thou callest logic? Thou wilt *explain* all, *account* for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt even attempt laughter!” As for mystery and mysticism, we are surely content that they should be, and that they who love them should live by them, and in them—allowing us the passing favor, that while they remain such, we may leave them alone; yea, even preferring, not “boldly,” but modestly, “to walk through the world”—i. e., to gain a reputable living, doing what good we may, by the sunshine of what we call logic, rather than the moonshine of what we both call mystery. And as for explaining—with God’s help, we will explain what we can; and the much which we cannot explain—so far as it be essential to our living here or hereafter—we will take on what we call faith, and on what you call the inner light; and the much which is not essential we will leave to such as love it better than we. And as for laughter—if in their travails after a laying open of the remaining mysteries, their lovers be decoyed into situations ridiculous enough, yet which they are so delirious as not to see, or so self-willed as not to admit, be assured, we will not only attempt laughter, but laugh out courageously, leaving the world to decide (which they will claim to be a weak judge, but which, for want of other, must sit) which of us are the greater fools.

The subject of spectral illusions, Mrs. C. makes the topic of some remark under the same letters, and adduces an instance or two. To say that there is something very wonderful and incomprehensible about these occurrences, and more especially the kindred and still more strange fact of the occasional fulfilment of dreams, is saying nearly all that can be said. The spectral illusion may indeed, in a measure, be accounted for, by supposing that under a morbid state of the system, a mental conception may be so intense as to leave the impression of real existence. (Observe, that by our very use of the term spectral

*illusion*, we do not, with Mrs. C., admit, or seem to admit, that a spectre can be any thing else. There is strangeness enough, and unaccountableness enough, philosophically speaking, in an illusion so perfect, as to be taken by a sound-minded man for actual existence.) The fulfilment of some dreams may be also in a measure accounted for, by supposing intense thought or anxiety in the individual’s mind previous to the dream, and of a nature similar to the actual fulfilment. Thus, a man dreams, being away from home, that a mortgage upon his house will during his absence subject it to a ruinous sale; and he hurries home just in time to prevent the foreclosure. It were very reasonable to suppose in this case, that the mortgage, and the character of the holder, had been with him subject of great thought, and that an occasional absence had rendered him trebly anxious; the dream thus became the natural sequent of previous impressions, and its accidental fulfilment is noised about as an *exception* to their general issue. The *minute* concurrence of times in a dream, and its fulfilment, is indeed a matter which cannot be reasoned about; and a disbelief of them on that ground would be ridiculous, it is true; but equally ridiculous would be belief in them without “evidence to the senses” that the dream and fulfilment were real.

But we owe the reader a relief; and here he has it in one of the prettily told yet curious stories that lie profusely over these letters:

“M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew: a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was forever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forest stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his mystic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favorite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice: for music to him was life. His old familiarity with tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across

these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other, in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God.

"He was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg. The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He carried his head according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in color from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people—an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to feet all was black as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood: the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds: clear, warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze: but above them all swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a skylark piercing the heavens!" (pp. 173-5.)

Letter XXIX. contains an account of and reflections upon a visit to Blackwell's Island. It is a long one; it takes up and goes over all the writer's peculiar views relating to crime, and law, and society, yet again. It must have filled, at the least, three close-written sheets; and unless the correspondent to whom were addressed these favors, had more enthusiastic relish for these particular views than nine-tenths of the readers of the printed copy, it could hardly have been run over at one sitting. Society she makes appear the wilful parent of every wrong, and now adds, with some more show of justice, the charge of caprice in judging a wrong, equalled only by its malevolence in seducing to the wrong.

"Every thing," says she, "in school-

books, social remarks, domestic conversation, literature, public festivals, legislative proceedings, and popular honors, all teach the young soul that it is noble to retaliate, mean to forgive an insult, and unmanly not to resent a wrong. Animal instincts, instead of being brought into subjection to the higher powers of the soul, are thus cherished into more than natural activity. Of three men thus educated, one enters the army, kills a hundred Indians, hangs their scalps on a tree, is made major-general, and considered a fitting candidate for the presidency. The second goes to the southwest to reside; some 'roarer' calls him a rascal—a phrase not misapplied, perhaps, but necessary to be resented; he agrees to settle the question of honor at ten paces—shoots his insulter through the heart, and is hailed by society as a brave man. The third lives in New York; a man enters his office, and, true or untrue, calls him a knave. He fights, kills his adversary, is tried by the laws of the land, and is hung. These three men indulged the same passion, acted from the same motives, and illustrated the same education; yet how different their fate!" (pp. 190-1.)

Now, we venture to say, without further knowledge of these three very extraordinary brothers (which we fancy to be the enormous progeny of Mrs. C.'s extraordinary fancy) than she herself has afforded, that they acted from different motives, illustrated different educations—if, indeed, we may be guided by the simplest and safest possible deduction—and for aught that appears in the premises to the contrary, may have been as unlike as possible in passion. Thus, the major-general (we have known of such) may have had no passion at all, and yet have hung the hundred scalps upon a tree; and as for the motive, it may have been as destitute of passion as of patriotism, or (the thing is possible) as full of the one as of the other. The southwesterner may have had no passion; surely the motive was not passion, which in case of the third brother was the only motive; nor could it by any supposable construction have been the same with his, who directed the movements of an army. And as for education: the first may have had, for aught that appears, the best every way; the second may have had it, lacking only that moral education which gives most perfect moral courage; and the third must have lacked the best part of education—that which teaches subjection of the passions to reason. They *may*, it is true, have had the

same, but we want "evidence to the senses" before we believe that they illustrate the same. And as to the recompense. Mrs. C. evidently means to direct our especial attention to the New Yorker, and have us feel that he ought not to have been punished. But society, in the cases supposed, *may* act unjustly only in that of the southwesterner. For the first man may have acted for the urgent necessities of his country, and have deserved her rewards; the second, under a lingering remnant of feudal sentiment, now abandoned by the greater part of christendom, receives honor, when he should be severely punished; the third merely gets his due. This is only other proof of the writer's want of discrimination; a want which—we must say it, for we like her writings—totally unfits her for any serious discussion in which her peculiar prejudices are awakened—we must say it earnestly, since others like her writings as well as ourselves. Prejudice was the word we used; and did it ever occur to Mrs. C., that there can be prejudice so anomalous as to favor new things, just as easily as those *old* ones, which here and there call out her putings and sneers? And has it ever occurred to her that she is the actual subject of such prejudice in whatever relates to coercion on the part of law, or its ministers—any infringements upon the rights, absolute or relative, of every human being—any doing of violence to the genuine wishes of our natural hearts? It is a glorious failing—yet a womanly failing, and a real failing—that sympathy with the oppressed which warps reason to a justification of its claims—which would extend its power by sounding plaintively those notes to which every human heart is made to vibrate more or less distinctly. Take her appeal to the street woman, who complained of the delay to execute a public malefactor—"Would she so desire were the criminal her son? She had forgotten," continues the paragraph, "that every criminal is *somebody's* son." A touching way to close a period; but what does it show? It may show that every criminal is to be pitied, but not at all what Mrs. C. manifestly feels—that he is not to be punished to the fulness of the law. Such appeals, which abound in the book, are, if we may use the expression, the fungal growth of an over-sensitive heart—just as some of her previous remarks proved to be the *fungi* of the brain. Mercy is indeed a

beautiful attribute of justice; but, after all, one only among many. "It," says Sheridan, beautifully speaking of justice, "is in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet." But if always bending, no longer justice—no longer would it need to be either inquisitive or searching, vigilant or active, commanding or awful. There is this difference between love and duty: that while duty to all, and duty to individuals may have perfect agreement, love to all may sometimes be at disagreement with particular love. Thus duty is higher than love. Does not the writer see that any or all of her sweetly extenuating voices of sympathy plead as strongly for a sufferer under Infinite punishment as under this temporal? "Far from us," said Burke, with something of his usual extravagance, and a great deal of his usual good sense, "be that false, affected, hypocritical candor that is eternally in treaty with crime; that half-virtue, which, like the ambiguous animal that flies about in the twilight of a compromise between day and night, is to a just man's eye an odious and disgusting thing." Thus fretted that greatest of great men at the casual expressions of sympathy for the very questionable culprit, Warren Hastings.

We are glad to afford our readers another relief—a couple of pages and more, which we transcribe from Letter XXX. with pleasure, and with fullest commendation. Surely we have a right to change our topic as violently—as these letters theirs.

"There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion: the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feelings, conceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Oh, thou foolish soul! Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wise for both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk onwards unshackled. If

thy heart yearns for love, *be loving*; if thou wouldst free mankind, *be free*; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, *be frank* to him.

“But what will people say?”

“Why does it concern thee *what* they say? Thy life is not in *their* hands. They can give thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee any thing that is worth the having. Satan may *promise* thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not an acre of it to give. He may offer much as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title-deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise, ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.’

“But I shall be misunderstood, misrepresented.

“And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive the missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they if they bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free; to say what they think, and act what they feel; to cast from them, like ropes of sand, *all* fear of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

“What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other; and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves; and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dare not lest it seem unpolite to the guest; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dare not lest it seem unpolite to the host; so they both remain slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom. If a visiter arrives, they say, ‘I am busy to-day; but if you wish to ride, there are horse and saddle in the stable; if you wish to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you stay, do as you please.’

“At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without invitation, and with the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books, and busts, and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; in a third, music. Couples are encoined in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms, in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand

here and there on the side-tables, that all may take who like; but *eating*, which constitutes so large a part of all American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith’s assertion, that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the under-crust of your pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her gifts: be thou assured that *all living* souls love freedom better than cake, or under-crust.”—(pp. 203-4-5.)

This is good, so far as it goes: we wish that the writer, in place of her meek dissent and quiet ridicule, had employed every allusion that her memory would justify, and every figure of speech her rhetoric could command, to satirize the dogmas of fashionable life. In such work we would bid her, earnestly and in good faith, God-speed; adding thereto, whatever of mockery our feeble language could promote, to throw the foulest odium on those puppets of their own fashion, who prescribe modes and orders for social intercourse. Any severity of remark, any bitterness of ridicule, would be mild weapons wherewith to controvert that growing spirit of stupid formalism which prevails through all the ranks of city life—from the silver bell-pulls of Leroy Place, or St. John’s, to the Nag’s Head in Barclay-street. Nor is the evil only metropolitan:—the infection reaches to every town in the country that can boast its Mayor, or its Mayor’s lady. And, incredible as it may seem, the distinctions in society—which in a measure spring out of city habits, but are yet ordered and modified by the controlling voices of wealth and fashion—are carried, with all the petty modifications they engender, to embitter the freedom and naturalness of country life. Self-possession, ease, and quietness—always the truest tests of good-breeding—can have no place where all is studied constraint. Refinement and intellectual cultivation are utterly inappreciable by those who gloat at the absurd inanities which distinguish prevailing social usage. Does the reader remember how, in the tale of Woodstock, Sir Henry Lee chafes and fumes at the impertinence and noisy merriment of the page Louis Kernegay, until he finds that the blood of royalty flows in his veins, when in an instant,

petulance is succeeded by submission and reverence? Proper familiarity with the forced conventionalities of social life, will, like the blood-royal, carry impudence anywhere, and confront innocence with sensuality, grosser even than that of the Scotch page. Under such disposition of things, polite conversation has become the merest stolidity; no naturalness, no freedom, no heartiness of expression. Where would Charles Lamb find now the type for his Rosamond?—"one whose remarks should be suggested most of them by the passing scene, and betray all of them the liveliness of present impulse; whose conversation should not consist in a comparison of vapid feeling, an interchange of sentiment lip-deep—but have all the freshness of young sensation in it." Here is no extravagance, yet how unreal! Not only is there lack of that *freeness*, which is the subject of the present writer's regret—but also of a fulness, that joined to freedom of thought and of expression, upon any topic suggested, would always give the happiest and healthiest kind of animation to a properly constituted social circle. But where are now the contributing forces to that excitement which keeps alive the general forms of social intercourse? Do they lie within the province of reason, or anywhere upon the broad ground of what Mrs. C. would call, in her exaggerated way—Universal Love? How utterly the reality falsifies either supposition! We seriously believe that they have their origin in the worst kinds of selfish pride, and ignorant vanity.

Another suggestion occurs to us, in view of the present state of polite society. Its whole tendency is to wean away from the quiet and the charms—as they once were—of the domestic circle. For the forms and vulgar ceremonies of the one, are wholly foreign to the freedom and conviviality of the other. A taste for the one will insensibly breed a distaste for the other. Not a woman, nor man either, can put away their habit of thought, and expression, and action, as they would a garment. Hence, the charm that lay in the fireside circle is gone;—that promoter of virtue—that restorer of broken spirits—that procurer of heart-felt contentedness—is gone. Not a hundredth part can the bewildering excitements of what we call society supply the earnest and hearty joys that used to gather round the hearth-

stone at evening. Who, that is reading this, has been so barbarously taught from childhood, as not to have somewhere in his memory—a little corner—a nook—filled with some such image as is now present to our mind,—of crackling flames—of youngsters busy with old Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld—of girls, not grown too old for some such story as that of the Skotcher Boy or Lazy Lawrence—or, hearkening intently to the tale of some neighbor grandam, or to the mother as she runs softly through some of Crabbe's silver melody, or, possibly, to the father, lifting up his voice to some of Milton's organ-music, or the glorious, great things of history?

We think, then, there is needed, in view of the social reform our authoress proposes, primal attention in the sphere we have designated—need of the independence she suggests; an independent love of home; an independent appreciation of its privileges; an independent love of its quietude; an independent contempt for those excitements and follies which destroy its best influences, and canker all its joys.

We have not done with this subject yet. The refinement which the prevailing systems of polite education demand, has no sort of relation to the social qualities of the heart or mind; it has not even any connection with the duties of private companionship, or the enlivenment of domestic scenes; but its whole meaning, and nature, and ends, as currently understood, centre in *publicity*. Refinement is opposed to vulgarity, and vulgarity is understood to mean only non-compliance with those forms of speech, or dress, or action, which existing fashion has brought into vogue, and which the next change may carry out. Immorality has no part in the making up of what is called, in the polite circles, vulgarity. So, too, highest natural endowment, and elegant cultivation of the mental perceptions, have little to do with the popular meaning of refinement. Hence, the education of females especially—for with them rests the control of the social usages we are considering—is modulated to a compliance with those established public forms and ceremonies—called, when the compliance is nice, and, as it were, insensible, refinement—which refinement, or which education, for the one is the other, has no foundation in any truthful sentiment of the mind, or any natural love of the

heart. But truth or love must be the basis of all genuine social enjoyment. Not intoxication of the spirits—not mere compliance with formalities—not fullest occupation of rank—but that genuine heart-flow which two or three may make up as fully as a thousand. They alone will create and keep alive such charms as will outlast life, and only make the domestic state happy. Without them, the subjects of the education mentioned above must look for an appreciation of their unreal and factitious attractions, to a constant, and, as it appears to us, immodest, connection with publicity. This connection matured, forms that gangrene on our social life which is called Fashionable Society,—that society of which Madame de Staël says justly:—“How hard it makes the heart, how frivolous the mind! *How it makes us live for what others may say of us!*” Of this monarch among women, Mrs. C., by the way, frequently reminds us—from her impassioned bursts of feeling, and exaggerated tones. This much, even, we count high praise.

But what have we here? “You ask my opinions about ‘Women’s Rights.’” We must confess, that after our happy agreement with Mrs. C. upon a somewhat kindred topic, we approached this chapter with some tremor—(for not willingly would we disagree)—feeling that the subject was one which required a great deal of quiet tact and shrewdness, and very little of impassioned or imaginative feeling, for proper management. And we knew, and the reader knows, from what glimpses he may have already had, that Mrs. C. could not bring to the discussion the requisite faculties, and held in excess those which were unfit.

She opens with some pleasant retorts upon those who have fancied that woman’s interference with public business would be necessarily accompanied with boldness and vulgarity. Next, she advances the agreeable idea, that the mildness of woman’s nature approaches more nearly to the Gospel standard of excellence than any attainments of manly supremacy, or any manifestations of mental courage. The boldness of her opinion on this point goes so far as even to liken the meek expression and beauty of woman to the Great Head of Christianity;\* but the acute intellect and political cunning of man, to—the Devil! But her

grand stand-point, to which these playful witticisms are but so many *exordia*, seems to be this:—“The present position of women in society is the result of physical force.”—(p. 234.) This is a distinct and full proposition. The confirmatory testimony is in a nutshell, and is equally satisfactory:—“Whoever doubts it, let her reflect why she is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man.” We repeat it again—now reversing the terms, and supplying the minor of the premises—thus reducing it to the form of a proper enthymeme: Woman is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man; man’s physical force is the occasion of the fear; therefore, the present position of women in society is the result of physical force. The logic is even better than the sentiment; and the logic is shocking. She follows her proposition in this language:

“What constitutes the danger of aggression? Superior physical strength uncontrolled by the moral sentiments. That animal instinct and brute force now govern the world, is painfully apparent in the condition of women everywhere,—from the Morduan Tartars, whose ceremony of marriage consists in placing the bride on a mat, and consigning her to the bridegroom, with the words, ‘Here, wolf, take thy lamb’—to the German remark, that ‘Stiff ale, stinging tobacco, and a girl in her smart dress, are the best things.’ The same thing, softened by the refinements of civilization, peeps out in Stephens’ remark, that ‘woman never looks so interesting as when leaning on the arm of a soldier:’ and in Hazlitt’s complaint that ‘it is not easy to keep up conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a *reason* for what they say.’—(pp. 234–5.)

We fear we shall be guilty of a piece of rudeness, in saying that these reasons, which we have without the asking, appear to us to be no reasons at all. Such a silly remark as this—a man never appears so interesting as when in the dress of a soldier, with a woman leaning on his arm, would seem to our obtuse senses as good proof that “animal instinct and brute force now govern the world,” as the equally silly remark which Mrs. C. quotes from Stephens. If she wishes to make out the fact—that woman is everywhere dependent upon the superior energies and physical power of man for protection—

\* Vide p. 234.

it is granted, before it is stated; and the reasons why it is so, are demonstrative; and the reasons why it should be so, intuitive.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote here a paragraph from an ingenious treatise, by a lady writer, which covers the whole matter with sufficiency of reasoning, and wonderful aptness of illustration:—

“All inconvenience is avoided by a slight inferiority of strength and abilities in one of the sexes. This gradually develops a particular turn of character, a new class of affections and sentiments that humanize and embellish the species more than any others. These lead at once, without art or hesitation, to a division of duties, needed alike in all situations, and produce that order without which there can be no social progression. In the treatise of *The Hand*, by Sir Charles Bell, we learn that the left hand and foot are naturally a little weaker than the right; the effect of this is to make us more prompt and dexterous than we should otherwise be. If there were no difference at all between the right and left limbs, the slight degree of hesitation which hand to use, or which foot to put forward, would create an awkwardness that would operate more or less every moment of our lives, and the provision to prevent it seems analogous to the difference Nature has made between the strength of the sexes.”

We shall take the liberty of quoting two or three detached passages from Mrs. C.'s chapter, that the curious reader may be enabled to arrive a little more fully at her peculiar ideas.

“There are few books,” says she, “which I can read through, without feeling insulted as a woman; but this insult is almost universally conveyed through that which was intended for praise. Just imagine, for a moment, what impression it would make on men, if women authors should write about *their* ‘rosy lips,’ and ‘melting eyes,’ and ‘voluptuous forms,’ as they write about *us*! That women in general do not feel this kind of flattery to be an insult, I readily admit: for, in the first place, they do not perceive the gross chattel principle, of which it is the utterance; moreover, they have from long habit become accustomed to consider themselves as household conveniences, or gilded toys. Hence they consider it feminine and pretty to abjure all such use of their faculties as would make them *co-workers with man in the advancement of those great principles on which the progress of society depends.*”

Again: “I have said enough to show

that I consider prevalent opinions and customs highly unfavorable to the moral and intellectual development of women; and I need not say that in proportion to their true culture, women will be more useful and happy, and domestic life more perfected. True culture in them, as in men, consists in the full and free development of individual character, regulated by their *own* perceptions of what is true and their *own* love of what is good.”

We lay down the book here a moment, to express our general assent with the last-quoted opinions, with this demurrer only: we do not apprehend, with the writer, that women anywhere need be instructed to regulate “their individual character by their own perceptions of what is true”—the *need* in the case we suppose to be simply this: that those perceptions, and that “love,” should be rendered strong and definite.

But we quote again; our writer appearing now in the new character of a prophetess:—

“The nearer society approaches to divine order, the less separation will there be in the characters, duties, and pursuits of men and women. Women will not become less gentle and graceful, but men will become more so. Women will not neglect the care and education of their children, but men will *find themselves ennobled and refined by sharing those duties with them; and will receive in return co-operation and sympathy in the discharge of various other duties now deemed inappropriate to women.* The more women become rational companions, partners in business and in thought, as well as in affection and amusement, the more highly will men appreciate *home.*”

Is this true? The heart is an odd one that feels it to be so. Home—why, it is the blessed, and ever to be blessed absence of worldly thought and anxiety, that makes it let in such glimpses of Heaven. What could breed quicker or fiercer—than the coming-in of life's business and harassing cares—the

troublesome storms that toss  
The private state, and render life unsweet!

But we quote once more—her closing paragraph:

“The conviction that woman's present position in society is a false one, and therefore reacts disastrously on the happiness and improvement of man, is pressing, by slow degrees, on the common consciousness, through all the obstacles of bigotry, sensuality, and selfishness. As man approaches to the truest life, he will perceive

more and more that there is no separation or discord in their mutual duties. They will be one, but it will be as affection and thought are one; the treble and bass of the same harmonious tune."

We have thus given Mrs. C. the benefit of her own representations; nor would we let our language jar discordantly upon the rich tone of prophecy into which she so naturally falls. We, too, believe and trust in a higher harmony to be heard yet on earth; but so far as the respective duties of man and woman are concerned, we believe it will consist in perfect and well-ordered distinction. Treble and bass make harmony, it is true; but amalgamate them in a common utterance, and the charm of the music is gone. Affection and thought appear to us in no way one. And if it were possible to conceive of every thought as made up of affection, and every affection as a mental act, the beauty of the one and the force of the other would be lost. The universe is in a noble sense one; and in a conceivable sense distinct in parts. As one, it has entireness, likeness, and grandeur of movement;—as many, its parts have their proper and peculiar action: as one, it possesses a glorious harmony, limited only by itself, and as more than one, its several units possess the attributes of individual perfection, comparable only with themselves.

Women's rights are one thing; women's duties quite another. Very many women are disposed to discuss the first, who are exceeding shy of the latter. Mrs. C., in a rambling way, (all letters are rambling,) runs over both grounds, and ends with assuming that man's duties and women's should coalesce. This seems to us a meager handling of the great issues—very meager. The grand question is this—what duties, in this strange, perplexed lifetime of ours, belong more appropriately to women than to men? The next question is equally plain and to the point—are these duties performed—fully, rightly, advantageously performed?

The question of man's duties and their performance is another, and one for his conscience to deal with. And woman must have her question of duty, and be guided in answer by her perception of what is true, and her love of what is good. And would to Heaven that those perceptions and that love were better fortified with reason, and more familiar by frequent appeals, than we have cause to think.

Is it wrong for us to inquire, in this connection, where some of the more prominent duties lie? And we fall back here upon what we have previously said relative to the sickening formalities of social life. Here lies work, in subduing, purging, and building anew. It is an urgent duty of women everywhere to direct the weight of their influence against those *dicta* of fashion which are ridiculous in themselves, and which curb every natural expression of thought or manner; which, discarding appropriate distinctions between refinement and vulgarity, education and ignorance, set up their own unreal distinctions, guarding them with despotic sway, and blazoning them over with the false glare of their own deceptions and follies. Tell us, Mrs. C., looking back to your eloquent chapter of regrets at the mockery which invests social usage, tell us, is woman fulfilling her right vocation in adding to, more and more, the frivolities which consummate the evil; and if she has not an appropriate work—more appropriate than new-modelling alms-houses, or satirizing civil justice—in frowning down those pompous vanities, and that empty ostentation, which, together, are doing more to teach ignorance and vice, that society is rotten, is tottering and deserves to fall, than all the misregulations of prisons, or the errors of legislation, or the most wanton scapements of justice? To that *woman*, your neighbor—not the man, gross though he is—to the woman, following every shifting tide of fashion in her dress and manner, obeying every idle requirement of its voice in her home and with her children, levelling her distinctions with ignorant pride, sucking ever at the faintest hope of enlisting public attention—no from the prudence of her domestic management, not from the entireness of conjugal devotion, not from the depth and richness of her social qualities, not from the diffusion of her benevolence, but from the exquisite nicety of conformance with certain arbitrary and soulless forms—to her we bid you go, good Mrs. C., with your pleading voice and your sharp invective, and you will find work enough without enlisting in man's duty of directing civil progress. Do you resort to the old bugbear, the criminality of society, in breeding and fostering its own ailments? This is idle—idle before, and idle now. Such reasoning falls voiceless. The *argumentum ad hominem* must be the appeal. Besides, we have not now to do with so-

ciety in its corporate capacity. Social life is the word, and here woman should rule supreme arbitress of forms. She is responsible, and justly so, for every controlling usage.

We regret that our space compels us to leave the subject with this mere glance at one of its features. We may possibly take some future occasion to pursue our thoughts further upon this and kindred topics.

A word or two now about the book; for we should hardly be true to our office of reviewer without some such *note*. Yet it would be scarcely fair to test its matter, as a whole, by any rules of critical analysis. Written, as it seems to have been, at different times, and without comparison of the parts, there is of necessity frequent repetition of some opinions and phrases. Many things are for the like reason carelessly said—some unprettily said; and her illustrations, though fanciful, are many of them crude and undigested. But there is little that is common-place in the volume. This is praise; better praise than we wish we could give parts of it, which seem to us objectionable in sentiment. Moreover, there is a vivacious naturalness about the book, compassing even its oddities, covering up its minor defects of rhetoric, that to one like ourselves, tired with the heat and dust of this dry September, is refreshing as an April shower. At times, too, there are scattered up and down over the letters little eloquent apostrophes, which, if we liken its general vivacity to a shower, may in sequence be likened to an iced draught of the pure element. We have not even now said what we might say, that there is an extravagant tone pervading the whole, which being at once natural and graceful in the writer, we can by no means condemn; but the same being strange and unsuited to a running comment upon practical matters, and such occasionally are sublimed by the writer's touch, we cannot wholly praise. Mrs. C. should have written "Letters from the Country." How redolent would they have been of fresh air and springing verdure! how full of the music of birds, and of leaves, and of brooks murmuring softly—as brooks do

in dreams! What a book would it have been for a companion in summer-time, for one to lounge with of a hot afternoon, under grand old trees, whose leaves let no spangle of the sunshine through upon the grass where you lie—watching sun and shadow chasing each other far away, and then the lights and shades of the book, the original and the copy, at a glance. As it is, we see everyday scenes when we see them at all—for it is wonderful how the writer, living in a city, has found extrinsic sources of interest—through a prism. Every beggar we meet is a Belisarius or Cervantes; every rambling songstress a Corinne forsaken; every outcast a Lear without his crown; every street-walker an Olivia Primrose. And if she were to write us a novel—as who knows but she may—there would be in it enormities, but few realities—personifications, with few persons;—there would be witches, but no Macduff; Rob Roy, but no Nicol Jarvie; Meg, but no Dandie Dinmont; Burchell, but no Vicar; Titania and Peas Blossom, but no Snug or Bottom; Ravenswood, but no Caleb; Juno, but no Andromache.

It is, in short, a book for a steamboat ride, but not upon the Hudson; to relieve a sick chamber, but the patient must not be nervous; to engage a man after business hours, but he must avoid the Woman's Rights. It is a book for you, indulgent reader, to run through after this hasty comment, and say if you will be most her friend or our friend—or, better, friend to both.

One word more, and a kind one, to Mrs. Child. We wish not to lessen one iota the amount of your influence, which we believe to be considerable; and so believing, we implore you, by your hatred of formalism and cant, of ostentation and pride—by your sympathy with human want, and your hearty relish for all that is natural and noble in thought and in action, to direct that influence against the crying evils of social life. Your energies misdirected will avail less than those of a weak man; rightly directed, they will avail more than those of the strongest. "*Vale, nunc—tibi que persuade, esse te quidem mihi caram; sed multo fore cariorem, si talibus preceptis latabere.*"

## MR. CLAY—THE TEXAS QUESTION.

THE life and character of Henry Clay are fully before the public. Were it otherwise, no brief space, which alone this journal could afford—a few pages quickly and easily run over—would suffice for such a purpose. No scattered words of tribute could bring a man before us, who, for half a century, has filled so large a space in the eye of the nation—who, for all coming time, will occupy and adorn so large a portion of the nation's history. But it is in all respects unnecessary. His humble childhood and early struggles, his subsequent long and brilliant career, his great public services and eminently noble qualities, have been many times set forth and with the greatest distinctness. The various distinguished positions which he has occupied from the first are, perhaps, more familiar to the people than those of any man, but Washington, who has arisen in the commonwealth. From his birth in a farmhouse of Virginia amid the conflict of the Revolution, and his entrance, an unfriended youth, into the hardships of a professional life in the West, to his last exit from the chief council of the nation—whether lifting the hand of eloquence at the bar or in the senate-chamber, whether raising a determined voice for the birth of other republics in the New World, and against the oppression of long-struggling, famished, and down-trodden Greece, or presenting an equally determined front towards the encroachments of executive power at home—whether representing the dignity and worth of the American name in a foreign country, or, in our own midst, forming, defending, establishing, the great American System of Finance, or, by the efforts of an almost despairing eloquence, saving the republic from dishonor, disunion, and ruin—no one of these, or the many other high stations occupied by him in the public eye, during the course of a long life, did Mr. Clay ever leave with one stain upon his public character, or without an addition to his honorable fame. But, of all those elevated positions, though some may have been by externals more brilliant, no one has appeared to us more truly exalted by purity of patriotism and the dig-

nity of wide-seeing statesmanship, than that in which he now, at last, stands before us, on the exciting question of the admission of Texas into our Union. And we esteem ourselves fortunate that we can fortify our opinion by such a communication as follows, from one not blinded by the dust of any political arena, but whose vision is the clearer, that he looks forth upon men and things from the calmness of academic shades and the quiet repose of Letters.

*To the Editor of the American Review.*

SIR—I am no politician in the ordinary sense of that term; that is, I never have held, and I never expect to hold office. My daily professional employments remove me far from the strifes of elections and mass-meetings. The pursuits in which I am constantly engaged are such as, in any ordinary condition of our country, would entirely shut me out from all active participation in the political contentions of the day; and yet I must confess a deep and, at times, a most exciting interest in the result of the present election. The reasons of this interest I wish to state, because they are somewhat different from those which are most usually urged upon the country. I profess no very deep understanding of the real merits of those questions of tariff, currency, and distribution, which most regard as the main matters at issue. As far as I understand these points, I am in favor of the Whig measures, at the same time admitting that their opponents may *possibly* be right, that they present some fair arguments, and that their policy, if wrong, could only produce a temporary evil, soon to be rectified when the mischief should be so palpable that a desire for its removal would become stronger than any party ties. But, sir, I go much further than this. If I were opposed to the Whig policy on all the points which have been mentioned, and decidedly in favor of all the Loco-Foco views on the same subjects, I should still give my vote, and a thousand if I had them, for Henry Clay. For such an apparent inconsistency many reasons might be given,

derived from the personal character of the man, and justifying the most enthusiastic admiration that could be felt for him. The views at present offered, however, are mainly grounded on his letter written last spring, in which he expresses his opinion on the annexation of Texas. It does really seem wonderful that lower considerations, arising from collateral aspects of the question, should have kept in the back-ground the truly elevated position Mr. Clay there assumes, especially when contrasted with that of others who have addressed the public on the same matter. Mr. Polk is for "*immediate annexation*," reason or no reason, come war come peace, irrespective of national honor, national treaties, the common law of mankind, and even the law of God himself. Gov. Cass and Gen. Jackson rise a little higher. They have a show of reasons, in its pretended importance as a military frontier; reasons, to be sure, which no man's common sense can appreciate, yet still they may be called reasons, if their authors will have it so. Mr. Van Buren, in a manner more honorable to himself, views the question in its relation to foreign nations, to peace and war, the present national treaties, and present obligations. Mr. Calhoun and the southern democrats advocate it on account of its tendency to perpetuate their favorite domestic institutions. The northern abolitionists take ground above all these, and oppose it because the measure is at war with the interests of freedom, and would extend the *area* of slavery. Mr. Clay, we hesitate not on saying, assumes a position even higher than this; a position which, for its abstract grandeur, ought to call forth the warm admiration of friend and foe, whether at the south or at the north, whether pro-slavery or ultra-abolitionist. It is a position characteristic of himself, because it exhibits that trait which has ever been most prominent during his whole public life. This letter shows him to be what he is, and ever has been, a *national man*. Contrast with it the contemptible epistle of Polk to Kane, on the subject of protection; contrast with it the letters of the various democratic candidates, before the Baltimore convention; contrast with it those miserable productions which, on the eve of an election, are sometimes drawn from men whom third parties, in their usual way, succeed in making hypocrites. The letter of Henry Clay is for the nation;

it is for all time—for all similar cases. It contains words of wisdom, and maxims of statesmanship, that may be quoted, and, we believe, will be quoted, centuries hence. The temporary questions connected with Texas may, in a few years, cease to have any interest; even a war with Mexico, or with England, after having produced the usual amount of blood and death, would pass away, and might even leave some lessons of salutary wisdom to compensate, in some degree, for the evils it had occasioned. Much as such events are to be deprecated, their evils are temporary and remediable. So, also, may we say in regard to the bearings of the question on the subject of slavery, fraught, as they evidently are, with the most tremendous issues. Slavery is but an incident to our original condition and present frame of government, and, be the period longer or shorter, will, in the course of events, have an end. Those who oppose the annexation on this account, do so from noble and elevated motives, and the majority of such, we are persuaded, will cordially support the man who agrees with them in the result, although he arrives at it from considerations more purely national, and more deeply connected with the vital interests of our confederacy. We say that there is a higher reason than those which are connected with the subject of slavery, and this is the reason which naturally and spontaneously presents itself to the mind of Henry Clay. Let us, in imagination, follow him to the retirement of his chamber, as he sits down to answer a request for an expression of his views on this subject. We may suppose him fully aware of the use to which such an answer will be applied; we may imagine the deep personal interest he has in so constructing it as to please the majority, from whose suffrages he is ardently desirous of obtaining the end of a noble ambition. All these influences would strongly concur in inducing him to view the question as other men do, in its merest temporary aspects; and to those temporary aspects he does give an attention commensurate with their importance. But this is not enough for Henry Clay; as he writes on, and his soul becomes warmed, all these considerations vanish. The fixed and long-cherished habits and thoughts of the statesman, which we may suppose, for a moment, to have been superseded by personal

anxieties in respect to the bearing of the question on his own political prospects, come back to their usual course, and he is himself again. The candidate for office is forgotten, and he is once more, in imagination, on the floor of the senate-house—the legislator, the statesman, the man of enlarged and national feelings. Every consideration is now too narrow for his mind, unless it embrace the whole extent of his country's confederated territory, and the whole period of her national existence. Its collateral bearings are laid aside as he discovers that here, in this very measure, got up and concocted, as it evidently was, for the vilest of mere party purposes, there is, nevertheless, involved a profound constitutional question. Here is to be considered a grave rule of national action—a rule to be settled now, and the issues of which, if settled wrong, are fraught with evils which no man can calculate; for they reach beyond peace and war, beyond even slavery and anti-slavery, into the most vital principles, into the very heart of our confederacy. Shall such a question, he asks himself, become the game of a political canvass? Shall it be settled in the heat of an excited general election? Shall it be a matter of majorities? No, says Henry Clay; here are other issues involved, of far more consequence. It is not a question of admitting a young sister territory within our acknowledged limits, and which had been, from infancy, fostered and nursed with the expectation of being received into the family of states; the constitution had clearly provided for that. It is the far more momentous question of the incorporation of a foreign state, as much foreign as France or England. There is, then, a point to be first settled, in comparison with which the present election, considered merely in itself, the military advantages of Texas, the plans of England, or even the far higher considerations of its present bearings upon slavery, are all to be postponed. This, surely, is not a matter to be decided simply by majorities. It is no question of ordinary internal legislation. Here, all should be strict constructionists, whatever measure of liberality we might be inclined to indulge in other and more domestic matters; here, if ever, the doctrine of *state-rights* has some meaning—in fact, a most important significance. If in any sense we are a partnership, a confederacy of states, we are

most certainly such in respect to this. Viewed in any light, and on either of the contested theories of our constitution, it swells into a question of equal magnitude and importance. If we should ever act in reference to the will of the *whole nation*, instead of the will of any part, be it larger or smaller, majority or not; or, in other words, if there are any acts which should be pre-eminently, and in the very highest sense, *national*, this, of all others, is such an act. It should be viewed with no reference to Southern institutions, or Northern opposition to them. It involves a national proceeding back of all ordinary enactments, back even of the constitution, which contains no provision for such a step, and which must be so essentially modified by it—a national proceeding requiring something of a renewed exercise of that original vitality which gave birth to the constitution itself. Adopt whatever theory we please; whether we argue as the advocates of the *confederated* or more *national* aspect of our government, it is, in the one case, nothing less than the admission of a new and foreign member into a partnership originally formed with no reference to it, and, in the other, a violation of the national identity. It is a measure in direct opposition to those state-right principles, insisted on by none more than by those Southern men who are now so clamorous for immediate annexation by a bare majority, and who contradict their own doctrines in that very point, when even the most strenuous opponents of their favorite theory of the constitution would admit that they had some application. For, certainly, if a single state can justly refuse obedience to a law of *internal* legislation, which a majority of the other parties to the compact have deemed sanctioned by the constitution, and by a regard to those very objects which were specially in view in the formation of the government, why may not a single state dissent to the admission of an *external* power, never contemplated in the national articles, and whose incorporation would most seriously affect every interest of the previous national organization? Considerations of equal if not greater force present themselves in that aspect of our government which is regarded as opposed to the doctrine of a confederacy. If, in the one case, the effect of the measure, unless unanimously adopted, would be virtually to dissolve the compact, and leave each part at lib-

erty to refuse association with the foreign intruder, with which it had never formed alliance, it would be, in the other, a complete change of the national identity. It would be, in fact, the creation of a new nation, with new relations, new responsibilities, unknown to the previous organization of the body politic. Our present constitution was for *these* United States. If extended to Texas, it would require a new title and a new ratification; it would be, in fact, a new firm, and, according to all laws of partnership, there would be need of a new promulgation to the world, and a new acknowledgment of its corporate existence, by all parties with whom it might maintain intercourse; there would even be need of a new national flag, and a new inscription on the national coin.

Considerations such as these presented themselves to the mind of Henry Clay, and every lower aspect faded in the comparison. Whatever might be his own personal opinions, as to the mere temporary effects of the step, supposing it to be taken constitutionally, honorably, peaceably, and without the fearful responsibility of extending the *area* of slavery,—whatever might be his sentiments as a Southern man, not viewing, as he most frankly admits, Southern institutions in the same light with the people of the North,—all these were comparatively of but little moment, to the adjustment of the other great national principle, which, when left unsettled, or settled in a wrong way, disarranges all below it, and leaves the most sacred elements of our national life to be the sport of every presidential election, and the game of such men as John Tyler and his treaty-making cabinet.

These, then, were the grounds of that most noble declaration,—that whatever might be his personal views, (which he frankly admits were on the side of the South,) he should oppose the annexation of Texas, irrespective of the particular advantages or disadvantages of the measure, as long as any respectable minority, of any part of the Union, and for any reasons, refused its assent. In the admission of a new partner into the confederacy, or in introducing a new modification of the national existence, he would have even the smallest portion exercise, not only an influence, but a controlling influence. Even Vermont, if she stood alone, should be heard. The reception of this foreign territory might deeply affect her dearest interests. Such an *expansion* of

the national being might (in this day of *strict construction* in regard to all matters of healthy legitimate *internal* legislation) proportionably *restrict* the free exercise of those national prerogatives she had conceded for the common benefit of the confederacy of her sister states, but never for the benefit of Texas. Her interests might clash, or seem to clash, with those of some other members of the original Union, and here she would compromise, if no other method was found effectual, because mutual concession was in the national bond. She might have a strong dislike to certain institutions of other sister states; these, however, she must tolerate for the same reason; but she could not, at the will of a mere majority, consent that this bond should be opened for the admission of other parties, who might hereafter claim from her other compromises, and other concessions, for which she had never stipulated,—who, after having been themselves admitted through the door of the widest latitudinarianism, might hereafter be loudest in the demand of *strict construction*. Conceding, that there was something in the spirit of her assent to the constitution which required her to make compromises of her just claims with South Carolina, no principle of justice, equity, or the constitution, no national feeling, no law of majorities, rightly demanded of her to place herself in a position, when Texas hereafter might successfully require the abandonment of protection to her domestic industry, or that she should be employed in the degrading work of arresting fugitive slaves, who had escaped from this *extended area of freedom*. Hard as was its fulfilment, she had, in consideration of great national interests, promised this to South Carolina, but she never had given the other states, be it larger or smaller majorities of them, power to bind her to the same conditions to Texas, or Canada, or Cuba, should the latter also ever seek to enlarge the area of freedom, by transferring her domestic institutions and her nationality to the United States.

Such are the views most prominent in Mr. Clay's letter. They are noble views—far-reaching, statesman-like views. How immeasurably superior does he appear in this respect to the Polks, the Jacksons, the Casses, and the Tylers, by whom he is assailed! I wonder his own friends have not given them more prominence, instead of being so much occupied with those mere temporary bear-

ings of the question, which Mr. Clay does indeed discuss in a masterly manner, while yet he makes them all inferior to that higher principle, which is identified with the national life, which must live as long as the national existence, and on which, as on a rock of eternal adamant, he takes his immoveable position. I wonder that even the reflecting abolitionist, strong as may be his dislike to Mr. Clay as a Southern man and a slaveholder, is not struck with admiration at this noble stand, and does not feel that the destinies of the nation may be safely left in the hands of that man, who is so strongly identified with the national integrity. The obvious determination of a portion of the politicians of this class, to do all in their power to elect Mr. Polk instead of Mr. Clay, and with the full knowledge that the annexation of Texas will be the almost certain result, presents one of the strangest phenomena of the present canvass.

Much as I respect the Whig party, as combining the great mass of the intelligence, patriotism, and national feeling of the country, I cannot but feel that on this and similar great questions Henry Clay is in advance of them. Look at the noble stand he has taken, and the glowing speeches he has repeatedly made in respect to those violations of law and order, which have so long been rife in the Loco-Foco party, and which in the late mob-meeting at Providence received the distinct approbation of all their principal leaders. How little have his earnest exhortations on this point been heeded by a great portion of the Whig press, who ought to have made these things the theme of their loudest and most constant alarm, instead of having been so exclusively occupied with the inferior, although important topics of tariff and distribution! How mortifying the result, if, notwithstanding all this, his party should fail him at the time when he ought to receive the reward of his long career of elevated statesmanship! Above all, how great the disgrace, not to the Whig party, but to the whole nation, that such an affair as this Texas issue, so got up and by such men—so evidently designed (some of our most strenuous opponents openly admitting the fact) to effect the lowest, basest, and most selfish ends—should carry into the presidential chair a man who, but for some circumstances arising out of this measure, would never have been named in connection with the

office! To have Henry Clay beaten by James K. Polk, and on such an issue! Would that every Whig would resolve the mortifying consideration in his mind till his whole soul was fired, and he had resolved to give himself no rest, and his neighbors no rest—to omit no exertion, until the contest is closed and Henry Clay placed in the presidential chair! We have long wanted just such a man there. The station is fast becoming degraded. The succession of James K. Polk to John Tyler would fill up the measure of our country's humiliation. No doubt many of our opponents themselves, after the excitement of the election had subsided, would feel most keenly the humbling result, and most earnestly wish, if it were possible, the disgraceful deed undone. We want men of a far different stamp from those who, on so important a question as this, will answer at once, "*immediate annexation*," with all the greediness of a dog snapping at the offered bone—without taking time to assign even the most miserable reasons for it, lest some other candidate might put in for the job before him. The country has been cursed enough already with such narrow, canine politicians. As Coleridge says, "We want public souls; yes, we want public souls, we *want* them." We want national souls. We want a man who can look beyond a presidential canvass, whose opinions and whose measures are for the whole nation, and look to its whole existence. Yes, we had better have the faults and errors of such a man, than the mean virtues, if they possess any, of his adversaries.

Irrespective of measures, or even if he should have some measures of mere temporary policy which we might not approve, there is something so healing, so truly conservative, so inspiring to the feeling of national honor, in the elevation to office of such a candidate, as to outweigh all other consideration. Give us an honorable high-minded man, (and such is Henry Clay, with all his alleged faults, his very enemies being judges,) and we may trust him for his *measures*, because we know the soundness and elevation of his *principles*. The distinction conveyed by these two words is but little understood by the corrupt and superficial politician. Principles we would never sacrifice, but we hesitate not to say, that there are times when we would prefer men to measures—although a mistake in the latter might perhaps work temporary injury

It is indeed but temporary, even should it occur, and may be borne; but whose arithmetic can calculate the evils, perhaps the never-to-be-remedied evils, of a corrupt *principle*, engrafted by corrupt men into our institutions—into the very elements of our national life?

There are some few men, Whigs in every other respect, who hesitate on the ground of the tariff. We would not here meddle with their free trade notions, but we would solemnly ask them if they can suffer this single matter to outweigh all other considerations connected with this most important canvass? We would appeal to a gentleman of this city who stands high in the literary world, who has heretofore been a most efficient member of the Whig party, and who is now said to be in the predicament above described. We are perfectly sure that that gentleman must look with abhorrence upon Dorrism. We are certain that all his religious and political views must be shocked with that Rhode Island demagoguism, with which all the leaders of the Loco-foco party openly avow themselves to be infected. We would not so underrate his intelligence as to suppose him not to be fully aware of the tremendous consequences of that doctrine to all our institutions, and how vastly, if carried out, they must exceed all the temporary evils which he may see in a tariff. We cannot imagine that he does not look with utter loathing upon the corrupt manner in which this wretched Texas issue has been forced into the canvass, and we cannot therefore deem it possible, that such a man, and others who think with him, can make this one principle of free trade the sole turning point of their conduct in the present election. Methinks that such Whigs might learn a lesson of consistency from some of the worst examples of Loco-focoism. We would point them to the course of that section of the Polk party represented by the Evening Post. How bravely do they adhere to their man, notwithstanding they admit that he received his nomination on the strength of one of the most "*contemptible measures and corrupt intrigues*" that ever disgraced the nation—that he was selected on no other ground, and that the measure itself is "*fraught with the most alarming evils to the country.*" Yet must we suppose (for we would not charge such honorable men with a corrupt inconsistency) that they are led to support all this by their unaffected admi-

ration for the character of James K. Polk. His brilliant career as a statesman, his close identification with all the great measures of his country's history, his elevated views on all other subjects, his strong national feeling, his noble frankness and magnanimity, his utter scorn at the very appearance of deception, as manifested in his letter to Mr. Kane of Pennsylvania, the celebrity of his ancestral name—all these considerations, doubtless, combine with these gentlemen to outweigh this small affair of Texas. Cannot some Whigs learn a lesson from this, and is there nothing in the character of Henry Clay which would justify them in reversing this picture in every single point, and drawing from it ten-fold stronger motives for his support; although in the earlier part of his life he may have fought a duel, or his notions on free trade may differ from their own?

We repeat it then, we want noble *men*, with noble *principles*, and we may trust them for their measures. The very election of such men as Clay and Frelinghuysen, after the long reign of corruption and intrigue, is worth more to the country than the mere success of any measure of mere internal, temporary legislation. In electing them we secure the continuance of the present most beneficial tariff, a settlement much to be desired of the perplexing question of the national currency, the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and the adoption of other measures most necessary to the national welfare. We also prevent the infamous annexation of Texas, against which our candidate's word is pledged, on the highest of all grounds—a pledge which no man doubts he will most honorably maintain. But the sublimest result of the victory will be, that we rebuke that foul spirit of anarchy and disorganization, which has found so much countenance with the other party. We cut off the heads of all that young brood of radical Hydras, which, though as yet of comparatively feeble growth, are constantly sprouting up from the venomous Typhon of Loco-focoism and infidelity. We purge that political charnel-house at Washington, which has so long tainted our moral atmosphere; threatening, unless speedily removed, to breed an incurable pestilence in the body politic; and last, though not least, we do, by the highest national act, incorporate among the permanent interpretations of the Constitution Mr. Clay's noble protest against the

admission of a foreign territory, in opposition to the dissent of even a small minority of the members of the confederacy. By making it now the successful watchword of the whig party, we render it for all time to come the glorious motto of constitutional conservatism. We wrest from the demagogue the hope of ever again playing the same game with Canada, or Cuba, or any other contiguous territory, from the accession of which a corrupt political party may seek to derive political strength, irrespective of all other considerations. Finally, we disappoint the hopes of English Tories, and all European aristocrats, derived from what they have the sagacity to perceive must be the inevitable consequence of Loco-focoism, in overthrowing everywhere all respect for free institutions.

### WHO SHALL LEAD THE NATION ?

SOME POLITICAL LINES NOT REQUIRED TO BE SUNG.

In the land of the West, where the sun hath rest  
 And the evening-star hangs bright,  
 There's a chieftain stands—in his fearless hands  
 Upholding a banner of light.  
 We are strong when we gaze on his earnest face,  
 We thrill when his voice sounds high ;  
 At the beating we start of his dauntless heart,  
 And burn at his eloquent eye !

Oh ! ever be blest the Man of the West,  
 While the evening-star hangs bright !  
 We'll go with him on till the battle be won  
 For our country, the truth, and right !

So bravely he stood, while the ceaseless flood  
 Bore off his earlier years—  
 With a voice and hand for his native land,  
 And a soul unknown to fears ;  
 And his well-won praise, in the former days,  
 Was a part of the nation's fame—  
 For the title he bore on many a shore  
 Shone high with Liberty's name !

Then dark grew the hours ! Base, treacherous powers  
 Long ruled by corruption and guile ;  
 We triumphed—our trust was trampled in dust,  
 A traitor had made us his spoil !  
 Our credit was fled, our industry dead,  
 The wide wings of commerce were furled,  
 And the deeds we had done, the renown we had won,  
 Were a taunt and a jeer to the world !

And the profits of vice were bought at a price,  
 And infamy carelessly borne,  
 And error was rife in the highways of life,  
 And the by-paths were planted with thorn ;  
 And comfort had gone from the cold hearth-stone,  
 And sorrow came in like the sea—  
 For confidence then from the hearts of men,  
 Seemed sadly forever to flee.

Yet brightly and high on the darkened sky  
 There streamed a broad banner of light,  
 And He of the West, from his bold, stern breast,  
 Flung out a loud voice to the night :  
 " O sons of the brave by mountain and wave !  
 Oh, bartered—dishonored—undone !—  
 Yet why ?—when ye stand on your native land,  
 Where the battles of freedom were won !

" *Who* trample ye down, and laugh at your frown ?  
*Who* deem ye so easy to bind ?  
*Who* talk of relief, then sneer at your grief  
 When their promise proves vain as the wind ?  
 And are ye then sold for a price that is told ?  
 Still know ye the soil of your birth ?  
 O men ! ye are strong to right the wrong—  
*Fling down the usurpers to earth !*"

So looks he afar to the field of war,  
 And he calls to the homes of the free,  
 And the nation awakes, as a tempest shakes  
 The woods and the mighty sea ;  
 And the beacon-lights fade on the heights  
 As the hill-tops brighten with day,  
 And the valleys ring out to the mountain's shout—  
 " Prosperity, freedom, and CLAY !"

Oh ! ever be blest, thou chief of the West,  
 While the evening-star hangs bright !  
 We'll go with thee on till the battle be won  
 For our country, the truth, and right !

## CANZONET.

MAID, 'mid the autumn leaves  
 Weeping alone !  
 Why do thy ceaseless tears  
 Wet the gray stone ?  
 Is it a father's loss  
 Seal'd in thy breast ?  
 Is it a mother laid  
 Early to rest ?

Or hast thou a sister  
 Remember'd in Heaven ?  
 Or have friends to the dark earth  
 The lips of love given ?—  
 Maid, 'mid the autumn leaves  
 Weeping alone !  
 Why do thy ceaseless tears  
 Wet the gray stone ?

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVELS.

THERE are many things of diversified interest in the north of Ireland, both in the inhabitants and in the scenery, whether of land or water; and the Irish character is always a pleasant study.

We left Glasgow, in a steamer, at four o'clock of a pleasant day, and sailed rapidly down the Clyde. The spires and smoke of the city were soon left behind us, but the spirit of the great emporium of commerce and manufactures was all the way visible in great pillars of smoke rising above it; and hundreds of black steamers, and sloops with sails nearly as black, were plying up and down the river; and the banks everywhere gave forth the full hum of busy life.

A hearty, good-looking Scotch burgher sat next to me, and occasionally pointed out the objects of interest on the shore.

"Yon' white monument's to the memory of Watt, him that made the steam-engin'. He was a benefactor."

I ventured a remark about Fulton's labors in that line, but he seemed never to have heard of him. We soon came in sight of Dumbarton castle, a memorable fortress, associated with Bruce, and other glorious names in Scotland. It is situated on a rock some hundreds of feet high, which seems to have been made by nature for the express purpose of protecting the river. The last rays of the sun were falling upon the old gray walls, and the troops were beating the evening reveillé as we passed. Observing the evident pleasure with which I gazed upon the scene, the old Scotchman turned to me, and, with a quiet smile, observed:

"Ay, it's a braw sight! And so is war alway, till the broken banes and brakin' taxes tell its cost; but, then, there's mony a man wad rather be marched after with the funeral-drum and a train o' soldiers on a distant shore, than be buried a few years later by a plain procession o' his ain townsmen, and the auld kirk service."

I made no immediate reply to this singular comment upon the passion for glory "e'en at the cannon's mouth;" but our subsequent conversation showed

my companion eloquent upon the useful arts of peace and the evil effects of war.

There were some twenty or thirty cabin passengers, and, on the forward decks, some sixty or seventy Irish laborers, returning from the harvest in England. The men, women, and children were huddled together, in rags, wretchedness, and filth, apparently making their stumps of pipes serve the place of victual and drink; and for this purpose they gathered up with avidity every cigar-stump the passengers threw away. There was a great glistening of eyes when a few bottles of whiskey were added to their supply of creature comforts! They laughed and joked with each other, and made their very rags a subject of sport.

The steward's bell summoned us to dinner, and about twelve of us took our seats at a neatly-laid table, in a cabin more tastefully painted and adorned than is usual on English steamers. The captain, a fine-looking old Scotchman, reverently asked a blessing, in which every one joined with, as I thought, increased earnestness from having just left the half-starved laborers on deck. I could not but feel the full force of Burns's blessing:

"Some ha' meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we ha' meat, and we can eat,  
And so let God be thanket."

There was ham, and Scotch mutton—the best in the world—and dishes of smoking potatoes bursting open with desire to be eaten, and huge sirloins of beef, from which the juice flowed at every turn of the knife. It was well the poor fellows above could not look on: the wretched condition of Tantalus would have been illustrated in a large number of very ragged cases.

By degrees, the conversation became general, the captain taking the lead, and the topics being constantly varied—the free church, the state of Ireland, and the merits of potatoes—and, finally, when the crackers and cheese, the decanter of mountain-dew, the sugar and hot water,

had been brought on, every one seemed to be on the best possible terms with himself and his neighbor. They were all, except myself, bound to Londonderry, which was the destination of the steamer, and they appeared to be plain farmers, or traders, in and about that place, with the exception of my friend the old burgher, who was a manufacturer at Glasgow. Anecdote and story-telling now became the order of the day, or rather night; and, finding that I was bound to the Causeway, they each contributed their share of information for my guidance. All the traditions concerning it were told over—how the giant Fingal had commenced building it in order to cross to Scotland, but he did not lay the foundations well, and it sunk into the sea—or, perhaps, he had given it up in despair—the legend went both ways; how, too, the Spanish armada fired into a part of the basaltic-bound coast, thinking it a fortress. They came afterwards to more veritable history, relating all the pugnacious feuds between the McQuillans who originally owned the country, and the McDonalds, who now possess it, by which it seemed that McDonald, being a powerful leader of a gallant band of highlanders, seeking occupation in a warlike way, assisted McQuillan to fight his neighbor; in return for which kindness the latter invited the whole clan to his castle of Dunluce; but McDonald found his quarters so comfortable, that he first made love to the old man's daughter, and then, with her assistance, defeated all plans which McQuillan laid to get rid of him, till, at last, the proprietor was glad to give up possession to his guest.

When we returned to the deck it was quite dark—a cold wind was blowing from the land—a few sea-sick passengers were lying about upon the settees, and the Irish harvesters were crouched together, wrapped up in awnings and old sails, and, for the most part, fast asleep. We were nearly off that part of the coast where the Causeway lies; but I was told that it was difficult to distinguish the columns even in the daytime, the whole coast being for miles formed of the same material.

At about twelve o'clock we entered the harbor of Port Rush, distant a few miles from the Causeway, where I committed myself and trunk to the care of a solitary porter, who conducted me to quite a spacious hotel; but the beds were all

occupied, so I camped down on a settee in the coffee-room, and, wrapping my cloak around me, was soon fast asleep. I arose at five o'clock, and finding no one up, unlocked the front door and wandered forth to look at the town, which I had concluded, from the appearance of the hotel, must be a place of some importance. My astonishment was of course proportionable at finding nothing but mud hovels around me. They were well whitewashed, however, and had an appearance of neatness which I have not seen since. Few of their occupants were yet out; the very pigs were snugly asleep around the doors. I found finally a straggler with a pick-axe on his shoulder, on his way to work upon a bit of road they were cutting through a hill. On asking him a few questions, he answered civilly, and, finding I was a stranger, seemed disposed to do the honors. He told me that it was a very thriving place—the people were all Protestants, and “as industrious a set as ye'll find in all the county of Antrim.”

“Are you repealers?”

“No indade, sir—devil a bit do we care for O'Connell here!”

“Have you any thing like a bookstore here?”

“A bookshore! ye'll find one, maybe, at Coleraine, a few miles off. Did you want a histryory, sir?”

“No, a map of Ireland, or of the county.”

“Is't a map ye want? For the matter of the county of Antrim, I can tell ye the way as well as any map can. See here, sir—here's Port Rush, (marking with his pick on the sand,) that's this place, sir; and there's Ballylough, that's five miles; and there's Ballycastle, that's a thriffe more than tin miles; and there's the Causeway—ye'll see the Causeway, sir!—and there's Coleraine, that's in the county of Derry. Is there any other place ye'd like to see, sir?”

“No, I thank you; you are well entitled to the shilling I should have paid for the map.”

Returning to the hôtel, the door of which was ornamented on each side by a pillar from the Causeway, I ordered breakfast, and immediately after mounted a jaunting car, (a queer vehicle, looking like two settees placed back to back upon wheels, with resting-places for the feet,) and was off at a brisk trot for the great point of interest. My driver, a bright little Irishman, entertained me

constantly by his accounts of the people who lived here, nearly all of whom he knew, and whose intelligence and prosperity, as compared with those who lived further south, he was extremely anxious to impress upon my memory.

"It's only in the south, sir, where the praists is, that they care about rapale; and, troth to tell, sir, it's hard to see where's the good they'll get out of it, down about Dublin.—Get along with ye! ye've ate too much braikfust to carry ye'r weight! He's a good horse, sir, when he gets a start—seeing, as I was a saying, that the parlyment can't make bread, sir, and that's the most—(how do ye do, Misther M'Kane!)—that's wanting, sir. They're a saying that it will kape the landlords more at home—(what are ye ather, shying so, for? If ye was a man I should think ye'd been a taking a dthrop too much!)—and maybe they would, sir; but it's not much of their rints they'd be a spinning at home, sir, except at the time of elaiashun. I'm thinking they'd find the wurth of money better at Dublin or London."

"Take care that ye don't be a falling off with ye'r legs a danglin' that way, my darling!" exclaimed a bare-legged, thick-set Pat, who was driving his cow along the road.

"It's grateful ye may be that it's not yerself behind me horse's heels, seein' it's none but jintlemen he's used to draw."

So he rattled on, now enlightening me on the subject of repeal politics and the country at large, and now turning to exchange a joke with passers-by on the road. In about an hour we arrived at Dunluce castle, (the scene of the McDonald and McQuillan feud,) and were immediately surrounded by about fifty ragged urchins, offering to act as guides, each with his well-thumbed book of recommendations. I selected the best-looking of them, in whose book I found several familiar names. A rocky island, about seventy feet in diameter, rises abruptly from the sea to the height of one hundred feet, and at a distance of only about ten feet from the land, so that on that side there is a deep gulf into which it might be dangerous for a man of weak nerves to look while crossing the frail bridge of boards, with the sea roaring in a perfect whirlpool among the rocks below. Upon this island is seated all that remains of the castle of Dunluce. Portions of the rock are much wider at the top than at the bottom, and a part

of it broke off one stormy night, carrying away with it a portion of the castle in which several girls were sleeping; whereupon the rest of the occupants wisely deserted it, and the place has been left to go to ruin. So strongly is it built, however, that but few of its towers have yet fallen, though the hand of time has been busy with them for many centuries. It is a somewhat picturesque ruin, full of interest to the antiquary, though it does not appear to have been more than two stories high, and has not all that striking effect which we see in the more lofty towers of Scotch and English ruins. It belongs to the Earls of Antrim, who are descendants of the McDonalds, and also own the Causeway, to which we now proceeded, about two miles further on. The guide mounted the jaunting car by my side, and began to tell me all about the Antrim family.

"They are a good family in the most part, sir, and arn't over nard on their tinants; but they thrayten a writ against any poor fellow who stales a bit o' the Causeway; so, sir, if ye should want a column shipped for you to ornament ye'r libreery, and give an idea of the mather to others, jest be careful to spake to me privately, and won't I get one out in the night time for ye? It's the only way in which we can get at 'em, sir. Bein' a nathral curiosity, it's wrong they should kape it all to themselves, and I don't think it staling, do you, sir!"

The idea of such an act of ownership over the Causeway, struck me very much as would the possession by an individual of a fee simple in the falls of Niagara; and I could not help coinciding with the guide, although I was informed afterwards that the practice of carrying away columns had become so general as to make such a regulation necessary in order to preserve the best ones.

We stopped at a small bay, where a large boat with six stout oarsmen was ready to take us out to the front of the Causeway. We were followed to the water's side by a great number of boys, each of whom had some crystal or other minerals which they had picked up in the neighborhood, and which they insisted upon selling to you, taking no refusal. A man with a gun and powder-horn, for whom we had been waiting, having at last arrived, we pushed off and were pulled over a heavy sea around to the front of the bank, which formed a wall of dark rock, here and there vary-

ing in height, and with a slightly undulating surface, having the appearance of huge columns, and now and then split into wide fissures. Into one of these clefts we were rowed, and found ourselves in a cavern some hundred yards in depth, the basaltic sides running into a point at the top at a height of ninety feet, and giving an appearance not unlike that of a Gothic entrance. This basalt, of which the coast for twenty miles is formed, is a very close-grained, heavy stone, of a dark gray color, at times approaching to black. Its principal component parts are iron and flint, and it is susceptible of a beautiful polish. In many places it has a degree of natural polish which gives it a brilliant appearance when lighted up. The aspect of the Giant's Cave, as we entered its dark recesses, was truly beautiful. The sun's rays, just peeping in at the mouth, caused a delicate tint to be reflected along the natural vaulting, and as the sea broke from one side of the entrance to the other, we could now and then in looking back discover a rainbow in the spray so formed. The gun was now brought into use, and echo repeated its report some half-dozen times with what seemed a kind of ringing-metallic sound.

Coming out of the cave, we returned to the place from which we started, and landed the man with the gun, who, by way of eliciting a larger fee, told me that he had a wife and seven children to support by his business as echo-maker. Putting out again, we rounded a sort of promontory, and came in full sight of the long projecting mole forming the Causeway. As is almost always the case with objects of which we have heard so much, the first sensation was that of disappointment. I had heard it compared to a great stone-yard or quarry full of hewn rock; and at a little distance the comparison holds good. But as you approach, it has more the appearance of a huge castle or fortification, portions of which have fallen down; and when you are directly in front of it, the comparison ceases entirely, for it looks like nothing that I have ever seen. Thousands of columns rise one above another from the height of one foot to sixty, over a space of perhaps five acres. In the back ground you may see the palisades of the Hudson,—gradually changing from a rough to a smooth surface, in which long lines, as it were, of columns in embryo, are to be traced—and finally breaking into

perfect pentagonal or hexagonal pillars, in clusters and unequal lines, as if the porticoes and projections of a hundred Grecian temples had been suddenly thrown together by the fantastic architecture of Nature. And this is gradually lost in the ocean's depths, forming, in all probability, a connection with Fingal's Cave in Staffa, and the similar formations on the Scottish coast. The columns, as every one knows, are found divided at intervals of four or five inches, each of which divisions is found, on separation, to fit into the one above it like a ball into its socket.

Passing around the Causeway, we entered a little opening in a side of the mole, where the water was comparatively smooth; and where, ascending a pair of stairs, which had been formed by removing portions of columns, we found ourselves on a comparatively even surface at the top. The rolling of the sea had made me sick, and this was a great relief. As an additional remedy, the guide advised me to drink some whiskey at the Giant's well, a curious spring issuing from the joints of the columns, near the uppermost part of the Causeway. An old woman was sitting there to deal out the favorite liquor, with which an Irishman so well loves to flavor his water. She was, in appearance, a sort of mediate creation between Meg Merrilies and Norna of the Fitful-Head. She wore a red flannel petticoat, above which a man's coat of the largest size was held together by buttons of various colors and kinds. Over this was fastened an old red cloak of coarse stuff, with a hood attached, which had fallen back. Her long half-gray hair was brought round from behind her ears in two strands, and tied in a knot under her chin, in a kind of hangman's cravat. A pair of capacious feet, in Nature's shoes, peeped out from under her gown. She was very tall, and her whole appearance, from a distance, might have led one to believe her a descendant of the traditional builders of the Causeway and the Giant's Cave. When we first saw her she was walking about with a stick in her hand, scolding two or three boys for some matter of offence. The tatterdemalions seemed to have been on the look-out for strangers, tumbling forwards in a body to sell me their crystals and spars, while Meg herself proceeded to uncork her bottle and wash the tumbler, all the while vociferating, "Take a dhrop of potheen! take a dhrop of

potheen! It's good, and no desait nor mixin'."

I accepted the proffered tumbler. It had a most unpleasant taste of smoke and soot, which with the Irish is a great recommendation. I threw her a sixpence, however, which, of course, called forth a shower of blessings, and walked away. When I afterwards looked back and saw her with hood on head and cane in hand, I could not resist the idea that there was something supernatural about the old crone, and half expected to see her walk down to where the Giant's pavement has sunk beneath the sea.

We went on to inspect the more curious formations. Columns are to be found of almost every prism, though the greater part are five and six sided. The different clusters are distinguished by various names—such as the Giant's Organ, the Giant's Chair, and other Titanic titles. The guide took great pains to point out every part to me, and seemed apprehensive that I would be disappointed.

"It's only by these close inspaictions, sir, that a gentleman can understand the wonderful nathur ov the work."

"How do you suppose these columns came here?"

"Indade, sir, an' that's more than I can tell, or any other man. Many jaol-ogists and learned men has been here, and puzzled their brains about it, but afther all they can only say that God made it, and that's the troth."

There is, indeed, a mystery about the workings of nature here, which gives an interest different from that with which we view other objects far more impressive to the eye. It is something so different from any thing we have ever seen before; so evidently natural, and yet so near an approach to art, that the mind is filled with speculation and astonishment; and, when we have conned over all the theories on the subject, there still seems to be so much that is unsatisfactory, that we are led to content ourselves with the conclusion of the guide, that the Deity made it, without undertaking to say through the agency of what convulsion it was brought about.

In justice to the geologists, however, it ought to be remarked, that they are not without a very plausible theory on the subject. They have mostly agreed, that this is an ancient torrent of lava, which, suddenly precipitated into the sea, would separate into spherical bodies while in the process of cooling, when

acted upon by peculiar magnetic forces; and by constant pressure against each other, while yet in a soft state, and the tendency of flint and iron to crystallization, they might gradually assume the form of oblong prisms. This view is not without its difficulties, but it has more arguments in its favor than most others, though, as we are not writing for the scientific, we shall not enter into the merits of the question. The learned professor of geology at Yale College informed the writer that there are similar formations to be seen at Mount Tom, near Northampton, in Massachusetts, where every thing indicates former volcanic action; but at no place are they so numerous or perfect as at the Giant's Causeway.

We now returned to the boat, where we found the men taking their comfort with lighted pipes. We directed our course towards another small headland, east of the Causeway. It required the utmost exertions of the oarsmen to make much headway against the heavy billows, for it was now high tide, and the sea was breaking furiously over all the lower columns, leaving a long line of foam and spray at their base, that greatly heightened the effect, as we moved away, of the vast, bold colonnades and the dark rock above. I gazed with intense interest upon the columns, as they faded by distance, and at last became blended with the masses piled above; and, as we rounded the point, it was with reluctance that I bade adieu to this object, the last appearance of which so much exceeded the first. There was a solemnity and wildness about the whole scene, which absorbed all my thoughts, and led me to pay little attention to the constant comments of the guide upon the beauty of this or that particular point. He seemed at last to comprehend my feelings, exclaiming:

"Sure and ov little use is it for me to be a talking to ye'r honor, when ye'r own refaiction will sarve you betther than any tongue of mine could!"

We were now out some quarter of a mile from the shore, and had a fine view of the coast for some miles, till cut off by the high bluff of Bengore Head, projecting into the sea. One continuous seawall here presented itself to the eye, all of dark basaltic rock, varying from one to five hundred feet high; in some places presenting the appearance of a vast fortress, with its towers and pinnacles—in

others, capped by cliffs and jagged points formed by the falling out of the rocks below; here cut into terraces, or shelves, on some of which a small quantity of earth and stunted vegetation had collected—and there, split into huge fissures, through some of which, over piles of fallen rocks, a glimpse could be caught of the country beyond; and from others a light cloud of spray arose, caused by the leaping of some light waterfall over the giddy height. Flocks of sea-birds were flying into and out of the deep crevices, but no other sign of life was seen, except a solitary cow chewing her cud above, and apparently watching our progress. As if on purpose to add to the loneliness of the scene, a small dark cloud had settled over this very spot. I remarked that it must be a bad place for shipwrecks. This made the whole crew eloquent at once. Each had some story to tell of terrible disasters which had happened in this quarter—of vessels which had gone to pieces at midnight on the rocks, of shrieks heard through the tempest, and bodies found in the morning strown along the foot of the crags. But they all talked together, with every possible pitch of voice, and it was not easy to make out any consecutive meaning.

Steering for a sort of cave or opening in the bank, we ascended a steep hill above the ocean.

“Look here, sir,” said the guide, pointing to a place that jutted two hundred feet over the sea. “Isn’t that below a steep place? And would ye think, sir, that any thing could go over there and kape the life in him?”

“Hardly.”

“Well, sir, it’s the troth I’m goin’ to tell ye. There was Dinnis Slater, (he was one of thim in the boat,) had a bull that was the fiercest crathur in the county. And one night two boys from Bushmills was out here huntin’ for a sthray cow; and they had two tirrible great dogs. Off there, by thim stouns, they saw the cow—as they consaited. ‘There she is!’ says they. ‘Oo-w-oo!’ says the bull, bellerin’ low. ‘No, tisn’t!’ says they, and run; and the bull run afther ’em—and they set the dogs on, and there was a mischav’us fight. The bull worrid them a dale, and they worrid the bull a dale—for if one got on his horn, the other was bitin’ on his neck, or tearin’ him behind. Finally he refiaicted, Isn’t it bothersome fitin’ two at the

once? So he whirlt one up wid his horn, thin thrampled him all down whin he fell wid both his feet, afore the cur kim to his sinses. Thin he turned on the second—and the second run away—whist! how he run—and the bull afther him—and they wint it round and round in a circle, an’ closer an’ closer on the edge; and the bull got dizzy and didn’t mind his footin’—the crazy fool!—till over he wint, and the boys heard a dale of bellerin’ and a splash, but they couldn’t see nothin’, for ’twas too dim, faith, to see a church for to know it. And they wint home and told Dinnis his bull had gone over the rocks; and the next mornin’ Dinnis came here, thinkin’ he might get out his boat and save the ould carcass, for he tho’t, in coorse, the crithur was dead; but what was his wondher when he see the bull solimnly standin’ in the wather up to his neck, sufferin’ no spacial inconvaniance exsaipt from the dampness—and when it saw Dinnis it looked up and bellered, as much as to say, ‘Kin and hilp me, you spalpeen, who’ve been a slaapin’ all night, while I’ve been nigh drownin’!’ And troth, sir, it was wondherfull how the crathur had lighted on the only sandy standin’-place there was amongst the rocks, where he would not have been knocked to paices; but isn’t it the more strange that he should have iver got down there with the breath in him?—and indade, Dinnis said it was because he was dhrunk with dizziness; and you know dhrunken men niver get hurt in a fall, sir! and faith, Dinnis himself’s an example of that, for he’s dhrunk the bull’s health tin times a day, ever sinse! But it took the consait out of the bull—intirely!”

Such was the guide’s story. It will serve, as would a thousand others which any traveller in Ireland would hear, to show the fondness of the Irish for incessant chat and story-telling on all occasions, a trait which Lover has, I was surprised to find, described with so little exaggeration.

The extreme absence of all substantial property among the common people of Ireland constantly appears from the ideas they seem to entertain when one happens to possess a little. On leaving the scene of the above story, we passed over a potato field which gave assurance of our being near what my guide termed the “Great Causeway Hotel.” He added that its proprietor was a very thriving man, having become “intire-

owner of a house, three acres of ground, a horse, two cows, and a dacent wife."

Observing a large sign swinging from a pole, with "Giant's Causeway Hotel" upon it, I looked around for the edifice to which it referred, but saw nothing except what I supposed to be a stable or shed. On nearer approach it proved to be a mud cabin of a larger size than ordinary, with a board roof instead of a thatched one; and this it was which rejoiced in the name and title aforesaid.\* We walked at once into one of the two rooms. A bright peat fire was burning on the hearth, or rather on that part of the mud floor which was under the chimney, and over it was a huge pot in which some potatoes were boiling. In front of the fire stood the owner of the establishment, who was introduced to me as Mr. McGannon, a tall, well-proportioned man, with a good-looking countenance, although somewhat marked with the small-pox. He had just returned from a visit to Belfast, which perhaps accounted for his being very well dressed in a suit of blue cloth, with well-polished boots, presenting altogether a buckish appearance—quite out of place considering the appearance of every thing else. Near the door was a dresser, formed by driving sticks into the floor and laying an old shutter across; and here his wife, a red-haired, fair-featured young woman, in a loose calico gown, with bare feet, was engaged in clearing up the tin vessels, and, from the bright polish of the two or three she had finished and hung up, it was apparent that she understood her business. Children were running about out of doors without the encumbrance of much clothing except a loose shirt; I understood them to be mementoes of a former wife, the present hostess being, comparatively, a bride. A table, chest, one chair, and two or three benches completed the furniture of the public room of the "Giant's Causeway Hotel." A peep into an adjoining apartment about five feet square, in which were some straw and blankets, told that the owner enjoyed the unusual luxury here of a separate sleeping-room. We were welcomed by the landlord, who drew out the chair for my accommodation.

"Is't sick you are, sir? It's ofthen the case with those who are not used to

the wather. But a little quiet will cure ye, sir."

The guide walked up to the fire, and unceremoniously thrusting a fork into the pot, took out a potato, which he broke in two, and sprinkling on a little salt with his fingers, disposed of it in three mouth-fuls. "Maybe, sir, you're not used to 'ating potathoes alone in so plain a way?"

"Perhaps the jintleman 'll thry one?" said Mr. McGannon. "It 'll settle ye'r stomach, sir;" and selecting a large one, he handed it to me with a wooden platter of salt. It was a splendid potato; the rich mealy substance, just peeping through the dark skin where it had burst open, fed the imagination. I was just taking another, when a large pig entered the cabin with an extraordinary air of ownership in the premises.

"Ah, Toby, did ye smell the praties?" said his master. "Well, an' ye shall have one," he added, taking the largest out of the pot. The "guest at home" opened his mouth, and the landlord tossed the hot edible with such force down his throat as very naturally gave rise to a half-suppressed squeal of pain. Coughing it up with great haste, and mizzling it on the ground for cooling, he commenced operations in a quiet way, and seemed to be of the same opinion with myself as to its merits.

It was altogether a scene for a painter, the landlord, the guide, the pig, and myself, each discussing his potato, the intrinsic merits of the vegetable being heightened by the quiet running comments of Mr. McGannon on its wholesomeness, which he could more fully appreciate since his visit to Belfast, where the variety and luxuries had come near making him sick.

It is singular what a hold upon the memory little things of this kind obtain, when matters of far more real claims to interest fade entirely away. I never think of the Causeway without coupling it with the potato in the Irishman's cabin. I was told that they generally cooked about a bushel a day, once in a while throwing in a little bit of pork, and in the fishing season toasting a few herrings, "or, what is better, a salmon." And Mr. McGannon was a prosperous man, the envy of many of his neighbors!

\* I was afterwards informed that there is a very good one on the other side of the Causeway.

## MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S ONEÖTA.\*

Those who feel any interest in the character, customs, traditions, and melancholy history of the Indian tribes, are under great obligation to the labors of Mr. Schoolcraft. By long residence and extended travels among them, for the most part in an official connection, he has had the greatest advantages for gathering accurate knowledge on every point connected with them; and he has pursued his researches through the greater part of his life, in a manner that entitles him to the warm confidence of the public. Facts are of more importance on these topics than any speculations or abstract argument. We never can know the real nature of the Indian, in all the aspects and conditions of his wilderness life, till we have gathered from the widest range of inquiry, ample data on which to build our conclusions. It is idle to write or speak otherwise. The great merit of Mr. Schoolcraft's writings is, that he gives us facts; if he makes deductions, they are such as previously presented data render probable. And the most valuable part of the information he has given us, is not respecting the mere physical traits, customs, or history of the Red Men, of which writers of sketches and travels are always speaking. His aim has been far higher and more difficult—to open to us the world of the Indian's mind and spiritual emotions. This he has effected to some extent by scattered observations in his several books of travels, but more successfully in some small volumes entitled "*Algie Researches*," a collection of simple, at times grotesque, but exceedingly imaginative Arab-like stories, which give us access, indirectly, and therefore the more certainly, to many of the Indian's opinions hitherto kept concealed by his impenetrable reserve.

Some months since, a specimen sheet was issued of an extended work, to be called "*Cyclopædia Indianensis*," and designed to embrace every thing that can be known about the race. Such a work

would be invaluable—to those, certainly, who take any interest at all in the subject; and it ought to meet with encouragement. As it has never appeared, we suppose the encouragement was not afforded, nor any prospect of it,—an issue which does not redound greatly to the honor of the community.

The present publication under the title of *Oneöta*, the first number of which is before us, appears to be an attempt to see how far the public will extend favor to a part of the plan. The name, belonging to the tribe of the Oneidas, and signifying "the people sprung from a rock," seems a very partial and fanciful one for a work treating of the entire race. It may do, however, for its indefiniteness, since we know nothing about their origin.

We cannot so easily excuse the extremely irregular arrangement of the contents of the work; at least, so far as the present number is a specimen. The materials are all good, but seem thrown in, and stewed up together into a kind of *ollapodrida*, very unpleasant to a reader of books. It would seem, in fact, that a bundle of notes, collected at random for many years, were handed in to the printer, and flung into type without further ordering. But this weighs little against the real excellence of the collection: there is nothing in it which has not its interest, or is not classically written.

The first few pages are occupied, under the title of *Tales of a Wigwam*, with two or three curious traditional stories, such as make up the "*Algie Researches*." It is not generally known that the Indians possessed this story-telling faculty to so great a degree as appears by late inquiries. The earliest satisfactory information on this point is due to Mr. Schoolcraft, who first made it distinctly known in the "*Researches*" mentioned above; and it is now discovered that the Indian has in reality a most vivid imagination, and that wild and mysterious tales form their favorite recreation in the languid leisure of summer, or around

\* ONEÖTA, or the Red Race of America: their history, traditions, customs, poetry, picture-writing, &c., in extracts from notes, journals, and other unpublished writings. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, author of "*Travels to the Sources of the Mississippi*," "*Algie Researches*," "*Expedition to Itasca Lake*," &c. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co., 222 Broadway.

their wigwam fires in the winter evenings. There are, in fact, especially throughout the north-west, professed story-tellers, as among the Arabs, who employ themselves by the hour with gathering circles of savage listeners around, and telling over their strange fictions, which they relate in an infinite diversity, garnishing them with new wonders at every fresh recital. Many of these, it is probable, had once a foundation in fact; but intrusted, as they are, only to oral preservation, inevitable obscurity soon magnifies and distorts them, and the more so, that each narrator considers it as concerning his honor to make his hero as wonderful as possible, exaggerating his exploits accordingly. Already, among the north-western tribes, the great efforts of Pontiac, Little-Turtle, and Tecumseh, are diversified in narration with a thousand feats which they never performed.

The remainder of the number is filled with a medley of interesting matter, anecdotes, antiquarian extracts, historical and biographical notices, personal reminiscences, and scattered remarks on Indian character, distinguished by great justness of philosophical perception; together with some observations on Indian names among us, and the first part of an extended article on what has had almost no attention given to it by others, the picture-writing and mnemonic symbols of the race. Most of these are fruitful and attractive topics of remark. The Indian system of hieroglyphics especially, and geographical terminology in North America, are deserving of more particular investigation than has ever been given to them.

The most interesting chapter, however, is the first of a projected series on Indian music, songs, and poetry, in connection with their dancing. A wide inquiry would show that all nations are accustomed to dancing, and to some kind of singing or rude chanting. Farther inquiry would make it evident that there can be no kind of chanting without some sort of melody in the accompanying words, so that all nations, where they employ any words with their singing, must use some species of versification, however unregulated. But all nations have not the Indian's naturally poetic mind, leading him to the frequent use of apposite imagery, and the question comes at once—To what extent is the Indian, with his continual song-singing, a maker of poetry? On these points, Mr. School-

craft has many clear and satisfactory remarks:—

“Dancing is both an amusement and a religious observance among the American Indians, and is known to constitute one of the most wide-spread traits in their manners and customs. It is accompanied, in all cases, with singing, and, omitting a few cases, with the beating of time on instruments. Tribes the most diverse in language, and situated at the greatest distances apart, concur in this. It is believed to be the ordinary mode of expressing intense passion or feeling on any subject, and it is a custom which has been persevered in, with the least variation, through all the phases of their history, and probably exists among the remote tribes precisely at this time as it did in the era of Columbus. It is observed to be the last thing abandoned by bands and individuals in their progress to civilization and Christianity.

“Every one has heard of the war dance, the medicine dance, the wabeno dance, the dance of honor, (generally called the begging dance,) and various others, each of which has its appropriate movement, its air, and its words. There is no feast, and no religious ceremony among them, which is not attended with dancing and songs. Thanks are thus expressed for success in hunting, for triumphs in war, and for ordinary providential cares. Public opinion is called to pressing objects by a dance, at which addresses are made, and, in fact, moral instructions and advice are given to the young in the course of their being assembled at social feasts and dances. The priests and prophets have, more than any other class, cultivated their national songs and dances, and may be regarded as the skalds and poets of the tribes. They are generally the composers of the songs, and the leaders in the dance and ceremonies, and it is found that their memories are the best stored, not only with the sacred songs and chants, but also with the traditions and general lore of the tribes.

“The instances where singing is adopted without dancing, are nearly confined to occurrences of a domestic character.—Among these are wails for the dead, and love-songs of a simple and plaintive character. Maternal affection evinces itself by singing words to a cheerful air, over the slumbers of the child, which being suspended in a kind of cradle, receives at the same time a vibratory motion. Children have likewise certain chants, which they utter in the evenings, while playing around the lodge door, or at other seasons of youthful hilarity. Some of the Indian fables are in the shape of duets, and the songs introduced in narrating their fictitious tales, are always sung in the recital.”

But though their songs are thus common, it is singular how few accurate specimens we actually have of them. Mr. Schoolcraft has remarked on the causes in a manner to throw light on the exact nature of their songs:—

“Even after the difficulties of the notation have been accomplished, it is not easy to satisfy the requisitions of a correct taste and judgment in their exhibition. There is always a lingering fear of misapprehension, or misconception, on the part of the interpreter—or of some things being withheld by the never-sleeping suspicion, or the superstitious fear of disclosure, on the part of the Indian. To these must be added, the idiomatic and imaginative peculiarities of this species of wild composition—so very different from every notion of English versification. In the first place there is no unity of theme or plot, unless it be that the subject, war for instance, is kept in the singer's mind. In the next place both the narration and the description, when introduced, are very imperfect, broken, or disjointed. Prominent ideas flash out, and are dropped. These are often most striking and beautiful, but we wait in vain for any sequence. A brief allusion—a shining symbol, a burst of feeling or passion, a fine sentiment, or a bold assertion, come in as so many independent parts, and there is but little in the composition to indicate the leading theme, which is, as it were, kept in mental reserve by the singer. Popular or favorite expressions are often repeated, often transposed, and often exhibited with some new shade of meaning. The structure and flexibility of the language are highly favorable to this kind of wild improvisation. But it is difficult to translate, and next to impossible to preserve its spirit. Two languages more unlike in all their leading characteristics than the English and the Indian, were never brought into contact. The one monosyllabic, and nearly without inflections—the other polysyllabic, polysynthetic, and so full of inflections of every imaginative kind, as to be completely transpositive;—the one from the north of Europe, the other, probably, from Central Asia—it would seem that these families of the human race had not wandered wider apart in their location than they have in the sounds of their language, the accident of their grammar, and the definition of their words. So that to find equivalent single words in translation, appears often as hopeless as the quadrature of the circle.

“The great store-house of Indian imagery is the heavens. The clouds, the planets, the sun and moon, the phenomena of lightning, thunder, electricity, aerial sounds, electric or atmospheric; and the endless

variety produced in the heavens by light and shade, and by elemental action,—these constitute the fruitful themes of allusion in their songs and poetic chants. But they are mere allusions, or broken description, like touches on the canvass, without being united to produce a perfect object.

“In war excursions great attention is paid to the flight of birds, particularly those of the carnivorous species, which are deemed typical of war and bravery, and their wing and tail feathers are appropriated as marks of honor by the successful warrior. When the minds of a war party have been roused up to the subject, and they are prepared to give utterance to their feelings by singing and dancing, they are naturally led to appeal to the agency of this class of birds. Hence the frequent allusions to them in their songs.

“Generally the expressions are of an exalted and poetic character, but the remark before made of their efforts in song being discontinuous and abrupt, applies with peculiar force to the war songs. To speak of a brave man—of a battle—or the scene of a battle, or of the hovering of birds of prey above it, appears sufficient to bring up to the warrior's mind all the details consequent on personal bravery or heroic achievement. It would naturally be expected that they should delight to dwell on scenes of carnage and blood; but however this may be, all such details are omitted or suppressed in their war songs, which only excite ideas of noble daring.

The birds of the brave take a flight round  
the sky,

They cross the enemy's line,  
Full happy am I—that my body should fall  
Where brave men love to die.”

In fact, however, sufficient specimens of their songs are collected to show not only that they are sentimental, imaginative, poetic, but that they throw poetic expression into the forms of poetry. Mr. Schoolcraft, in the present collection, has given one, which, with the occasion of it, is certainly very pleasing, and contains many of the recognised turns of poetic expression. One thing is observable in it, as in nearly all their songs—a kind of repetition somewhat akin to the Hebrew parallelism:—

“In 1759, great exertions were made by the French Indian department, under Gen. Montcalm, to bring a body of Indians into the valley of the lower St. Lawrence, and invitations for this purpose reached the utmost shores of Lake Superior. In one of the canoes from that quarter—which was left on their way down at the Lake of Two Mountains, near the mouth of the Utawas,

while the warriors proceeded farther—was a Chippewa girl called Paig-wain-c-osh-e, or the White Eagle driven by the wind. While the party awaited there the result of events at Quebec, she formed an attachment for a young Algonquin belonging to the French mission of the Two Mountains. This attachment was mutual, and gave origin to the song, of which the original words, with a literal prose translation, are subjoined :

## I.

Ia indenaindum  
Ia indenaindum  
Ma kow we yah  
Nin denaindum we.

Ah me! when I think of him—when I think of him—my sweetheart, my Algonquin.

## II.

Pah bo je aun  
Ne be nau be koning  
Wabi megwissun  
Nene mooshain we  
Odishquagumee.

As I embarked to return, he put the white wampum around my neck—a pledge of truth, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.

## III.

Keguh wejewin  
Ain dah nuk ke yun  
Ningee egobun  
Nene mooshain we  
Odishquagumee.

I shall go with you, he said, to your native country—I shall go with you, my sweetheart—my Algonquin.

## IV.

Nia! nin de nah dush  
Wassahwud gushuh  
Aindahnuke yaun  
Ke yau ninemooshai wee  
Odishquagumee.

Alas! I replied—my native country is far, far away—my sweetheart; my Algonquin.

## V.

Kai aubik oween  
Ain aube aunin  
Ke we naubee  
Ne ne mooshai we  
Odishquagumee.

When I looked back again—where we parted, he was still looking after me, my sweetheart; my Algonquin

## VI.

Apec nay we ne bow  
Unishe bun  
Aungwash agushing  
Ne ne mooshai we  
Odishquagumee.

He was still standing on a fallen tree—that had fallen into the water, my sweetheart; my Algonquin.

## VII.

Nia! indenaindum  
Nia! indenaindum  
Ma kow we yuh  
Nin de nain dain we  
Odishquagumee.

Alas! when I think of him—when I think of him—it is when I think of him; my Algonquin."

Long, in his *Journal of an Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*, gives two or three fragments of love-songs which are very quaint and simple. The first appears to be the lover's:—

"Father—I love your daughter—  
Will you give her to me, I pray you?  
'The small roots of her heart shall entangle  
mine,  
And the strongest wind that blows,  
It never shall break them asunder."

The other is of the maiden herself; which, if sung openly, was hardly according to modern etiquette.

The last two lines contain a very beautiful comparison—the more so for its extreme suitableness—a quality in which, whatever others they may lack, Indian song and oratory always excel:—

"It is true, I love him only;  
For his heart is like the sweet sap  
That in spring-time runs from the sugar-  
tree,  
And is brother alone to the aspen-leaf  
That always lives and shivers."

Mr. Schoolcraft has given us, in another place, some simple words of Indian children to the lightning-bug, curious for the imaginative form of expression:—

"In the hot summer evenings, the children of the Chippewa Algonquins, along the shores of the upper lakes, and in the northern latitudes, frequently assemble before their parents' lodges, and amuse themselves by little chants of various kinds, with shouts and wild dancing. Attracted by such shouts of merriment and gambols, I walked out one evening, to a green lawn skirting the edge of the St. Mary's river, with the fall in full view, to get hold of the meaning of some of these chants. The air and the plain were literally sparkling with the phosphorescent light of the fire-fly. By dint of attention, repeated on one or two occasions, the following succession of words was caught. They were addressed to this insect:

Wau wau tay see!  
 Wau wau tay see!  
 E mow e shin  
 Tshe bwau ne baun-e wee!  
 Be eghaun—be eghaun—ewee!  
 Wa Wau tay see!  
 Wa wau tay see!  
 Was sa koon ain je gun  
 Was sa koon ain je gun.

Flitting-white-fire-insect! waving-white-fire-bug! give me light before I go to bed! give me light before I go to sleep. Come, little dancing-white-fire-bug! Come, little flitting-white-fire-beast! Light me with your bright white-flame-instrument—your little candle.

Metre there was none, at least, of a regular character: they were the wild improvisations of children in a merry mood."

As a farther illustration of the real elements of poetry native with the Indians—especially that perfect simplicity of pathos which makes numerous passages and little snatches of stories in the Bible so exceedingly touching, and which is found the most, and in the greatest purity, among nations not highly cultivated—the following unaffected lament may be cited. It was obtained a great distance in the north-west—the plaint of an Indian mother, by Athabasca Lake,

nearly a thousand miles beyond the waters of Lake Superior:—

"My son! my son!—why hast thou left me?  
 Oh! where hast thou gone, my child—  
 To what strange land and people?  
 Poor boy! so young—so young, and taken  
 away so soon!

Who now will hold thy head?  
 Who now will prepare thy food?  
 Who now will lull thee to rest,  
 And lay thee to sleep on the moss?

Of what avail was my care?  
 I watched by thee all the night,  
 I gave to thee herbs from the plain,  
 But nothing could save thee, or keep thee!  
 Why hast thou thus left me, my child!  
 Ah! where art thou gone, my boy!"

But we have not space for further illustrations or remarks. The general subject is one which will bear recurring to.

We trust such a reception will be given to the numbers of *Oneöta*, of which we understand there will be six or eight, as to encourage the author to edit soon the long-projected "*Indian Cyclopædia*." Such a work, if rightly executed, would be the most valuable by far that has ever appeared on the character, history, customs, feelings, and opinions of the aboriginal race.

## INFLUENCE OF THE TRADING SPIRIT UPON THE SOCIAL AND MORAL LIFE OF AMERICA.

THOSE influences which affect the characters of a whole people are less observed, although more important, than such as are peculiar to classes or individuals. The exertions which one may make to protect himself from error, or demeaning influences, are sometimes rendered ineffectual from his ignorance of the tremendous biases which he receives from a corrupt public opinion; as the most careful observations of the mariner are sometimes vitiated by an unknown current which insensibly drifts him from his supposed position. What everybody does in our own community, we are apt to suppose to be universal with men; and universal custom is, by general consent, not to be disputed. We are not disposed to suspect public opin-

ion, or to question common custom.—Nay, we do not even, for the most part, distinguish between a prevailing sentiment and an innate idea—between a universal or national habit and a law of nature. The customs of the city in which we are brought up seem to most persons of divine appointment. We are apt to account a foreigner who prefers (in accordance with his own national manners and prejudices) a different division of the day, different hours at the table, a different style of dress, as almost immoral. This proves how little aware we may be of the nature of the social habits and sentiments which greatly influence our characters. We propose to offer a few observations upon some of our national habits and tendencies.

There is but one thing to discourage such an inquiry, and that is, that after understanding the direction and force of the current on which we are borne, there is little hope of withstanding it, or guiding ourselves upon it. But to this it must be replied, that public opinion is made up of private opinions, and that the only way of ever changing it is by commencing to correct, be it ever so little, the judgments of one's own mind and of the few others under our influence. We must not despise humble means of influence, nor hesitate to do a little good, because an almost hopeless amount of evil surrounds us.

All strangers who come among us remark the excessive anxiety written in the American countenance. The widespread comfort, the facilities for livelihood, the spontaneous and cheap lands, the high price of labor, are equally observed, and render it difficult to account for these lines of painful thoughtfulness. It is not poverty, nor tyranny, nor over-competition which produces this anxiety; that is clear. It is the concentration of the faculties upon an object, which in its very nature is unattainable—the perpetual improvement of the outward condition. There are no bounds among us to the restless desire to be better off; and this is the ambition of all classes of society. We are not prepared to allow that wealth is more valued in America than elsewhere, but in other countries the successful pursuit of it is necessarily confined to a few, while here it is open to all. No man in America is contented to be poor, or expects to continue so. There are here no established limits within which the hopes of any class of society must be confined, as in other countries. There is consequently no condition of hopes realized, in other words, of contentment. In other lands, if children can maintain the station and enjoy the means, however moderate, of their father, they are happy. Not so with us. This is not the spirit of our institutions. Nor will it long be otherwise in other countries. That equality, that breaking down of artificial barriers which has produced this universal ambition and restless activity in America, is destined to prevail throughout the earth. But because we are in advance of the world in the great political principle, and are now experiencing some of its first effects, let us not mistake these for the desirable fruits of freedom. Commerce is to be-

come the universal pursuit of men. It is to be the first result of freedom, of popular institutions everywhere. Indeed, every land not steeped in tyranny is now feeling this impulse. But while trade is destined to free and employ the masses, it is also destined to destroy for the time much of the beauty and happiness of every land. This has been the result in our own country. We are free. It is a glorious thing that we have no serfs, with the large and unfortunate exception of our slaves—no artificial distinctions—no acknowledged superiority of blood—no station which merit may not fill—no rounds in the social ladder to which the humblest may not aspire. But the excitement, the commercial activity, the restlessness, to which this state of things has given birth, is far from being a desirable or a natural condition. It is natural to the circumstances, but not natural to the human soul. It is good and hopeful to the interests of the race, but destructive to the happiness, and dangerous to the virtue of the generation exposed to it.

Those unaccustomed, by reading or travel, to other states of society, are probably not aware how very peculiar our manner of life here is. The laboriousness of Americans is beyond all comparison, should we except the starving operatives of English factories. And when we consider that here, to the labor of the body is added the great additional labor of mental responsibility and ambition, it is not to be wondered at that as a race, the commercial population is dwindling in size, and emaciated in health, so that *palor* is the national complexion. If this devotion to business were indispensable to living, it would demand our pity. It is unavoidable, we know, in one sense. That is, it is customary—it is universal. There is no necessity for the custom; but there is a necessity, weakly constituted as men are, that every individual should conform greatly to the prevailing habits of his fellows, and the expectations of the community in and with which he deals. It is thus that those who deeply feel the essentially demoralizing and wretched influences of this system are yet doomed to be victims of it. Nay, we are all, no matter what our occupations, more or less, and all greatly, sufferers from the excessive stimulus under which every thing is done. We are all worn out with thought that does not develop our thinking faculties in a right direction, and with feeling expended upon poor and

low objects. There is no profession that does not feel it. The lawyer must confine himself to his office, without vacation, to adjust a business which never sleeps or relaxes. The physician must labor day and night to repair bodies, never well from over-exertion, over-excitement, and over-indulgence. The minister must stimulate himself to supply the cravings of diseased moral appetites, and to arouse the attention of men deafened by the noise, and dizzy with the whirl in which they constantly live.

We call our country a *happy* country ; happy, indeed, in being the home of noble political institutions, the abode of freedom ; but very far from being happy in possessing a cheerful, light-hearted, and joyous people. Our agricultural regions even are infected with the same anxious spirit of gain. If ever the curse of labor was upon the race, it is upon us ; nor is it simply now "by the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread." Labor for a livelihood is dignified. But we labor for bread, and labor for pride, and *labor* for pleasure. A man's life with us *does* consist of the abundance of the things which he possesseth. To get, and to have the reputation of possessing, is the ruling passion. To it are bent all the energies of nine-tenths of our population. Is it that our people are so much more miserly and earth-born than any other ? No, not by any constitutional baseness ; but circumstances have necessarily given this direction to the American mind. In the hard soil of our common mother, New England—the poverty of our ancestors—their early thrift and industry—the want of other distinctions than those of property—the frown of the Puritans upon all pleasures ; these circumstances combined, directed our energies from the first into the single channel of trade. And in that they have run till they have gained a tremendous head, and threaten to convert our whole people into mere money-changers and producers. Honor belongs to our fathers, who in times of great necessity met the demand for a most painful industry with such manly and undimching hearts. But what was their hard necessity we are perpetuating as our willing servitude ! what they bore as evil we seek as good. We cannot say that the destiny of this country did not demand that the spirit of trade should rule it for centuries. It may be that we are now carrying out only the decree of Providence. But if so, let us

consider ourselves as in the wilderness, and not in the promised land. Let us bear the dispensation of God, but not glory in our bondage. If we are doomed to be tradesmen, and nothing but tradesmen—if money, and its influences and authority, are to reign for a season over our whole land, let us not mistake it for the kingdom of heaven, and build triumphal arches over our avenues of trade, as though the Prince of Peace and the Son of God were now and thus to enter in.

It is said that we are not a happy people. And it is true ; for we most unwisely neglect all those free fountains of happiness which Providence has opened for all its children. Blessed beyond any people with the means of living, supplied to an unparalleled extent with the comforts and luxuries of life, our American homes are sombre and cheerless abodes. There is even in the air of comfort which their well-furnished apartments wear something uncomfortable. They are the habitations of those who do not live at home. They are wanting in a social and cheerful aspect. They seem fitted more to be admired than to be enjoyed. The best part of the house is for the occasional use of strangers, and not to be occupied by those who might, day by day, enjoy it, which is but one proof among many that we love to appear comfortable rather than to be so. Thus miserable pride hangs like a mill-stone about our hospitality. "We sacrifice the hospitality of a year to the prodigality of a night." We are ashamed of any thing but affluence, and when we cannot make an appearance, or furnish entertainments as showy as the richest, we will do nothing. Thus does pride close our doors. Hospitality becomes an event of importance. It is not our daily life, one of our chiefest enjoyments, but a debt, a ceremony, a penance. And not only pride, but anxiety of mind, interferes with sociality. Bent upon one aim, the merchant grudges his thoughts. He cannot expend his energies in social enjoyment. Nay, it is not enjoyment to him ; society has nothing of the excitement of business. The excessive pursuit of gain begets a secrecy of thought, a contradiction of ideas, a barrenness of interest, which renders its votary any thing but social or companionable. Conversation incessantly takes an anxious and uninteresting turn ; and the fireside becomes only a narrower exchange, and the parlor a more private news-room.

It is rare to see a foreigner without some taste for amusement, some power of relaxing his mind, some interest in the arts, or in literature. This is true even of the less privileged classes. It is rare, on the contrary, to find a *virtuous* American past middle life, who does not regard amusements of all sorts either as childish or immoral; who possesses any acquaintance with or taste for the arts, except it be a natural and rude taste for music; or who reads any thing except newspapers, and only the political or commercial columns of those. It is the want of tastes for other things than business which gives an anxious and unhappy turn to our minds. It cannot be many years before the madness of devoting the whole day to the toils of the counting-house will be acknowledged; before the claim of body and mind to relaxation and cheerful, exhilarating amusement will be seen. We consider the common suspicion which is felt of amusements among thoughtful people to be one of the most serious evils to which our community is exposed. It outlaws a natural taste, and violates and ruins the consciences of the young, by stamping as sinful what they have not the force to refrain from. It makes our places of amusement low, divides the thoughtful and the careless, the grave and the gay, the old and the young, in their pleasures. Children are without the protection of their parents in their enjoyments. And thus, too, is originated one of the greatest curses of our social state—the great want of intimacy and confidence between children and their parents, especially between fathers and sons.

The impulses that incline to pleasure, if opposed, tend to vice. Nature finds a vent for her pent-up forces. Alas! for what are called *strict morals* in this view; when, by an unnatural restriction, innocent and open pleasures make way for secret vices or sins of the heart.

While the commercial spirit in this extravagant form gives a certain sobriety and moral aspect to society, it occasions an excessive barrenness of real moral excellencies. This is a very difficult and delicate distinction to render popularly apparent, although of the most vital and substantial reality. There is a very great difference between what are called strict morals, and morals that are really profound in their sources, and pervading in their influence. We are more strict in our morals in these Northern States

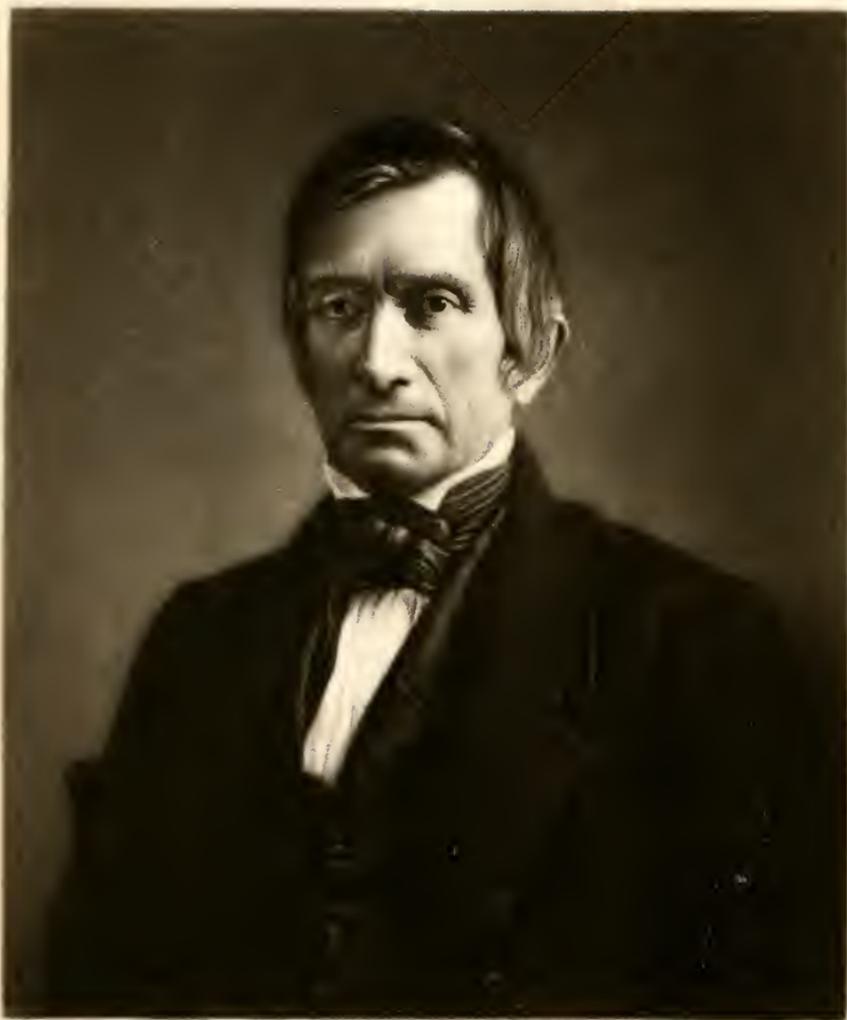
than anywhere in the world, but it is questionable whether our morality is not of a somewhat inferior quality, and in a too narrow view. It is artificial, conventional. There is no quarter of the earth where the Sabbath is more scrupulously observed—where religious institutions are so well supported, or where more abstinence from pleasure is practised. The great virtue of industry prevails. Overt sins are more rare here than elsewhere. As far as morality is restrictive in its nature, it has accomplished a great work in America. The vices or sins which are reducible to statute, or known by name, are generally restrained. We have a large class of persons of extraordinary propriety and faultlessness of life. Our view of morals has a tendency to increase this class. Our pursuits are favorable to it. The love of gain is one of the most sober of all desires. The seriousness of a miser surpasses the gravity of a devotee. Did not every commercial city draw a large body of strangers to it, and attract many reckless and vicious persons, it would wear a very solemn aspect. The pleasure-seeking, the gay, the disorderly, are never the trading population. Large commercial cities tend to great orderliness and decency of manners and morals. But they also tend to very low and barren views of moral excellence. And the American spirit of our own day illustrates this. Our moral sense operates only in one direction. Our virtues are the virtues of merchants, and not of men. We run all to honesty, and mercantile honesty. We do not cultivate the graces of humanity. We have more conscience than heart, and more propriety than either. The fear of evil consequences is more influential than the love of goodness. There is nothing hearty, gushing, eloquent, in the national virtue. You do not see goodness leaking out from the full vessel at every motion it feels. Our goodness is formal, deliberate, premeditated. The upright man is not benevolent, and the just man is not generous. The good man is not cheerful. The religious man is not agreeable. In other words, our morals are partial, and therefore barren. It is not generally understood how great scrupulousness of character may be united with great selfishness, and how, along with a substantial virtue, there may exist the most melancholy deficiencies. This seems to be very common with us, and to be the natural result

of our engrossing pursuits. Every one minds his own business, to the extreme peril of his own soul. The apostolic precept, Mind not thine own things, but also the things of another, is in danger of great neglect. Our social condition makes us wary, suspicious, slow to commit ourselves too far in interest for others. The shyness of the tradesman communicates itself to the manners of the visitor; we learn to live within ourselves; we grow unsocial, unfraternal in feeling; and the sensibility, the affection, the cordiality, the forth-putting graces of a warm and virtuous heart, die of disuse. For our part, we are ready to say, let us have more faults and more virtues; more weaknesses and more graces; less punctilio, and more affluence of heart. Let us be less dignified and more cordial; less sanctimonious and more unselfish; less thriving and more cheerful; less toilsome and more social.

We want, as a people, a rounder character. Our humanity is pinched; our tastes are not generous. The domestic and social virtues languish. The dearest relations of life are stripped of beauty; a wretched utility usurps that proper theatre of beautiful sentiment, our very homes. Children grow up unknown to their parents. The mature despise their own youth, and have no sympathy with the romance, the buoyancy, the gayety of their children. Enterprise is our only enthusiasm. We grow to be ashamed of our best affections. We are afraid to acknowledge that we derive enjoyment from trifles, and make apologies for being amused with any thing. Thus is the beautiful field of life burnt over, and all its spontaneous flowers and fruitage destroyed; a few towering trunks alone redeeming the landscape. Happiness is made up of little things, and he who would be happy at all, must enjoy the little things day by day. So fraternal love, benevolence, virtue, consist in small acts prompted by love, and binding the day with a chain of delicate moral links. Character, too, is the result of right purposes, and pure feelings, and generous emotions, exercised upon trivial occasions day after day; and heroic and high virtue is the necessary result of this mode of life. We fear that the ruling passion of our community, the habits of business which it has established, the anxious and self-concentrated mind which ensues, the morals which it engenders, are very hostile to any thing like perfect-

ed humanity. It is very probable that we may have erred in supposing a greatly better state of things to exist in other communities. But we know that we are right as to the positive state of our own, whatever it may be relatively to others. We know, too, very well the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of any individual who shall attempt to withstand the prevailing current of sentiment, or of business habits. But if *none* are to escape, it is well to be aware of the danger; nor must it be assumed that a firm will cannot do much to emancipate a man from the general bondage of trade. Sooner than slave from morning to night at business, we would counsel any man conscious of inward resources, of the desire to cultivate his better nature, his social feelings, his tastes, his generous and cheerful sentiments, to give it up altogether as soon as the most moderate competency is secured; to seek the country—to occupy some of our rich western lands—to do any thing which will give him time to enjoy domestic pleasures, to rear his children, to acquaint himself with nature, to read, to meditate. The excitement, the bustle, the toil of our life render us dead to the voice of the highest truth. We cannot stop to consider the matter. How few are aware that Christianity is a call to freedom—a call to happiness. Would we but listen, it would break these very chains whose galling wounds we have been opening; it would allay these feverish anxieties; it would restore to us contentment; it would legitimate our pleasures; it would re-establish, or for the first time build, our homes; it would give our children parents, and us parents children; it would teach us that happiness resides ever in the simple and impartial bounties of God—in a domestic love—in social intercourse—in generous sympathy—in a mind pleased with little things—in the gratification of our various innocent tastes—in the love of nature—in thought—in doing good. We meanwhile barter the substance for the shadow—delve for the means instead of quietly enjoying the end—keep up appearances, deceive others with the show of happiness, and fall at length from the top of life's laborious gains into our graves, worn out with anxieties that have benefited no one, and carrying neither the recollection nor the capacity of happiness with us into a spiritual existence.





Engraved by T. D. Day

*Mr. Forlough*

*Published by Anthony, Edwards & Co. from their Daguerreotype likeness, in the  
National Miniature Gallery, 247 Broadway, New York.*

## THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

THE skilful burin of our engraver has most happily transcribed the grave, expressive features which the faithful pencil of the sun, through the wonderful process of the Daguerreotype, had caught from the living face of this eminent statesman; and we propose to illustrate the artist's labor by a sketch of the *character* of its subject, copied from the no less truthful impression which Mr. Frelinghuysen's life and labors, political and philanthropic, have made upon the minds and hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Frelinghuysen was not only born in New Jersey, but, by all ancestral associations, is connected with the most patriotic events in her history. His father, Frederick Frelinghuysen, at the early age of twenty-two a delegate from that state to the Continental Congress of 1775, in 1777 resigned this elevated station of honor in his country's councils, to take a position of danger in her battle-fields, served with distinction as captain of a volunteer corps of artillery, at Monmouth and at Trenton, and afterwards was actively engaged, throughout the war, as colonel in the Somerset militia. After the restoration of peace, the warm gratitude of his fellow-citizens bestowed upon him, in quick succession, the political honors of their state, and, in 1793, elected him to a seat in the Senate of the United States. Seldom has a richer inheritance of public service and of public honor been bequeathed by a father, and never has it descended to a worthier heir.

Theodore Frelinghuysen was born at the village of Millstone, in the county of Somerset, on the 28th of March, 1787, and is now in his 58th year. He prepared for college at the school of the Rev. Dr. Finley, since distinguished as the author of the noble scheme of African colonization, of which his scholar has proved so eminent an advocate; and, in 1804, was graduated at Princeton, with the highest honors of his class. Mr. Frelinghuysen pursued his professional studies, for some years, in the office of an elder brother, and completed them under the auspices of the celebrated Richard Stockton, in 1808, when

he attained his majority, and was admitted to the bar.

In a profession whose honors and emoluments, when rightly sought, are seldom sought in vain, Mr. Frelinghuysen rapidly reached eminence. The character of his reputation as a lawyer, and the substantial grounds upon which it rested, are well expressed in the language of one familiar with them:

"The eloquence by which the forensic efforts of Mr. Frelinghuysen were distinguished; his voice, clear, mellow, and full; his manly appearance, brilliant imagination, vehement declamation, and fine flow of language, together with his acute knowledge of human nature, accurate legal acquirements, strong reasoning powers, and stern adherence to right, rendered Mr. Frelinghuysen the most popular advocate at the bar of eastern New Jersey. His consistent morality in his profession, his scorn for petty artifice and chicanery, his desire to settle rather than protract disputes, and strict integrity in his conduct of legal difficulties, won for him such a reputation for honesty, that his brother lawyers soon complained that juries would believe any thing Mr. Frelinghuysen contended for, simply because he did so."

Mr. Frelinghuysen's devotion to his profession was not such, however, as to preclude him from the adoption and maintenance of decided political opinions, and, with the practical energy of which his father had set him so noble an example, in the progress of the last war he raised and commanded a company of volunteers. In 1817, by the free choice of a legislative body, of which a majority held political sentiments at variance with his own, he was appointed attorney-general, a post of honor and trust which he held until 1826, when he obeyed the high behest of his state, to represent it in the United States Senate. Before this time, and in 1826, he had declined a seat upon the bench of the supreme court of New Jersey, to which the legislature had elected him.

With his election to the United States Senate, the career of Mr. Frelinghuysen upon the broad field of national politics commences, and a rapid survey of that

career will display, in the clearest light, the eminent qualities for the service of the state which he possessed; his thorough devotion to the best interests of the entire country, his ready sacrifice of selfish and sectional feelings to the general welfare, and his fearless maintenance of the high demands of virtue and religion, amid the strife and tumult of party warfare, and all the engrossing anxieties of secular concerns.

As the earnest, scrupulous, and uncompromising preserver of national faith, Mr. Frelinghuysen, amid obloquy and derision, sustained the cause of the Indians, and strove to stay the tide of events which was sweeping away "the ancient landmarks" of this feeble and decaying people; as the firm and conscientious conservator of national morality, he sought to restore somewhat of the strictness of primitive observance which our ancestors accorded to the Christian Sabbath, to encourage its honor among the citizens, by its respectful recognition by the state, and, at least, to protect its solemn rest from governmental desecration; and as the *Christian statesman*, who recognises the finger of God amid the affairs of men, and would avert national calamity by national humiliation, he seconded and eloquently supported Mr. Clay's resolution for a national fast, in the season of the cholera, which passed the Senate by a vote of thirty to thirteen.

In all the great questions which regarded as well the substantial and important commercial and industrial interests of the country, as the first duties of national faith and national gratitude, Mr. Frelinghuysen, while a member of the Senate, took a position equally prominent and decided. In the debate which took place upon the extension of the pension system, and which resulted in its establishment on its present patriotic basis—a measure in opposition to which Mr. Polk occupied a bad eminence, Mr. Frelinghuysen expressed himself in a strain which, for the union of practical sense, warm sympathy, and broad national views, has been rarely surpassed in the records of deliberative eloquence. In exposing the blemishes existing in the pension system, even as improved by the law of 1828, and urging the removal of these stains upon our national gratitude, in reply to Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, Mr. Frelinghuysen remarked:

"But there were two defects in the system, even as thus liberalized. In the first

place, it exacted the humiliating confession of absolute poverty. It required of the aged veteran that he should publicly, and in the presence of the sons by the side of whose fathers he had fought and suffered, expose the wretchedness of his condition; that he should produce the proof of his pauperism, and swear to it himself. I have seen these worthies, in our public courts of justice, exhibit the inventory of their poverty, down to the items of cups and saucers, and I have felt humbled for my country. Sir, a noble spirit would sometimes exclaim: 'I will die in want first! If my country exacts such ignoble conditions, let her withhold the miserable pittance.' And who, sir, of this Senate, does not honor the sentiment? It has been honored and vindicated by the manly feeling of this great community. Public opinion would not longer brook such terms of national honor and gratitude; and, by the concurring indications of legislatures and people, we are invoked to relax these hard conditions. And should a few partake of a favor that do not need it, better so, than that even one deserving relic of times so dearly cherished should go down to the dust neglected and forgotten.

"But, sir, there was another and equally substantial objection to the present system. It discriminates most invidiously between the troops of the regular line and the militia. The latter could not perceive the reasons for such difference, when they remembered that they had fought as bravely, and bled as freely, as any soldiers of the American army. The honorable senator (Mr. Hayne) has said that the camp was the place of safety. If that were so, it must have been the camp of the regular forces, and not the uncertain, ever-changing quarters of a partisan corps, whose tents were raised to-day, only to be struck to-morrow, to repel the sudden incursions of a prowling and mercenary horde. Sir, the gentleman also urged that the men at home and on their farms suffered most severely by dangers and depredations; and such, Mr. President, were precisely the exigences of the militia—they were the yeomanry of the country, who were often summoned from their ploughs at a moment's warning, to fly to the defence of their neighborhoods, and reclaim the plunder that in an unexpected hour the enemy had rifled from their dwellings and their farms. These were the men who felt the distresses of a cruel and relentless warfare, that brought terror, alarm, and confusion to the fireside; and who, amid all that long, harassing, and doubtful conflict, stood firm to the cause, and never flinched from their purposes. In personal privations they suffered quite as severely, and, in the sacrifice of

property, vastly more than the regular soldiery. Wherefore, then, is it that we should coldly pass them by, and with such partial and exclusive consideration, distinguish the one, and utterly reject the just claims of the other?

"Besides, sir, if the bill should be made to rest on adequate compensation, how were the militia paid? In the same depreciated, worthless currency in which the Congress has accorded indemnity to the regular army. So that, whatever inducements may be urged, there is no sound or satisfactory reason for preferences, where the sacrifice, sufferings, and glory were common.

"I regretted to hear any thing of sectional contrasts in this matter; that the North would receive at the rate of ten thousand pensioners, while the South and West could only present four thousand. Sir, these exciting suggestions I consider unhappy in their influence. We have far too many sectional prejudices already to deplore. Let us not increase them. Why should this bill be enlisted in the ungracious service? It was not so regarded in 1818 or 1828. We then treated it as a national object. The battles and perils of the revolution were not encountered for sections—life and honor were pledged and redeemed as fully and freely for Georgia as for New Jersey. Why, then, sir, should we attempt to trace the dollars of this proposed appropriation to the pockets of the receivers, and run up an account between this and the other side of any line? But, Mr. President, on principles of the strictest accountability, the provisions of the bill are just. If the North sent the most men, she should receive the greater recompense. To give to the most fighting the most pay seems very equal.

"The West have, in terms, been invoked to aid in preventing what is denounced as unequal, because, from social and political causes, the most numerous body of the revolutionary army happen to reside north of this District. I also invoke the West—not for sectional purposes—but I would call upon them to remember their aged fathers whom they have left behind—to sooth the last years of a feeble few, now in sight of their graves, by whose patriotic struggle you now enjoy your noble West, with all its enterprise, resources, and happiness. Sir, my honorable friend, in terms of eloquent eulogium, ascribed to the female heroism of the revolution a full share in the achievements of those memorable times. I thought, Mr. President, that had those more than Spartan mothers listened to the high tribute paid to their virtues, their hearts would have responded: 'Such praise from such a source is more than ample re-

compense; now, be just to our husbands and sons, and we shall acquit our country of all her obligations.'

"As the bill before us dispenses with the condition of poverty, and impartially imparts its benefits to all that deserve them, I hope it will receive the support of the Senate."

Mr. Frelinghuysen's position and efforts on the great questions of the tariff, the compromise act, and the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, have been closely connected with those of Mr. Clay, and no two politicians from opposite sides of Mason and Dixon's line have been so thoroughly coincident in their views on these and other subjects of national concern, as these eminent statesmen, who are now together presented for the suffrages of the *whole* country, for the highest stations human favor can bestow. The following candid exposition of Mr. Frelinghuysen's opinions and feelings in regard to Mr. Clay, written and published in the year 1832, while it shows the peculiar fitness of the Whig nominations, from the personal relations of the two candidates, exhibits their full concurrence in political sentiments—a consideration of the more importance, from the failure of the present chief executive to carry out, as accidental president, the principles which, as a vice-president, he was definitely elected to sustain.

"I have just returned from the Young Men's Convention, where I heard Mr. Clay in his finest style of address. He was brief, but full of energy and ardor. He made my bosom thrill with patriotic emotions. The hall was crowded with ladies, members of both houses of Congress, and distinguished strangers; the body of the room filled with youth—the hope of our country. I never saw such an assemblage; almost every State has sent up its youthful talent and virtue, to confer together and take counsel with each other, on the great interests of the republic—to be refreshed and invigorated for their public duties, and in urging the *just* claims of Mr. Clay to the first office of the government. I say his *just* claims, for if eminent qualifications—if exalted talents, and persevering and unshaken devotion to the vital interests of the country deserve such distinction, his title is full. I have been investigating Mr. Clay's public character for the whole session, and for many years before, and the more I have studied, the more I have esteemed and admired. Look at his noble course on the tariff policy; on the acknowledgment of

South American independence; on the great scheme of the Colonization Society; and last, not least, his conduct with regard to the public lands, and you behold the same manly, fearless, able, and upright pursuit of the broad, old-fashioned path of national and social happiness. There are no shifts or truckling to circumstances about him—no feeling the wind, or bending even to the storm—this least of all; for if ever the Roman firmness of Cato is more than usual in his conduct, it is when any attempt is made to drive him from his course. In short, my dear sir, I know no man in the country who has so much of soul mingled with politics as Mr. Clay. They call him ambitious. He is ambitious; but it is for the welfare of his country—that all her people, through all her ranks to the humblest cabin, may enjoy the blessings of peace, industry, and enterprise; and that he may be the honored instrument of promoting those great purposes, I do ardently hope that he may soon receive the exalted testimony of the Union to his public worth as a statesman, and the steady friend of liberty in its broadest relations.”

We shall make but two further extracts from the political speeches of Mr. F., the one indicating his views of the paramount obligations of the Constitution, delivered on occasion of “the removal of the deposits,” in Jan., 1834, and the other exhibiting the soundness of his opinions respecting the powers and duties of the general government and the several States in the matter of slavery.

“In the language of Mr. Jefferson, and according to the soundest philosophy of politics, the great mass of the American people have always been, and now are, ‘all Federalists, and all Republicans.’ It is the federalism of the Constitution that I honor—the system of fundamental law, as expounded by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, and administered by Washington and most of his successors. I never drank at any other fountain, and wish to follow no other guide. And however, in seasons of tranquillity, when the sun shines brightly, and the waters are calm, we may venture to condemn or neglect these good old principles; when tempests begin to muster—when the highways are broken up, and the billows of convulsion break over us and around us, then, sir, when every face is sad, and every heart is heavy, we almost instinctively seek refuge and guidance in our Federal Constitution; we will then follow no other leader; it is the only shield that affords security. It is, indeed, sir, a copious and perennial fountain; copious, to supply all the social and political wants of this

great confederacy, and of vital energy, fully adequate to impart its rich benefits still wider, as the lines of our Union shall expand and encompass many more noble States. Yes, sir, far as the intrepid enterprise of our people shall urge the tide of emigration toward the setting sun, until all over the valleys of the West freemen shall rejoice in their blessings, and not an unoccupied acre remain on which to raise a cabin or strike a furrow.

“Mr. President, if in the benignant councils of a merciful Providence it shall please him to perpetuate our liberties, I believe that it will be through the agency of these principles. And should that melancholy crisis come to us, as I fear it may, as it has come to all past republics, when the people of this Union shall reject the control of fixed principles, and seek to break away from the *government of laws*, then, indeed, sir, will the hopes of our enemies, and all the fears of our friends, meet in the catastrophe of constitutional liberty, and our ‘sun shall go down while it is yet day.’”

The following remarks upon slavery as existing in our political system, represent the true constitutional doctrine as held by the great body of sound thinkers on either side of the Potomac.

“It is universally agreed that, by the principles of our confederation, the internal concerns of each State are left to its own exclusive cognizance and regulation, and the Federal Government of the United States cannot lawfully legislate on the subject of slavery, as it exists in the several States.

“Prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the thirteen States were separate and independent governments. There was no political bond to which was given, by concession, the power of control: the State of Massachusetts, for instance, possessed no more right to interfere with the relation of master and slave in Carolina, than it had to interfere with the relation of prince and serf in Russia. When the Constitution was framed, no such right was acquired or could be obtained; and a subsequent provision was ingrafted, which was merely declaratory of the necessary intentment of the instrument, that ‘all powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.’ The precise extent of these reserved rights has, in many particulars, been the subject of grave debate; but that they include the right of interfering in the relations of master and slave, no one has had the hardihood to pretend. Such terms as the States respectively chose to insist upon must necessarily have been acceded to, or

the whole compact remains inoperative ; and, at all events, the slaves of the South, by its adoption, were placed in no worse situation than before, and, in many respects, much better. Nothing of an unkind or uncharitable character is attributable, therefore, to the Constitution—to those who framed, or to those who adopted it. Interests were contemplated and protected in which our black population participated, and of which they are now reaping, slowly but surely, the favorable fruits.

“What the *political* action is which the Constitution *prescribes* for the removal of slavery, we are yet to learn ; nor is it easy to imagine a federal principle adequate to that result, and, at the same time, compatible with the ‘sovereignty of each State to legislate *exclusively*’ on the subject, and the disclaimer of any right of Congress, under the *present* national compact, to interfere with any of the slave States on this momentous subject.

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“When, therefore, we are urged to the immediate abolition of slavery, the answer is very conclusive, that *duty* has no claims where *both the right and the power to exercise it* are wanting. The door is shut upon us here ; nor could we open it but by a violence destructive of public harmony, and probably fatal to our National Union.”

In 1835 Mr. F. was succeeded in the Senate by a gentleman of different political opinions, in accordance with those of the party then dominant in the New Jersey legislature. He returned to his native State, quietly resumed the practice of law, and, beloved and admired by his fellow-citizens of every sect and party, seemed to have retired forever from the political service of his country. In 1838 he became the Chancellor of the University of New York, and transferred his residence to that city. In this position, the dignified head of a learned university, the nomination of the Baltimore Convention of May, 1844, found him, and called him to the mighty conflict which is now dividing the land. For this conflict, and to achieve success in it, Mr. F. needed not to furbish up any arms of

party strife, grown rusty by disuse ;—when in the heat of the fight, and in the ardor of youth, he had need only of the armor of truth and the weapons of peace, and with these, amid his scholastic retirement, and in the serene vigor of his mature age, he was still girt about. To this nomination the whole country responded with enthusiasm, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, with the graceful ease of the practical statesman, assumed the post of honor and trust which the great Whig party had assigned him, as cheerfully and as modestly as he had before labored in its ranks.

In all valuable movements for the improvement of the condition of our race, Mr. F. has always been earnest and active. In the cause of popular education, in the promotion of temperance, in the relief and improvement of imprisoned felons, in the diffusion of the Bible, he has ever been a laborious coadjutor with kindred spirits throughout the land ; and at this moment he presides over the largest, most enlightened, and most comprehensive scheme of benevolence, and guides the deliberations of the most learned and honored body of philanthropists, to which our country has given birth.\*

We cannot but congratulate not only the Whig party, but the whole people of these United States, upon the nomination of Mr. Frelinghuysen for the Vice-Presidency. The country has been prolific of political genius and oratorical talent ; the various and vast systems of public philanthropy which this present century has nurtured and matured, have produced many men of eminent ability, and as eminent self-devotion ; the benign influences of our social institutions have fostered in many private citizens the most dignified and beautiful of personal virtues, and made their possessors an honor and an ornament to their kind ; but we challenge the list of living men of worth for the name of one who unites in so high a measure the valuable qualities of a statesman, a scholar, a Christian, and a *man* as Theodore Frelinghuysen.

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\* American Board of Commis. for Foreign Missions.

## SIMMS'S LIFE OF MARION.\*

THERE was one book, of "American manufacture," which especially delighted our boyhood. It has lingered with us. It left that peculiarly clear and ineffaceable impression which is only made on the boyish mind—as if the things told were matters of personal knowledge with us, that occurred a great while ago, and very wonderful. It was not a marvellous "Historie of Sathanic Witchcraft in y<sup>e</sup> Colonies," printed with suitable pauses for shuddering; nor a tasteful collection of the most interesting crimes, as the "Pirate's Own Book," and "Lives of Eminent Highwaymen;" nor a "Narrative of Indian Wars," with tattooed cuts, and pleasantly interspersed with long captivities, and strange glimpses into the solitary distant abodes and wild life of the Red Men. It had no advantages of attraction by delicate paper, or covers exceedingly gilt. There was no artistic merit about it, such as makes Defoe's "Crusoe," and the travels of "Gulliver," and the wonderful allegory of the tinker's "Pilgrim," equally interesting to the young and the old. But the book was connected with the most eventful period of our country's history, the revolutionary war—a period which every American, for all time to come, will doubtless read over and call back to mind, to be imagined and lived through by themselves, with a more earnest and thrilling delight than any other since the first opening of the country. And this connection was of a very peculiar kind. There were not, among the scenes set forth, any movements of trained officers, and great armies, and regular campaigns; there were not even the recognised tactics of war; but there was the same serious and calculating, yet hazardous determination, which everywhere marked that memorable struggle; while, in addition, about the accidents and incidents which the unpretending narrative described, there was a degree of romance belonging to no other part of the contest over the country. It was altogether a singular union of impressions—a Robin Hood and border-war interest, united

with the stirring sense of dangers undergone, and blood spilt, to establish a great nation in freedom. Weems's *Life of Marion* will be forgotten by no one who ever read it in childhood.

The qualities of that eccentric writer were certainly remarkable. Some of them are the traits of a really Bunyan-like genius, and would have been so considered, had not the extreme exaggeration and love of fun everywhere exhibited, too fully occupied the mind of the reader. No one, especially, could fail to be struck with the imagination displayed in both of his narratives, and also by the opulence of poetic language, though replete with an amount of hyperbole that makes it, at times, sufficiently near the ridiculous. All his writings are but an illustration in point. We remember a particular passage:

"Oh, Marion!" he exclaims, in the person of the valiant Peter Horry, at the close of his preface, where he seems to have had an unusual fit of inspiration—"Oh, Marion, my friend! my friend! never can I forget thee! Although thy wars are all ended, and thyself at rest in the grave, yet I see thee still. I see thee as thou wert wont to ride, most terrible in battle to the enemies of thy country. Thine eyes, like balls of fire, flamed beneath thy lowering brows. But lovely still wert thou in mercy, thou bravest among the sons of men! For, soon as the enemy, sinking under our swords, cried for quarter, thy heart swelled with commiseration, and thy countenance was changed, even as the countenance of a man who beheld the slaughter of his brothers; the basest tory who could but touch the hem of thy garment was safe; the avengers of blood stopped short in thy presence, and turned abashed from the lightning of thine eyes.

"Oh, that my pen were of the quill of that swan that sings to future days! Then shouldst thou, my friend, receive the fullness of thy fame; the fathers of the years to come should talk of thy noble deeds; and the youth yet unborn should rise up and call thee blessed!"

But the ground required to be thoroughly traversed again. The reverend biogra-

\* *The Life of Francis Marion*. By W. Gilmore Simms. New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

pher, though he, in fact, took very few liberties on the field, had such a habit—we may say, a *faculty*—of presenting all the picturesque scenery, and making that which was not such appear so, that however the reader may be amused, he will believe himself not authentically instructed. But even if the eccentric narrator had made the most discreet use of his genius, the subject would still have remained to be written over. The account which he gave was but partial, made up, in a great degree, of anecdote. Of the materials requisite for a full narrative, many which he might probably have gathered he neglected; many others which he could not have found, time, in the natural course of things, has brought to light. For the fact, in regard to historical composition, is different from what might be supposed. The materials of history can rarely be obtained contemporaneously with the events related. It is only with the departure of years that the sources of information are fully open. Old chests, old family bookcases, and antique-fashioned secretaries, with queer devices for hiding things, are then suffered to be ransacked; the historian is far removed from causes of prejudice; and the calm, fair narrative is produced, bearing to all future time the events of a long preceding age. Mr. Simms has been able most successfully to avail himself of this fact; he has discovered many treasures of information, and produced a complete and ample biography. Were it, indeed, of almost any other man, we should be disposed to find fault with it as too much extended. Histories and biographies are becoming, of late, alarmingly corpulent; many of them will never be able to carry down such bulk of body to posterity. But the life of Marion eminently deserved to be written, and written freely and minutely. Any name that has so lived in the hearts of a people must have deserved such a tribute; if *not*, in any case—then the facts should be carefully set forth, to show his fame unjust. And here we might with assurance rest the merits of Marion; for all authenticated facts bear witness that his reputation is not greater than were his deeds. As no state, throughout that memorable struggle, bore herself with a greater spirit of self-devotion, at greater expense of suffering and blood, and the anguish of broken ties, than his native South Carolina, so was there no man, more resolutely heroic in suffering and

self-denial, or whose efforts did more, with the exception of Washington's, to forward the revolutionary cause, than Francis Marion. And over all this the manner of his warfare has flung a strange romance, that belongs to no other name whatever in the annals of our history. His whole career, with his band of brave partisans, for several years, was one of the most wild and stirring adventure. The things related of them are just those which delight the imagination, while they excite the warmest personal interest. We see them, chased by the enemy, like Robin Hood's men of the "good greenwood," suddenly vanish in swamp and thicket; we see them lie concealed at noonday in sunny nooks in the forest; we see them at midnight issue forth on secret and sudden enterprises, to be executed with bold adroitness; we see them, too, enduring the dearest privations—of food, and clothing, and rest, and the affectionate intercourse of wives and children at the fireside—visited with turns of despondency, and unable to see the triumphs of the future in the unceasing struggles of the present, yet bearing all with manly cheerfulness, and unflinching determination to abide the issue. And what might that issue be? For aught that they could foresee, final subjugation and the death of traitors. By dwelling on such things we begin to appreciate the thrilling cause of liberty; and it is not wonderful that "Marion," "Marion's brigade," and "Marion's men," have "passed into household words" for children and youth, and have become themes of fiction and song.

"Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

"Well knows the fair and friendly moon,  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide  
Across the moonlight plains;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts their tossing manes.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day."

We regret that we have not space to dwell at leisure upon the wide and most interesting subject which this little volume opens to us. The whole partisan warfare of the South, and the contemporary movements of the continental armies in that region, offer many topics for delightful disquisition. But we must employ some other occasion. The merits of the biography, however, are worthy of notice; and we shall extract a few passages which may present them to advantage.

Marion appears to have begun his military career in that terrible struggle, in 1761, in which the spirit of the powerful and warlike Cherokees was first broken. A passage, recounting the causes of the war, may be cited as a specimen of the lucid and easy style of narration that runs through the book, and because it is a better account than we have yet seen of the real origin of that conflict, so disastrous to the native race.

“At the opening of the year 1759, the colony of South Carolina was on the eve of an Indian war. The whole frontier of the Southern Provinces, from Pennsylvania to Georgia, was threatened by the savages, and the scalping-knife had already begun its bloody work upon the weak and unsuspecting borderers. The French had been conquered upon the Ohio. Forts Frontenac and Duquesne had fallen. British and Provincial valor, aided by strong bodies of Cherokee warriors, had everywhere placed the flag of Britain above the fortresses of France. With its elevation, the Indian allies of the French sent in their adhesion to the conquerors; and, their work at an end, the Cherokee auxiliaries of Britain prepared to return to their homes, covered with their savage trophies, and adequately rewarded for their services. It happened, unfortunately, that, while passing along the frontiers of Virginia, the Cherokees, many of whom had lost their horses during the campaign, supplied themselves rather unscrupulously from the pastures of the colonists. With inconsiderate anger, the Virginians, forgetting the late valuable services of the savages, rose upon their footsteps, slew twelve or fourteen of their warriors, and made prisoners of as many more. This rash and ill-advised severity aroused the nation. The young warriors flew to arms, and pouring their active hordes upon the frontier settlements, proceeded to the work of slaughter without pausing to discriminate between the offending and the innocent. The emergency was pressing, and Governor Lyttleton, of South Carolina,

called out the militia of the province. They were required to rendezvous at the Congarees, about one hundred and forty miles from Charleston. To this rendezvous Francis Marion repaired, in a troop of provincial cavalry commanded by one of his brothers. The prompt preparation of the Carolinians had somewhat lessened the appetite of the savages for war. Perhaps their own preparations were not yet sufficiently complete to make them hopeful of its issue. The young warriors were recalled from the frontiers, and a deputation of thirty-two chiefs set out for Charleston, in order to propitiate the anger of the whites, and arrest the threatened invasion of their country. Whether they were sincere in their professions, or simply came for the purpose of deluding and disarming the Carolinians, is a question with the historians. It is certain that Governor Lyttleton doubted their sincerity, refused to listen to their explanations, and carrying them along with him, rather as hostages than as commissioners in sacred trust, he proceeded to meet the main body of his army, already assembled at the Congarees. The treatment to which they were thus subjected filled the Cherokee deputies with indignation, which, with the usual artifice of the Indian, they yet contrived to suppress. But another indiscreet proceeding of the Governor added to the passion which they felt, and soon baffled all their powers of concealment. In resuming the march for the nation, he put them into formal custody, placed a captain's guard over them, and in this manner hurried them to the frontiers. Whatever may have been the merits of this movement as a mere military precaution, it was of very bad policy in a civil point of view. It not only degraded the Indian chiefs in their own, but in the eyes of their people. His captives deeply and openly resented this indignity and breach of faith; and, brooding in sullen ferocity over the disgrace which they suffered, meditated in silence those schemes of vengeance which they subsequently brought to a fearful maturity. But though thus impetuous and imprudent, and though pressing forward as if with the most determined purposes, Lyttleton was in no mood for war. His policy seems to have contemplated nothing further than the alarm of the Indians. Neither party was exactly ripe for the final issue. The Cherokees needed time for preparation, and the Governor, with an army ill-disciplined and imperfectly armed, found it politic, when on the very confines of the enemy's country, to do that which he might very well have done in Charleston—listen to terms of accommodation. Having sent for Attakullakullah, the wise man of the nation, who had always been the stanch

friend of the whites, he made his complaints, and declared his readiness for peace;—demanding, however, as the only condition on which it could be granted, that twenty-four men of the nation should be delivered to him, to be disposed of as he should think proper, by death or otherwise, as an atonement for that number of the Carolinians massacred in the late foray of the savages. A treaty was effected, but with some difficulty, on these terms. Compliance with this *sine quâ non* was not so easy, however, on the part of the Cherokee chiefs. The moment it was understood, the great body of their people fled to the mountains, and the number of hostages could be secured only by the detention of twenty-two of those chiefs already in the Governor's custody. The captives were placed for safe-keeping at the frontier fort of Prince George.

“But the natural sense of the savage is not inferior to that by which the laws of the civilized are prescribed in their dealings with one another. The treaty thus extorted from their leaders while in a state of duress, was disregarded by the great body of the nation. They watched their opportunity, and scarcely had the Governor disbanded his forces, when the war-whoop resounded from the frontiers.”

The result of the conflict is well known. The Cherokees were terribly defeated; nor did the vindictiveness of the whites stop there, as it should have done, but “fourteen hundred of their towns were burnt—their granaries were yielded to the flames—their cornfields ravaged, while the miserable fugitives, flying from the unsparing sword, took refuge with their almost starving families among the barren mountains.” It was worthy of Marion that he always spoke of this destruction, which he had no authority to hinder, with expressions of horror.

The tidings of the battle of Lexington had no sooner rung through the southern settlements, than Marion entered the struggle with his whole soul. Yet, for such a part, his physical ener-

gies seemed entirely inadequate. *Weems* says, that “at his birth this great soldier was not larger than a New England lobster, and might easily enough have been put into a quart pot.” A little hyperbole may be reckoned upon in this statement; but Henry Lee, in his memoirs, describes him, in after life, as “in stature of the smallest size, thin, as well as low.” The rest of that description, however, will show why he became the indefatigable, skilful partisan, followed into dangers by his men with unbounded trust, and feared by his enemies as far as they could hear the report of his daring.\*

Such was the man; and the following finely-drawn picture of the manner in which he had trained his parties to move, fills out a perfect idea of him, and of his wonderful energy and skill in perilous strategy. We have read of no one but an Indian warrior equalling him in these respects.

“When he himself, or any of his parties, left the island upon an expedition, they advanced along no beaten paths. They made them as they went. He had the Indian faculty in perfection, of gathering his course from the sun, from the stars, from the bark and the tops of trees, and such other natural guides, as the woodman acquires only through long and watchful experience. Many of the trails, thus opened by him, upon these expeditions, are now the ordinary avenues of the country. On starting, he almost invariably struck into the woods, and seeking the heads of the larger water courses, crossed them at their first and small beginnings. He destroyed the bridges where he could. He preferred fords. The former not only facilitated the progress of less fearless enemies, but apprized them of his own approach. If speed was essential, a more direct, but not less cautious route was pursued.

“The secrecy with which Marion conducted his expeditions was, perhaps, one of the reasons for their frequent success. He intrusted his schemes to nobody, not even his most confidential officers. He consult-

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\* Henry Lee's Memoirs. He adds: “His visage was not pleasing, and his manners not captivating. He was reserved and silent, entering into conversation only when necessary, and then with modesty and good sense. He possessed a strong mind, improved by its own reflections and observations, not by books or travel. His dress was like his address—plain, regarding comfort and decency only. In his meals he was abstemious, eating generally of one dish, and drinking water mostly. He was sedulous and constant in his attention to the duties of his station, to which every other consideration yielded. Even the charms of the fair, like the luxuries of the table and the allurements of wealth, seemed to be lost upon him. The procurement of subsistence for his men, and the continuance of annoyance for his enemy, engrossed his entire mind. He was virtuous all over; never, even in manner, much less in reality, did he trench upon right.”

ed with them respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently approached his conclusions. They knew his determinations only from his actions. He left no track behind him, if it were possible to avoid it. He was often vainly hunted after by his own detachment. He was more apt at finding them than they him. His scouts were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which, at night, could be heard at a most astonishing distance. We are reminded of the signal of Roderick Duhu:—

—‘ He whistled shrill,

And he was answered from the hill,  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag, the signal flew.’

His expeditions were frequently long, and his men, hurrying forth without due preparation, not unfrequently suffered much privation from want of food. To guard against this danger, it was their habit to watch his cook. If they saw him unusually busied in preparing supplies of the rude, portable food, which it was Marion's custom to carry on such occasions, they knew what was before them, and provided themselves accordingly. In no other way could they arrive at their general's intentions. His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known that the march would continue all night. Before striking any sudden blow, he has been known to march sixty or seventy miles, taking no other food in twenty-four hours, than a meal of cold potatoes and a draught of cold water. The latter might have been repeated. This was truly a Spartan process for acquiring vigor. Its results were a degree of patient hardihood, as well in officers as men, to which few soldiers in any periods have attained. These marches were made in all seasons. His men were badly clothed in homespun, a light wear which afforded little warmth. They slept in the open air, and frequently without a blanket. Their ordinary food consisted of sweet potatoes, garnished, on fortunate occasions, with lean beef.”

As a sequel to this description of their partisan expeditions, the following exquisite picture of one of their noted sylvan encampments may be added. It occurs in connection with an anecdote, which is doubtless familiar to every reader, of the young British officer and the feast of sweet potatoes.

“ He was encountered by one of the scout-

ing parties of the brigade, carefully blindfolded, and conducted, by intricate paths, through the wild passes, and into the deep recesses of the island. Here, when his eyes were uncovered, he found himself surrounded by a motley multitude, which might well have reminded him of Robin Hood and his outlaws. The scene was unquestionably wonderfully picturesque and attractive, and our young officer seems to have been duly impressed by it. He was in the middle of one of those grand natural amphitheatres so common in our swamp forests, in which the massive pine, the gigantic cypress, and the stately and ever-green laurel, streaming with moss, and linking their opposite arms, inflexibly locked in the embrace of centuries, group together, with elaborate limbs and leaves, the chief and most graceful features of Gothic architecture. To these recesses, through the massed foliage of the forest, the sunlight came as sparingly, and with rays as mellow and subdued, as through the painted window of the old cathedral, falling upon aisle and chancel. Scattered around were the forms of those hardy warriors with whom our young officer was yet destined, most probably, to meet in conflict,—strange or savage in costume or attitude—lithe and sinewy of frame—keen-eyed and wakeful at the least alarm. Some slept, some joined in boyish sports; some, with foot in stirrup, stood ready for the signal to mount and march. The deadly rifle leaned against the tree, the sabre depended from its boughs. Steeds were browsing in the shade, with loosened bits, but saddled, ready at the first sound of the bugle to skirr through brake and thicket. Distant fires, dimly burning, sent up their faint white smokes, that, mingling with the thick forest tops, which they could not pierce, were scarce distinguishable from the long gray moss which made the old trees look like so many ancient patriarchs.”

The style employed in the biography is among the best examples of descriptive narrative we have seen for some time. It is a style not easy to hit, requiring, at times, great simplicity and terseness of language; at times, an equal degree of richness and fluency; and always a clearness which shall not give the reader a moment's doubt as to the writer's meaning. The work is certainly full of interest, and we believe it will add materially to Mr. Simms's reputation as a writer.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Charleston Book: a Miscellany in Prose and Verse.* Charleston, published by Samuel Hart, Sen., King-street, 1845.

WE have been favored, in advance of publication, with the sheets of a tastefully executed volume bearing the above title, and edited, as we understand, by Mr. Simms.

Many amateur books, made up of local contributions, have appeared in Northern cities, containing always pieces of very unequal merit. The present volume, collected in the polished capital of South Carolina, does not differ greatly from others in this respect. It has writings from men of splendid repute—and the writings are worthy of their reputation. It has writings from persons of whom few, probably, ever heard—and the merit of these, also, seems commensurate with the fame of their authors. The greater part of the book, however, which we cannot say of many similar collections, is very good writing; and there are two or three names that stand among the first in our literature. Of these, no one will fail to notice at once the name of the lamented Legaré,—a name which we cannot mention without profound regret that so ripe and eloquent a scholar, so finished and able a lawyer, so classical an orator, and a man every way so accomplished, should, in the vigor of manhood, have passed away from among the ornaments equally of his native state and of the nation. But Mr. Legaré had happily built his own monument before he died. He has left writings which are among the finest critical and oratorical productions of the country.

Mr. Legaré, as is known, was widely read in classic literature—and had, in particular, an unbounded admiration for the Greek genius. In this admiration we are disposed to join him so fully, that we cannot refrain from quoting, out of the volume before us, an eloquent eulogium on the Greek language.

It is impossible to contemplate the annals of Greek literature and art, without being struck with them, as by far the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomenon in the history of the human mind. The very language, even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists who celebrated the exploits of Hercules and Theseus, was as great a wonder as any it records. All the other tongues that civilized men have spoken, are poor, and feeble, and barbarous, in comparison with it. Its compass and flexibility, its riches and its powers, are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses with precision all that is thought or known at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase, or

a systematic nomenclature whenever one is called for. It is equally adapted to every variety of style and subject—to the most shadowy subtlety of distinction, and the utmost exactness of definition, as well as to the energy and pathos of popular eloquence—to the majesty, the elevation, the variety of the Epic, and the boldest license of the Dithyrambic, no less than to the sweetness of the Elegy, the simplicity of the Pastoral, or the heedless gayety and delicate characterization of Comedy. Above all, what is an unspeakable charm—a sort of *naivete* is peculiar to it, and appears in all these various styles, and is quite as becoming and agreeable in an historian or a philosopher—Xenophon, for instance—as in the light and jocund numbers of Anacreon. Indeed, were there no other object in the learning Greek, but to see to what perfection language is capable of being carried, not only as a medium of communication, but as an instrument of thought, we see not why the time of a young man would not be just as well bestowed in acquiring a knowledge of it—for all the purposes, at least, of a liberal or elementary education—as in learning Algebra, another specimen of a language or arrangement of signs, perfect in its kind. But this wonderful idiom happens to have been spoken, as was hinted in the preceding paragraph, by a race as wonderful. The very first monument of their genius, the most ancient relic of letters in the Western world, stands to this day altogether unrivalled in the exalted class to which it belongs. What was the history of this immortal poem, and of its great fellow? Was it a single individual, and who was he, that composed them? Had he any master or model? What had been his education, and what was the state of society in which he lived? These questions are full of interest to a philosophic inquirer into the intellectual history of the species, but they are especially important with a view to the subject of the present discussion. Whatever causes for the matchless excellence of these primitive poems, and for that of the language in which they are written, will go far to explain the extraordinary circumstance, that the same favored people left nothing unattempted in philosophy, in letters, and in arts, and attempted nothing without signal, and, in some cases, unrivalled success.

Another name, widely known as that of a fine scholar and a writer, appears in the volume—Thomas S. Grimke. Some remarks are introduced on “the secret of oratorical success,” in which he occupies a ground quite opposite to Mr. Legaré. How Mr. Grimke should have so disparaged ancient oratory, and the classics generally, when his own finished and expressive style was notoriously the result of classical studies, is beyond our comprehension.

Washington Allston, too, of whom we need not here speak in terms of praise, is claimed by South Carolina as her son, having been born in Charleston. Extracts of his verse and prose, consisting of “The Tuscan Maid” and passages from “Monaldi,” are found in the volume. A very interesting essay, by Mr. Poinsett, on the Etruscans and their singularly exquisite remains of art, adds much to the interest of the compilation. There is a generous tribute to the Pilgrims of New England,

and numerous essays on various subjects by such writers as Pettigru, Pinckney, Simmons, and others sufficiently well known to the public—making altogether a varied and pleasant volume.

Among other things is a curious story of a boy that rose to great eminence by eating old parchments—illustrating the force of habit—introducing which, the writer tells the most laughable anecdote we have ever seen related of the ancients.

The Tyrinthians were a people so inveterately given to joyousness and gayety, that they were unable to enter upon the most serious and important deliberations with any thing like solemnity. In their public assemblies the orators, when they attempted to speak, were convulsed with laughter, and the chairman's hammer lay idle upon his desk while his hands were engaged in holding both his sides; the ambassadors of the neighboring kingdoms were received with ridiculous grimaces, and the gravest senators were neither more nor less than mere buffoons. In short, so far had this spirit of levity extended, that a rational word or action had become a prodigy among them. In this deplorable state of things, they consulted the Oracle, at Delphos, for a cure of their folly. The reply of the god was, that if they succeeded in offering a bull to Neptune without laughing during the ceremony, they might hope thereafter for a greater share of wisdom.

A sacrifice is in itself by no means a capital joke, but yet, well aware of their propensity, they took every precaution to avoid the provocation even of a smile. The youths of the city were debarred the privilege of assisting at the ceremony, and not only they, but all others were excluded, who had not some cause of melancholy within themselves—such, for instance, as were afflicted with painful and incurable diseases—such as were overhead and heels in debt—and such as were wedded to scolding wives. When all these collected on the beach to immolate the victim, they prepared to perform their office with looks composed to seriousness, their eyes being cast down and their lips compressed together. Just at this moment a boy, who had glided in unperceived, and whom some of the attendants were endeavoring to drive out, exclaimed, in a comico-serious tone of voice, "What! are you afraid that I will swallow your bull?" This was too much for them; their counterfeit solemnity was disconcerted; habit overcame their resolution; they burst into roars of laughter; the sacrifice was abandoned; and gravity never returned to the Tyrinthians.

The prose of the collection is much better than the poetry—a circumstance to be expected. No local compilation could be made in any part of the country, that would not show the same features. There are several specimens, however, which are not without merit.

Aside from the intrinsic merits of a good portion of its contents, we are glad to see this volume on another account. We have had little community of literature in this country. Even in cities do our literary men live in miserable cliques; between the cultivated minds of neighboring cities there is still less intercourse; least of all, have the writings of one section of the Union been familiar to another. It ought to be otherwise. Nothing would tend more to create unanimity of feeling and purpose throughout the country, and to build up a body of national literature of a uniform

character, than that one portion of our great community should become acquainted with the feelings, opinions, and intellectual features of other portions—which can be fully effected only by perusal of their literature.

*Hunt's Library of Commerce—Practical, Theoretical, and Historical.*

Under this title a series of volumes is, we perceive, to be published by Mr. Hunt, the gentleman who has done so great a service to the mercantile community, and all interested in that great department of civil life, by the publication of the *Merchants' Magazine*.

The present undertaking is intended as a sequel or accompaniment to this so deservedly successful work; obviously a most excellent idea, as by this means topics can be treated of which require more elaborate elucidation than would be consistent with the design of a Magazine alone.

The Part before us (being Part First of the first volume) is a "Sketch of the Commercial Intercourse with China, reprinted from Knight's Store of Knowledge, with additions by the American Editor." A very interesting and succinct, but lucid history of this intercourse, from the earliest times of which we have any authentic account, is given, interspersed with as much valuable information of the customs of this curious people, bearing upon the subject of Commerce, as was possible in so small a compass. Nothing need be said of the importance of this particular subject, at the time of so great an epoch as the present in the commercial intercourse of the rest of the world with that nation.

Within the space that we can possibly give to notices such as this, it is impossible for us to say what ought so forcibly to be said upon a topic suggested by this publication. We mean the great importance to all engaged in Commerce, of information commensurate with their profession. To say nothing of the dignity and stability of character involved in the idea of an *intelligent* merchant, how much wildness of speculation, and misapplication of energy, enterprise, and labor, would be avoided, were merchants more generally acquainted with the various and complicated subjects connected with their calling; so that the causes and consequences of operations might be more intelligently reasoned about. In England, Commerce is now treated as a science; and it is becoming more and more necessary every day that it should be understood as such, in order to success. In fact, when the numbers contending for its glittering prizes only become a little more numerous than they are, to so understand and practise it will be essential to the avoidance of certain failure.

*Life and Eloquence of the Rev. Sylvester Larned, First Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New Orleans.* By R. R. GURLEY. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1844.

Pulpit eloquence is a distinct field in oratory, and its requisitions on all the resources of the speaker are as great, certainly, as are found in any department of the art. If its subjects are less varied than those of an every-day worldly nature—which may admit of doubt—they will yet bear to be more frequently recurred to; if they appear not of such immediate, and therefore pressing concern, they are yet of infinitely vaster import, and present themselves to the mind with such breadth and extension as belong to the prospects of immortality. And in this country its field is doubtless more distinct, and makes greater exactions, than in any other. For the turn of our people is decidedly towards oratory; and as the mass here are unquestionably more intelligent than in any other land, they will expect far more of their sacred teachers.

The discourses of the Rev. Sylvester Larned have been looked for now for several years, and great expectations, founded on universal report, had been formed with respect to their merits. Oratorical efforts, however, which when delivered produced the greatest effect, often appear, when perused in writings, to have no qualities justifying such an impression; so much of the power of eloquence belongs to the voice, the eye, the least motion of the hand. This fact, united with the great expectation which had been raised, would come in the way at once to disappoint the readers of Mr. Larned's Sermons now published. Yet, though his person "combined dignity, grace, and strength," though "his countenance well expressed his soul, and his voice was persuasion,"—none of which aids to impression can now be of avail—yet no one of those who may peruse these discourses in his own chamber, can fail to be struck with their many high qualities. After reading them, we cannot greatly differ from the opinion of his biographer, that "nothing irrelevant, nothing superfluous, is admitted;" that "he enters at once, and proceeds steadily onward in his argument, never pausing, and never deviating from his main design;" that "his words are things, his illustrations arguments, and even his ornaments seem but to clasp the simple drapery of great and majestic thoughts." If with all this he had, as is urged, the rare talent of being eloquent without seeming sensible of it, of hiding from himself and others the power by which he moved them, he was certainly an *orator*.

*Commerce of the Prairies: or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader during eight expeditions across the great Western Prairies, and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico. Illustrated with maps and engravings.* By JOSHUA GREGG. Two volumes. New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

We do not suppose that any number of books, written from personal observation and adventure on the great prairies of the west, by those capable of describing what they saw and met with, would weaken our interest in a new volume depicting the same wonderful country. There is so much of new and varied incident still to be met with—so much of her fresh solitudes still left to Nature—so much that is unchangeably magnificent in its immense scenery—so much *room to be free*—that the imagination, among its green-swelling prairies, mounds, and vast rivers, with buffalo herds, and lines of dark forest belting the distance, very readily loses itself for the fiftieth time. Though Pike and Long, therefore, gave such full accounts of their journeys from the Mississippi to the mountains, and Murray, Irving, and Hoffman, and more recently the graphic narrator of the "Santa Fé Expedition," have added to scenes of the prairie many graces of style, the present somewhat loosely-arranged narrative of Mr. Gregg seems effectually to reawaken our interest.

Mr. Gregg's narrative is peculiarly rambling; but for that very reason, it has the more variety, which is, of course, in such a work, one great element of attraction. He gives some new information about the more distant Mexican territories, and a good deal that is new about many wild tribes of Indians. It is a book, in brief, pleasant to read, and one to which we should recur in writing about that region of the continent.

*Elements of Logic, together with an Introductory View of Philosophy in general, and a Preliminary View of the Reason.* By HENRY P. TAPPAN. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1844.

Prof. Tappan is most favorably known in the field of philosophical inquiry by his able Review of Edwards on the Will. The present work on the very difficult field of logic will add to his reputation. It is divided into Primordial Logic, Inductive Logic, and Deductive Logic—presenting, in a more attractive form than is usual, a full discussion of all the principal elements of the subject. It is too large a subject, however, to be laid aside by us with a brief reference. We shall give it an extended notice on another occasion.

*The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark.* New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co., 222 Broadway.

We have received from the publishers the various writings of Mr. Clark, as edited by his brother, the conductor of the "Knickerbocker." We regret the want of space for an appropriate notice of them at this time. In our next we shall endeavor to do justice to a man of genius, a true poet, and one of the finest humorists whom the country has produced.

*Ellen Woodville: or Life in the West.* New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

This book is not particularly worth noticing as a work of fiction. It deserves praise, however, for its general elegance of language—a trait not always found in the fictions of the day—and for a very clear and truthful portraiture of the life, principles, and practice of the western land speculators, especially their extreme want of what we might term *financial morality*.

### THE SOLILOQUY.

THE lamp burns dimly, and the midnight stars  
 Have wheeled their slow course round the moveless pole.  
 —Thus, then, oh! thus, with a returnless vow,  
 And a most voiceless purpose, deep within—  
 Deeper than fear or doubting—am I flung  
 On the great ocean of the world's wide thought.  
 What fortune there unto my freighted bark  
 Shall fall, I know not. Every billow seeks  
 Its own wild independence; and the shores  
 Of that tumultuous deep are strown along  
 With the dull wrecks of many a glorious scheme,  
 Once buoyant borne upon the topmost wave—  
 And under the dark waters, all unsecn,  
 Lie myriad others, which no thought of man  
 Shall more remember. None the less, for these,  
 Shall yet another, laden with great hopes  
 And solemn purposes, go calmly forth  
 To struggle, as it may, for its bold aims,  
 And meet its destiny. There will be storms  
 In causeless strange abuse, and the strong breath  
 Of busy mouths will blow upon our course,  
 And their loud clamor strive to drown the voice  
 Of sun-bright Truth that sitteth on the prow:—  
 Nay, bitterer far, pretended friendly tongues  
 May fill the fair free winds with secret taint,  
 Poisoning the spirit of so fair a voyage—  
 Yet will we on with a most constant heart,  
 Stretch the broad sails, and through the dark-brow'd deep,  
 "Stem nightly towards the pole!" For if for thee,  
 O Native Land! there be forever sunk  
 One new delusion or one hoary error,  
 And thy dear sons accord no thought of praise,  
 Be all my recompense the toil for good,  
 And the high consciousness of evil slain,  
 And that which none can take away, thy gifts,  
 O Intellectual Beauty!—Influence bright,  
 Wide Presence! Great Adorner!—thou that wast  
 The earliest offspring of th' Eternal Soul,  
 Most loved, most honored, and endowed with power  
 Over the souls of angels and the mind  
 Of man, create in glory—thou that sitt'st  
 Among the clouds, and watchest with the stars,  
 And holdest converse deep, all times, all hours,  
 With the old mountains, and the changeful skies,  
 And solemn ocean, drinking in the light  
 Of God's great universe with silent gaze,  
 And look'st through all things—unto me, O Spirit!  
 Mayst thou reveal thy presence and thy power,  
 And all the calmness of thine aspect fair.

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& Co.; Rhode Island, H. Whiteker, Providence; Zieber & Co.,  
Philadelphia; Shurtz & Taylor, Baltimore.

prolong or exasperate them. It has rather for its objects to set forth some of the features in the contest which should not be overlooked—to explore some of the causes of the result which may furnish lessons of wisdom or of courage—to estimate carefully the real weight of the decision against us, and to cast, as sagaciously as may be, the horoscope of our future fortunes.

The great political contests, hitherto, for the possession and control of the general government, by whatever names significant of their principles the parties therein may have been designated, have been, in fact and in profession, carried on between the Administration and Opposition; and from these relations the combatants have drawn much towards their organization and their strength. It was a remarkable feature in the late election, that from a most peculiar concurrence in political events, and an equally peculiar combination of political influences, this element was so modified in its operation, as to produce most singular and, to the Whig party, most disastrous results. The existing administration, elected by the Whigs, had been controlled by their principles and had carried out their measures only to a very limited extent, and for a very brief period. Long before the marshalling of the array for the decisive struggle, it had alienated itself from our principles and been driven with scorn from our confidence; and, after a feeble experiment upon its capacity of standing alone, it had finally transferred its favor and its patronage, its means for, and its material of, corruption, its whole disposable mercenary force, into the hands of our opponents.

The history of previous national elections shows, that the active force of the party in power, necessarily incident to its position, combined with the natural *vis inertia*, when the people have been at all closely divided in political opinions, has not only served as an important make-weight in the scale, but has generally proved decisive in turning it. The same history also teaches that when the party in power, in despite of the advantages of its position, has been in fact supplanted by its rival, it has been overborne as much by its own misdeeds and the accession of negative strength, which *they* gave to the opposition, as by the proper vigor derived by the latter from its own positive principles. Besides, the opposition has always relied much upon the lust of change, ever

an effective element in all popular movements—much more upon the selfish arguments which the prospect of new political arrangements always offers to the large and apparently increasing body of voters who make politics a trade. These influences compensate somewhat for the capital of the actual possession of power, in which the administration, of course, have the advantage. The “Outs” have a vast *speculative* capital, upon which they can issue abundant promises, to be redeemed when success shall have furnished the means. The “Ins” have exhausted their resources in the satisfaction of past services; they can alarm with the fear of losing, but can afford no stimulus to the hope of gain.

The application of these remarks to the position of the two great parties, relatively to Mr. Tyler's administration, will exhibit the remarkable influence which the latter, so utterly feeble and insignificant in every moral point of view, was enabled to exert and did exert, under the novel circumstances of the case. Neither the Whigs nor the Democrats could properly be called the Administration party; neither, the Opposition. But mark how unequally the qualities of these antagonist positions, so important for the battle which we were approaching as to have often alone decided the field, were divided between the two parties. The Democrats had all the *power* of administration, all the *prestige* of opposition; the Whigs, all the *burdens* of administration—all the *obstacles* of opposition. If John Tyler could have thrust upon our opponents all the imbecilities, all the ineffable perfidies and scarce imaginable meannesses which compose the history of his dynasty, by the same transfer which conveyed to them the whole resources of government influence and patronage, we should have been for once his debtors. No strength which *he* could have imparted with all his *accidental* power, would have sufficed to bear up the load of *inbred* and accumulated sins which would thus have devolved upon his luckless legatees. His political testament did not so equitably provide; he left to us all his monstrous debts, to others all the substantial value which he had to bequeath. Of his ragged army, the *impedimenta*, the vile baggage, fell to our share—the armory and military chest were betrayed to our enemies. This position of things was entirely unparalleled

in the course of political contests in our country: we fervently pray that it may never occur again. The defunct carcass of Tylerism bred a political pestilence, congenial to the vitality of Locofocoism, and it throve upon it—fatal to healthier organs, and we were enfeebled by the malaria. The *facts* of this case transcend the wisdom of the apologue—the *dead ass* has here triumphed over the *living lion*.

The precise weight in the determination of the conflict, which this novel and unhappy influence was enabled to exert, we cannot pretend to estimate; but we say with confidence, that, all other things remaining as they were, this disturbing cause rendered the fight any thing but a fair one, and would alone have accounted for a vastly more unfavorable result than we now have occasion to deplore.

But there is another characteristic of the late campaign, so deeply branded with infamy, so full of woful menace to the very existence of free institutions, that nothing but the clearest evidence could have proved its prevalence to ourselves, nothing but a stern sense of duty lead us to expose its deformity to our readers. We regard the presence, activity, and vigilance of great political *parties*, in this country, as alike essential to the permanence of liberty and the best security for the virtual and beneficent dominion of constitutional government. *Faction* and *cabal* are very different agents in a political system, and fraught with far other tendencies. A *party* is an organized union upon the basis of a principle or a system of principles, and proposes the good of the country; opposing parties differ in their principles, and of course in their measures, but agree in their object—the common weal. A *faction* confines its aims and objects within itself; “its be all and its end all,” is self-aggrandizement. Factions, then, are as much the foes of popular governments, as parties are their ministers and defenders. The generous spirit of party, vehement though it be, invigorates and warms, cherishes and sustains, the whole fabric of the State; the gnawing tooth of faction corrodes every prop, and its insatiate thirst exhausts every spring of public prosperity. *Little parties*, operating within narrow circles, dealing with small interests, and, of necessity, confounding somewhat personal and public concerns, are constantly in danger of sinking into factions. But the dignity, amplitude, and diversity of the elements which

make up the character and the substance, the soul and the body, of a great national party, have hitherto been supposed to present sufficient obstacles to a general degradation of its objects, and an universal profligacy in its means and measures. Such a general degradation and such an universal profligacy, when they once thoroughly obtain in a powerful party of an empire or a state, augur a decay of public virtue in the leading minds of a people, and a coldness of patriotism in its common mass, which, unchecked, must precipitate its ruin.

With these opinions, and in spite of our sincere desire to avoid a conclusion so painful to our national vanity, and so pregnant with ill omens for our national well-being, a candid examination of all the points of the case cannot spare us the conviction, that the late Presidential election was a struggle between a *party* and a *faction*—that our opponents, deliberately and systematically, abandoned every man, renounced every measure, and abjured every principle, to which they had been, however sacredly, committed; and this too, with a carelessness of disguise, a scorn of dissimulation, and a contempt of the *decencies* of knavery, which laugh at description and defy exaggeration. They adapted the motto of kingly pride—“*L'Etat, c'est Moi*”—to the purposes of *democratic* humility. “The Republic—it is *our party*”; and this great postulate gained, they strode with hasty logic through the necessary deductions, and with a shrewd practical philosophy, expressed the results of their “*pure reason*” in most definite and forcible action. Some guilty mind, capacious of such things, suggested the bold experiment of setting up for the suffrages of a free and enlightened people *Democracy in the abstract*, not embodied in any system of principles, nor yet shaped into any project of measures, not even incarnate in the form of any *man*. The omnipotence of the “*popular element*” was to be illustrated and established beyond all cavil, for out of *nothing* it should create *something*;—the right and the capacity of the people to choose their own rulers were to be vindicated by the extremest test—requiring them to vote for nobody knew whom, for nobody knew why.

The first great step in reducing this novel plan to practice, was the summary disposition which was made of Mr Van Buren by the Nominating Convention,

and the magical elevation of Mr. Polk,—a man entirely inconsiderable before this event, and whom his recent fortunes cannot be said to have rendered any thing more than notorious. Apply for a moment to this proceeding the discrimination which we have above attempted to draw between the distinctive features of a *party* and a *faction*, and say whether this quiet substitution of candidates was not the act of the latter. What principle of the *genuine* democracy was not outraged both in the act itself and in the mode of its accomplishment? *Pledges* were scattered to the wind—the will of the majority supplanted by concerted fraud—and the “martyr to Democratic principles” overwhelmed with contumely. Why was all this? If this band of politicians represented an honest party, having principles and proposing measures valuable to the commonwealth, who so fit an exponent of them, who so skillful an administrator of them, as Martin Van Buren? No, it was the vile work of a *faction*, which knew no motive and sought no end beyond its own triumph. The Ex-President had some political history, some political principles, some political responsibility hanging about him—there was bone and muscle, there were qualities and tendencies in him, and they might interfere with the scheme of running Democracy *in the abstract*. But that the whole cause and object of this management might not be left to argument or inference, that it might not be said that any repugnance was felt to Mr. Van Buren’s principles, or his personal connections, *Silas Wright*, the mirror of the one and the most intimate of the other, is immediately nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Does not, then, *this* transaction sustain the charge, that our opponents entered upon the campaign, with an entire abnegation of every thing but the success of the faction, and that they did this without caring to conceal the deformity of their designs with the thin veil of hypocrisy.

The foul marks of faction are not less deeply imprinted upon the management of all questions of public policy and of fundamental principle, by the Democrats, throughout the whole period of the late contest.

The *Sub-Treasury*, that shrewd project of finance, by which the “*progress party*” would throw our money system some several centuries backward; that golden-calf of Democracy, at whose

shrine its selectest priesthood were wont to minister, and its haughtiest votaries to kneel; whose mystic name was erst the *Shibboleth*, and its “specie clause” the touchstone of the true, unadulterate faith; how, we say, did the scheme of *Democracy in the abstract* deal with this matter? The idol, like *Dagon* in the house of the Philistines, “had fallen upon his face to the ground,” and the foot-prints of the pilgrims to its altar were all reversed, as if in hasty flight. Throughout the length and breadth of the land its name was not heard; there was “none so poor to do it reverence”; there was not virtue enough left in it even to *conjure* with. Has, then, the infallible spirit of Democracy spoken false oracles? Has its wisdom become folly in its own eyes? Was this suppression of the *Sub-Treasury*, during the canvass, an honest renunciation of an error, and was its reinstatement as sincerely abandoned as its discussion was peremptorily forbidden? Here again we are saved the labor of argument, and spared the doubt of inference. They have made haste to enact, what they were slow to discuss, and in that branch of Congress in which they have the power, the re-establishment of this same *Sub-Treasury* is the sole result of its exercise, and the accredited “organ of concentrated Democratic sentiment” claims the late election decisive in its verdict of popular opinion upon this point *alone*, of prime importance,—a point not mooted in the trial. Is the course which *this* matter has taken, the upright action of a *party*, or the impudent juggle of a *faction*?

The adverse policies of a protective tariff and unrestricted freedom of trade are the most important which can divide a commercial people, and upon these, long before the actual collision of the parties in the contest, it had become manifest the fight, if an honest one, was mainly to be made. It was well known, too, that, however the independent militia of the hostile army might straggle, all the “*Chivalry*” on this point were united and puissant. The stupendous forces of the great kingdom of South Carolina could be drawn from their armed neutrality only by a most stringent covenant on this head. The noble leader of our own array had fought his way up from the ranks to his exalted post, mainly in the service of the *American system*. This warfare had been to him, what the Italian campaigns were to Napoleon—the foun-

dation of, and the preparation for, his eventual supremacy. Foreign nations looked upon the impending election as the decision of the question, whether our political independence was to be rendered complete and impregnable, or to be practically annulled by commercial and social subservience. This, whichever opinion had the right of it, was a question in our national condition not modal, but essential—not of health merely, but of life. It touched all domestic arrangements, it reached to all foreign relations; it was conversant with the subtlest speculative theories and with the commonest employments of men; it laid its hand upon the amassed treasure of the capitalist and the daily bread of the laborer. It was a question on which parties, if divided at all, must have been so by distinct and impassable lines of demarcation, on which the trumpets of mutual defiance should have uttered no doubtful note. Was the Democratic party true to its principles, and did it present a united front on this question? There is no pretence of it. It is *conceded*, that on the tariff policy the order was given to the bands of the faithful, to assume every local opinion, and court every sectional prejudice. Silence and obscurity were seen to be of no avail; loud and vehement clamor, sounding as many voices as there were popular opinions, was substituted. An ambuscade we were armed against, and they donned our colors and stole our standards. At the North, they were more protective than the protectionists; at the South, less restrictive than the free-traders; at the West, they would foster the interests of the farmer; at the East, of the manufacturer. Who disputes, then, that on the tariff, our opponents roamed throughout the land, a lying *faction*, seeking whom they might devour?

On *Annexation*, however, this newborn issue, produced for the crisis, making now its first appearance on any stage, the “*lone star*” of the play, which was to atone for all awkwardness, supply all deficiencies, reconcile all incongruities in the minor parts, and smooth all troubles in the plot—on this project, at least, we shall see unity and concord. This position, so firmly taken, and to hold which so much else has been given away, our foes are surely willing to abide by, and on it to stake the chances of defeat. The history of the canvass, on this topic also, shows the reverse.

The progress of discussion educed the fact, that principles on this subject, too, must be accommodated to various shades of public sentiment, or an adhesion to them must cripple the force of the party and jeopard its success. The Catholicity of their political church is disturbed by a band of *Protestants*, and this dogma of “*Immediate Annexation*” is challenged. These heretics prefer, however, to protest *in* the church, and not to protest themselves out of it—they are very great patriots, but their ambition does not aspire to the crown of martyrdom for conscience’ sake. Accordingly, they vote for the candidate, protesting against his opinions—they sustain the party, protesting against its measures—they entrust with power men sworn to a specific exercise of it, protesting against such exercise. There was even a large class of voters at the north who could be induced to lend their aid to the election of the Democratic candidates, only by the consideration that a *Whig Senate* would preclude the possibility of their mad schemes of Annexation being carried out! The depth of such poltroonery is unfathomable—

“The force of *faction* could no further go,”

and upon this as the elimax of proof we rest the demonstration of our proposition.

We have thus portrayed, and we believe truthfully, the main elements of the late Presidential election, which distinguish it from all preceding popular contests, which controlled its character and produced its result;—we pass to a brief examination of the result itself, and a consideration of some of the particular modes in which the above influences manifested themselves, and of some less dignified agencies which co-operated with them. We cannot be expected to present calculations *in extenso*, nor to support the opinions which we have formed and may express by all the *evidence* by which we have arrived at them. This is the province of the newspapers; upon the information which they supply to us, corrected and filtered in the fierce collisions between them, we are all mostly dependent for our political facts and statistics.

Figures, it is said, cannot lie, but a particular arrangement of them may speak the truth more forcibly than another. The following table compiled from the official returns, may, perhaps, exhibit some points in the numerical result, not generally noticed.

States.	Clay.	Polk.	Birney.	Aggregate.	Plurality.		Whig*		Dem.*		El. Vo.	
					Clay.	Polk.	Maj.	Def.	Maj.	Def.	C.	P.
Maine . . . . .	34,378	45,719	4,836	81,933	—	11,341	—	8,089	3,252	—	—	9
New Hampshire.	17,866	27,160	4,161	49,157	—	9,294	—	6,728	2,566	—	—	6
Vermont . . . . .	26,770	18,011	3,954	48,765	8,729	—	2,387	—	—	6,342	6	—
Massachusetts . . . . .	67,418	52,846	10,860	131,124	14,572	—	1,856	—	—	12,716	12	—
Rhode Island . . . . .	7,322	4,967	—	12,159	2,455	—	1,227	—	—	1,227	4	—
Connecticut . . . . .	32,882	29,841	1,943	64,616	2,991	—	524	—	—	2,467	6	—
New York . . . . .	232,482	237,588	15,812	485,882	—	5,106	—	10,459	—	5,333	—	36
New Jersey . . . . .	38,318	37,195	131	75,944	823	—	346	—	—	477	7	—
Pennsylvania . . . . .	161,203	167,535	3,138	331,876	—	6,332	—	4,735	1,597	—	—	26
Delaware . . . . .	6,259	5,971	—	12,229	257	—	144	—	—	144	3	—
Maryland . . . . .	35,984	32,676	—	68,660	3,308	—	1,654	—	—	1,654	8	—
Virginia . . . . .	43,677	49,570	—	93,247	—	5,893	—	2,946	2,946	—	—	17
North Carolina . . . . .	43,232	39,257	—	82,419	3,945	—	1,972	—	—	1,972	11	—
Georgia . . . . .	42,100	44,147	—	86,247	—	2,047	—	1,023	1,023	—	—	10
Alabama . . . . .	26,084	37,740	—	63,824	—	11,656	—	5,828	5,828	—	—	9
Mississippi . . . . .	19,206	25,126	—	44,332	—	5,920	—	2,960	2,960	—	—	6
Louisiana . . . . .	13,083	13,782	—	26,865	—	699	—	349	349	—	—	6
Arkansas . . . . .	5,504	9,546	—	15,050	—	4,041	—	2,021	2,021	—	—	3
Tennessee . . . . .	60,030	59,917	—	119,947	113	—	56	—	—	56	13	—
Kentucky . . . . .	61,255	51,988	—	113,243	9,267	—	4,633	—	—	4,633	12	—
Missouri . . . . .	31,251	41,369	—	72,620	—	10,118	—	5,059	5,059	—	—	7
Illinois . . . . .	45,528	57,920	—	103,448	—	12,392	—	6,196	6,196	—	—	9
Indiana . . . . .	67,867	70,181	2,106	140,154	—	2,314	—	2,210	104	—	—	12
Ohio . . . . .	155,057	149,117	8,050	312,224	5,940	—	—	1,055	—	6,995	23	—
Michigan . . . . .	24,237	27,703	3,632	55,572	—	3,466	—	3,549	—	82	—	5
† South Carolina.												161
	1,298,942	1,337,132	58,623	2,694,697	52,430	90,578	14,799	63,207	33,901	44,119	105	170

\* These columns express the excess over, or deficiency from, a majority in each state, obtained by the Whigs and Democrats respectively. They are important to show the precise amount of disturbance created by the third party, wherever it intervened. Where but two tickets were run, the majority for one is, of course, equal to the deficiency of the other, and each is half the plurality.

† South Carolina does not entrust the choice of Presidential Electors to the people, and we have therefore omitted all further notice of her in estimating the popular elements of the numerical result. She took no part in the Convention which nominated Mr. Polk, and has, since the election, expressed her distrust of the principles which are to govern his administration. She stands pretty much aloof from our national policies, and is both inconsiderable and but little considered in our party combinations.

It will be perceived by a reference to the above table, that in three of the states of the Union, New York, Ohio and Michigan, casting together *sixty-four* electoral votes, neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Polk received an actual majority. Of the remaining twenty-two states in which electors were chosen directly by the people, *ten* gave majorities for Mr. Clay, and *twelve* for Mr. Polk. Of the whole aggregate popular vote of 2,694,697, the Whig candidate fell short of an actual majority by 48,407 votes; and the President elect by 10,217 votes; the plurality of the latter over the former being 38,190. The largest numerical majority cast in any state was 6,196, in Illinois for Mr. Polk—the largest numerical plurality in any state was 14,572 in Massachusetts for Mr. Clay.

The first important deduction to be drawn from the above data is, that Mr. Polk, on no basis of calculation, received the suffrages of a majority of the actual voters at the election. In the aggregate vote we have already seen how far he fell short of this. But if a majority of ballots had been necessary to the choice of electors in

the several states, he would also have been defeated; the twelve states in which his party polled majorities, furnished but *one hundred and twenty* electors, eighteen less than the requisite number.

Another notable fact, apparent upon the figures, is the *smallness* of the majorities thrown for either candidate in all the states which can fairly be said to have been contested. Leaving out Missouri, Alabama, Illinois and Kentucky, (where no third party intervened, and where the state of opinions was so unequal as to offer no motive for a close contest,) the largest majority in any state was but 3,252, in Maine.

Again, it is worthy of remark, that in *three instances at least*, a very small change of votes throughout a most extensive territory and among a vast population, would have reversed the result. Thus in the State of New York, a change of 2,554 votes—but little over *one-half per cent.* of the aggregate of that State, and less than *one-thousandth* of the entire vote of the Union,—would have elected our candidate; in Pennsylvania and Georgia together a change of *one per cent.* of

their aggregate vote would have produced the same result; in Virginia, Indiana and Louisiana collectively, a not much more considerable variation was needed for the success of Mr. Clay.

It is also noticeable, that at the close of the elections of the year 1843, the governments of but *eight* States, including only *seventy-one* electoral votes, were controlled by the Whigs; in the remaining *eighteen* States, with *two hundred and four* electoral votes, the adverse party was dominant.

This, so to speak, is the "*materiel*" of the result, and upon its face it appears that the withdrawal of the votes cast for the Abolitionist candidate from the issue between the two contending parties, has prevented the complete ascertainment of popular opinion upon that issue. That under a form of government, which reposes all ultimate power in the people, and acknowledges as its fundamental principle "that the will of the *majority* shall rule,"—every administration of which depends for its whole moral force in the country upon the fact of its resting upon the will of such a majority, and its constitutionally expressing that will—that under such a form of government the dominancy should be gained, and held, and swayed by a *minority*, is an anomaly. That there should be found in our midst a large body of voters so indifferent to the great systems of policy which divide the nation, as to throw away their franchise on an issue desperate in itself and entirely extrinsic to that on which their country *commanded* their voices, is matter of grave astonishment. We have neither time nor temper to discuss that sorry compound of weakness and arrogance, simplicity, malice and profligacy of which this mischievous faction is made up. The pity and disdain of all right-minded men rest upon them, and the cause which they have espoused shows more and wider wounds of their own infliction, than it could ever have suffered from its foes.

But aside from all the influences to which we have adverted, we find a sincere conviction that great *actual* as well as moral fraud in the election was perpetrated by the Radical faction, and that to this cause our defeat may be fairly set down. The *Placquemines* transaction, by which, within a narrow precinct, there were cast more *democratic* suffrages than the entire population of men, women and children, has never been explained; and the charge of direct and concerted

fraud based thereon never rebutted. "*Ex pede Herculem*,"—if this footprint be so broad and deep, how vast and monstrous the body, could we but trace its form and lineaments! We cannot encumber our pages with extended tables, or we would exhibit the evidence upon which we base our opinion, that New-York, Pennsylvania, Georgia and Louisiana were carried by *fraud*; not deceptive argument, not lying assertion, not trick nor bribery do we speak of now, but the *downright and violent frauds of illegal, false, spurious votes*.

Time was, when the Democratic party seemed to have "taken a bond of fate" for the security and permanence of their ascendancy, and the ranks of a watchful and fearless *opposition* were the only line of public service open to the conservative patriotism of the country. The intrinsic worthiness of our principles, and the patient and disinterested adhesion to them, of the best and ablest men of the nation, through long adversity, gradually won upon popular favor, and the *Whig party*, year by year, gained strength in the country. The catastrophe to public credit and prosperity, which the wicked principles and perverse measures of the Radicals wrought out under Mr. Van Buren's administration, hastened their downfall, and gave us a triumph, complete in appearance, but perhaps premature. The death of Harrison and the treason of Tyler swept away the fruits of our success, and under accumulated discouragements the battle was to be fought over again. *It has been fought*, and nobly fought; and if our discomfiture were complete and final, if with our party's disaster the sun of our country's destiny had gone down forever, we do not know that any just self-reproaches would have embittered our pangs at defeat.

A survey of the whole matter, however, in its length and breadth, and from its beginning to its end, forbids us to attribute any such important character, or to impute any such serious consequences to the issue of the late struggle. We cannot but regard it as evincing a fortitude, solidity, and concord in the Whig organization, to which it has been for a long time growing, indeed, but which it never until now has reached—as evidence of a diffusion of sound political opinions, and a prevalence of active patriotism throughout the land, which recall, almost, the heroic age of our history—as showing a general popularity and a confirmed numerical strength on

the side of conservative principles which they have never before regained since the close of Washington's administration. We look upon the success of our opponents as the last, the feeble, the *hollow* victory of a waning power—a victory which has exhausted their resources and crippled their strength, and yet has given them no new stronghold, secured them no more advantageous position for the continuance of the war. As the bold experiment of *wholesale* profligacy, of *absolute* subjection of every thing in the shape of views, tenets, opinions and principles to the smooth working of party machinery, has never been tried before; so, we predict, it can never in this generation succeed again. Nor has the *end* of this late experiment yet transpired—it is too early to predicate of it complete success even for the immediate purposes. The fierce accusation of the ruined Macbeth is yet to be sounded, by an incensed constituency in the ears of these political wizards, in solemn retribution for their frauds:

“And be these juggling fiends *no more believed,*

That palter with us in a double sense,  
That keep the word of promise to our ear  
And break it to our hope.”

To conclude, we recur to the stern sentiment of our motto, and inquire whether there is enough of “the *Cato*” about us to abide by a *beaten cause*. This is the whole purpose of our present reflections, and the entire aim which every discussion of the late political events should propose to itself. The public press, the popular assemblies, the voices of our wise and great men, all return no doubtful answer. Stupendous and sudden as was the defeat, no interval, however short, of despondency followed it. A firmer stand, a closer union, a more solemn devotion, for the furtherance of the right, are our watchwords for the future, and the mustering for the encounter has begun already. The eminent, the able, the veteran, are crowding to the front of the battle, and the long array is forming again on the very field of its reverses.

The Whig party is contented with its *principles*, its *measures*, and its *name*. To whatever extent the Radical party may boast of their favor with the *populace*, we are the party of the *people*. The sober, industrious, thriving masses of the citizens are Whig in feeling and in action. The word “*Democracy*” has had a potent charm about it; it is beautiful in its *theo-*

*ries*, sublime in its *abstractions*, but it has lost credit of late by its modes of *action*. Indeed some have ventured to suspect that modern “*Democracy*” when loudest-mouthed is most insincere, and when most magnificent in its professions, is most paltry in its performance. But let that pass; it is not the first time a good name has lost repute from the degeneracy of its inheritors. The name of *WHIG* is broad enough and popular enough for our need. With no proper meaning of its own, it expresses more forcibly than any word in the language, the party of liberty and patriotism and loyalty to *constitutional* government, and includes in its history nobler illustrations of all these, than the annals of Greek or Roman freedom can display. All parties who have borne it, whether in our mother country or our own, have been eminently practical, and have maintained a shrewd consistency between their words and deeds. In England, the Whigs professed a hatred of kingly usurpation and oppression, and on the first occasion cut off the head of a tyrant—in this country they wrote the Declaration of Independence, and then wrought out its sentiments in the battles of the revolution.

Let us then abide by our organization, our principles, our leaders and our name. Let us cherish the conviction that whatever good can be hoped for our country, must be accomplished through the agency of the Whig party, *in its present form and constitution*. Let new light illuminate our counsels, new vigor confirm our strength, new ardor inflame our spirit—but let no shortsighted policy commit us to merely local interests in prejudice of our duties to the whole country—let no false sympathy, on the one hand, enlist us in a crusade of philanthropy through regions which the *CONSTITUTION* has forbidden us to invade; nor, on the other, let a fatal lust of acquisition engage us in a league which may rend asunder the bonds of our present *Union*.

In the past we see nothing to dishearten, in the future every thing to cheer. Vigilance now and until the end, lest the enemy “sow tares while we sleep”; active energy from the start until the goal be won, lest he thrive in our idleness; these we must resolve on, and these will ensure our triumph. The altar on which the fire of our enthusiasm is kindled is the altar of Principle—its flames are fed with the pure oil of Patriotism—and the vestal guardians, Liberty and Law, keep holy watch over its embers—they *shall not die*.

## JACK LONG ;

## OR, LYNCH-LAW AND VENGEANCE.

IN the following relation of real occurrences there are several incidental matters it would be well to have understood. So much of exaggerated romance is to be observed pervading the narrative spirit of the times, that, with a due respect for the good nature of our readers, it has become indispensable that the story-teller should be very sure of his ground—that is, sufficiently so, to feel that he can establish a sympathetic confidence between his readers and himself, that he is not attempting to impose upon their credulity by sheer and egregious fabrications of his own, when he undertakes to tell what is called a “hard story.” To define in words what the process of establishing this sympathy consists in, is a difficult matter. The most that can be said of it is, that it forms itself. Mere assertions will not always answer. Where it is required that they alone should be taken, they must be accompanied by a nameless and inexpressible air, not of candor only, but of minute and piquant detail, such as personal familiarity with the incidents narrated can only give. It is easy enough to romance upon the ground work of a general knowledge of characteristics, but to the cool search of an accurate eye, there is a want of filling in, an absence of those finer touches which are better felt than described. A very unsatisfactory impression of doubt is the consequence, and the writer who establishes himself on so unfortunate terms with the reader, must altogether fail of producing the effect he aims at. Neither the careless use of round assertions, nor reiterations of one’s own special claims to immaculacy in truth-telling will bring about that pleasant state of trustfulness so desirable in the mind of the hearer. There is another extreme—that of too much pretension to a bluff, straight-forward “I am not eloquent as Brutus is !” kind of manner ! But the world is getting too old for this game. There is yet a medium which strikes me as the only true one. Make no protestations at all, one way or the other. If there is a story to tell, tell it. Be carefully minute, and ask no favors:—the hard eyed public will rate what is said properly. A sen-

sitive irritability at the idea of distrust is not a whit more persuasive than a narrative bullyism;—men like neither to be whined or bluffed out of their judgments.

Before proceeding, it would not be amiss to give a more definite idea, than has generally obtained, of the social condition of the peculiar region in which these strange scenes were enacted. Every body knows that Texas has been the peculiar and favorite resort of restless, adventurous men, and not those of this stamp simply, but as well the vicious and unprincipled, of nearly all nations. A knowledge of this fact alone would naturally lead one to expect, that the commingling of so many passionate and opposite extremes would lead to many extravagances in the action of their antagonism—that excesses of all kinds, the unhesitating expression of unbridled impulses, would be ordinary incidents of life here—that the quick wrath and bloody hand should be often simultaneous, where the most formidable weapons were openly worn, law and its restraints little regarded, and general sentiment favored a resort to them on trivial occasions. Though this much of a vague knowledge of the state of things there, might prepare the anticipation for a good deal—even though a visit to the principal cities of the country should still farther prepare it for a realization of what may properly come within the scope of such forces, still it would be difficult to understand how the monstrous exhibitions of frontier life, with which those who have lived amidst it are familiar, can possibly be credible. One must see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, before he can readily conceive that many things occurring there could be looked upon as matters of course. Yet outrages the most terrible succeed each other rapidly;—men are lynched and stabbed and shot with as little compunction as you would feel in spitting a goose ! The law of bloody force is alone recognized; there is no medium between the insult and the desperate retaliation. There is no interposition, of either general sentiment or civil organization, between the savagery of unreclaimed blood wreaking

its worst and the stricken victim. Personal prowess, iron nerve and skill in the use of weapons, are the traits most calculated for insuring respect, and commanding power. How recklessly these are displayed may be appreciated by remembering the late notoriety of the Regulator wars, that raged so exterminatingly in this very county of Shelby, which is the scene of our story ; and the answer given by President Houston to the first application which was made for his interposition with the civil forces under his command to put a stop to them, is entirely characteristic of the man and the country :—“ Fight it out among yourselves ! The sooner you kill each other off the better ! ”

It was the period of the first organization of the Regulators to which our story refers. Shelby, in the latter part of—39, was a frontier county and bordering upon that region known as the Red Lands, was the receptacle of all the vilest men who had been driven across our borders, for crimes of every degree ! Horse-thieves and villains congregated there in such numbers, that the open and bare-faced effort had been made to convert it into a sort of “ *Alsatia* ” of the West—a place of refuge for all outlaws, who understood universally that it was only necessary to the most perfect immunity in crime, that they should succeed in effecting an escape to this neighborhood, where they would be publicly protected and pursuit defied. The extent to which this thing was carried may be conjectured when it is known, that bands of men disguised as Indians would sally forth into the neighboring districts, with the view to visiting some obnoxious person with their vengeance—either in the shape of robbery or murder. Returning with great speed, and driving the valuable stock before them, till they were among their friends again, they would re-brand the horses and mules, resume their usual appearance, and laugh at retaliation. Even single men would, in the face of day, commit the most daring crimes, trusting to an escape here for protection. They seemed determined at any risk to hold the county good against the encroachments of all honest citizens ; and it came to be notorious, that no man could move among them with any citizen-like and proper motives, but at the expense of his personal safety or his conscience—for the crime of refusing to take part with them was in itself sufficient to subject

all new comers to a series of persecutions, which soon brought them into terms or resulted in their extermination. We do not wish to be understood that the whole population of the county were avowedly horse-thieves and cut-throats. There was one class of wealthy Planters, another of the old stamp of restless, migrating Hunters, who first led the tide of population over the Alleghanies and are now leading it across the Rocky mountains. These two made some pretensions to outward decorum, and in various ways acted as restraints upon the worse disposed ; while these last, with that utter intolerance of restraints which so unbounded license necessarily engenders, determined to submit to no presence which should in any way rebuke or embarrass their deeds. Most of these bad men were a kind of small landholders who only cultivated patches of ground dotting the spaces between the larger plantations ; but they kept very fine horses, and depended more upon their speed for acquiring plunder, than on any capacity of their own for labor. They were finally wrought up to the last pitch of restlessness by this closing around of unmanageable persons, and organized themselves into a band of Regulators, as they termed themselves. They proclaimed that the county limits needed purification, and that they felt themselves specially called to the work. Accordingly under the lead of a man who was himself a brutal monster, named Hinch, they commenced operations. In this public-spirited and praiseworthy undertaking, they soon managed to reduce the county to the subjection of fear, if not to an affectionate recognition of the prerogatives they arrogated to themselves. The richer Planters they compelled to pay a heavy Black-mail rent, in fee-simple of a right to enjoy their own property and lives, with the farther understanding that they were to be protected in these immunities from all dangers from without of a similar kind. The Planters in return were to wink upon any deeds, whose coloring might otherwise chance to be offensive to eyes polite.

The other class—a class of simple-hearted, sturdy men—were goaded and tortured by the most aggravated annoyances, until, driven in despair to some act of retaliation, they furnished their tyrants with the shadow of excuse, which even they felt to be necessary, and were then either lynched and warned to leave the

county in so many days, or else shot if they persisted in remaining! So relentless and vindictive did these wretches show themselves in hunting down every one who dared oppose himself to them in any way, that very soon their ascendancy in the county was almost without any dispute. Indeed, there were very few left who from any cause presumed to do it. Among them was one of this last class of wandering Hunters, known as Jack Long. Jack had come of a "wild-turkey breed," as the phrase is in the west for a family remarkable for its wandering propensities. He had already pushed a-head of the settlement of two States and one Territory, and following the game still farther towards the south, had been pleased with the promise of an abundance of it in Shelby county, and stopped there, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky mountains, had it been necessary to go as far, without troubling himself or caring to know who his neighbors were. He had never thought it at all essential to ask leave of any government as to how or where he should make himself at home, or even to inquire what particular nation put in its claim to any region he found suited to his purposes. His heritage had been the young Earth, with its skies, its waters and its winds, its huge primeval forests and plains throwing out their broad breasts to the sun—with all the sights and sounds and living things that moved and were articulate beneath God's eye—and what cared he for the authority of men! The first indeed that was known or heard of Jack, was when he had already built him a snug log-cabin, on the outskirts of the county, near the bank of a small stream; stowed away his fair-faced young wife and two children cosily into it, (for "Dan Cupid" had found Jack out, with all his rough shyness, several years before,) and he was busily engaged in slaying the deer and bear, right and left.

He kept himself so much to himself, that for a long time little was thought or said of him. His passion for hunting seemed to be absorbing. He did nothing else but follow up the game from morning till night, and it was so abundant that he had full opportunity for indulgence to his entire content. Beyond this he seemed to have no earthly pleasure but in that solitary hut, which, however rude, held dear associations enough to fill that big heart, and quicken all those sluggish

veins of his ungainly body. Sometimes one of the rangers would come across him alone with his long rifle, amidst the timber islands of the plain, or in the deep woods; and he always appeared to have been so successful, that the rumor gradually got abroad that he was a splendid shot. This attracted attention somewhat more to his apparently unsocial and solitary habits. They had the curiosity to watch him, and when they saw how devoted he appeared to his wife—the gite became general, that he was a "hen-pecked husband, under petticoat government," and other like gratifying expressions. This, taken in connection with his lolling, awkward gait and rather excessive expression of simplicity and easy temper, disposed those harsh, rude men very greatly to sneer at him as a soft fellow, who could be run over with impunity. They even bullied him with taunts—but Jack looked like such a formidable customer to be taken hold of, that no one of them felt disposed to push him too far and risk being made individually the subject of a display of the great strength indicated in the size of his body and limbs. He was upwards of six feet four in height, with shoulders like the buttresses of a tower, and proportions developed in fine symmetry. Indeed, but for a slight inclination to corpulency, and that sluggishness of manner we have spoken of, which made him seem too lazy ever to undertake the feat—he looked just the man who would take a Buffalo bull by the horns amidst his bellowing peers, and bring him to the ground with all his shaggy bulk. Finding they could not tempt him to a personal fray, they changed the note, and by every sort of cajolery endeavored to enlist the remarkable physical energy and skill he was conjectured to possess, in the service of their schemes of brutal violence. But Jack waived all sort of participation in them with a smiling and unvarying good humor, which, though it enraged the baffled ruffians, gave them no possible excuse for provocation. They would not have regarded this, but that there was still less invitation in that formidable person and rifle, and somehow or other they had an undefined sense that the man was not "at himself," as the phrase goes in the west—that he had not yet been roused to a consciousness of his own energies and capabilities, and they were, without acknowledging it, a little averse to waking him.

They finally gave him up, therefore, and Jack might after all, have been left in peace to love Molly and the children as hard as he pleased, and indulge his passion for marksmanship only at the expense of the dumb, wild things around him, but that he was accidentally led to make an unfortunate display of it. A few log huts near the center constituted the county town. Here was the grocery, or store, as it was dignified—at which alone powder and lead and whiskey were to be obtained for many miles around. Jack happened to get out of ammunition and came into this place for a fresh supply. Attracted by the whiskey, this was the head quarters of the Regulators, and they were all collected for a grand shooting match, and of course getting drunk fast as possible to steady their nerves. When Jack arrived, he found them gathered in a group under a cluster of trees, several hundred yards from the house. It had been some time since there had been any altercation between any of them and himself; and though he supposed it was all forgotten, yet he felt some little disinclination to joining them, and had resolved not to do it. But as once, and again, and again, that sharp report he loved so well to hear would ring out, followed by the clamors, exclamations and eager grouping of the men around the target to critically examine the result of each shot, his passion for the sport, and curiosity to see how others shot, overcome a half-defined feeling that he was going to do what, for Molly's sake, was an imprudent thing. Hinch, the Regulator Captain, had always been the unrivalled hero of such occasions; for apart from the fact that he was really an admirable shot, he was known to be so fierce, blustering and vindictive a bully, that nobody dared try very hard to beat him, since he would be certain to make a personal affair of it with whoever presumed to be so lucky or so skillful. Now, every body in the county was well aware of this but Jack, and he either was not aware, or did not care for the matter, if he did know it. He knew, though, that Hinch was a famous shot; and noticing that he was preparing to shoot, started to join them, determined to see for himself what they called good shooting. He came swinging himself carelessly among them, with long, heavy strides, as they were all vociferating in half drunken raptures over the glorious shot just made by Hinch—

and he, in his customary manner, was swearing and raving at every one around him, taunting them with their bungling, and defying them to try again. Observing Jack he jerked the target away, and with a loud grating laugh, thrust it insultingly close to his face:—"Hah! Jack Long-legs! They say you can shoot! Look at that! Look close, will you?" pushing it closer to his eyes. "Can you beat it." Jack stepped back and looking deliberately at the board target, said very dryly—"Pshaw! the cross aint clean out! I should'nt think I was doin any great things to beat such shootin as that!" "You should'nt, should'nt you?" roared Hinch, furious at Jack's coolness. "You'll try it, wont you? I'd like to see you! You must try it! You shall try it! We'll see what sort of a swell you are!" "Oh!" said Jack, altogether unruffled, "If I must, I must! Put up his board thar, men. If you want to see me shoot through every hole you can make, I'll do it for ye!"—and walking back to the "off hand" stand at forty paces, by the time the "markers" had placed the board against the tree, he had wheeled and, slowly swinging his long rifle down from his shoulder to the level, fired as quick as thought. "It's a trick of mine!" remarked he, nodding his head toward Hinch who stood near, while he was lowering his gun to the position for reloading—"It's a trick I caught from always shooting at varmint's eyes! I never takes 'em any whar else! It's a notion I've got!" At this moment the men standing near the target, who had rushed instantly with great eagerness to see the result, shouted, while one of the "markers" held it aloft over their heads—"He's done it! His ball's the biggest—he's driv it through your hole and made it wider!"

Hinch turned pale. Rushing forward he tore the target away from the "marker" and examining it minutely, shouted hoarsely—"It's an accident! he can't do it again! He's a humbug! I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf against his that he can't do it again! He's afraid to shoot with me again!" "Oh," said Jack, winking aside at the men, "if you mean by that bet, *your* ears against mine, I take it up! Boys, fix a new board up thar, with a nice cross on the center, and I will show the Captain here the clean thing in shootin'!" As he said this he laughed good-humoredly, and the men could not help joining him. Hinch, who

was loading his gun, said nothing, but glared around him with white compressed lips and a chafed look of stifled fury, which made those who knew the man shudder. The men, who were in reality puzzled to tell whether Jack's manner indicated contempt or unconscious simplicity, looked on the progress of this scene, and for the result of the coming trial, with intense curiosity. The new board was now ready, and Hinch stepped forward with great parade to make his shot. After aiming a long time—he fired. The men were around the board in a moment, and instantly proclaimed it a first rate shot. And so it was. The edge of the ball had broken, without touching, the centre. Jack, with the same inexplicable coolness which marked his whole bearing, and without the slightest hesitation, shaking his head as he took his stand, remarked, "'Twon't do yet—'taint plumb—'taint the clean thing yet, boys;" and throwing out his long rifle again in the same heedless style, fired before one could think. The men sprang forward and announced that the centre was cut out with the most exact and perfect nicety. At the same moment, greatly to the astonishment of every one, Jack walked deliberately off toward the house, without waiting to hear the announcement. "Hah!" shouted Hinch furiously after him, "I thought you was a coward! Look at the sneak! come back!" He fairly roared, starting after him, "come back, you can't shoot as well before a muzzle!" Jack walked on without turning his head. "Ha, ha!" laughed the Regulator, almost convulsed with fury, "see, the coward is running away to hide under his wife's petticoats!" and long and loud he pealed the harsh taunt after Jack's retreat. The men who at first had been greatly astonished at the rash daring which could thus have ventured to beard the lion in his most formidable mood, and felt the instinctive admiration with which such traits always inspire such breasts, now, on seeing what appeared to be so palpable a "back-out," joined also in the laugh with Hinch. They thought it was cowardice!—A holy sentiment they could not understand, kept watch and ward over the terrible repose of passion. If they only could have seen how that broad massive face was wrenched and grew white with the deep inward spasm of pride struggling for the mastery, as those bitter gibes, so hard to be borne by a free hunter, rung

upon his ears, they would have taken warning to beware how they farther molested that dangerous slumber of fierce energies. The strong man in reality had never waked. His consciousness was only aware of a single passion, and that controlled and curbed all others. The image of his wife and children rose above the swelling tumult which shook his heavy frame. He saw them deserted and hopeless, with no protection in this wild and lawless region, should he fall in a struggle with such fearful odds. For all these men were the willing slaves, the abject tools, of the ferocious vices of his brutal insulter; and it would have been a contest, not with him alone, but with all of them. This was stronger than pride with Jack, and he walked on. But he had incurred the hate of Hinch—relentless and unsparing. To be shorn, in so unceremonious a manner, of the very reputation he prided himself most upon, in the presence of his men; to be deprived of so fruitful a theme of self-glorification and boasting, as the reputation of being the foremost marksman the frontier afforded, was too much for the pride of the thick-blooded, malignant savage; and he swore to dog the inoffensive hunter to the death, or out from the county.

From this time poor Jack was in hot water. Shortly after a horse was stolen from a rich and powerful Planter in the neighborhood of the town. The animal was a fine one, and the Planter was greatly enraged at the loss; for he was one of those who paid "black mail" to the Regulators for protection from all such annoyances, immunity from depredations not only by themselves, but from any other quarter. He now called upon them to hunt down the thief, as they were bound under the contract to do, and return the horse. Hinch collected his band with great parade and proceeded to follow the trail, which was readily discoverable near the Planter's house. Late in the evening he returned and announced, that after tracing it with great difficulty through many devious windings, evidently intended to puzzle pursuit, he had at last been led directly to the near vicinity of Jack Long's hut. This created much surprise, for no one had suspected Jack of bad habits. But Hinch and his villains bruted far and wide all the circumstances tending to criminate him. After making these things as notorious as possible, attracting as great a

degree of public curiosity as he could to the farther investigation, which he professed to be carrying on for the purpose of fixing the hunter's guilt beyond a doubt, the horse was unexpectedly found tied with a lariat to a tree in a dense bottom near Jack's. This seemed to settle the question of his criminality, and there was a general outcry raised around him on all sides. For though the majority of those most clamorous against him were horse-thieves themselves, yet, according to the doctrine of "honor among thieves," there could be no greater or more unpardonable enormity committed than to steal among themselves. "He must be warned to quit the county," was in the mouth of every body, and he was warned. Jack with great simplicity gave them to understand—that he was not ready to go—that when he was he should leave at his leisure—but that if his convenience and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it. This left no alternative but force; and as no individual felt disposed to take the personal responsibility upon himself of a collision with so unpromising a looking body, Hinch, eager as he was, did not feel that the circumstances were quite strong enough yet, to justify the extremes he intended pushing his vengeance to. Things were not quite ripe, and Jack with all the hurrah and excitement about him, kept even on his way, conquering and to conquer among the hairy tribes, for some weeks longer.

Singular instances of the most vile and wanton spite now began to occur in various parts of the region around. At quick intervals, valuable horses and mules were found shot dead close to the dwellings of the Planters, as it seemed, without the slightest provocation for such unheard of cruelty, but merely in base revenge for some fancied injury. The rumor soon got out that all these animals might be observed to belong to those persons who had made themselves most active in denouncing Jack Long. Then was noticed the curious fact that all of them were *shot through the eye!* This was at once associated with the remark of Jack, and his odd feat in firing through a bullet hole, at the shooting match. This seemed to designate him certainly as the guilty man; and as animal after animal continued to fall, every one of them slain in the same way, a perfect blaze of indignation burst out on all sides. The whole county was roused,

and the excitement became universal and intense. In the estimation of every body, hanging, drawing and quartering, burning, lynching, any thing was too good for such a monster. All this was most industriously fomented by Hinch and his myrmidons, until things had reached the proper crisis. Then a county meeting was got up, at which one of the Planters presided, and resolutions were passed that Jack Long, as a bad citizen, should be lynched and driven from the county forthwith. Hinch, of course, dictated a resolution which he was to have the pleasure of carrying into effect. In the mean time, Jack had given himself very little trouble about what was said of him. He had kept himself so entirely apart from every body that he was nearly in perfect ignorance of what was going on. The deer fell before his unerring rifle in as great numbers as ever. The bear rendered up his shaggy coat, the panther his tawney hide, in as frequent trophies to the unique skill of the Hunter.

One evening he had returned laden down as usual with the spoils to his hut. It was a snug little lodge in the wilderness, that home of Jack's. It stood beneath the shade of an island grove, on a hill side, overlooking a thicket which bordered a small stream. No trellised vines ran over it, nor garden flowers nodded with gaudy crests about it. But the gray silvery moss hung its matchless drapery in long fringes from the old wide-armed oak above, and that mild but most pervading odor which the winds are skilful to steal from the breath of leaves, the young grass growing, and the panting languishment of delicate wild flowers filled the whole atmosphere around. These were the perfumes and the sights the coy exacting taste of a bold rover of the solitudes must have. The fresh face of nature and her breathing, sweet as childhood's, could alone satisfy the senses and the soul of one grown thus in love with the freedom of the wilderness. The round, happy face of his wife greeted him with smiles from the door as he approached, while his little boy and girl, nut brown and ruddy, strove with emulous short steps pattering over the thick grass, to meet him first, and clinging to his fingers, prattled and shouted to tell their mother of his coming. He entered, and the precious rifle was carefully deposited on the accustomed "hooks" of buck's horns nailed against the wall. The smoking

meal her tidy care had prepared was dispatched, and the hunting adventures of the day told over. Then he threw himself with his great length along the buffalo robe on the floor, to rest and have a romp with the children. While they were climbing over his large body, and scrambling in riotous joy about him, his wife spoke for some water for her domestic affairs. It was hard for the children to give up their frolic, but Molly's wish was a strong law with Jack. Bounding up, he seized a vessel and started for the stream—the little ones pouting wistfully as they looked after him from the door. It was against Jack's religion to step outside the door without his gun; but this time Molly was in a hurry for the water, there was no time to get the gun, and it was but a short way to the stream. He sprang gaily along the narrow path down the hill and reached the brink. The water had been dipped up and he was returning at a rapid pace through the thicket, when, where it was very high and bordered close upon the path, he suddenly felt something tap him on each shoulder, and his progress impeded strangely. At the same instant a number of men rushed from ambush on each side of him, several of them holding the end of the stout raw-hide lasso, which had been thrown over him. He instantly put forth all his tremendous strength in a convulsive effort to get free; and so powerful was his frame that he would have succeeded but for the sure skill with which the lasso had been thrown that bound him over either arm. As it was, his remarkable vigor, nerved by desperation, was sufficient to drag the six strong men who clung to the rope after him. He heard the voice of Hinch shout eagerly, "Down with him! Drag him down!" At that hateful sound a supernatural activity possessed him, and writhing with a quick spring that shook off those who clung around his limbs, he had almost succeeded in reaching his own door, when a heavy blow from behind felled him. The last objects which met his eye as he sunk down insensible, were the terror-stricken and agonized faces of his wife and two children looking out upon him. When he awoke to consciousness it was to find himself nearly stripped and lashed to the oak which spread above his hut. Hinch, with a look of devilish exultation, stood before him, his wife wailing with piteous lamentations, clung about the monster's knees—the children,

endeavoring to hide their faces in her dress, screamed in affright, while outside the group eight or nine men with guns in their hands stood in a circle. That was a fearful awakening to Jack Long, but it was to a new birth! His eye took in the whole details of the scene at a glance. His enemy grinning in his face with wolfish triumph, the "quirt," with its long heavy lash of knotted raw-hide in his hand. He saw the brute spurn her violently from him with his foot, until she pitched heavily against the wretches around; and he heard them shout with laughter. A sharp, electric agony, like the riving of an oak, shivered along his nerves, passed out at his fingers and his feet, and left him rigid as marble. The murderous thong fell upon his white skin, wheeling it in blue ridges, while the dull black drops spouted and rolled off to the ground. But he regarded it no more than did the oak above him, which swayed its moss-wreathed arms and shook its green leaves, as any other day, in the wind; and when his wife, as every harsh slashing sound fell upon her ear, would shriek "mercy!" then shudder—"Oh! mercy! what has he done?" while she covered her eyes with her hands, and cowered with her forehead on the ground, he seemed no more to hear her than did the dead block on the lintel of his door. The man seemed to be dead, all except his eyes, and though Hinch, roused to frantic wrath by his unmoved air, rose on tiptoe and swung the lash with redoubled fury, howling blasphemies at each blow, yet those eyes unmovingly, with a cold search, glanced around into the faces of the men. That regard was clinging and keen, as if the faintest lineament were intended to be remembered in hell! The man's look was positively awful, and it dwelt fixedly upon one after another with an icy light that shot freezing an undefined sense of fear into their souls, beastialized as they were. The villains could not stand it, and began to shrink and shuffle behind each other to avoid it, but it was too late! He had them all! Ten men! *They were registered!* "Kill him! Kill him! He's dangerous!" shouted several. I'll do for him, d—n him!" panted Hinch, as he labored yet more furiously with the lash. We will drop a curtain over this scene. It is enough to say that they left him for dead, lying in his blood, his wife swooning on the ground with the children weeping plaintively over her, and silence

and darkness fell around the desolate group, as the sun went down which had risen in smiles upon the innocent happiness of that simple family.

Nothing more was seen or heard of Jack Long. His hut was deserted, and his family disappeared, nor did any one know or care what had become of them. For a little while there were various rumors, but the whole affair was soon forgotten amidst the frequent recurrence of similar scenes.

It was about four months after these occurrences that with a friend I was traversing Western Texas. We were both anxious to familiarize ourselves with the topography of the country, and to combine, as much as possible, amusement with our researches into its natural history. About equally zealous for science and the "sports," we made it a point, on reaching any district which promised much for either, to make some excuse for stopping. The modes of chase, and the animals principally abounding in the different counties, varied greatly, and were determined by the characteristics of the surface, the predominance of prairie or timber, with the scarcity or abundance of water; or else, as we found to be the case in Shelby, the equal distribution of all. Islands of Timber, ("Motts,") with long belts of forest fringing the streams, were dotted and stretched in most delightful variety over the broad ground-work of now undulating, now level prairie. Here was diversity of attraction sufficient to suit the nature of all the denizens, whether of water, wood, or plain; and, accordingly, in penetrating a short distance we observed such numbers and so many different species of game, that the country seemed to be a true paradise of hunters. The prospect of rare sport, in all its phases, proved too attractive for our philosophy, and a stay of a week or two in Shelby county was promptly determined upon between us. My friend happened to recollect that a man who had removed from his native county in Virginia to Texas, and taken with him some wealth in property, had finally settled in Shelby county. We inquired for him at the first house and readily found his whereabouts. He was a large Planter, and received us with great frankness and cordiality. Whatever else may be said of the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. Our Host forthwith placed at our disposal, not only his own time,

but horses, dogs, negroes, guns, and all the *et cetera* for insuring our enjoyment to the fullest extent of every amusement the country offered. We were soon actively and entirely absorbed in a daily round of exciting chases. One day several of the neighbors were invited to join us, and all our forces were mustered for a grand "Deer Drive." In this sport dogs are used, and under the charge of the "Driver," as he is called, they are taken into the woods for the purpose of rousing and driving out the deer, who have a habit of always passing out from one line of timber to another at or near the same spot, and these places are either known to the hunters from experience or observation of the nature of the ground. At these "crossing places" the "Standers" are stationed with their rifles to watch for the coming out of the deer, who are shot as they go by. On getting to the ground we divided into two parties, each flanking up the opposite edge of a line of timber, over a mile in width, while the "Driver" penetrated it with the dogs. On our side, the sport was unusually good, till, wearied with slaughter, we returned in the afternoon toward the Planter's house, to partake of a late dinner of game with him before the party should separate. It was near sun-down when we dismounted. Soon after we were seated, it was announced that dinner was ready. We now discovered the absence of my friend, Henry, and one of the neighbors, whose name was Stoner. But every one thought they would be there directly, and our appetites hinted pretty strongly, that it would be vastly uncourteous of us to leave the dinner of our Hostess to spoil by waiting. We sat down, and were doing undoubted justice to the fare—there is no appetizer like the headlong excitement of the chase, out where the wilderness-winds blow upon you—when Henry, who was an impulsive, voluble soul, came bustling into the room with something of unusual flurry in his manner, beginning to talk by the time he got his head into the door—

"I say, Squire! what sort of a country is this of yours? Catamounts, Buffalo, Horned-Frogs, Centipedes, one would think were strange creatures enough for a single county; but, by George! I met with something to-day which lays them all in the shade."

"What was it? What was it like?"

Without noticing these questions, he

continued addressing our Host in the same excited tone—"Have you no cages for madmen? do you let them run wild through the woods with rifle in hand? or does your confounded Texas breed ghosts amongst other curious creatures?"

"Not that I know of," said the Squire, smilingly interposing, as the fellow stopped to catch his breath, "but you look flurried enough to have seen a ghost. What's happened?" "Yes, what is it?" "Out with it!" "Have you seen the Old Harry?" Such exclamations as this, accompanied by laughter, ran around the table, while Henry drew a long breath, wiped his forehead, and threw himself into a chair. Our curiosity was irresistibly excited, and as Henry commenced the whole company leant forward eagerly.

"If you wont interrupt me I will tell you the whole affair as it occurred."

"No, no; go on."

"You know, when we parted, that Stoner and myself went up the right flank of the timber. Stoner was to take me to my stand and then pass on to his own, some miles further down the stream. He accordingly left me and I have not seen him since. By the way, I observe that he is not here," he exclaimed, looking sharply around the room. "Oh, he'll be here directly," said several, "go on." "I hope so," he replied, in rather an under tone. "Well, I was pretty thoroughly tired of waiting before I heard the dogs, but that music, you know, stirs the blood and one forgets to be tired. In a few moments a fine buck came bounding by, and I fired. He pitched forward on his knees at the shot, but recovered and made off. I knew he must be badly hit, and sprang upon my horse to follow him." "Rather a verdant act, that of yours," interrupted the Squire. "Yes, I found it to be so. After a pursuit of some twenty minutes at full speed, it occurred to me that I might get lost among the motts, and reined up. But it was too late. I was lost already. How I cursed that deer as his white tail disappeared in the distance between two bushes. I had common-sense enough left not to go very far in any one direction, but kept widening my circles about the place where I halted, in the hope of meeting with the traces of some one of the party; at last, to my great relief, I came upon an old disused wagon trail, which, though the winding way it held promised to lead to nowhere in particular, yet went to shew that I could not be very far from

some habitation. I was following it through a high, tangled thicket which rose close on either hand; and stooping over my horse's neck was looking closely at the ground, to discover the track of some of you, when the violent shying of my horse made me raise my eyes—and by Heaven, it was enough to have 'stampeded' a regiment of dragoons. Just before me on the right, with one foot advanced, as if it had paused in the act of stepping across the road, stood a tall, ghastly, skeleton-like figure, dressed in skins with the hair out—a confounded long beard—and such eyes! It is impossible to imagine them. They didn't move at all in the shaggy, hollow sockets, more than if they were frozen in them; and the glare that streamed out from them was so still and freezing! It startled my nerves so strangely, that I come near dropping my gun, though he was just swinging a long rifle down to the level, bearing on me. "Why didn't you shoot?" "Ay! why didn't I? I did not *think* of self-defence, but of those eyes. The rifle was suspended, but they continued fairly to cling upon my features till I conceived I could feel the ice-spots curdle beneath my skin as they crept slowly along each lineament. The fact is, I caught myself shuddering—it was so ghostly! After regarding me in this way about ten seconds, he seemed to be satisfied; the rifle was slowly thrown back on the shoulder, and with an impatient twitch at his long grisly beard with his bony fingers, and a single stride which carried him across the road, he plunged into the bushes without a word. I started in vexation at my stupidity and shouted. He did not turn his head. I was now enraged, and spurred my horse into the thicket after him as far as we could penetrate, but lost sight of him in a moment. I felt as if I had seen the devil sure enough, and actually went back to where he stood to see if he had left any tracks behind." Every body drew a long breath. "I warrant you found 'em cloven!" said one.—"Didn't you smell sul—" "Never mind what I smelt—I found a very long moccasined track, or I should have been convinced that I had seen something supernatural. I think he must be some maniac wild man." "He's a strange animal anyhow." "Singular affair," was buzzed around the table. "Hear me out!" said Henry. "After this incident I continued to follow the devious windings of this

road, which seemed to turn toward each of the Cardinal points in the hour, until my patience was perfectly exhausted, and it was not till after sunset that it finally led me out into a prairie, the features of which I thought I recognised. I stopped, I looked around for the purpose of satisfying myself, when suddenly a horse burst from the thicket behind me, and went tearing off over the plain with every indication of excessive fright, snorting furiously, his head turned back, and stirrups flying in the air." "What sort of a horse?" "What color was he?" several broke in, with breathless impatience. "He was too far for me to tell in the dusk more than that he was a dark horse—say about the color of mine." "Stoner's horse was a dark brown?" some one said in a low voice, while the party moved uneasily in their seats and looked at each other.

There was a pause. The Squire got up and walked with a fidgety manner toward the window to look out, and turning with a serious face toward Henry, remarked, "This is a very curious story of yours, and if I did not know you too well, I should suspect you were quizzing. Did you hear a gun after you parted with this lank-sided fellow you describe?" "I thought I did once, but the sound was so distant, that I was too uncertain about its being a gun to risk getting lost again in going to it." "Was it about a quarter of an hour by sun?" (that is, before sun-down,) interrupted the Driver. "Yes." "Well I hearn a gun about that time on your side, but thought it were some of yours." "It may be, this madman, or whatever he is, has danger in him," continued the Squire. "I can explain about the winding of that road which puzzled you so. It is a road I had cut to a number of board-trees we had rived on the ground. They were scattered about a good deal, but none of them far from any given place where you would strike the road, so that you were no great distance at any time from where this meeting occurred. We must turn out and look up this creature, boys." "I expected to find the horse here—he came on in this direction," said Henry. "No," said the Squire, "Stoner's house is beyond here."

Henry now seated himself at the table, and great as was the uncertainty attending the fate of Stoner, these men were too much accustomed to the vicissitudes and accidents common in the life of the frontier hunter to be affected by it for

more than a few moments, and the joke and the laugh very soon went round as carelessly and pleasantly as if nothing had occurred at all unusual.

In the midst of this, the rapid tramp of a horse at full gallop was heard approaching. The Squire rose hastily and went out, while the room was oppressively still. In a few moments he entered with contracted brows and quite pale: "Stoner's negro has been sent over by his wife to let us know that his horse has returned with the reins on its neck and blood on the saddle. He has been shot, gentlemen." We all rose involuntarily at this, and stood with blank white faces, looking into each other's eyes. "The madman!" said one, in subdued tones, breaking the spell of silence. "Henry's bearded ghost," said another. "Yes," exclaimed several, "devil or ghost, that's the way it has happened." "I tell you what, Henry, has occurred to me ever since you finished your story: that this singular being was on the lookout for Stoner, and while you rode with your head down thought that you were he, for there are several points of general resemblance, such as size, color of your horses, &c., but that in the long look he took at your face he discovered the mistake, and, after leaving you, passed over to the left and met Stoner returning and has shot him. He is one of the Regulators though, and Hinch is a very blood-hound. I shall send for him to be here in the morning with the boys, and they will trail him up, if he is the devil in earnest, and have vengeance before sun-down to-morrow." This seemed the most reasonable solution of some of the inexplicable features of the affair, and as it was too dark to think of accomplishing any thing to-night, we had to content ourselves with a sound sleep preparatory for action on the morrow.

Soon after day-break, we were awakened by the sound of loud blustering voices about the house. I felt sure that this must be Hinch's party, and on looking out of my window saw them dismounted and grouped about the yard. I recognized the voice of our Host in sharp, decisive altercation, under our window, with some one, whose harsh, overbearing tones convinced me that it must be Hinch. I listened anxiously, and heard him swearing in round terms, that Henry's story was all gammon, an "old woman's tale," that he didn't believe a word of it; but if Stoner was murdered, Henry was

the man who did it. I could only distinguish that the Planter's tone was angry and decided, when they moved on out of hearing. How he managed to quiet him, I cannot conjecture, (Henry fortunately heard nothing of it,) but when we joined them, Hinch greeted us with a gruff sort of civility. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered, ruffianly-looking fellow; wearing the palpable marks of the debauchee in his bloated person and red features.

We were soon under way. A ride of nearly half the day through the scenes of yesterday's adventure elicited nothing, and we were all getting impatient, when fortunately Henry's search, undertaken at my earnest suggestion, was successful in recognizing the place where he had witnessed the curious apparition of the evening before. On close examination the moccasin tracks were discovered, and with wonderful skill the Regulators traced them for several miles, till, finally, in an open glade, among the thickets, we found the fragments of a man who had been torn to pieces by the wolves, numbers of which, with buzzards and ravens, were hanging around the place. The bones had been picked so clean, that it would have been out of the question to hope to identify them, but for the fact that a gun was lying near which was instantly recognized to be Stoner's. I observed that there was a round fracture, like a bullet-hole, in the back of the skull; but it was too unpleasant an object for more minute examination. We gathered up the bones to take them home to his family—but before we left the ground, a discovery was made which startled every one. It was the distinct trail of a *shod horse*. Now there was hardly a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, for where there were no stones, shoes were not necessary—certainly there was not a horse in our company that had them on. This must be the horse of the murderer! Of course Henry was freed, even from the suspicion of these brutes. They believed that this trail could be easily followed, and felt sure now that they should soon come upon some results. They set off with great confidence, trailing the shod horse till nearly night, when, in spite of all their ingenuity, they lost it; and though they camped near the place till morning and tried it again, could never find it. They were compelled to give up in despair and scattered for their separate homes.

The very next day after their breaking up, followed the astounding report that the horse of a second one of their number had galloped up to his master's door with an empty saddle. The Regulators assembled again, and after a long search the body was found, or the fragments of it rather, bare and dismembered by the wolves. The rumor was that as in Stoner's case, the man had been shot in the back of the head, but the skull had been greatly disfigured. These two murders occurring within three days, (for the man must have been shot on the day the Regulators disbanded, and while on his way home alone) created immense sensation throughout the county. The story of Henry—which afforded the only possible clue to the perpetrator—and the singularity of all the incidents, completely aroused popular emotions. What could be the motive, or who was this invisible assassin (for the last effort at trailing him had been equally unavailing) remained an utter mystery. Hinch and his band fumed and raved like madmen. They swept the county in all directions, arresting and lynching what they called suspicious persons, which meant any and every one who had rendered himself in the slightest degree obnoxious to them. It was a glorious opportunity for spreading far and wide a wholesome terror of their power, and wreaking a dastardly, hoarded vengeance in many quarters where they had not dared before to strike openly. Their fury was particularly directed against the class of Hunter Emigrants, who, as the most sturdy and unmanageably honest, had incurred in a proportionable degree their most merciless and unmitigated hate. Public sentiment justified extreme measures, for the general safety seemed to demand that the perpetrator of these secret murders should be brought to light, and great as was the license under which he had acted, Hinch yet felt the necessity of being backed by some shadow of approval growing out of the necessities of the case. He and the miscreants under his command enjoyed now, for several days, unchecked by any law of God or man, a perfect saturnalia of riotous violence. Outrages too disgustingly hideous in their details to bear recital were committed in every part of the county. Inoffensive men were caught up from the midst of their families, hung to the limbs of trees in their own yards till life was nearly extinct, and then cut down. This process

being repeated four or five times, till they were left for dead, and all to make them confess their connection with the murders! I will not further particularize.

One evening after a deed of this kind, which had afforded them the opportunity of displaying such unusual resource of ingenuity in torture that they were glutted to exultation, they were returning to to the grocery with the determination of holding a drunken revel in honor of the event. As they rode on with shouts of laughter and curses, one of their number, named Winter, noticed that a portion of his horse-equipment was gone. He remembered having seen it in a place a mile or so back, and told them to ride on and he would return to get it and rejoin them by the time the frolic commenced. He left them, but never came back. They went on to the grocery and commencing their orgies, at once forgot, or did not notice his absence till the next day, when they were roused from their hoggish sleep by a negro messenger from his family in great haste, with the news that his master's horse had returned home without its rider. They were instantly sobered by this announcement, which had grown to be particularly significant of late. They immediately mounted their horses and went back on their trail. They were not long kept in suspense. The buzzards and wolves, gathered in numbers about the edge of a thicket which bordered the prairie ahead of them, soon designated the where-about of the object of their search. The unclean beasts and birds scattered as they galloped up, and there lay the torn and bloody fragments of their comrade! Hard as these men were, they shuddered, and the cold drops started from their ghastly and bloated faces. It was stunning. The third of their number consigned to this horrible fate—eaten up by the wolves—all within a week! Were they doomed? What shadowy, inscrutable foe was this, who struck always when least expected, and with such fearful certainty, yet left no trace behind? Was it, indeed, some supernatural agent of judgment, visited upon their enormities? Awed and panic-stricken beyond all that may be conceived of guilty fear, without any examination of the neighborhood or of the bones, they wheeled and galloped back, carrying the alarm on foaming horses in every direction. The whole county shared in their consternation. I never witnessed such a

tumult of wild excitement among any population. It was the association of ghostly attributes, derived from Henry's story, with the probable author of these unaccountable, assassinations which so much roused all classes, and this effect was not a little heightened when the report got out that this last man had been shot in the same way as the others—through the back of the head. If hundreds of persons went out to bring in the bones, making, as they said, the strictest search on every side, for traces of the murderer, without being able to discover the slightest.

These things struck me as so peculiar and difficult to be reasoned upon, that I must confess I felt no little sympathy with the popular sentiment which assigned to them something of a supernatural origin. But Henry laughed at the idea, and insisted that it must be a maniac. In confirmation of this opinion, he related many instances, given by half-ronancing medical writers, of the remarkable cunning of such patients in avoiding detection and baffling pursuit in the accomplishment of some purpose on which their bewildered energies had strangely been concentrated. This was the opinion most favored among the more intelligent planters; but the popular rumors assumed the most egregious and phantastic features. The Bearded Ghost, as he was now generally named from Henry's description, had been seen by this, that, and the other person; now striding rapidly like a tall, thin spectre across some open glade between two thickets and disappearing before the affrighted observer could summon courage to address it—now standing beneath some old tree by the road side, still as its shadow, the keen, sepulchral eyes shining steadily through the gloom, but melting bodily away if a word was spoken—now he was to be seen mounted, careering like a form of vapor past the dark trunks of the old forest-aisles, or hurrying swiftly away like a rain-cloud before the wind across wide prairies, always hair-clad and gaunt, with a streaming beard, and the long, heavy rifle on his shoulder. I soon began to note that it was only men of a particular class who pretended to say that they had actually seen with their own eyes these wonderful sights, and they were those Emigrant Hunters who had particularly suffered from the persecutions of the rangers. I observed too that they always located

these mysterious appearances in the close vicinity of some one of the houses of the Regulators.

It at once struck me that it was a profoundly subtle conspiracy of this class, headed by some man of remarkable personalities and skill, with the deliberate and stern purpose of exterminating the Rangers, or driving them from the county. It seems that the cunning mind of Hinch caught at the same conclusion. He observed the peculiar eagerness of these men in circulating wild reports and exaggerating as highly as possible the popular conception of this mysterious being. His savage nature seized upon it with a thrill of unutterable exultation. Now he could make open war upon the whole hateful class, rid the county of them entirely, and reach this fearful enemy through his coadjutors, even if he still managed to elude vengeance personally. He denounced them with great clamor, and as the people had become very much alarmed and felt universally the necessity of sifting this dangerous secret to the bottom, many of them volunteered to assist—and for a week four or five parties were scouring in every direction. Thus doubly reinforced, Hinch rushed into excesses, in comparison of which, all heretofore committed were mild. Several men were horribly mutilated with the lash—others compelled to take to the thickets, through which they were hunted like wolves. At last Hinch went so far as to hang one poor fellow until he was quite dead. During all the time when these violent and active demonstrations were being made, and the whole population astir and on the alert, nothing further was heard of the Bearded Madman. Not even faint glimpses of him were obtained, and Hinch and his party, while returning from the hanging mentioned above, were congratulating themselves upon the result of his sagacity, which, as they boisterously affirmed, had been nothing less than the routing of this formidable conspiracy and the frightening of this crazy phantom from the field. They felt so sure of being rid of him now, that they disbanded at the grocery to return to their homes.

One of their number named Rees, almost as bad and brutal a man as Hinch himself, was going home alone late that evening. As he rode past a thicket in full view of his own door, his wife, who was standing in it watching his approach, saw him suddenly stop his horse and turn

his head with a quick movement toward the thicket—in the next moment blue smoke sprang up from it, and the ring of a rifle shocked upon her ear. She saw her husband pitch forward out of the saddle upon his face, and thought she could distinguish a tall figure stalking rapidly off through the open wood beyond, with a rifle on his shoulder. She screamed the alarm, and with the negroes around her, ran to him. They found him entirely dead, *shot through the eye*, the ball passing out at the back of the head. A perfect blaze of universal phrensy burst forth at the first news of this fourth murder; but when the curious circumstance noted above followed on after it, very different effects and great changes in the character of the excitement were produced. When Hinch was told that Rees had been shot *through the eye*, and that, from the course of the ball in the other cases, it was probable that all the others had been shot in the same way, he turned livid as the dead of yesterday—his knees smote together—and with a horrid blasphemy he roared out, “Jack Long! Jack Long!” then sinking his voice to a mutter—“or his ghost come back for vengeance!” Other citizens not connected with the Regulators, felt greatly relieved now that this inscrutable affair was, to some degree, explained. They remembered at once the peculiar circumstances of Jack’s noted mark, and the lynching he had received, though many still persisted in the belief that it was Jack’s ghost, for they said—“How could it be any thing else, when the Regulators left him for dead?”

But, ghost or no ghost, it was universally believed that Jack Long and his rifle were identified somehow with the actor in these deeds. The disfiguration of the heads, in the other instances, had prevented this discovery until now; but everybody breathed more freely since it had been made. It was the painfully harassing uncertainty as to the object of these assassinations—whether any individual in the county might not be the next victim, and the propensity for murder indiscriminate—which had caused such deep excitement, and induced the people to aid the Regulators. But now that this uncertainty was fixed upon the shoulders of the “Bloody Band,” and their own freed of the unpleasant burden, they were greatly disposed to enjoy the thing, and, instead of assisting them any further, to wish Jack success from the

bottom of their hearts. They felt that every one of these wretches deserved to die a thousand times ; at all events, whether it was really Jack, his ghost, or the devil, it was a single issue between him and the Regulators, and no one felt the slightest inclination to interfere. Those who professed to be very logical in solving the question, as to what he really was, reasoned that it must be Jack, in the body, beyond a doubt ; but that it was equally certain that the injuries he received must have deranged his mind, and that it was from the fever of insanity he derived the wonderful skill and sternness of purpose which he displayed. They could not understand how a nature so easy and simple as Jack's was reported to have been, could be roused to any natural energies of slumbering passion to such terrific deeds. Those of Jack's own class, who had escaped the exterminating violence of Hinch's hate, now began to look up and come out from their hiding-places. They laughed at all these versions of opinion about Jack, and insinuated that he was calm as a May morning, and that his head was as clear as a bell. One testy old fellow broke loose with something more than insinuation, in a crowd of men at the store who were discussing the matter—"You are all a pack of fools to talk about his being a ghost or a crazy man. I tell you he's alive as a snake's tongue all over, and a leetle venomouser. As for bein' cracked in the bore, he talks it out jest as clean as his long gun where's been doin' all this work. I let you know, Jack come of a Tory-hatin', Injun-fightin' generation, and that's a blood wher's hard to cool when it gets riz. Them stripes has sot his bristles up, and it'll take *some* blood to slick 'em down again."

Hinch heard of this bold talk, and half maddened between rage and fear, made one more desperate effort to get the remainder of his company together. They were now afraid to ride singly ; and those who were nearest neighbors collected the night before under an escort of their negroes, and started for the rendezvous at the grocery, next morning, in groups of two or three. Two of them, named Davis and Nixon, were riding in together, prying with great trepidation behind every tree and into every clump and thicket they came across, large enough to hide a man. They had to pass a small stream which ran along the bottom of a deep,

narrow gully, the banks of which were fringed along the top by bushes about six feet high. This was within half a mile of the Town ; and as they had seen nothing yet to rouse their suspicions, they began to think they should get in unmolested. While they stopped to let their horses drink for a moment, and were leaning over their necks, the animals suddenly raised their heads, snorting, towards the top of the bank. The men were startled too and looked up. The dreaded enemy ! a grisly head and shoulders above the bushes, and the heavy rifle laid along their tops, bearing full with its dark tube into their faces ! The shudder which thrilled through the frame of Nixon was prolonged into the death. The black muzzle gushed with flame—and the wretched man pitched head-foremost into the stream. Almost immediately the frightened companion heard the heavy thump of a horse's feet. Leaving his comrade in the water—with upturned face, one crushed eye-ball, and the other glaring glassily at the sky—Davis urged his horse against the ascent and saw from the top of the bank, a gaunt outline of a receding figure just losing itself through the trees, among which the horse was speeding with wonderful rapidity.

Davis galloped into town with the news on his white lips. The Regulators scattered in inconceivable dismay, and never got together again. They shut themselves up in their houses, and for two weeks not one of them dared to put his eyes outside of his door. Jack was now sometimes for a moment seen publicly, and was regarded with great curiosity and awe ; for, with all he had already done, it was known that his mission was not yet finished. Every body watched with intense interest the progress of the work, especially the hunters who began now to express their satisfaction openly. At last one of the Regulators, a poor scamp named White, who was greatly addicted to drink, grew impatient of abstinence, and determined to risk Jack's rifle rather than do without liquor any longer. He set off in a covered wagon for the grocery, to get him a barrel, lying in the bottom of the wagon on some straw, which one of his negroes drove. The liquor had been obtained, and he had nearly reached the entrance of a lane, which led up to his house, on his return, without ever lifting his head so as to expose it, when the wagon run over a large chunk of wood which had

been placed across the track just where it ran close to a thicket. The jolt was so severe as to roll the barrel over on to him. He forgot his prudence, and put his head out of the cover to swear at the boy for his carelessness. The negro heard him say, "There he is at last!" cutting short, with the exclamation, a torrent of oaths—when a rifle-shot whistled from the thicket. His master fell back heavily in the wagon, and he saw a tall, "hairy man," as he called him, stalking off through the woods with a gun on his shoulder. It was observable that White also, was *shot through the eye*.

A week after this, another of them named Jarnet, who had kept himself a close prisoner, got up one morning at sunrise, and threw open the door of his house to let in the fresh air. Stepping from behind a large tree in the yard stood forth the avenger with that long rifle leveled, and that cold eye fixed upon his face, waiting for a recognition—as he did in every case—before he fired. The man attempted to step back—too late! The sun was in his eye, but winged with darkness and oblivion, the quick messenger burst shattering through nerve and sense, and the seventh miserable victim fell heavily across his own threshold.

But by an ingenious elaboration of vengeance, the most terrible torture of all had been reserved for Hinch. His imagination became his hell. He died, through it, a thousand deaths. He had been passed by, to see his comrades one by one fall from around him, with the consciousness, that the relentless hate and marvelous skill which struck them down, was strung with tenfold sternness against himself. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! He had counted them all many times. They had all gone down under his eye, and as each one fell, came the question, shall it be my turn next? From the certainty that it would come, there was no escaping. He had put forth all the malignant ferocity of cunning and brutal passions in vain; and as successively he missed his minions from his side, the dark circle grew narrower and narrower, closing in terrible gloom about him, till he stood almost singly in the light, the only target for that pitiless aim. Ay! the very spot where the ball should strike him was distinctly marked by seven several instances!—and the wretch clasped his hands before his eyes and shivered through every fibre, as he

felt the keen shock strike in blackness through tissues so sensitive that even a hair touching them now was agony.

Such a consciousness of coming doom was too much to be endured. Within a few weeks he shrunk like a rank weed, from above which the sheltering boughs had been cleft and the strong sun let in upon its bare stem. His bloated face became pallid and wrinkled. He grew so nervous that the tap of a crisp leaf, driven by the winds against his window, made him shudder and glare his eyes around, expecting that dark tube to grow through upon him from some crevice of his log house. There were yet two other men beside himself, Davis and Williams; but they were young men, much the youngest of the band. They sold their property, and one night were *permitted* to escape. Hinch caught at this incident with the frantic hope of despair. They succeeded in getting off, and why not he? He managed very secretly to procure one of the best horses in the county, and set forth one dark night for the Red River. The news that he was off caused a strong sensation through the county. However rude and primitive may be the structure of any society, there is yet beneath its surface a certain sense of the fitness of things, or, in other words, an intuitive sentiment of justice which requires to be satisfied; and there was a feeling not very clearly defined, of the want of this satisfaction, left in the minds of men through the whole region. They had recognised at once an appropriateness and savage sublimity in the retribution which had been visited upon these abominable men; but in Hinch's being supposed to escape, the consummation was altogether wanting. Vengeance was only half complete.

Hinch reached Red River after a desperate ride. He sprang from his foaming horse at the top of the bank, and the poor animal fell lifeless from exhaustion, as his feet touched the ground. He did not pause for a single glance of pity at the noble and faithful brute which had born him so far and gallantly; but glancing his eye around with the furtive expression of a thief in fear of pursuit, he descended the sloping bank to the water's edge, and threw himself upon the grass to wait the coming of a boat. In about two hours a hoarse belching sound grew upon his ear, through the heavy stillness. He sprang to his feet with dilated nostrils and a new fire in his eye. In a short time the white eddies of the smoke rose

above the trees. Oh! what a sight was this—what a tumult of joyful relief! Now another life careered through his veins, and rushed up to his clammy brow. Every thing of hope—years of new excesses or of calm repentance, crowded in one moment of time upon his heart. The boat rounded the bend, cleaving up the head-strong current with her victorious prow. He signaled her. She rounds to in the middle of the stream. Her yawl is lowered. With what inconceivable eagerness does the wretch, who so long had felt himself doomed, watch the sweeping strokes of the long oars, which are so soon to place an impassible gulph between him and that pursuing fate. They had nearly reached the land, when a sudden *click, click*, behind him made his heart jump. Hinch turned his head with the cold sweat bursting from his face. His presentiment was right. Standing out from the shadow of the dark foliage—distinctly before him—was the uncouth figure of Jack Long. The countenance was very much changed. The coarse, careless features had given place to an expression unnaturally calm, but dark and stony—where not a line, or a ray of light in the eye, ever varied—the face of one who had dwelt for years on a single bitter recollection in the past, but by whom whatever could now occur had been long and confidently expected. There *was* a change;—but Hinch remembered *the man*, and he knew how much *cause the man* had to remember him. For a moment—with the upright gun pressed in one hand to the ground—the hunter stood confronting the appalled miscreant. For a moment he turned his slow gaze to the sublime mingling of sky

and forest around, and the wide rushing of the strong river before him, as if it were too hard for even such a wretch to be cut off so suddenly from the light of life and the glorious face of nature. But he heard the sound of the oars grow louder, he saw the boat that was to bear off his victim rapidly drawing near, and the Regulator, recovering from the stupor of an instant, was stealthily raising his hand to a pistol concealed in his bosom. The long rifle of the hunter rose to the level, the cold eyes shone along the barrel, and before Hinch could utter “God help me!” the crash came and all was darkness with the captain of the Regulators. The boatmen landed and found their expected passenger prostrate by the river side, pierced through the eye and brain with a rifle-ball of an unusual size; and climbing hastily to the top of the bank, saw a wild-looking, ungainly horseman galloping swiftly away over the plain.

The strong-hearted hunter had been fearfully revenged—wiping out with much blood the stripes that had disfranchised him of manhood and self-respect. It is dangerous to trifle with the powerful elements that slumber in men’s bosoms. The easiest nature is not proof against the effects of *inhuman* violence; and there is in uncultured breasts a wild sense of justice, which if it often carry retribution to the extremest limits of vengeance, is none the less implanted by Him who gave the passions to repose within us,

“Like war’s swart powder in a castle’s  
vault  
Until the linstock of occasion light it.”

## PATENT PROPERTY.

THE unrelaxing activity of mind and inexhaustible fertility of invention, which so strongly characterizes this great country, and more especially its Northern and Eastern divisions, render every inquiry respecting the rights of inventors on the one hand, and the benefits received from them by the public on the other, matter of great interest and importance. A view of the list of American patents for a single year would forcibly illustrate this position. What a vast amount of the highest intellectual labor;—what extensive resources;—what unbounded stores of information drawn from every department of art;—what conquests over nature;—what ingenuity in subjecting her laws to human uses;—what admirable examples of the multiplied alliances between science and art;—what a noble interchange of gifts, and reciprocity of benefits between the philosopher and the artisan, the professor and the manufacturer, would not such a review disclose! How gratifying to the philanthropist to contemplate the observatory of the astronomer, the laboratory of the chemist, the museum of the naturalist, and the cabinet of the experimental philosopher, put in immediate connection with the mill and the workshop, the market and the wharf, the railway and the ship, and to behold the entire human family combining energy of mind and toil of body towards the common progress of the species, and working out, each according to his peculiar ability and position, the inscrutable ends of Him who made and sustains the whole.

Laws, in all civilized nations, have been framed with a view to secure to inventors and discoverers a fair and liberal share of the fruits of their labors. This is accomplished by the natural and proper expedient of giving them a temporary monopoly in the article they invent, or in the use of the process, if such it be, which they discover. A bargain is thus struck between the nation and the inventor. The former creates, in favor of the latter, a fictitious property, having no natural existence, and which is, in fact, the mere creature of the law, while the law itself is the creature of the nation, constitutionally represented. The possession and enjoyments of this property is granted to the inventor and his

legal representatives for different periods of time, in different countries, according to the genius and spirit of their institutions and their social and political condition. In some it is limited to a definite period, such as seven or fourteen years; in others, the inventor has also a life interest in it;—and others, again, recognize in such property the same foundation and claim as are admitted for property in chattels or land. In this country the duration of such property is limited usually to fourteen years from the date of the patent.

Nor is this compact made solely from a sense of justice on the part of the legislature, or with any exclusive view to the interest of the inventor. The public and the interest of the public form a chief element in the transaction. The inventive power is the most rare of all intellectual endowments and is admitted by all analysts of the mind to be the highest attribute of a purely intellectual nature. What are the limits to the effects of the creations of an inventive genius? Who will undertake to count the millions whose well being has been promoted by the inventor of the steam engine? And where is the individual still more rash and presumptuous, who will reckon the myriads unborn, who shall hereafter participate in its blessing? Who shall measure the good which has grown, and shall hereafter grow out of the alliance of this vast creation of genius with the printing press, the ship, and the railway? Each line of rapid communication between distant people, whether by land or water, is a new bond of amity and a channel through which streams of reciprocal beneficence will flow. The extension of commercial relations thus produced will generate community of interests and will multiply the motives for the maintenance of universal peace. Channels are opened thus through which information and knowledge pass from nation to nation, and from continent to continent; civilization is stimulated, morals elevated, taste cultivated, manners refined. The temples of superstition will be razed to the ground, the darkness of ignorance dispelled, national antipathies uprooted, and the population of the globe taught to regard themselves as denizens of one great commonwealth, and children

of one common Father. Such are the blessings conferred on our species by those individuals who by their mental labor and the fruits of their genius, promote the improvements of the acts of life. These are the high intellectual supremacies to which nations may securely tender unqualified allegiance, and whose predominance already causes the sceptre to tremble in the hands of the despot, and the chains to fall from the limbs of the slave.

It were an interesting but perhaps melancholy task, to credit the account between the mass of our species and the illustrious few to whom they owe the greatest advances in the arts which minister to their physical and social well-being, and to see on which side the balance stands. It is true that a few names stand prominently forward as examples of the justice of nations towards their benefactors. The descendents of Watt dwell in palaces, and the progeny of Arkwright can stand "unbonnetted" among the nobles of the land. But very few are such instances and far between. The family of the father of steam navigation are now petitioners to Congress for—what?—a token of national gratitude?—a public monument to their illustrious ancestor? Will posterity believe it, that the descendents of Fulton now supplicate the national legislature for the payment of a debt!—a debt!—due for the personal services of their immortal father!—and—that it is even doubtful whether they may not supplicate in vain! Nor is this a solitary case. The inventor of gas-lighting now pines on a small annuity in some Swiss cottage, and the inventor of the locomotive engine died in England penniless, and was buried by the charitable contributions of a few private friends.

It is obviously the interest of the public to stimulate the activity of inventors by securing them in the possession of the legitimate fruits of their ingenuity, to a reasonable extent. In exchange for this

temporary monopoly the inventor instructs the public in the full details of his discovery so as to enable all who may desire to practise it freely to do so, either by his purchased license during his monopoly, or independently afterwards. If the public do not make this compact the inventor will either not be moved to incur the labor or expense (sometimes very considerable) attending his investigations, or he will so manage as to keep his processes secret and secure to himself and his successors an indefinite monopoly. Samples of this latter expedient are not few. If we recollect rightly, Dr. Wollaston kept concealed his method of rendering platinum malleable until he had accumulated a considerable fortune by its practice. Dr. James, the inventor of the well-known febrifuge called "James' Powders," not only kept the secret of compounding that medicine during his life, but bequeathed it to his children, and his present descendents (of whom the celebrated author of *Daruley* and other fictions is one) do actually now enjoy a large income from the manufacture and sale of it.\*

The advancement of the sciences and the extension and improvements of commerce have operated in extending and enlarging the amount of patent property among all nations that have made any considerable progress in civilization. This is especially the case with the United States and Great Britain, which, in the cultivation of the arts and manufactures, stand pre-eminently forward. The questions which spring up accordingly, not only between patentees and the public, but among patentees themselves, have become so numerous and complicated, and are of a nature so novel to the courts, and present points for adjudication so peculiar, that it has been a matter of serious consideration with those who have devoted most attention to such questions, whether the existing tribunals are competent to their decision and whether it were not more conducive to the ends of justice to establish special tribunals for

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\* It does not follow because we can, by chemical analysis, ascertain the exact ingredients of a compound body, that we can therefore produce it. It is easy to imagine that we might have made the discovery that water consists of eight parts by weight of oxygen gas and one of hydrogen, without knowing that we could form water by passing the electric spark through the mixture of these gases. Although the composition of James' powders was discovered, the medical faculty in England have preferred to admit the compound as supplied by the inventor and his descendents, into the *materia medica*, to prescribing the ingredients and ordering them to be compounded by the apothecary. In this country it is, we believe, more usual to prescribe the ingredients, though certainly inferior in efficacy.

the settlement of all such questions. So strongly was this feeling entertained in England some years ago, that meetings were held and committees formed, with the countenance and concurrence of the administration of that day, having for their object the construction of a court for patent suits. Such a measure, however, was beset with difficulties, and after much patient attention and inquiry, in the course of which inventors, patentees, manufacturers and men of science were consulted, the project was abandoned as hopeless and impracticable.

The difficulty opposed to the realization of this measure sprung from the infinite diversity of knowledge which must be possessed by any judges who could be regarded as qualified to decide all the possible questions which come before such a tribunal. Let it be remembered that the property in patents involves the consideration of every branch of human research, but more especially the physical sciences—astronomy, optics, mechanics, hydrostatics, chemistry in all its branches, physiology, medicine, surgery. But the sciences, infinite as their range is, form but a part of the knowledge called into play in patent inquiries. The whole extent of the arts and manufactures, in the widest sense of these terms, is involved. What species of judges, what classes of jurymen could there be named possessing general qualifications for the exercise of such a jurisdiction?

Since neither the judge nor the jury can be supposed to be capable of appreciating the actual merits of the questions thus brought before them, recourse has been had to a class of witnesses possessing that species of information in which the court and jury are deficient, and which is, nevertheless, indispensable for their proper guidance in their decision. Such are the scientific witnesses, called, not to testify to particular facts connected with the case, but to enlighten the court on the general principles by which the disputed points ought to be settled. Such witnesses are more properly a sort of sworn assessors to the court, and it is their opinion and judgment which is sought and given, rather than their evidence. Such a class of witnesses is, however, not without example, although in no case so systematically resorted to as in patent suits. In criminal prosecutions, where the circumstances of disease or cause of death are to be ascertained, medical witnesses are called, not to inform the court of the actual facts and phenomena, to

comprehend which would require a bench of physicians, but to aid the court by their opinion and judgment on these facts. That opinion and judgment the court are bound to adopt, unless there be external evidence to impeach the skill or integrity of the witness.

In patent suits, the questions which most frequently arise relate to the disputed identity of two contrivances or processes. A obtains a patent for a certain machine, instrument, or process. B makes another machine, instrument, or process apparently different, which accomplishing the same object as that of A, destroys the patented monopoly of the latter. A brings his suit against B, alleging that the instruments or processes are substantially the same, and that B has therefore, infringed his patent right. Issue is joined thereupon, and the dispute is brought before a court, consisting of a judge, who may or may not know something of law, but who assuredly knows nothing of science or art, and a jury who know nothing either of the one or the other. Such is the condition of suits respecting patent property both in this country and in Great Britain; and how, it may be asked, can justice be dispensed or the rights of proprietors protected under such circumstances. To meet this exigency recourse has been had to the peculiar species of evidence before mentioned. Witnesses are called, who, by their public reputation, professional character, or well-known experience, are authorities upon questions such as that under investigation. They are not produced to testify as to their particular knowledge of the case, but to aid the court and jury by their professional opinion and judgment. The very circumstances of their production in the case involves, by implication, a confession of their authority—an authority which, on the particular question to be determined, is admitted to be above that of the court itself. The consideration to be given to the testimony of such witnesses can only be measured by their public reputation for professional skill, knowledge and experience. The court is entitled also to inquire as to their personal integrity, and as to the existence of any peculiar interests which could be supposed to bias their judgment in the particular case on which they are produced. But neither court nor jury can be supposed competent to canvas the merits of the opinions or judgments which they give, for if they were, they would then be them-

selve incompetent, without the aid of such assessing witnesses, to decide the question at issue.

Were it possible to find judges as familiarly acquainted with all the physical and mechanical sciences, and all the branches of the arts and manufactures as they are with the principles of law and jurisprudence, we might then, indeed, be ready to admit that such functionaries might promote the ends of justice by instructing juries upon the merits of patent questions coming before them, as they now do in the legitimate exercise of their official functions upon the principles of the law; but whatever may be the private and personal acquirements in these departments of individual judges, we are bound to consider these officers as mere depositories of legal knowledge, and to regard their duties in such inquiries as strictly limited to the instruction of the jury on points of law, and the summing up and clear arrangement of the evidence which has been produced.

It would seem, however, that this, which we take to be the only sound view of the judicial functions in such cases, is not always the view adopted by the court. It does sometimes happen that the judge, relying on his own individual skill and knowledge, not of law, in which he would be justified, but of mechanics or chemistry, of which he must be presumed to be profoundly ignorant, takes the case out of the hands of the witnesses, and in charging the jury, gives his own judgment upon it. He examines the disputed machines and processes, not as a lawyer, or in his judicial capacity, but as an engineer, a chemist, or an artizan, and pronounces upon it as a physician would do on the autopsy in a case of suspected murder. Such a course, if allowed or practiced, would, in fact, supersede the production of any evidence. In such instances, the judge strips himself of his judicial character, and virtually descends from the bench to the witness stand. He administers, not law, but science and art. He incorporates in his own person the double character of judge and witness. If such a practice were adopted in the decision of all patent questions, the inquiry would resolve itself, in fact, into a mere reference to the judge; the disputed machines or processes would be submitted to him, and his judgment upon them, and that alone, would settle the question, independent of witnesses or jury.

A case recently came before the Cir-

cuit Court of the United States in this city, which suggested these reflections. In the year 1834 a patent was granted to a person named Emerson, for certain improvements in steam engines, and for a spiral propelling wheel to be applied to steam vessels. From that time to the present the wheel thus patented was never constructed, and, in fact, the patent was never used for the benefit of the public or the inventor. In 1836 a patent was granted in England to Captain Ericson for a new propeller, and in 1838 a patent for the same was granted in the United States. From that time to the present, considerable numbers of propellers have been made under this patent, in this country and in Europe, both for national and Commercial vessels. The patent in fact has proved largely advantageous, both to the world and the patentee.

An action was lately brought by Emerson against one of the engineers who constructed Ericson's propellers, for an infringement on the patent of 1834. When the commencement of this suit became known, the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, aware that the propeller of Ericson had been adopted in the U.S. Navy, ordered an investigation to be instituted by the official examiners at the patent office, with the view of ascertaining whether there really existed any grounds for the alleged identity of these two machines. A strict investigation of the matter took place, and an official report was made to the effect that the two contrivances were substantially different, and had in fact nothing in common.

The question before the court was one which resolved itself into an appeal to the judgment of persons skilled in theoretical and practical mechanics. The facts were few, simple, and undisputed. The specification of Emerson was produced and admitted; the propeller of Ericson, charged with infringing that specification, was also produced in model, and admitted by both parties. Some extraneous and collateral matter, having no relation to our present views, was also brought forward, which will require no especial notice here. In such a case the evidence was, as indeed it must have been, confined to the producing of witnesses of reputed knowledge, skill and experience, whose opinions and judgment would form the ground, and the only ground, on which the court and jury could decide the case; and the point to

which the evidence of such witnesses was directed, was simply whether or not the machines invented by Emerson and Ericson were substantially the same. The evidence produced on the side of the plaintiff was limited to two witnesses, by name Serle and Alair. The former gave an opinion in favor of the general similitude of the two machines, but, on cross examination, materially qualified his testimony. The evidence of the latter was of such a character that the counsel for the defendant did not think it worth while to cross examine him. On the part of the defendants a great body of evidence was produced. Dr. Lardner and Professor Mapes declared that the principle and construction of the machines were substantially different, and had nothing in common; Mr. Cox, a mechanical draftsman and patent agent, deposed, that it would be impossible, from Emerson's specification, to construct any thing resembling Ericson's wheel; three operative mechanics in the employ of different engineering establishments, one of whom was engaged as a practical engineer in the United States Navy department, declared that there was no similitude whatever between the machines, and that they could construct nothing like Ericson's wheel from Emerson's specification. Mr. Keller, the Examiner in the Patent Office for this class of inventions, repeated on oath the substance of the report which had previously been rendered to the Secretary of State. Dr. Jones, Patent Agent at Washington, who had prepared the original specification and drawings for Emerson, gave testimony to the same effect. Such was the overwhelming mass of evidence produced for the defence. It might be supposed, under such circumstances, that the duty of the court and jury was of a very obvious and simple character—on the part of the judge, to sum up and arrange the evidence, and to explain to the jury the relative value and authority to be ascribed to the opinion and judgment of such men as Mr. Serle and Mr. Alair, on the one hand, and of Dr. Lardner, Professor Mapes, Mr. Keller, Dr. Jones, Mr. Cox and the host of practical witnesses on the other. It would perhaps have been natural and proper to have said, that the judge, as a lawyer, and the jury, as merchants and tradesmen, could not be expected to form a very correct or sound judgment on problems in mechanical science; but that they had before them, for their guidance,

the sworn opinions and judgment of men of every class, conversant professionally with science, from the university professor and scientific engineer, to the artisan who wrought with his hands at the lathe and the anvil;—that they would consider, therefore, the credit to be given to such opinions, and arrive at their decision accordingly. The court and jury, however, took a different view of their functions. Every man, it is said, imagines himself a mechanic. At all events, it seems that on this occasion, they felt no doubt that they had more science than Messrs. Lardner and Mapes, more skill in patent inventions than Messrs. Keller and Jones, more sagacity in interpreting complicated drawings than Mr. Cox, and more practical knowledge than a troop of working mechanics. The opinions and evidence of all these witnesses were very coolly put aside as unnecessary, and a collection of drawings and models, sufficiently various and complicated to have puzzled the heads of a dozen mathematicians, became the subjects of examination and discussion. Entrenched within a rampart of these mechanical curiosities, and surrounded by a wilderness of sections, plans and elevations, the members of the court and jury proceeded to enlighten each other on the principles of physical science. The witnesses themselves, professionally skilled in such matters, had declared it was impossible to discover the meaning of one of the drawings of the plaintiff's wheel. The court found no difficulty in guessing at its meaning. Its resemblance to various objects *in rerum natura* were obvious.

*Ham.*—That's almost in the shape of a camel.

*Pol.*—By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.*—Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol.*—It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.*—Or, like a whale.

*Pol.*—Very like a whale.

Thus the Jury found their easy way to the conclusion, that two things were substantially identical, which had been proved, by the most congruous and incontrovertible testimony, to be as distinct as a whale is from a weasel. Rut this, which would have been absurd enough, was not the worst consequence of this tissue of blunders. The profits arising from the manufacture of Ericson's propellers were estimated, and a verdict given against the defendants for their entire amount. Thus were the fruits of

the labor, ingenuity and capital of a successful inventor, and the profits arising from the manufacture of a machine of great public utility, awarded to a person who had been proved to have had no more concern in the invention than the jurors themselves.

That the party, in cases of this sort, may carry the question before the Supreme Court at Washington, and there obtain justice and redress, is very inadequate compensation for the loss of money and time, the derangement of existing contracts, the suspension of those in progress, and the injurious effects produced on the public reputation attached to the patent. We feel the more strongly urged to put this matter prominently forward, inasmuch as the class of persons aggrieved by the inefficiency of our tribunals, are too limited in number to make an impression, as a body, on public opinion and feeling. It is a paramount duty of the general government to provide that kind of protection for inventors and patentees, which is supplied by competent tribunals for the decisions of suits in which their interests are involved; and no one will maintain that a judge, whether he be elevated to the bench by his legal acquirements and professional eminence at the bar, or, as sometimes happens, through political interest, can be competent to decide questions involving difficulties and doubts, more or less considerable, arising out of questions in mechanics, engineering, chemistry or the arts. As little is it likely that such questions could be rightly estimated or justly decided by a jury of merchants and tradesmen, however enlightened or intelligent. To form a tribunal of permanent judges, competent to decide all such questions, has, we believe, been attempted elsewhere, and attempted in vain. Under these circumstances, we cannot imagine or discover any measure which will give patent property the protection to which it is entitled, except to limit the province of the judge and jury in such cases, as indeed it is limited in others, to decide *according to the evidence*, and not according to their own knowledge, real or pretended, of the arts and sciences. It is true that it may, and will sometimes happen, that individuals may be impanneled on the jury, who are eminently competent to form an opinion on the scientific merits of the question before them; but we contend that such persons should either not use the knowledge they thus

accidentally possess, for the purposes of the trial, or, if they do, that they should appear in the court, not as jurors but as witnesses, so that they may be liable to cross-examination so as to test the soundness of their opinions. And this is altogether in harmony with the practice of law and the principles of justice. In other species of evidence it is admitted, that a juror cannot, for the purposes of the suit, use his private or individual information regarding the case; nay, the very possession of such information, is itself enough to disqualify him as a juror. Nor is it different with the judge. Both are peremptorily required to decide *according to the evidence*, and according to nothing else.

If it be urged that scientific witnesses can always be obtained, ready to testify to either side of such questions, we answer, that in this respect, patent questions are not peculiar. In all questions which are not of the most simple character, conflicting testimony is produced; and it is the province of the jury to estimate the skill and integrity of the witnesses, and to exercise their judgments in determining the side on which truth most probably lies. They must exercise the same sagacity in regard to scientific witnesses, and where their testimony is conflicting, they must balance the reputation for knowledge and skill, the integrity of character, the bias liable to be produced by personal interests and predilections, and decide accordingly; but we are certain that it is a gross and intolerable abuse of the functions both of judge and jury, to exercise a judgment on the merits of the questions themselves independently of the evidence.

It may be worth consideration, whether in cases left doubtful by the conflicting testimony of scientific witnesses, the ends of justice might not be promoted by authorizing the court to summon persons of known skill and reputation on the subjects under inquiry, to give their evidence and opinion to aid the court and jury. In other words, that the court should nominate such scientific witnesses, as it might think fit, in addition to those produced by the parties. Such witnesses would probably afford more unbiassed evidence than those selected by the litigants, since it could scarcely be expected that either party would willingly produce any witness, except one whose opinion was known to be favorable to his own side of the question.

We dismiss this subject for the present, in the hope that it may receive that attention which is commensurate with its importance and proportionate to the value of the interests it involves. Whatever may be the result of these suggestions, we are sure that no patentee can

be secure in the enjoyment of those rights for which he has expended his ingenuity or his capital, unless means of adjudicating disputes respecting these rights be provided, better and more efficient than those which are now available.

## THE RAVEN.

BY ——— QUARLES.

[The following lines from a correspondent—besides the deep quaint strain of the sentiment, and the curious introduction of some ludicrous touches amidst the serious and impressive, as was doubtless intended by the author—appear to us one of the most felicitous specimens of unique rhyming which has for some time met our eye. The resources of English rhythm for varieties of melody, measure, and sound, producing corresponding diversities of effect, have been thoroughly studied, much more perceived, by very few poets in the language. While the classic tongues, especially the Greek, possess, by power of accent, several advantages for versification over our own, chiefly through greater abundance of spondaic feet, we have other and very great advantages of sound by the modern usage of rhyme. Alliteration is nearly the only effect of that kind which the ancients had in common with us. It will be seen that much of the melody of “The Raven” arises from alliteration, and the studious use of similar sounds in unusual places. In regard to its measure, it may be noted that if all the verses were like the second, they might properly be placed merely in short lines, producing a not uncommon form; but the presence in all the others of one line—mostly the second in the verse—which flows continuously, with only an aspirate pause in the middle, like that before the short line in the Sapphic Adonic, while the fifth has at the middle pause no similarity of sound with any part beside, gives the versification an entirely different effect. We could wish the capacities of our noble language, in prosody, were better understood.—*ED. AM. REV.*]

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
 “’Tis some visiter,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
 Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
 “’Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
 Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
 This it is, and nothing more.”



But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door ;  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking “ Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
 Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 “ Wretch,” I cried, “ thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
 Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !  
 Let me quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore !”  
 Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Prophet !” said I, “ thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !—  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !”  
 Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Prophet !” said I, “ thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !  
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
 Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore.”

“ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !” I shrieked, upstarting—  
 “ Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door !”  
 Quoth the raven, “ Nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore !

## LITERARY PROSPECTS OF 1845.

WE see no reason why, when so much is written at the commencement of a New Year upon the interests of politics, commerce, why when there are so many sermons reviewing the spiritual state of believers from the pulpit, so many harangues and prophecies of the coming Administration from Editors, and so many well-braced statistical money articles from Wall-street—a word should not be said in the same fashion and with equal zeal on the prospects of Literature. It is not because the latter is of less consequence, that it should be so neglected; the spiritual and eternal are at least worth as much as the bodily and fugitive. It is of quite as much importance to a man that he preserve his self-respect by one new and generous thought *per diem*, as to notice the fractional advance of cotton or exchange. The opening of a new department of literature by native authors may be as well worth talking about as the acquisition of Texas—with this little difference in the subject matter of the two, that while one is an enlargement of the freedom of the mind, the other is a question of the slavery of the body. There are sumptuous East India products of the Imagination, rare and costly as any thing to be obtained from within the secret walls of China. Shall there be great celebration and triumph over the new Treaty, with not a thought of the better alliances by which the man may bind himself in a league longer than life, and the dim Chinese history itself, to the Spiritual?

There are various reasons why we hear less of literature than of the markets and the tariff and they are not all equally dishonorable. The business of literature, though it is incomplete without the interest the world takes in the matter, is carried on by the true student and author in quiet. He lives at home among his family, his friends, his books, oftener, perhaps less happily, alone with himself.

He can do nothing without retirement. He must be jealous of his thoughts and go from stillness to society not from society to stillness. The true author is a proud, humble man, who does not bray his affairs constantly before the world. While the quack sends his noisy nostrums through the street with trumpet

and placard at all hours, he is the invisible angel who appears only seldom, but then in great beauty, at the life-giving sacred Bethesda. We must be content, then, if we do not find every Newspaper criticism or Magazine article full of life and truth—if printed pages are constantly over-run with falsehood and foolery.

Another cause keeps the "children of light" in the back-ground. They are commonly poor and with no intrigue or cunning to supply the defects. They have not always command of the external resources by which their intellect must be made available to the public. They are low in the esteem of booksellers, who prefer gilded mediocrity.

"Let but a Lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens and the sense refines."

There are dollar lords as well as patented ones. If there is one thing that a man of honor avoids more than another it is debt. And the good author being a man of the truest honor, will not sell himself to printers and booksellers.

Setting aside as nought the great brood of puffers and pretenders who write to-day what to-morrow destroys; who make reputations without authors, and constantly employ themselves in the child's game of putting up a pith figure on one end, which its leaden weight soon brings to the other—the world certainly hears very little of Literature.

It is quite worth while that this matter should be plainly stated, if only to give heart and confidence to the few timid, genuine writers, who continue, with reluctance and distrust, to employ their pens—especially in the department of periodical literature—lest they be driven altogether from the field. The world should know them and honor them, or the world will be the worse for it. Conscientiously pursued, there is no nobler labor than that of the man of letters who devotes his time and talents to the improvement of society through the press. He sacrifices, frequently, many of the higher honors of literature to his benevolence. He writes continually, hour after hour, pouring out his fresh perceptions, his most eager sentiments, to fur-

nish thousands of readers with their daily mental entertainment, by which little pains of body are alleviated, petty bickerings and family quarrels overpowered, and an inch or two of elevation given to common men to make them at all endurable. All this is done with little fee or reward and is immediately buried, given away, generously, to yesterday's newspaper and the last month's magazine. There should be some vindication, some distinct recognition of the position of the periodical writer. He should be so established in public esteem as to say, without diffidence or apology, when called upon for his profession—that he writes for the press, content with this reputation, without seeking the incidental worldly aids and advantages of being an Editor beside. There will soon be no contributors, but all editors—we hope not, for the sake of the occasional baskets of grapes and strawberries, and the personal attention of puff-seeking tradesmen in MSS. books and groceries. We have no exaggerated idea of the periodical writer; but where he is true and sincere, we honor him as a noble and peculiar specimen of the literary character. We are quite of the opinion of the political valet in the Vicar of Wakefield, who read all the papers, including “the seventeen magazines and the two reviews: “Though they hate each other, I love them all.” Consider, of what a good magazine is capable, or a weekly review, or a newspaper. We read a passage of it in the morning, for instance, while the cloth is laid for breakfast, or in some interval that would probably be otherwise employed in impatience, and it gives tone to the mind all the day. It sets us above the low and frivolous, and if the passage is pleasantly stated, as it ought to be, imparts a relish to our words and thoughts. There is a great deal in having the soul wound up for the day—as poor Lord Ogleby says of his body and his cordials, in the play. We cannot well do a mean action with the melody of Milton or of Keats ringing in our ears; or a foolish one after a satirical rhyme or two of Hudibras or Pope; or a malevolent one after a glimpse of the Man of Feeling; or an indifferent one, stung by the earnestness of Carlyle; or a despondent one, magnetized by the humanity of Shakspeare, the all in all of the rest. These are the great reservoirs from which the miscellaneous writer, like the water-carrier of the East, draws refreshment and bears it to the

thirsty multitude of the city, who having neither time nor training to ascend to the fountain would otherwise perish. Honor, then, to the race, though they bear no higher title than the Water Carriers of Literature; but they may be original and more—they may be Jeffreys, Macaulays, Sydney Smiths, Southey's, Coleridges, Hazlitts, Charles Lambs, Leigh Hunts, Douglas Jerrolds, Thomas Hoods, Harriet Martineaus, Elizabeth B. Barrets; or in America they may write Clios, the Idle Man, Sketch Books, Croakers, Motley Books, Analysts, Pencillings by the Way, Harry Francos, John Waters, Twice Told Tales, &c.

Altogether, this subject is worthy of a much more extended consideration than it has yet received—provided only, that the right men and the right things get the honor.

What is 1845 to do for us in literature? It has at least good opportunities of its own. It is a fresh and youthful year—with the excitement and noise of party politics, with all the hideous brood of liars, gamblers, false toned declaimers and other unwholesome insects swept entirely out of the atmosphere. The country has rest. Its vexatious questions of public affairs have been shaken and worried into repose. There is a new year opening of the Christian Era;—let it be so indeed, and like Boniface's ale, savor of the Anno Domini!

In Literature itself, things appear, too, to have come to something like a crisis. The old is worn out, the reign of humbug is extinct. Heaven defend us from any returning claimants to that dynasty. Old literary hacks, like the coach hacks of London, according to John Randolph, smell villainously of dead bodies. Reputations have grown, withered and died, and the field of letters, like the vegetation of the prairies, is enriched by the loam of countless fallen authors. “Sweet are the uses of adversity.” The bad prepare a reception for the good. It is surely some compensation for filth and nastiness when we see their rank juices distilling in the green leaf and snowy whiteness of the rose or the camelia. So may the year '45 reap its triumphs. Like its predecessor, one hundred years ago, let it be a year of Rebellion, of protest against all shabbiness and unworthiness in literature—fighting not *for* Pretenders, but against them.

We would fain hope that the literary system which has been distinguished by

the epithet "cheap and nasty," is pretty much at an end, though we cannot quite count upon its extinction till it receives the *coup de grace* of the "International Copyright Law," which will put an end, we hold, to its nastiness, without injury to its cheapness. This celebrated system should not be allowed to pass away into oblivion without its historian. There is many a useful lesson to be gathered from it. Lockhart once commenced a caustic review of the Ettrick Shepherd in *Frazer's Magazine* with the pun, "This Hogg has made a sty of English Literature"—a *bon mot* which might serve as a motto for the undertaking. If we would see the small literary vices rankling and festering without restraint, we may see them there. Nothing has been too mean or poor-spirited for that system to produce. It was pregnant in nauseous puffs, unworthy of a mountebank, petty innuendos, and all the corruptions of false literature from an oblique, unworthy insinuation to a gross libel. Native authors were neglected, despised, insulted; foreign authors were mutilated, pillaged and insulted, besides. Ingratitude was among the least of the current vices. Misrepresentation and falsehood were its companions. The good writers were not only taken possession of, their works altered and thrown upon the public without their just honor and responsibility, but they were made the cover for the circulation of the worst licentiousness. The whole was well characterized by an author who suffered from its injustice, but who will triumph when it will be all forgotten, as "the crimson and yellow literature." These were the colors under which it sailed—under which this vile craft went forth from the booksellers' counters—the hues of blood and the plague. It threatened, indeed, to be a moral pestilence, and was attracting the notice of the Grand Jury, lecturers and the pulpit (the Rev. Erskine Mason, of Bleecker street, made it the subject of two sermons) when it was arrested by the natural laws of trade. The cupidity of publishers had overstocked the market, and the traffic fell. Let it perish.

We are not disposed to deny that there were good books circulated through the same agencies, but the evil was not the less certain. If any good at all was sown, its fruits are to be reaped in a different manner. Doubtless a taste for reading was diffused by the cheapness of books, and books will continue to be

published at low prices; but the line will in future be more strongly drawn between honesty and fraud in publishing. Incidentally with this decline of the cheap system from over-production, one of the chief incentives of the system—the rapid publication in England of some of the most popular books of modern times, has ceased with the exhaustion of the first labors of Dickens, Lover, and the last of the Bulwer novels. Were a new race of publishers now disposed to do their worst, it is scarcely possible that they could regain their old ascendancy for mischief-making with the press and the public. They cannot again get into vogue and currency. The American author is, therefore, in a measure free from a prejudicial foreign competition—not prejudicial in itself, but in its adjuncts. The due healthy circulation of the works of Dickens and others in course of trade, would have been advantageous, strengthening and enlarging the resources of publishers, stimulating native writers, uniting the two countries by the strongest bonds, and diffusing a taste for sound literature over a widely spread reading public.

The corruption of this bad system was felt in a quarter where it was unexpected, and has not, so far as we are aware of, been hitherto traced,—in the deterioration of American literature itself. This does not, at first sight, seem quite obvious. Let us look at it in one phase. A besetting sin of our literature is the spirit of puffery which runs through it and around it. In spite of the fact, that most of the authors of the country belong to the range of minor literature; that the poets rarely exercise themselves on subjects embracing any great range of invention, but write short poems, occasional verses; and that the genius of many of the best prose writers is summed up in the character of clever essayists; that we have some good travellers, but no Humboldts; some preachers, but few divines of the great English school from Jeremy Taylor or, earlier down, to Robert Hall;—without any regard for the reality, nearly every epithet of panegyric has been wasted on American authors. There is scarcely a word left for a new Milton, a Bacon, or Shakspeare, should such be destined to arise in the Western hemisphere. A sudden *cacoethes laudandi* seemed to have seized the press and thrown it into paroxysms of admiration from which it has, as yet hardly recovered. What Carlyle

calls the *furor biographicus* especially raged. These biographies were often illustrated by portraits and autographs, which served sometimes to neutralize the text for one saw at a glance, to parody the line of Ovid, that the attributed work, the books, (if any,) written were quite beyond the capacities of the phrenological material to make them out of. In literary execution these "lives" were excellent parodies of that model of classic biography, "The Memoirs of P. P., clerk of this Parish." It was not enough to say of an author that his production was marked by sincerity, or a good purpose, a happy style, or it had wit, or fancy, or some allowable combinations of these, but all were heaped together and plastered on the back of the writer with some still more general 'count' as the lawyers say, including each and every possible contingency. If the reader need any proof of this, let him consult the files of the newspapers and periodicals and read the prospectuses of all the *new* journals, which, one and all, promise the very opposite of these things—to avoid 'trash' and write honestly and independently. This was the fact—a fact encouraging to mediocrity, which throve and fattened on this banquet of notoriety, but disgusting to and avoided by true merit. Its connection with the system we have alluded to was this: It was felt that American authors were oppressed and driven out of the market by the state of the trade; the strong feeling of nationality in the Press was aroused; and it was determined, however unconsciously, that all the geese that should be produced this side of the Atlantic should be called Swans. Royalty is said proverbially to be very short in its way to conclusions—but this Republican road seems still shorter. Thank Heaven, *that*, too, is passing away.

American Literature, in the hands of these false defenders of mediocrity, reminds us of two passages in one of the works of Jean Paul. Speaking of a fop, who wrote what he called Poems, he says of him—"His poems, like most poems of the present day, resembled the Muses—for they were *genuine children of memory*." A pungent and rather startling essay might be written on this prolific theme; and such, we are given to understand by a hint in a late number of our contemporary, the "Democratic," is already prepared, by a writer whose pen "hath a taste to it," under the pleasant title of "American Cribbage!" The

other passage covers the whole ground of bloated puffery very amusingly. Richter is describing the very gravamen—"the genius Epidemic." "This disease," says he, "is analogous to the elephantiasis, which Troil, in his journey through Iceland, correctly describes in his 24th letter; the characteristic features of which are, that in hair, cracks, color, boils on the skin, and in every other respect, the *patient exactly resembles an elephant, excepting only that he is not gifted with its strength, and dwells in a cold climate!*"

But enough of the false. We turn to the true. America has a great and noble task before her in literature, and we firmly believe the power and capacity to do it. The beginnings are faint and scattered, but the elements are here. When Dr. Johnson, as executor of Mr. Thrale was surveying the brewery which was sold for one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, he answered to a spectator, "we are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats but the potentialities of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice!" In these dim attempts at American literature, in the mere fact that people read and write at all, taken in connection with the natural scenery and adaptation of the soil, and the character of the people destined to fill the land, we read the sure elements of a glorious future. With such a people and such a soil—given, as in ancient Greece, simply the letters of Cadmus—and we are sure of the result. It is morally certain. It is yet to be seen that the wit or ingenuity of man or his imagination is more sluggish here than in the Old World. The Time and the Motive will do all. A quick-witted, inventive people, fertile in resources, a people who have hitherto failed in nothing the world had a right to ask of them, who have gone farther in the solution of problems of government than any other people, who have given a wider example of domestic comforts, who have subdued mountains and thickets and whirlpools, and shown therein their imaginations by the extent of their hardihood, who have done all this laughingly, unconsciously, as if without effort;—from a people simple, brave, devout, what are we not to expect when these energies shall be turned in the direction of the National Literature? There is no fear that the work will languish. Genius *shall* have here her home. These rocks and valleys shall not be barren, the brook shall sing with "a murmur sweeter than its own"; the land-

scape shall have its twofold attraction of the eye and the memory; men shall be united by stronger than political ties, when they love and hate—are friends, fathers, husbands, brothers and sisters by the strong link of a common sentiment breathed by the fresh original books of the land. We shall not hear then of foreign opinion;—Europe shall come to us, and transplant her grove of Ilyssus and vale of Tempe, her Paris and London. *Hoc erat in votis.* We believe it; but there is much good work to be done beforehand. It will not be the destiny of ourselves, perhaps, to see it, or of Mr. Griswold to record it. We are no friends of precise prophecy. We cannot say of genius, it will be here or there, but the spirit of God breathes it, and lo! a Homer, a Shakspeare.

How much precisely has been done towards the construction of a national literature we cannot, if we would, state in one article. We have done much. There are Franklin, and Jefferson, and Hamilton, in philosophy and political science, to whom, of a later day, are to be added Bowditch and Webster; in metaphysics we have Edwards, whose reputation is European; in theology Dwight and Taylor; in history Bancroft and Prescott; in poetry, Bryant, Dana and Brainard; in fiction and polite literature, Cooper and Irving; in morals, Channing and Emerson; in the fine arts, Allston, Powers, Crawford, Forrest; and others in all these, who have “won golden opinions” by works of unquestioned merit.

In even our cursory survey, however, we become aware of several deficiencies which have not been attempted to be supplied. We have no great poem of action or invention, at all approaching an Epic character. Much, too, of our minor verse is wanting in originality and a hearty, spontaneous vigor. It partakes too much of study and imitation. We need a national song writer of true lyrical fervor; and indeed, poets in every department, of the true passion. We have descriptive writers, but no Cowper or Thomson; wits in verse, but no Butler; narrators, but no Scott or Crabbe.

Next to the Epic is the Dramatic, in which we are equally deficient. Is passion extinct among us, that there should be no drama? The exhausted stage asks for it—the sympathies of the public demand it; our enjoyments are as keen, our sensibilities as acute, as those of other people; our anger is as loud, our

scorn as deep seated and silent. For the gentler muse of Comedy we have gay laughter, and sportive intrigue, and follies enough of our own to set up every degree of genius from Ben Jonson to Foote. Let some of this work be done in 1845. Some of the authors of the country have just issued their promises to pay—let them execute them. The prospectuses of several new magazines for 1845, are as gay and inviting as such drafts upon Hope ever were. They have our best wishes for success. Let every thing be done during the new year in a genuine spirit; and be the product little or great, it will be something positive for the future. In the meantime let us sing good Bishop Berkeley's American Doxology—forgetting not to toil with Shakspeare's bees,—

“The *singing* masons *building* roofs of gold.”

It is this spirit of earnest, courageous toil that is most needed. We would urge it for every department of literature; stimulating the historian to profounder research, the poet to a more concentrated self-knowledge and a more truthful pursuit of nature, the novelist to acquire that spirit of art which is both an incentive and restraint to his powers; and we would return again to the periodical writer with whom we set out, bidding him resist the facile temptations of his craft. His labor is the support of the rest. He counsels and applauds, and gives advice to both author and the public. Let him be faithful as many (the number is daily enlarging) are faithful, and by force of his own usefulness and examples it will no longer be a moot question, whether an unrestrained press is a blessing or a curse to a country. It will bear the natural and just fetters of order, benevolence, refinement.

Unity among the authors of the country would rapidly advance the cause of a national literature. Hitherto there has been no common interest. Each has fought his battle single-handed. Union among authors, bringing together the force of their aggregate works, would create a sentiment, a feeling in their behalf, a voice to which booksellers would be compelled to listen. The *taboo* of the American author in the booksellers' stores in Broadway, Cliff, Chestnut and Washington streets must be broken. The

good manuscripts, which lurk here and there in desks and portfolios, must be drawn forth and published—not breathe and die under the bookseller's counter as it mostly does now, but be actually published as if the world were not ashamed of it. Authors have a common cause in this matter, which may be advanced by mutual correspondence, the advocacy of the literary journals, or a more definite union. If they do not take the matter in their own keeping, publishers, they may be sure, will do nothing for them; and the public is a kind of nobody, so far as this matter is concerned, without their plastic hand. Now is the time. Let there be only the single eye and an honest effort, and the cause is gained. When a bookseller once begins to deal with an American author, as he does with his paper maker or bookbinder, recognizing MSS. as value received—the first great

triumph is secured. The pursuit of authorship will then be rescued from mere amateurs and quacks, and restored to its legitimate followers, the modest sincere men, who are now driven into silence or poverty. Some of the truest literary men we have been acquainted with have been the worst paid, while the makers of school books, vampers up of English matter, have got all the money, and a few of the most eager pretenders have got all the fame—nay, call it notoriety.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure  
eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy  
meed.

E. A. D.

#### ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.\*

The period embraced in this work of Mr. Alison furnishes more copious materials for a brilliant narrative than any period of the same length in the history of nations. To commence with a description of the "earthquake that opened under the Bourbon throne," and let down a whole dynasty of kings, and end with the battle of Waterloo, which overthrew an Emperor and an Empire, is to commence and end with all that is exciting in the history of man. The selection of this period shows the taste and character of the writer. Of an ardent temperament and highly poetic imagination, the terrific scenes that followed each other in such rapid succession from the first outbreak in Paris, are, to him, but so many separate passages in a great tragedy of which Bonaparte was the hero, and Waterloo the closing act. The history of this period is, for the most part, a history of battles, in the description of which lies Mr. Alison's peculiar excellence. He is indeed a wonderful example of the ease with which a writer of vivid description and brilliant style can take captive our judgment and blind our criticism. Ask the hundreds who speak in rapturous

terms of his work, Why they are so enchanted with it, and the answer is, "he is a splendid writer—do you remember the description of the Battle of Wagram, Borodino and Waterloo?" Of the truth of the great political events he narrates, the skill manifested in their grouping, and the causes which led to them, we hear nothing of praise. The arrangement of the work is exceedingly faulty, confusing us more than we ever remember to have been confused in reading the history of so short a period. The *style*, which is animated and racy, making us eye-witnesses of the terrific scenes he depicts, is yet often inflated and eminently careless. A sentence in the opening paragraph of the very first chapter, is but one of many examples. In speaking of the French Revolution he says, "From the flame which was kindled in Europe the whole world has been involved in conflagration, and a new era dawned upon both hemispheres from the effect of its expansion." The figure here introduced by "conflagration," and carried out by "expansion," Mr. Alison may think very good English, but it is any thing but good rhetoric.

\* History of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1689, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E. Advocate. In four Volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers.

The opening pages of such a work we should expect to see devoted to the causes which produced the French Revolution—the great event which commences the history. But we were not prepared to find nearly forty pages occupied in drawing a parallel between it and the English Revolution under Cromwell, going back to the English Settlement and the Danish and Anglo-Saxon Conquests. The English Revolution does not come into the period of his history; and to lead us down through the half barbarism of England in the early ages, and through all her feudal history, to give us the causes of the “Rebellion,” is as foolish as it is confusing. Were one to write a history of England or France from its origin, it would be interesting to trace how civilization and liberty grew step by step, till they reached their present state in the nation. But the *inappropriateness* of the thing is our least objection. His philosophy and logic are false from beginning to end; and here, at the outset, we state the grand fault of Mr. Alison in compiling this history. He is a high Tory, and no more fit to write of this period, ushered in by the outbreak of the Republican spirit, and carried on with all the wildness of newly recovered and untamed freedom, than an Ultra Chartist of Birmingham to write the feudal history of England. A man falsifies history in two ways—first by falsifying facts—second, by misstating the causes of those facts. The last we consider the most culpable of the two, and of this crime Mr. Alison stands heavily charged. He set out with the determination to malign Republicanism and exalt Monarchy, and not satisfied with wrongly coloring facts, he exposes himself to the most ridiculous blunders, and contradicts his own assertions to secure his end. Whenever he speaks of “Democracy,” or the “Rights of the people,” he evidently has before him the riots of Birmingham, the Chartist “Bill of Rights,” and the petition of three millions of Englishmen for universal suffrage. This picture warps his judgment sadly, and his philosophical “reflections” on the French Revolution are a mixture of false logic, self-contradictions, and merest common places from first to last. Thus, at the outset, in the very parallel we were speaking of, he says of the English Revolution, “the pulpit was the fulcrum on which the whole efforts of the popular leaders rested, and the once venerable fabric of the English Monarchy, to which so large a portion of its influential classes

have in every age of its history been attached, yielded at last to the force of fanatical phrensy.” “In France, the influence of religion was all exerted on the other side,” &c. In other words, true religion was with the royalists in both rebellions, and fanaticism or infidelity with the republicans. Now in the first place, if this be true, why lead us down through the dark ages to show the causes of the English Revolution—why talk to us of the struggle for principle—why boast of the moderation of the people during its progress, and the regard to individual rights. Fanaticism is not so discriminating and just when it seizes the sword, and Mr. Alison has falsified one of the most important events of English History.

The statement is equally untrue with regard to the French Revolution. No attack was made on religion, nor did it enter one way or other into the conflict as a great element, until the priests began to declaim from the pulpits against the assembly, denouncing every act of the reformers as sacrilegious, and exciting the people to resistance. *The church took sides with the throne and the aristocracy*, as it had been partner in their oppressions and rapacity, and of course went down with them. And instead of the Cromwellian rebellion growing out of the fanaticism of the priests it sprung from the Parliament itself. The despotism of Charles I., his dangerous encroachments on the liberty of speech, and on the Constitution, were borne with till longer endurance became a crime. The whole history of the Long Parliament denies this statement of Mr. Alison. Charles I. trampled on the laws of England: he was tried for his crime and beheaded. The struggle that followed is chargeable on those who defended the throne in its wrong-doing. There was no need of rebellion; and there would have been none but for the tyranny of the king and the injustice of his friends. The conflict was between the parliament and the throne. The people sided with the parliament, and the throne went down. It was a struggle for the supremacy of British law and British rights, and hence was conducted with the moderation and justice which the cause demanded. Now, turn to the French Revolution—and what lay at the bottom of that? Suffering, unparalleled suffering—suffering that had been accumulating through ages. There were really but two classes in France—the privileged and unprivileged—the

taxed and untaxed—the devoured and devourers. Mr. Alison acknowledges, “there was a difference in the circumstances of the two countries at the period when their respective revolutions arose, but not so much as to make the contest in the one the foundation of a new distribution of property, and a different balance of power in the other the chief means of maintaining the subsisting interests of society, the existing equilibrium of the world.” There was just this difference: The contest in England was *for order* and the supremacy of right and law, in France it was for *bread*. Stern, unbending principle guided the one, starvation and desperation the other. The inevitable result must be the establishment of justice in the one case, and the overthrow of everything established in the other. Rousseau never uttered a truer sentiment than in saying, “when the poor having nothing to eat they will eat the rich;” or Carlyle, writing, “when the thoughts of a people in the great mass of it, have grown mad, the combined issue of that peoples’ workings will be madness—an incoherency and ruin.” It must be so. With the first consciousness of power they cry out as they run over the long catalogue of their sufferings, “plunder shall be paid with plunder, violence with violence, and blood with blood.”

The same influence of his hatred of democracy, blinding his judgment and compelling him to misstate facts, is seen in the proximate causes he gives as leading to the Revolution. It would be too gross a misstatement to declare that there was not sufficient suffering in France to produce an insurrection, as the Duke of Wellington once said there was no suffering in England. He acknowledges it, but thinks it has been overrated. Still, the picture he draws of the misery of the lower classes is frightful. The *taille* and *vingtieme* imposts fell heavily on the farmer, so that out of the produce of his land he received only about one quarter, the other three quarters being divided between the proprietor and the king. This alone would reduce the population of any country to starvation and consequent madness. Accustomed to yield to arbitrary power, the people never dreamed of resistance till driven to it by despair. Men dare ask for *bread* anywhere. The bayonet and scaffold can be contemplated with more calmness than famine.

Out of this state of feeling grew the

Revolution and all its horrors. Mr. Alison admits there was sufficient suffering and oppression to create an outbreak—in-  
deed, he goes as far as to make the lower classes 76 per cent. poorer than the laborer in England, which is a degree of poverty beyond our conception—yet he affirms that the Revolution was started by the upper classes, and could have been checked by them at any moment; nay, he puts the blame of setting it in motion on such dreamers as Voltaire and Rousseau, who uttered fine sentiments about liberty, equality, etc. In making a statement so opposed to facts, he doubtless has in his mind such men as Carlyle, Thomas Hood, and others, whose writings are telling with such wonderful effect upon the English people. It needs but a glance to see where the grand difficulty lay. The leaders of the mobs knew it well, and wrote epigrammatically, “*tout va bien ici, le pain manque*,” all goes well—there is a lack of bread. The first attack of the populace was on one who said a man could live on seven sous a day. Then followed attacks on tax-gatherers and bakers. The first man hung at the lamp-post, Foulon, was hung for replying to the people’s cry of distress, “*let them eat grass*.” Watch the army of women swarming around Versailles, crying, “bread! bread!” See them gathered around their watch-fire at midnight, devouring the remains of a horse. Hear them screaming back to the national assembly, whither they had forced themselves, “*du pain pas tant de long discours*”—bread, and not long speeches. There lies the cause of the disease, and not all the aristocracy of France could have prevented the outbreak. Yield they must, but submission came too late. They themselves had backed the waters till, when the barriers gave way, the flood must sweep every thing under. But to acknowledge this was to admit the danger that now threatens England, and sanction the Chartist in their ceaseless petitions to the throne and parliament for reform.

Carrying out his monarchical sympathies, Mr. Alison also charges on Democracy the blood and devastation that followed in the wake of the Revolution. He gives us a synopsis of the declaration of the “RIGHTS OF MAN,” by the Assembly, in which he says, “it declares the original equality of mankind; that the ends of the social union are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; that sovereignty resides in the nation,

and every power emanates from them; that freedom consists in doing every thing which does not injure another; that law is the expression of the general will; that public burdens should be borne by all the members of the state in proportion to their fortunes; that the elective franchise should be extended to all; and that the exercise of natural rights has no other limits but their interference with the rights of others." "In these positions, considered abstractly," says Mr. Alison, "there is much in which every reasonable man must acquiesce." We say, on the contrary, that every "reasonable man must acquiesce" in *the whole*, "abstractly." There are no plainer principles in human logic. They are axioms, considered "abstractly," no man can doubt, while we believe they are not only "abstractly" but practically true. They rest at the very foundation of our government, and if they be not true our government is a lie. The want of means in carrying them out does not prove their falsity, but the power of man to turn his greatest blessings into evils. Yet, reasonable as he admits some of them to be, considered "abstractly," he calls them, in another place, "*a digest of anarchy.*" Then the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, is "*a digest of anarchy,*" an assertion which the history of our country for the last fifty years, fully contradicts. To this "*digest of anarchy,*" this explosion of democracy, he attributes all the horrors of the revolution. He devotes whole pages to very grave and very sad reflections upon it, and at the end of almost every chapter on this period, he pours forth his "*note of woe*" on the acts of republicanism. Now, no one doubts the danger of suddenly giving too much power and freedom to slaves. The eye long accustomed to darkness, cannot bear immediately the full splendor of noon-day. The oppression of centuries, when suddenly broken, does not end in calm and intelligent action. We do not find fault with Mr. Alison for preaching this doctrine, but for preaching *this* alone. There are three other great truths to be considered in connection with this, before we can form a correct judgment upon it. In the first place, if democracy *did* start this long array of ills, is that its *natural* action, or is it the *re*-action of something else? Was it not human nature, long chained, and scourged, and trampled on, suddenly taking vengeance on its oppres-

sors, and wiping out with one bloody stroke the long arrears of guilt? Were the horrors of the Revolution the result of democracy merely or of vengeance? Is it to be wondered at, that the captive, so long bound and goaded to madness, should fling abroad his arms a little too wildly at the first recovery of his freedom, and shake the bars of his cage a little too roughly? We believe the great truth, after all, to be drawn from that bloody tragedy, is the evils of long oppression, and not the evils of giving man his rights. The primal ultimate cause is the one that should have engaged Mr. Alison's attention and reflections, and not the secondary proximate cause. The youth of the world should learn a different lesson than that taught by his history.

In the second place, granting that the crimes and violence of the revolution *did* naturally and entirely grow out of republicanism, we believe they did not begin to compare with the misery and suffering caused by the tyranny that preceded it. One million is supposed to have perished during the Reign of Terror. Frightful as this waste of life and happiness is, we do not believe it is the half of that produced by the reign of despotism. The guillotine loaded with human victims—whole crowds of men, women and children shot down in the public streets, and the murders and massacres on every side, that made France reek in her own blood, make the world stand aghast—for the spectacle is open and public. We have seen every one of that million cut down by the sword of violence, but the thrice one million that have perished, one by one, during the antecedent ages, under the grinding hand of oppression, and slow torture of famine, and all the horrors of a starved people, dying silently and in every hovel of the land, we know nothing of. Generation after generation melted away, whose cries of distress no ear heard but that of Him who in the end avenges the helpless. Let Mr. Alison utter his lamentations over these millions who died none the less painfully because they perished silently, as well as over the victims of the revolution.

But in the third place, we deny the former supposition to be true, believing that the great danger of giving the ignorant masses sudden freedom, arises from two causes. The first is the strong sense of retributive justice in the human bosom. Assuming the doctrine, "an eye for an

eye and a tooth for a tooth," to be just, they will at once turn round and spoil their spoilers. The desperation of famine guided by this feeling, shed the first blood in Paris. The second and continuing cause arises from tyranny itself. The love of power may be as dominant in the heart of a peasant as of a prince. There are multitudes that want only the opportunity, to become despots. They are not all tyrants who by nature are fitted to be. All they need to make them enact the same follies and crimes the titled and legalized tyrants are committing before them, is the means of doing it. These men flourish in revolution. If possessed with energy and skill, they will lead the blind and ignorant masses where they please. Appealing to their prejudices and passions, and fears of renewed oppression, they excite them to renewed massacres and bloodshed. This was the case in Paris, and the horrors enacted during the Reign of Terror were not so much the work of democrats as aristocrats. We are to look for the causes of actions, not in *men*, but the principles that guide them. Who looks upon Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Couthon and Barrere, as Republicans. They were such men as the despots of the world are made of. Seeking the same ends with those who had crushed France so long—viz: power at whatever cost—they made use of the passions of the mob to elevate themselves. By inciting their revenge and fears, and feeding their baser desires, they both ruled and trampled on them. It was ambition and tyranny that drenched France in blood—the same that had reduced it to starvation, only by different means. In the one case they were manifested through the steady action of an oppressive government, in the other through the passions of a mob. The love of equality and the love of power are two very different things. Tyranny is no less tyranny because it puts on the cap of liberty, and despotism is just the same, whether it seeks its ends through authority or violence.

This inability on the part of Mr Alison to see any virtue in republicanism forces him into statements that are calculated to mislead his readers in that most important truth now before the world—the progress and tendency of the democratic spirit among men. Wrong may be done to individuals in belying their motives, and injustice to military leaders by depriving them of their just reward of praise, but

these are small errors compared to the wrong of charging on Liberty crimes she never committed, and loading her with epithets she never deserved. It is for this reason our remarks seem to be aimed at one point. This is the great error of Mr. Alison's work, and there could be no greater. He incurs a heavier responsibility who teaches us wrong on the great doctrine of human freedom, than he who errs on all other points beside. Were this sympathy of his for monarchical institutions kept within ordinary bounds, we should say nothing; but he travels out of his way to strike republicanism, and whenever the plain facts he relates might be construed contrary to his wishes, he obtrudes on us a long list of reflections, often, it is true, very stupid, but sometimes exceedingly plausible. This tendency of his is a matter of feeling, rather than judgment, and hence leads him into endless blunders and contradictions.

After devoting one chapter to the disastrous campaign of 1793, the first under the republic, he closes with six reflections, among which (No. 2) is the following: "These considerations are calculated to dispel the popular illusions as to the capability of an enthusiastic population alone to withstand the attacks of a powerful regular army." And what is the ground of this sage conclusion? Why this campaign, planned and appointed while France was heaving like the breast of a volcano to the fires that raged within her, badly conducted, and feebly prosecuted, had been disastrous to the French army. It is a hasty conclusion, not only groundless in this case, but false in every way. There can be no rule laid down in such matters; but as far as history can settle it, it proves directly the reverse. Look at the wars of the Tyrol and Switzerland, in which rude peasants, led on by such men as Tell and Winkelried, overthrew the best disciplined armies on the continent. Go over our own battle-fields, where valor and enthusiasm triumphed over troops that had stood the shock of the firmest battalions of Europe. But it is not with the principle we quarrel so much as the inference he wishes to have drawn from it. In the very next chapter devoted to an account of the Vendean war, he gives us a most thrilling description of the valor and enthusiasm of the peasants. Army after army sent to subdue them were utterly annihilated. The peasants of

Vendee, according to Mr. Alison, were rude and "illiterate, ignorant of military discipline," and of the most ordinary rules of war, yet they fought six hundred battles before they were subdued. Occupied on their farms, they continued their peaceful labors till it was announced, an army was on their borders. Then the tocsin sounded in every village, and the church bells rang out their alarm, and the peasants armed with pikes, pitchforks, muskets, and whatever they could place hands on, flocked from every quarter to the place of rendezvous. Thus armed and organized, they offered up their vows to the Supreme Being, and while the priests and women were assembled in prayer, fell with the might of a brave and enthusiastic people on their foes, and crushed them to pieces. Astonished at these victories, the French government gathered its best armies around this resolute province till 100,000 men hemmed it in, some of them composing the choicest troops of France. The tocsin again was sounded and the alarm bells rang, and the peasants assembled and the armies were routed. Without cannon, without discipline, they boldly advanced against the oldest battalions of France. On the open field they marched up in front of the artillery, and, as they saw the first flash, prostrated themselves on their faces, and when the storm of grape had passed by, rose and fell like an avalanche on their foes, charging the cannoniers at their own pieces, and trampling down the steady ranks like grass beneath their feet. Prodiges of valor were wrought, and acts of heroism exhibited in this war, to which the history of the world scarcely furnishes a parallel. The population, men, women and children, turned out en masse at the first alarm. Every hut sent forth a soldier, till an army of forty or fifty thousand men stood ready to march in any direction. Yet so undisciplined were they, that as soon as the enemy were routed and driven from their province, they disbanded to their homes till another army made its appearance.

Speaking of their bravery and success, Mr. Alison says, "thus was the invasion of six armies, amounting to 100,000 troops, part of whom were the best soldiers of France, defeated, and losses inflicted on the Republicans, incomparably greater than they had suffered from *all the allies put together* since the commencement of the war—a memorable instance of what can be effected by *resolute*

*men, even without the advantages of regular organization, if ably conducted against the most formidable superiority of military force."* And in speaking of the expedition of the Vendean army beyond the Loire, whither they had gone expecting to meet the English under Lord Moira, he says this army, before it fell—"without magazines or provisions, at the distance of forty leagues from its home, and surrounded by three hostile armies, marched one hundred and seventy leagues in sixty days, took twelve cities, gained seven battles, killed twenty thousand of the Republicans, and took from them one hundred pieces of cannon, *trophies greater* than were gained by the vast allied armies in Flanders during the whole campaign." This war of peasants with veteran troops, marked by such bravery and enthusiasm on the one side, and such atrocities on the other, furnishes Mr. Alison with excellent materials for his accustomed quota of reflections; and what are they?—"Such," he says, "were the astonishing results of the enthusiastic valor which the strong feelings of *loyalty and religion* produced in this gallant people; such the magnitude of the result, when, *instead of cold calculation, vehement passion was brought into action.*" Place this philosophic and moral reflection beside the one we quoted, as made at the close of the first campaign of the Republic against the allied forces on the Rhine. "*These considerations are calculated to dispel the popular illusion, as to the capability of an enthusiastic population alone to withstand the attacks of a powerful regular army.*" We hardly know which to admire most here, the awkward look of this Janus-headed philosophy, or the solemn assurance with which the contradictory faces look down on us. But what is the reason of this strange twist in his logic? Simply this: When speaking of the defeat of the Republicans in their contests with the allied forces, it was the enthusiasm of *democrats* against disciplined *royalists*; in the other case, the enthusiasm of *royalists* against disciplined *democrats*. A "popular illusion" becomes a grave fact with Mr. Alison, in the short space of one chapter, and the "enthusiasm and valor" of republicans and royalists has an entirely different effect on the serried ranks of a veteran army. But the flat contradiction he here gives himself, is of no great consequence, only as it illustrates our

first statement, that, he cannot be relied on in those cases, where monarchical and republican principles or men come in collision. The deductions of such a man are false and injurious, and the same spirit that can make *them* will purposely or involuntarily alter facts.

But his sympathy with monarchy is not stranger than his sympathy with England; and we find, that no trust can be placed in him, whenever in his narrative his own government and country are contrasted with others. His account of the Irish Rebellion, during this period, and indeed his whole description of the affairs of that unhappy country, are shamefully false; and we must believe, in charity, that Mr. Alison never thoroughly studied the history of Ireland. He was too much occupied in tracing the marches and battles of those armies that shook Europe with their tread, to devote much time or space to the struggles of a few millions of Irishmen. We should be indignant with the heartlessness evinced in his opening paragraph on the history of Ireland, were it not for the ludicrous solemnity with which the words are uttered. "In surveying the annals of this unhappy country, it appears impossible, at first sight, to explain the causes of its suffering, by any of the known principles of human nature. Severe and conciliatory policy seems to have been equally unavailing to heal its wounds—*conquest has failed in producing submission, severity in enforcing tranquillity, indulgence in awaking gratitude.*" There spoke the self-complacent Englishman. With what a patronising air, and deploring tone, he refers to this "unhappy country," and how utterly unable to account for its ill-will. We cannot sympathise with Mr. Alison in his surprise, for, in all our knowledge of the history of nations, we have never read of such national perfidy and oppression and cruelty so long continued, as the whole history of the English and Irish connection presents. How England could have heaped more insults and wrong and misery on Ireland than she has, without exterminating her, we are unable to see.

"The first British sovereign," says Mr. Alison, "who directed his attention to the improvement of Ireland, was James I. He *justly* boasted, that there would be found the true theatre of his glory, and that he *had done more* in a single reign for the improvement of that important part of the empire than all his pre-

decessors from the days of Henry II." And what was the result of all this kindness on the part of James I., "Instead of increased tranquillity and augmented gratitude, there broke out, shortly after, the dreadful rebellion of 1641, which was only extinguished in oceans of blood." Poor return this for the kindness of the indulgent monarch. But in what consisted the kindness of King James, that it so outshone all that had been done by his predecessors since Henry II., and which, instead of awakening gratitude, exasperated the Irish into rebellion? Elizabeth had commenced an extensive scheme of confiscating Irish estates, but as she approached her grave her injustice alarmed her fears, for she thought of that tribunal above all earthly tribunals, and immediately gave order to have the confiscation stopped, and some of the estates restored. The very first act of kind King James was to recommence this plan of confiscation. The Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel first fell beneath his hand. Under the pretext that they were engaged in a Catholic conspiracy, which was not only never proved, but never *attempted* to be proved, all the land of which they were chiefs, to the amount of 500,000 acres, fell to King James. Having accomplished this benevolent act, he undertook to establish an English colony there, but fearing the Irish Parliament would defeat his plans, he created *forty boroughs at once* in order to have a majority in the house. This was very kind of the king, but his kindness did not stop here. His next act was to appoint a commission "for the discovery of defective titles" in Irish estates. A band of "discoverers," who were rewarded according to their success, went through the country prying into the private affairs of the nobility, and wringing from them large sums as fees to pay for not being robbed. But witnesses had also to be suborned, bribes and tortures and violence used, till the annual expense of carrying out this kingly robbery amounted to £16,000, or nearly \$80,000, *more than the whole revenue of Ireland.* The next kind act of this king of blessed memory, was to start a scheme to get the whole province of Connaught into his royal hands. The proprietors of the land becoming alarmed, offered to the covetous monarch £10,000 to let them alone: and while he was balancing between the money in hand and the whole province of Connaught in prospect, the "King of kings" summoned

him away from the throne he had stained with injustice and blood. We confess the Irish were not eminently grateful for the espionage, confiscation, and robbery, that James graciously granted them, and it is difficult for us to see on what "principles of human nature" they should be. It is equally untrue that the rebellion followed this extraordinary generosity of James. The rebellion did not take place till after the accession of Charles I. To save themselves in future, a large meeting of gentlemen was held in Dublin, at which a bill of rights was drawn up, entitled "Graces." The king's signature to this was asked, and a promise given of an amount of £50,000 for the use of the crown. The king gave his promise, *took the money*, and then refused to grant the "Graces." On the top of this falsehood, the Earl of Strafford began to carry out James' plan of the settlement of Connaught. This was followed by robberies and injustice in the shape of confiscations, backed by 500 horsemen, till the indignation of the people broke over all bounds; and then the rebellion commenced, and not till then. We charge Mr. Alison here with more than ignorance. He has misstated some of the most obvious facts in English history. There is not a tyro in history unacquainted with the perfidy of the English government towards Ireland, and that she has never granted her any privileges until they were wrung out by stern necessity, and the threatened horrors of a civil war. If Lord Castlereagh could rise from his suicidal grave, he could whisper some truths in Mr. Alison's ear, that might enlighten his conscience if not affect his narrative.

To go over the mere enactments against Ireland, would be the severest argument against all that Mr. Alison has said. From the statute of Kilkenny, in 1367, which declared "that if any of English descent should use an Irish name, the Irish language, or observe Irish customs, he should forfeit his estates until security was given for his conformity to English habits," and in which it was forbidden "to entertain any native minstrel or story-teller, or to admit an *Irish horse to graze in the pasture of an English subject*;" to the carrying of the Union by 50,000 troops, and bribes to the amount of \$5,000,000 under the infamous Castlereagh, and the breaking of the solemn promise that the exchequers should be kept separate, the acts of the government

of England have been worthy the worst days of the inquisition. The barbarous massacres that have been perpetrated by successive monarchs, the repeated confiscations of a large portion of the entire island, the robbing her of her legislature by fraud and violence, the oppressive action of the tithe system, and the drainage of nearly six millions annually, by absenteeism, and the scorn, and injustice, and contumely heaped on her for centuries, have so exasperated the people that there is constant and terrible danger of outbreaks. As a conclusion of all this, Mr. Alison declares it to be an inconceivable fact that Ireland is unfit for a popular government, and that a "wise philanthropy" dictates that she should now "*receive for half a century, a wise, humane, but despotic government.*" Were the English statesmen such fools as to believe this, we should have one of the bloodiest massacres that ever stained the pages of history. He seems utterly unconscious of the progress of the human mind towards its rights, and imagines that it needs only a few bayonets to arrest all its inquiries, and check all its impulses. He speaks in the same manner of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, and though he acknowledges the principle to be true in the abstract that religious opinions should not subject a man to civil disabilities, yet the result has proved that in the case of Ireland this act of simple justice was unwise, for instead of pacifying the country it has only taught it to increase its demands, till now the cry of repeal swells over the land. It may have been unwise, but all the aristocracy of England could not delay it without commencing a massacre that would have loaded England with endless infamy, and brought down on her the curses of the civilized world. Is Lord Brougham's history of this fearful excitement a fiction? The petition accompanying this bill was rejected by parliament on the very grounds Mr. Alison presents at this late day. This was in the winter; but during the summer agitation and excitement increased to such an alarming extent, and the petition came back, multiplied by so many voices and with so stern and fierce an aspect, that noble lords began to balance between a civil war and an act of the plainest justice. The next winter passed away in uttering just such arguments as Mr. Alison now claims to be so weighty; but on the return of spring it became evident that a

revolution was inevitable without the passage of the bill, and it passed. There was no other choice in the case. We remarked the same unconsciousness of the inevitable tendency of the spirit of the age in which he lived, when speaking of the French Revolution. Again and again he puts his finger on the very point where the revolution could have been arrested with the utmost ease—nay, in one instance he asserts that the Vendean peasantry could have marched into Paris and re-erected the Bourbon throne. He seems to have about the same idea of the providence of God in this struggle of man for his rights, that Moreau had of it in battle, when he said he usually found it favored the strong battalions.

A revolution in France was as inevitable as fate itself. Oppression and suffering had reached the point of despair. *Beyond* that they *never* go. In the same spirit and in the same ignorance, he speaks of the Reform Bill, starting with the principle, that the true idea of government is to have the "greatest amount of Freedom with the least minimum of Democracy," and that clamors for reform should never be granted except when there are real grievances; he condemns the expediency of the passage of the Reform Bill. It was, he declares, a mere aggression of the democratic spirit which should have been met and stifled at once; for to yield to its demands, is only learning it to make greater demands, as subsequent history has shown. This theory is correct, when applied to a feudal government. We do not object to the logic, but to the belief that it could be practically carried out. The aristocracy of England reasoned precisely in the same way, and soundly, too; but they found a spirit abroad stronger than their logic. The foe they had to contend with was not one of bone and muscle, that could be thrust through with the bayonet or suffocated in a prison. Macauley knew it, when he thundered forth in the House of Commons, "*through* Parliament or *over* Parliament this bill will pass." Earl Grey knew it when he resigned the premiership because the bill could not pass, and when recalled, made its passage the condition of his return, declaring that otherwise he could not save England from a civil war. Of this stern necessity, this absolute omnipotence of the spirit that is now abroad in the world, Mr. Alison seems entirely unconscious. His remedy for Democracy, in

all its stages and movements, is physical force, and, so far as his doctrines have influence on the Continent of Europe, they will augment the present evils, and hence increase the violence of their ultimate cure.

It is a relief to turn from these events, in the narrative of which Mr. Alison's prejudiced feelings so bias his judgment and truth, to those stirring scenes which made Europe for nearly thirty years one wide battle-field. While Mr. Alison stands and looks off on the continent, after Bonaparte's star arose in the troubled heavens, his English sympathies do not put such obstacles in the way of relating facts. Especially after Bonaparte shows his aristocratic tendencies, does he exhibit for him a high admiration. The heroic character of the conqueror of so many battles, necessarily wakens, in one of Mr. Alison's poetic temperament, an interest which is quite strong enough to secure fair treatment from him. He does Napoleon full justice, and if he errs at all, does so in making him too unlike ordinary mortals. In the description of a battle we have never seen Mr. Alison's superior. Before his excited imagination the field rises again with all its magnificent array. He looks on the formation of the line, the moving of the columns, the charge of the cavalry, and all the uproar and thunder of battle, with the eye of a poet. He beholds nothing but heroism in the commonest soldier, if he but fights bravely, and the *trade* of war is to him a splendid tragedy. This vividness of imagination and excitement of feeling give to his descriptions a life, that, for the time, make them passing realities. They throw over his narrative also the charm of freshness; and his style, which, when he endeavors merely to write elegantly, is bombastic, becomes clear and vigorous. How much allowance is to be made for his imagination, is not so easy to say, and we suspect that most of his readers would rather be wrong on some details than lose the vividness of the picture. The mere historic parts being only a compilation from other works, they owe their chief excellence to the charm of Mr. Alison's style. The work also is the only English one devoted to those thirty years that witnessed the rise and glory and downfall of the French empire. Perhaps no better will be written, yet Mr. Alison's owes more than is generally conceded, to the period he has chosen for his history.

Thirty years of such stirring scenes, lofty achievements, and awful disaster, the earth never before witnessed. First comes the French revolution, that terrific explosion, that buried the king, the throne, the aristocracy, and a million of men in one bloody grave. Its scenes of violence and massacre, its exhibitions of valor and affection, and desperation and ferocity, make the difficulty of the historian to consist in knowing what to reject rather than what to choose.

Next rises before us that strange being, so powerful for evil or for good, Napoleon Bonaparte, who afterward scarcely leaves the field of vision, till he disappears forever in the war-cloud of Waterloo. The campaign of Italy follows in quick succession, with its bloody field of Marengo and Novi and Arcola and Lodi. Scarcely has the battle-cloud swept from the empire of the Cesars, revealing a new dynasty there, before the gleaming of French lances is seen around the pyramids of Egypt. Spain is covered with battle-fields—the Alps with mighty armies, struggling where the foot of the chamois scarce dares to tread. Jena and Austerlitz and Wagram and Borodino, rise, one after another, before our astonished sight, and Moscow's towers blaze over the army of the Empire. Never before were such materials furnished, ready made, to the historian. All varieties of war, from the ferocious and headlong violence of the mob round the palaces of Paris, to the encounter of the steadiest armies of Europe—from the wild charge of the Cossack, on the plains of Russia, to the fiery valor of the Turkish cavalry, in the deserts of Egypt, we see every shade and degree and quality of combat. The same is true of the scenery amid which all this is laid. Amid the glaciers of the Alps and the vineyards of Italy—on the sierras of Spain and the sands of Egypt—amid the heat of the desert and the snows of a Russian winter—on the Nieman and Danube and Rhine and Tiber and ancient Nile, is seen the march of armies and heard the thunder of battle. And seldom does the world witness such distinguished men as moved amid these scenes. There was Pitt and Burke and Fox and Talleyrand and Ney and Murat and Moreau and Lannes and Macdonald and Wellington and Bonaparte. And never, in modern history, were such results accomplished. A common soldier rises to the empire of half of Europe—thrones are overthrown,

kings disrowned, dynasties changed, and the oldest monarchies of Europe on their knees before a single adventurer. The strange spectacle of kings searching round their overturned thrones for their fallen crowns—princes begging for bread through the civilized world, and Europe shaking to the tread of a single man, is here presented for the first time to our astonished view. We behold the power of kings broken, and hear the final knell of tyranny rung. And all this is seen amid the tumult of battle, where prodigies of valor are performed unparalleled in the history of man. The peasants of Vendee fight and fall about their homes, with the heroism of the Spartan band at Thermopylæ. Bonaparte drags his artillery over the Alpine pass that Hannibal trod before him. Macdonald fights with the avalanche that bears down whole companies by his side, or leads his mighty column straight into the murderous fire of the enemy, leaving in his path a swath of his dead followers, as he moves, till only fifteen hundred are left around him. Undaunted and unscathed, he still pushes the torn head of his column into the enemy's lines, knowing that he carries an empire with him. Murat and the fiery Ney lead on their strong battalions where the bravest shrink; and, last of all, come the heroic courage, the reckless daring, and awful carnage of Waterloo. These scenes no pen can paint better than Mr. Alison's; and had he but shown himself superior to the narrow prejudices of a bigot, and taken the trouble to inform himself on some points where his feelings have made his facts, his history would have been as reliable as it is entertaining.

We might select from these pages descriptions that are perfect pictures, remaining among the distinct things of memory. There is Arcola and Bonaparte standing on the bridge with the standard in his hand, refusing to stir from the storm of shot that swept where he stood, till borne back by his own grenadiers. There is Wagram, with the island in the Danube, converted, for a while, into a theatre, where genius wrought like magic, and beside it the battle-field, with Bonaparte on his milk-white charger, slowly riding backwards and forwards before his lines that winced to the murderous fire of the enemy's artillery—himself undaunted and unharmed, though the grape-shot rattled like hail-stones around him. There, too, are Eylau, Borodino, and Austerlitz, and there the mighty

columns of France disappearing, one after another, in the heavy snow-drifts of Russia. These are vivid sketches; so also is the last interview of Bonaparte with Metternich, before the latter joined the allies. We see the bonfires kindled along the Bohemian mountains, announcing the joyful intelligence to the host that lay encamped in the valley beyond. The mad ride of Bonaparte to Paris, to save the city that had already fallen into the hands of the enemy, his uncontrollable impetuosity that drove on his carriage till the axletrees took fire, his fiery and characteristic soliloquy on the way, are all admirably drawn.

But the campaign in Egypt brings out again his English sympathies, and his statistics differ, of course, from those of the French. So in the peninsular campaign, he looks at the deeds and achievements of the English, through a magnifying glass of huge dimensions, and at those of the French through the *same glass inverted*. He may think, however, he compensates for this by reversing the process, when he surveys the numbers, position, and comparative strength of the two armies. This double method of magnifying and dwindling, makes quite a difference in the impression conveyed of this whole campaign. The same bias of his judgment by his feelings, is exhibited in his account of the battle of Waterloo. No one but an Englishman ever stood on that battle-field with the map of it in his hand—and even the English account of it before him—without being convinced, that but for the timely arrival of Blucher, Wellington would have been defeated. Yet Mr. Alison declares that Bonaparte would have been repulsed had not Blucher arrived, and all that the latter accomplished was to convert the defeat into a total rout. The only fact he predicates this assertion on, is the repulse of the imperial guard before the junction of Blucher. But in the first place, Bonaparte would not have made that desperate charge at the time he did, but for the approach of the Prussians. It was done to force the English lines and place himself between the two armies, that he might fight them separate, as he did at Novi. If Grouchy had kept Blucher in check, Bonaparte would have soon broke down the already exhausted English squares, and at a later moment led on his fresh indomitable guard to complete the victory. In the second place, although the guard was routed,

they formed again into two immense squares, and endeavored to stay the reversed tide of battle, and if Blucher had not been there with his fifty thousand fresh troops, Wellington could not have followed up his success, and would have been compelled to remain as he had done all day, on the defensive. Wellington himself, in his dispatches, says: "I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them." (Wellington versus Alison.) If there is one thing clear to the impartial mind, when standing on that field, it is that if Blucher had staid away, as did Grouchy, or Grouchy came up, as did Blucher, that Wellington would have been utterly routed. It was a desperate movement of the British general, to make the stand he did, and he knew it, and nothing but unforeseen circumstances saved him from ruin. The "stars" fought against Bonaparte on that day; his career was run, and the hour of retribution had come. But with the whole continental struggle we have nothing to do. That Mr. Alison should often disagree with Jomini and other French historians, is natural. We do not profess to have his knowledge of military tactics, for there is not a battle lost by the allies in which he does not place his finger on the very point where the issue turned and where ordinary clear-sightedness could not have redeemed the day. In reading his reflections on every engagement, the reader is forced constantly to exclaim, "what a pity Mr. Alison could not have been there—he could have so easily changed the result."

We have had to do simply with the impressions conveyed by this history—its philosophy and logic concerning the great question of republicanism; for it would be impossible to embrace the whole work in the limits of a single article. Besides, the struggles of armies and nations may be falsified with comparative impunity, but to be untrue when treating of the conflict between the two great principles of democracy and despotism, whose results are to reach remotest ages and affect the most intimate relations of society, is the worst crime a historian can commit in the present crisis of the world. We have gone over the history of Ireland and the French revolution, to show the strength of Mr. Alison's

bigoted monarchical feelings, and how utterly unable or unwilling he is to see the truth when it conflicts with his prejudices. If his sympathies plunge him into inextricable blunders when writing of those nations, we are prepared for almost any amount of error in his accounts of the United States and the Last War.

The chapter which opens our history is a specimen of his attempt at fine writing when he is not really excited. The whole of it is fitter for a popular declamation, or second rate magazine, than grave history. Does he wish to say that the waters of the Mexican gulf are clear, he says, "the extraordinary clearness of the water reveals to the astonished mariner the magnitude of its abysses, and discloses, even at the depth of thirty fathoms, the gigantic vegetation which, even so far beneath the surface, is drawn forth by the attraction of a vertical sun." Does he wish to state that beautiful islands are sprinkled over its bosom, he says, "in the midst of these glassy waves, rarely disturbed by a ruder breath than the zephyrs of spring, [wholly untrue by the way,] an archipelago of perfumed islands is placed, which repose like baskets of flowers on the tranquil surface of the ocean." Does he wish to inform us that grapes grow in profusion on its shores, he says, "grapes are so plenty upon every shrub, that the surge of the ocean, as it lazily rolls in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, *dashes its spray upon the clusters.*" This might adorn the maiden speech of a college sophomore, or be a very fine paragraph with which to open a chapter of a novel, but in *this place* it is the merest "prose run mad." Alike inappropriate is his long description of our continent and equally long dissertation upon its early inhabitants. Such a duty belongs to one who writes our history from the beginning, and not to him who simply cuts out the Last War for his topic. Indeed, Mr. Alison seems so profoundly impressed with the magnitude and importance of his views on matters entirely irrelevant to his main purpose, that he takes vast semi-circles to bring them all in. After dilating with more poetry than profundity on our savages, and describing our vast primeval forests, where, to use his own words, "the *hatchet* of the civilized man has never been heard," he comes to our present characteristics. At first, he endeavors to account for the vast difference between the condition of the inhabitants

of the Canadian provinces and those of our Northern States. We should expect here to find something said of our different forms of government, and the different character of those who landed on Plymouth Rock and those who first settled along the northern shores of the St. Lawrence. Not a bit of it—the *chief cause* of our pre-eminence in the States, he declares to be owing to our "*paper credit.*" And yet he makes this very "*paper credit,*" that has wrought such wonders in our political and social condition, one of the great inherent evils of our republican institutions. His philosophy is as flexible as his facts, and bends to any absurdity, however great, if it will only teach the one great lesson he is so profoundly impressed with—the evils of republicanism. Scarcely is he delivered of this sage remark, before he tells us that labor is so much in demand here and so liberally rewarded, "*that a widow with eight children is sought after and married as an heiress.*" The reader has scarcely time to awake from this new and astounding fact, before he goes on to state, that the American agriculturist is wholly unlike those of all other lands, in that he has no attachment to the soil he occupies. The wandering propensities of our farmers are so strong, that he calls our social system "*THE NOMADE AGRICULTURAL STATE.*" If he made this assertion so strongly, in order to justify him in applying the new title he puts in capitals, we have nothing to say. But if he intended it for a fact, he has been very unfortunate in the authorities he has consulted. Hereditary feeling is also "*unknown,*" so that there is no attachment to the old homestead or the old fixtures of our birth-place. So "*wholly unknown,*" Mr. Alison declares it to be, that "*even family portraits, pictures of beloved parents, are often not framed,* as it is well understood that at the death of the head of the family they will be sold and turned into dollars to be divided among the children!" We doubt whether even Mrs. Trollope would swear to this statement, and Basil Hall himself would refuse to stand as authority for it.

But having proved this deplorable state of our country by his own assertion, he adduces Mungo Park as evidence that even the most degraded and savage negro tribes of Africa possess, and in an eminent degree, this attachment so "*wholly unknown*" among us. This is truly a distressing picture of our condi-

tion. Our large farming population is only a slightly improved breed of the Arabs, and go wandering about without a home—without any of those local attachments which make certain spots “Palestines and Meccas of the mind?”—carrying their unframed pictures in their hands, haunted by the fear of the “dollars.” Not wholly destitute of natural affection, which even the tiger and jackall have in common with us, we do afford “the pictures of our beloved parents,” running the dreadful risk of the final partition—but the frames, the plain cherry wood frames, costing four and sixpence, we refuse to buy, lest they be lost at last, by being divided among some “widow and eight children.” There is, doubtless, some profound philosophic principle lying at the bottom of the distinction to be made between the cost of the pictures and the cost of the frames, which Mr. Alison discovered by applying his monarchical stethoscope to the breast of democracy, and he has wronged us, and wronged the world, by not incorporating it in his history. It is fortunate the two facts of a “widow with eight children” being an “heirress,” and our strong Arabic tendencies, are put together; otherwise, we might be overrun with poor English widows and their numerous progeny. Some few of these, from Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham, we have seen in our manufacturing districts, with even more than “eight children,” and, heaven knows, they looked like anything but “heirresses.” Tribe after tribe of our nomadic farmers had wandered past them without grasping the fortune. When our history becomes as old as the Roman history now is, with what astonishment will men read of a state of society where a “widow and eight children” were looked upon as some “rich freighted argosy.”

But notwithstanding the high price of labor, and the general competence that prevails in the rural districts, he adds, as an offset, that “pauperism exists to a distressing extent in many of the first peopled states along the sea-coast, and nearly all the great commercial towns of the Union; poor-rates are in consequence generally established, and benevolence is

taxed nearly as severely as in the old monarchies and dense population of the European nations.” This statement, standing alone and without explanation, is untrue; for though as much money may be paid by the benevolent to relieve the poor in some of our cities, as in the cities of Europe, there is not a fourth part of the demand for it. Besides, poor-rates are not established at all in the sense conveyed by the passage. The poor-rates of England are a thing unknown here. But, granting it all, from whence come these paupers? From “the old monarchies, and out of the dense population of the European nations;”—a fact Mr. Alison did not find it convenient to state. To say nothing of the continental nations that make a system of despatching their paupers and criminals to the United States, it needs but to look at England herself to find ample cause for the pauperism that is forced upon us. In one year, between June of 1835 and July of 1836, the Law Commissioners of England reported that seven thousand and seventy-five paupers were expatriated at the cost of \$196,000. The proportion that came here it is not difficult to conjecture. Lord Stanley declared, not long since, in the English Parliament, that for five years, excepting 1838, the average amount of emigration to British America alone was from 75,000 to 80,000 annually. In 1840, there were 90,700 left England. In 1841, there were 118,475. In 1842, 15,000 left in April alone, and during the three months ending last June, 25,008 arrived in New York city. The whole number, for the past year, is estimated at 59,000 to New York city alone. How many of these are paupers, or become so, may be inferred from the fact, that out of 47,571 aliens arrived in one year, 38,057, soon after they landed, had no occupation. Place these facts beside the following table published in the American Quarterly Review of 1838:—“In the city of New York, the following extracts have been obtained, illustrative of the comparative amount of poverty and crime, as existing among native Americans and foreigners, from all parts of the United States.

	Total.	Foreigners.	
Penitentiary, . . . . .	593	203	over one-third
Alms house (adults), . . . . .	1,355	969	“ two-thirds
“ “ (children), . . . . .	772	579	“ “
Bellevue Hospital (sick), . . . . .	238	170	“ “

	Total.	Foreigners.	
Bellevue Hospital (maniac), . . . . .	177	101	near two-thirds
City Hospital (1833), . . . . .	1,983	908	" one-third
" " (actual state), . . . . .	2,034	1000	" "
City Dispensary, (male indoor patients)	1,126	563	one-half
" " (female) " " "	1,670	917	near three-fifths
" " (male outdoor) " " "	5,555	3,666	over "
" " (female) " " "	7,876	4,748	" "

We have taken this table, ready furnished to our hands, to save the trouble of compiling one ourselves, and because it refers to that period on which Mr. Alison is supposed to have had his eye more particularly, when he wrote his history. It is inevitable that pauperism should exist in our country, so long as England is allowed to deposit her tens of thousands of poor annually on our shore. The vessels from that land of liberty, where property and life is secure, and monarchy and aristocracy shower down their blessings on the people, and the wealthy church provides for the "gratuitous instruction of the poor," are like Alpine torrents, which descend in spring and deposit their mud in the fair valleys below. Vessels have arrived filled with *paupers alone*, and "the amount expended during seven years by the authorities of New York, for the support of foreign paupers, was \$975,016 10,"\* while our own countrymen received but a third of that sum. "More than \$50,000 is annually paid, by tax on the citizens of New York, for the support of foreign pauperism;" and, of the 2,790 white adults in the Alms House, Asylum, and Penitentiary this year, 1881, or more than two-thirds, are foreigners.

Let this ceaseless flow of paupers continue towards our shore a little longer, and Mr. Alison's words will be true, that "benevolence is as heavily taxed as in some of the old monarchies of Europe." He must, or should have known this state of things before speaking of pauperism in this country, and given us *credit* for that which he now places upon us as a *stigma*. They are *your* paupers, Mr. Alison, that "tax our benevolence" so heavily—*Englishmen*, filled with all the noble aspirations of British subjects, brought up under the blessed influence of a monarchy, aristocracy, and church establishment, that choke our alms-house, live on our money, and darken our prospects. Your church, with its "gratuitous pro-

vision for the instruction of the poor," leaves to our voluntary system to educate the tens of thousands she sends here in ignorance.

And here, we would remark a great objection to the notes added in Mr. Harper's edition. They lack manliness and independence. For instance, the laughable assertion of Mr. Alison, respecting our slight hereditary feeling, is gravely met, and the division of family estates accounted for, on the ground, that we have seen the evils of primogeniture. So also, is the charge, that we have no literature, etc., refuted by a catalogue of our colleges, published books, &c. If Mr. Alison sees fit to make assertions so utterly destitute of delicacy and truth as these, they should be put in the catalogue of Trollopiana, and treated as such. He can, if he likes, gravely declare that we are the original types of Lord Monboddos theory of the human race, but it does not follow that we are soberly to set to work, to prove that we are not monkeys, and hairy, and give measurements and affidavits to show that we correspond to ordinary men. The historian is ridiculed in such cases, more than those he slanders. When speaking of the evils of republicanism, he draws still more largely on his fancy for facts, and says, "as a natural consequence of this state of things, (referring to the practical action of the principle of equality), "there is in opposition to the will or passions of the majority, no *security whatever*, either for life or property in America;" and again, "is life secure in the United States, when property is placed in such imminent peril? Experience, terrible experience proves the reverse, and demonstrates, that not only is existence endangered, but law is powerless against the once excited passions or violence of the people. *The atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending* as they were, have been *exceeded* on the other side of the Atlantic." Much is

\* *Vid.* The Crisis.

to be allowed for the extravagant assertions of a man of Mr. Alison's peculiarly excitable temperament and strong anti-republican feeling; and, we should feel inclined to put this down as one of his wild statements, made in a moment of irritability, did we not find the same declaration repeated and amplified in the concluding reflection of his work. He states there, "that deeds of violence have been perpetrated in many parts of the United States by the tyrant majority, with entire impunity, of so frightful a character, that, they exceed in cruelty all the savage atrocity of the French Revolution, and have made the Americans fain to seek a parallel for them in the hideous persecutions and iniquities, which have forever disgraced the Roman Catholic religion." This reiteration and enlargement of the first assertion, destroys our charity; and we charge on Mr. Alison here a deliberate and downright falsehood. We will not dwell a moment on the miserable subterfuge, that a negro has been burned alive, by a mob of excited men, for a crime almost unparalleled in its atrocity. The statement as it stands, and the impression intended to be conveyed by it, is utterly destitute of truth, and Mr. Alison knew it when he made it. It was an ebullition of passion and fancy together, unworthy the writer of a pretended impartial history. Besides, he is testimony against himself in the case; for in repeated instances, when describing the atrocities of the French Revolution, he declares them *without a parallel* in the history of the world.

Against the declaration that, life and property are insecure, we will make no defence, because it is mere assertion, which any one could have made just as easily, and no one left more unsustained by any proof; but this we do say—for every man killed in this country the last twenty years, by the violence of the mob, we will find ten killed in England by the same cause; and for every dollar of property destroyed in the United States, by popular fury, we will show one hundred thus wasted in England. If he could have for once, consented to leave the regions of fancy, and gone into statistics, we would have offset them with an account of the riots in Birmingham, Manchester, and Bristol, the mob in the Bull Ring, swaying like a forest to the tempest, the night the Reform Bill was struggling through Parliament, and the "torch and daggre meetings" in every part of the kingdom.

We might read "the People's Charter" aloud, striking at the very foundation of the English Government, and yet it was rolled into Parliament by 4,000 determined men, signed by 3,500,000 petitioners. We might describe the midnight heavens made lurid with the incendiary's torch over Birmingham—the burning of the Parliament House and Guildhall—the firing of York Cathedral and the conflagration of the Armory of the Tower;—we might point to the Duke of Wellington's house, still standing dilapidated, just as the mob left it—the meeting of 10,000 men in Manchester, solemnly pledging themselves to pay no more taxes—the convocation of 26,000 on the hills of Acerrington, swearing "they will never petition Parliament again, but will take redress into their own hands." We might quote Mr. Macauley himself, when at midnight, while the confused sound of the turbulent mob was without, he concluded his thrilling speech on the Reform Bill with "*through Parliament or over Parliament it must pass,*" or Lord Brougham, when he says, "those portentous appearances—the growth of later times—those figments that stalk abroad of unknown stature and strange form—union of leagues and mustering of men in myriads, and conspiracies against the exchequers—whence do they spring, and how come they to haunt our shore? What power engendered those uncouth shapes? What multiplied the monstrous births, till they people our land? Trust me, the same power which called into frightful existence, and carried with resistless force the Irish volunteers of 1782—the same power which rent in twain your empire and raised up thirteen Republics, the same power which created the Catholic Association and gave it Ireland for a portion. What power is that? Justice deserted, rights withheld, wrongs perpetrated, the force which common injuries lend to millions." We might speak in detail of these things and show where the balance lay of "security of life and property." We might describe the burning of the hay stacks of the country, and the public edifices of the cities, all of which was "*secure property.*" We might point to the deadly conflict of the populace with the soldiery, strewing the street with corpses, the threats to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, the murder of the Prime Minister's Secretary in the streets of London, and the pistol shot of Francis that well nigh rid England of her Queen, to show how much more "*secure*" life was

in England than here. If we could not with all these facts make good our assertion, we would throw in the massacres of Ireland, and the riots of Wales, to fill up the measure, and show by parity of reasoning, how insecure life and property were under a *monarchy*. If these evils were simply pointed out as things to be deprecated and remedied, we would take the correction with becoming humility; but they are exaggerated a thousand fold, and then all charged over to Liberty. They are not given as simple facts of history, but to show the peculiar working of democracy, and are declared the natural and monstrous offspring of our form of government. This we deny, and point to England to substantiate our denial. There are the same "uncouth shapes," multiplied and enlarged to a fearful extent; and if it be just to make the government responsible for their existence, how stands the English monarchy. After gathering up all the gossip and scattered rumors within his reach, and subjecting them to the coloring process of his own imagination, he triumphantly exclaims, "here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, republican principles have enjoyed the fairest grounds for trial, and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits. They had neither a territorial aristocracy, nor a sovereign on the throne, nor an hereditary nobility, nor a national debt, nor an established church, which are usually held out as the impediments to the blessings of freedom in the Old World. How, then, has the republican system worked in this, the garden of the world and the land of promise?" The question is answered in the asking if his assertions be true, without the trouble of stating, as he does, that it is an utter failure, and that freedom here is only a name with which to conjure up horrible shapes of evil. But looking at England with the evils of our own country multiplied and enlarged, and with superadded diseases and miseries, under which she sickens and staggers like falling greatness, we, also, may put the question Mr. Alison deems so annihilating. To employ his own expression, (though we beg pardon for writing so ungrammatical a sentence) Here, then, is a country in which, if they ever had on earth, *monarchical* principles have enjoyed the fairest ground for trial and the best opportunity for establishing their benefits—they have had an aristocracy, a sovereign, a throne, an hereditary nobility, a

national debt, an established church which are held out to be "no" impediments of Freedom in the old world. And how has the monarchical system worked here? Let the Report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the state of Ireland—of those sent to inquire into the condition of children employed in the mines and in the factories—let the national debt itself, the starvation and suffering in every part of the land, forcing the inhabitants to other and freer states—let the speeches of Brougham and Macauley, and the writings of Carlyle, answer. As for ourselves, we believe this mode of reasoning on governments is unsafe, unless taken with great limitations. But if it be sound in one case it is in the other, and Mr. Alison will find that his logic, like Saturn, devours its own children. If pauperism, suffering, popular outbreaks, agitation and universal disquiet, are substantial arguments against the principles on which a government is established, then the Monarchy he declares to be a model for the world stands condemned forever.

As another instance of his novel mode of reasoning, we give the following paragraph, designed as a backer to the assertion, "there is no independence of thought in America." "Is it as usual," he exclaims, "to see candidates for popular favor there, at public meetings, maintain monarchical and aristocratical opinions, as it is in Great Britain to see them support republicanism? Does the hall of Congress resound with arguments in favor of a mixed monarchy in preference to a republic, in like manner as the English House of Commons does with declarations in favor of democratic and republican institutions?" After putting several questions of this sort in his eager way, he answers them himself, and declares, till this thing does happen there is no "real freedom or independence of thought" in America. We hardly know which astonishes us most, the absolute want of common sense in this whole paragraph, or the stupidity of Mr. Alison in allowing it to be placed where it could throw such ridicule on himself. Does he not know that in every republican government, as well as limited monarchy, there are two parties, the more conservative and the more liberal, and that those who uphold a democratic form of government in England are advocating a great party measure in the kingdom, and it has no more to do with independence of thought or freedom of debate, than the

discussion of the Reform Bill. To adopt Mr. Alison's novel mode of reasoning we might ask, do we hear an unmixed despotism advocated in England, as we do conservatism here? Do the halls of Parliament "resound with arguments in favor" of a pure tyranny? Till this does occur there can be no real "freedom and independence of thought" in the British nation. Yet this question might have some force in the latter case, for there are those in England who believe in a despotism, while there are none here who believe in a mixed monarchy. But until there are men found in the United States to admit what they believe a lie, and members of Congress plead for a doctrine, the very first attempt to carry out which by others they would resist with their blood, there can be no "independence of thought." He seems destitute of the ordinary sense of ordinary men, when speaking of this country. His want of judgment is only equalled by his want of knowledge, and it surprises us how any literary man could be so ignorant of those things with which the English school children are familiar. How a man could so expose himself to ridicule by writing on topics he knows nothing of, is stranger than falsehood. He gravely speaks of the "two States of Massachusetts and New England." This he repeats twice, exhibiting an ignorance of geography that would have secured a pupil of one of our district schools a seat on the dunce block. Of the powers of the President, the manner of electing judges, and the Constitution itself, all of which he discourses about with the profoundest gravity, he knows nothing. He makes Washington give his casting vote in Congress at the time he was President of the United States; and, speaking of the separate States of the Confederacy, and their powers, he says, "so extensive and undefined are their powers, that it may be doubted whether they do not amount to those of declaring peace and war, and acting in all respects as independent States." It "may not be doubted" that they have power to rebel against the Union—so has Cornwall or Yorkshire to resist the English government; but their powers are as well defined in this respect as words can make them; and if Mr. Alison had taken the trouble to read our Constitution, (as we must in charity think he never has done,) he would have found it expressly stated, that this power is vested in the President and Congress

alone. If one had said that because there had been insurrections in Ireland, and resistance to authority in Wales and Birmingham, that it "might be doubted" whether these separate portions of the kingdom had not power of declaring war, he would have made just as ridiculous a statement as Mr. Alison has done, and no more so. But he evidently thought he was declaiming against the evils of republicanism before an assembly of ignorant Chartists—for, not content with ludicrous fiction, he seeks after the horrible, declaring "that murders and assassinations in open day, are not unrequent among the members of Congress themselves." Mr. Alison would put even an Italian editor to the blush—since the latter is careful only to leave out every item of news bearing favorably on our institutions, and give every account of a riot or misfortune; but the former makes facts to order while he orders his own facts. But that we should be in so deplorable a state, Mr. Alison makes out to be most natural: "the American," says he, "has no sovereign; in him the aspirations of loyalty are lost; the glow of patriotic devotion is diffused over so immense a surface as to be well nigh evaporated. In the Canadian, on the other hand, patriotism is, in general, mingled with chivalry; the lustre of British descent, the glories of British renown, animate every bosom, at least in the British race," so that "their character bears the same relation to the Americans that the Tyrolese do to the Swiss"—i. e. they are a far more noble, brave, and patriotic race. These great and commanding features of the Canadian character are working such wondrous effects in the race, that (he continues) they "may in some future period, come to counterbalance all the riches of the basin of the Mississippi, and re-assert in America the wonted superiority of northern valor over southern opulence." We are glad Mr. Alison has opened our eyes to this impending danger, so that Congress may immediately set about strengthening the posts on our northern frontier. The irruption of these "Tyrolese of America," has not, heretofore, been considered as a very proximate danger, and we trust that our representatives in Washington will attend to it, before they destroy themselves by mutual assassination. Our clergy and religious institutions fall also under his sweeping assertions. "Religion," he says, "has descended from its functions of denounce-

ing and correcting the national vices, and become little more, with a few noble exceptions, of which Channing is an illustrious example, than the re-echo of public opinion." He adopts the sentiments of Miss Martineau, (whose rambling sketches of society in the United States is, we verily believe, about the only book he has ever thoroughly read on our country,) in which she says that, "the American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live; the least informed with true knowledge; the least conscious of that Christian and republican freedom, which, as the natural atmosphere of piety and holiness, it is their prime duty to cherish and diffuse." This is not all; "the difficulties of the American church are yet to come." Now the defence of the *character* of our religious institutions, as of our government, is one thing; the defence of the principles on which they are based, is another. These evils are not mentioned as historical facts, but brought in to prove his charges against a republican form of government, and to illustrate the evils of the voluntary system, and the necessity of an established church. They are condemned as a part of the "republican system," and he asks in triumph how it has worked in this "land of promise." Very poorly, to be sure, if Mr. Alison, and a gossiping, garrulous woman, are to be received as authority. Evil is inseparable from all institutions, and we do not claim exemption from the general law of nature, nor shall we attempt to disprove these allegations, but the argument he builds from them. We say that evils are attached to all systems; Mr. Alison declares that in this country, at least, they grow out of the system itself, and the form of government to which it is adapted. Before we try the other—the English system—which he affirms to be necessary, let us see how *it* works, and what sort of a church and clergy it gives us under a monarchy. The two great evils Mr. Alison charges on the American church are, first, want of independence and faithfulness on the part of the clergy, in rebuking national sins: and, second, that it has no "gratuitous provision for the instruction of the poor." Both of these grow out of the voluntary system. The minister deriving his support from the voluntary contributions of his parish, he dare not do otherwise than re-echo

their sentiments, while the poor, having nothing wherewith to pay, are bereft of the gospel.

We might show how false are the impressions in this statement; but, in order to see the beauty of Mr. Alison's conclusions, we will grant, for the time being, their truth, and inquire how much we should gain by adopting the English plan, which, we will allow, is not founded on republicanism or subject to its mutations. In the first place, the character of the English clergy, as a mass, is known, the world over, to be anything but apostolic; and we cannot see how it could well be otherwise. The aristocracy of England hold *half the livings of the church* in their own hands, giving them to whom they please, and *their* spirituality and love of plain unpalatable truth, is known not to be peculiarly strong. No clergyman, who values his place, will offend his patron, by showing the abuses of the aristocracy and the tremendous tax it levies on the working classes. Besides, the fattest of these livings are given to the younger sons of nobility, through family or ministerial influence, who hire a curate, for a few hundred dollars, to perform the labor while they spend the income on the Continent or in London. So generally does this custom prevail, that we find it stated in Hansard's Debates (authority which Mr. Alison will not presume to question) that out of 10,496 clergymen of the established church, only 4,416 reside and labor among their people, while 6,080 are out of their places. This naked fact more than offsets all he alleges against us, even if true; for if the clergy are non-residents, it matters not what their character may be;—England and the world are none the wiser or better for it. Their *thoughts* may be free, but their "speech is never heard." These livings are sometimes sold at auction, to the highest bidder. We have seen one advertised for sale in the London Times; and, to increase its value, it was added, that it was in the "immediate neighborhood of one or two of the first packs of fox-hounds in the kingdom." The annual income was about one thousand dollars per year. With this and the fox-hounds, the clergyman could, doubtless, be sufficiently independent. We saw not long since, in the North Devonshire Journal, the following card:—

## "CLERICAL DINNER PARTY.

"The sporting friends of the Rev. John Russel gave him a dinner on Friday last, at the Golden Lion in this town, Barnstable, on which occasion they presented him with a picture, by Mr. Lowden of Bath, representing the reverend gentleman, mounted on his favorite hunter, surrounded with his dogs. The likenesses are said to be faithful, particularly of his horse, and the execution as highly creditable to the rising artist. The picture was presented to Mr. Russel, as a tribute to his unwonted exertions in support of the sports of the field."

A very independent and spiritually minded man. But the topic is too trite. Every one knows what the fox-hunting non-resident clergy of England are. If he does not, we refer him to the columns of the Court Journal, where, he will find what they are about, while the nation reels under suffering and oppression, and her own clear-sighted statesmen look grave as they contemplate the future. More than *one third* of the incumbents of the established church in Ireland never reside in their parishes, while the revenues of some of the bishops are upwards of three hundred thousand dollars per annum. The Beresford family receive nearly *half a million* per annum from the church, army, and navy, but chiefly from the church. The archbishops of Canterbury and York, have incomes of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The bishops of Derry, Cloyne, Cashel, Cork, and Ferns, have an annual income, to which, the salary of the President of the United States is a mere fraction. That of the bishop of London, will soon be three hundred thousand dollars per annum. All these are the independent clergy under an established church and a monarchy. The annual revenues to the church have been shown in a printed table, and they amount to the enormous sum of £9,459,565, or \$45,405,912. The manner in which this is collected, proves that it is any thing but a *voluntary* contribution. The helpless widow, and the poor dissenting clergyman, and his conscientious parishioner, who have suffered restraint on property, and imprisonment, will bear witness it is not a *voluntary* system. Nay, the cost and danger of collecting tithes in Ireland, became so great, that they have been commuted, that is *charged to the landlord*, who must collect them

without cost or danger to the government. This immense revenue does certainly afford a rare opportunity for the "gratuitous instruction of the poor;" but the *poor* of England feel that *such religion* is a poor return for famine. Un-taught, unfed, and unclothed, how can they be instructed by that church which plunders them. We have read the Reports of the British and Foreign School Society, and have been astounded at the developments it makes of the ignorance of the lower classes. Out of 22,000 inhabitants in one parish of the city of Durham, only one in thirty receives instruction. Out of 6,000 children in Wolverhampton, there is provision for the education of only one out of every nine. In Worcestershire, in sixty-six parishes, containing 14,000 inhabitants, there are only *twelve schoolmasters*, while in a territory of thirteen miles by seven, in Buckinghamshire, there was only *one school* where the poor could be taught. The same deplorable state of things existed in Bucks County, Berkshire, and Kent. This is "gratuitous provision" for the religious instruction of the poor, with a vengeance. The truth is, the laborer of England is forced to the starving point, to furnish the very money by which he is able to have this "*gratuitous provision*," which, after all, never reaches him. *Half the money forced out of England by her tithe system would supply every parish with a clergyman and schoolmaster*, and leave an ample fund for the poor. If republicanism saddled such a burden on us as the established church places on the neck of the British people, we should certainly cease to be republicans; and, if Mr. Alison wishes to convince the world of the evils of free government, and slander it beyond recovery, let it be charged with the curses which England inflicts on her subjects through her church. Her "*gratuitous provision*" for the poor, is like the generosity of him, who

"—— With one hand puts  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other takes a shilling out."

What the future may be, destiny alone will reveal; but if the present state of the church and clergy in the two countries are conclusive arguments on the character and action of the respective governments, we tremble for Mr. Alison's model government. *We* believe the logic is unsound, applied in this unlimited way;

but we will abide the conclusions, and then ask as before, how stands the English monarchy.

As to the stereotyped charge, that there is no literature in America, it has been so often refuted that we will not repeat the arguments furnished against it by the mere list of the works of American authors. England has been gathering up the treasures of her great minds for centuries—the noblest legacy she will leave to coming ages. To offer these by way of comparison to what we have been able to accumulate in sixty or seventy years may be very flattering to egotism, but it is very poor justice. We are to be judged not merely by what we have done, but the time we have had to do it in. This is the only just rule that can be applied to any nation, and yet it is a rule which no English critic has ever yet applied to us.

The authority Mr. Alison often quotes is as laughable as his facts. Capt. Marryatt, who never wrote any thing *but fiction*; Miss Martineau, who with her ear trumpet to her ear went gossiping over the country and, like Pickwick, putting down as truth every monstrous story that a “Mississippi roarer” saw fit to entertain her with; Basil Hall, another captain, who was set ashore in a Mississippi swamp for his want of manners; and finally the story of the little daughter of a milliner, boasting of her *rank* and that she never “*associated with a haberdasher’s daughter*,” these are given to substantiate the gravest assertions. We should not be surprised to find him quoting Mr. Gulliver, to prove some singular notion he may have of the inhabitants of Lilliput. The reason Mrs. Trollope does not figure more largely in this mass of nonsense, made up of blunders, falsehoods, ignorance, and simplicity, called history, is doubtless owing to the fact, that Mr. Alison has incorporated her principal statements into the body of the work.

But when he approaches the war of 1812, the subject assumes a more serious aspect. Routed armies and conquered frigates cannot be swept away by an extravagant assertion, and he exhibits by his contortions, sudden admissions and as sudden denials, his inward repugnance to so unpoetic a theme. We were prepared for the grossest misrepresentations here, but not we confess for the operations of a *reversed fancy*. His imagination is able to sleep a moment, while by brief and dry statistics he converts a

brilliant action of ours, into a common place affair; but reaching a certain point, it, like gravitation,

“ — turns the other way,”

creating, grouping, and coloring with its wonted vigor. He starts by boldly asserting, what no intelligent man in Europe believes, viz. that “America, the greatest republic in existence, had the disgrace of going to war with Great Britain, then the last refuge of liberty in the civilized world, when *their only ground of complaint against it had been removed*” There must have been some strange infatuation on the part of our people, with a fleet of a few ships and an army of a few thousand men, to provoke hostilities with the strongest nation on the globe. But Mr. Alison has discovered a profound and philosophic reason for this madness, which we will allow him to give in his own words: “*on war she was determined, and to war she went.*” After running over our naval and military force, making our whole army about as large as one of Napoleon’s divisions, and giving to our militia only one good quality, that of being fast runners, he expresses the most unfeigned astonishment at our temerity at measuring swords with Great Britain, but finally consoles himself with the reflection that it only “*proves the insouciance of democracy.*” He is not hard to please, and democracy is the “*open sesame*” to all his difficulties. But, perhaps, the most remarkable allegation in the whole work—remarkable not so much for its falseness as the utter incredulity with which it must be received by the civilized world, is the declaration that “the system of government in the United States has *been proved* to be wholly unequal to the *external security of the nation.*” His assertion that we are so weak that we should be “conquered in three months if located among the powers of Europe,” was natural; and if he had stated that in any future war we should be frightened into submission at the first cannon shot, it would have been in perfect harmony with the rest of his facts; but to say that it *has been proved* that we are “unequal” to protect ourselves, affects us with profounder astonishment even, than our temerity in declaring war seems to have filled him. We are not surprised at the statement because it is untrue, but that he should put his reputation, as a historian, at such hazard among Europeans as to declare,

what the history of sixty years and the glorious termination of two bloody wars so openly and palpably contradict. What the *future* may be, we leave to Mr. Alison's fruitful imagination to point out; but "the *past* is secure." If the long and wasting war of the revolution and its termination, with the brave struggle by sea and land of the war of 1812, do not prove that we "have been" able to "protect" ourselves, will the historian say what *can* prove it? If the flag of the States left floating over a conquered enemy after almost every sea fight, the steadiest armies of Europe routed and hurled from our shores, are not satisfactory arguments, we confess ourselves unable to furnish them. There are Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Champlain and Erie, and Plattsburgh and New Orleans, and yonder goes the Macedonian firing her salutes in honor of the Republic:—if these do not flash back the ridiculous falsehood in Mr. Alison's face they are unmeaning things. But these rash statements spring from the same cause which prompts him to depreciate our present military strength, classing our navy and army under the denomination of "Lilliputian forces"—from a slight soreness in view of the result of our struggle with the parent country. He tells us our men are fit only for a bush fight and cannot stand fire in the open field. Whether this be true or false, it is paying the British soldiers a poor compliment. It reminds us of an anecdote of an American sailor, who happened to be in the pit of a London theatre when King William was present. During the play, a company of men dressed as tailors, cobblers, blacksmiths, farmers, without uniform, and swinging around their heads pitchforks, hammers, fowling pieces, and muskets, were introduced on the stage to represent the American army. Jack looked awhile on the tatterdemalion company until the boisterous laugh had died away, then shouted out "Hurrah! Old England beat by blacksmiths and cobblers." The laugh raised at our undisciplined forces has a *double meaning*. We can afford the laugh. It reminds us of his stricture on our manners. "The Americans," says he, "are vain on all national subjects and excessively sensitive to censure, however slight, and, most of all to ridicule. The English not only no way resent, but positively enjoy, the ludicrous exhibitions made of their manners on the French stage: such burlesques would flay the Americans

alive. The English recollect that the French learned these peculiarities when the British troops occupied Paris." However true this may be, as a general remark, ridicule of our "Lilliputian forces" we are able to bear with becoming composure, for "we" also "recollect" where the "English" learned these peculiarities "of our army." The *first* view they obtained of them, in the revolutionary war, was at *Bunker Hill*, and the *last* at Yorktown, and the last review that a Briton ever made of our troops was at New Orleans. The English have had a good opportunity to witness the discipline of our forces and the character of our uniform. They have been near enough to see their faces, and the manner they wheel, and especially how they *fire*. The laugh raised at these specimens, sounds to us altogether like mockery.

When Mr. Alison comes to our naval battles, his descriptive powers suddenly fail him. The fancy that could bring before us every action between an English and French vessel, describe the beautiful manœuvring of the ships, the fluttering of the canvass, the blazing broadsides, the uproar of battle, the carnage and the victory, becomes suddenly wingless. Those fierce single-handed fights of ship with ship, and frigate with frigate, are dismissed almost as rapidly as their broadsides were. One would think he was writing dispatches on the field of battle. The only occasion that calls forth his descriptive powers is the capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon, an action that lasted about fifteen minutes and was fought by a half drunken and undisciplined crew. He devotes more space to this single battle—which Captain Lawrence never should have fought, and whose reputation has escaped injury only by his glorious death—than he does to the actions between the Guerriere and Constitution, Frolic and Wasp, Macedonian and United States, Java and Constitution, Peacock and Hornet, altogether. These five naval engagements, in which the American vessels were victorious, each deserved as lengthened a notice as the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon, and yet they are all crammed together, as if belonging to one dispatch, and dismissed with the everlasting "in this as in the previous instances where the Americans had proved successful, the superiority on their side was very decided." If the American vessel, as in the case of the Peacock and Hornet, had but

one more gun than the English and fifty-two more men, Mr. Alison calls it a "decided superiority." The difference of two or three guns and fifty or a hundred men, in a battle between two of the first class frigates, we never supposed to constitute such a decided superiority as to account for almost universal defeat.

But it is not true that the Americans always had the superiority, either in numbers or weight of metal. It would be tedious to go into the details of each engagement; but one will stand for the rest. In Mr. Alison's very minute account of the capture of the President, he says, "an action more prosperous, but not more glorious for the British arms, than that between the Reindeer and Wasp, took place next spring, which terminated in the capture of the noble American frigate President, one of the largest vessels of that class in the world, by the Endymion, Captain Hope, slightly aided by the Pomona." And in the conclusion, he adds, "the Endymion having fallen astern the Pomona came up and gave the President two broadsides, with little or no effect owing to the darkness of the night, but this circumstance saved the American's honor, as two vessels had now opened their fire upon her, and he accordingly hauled down his colors." This account, though entirely erroneous, is not more so than many of the others. We have selected it merely because we wish to let English officers themselves bear testimony against Mr. Alison. The President was compelled to fight the Endymion at disadvantage, because she had to run for it or find herself enveloped in the fire of four ships. We are indebted to a friend for a document, which, we believe, has never before been published in this country. It is an account of this engagement, by the officers of the two vessels, Pomona and Tenedos, to which the President surrendered, written immediately after they arrived with their prize at Bermuda. Accompanying it is a deposition of Commodore Decatur, taken at St. George's at the same time.

"HIS MAJESTY'S FRIGATE POMONA, }  
Bermuda, 29th January, 1815. }

"About an hour before daylight of the 15th inst., two strange sail (a ship and brig) were discovered on our lee bow,

standing to the eastward, under a press of sail, wind N. W. by N. Majestic and Endymion in company—all sail was made in chase, by the three ships, and it was soon evident we gained on them. As day dawned, another ship was seen, hull down, to leeward, and the commodore, imagining her also to be an enemy, detached the Pomona in chase; we immediately bore right up before the wind, and in three quarters of an hour, ascertaining her to be the Tenedos, again hauled up to the east, being by this circumstance, thrown seven or eight miles more astern of the original chase; however, we soon again began to approach the enemy, as did also the Endymion; which, from the above event, was now far ahead of the Pomona. At one P. M., we passed the Majestic; President and Endymion, at two, occasionally exchanging stern and bow guns; the wind began to fall light, and the Pomona was yet too far off to render any assistance, but still coming up. At 5.30, the President bore up, closing with the Endymion, and fired her starboard broadside, which was promptly returned by the Endymion's larboard. A running fight then continued for some time, which gradually slackened; and at half past eight ceased, the Endymion falling astern—Pomona passing her at half past eight. At this time she was observed to fire two guns, which the President returned with one. At eleven, being within gun-shot of the President, who was still steering to the eastward, under a press of sail, with royal top-gallant top-mast and lower studding sails set, and finding how much we outsailed her, our studding sails were taken in, and immediately afterwards we luffed to port and fired our starboard broadside. The enemy then also luffed to port, bringing his larboard broadside to bear, which was momentarily expected, as a few minutes previous to our closing her, she hoisted a light abaft, which in night actions substituted the ensign. Our second broadside was fired; and the President still luffing up, as if intent to lay us on board, we hauled close to port, bracing the yards up and setting the mainsail. The broadside was again ready to be fired into his bows raking, when she hauled down the light, and we hailed, demanding if she had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative, and the firing instantly ceased. The Tenedos, which was not more than three miles off, soon afterwards\* came up, and assisted in securing the prize and removing the prisoners. At three quarters past twelve, the Endymion came up, and the Majestic at three in the morning."

\* This alludes to the time the Pomona commenced firing; the President was boarded precisely at the same time, by the boats of the Tenedos and Pomona.

*Commodore Decatur's Deposition, taken at St. George's, Bermuda.*

"The President was taken on the 15th of January, being under American colors. Resistance was not made against the *Endymion* for two and a half hours—she having dropped out of the fight. The next ships coming up two and a half hours after the action with the *Endymion*, were the *Pomona* and *Tenedos*; to these two ships the President surrendered; the *Pomona* had commenced her firing within musket shot."

The testimony Mr. Alison's countrymen utter against him here, is, first, that the President was not taken by the *Endymion* at all; second, that instead of the American having "saved her honor," by the "fortunate" arrival of two other vessels, she had so thoroughly beaten the *Endymion*, that the latter was forced to retire from the fight "two and a half hours" before the *Pomona* arrived, and did not come up with the prize till *two hours and three-quarters after she struck*. This is called being "*slightly aided*" by the *Pomona*. The officers of the two ships that boarded the President, after she struck, state that the *Endymion* and President commenced exchanging shots at half past two in the afternoon, and came to close engagement at half past five. At half past eight, the action having continued with more or less severity three hours, the *Endymion* fell astern fairly beaten off, while the President was walking away under a press of canvas, to escape the rest of the fleet that was now rapidly coming up. At this time the *Pomona* passed the *Endymion*, so crippled as to be unable longer to sustain the action. At eleven, she overhauled the President, also crippled from her long engagement, and opened her broadsides. The *Tenedos* now rapidly approaching, the contest became hopeless, and the noble frigate was compelled to surrender. At a quarter before one, or at least *four hours* after the *Endymion* dropped out of the action, she came up. It took *two hours and three-quarters* steady sailing to reach the President, after she had struck her colors.

This is a new mode of capturing a vessel. Those guns must be like Mr. Alison's imagination, to reach a ship at such a distance that it required two hours' sailing to overtake her after she had surrendered. The truth is, as evinced by the statement of the English officers and the deposition of Com. Decatur—the

President beat the *Endymion*, and then was beaten by the rest of the fleet, and she could not have considered her honor in particular danger from a crippled vessel, left by her four hours before, mending her rigging. If Captain Hope considers the heavy broadsides of a fresh vessel firing within musket shot, and the rapid approach of another ship to the combat, while he was out of sight, "slight assistance," his gratitude will never be severely taxed in this world.

But the repeated victories gained by us, could not be swept away by assertion, and the world would not reason as Mr. Alison contends it ought to have done, so that their "moral effect," he is compelled to admit, "was astounding." Well it might be. We know of nothing in the annals of civilized warfare that will compare with the boldness and success of our little fleet during that war. The battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, which had covered the English navy with glory—the undisputed triumph with which the British flag was borne over every sea, had been for years ringing over our land. Flushed with victory, and confident of success, that fleet now bore down on our coast. With only a handful of ships to offer against this superior force, our commanders, nevertheless, stood boldly out to sea, and flung their flags of defiance to the breeze. The civilized world looked with amazement on the rashness that could provoke so unequal a strife; but while it waited to hear that our little navy was blown to atoms, the news came of the loss of the *Guerriere*. Report after report of victories gained by us followed with stunning rapidity. "The English were defeated on their own element," and her hitherto undisputed claim to the mastery of the seas broken for ever. The courage that could bear up against such fearful odds, and pluck the wreaths of victory from the English navy, has covered the commanders of that time with abiding honors. Our rights were restored—our commerce protected—and the haughty bearing of England towards us, caused by the memory that we were rebels, was chastised from her. The British flag had been lowered so frequently to the "stars and stripes," that respect and fear had usurped the place of contempt and pride. The war on land was prosecuted with equal success. Yet this war, so triumphantly carried through, Mr. Alison makes equivalent to a defeat.

We never gained, if his account of the matter is to be taken, except where all the advantage was on our side; while in all our losses, we were on the average equal to our opponents. Our hazarding a war, in the first place, was the unparalleled rashness of a reckless democracy—our partial success, mere good luck not to be anticipated again; the result, on the whole, “advantageous to England, while the United States emerged worsted from the fight,” and the final treaty highly honorable to Great Britain. His conclusions are, that “the triumphs of Plattsburg and New Orleans, with which the war terminated, have so elated the inhabitants of the United States, and blinded them to the real weakness of their situation, that little doubt remains, that out of this premature and incomplete pacification the germs of a future and calamitous war between the two countries will spring;”—that the Americans are aggressive, like all republican governments, and that they are not to become a great naval power. To attempt gravely to refute these declarations, is to acknowledge their force.

The statement at the outset, that we sought an unprovoked war with England, is not more erroneous than his account of the manner it was carried on. Instead of all grounds of dissatisfaction being removed previous to hostilities, grievances had accumulated, the half of which would now precipitate a war between us and any other country on the globe. And instead of our vessels being greatly the superior in those naval engagements where we came off victorious, there is not one sea-fight in fifty, where the combatants were more equally matched. If a battle is never to be considered equal until both ships have the same tonnage to a pound, the same number of cannon, and the muster roll of the crews equal to a man, we are inclined to suspect there never will be one fought. There was not a naval action during the whole war where the real, effective, practical force was so disproportionate as in the battle between the Chesapeake and Shannon; yet this last, Mr. Alison makes one of the most brilliant engagements that occurred: So the battle of the Thames, Plattsburg, and New Orleans, were the necessary results of overpowering advantages, either in position or number, while the battle of Bladensburg, and the bloodless capture of Washington, was, to use his own words,

“one of the most brilliant expeditions ever carried into execution by any nation.” An army of some four thousand regular troops, with two three-pounders, put to flight five or six thousand raw militia, and with the loss of five dozen men, marched into a small unfortified town, occupied as the Capitol of the United States, and set fire, like a band of robbers to the Capitol, Arsenal, Dock-yard, Treasury, War Office, President's House, a rope walk and a bridge. Such an affair the historian of Lodi, and Marengo, and Waterloo, of the terrible conflicts of the Peninsula, and the sublime sea-fights of Aboukir and Trafalgar, calls, “one of the most brilliant expeditions ever carried into execution by any nation,”

The truth of the whole matter is, that the war, abating the usual vicissitudes, was carried on successfully to its termination, and a peace concluded, securing to us our rights and protecting our commerce. The plain conclusions that a man of common sense would draw from it all, are, that we were disinclined to a war, except in self defence, and then were equal to our own protection. But Mr. Alison is always *diving* after truth, and a foolish reason is better than an old one. He is, also, perpetually discovering awful crises where the fate of the world depends on a single move. Thus he hinges Europe a score of times on the movement of a single column. If this had happened here or there, the fate of the continent and of the world would have been changed. Very probable: so if Bonaparte had been shot in some of his countless battles, or broken his neck by a fall from his horse at some grand review, or fallen overboard on his voyage from Elba, when the vessel was going ten knots an hour, or caught cold in some of his night marches, the history of the world would have been changed. A different result to any battle might have done it, and yet many often turned on the charge of a single body of cavalry. But history is nothing to Mr. Alison unless it is tragedy, and we believe the reputation of his work rests far more upon its dramatic character than upon its facts. To us history is important only for the philosophy it teaches, and in this respect Mr. Alison has done the world more hurt than good. He is incapable of philosophizing correctly, because he sets out with the conviction that his *feelings* are right in all cases. Utterly

unable to escape from his prejudices and occupy a high standing-point, from whence he can survey the world with the clear eye of an impartial historian, he goes plunging on, endeavoring to make every thing bend to his philosophy of monarchy. In all the good wrought out by man, he thinks he discovers the workings of royalty, and in all the evil done under the sun, the cloven foot of democracy. Is there an unjust war commenced, it is done by republicans; is there any climax to oppression, it is that of the majority; and is there any atrocity rivalling the horrors of the Inquisition, it is committed by democracy. All that is firm and useful in the world owes its place to monarchy—all that is unsettled and dangerous, to republicanism. Religion itself can flourish nowhere but under a monarchy, and literature descends to the capacities of the mob in a republic. All nations are wrong but England, and true liberty is a stranger to any other land. "No community," says he, "need be afraid of going far astray which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England." Lord Brougham may ask, "what mean those portentous shapes that stalk through England," and Macaulay and Earl Grey bid the throne and nation stop and feel the first throb of the coming earthquake. Sir Robert Peel may say that the "necessaries of life can be no farther taxed," and, in a time of peace, resort to the extraordinary measures of war to keep the nation above water—the most pitiful sight of strong bodied men wandering over the land, begging for work that they may not starve, may meet one at every turn—"torch and dagger meetings" may occur almost every night in the week, and the muttered curse of millions of suffering men and women swell like distant thunder around the throne—it all matters nothing to Mr. Alison. The conclusion is, "follow England." Heaven keep us from that path and its issue. We have looked down that gulf, and have no desire to try its depths. When we feel the first step of the approaching earthquake, let us know it is not human suffering and human despair on the march, and we can abide the rest.

Follow England and monarchy, and shun the French Revolution and American democracy, are the two great lessons Mr. Alison attempts to impress on the mind from the four volumes of his his-

tory. He had better belied every military leader and falsified every battle, than done this. He ought to have known the omnipotence of the rising strength of the masses, and instead of urging the glory of a monarchy and aristocracy, to have pleaded the necessity of yielding betimes, and guiding the spirit which is now awake and will not be laid, and which otherwise will rend its oppressors, though it then turn and rend itself. If there is one thing clear and fearful to the thoughtful man, it is that the American rebellion, the French Revolution, and English Chartism, are but the commencement of a struggle destined to be universal. The theories of Rousseau and Voltaire never raised it in 1789, nor can the theories of Mr. Alison lay it now. The masses that create and carry it on argue from experience, and the only effect of such a history is to delay, and hence increase the intensity and violence of the conflict.

The conclusion of this history is worse than the commencement, and worthy of severe censure. Independent of the radical error taught by its philosophy, it is laid down as an inevitable result, that war must take place between us and England. Having established this fact, Mr. Alison marks out the plan of the next campaign in all its details, and speaks of the necessity of suddenly precipitating vast armies upon our coast, at the outset, with the coolness of a man whose trade is war. Not satisfied with the incitements to bad feeling furnished by his history alone, he inflames the passions still more by his outlines of the coming war, and renders the catastrophe familiar and probable by declaring it to be inevitable. No such necessity as he pretends exists; and if so great a calamity to both nations should befall them, it will be brought about by such men and writers as Mr. Alison. One would think he had fallen in love with battles, from the fine materials for description they furnish him. Indeed, it harmonizes perfectly with another branch of his theory, drawn from the long and bloody wars of the Continent, which is, that "war is necessary for the moral purification of mankind." He acknowledges that it is the cause of unparalleled suffering, "but," he asks, "is not suffering necessary to the purification of the human heart? Have we not been told, by the highest authority, that man is made perfect through suffering? Is not misfortune, anxiety and distress, the severe but salu-

tary school of individual improvement? And what is war but anxiety, distress, and often agony, to nations?" The philanthropist will be angry at such absurdity, and the philosopher laugh at the stupid sophistry. We venture to say the apostle never dreamed that human ingenuity could ever so distort his divine precept, as to make it prove the purifying effect of war.

Mr. Alison certainly has the credit of being the first discoverer of this entirely original application of the text. Murder and massacre, the torch of civil war blazing over human dwellings, mothers and children trampled down as the car of war rolls in carnage over the land, churches pillaged, congregations scattered, education neglected, cities sacked, women ravished, and all the brutal passions of man, inflamed to the utmost, let loose on society, are necessary in order to purify it. They are to a nation what a sick bed is to a man, making it thoughtful, calm, and prayerful. Afflictions loosen us from the world by teaching us that nothing is stable here. War has the same effect on nations, lifting their thoughts to God. To close up a history of twenty-six years of most bloody and wasting wars, during which religion was forgotten and education neglected, and life wasted like water, with the grave assertion that war is "necessary to the moral purification of mankind," and base the assertion on the divine precept that "man is made perfect by suffering," is the absurdest thing that ever found its way into the pages of history. Europe must have been very near the millenium at the summing up of her long purification at the battle of Waterloo, and Spain will soon be "perfect by suffering." The Roman Empire ought to have grown very pure as it grew older, and the incessant conflicts of South America and Mexico must end in a high state of moral culture. The excitement to military glory, the recklessness of life and principle a war creates, the influence of an army quartered in a city or country, the purity of the camp, and the husbands and sons the scythe of battle mows down, are all so many causes of purification. So says Mr. Alison, while the history of the world, the experience of mankind, the spirit of the gospel, and the indignant response of the human heart brand it as false and calumnious. That there is no evil without some corresponding good, or in other words, that we

may learn some lessons from every event, all men admit:—but that war is a purifier of society, just as affliction purifies the Christian, is the most preposterous idea a Christian man ever entertained. Deeds of heroism are performed, and patriotism and affection and the martyr spirit often exhibited in war, as they never are in peace, but we thought it had been adopted as a maxim, long ago, that the physical evils of war, terrible as they are, were small compared to its moral evils.

But Mr. Alison has *one* peculiarity, which other things being equal, would place him high above ordinary historians—he *recognizes a God in history*. The hand of Providence is seen in the course of human events, and the principle that the Almighty visits the sins of nations upon themselves, fully recognized. It is a standing objection to the best histories of our race, that secondary causes have been put for ultimate ones. Even the Pagan writers allow their gods to have some design in the changes that visit nations, while those of a more enlightened age see nothing in the mutations around them but the work of human passions. This belief in an overruling Deity, however, is almost neutralized by the very aristocratic sort of a being he puts in heaven to preside over human affairs. He is a high Tory, like Mr. Alison, and has not the remotest sympathy with republicanism or republicans. Indeed, we find it expressly stated, that religion and democracy are antagonisms, and that the one cannot exist without the destruction of the other. The infidelity, the cruelty, the meanness, and utter ruin connected by necessity with a republican form of government, are taught on almost every page of this history. He has coupled the French Revolution and Democracy together in his mind, and neither facts nor argument can sunder them. The word, "revolution," seems to have the same effect on his mind, that it might be supposed to have on one who had just passed through the Reign of Terror. But the Reformation of Luther was a revolution unshackling the world, and pouring daylight on its darkness. The Cromwellian rebellion was a revolution, doing more for English liberty than all antecedent ages had done for it. The American rebellion was a revolution, breaking the spell of tyranny, and sending hope and light to the farthest limits of the earth. The French revolution

did also its share of good, in holding up before despots a mirror in which they might read their own fate, and teaching the world that oppression has a limit, and buried freedom its resurrection day; and that just so deep as human rights and hopes are sunk, just so high will the tide of vengeance swell at last;

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers.”

The fate of our own republic, which Mr. Alison reads so prophetically, is by no means yet decided; and even should we fall, we do not consider the question of the durability of a republican government settled. Had our population been suffered to increase, by the natural laws which govern it, and all those who control our interests been educated in the principles of true freedom, and been bound together by the common ties of kindred and country, and the whole glorious fabric of our constitution steadily strengthened as bulwark after bulwark was reared around it by the jealous watchfulness of an intelligent people, had we been left to try out the experiment, by ourselves, on our own soil, then we should consider the question of the expediency of a republican form of government fixed for ever.

But now we are compelled not only to struggle with the evils that gather around

every new undertaking, but to blend and incorporate into the very heart of our system the ignorance and degradation and crime of the despotisms of Europe. From such materials as tyranny sends us we are asked to rear our structure, and if it ever sways and totters, from the heterogeneous mass we are compelled to pile so hastily into it, we are tauntingly asked—How goes the doctrine of equality? The tens of thousands of hungry, half naked, and miserable beings, that are precipitated yearly upon our bosom, and enter almost immediately upon the work of reforming our system, come from a government where all their sorrows have sprung from the oppression of the upper classes. Knowing the “wormwood and the gall,” and retaining the old hatred against the rich that has strengthened with their sufferings, they are easily led, like the mobs of Paris, by unscrupulous leaders, to act against their own permanent interests. So, also, the convicts and famine-struck wretches, that the prisons and almshouses of Europe disgorge yearly on our shores, swell the records of crime and pauperism in our land, while the acts they commit and the sufferings they engender, are charged over to republicanism. “*Laissez faire*” is a just request; and could the world but have granted it to us we should have been content.

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### SONNET.

Many I love to gaze on, or to hear  
Carol melodious notes of young delight—  
But there is One, with blue eye soft and clear,  
Who haunts my thoughts by day, my dreams by night.  
And her, I love: her face to me is fair  
As early dawn; like a translucent veil  
It overshades a soul—how pure and bright  
And beautiful no features could declare,  
Nor yet could any features half conceal!  
A gentle spirit is thine, sweet maiden, thine  
A timid, fawn-like nature, and we fear  
Almost to love thee, lest a wreath we twine  
Too heavy for thy gentleness to bear,  
As for the gentlest flowers even dew-drops are!

PENSEROSO

## WORDS.

WORDS, we are told, are the signs of ideas. This definition at best is faulty, and, in a majority of cases, untrue. Nothing is more common than to see words without any sign of ideas at all. Besides, those who understand the nature of language, and wield uncontrolled dominion over all its powers, have been careful to tell us that the true use of words is not to express but to conceal ideas. Words, moreover, are of such inherent value in themselves, and in the concerns of the world exercise such untrammelled influence, that it is unjust to degrade them from sovereigns into representatives. It would be much more modest for lovers of definition to say, not that words *are*, but that they *should* be the signs of ideas. The moralist is more philosophical. He distinguishes carefully between qualities and their application. He defines the laws of ethics, and informs us that men should obey them, not that they do.

The true ruler of this big, bouncing world is the Lexicon. Every new word added to its accumulated thousands, is a new element of servitude to mankind. We should therefore look sharply at all axioms which seem to fix the signification of these little substantives and sovereigns. The notion that they are the signs of thought can be disposed of without any train of tedious argument; because the originators and defenders of that notion are found instantly inconsistent, when we unite any two of their propositions. For instance, the remark is often heard that certain words in certain connections are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Now if words be full of sound, they must necessarily be sound words, and if words are the signs of ideas, sound words must represent sound thoughts. Here is a logical dilemma for these axiomatic gentlemen.

Indeed words, in themselves, are nothing more than "mouthfuls of spoken wind," the sons and daughters of the tongue and lungs. They are hardened into consistency by a process of pens, ink and paper. In this state they take form. But naturally they are immaterial substances like thoughts. The sculptor embodies an idea in marble, and we discriminate between the essence and the form. Why should we not also distinguish be-

tween a word printed or written and a word spoken or conceived—between the body and the soul of an expulsion of air? Words, in truth, are entities, real existences, immortal beings; and though I would not go the whole length of Enthusiast Hazlitt, in saying that they are the only things that live forever, I would vindicate their title to a claim in the eternities of this world, and defend them from the cavils of presumption and ignorance.

Shakspeare, speaking through Lorenzo, regrets with much feeling the thickness of ear which prevents us from drinking in the music of the spheres. But how much more, in a moral and intellectual point of view, should we lament that hard condition of our faculty of hearing, by which we are prevented from enjoying all the sweet noises of the past and compelled to hear only the harsh gutturals of the present. Every disturbance of the atmosphere, caused by the ejection of a word, does not cease with our perception of it, but is everlastingly active. All around us now are the words of Noah, and Moses, and Plato, and Socrates, and Shakspeare, and Milton; and if our ears were only delicate enough to convey the sounds into our minds, we might hear, with our outward organ, Plato converse with Phædrus on the soul's immortality, Socrates gravel a sophist with his interrogative logic, Shakspeare sting Ben Johnson or Master Dekkar with a joke worthy of Thersites, and Milton ask quaker Ellwood to read Homer to him, or rebuke his daughters for unkindness and inattention. The air is a more faithful chronicler of words than books. Every whisper of wickedness, which has fallen from the white lips of a tyrant or murderer, and which has never passed into but one human heart, is still alive in the air, and circling the earth in company with the song of Miriam, and the thunder of Luther, and the low prayer of Ridley, and the scoff of D'Holbach, and the profaneness of Rochester, and the denunciations of Burke. Truly are we surrounded with Voices. The sacredness and awful responsibilities of speech—the latent importance of idle words—consist in ever present existence. No sound that goes from the lip into the

air, can ever die, even in a sensual sense, until the atmosphere, which wraps our planet in its huge embrace, has passed into nothingness. Words, then, have a being of their own; they exist after death, or rather they continue to exist after all memory of them has departed from the minds into which they originally entered.

Leaving, however, these logical and lofty notions of words, and coming down to the everyday world of books and men, we observe many queer developments of the cozenage of language. The most fluent man seems the most influential. All classes appear to depend upon words. Principles are nothing in comparison with speech. A politician is accused of corruption, inconsistency, and loving number one more than number ten thousand. Straightway he floods the country with words, and he is honorably acquitted. A gentleman of far-reaching and purse-reaching intelligence concocts twenty millions of pills, and "works" them off to agents, and, in the end, transfers the whole from his laboratory to the stomachs of an injured and oppressed people, by means of—words. Miss A. stabs the spotless name of Mrs. P. with a word-spletto. The poisonous breath of a venomous fanatic moulds itself into syllables, and, lo! a sect of christians is struck with leprosy. An author wishes to be sublime, but has no fire in him to give sparkle and heat to his compositions. His ideas are milk and water-logged,—feeble, common-place, nerveless, witless, and soulless; or his thoughts are ballasted with lead instead of being winged with inspiration. "What shall I do!" he cries, in the most plaintive terms of aspiring stupidity. Poor poetaster! do not despair! take to thy dictionary—drench thy thin blood with gin—learn the power of words. Pile the Pelion of Rant on the Ossa of Hyperbole, and thy small fraction of the Trite shall be exalted to the heights of the Sublime and the admiring gaze of many people shall be fixed upon it, and the coin shall jingle in thy pocket, and thou shalt be denominated Great! But if thy poor pate be incapable of the daring, even in expression, then grope dubiously in the dismal swamps of verbiage, and let thy mind's fingers feel after spungy and dropsical words, out of which little sense can be squeezed, and arrange the oozy epithets and unsubstantial substantives into lines, and out of the very depths of Bathos, thou shalt arise a sort

of mud-Venus, and men shall mistake thee for her that rose from the sea, and the coin shall still clink in thy fob, and thou shalt be called Beautiful! Such is the omnipotence of words! They can exalt the little; they can depress the high; a ponderous polysyllable will break the chain of an argument, or crack the pate of a thought, as a mace or a battle-axe could split the crown of a soldier in the elder time.

To cover a man with contempt or obloquy, it is only necessary to apply to him some catchword of theology or politics. Society will say with the sagacious Polonius, that such a word is good or bad, and judge of the living noun by the character of verbal tin-pail, that wit or malice has appended to its tail. A man or woman, who has had certain impertinent or degrading adjectives applied to his or her name will feel their sting and rattle long after they have been proved false and malignant. "A person with a bad name is already half hanged," saith the old Proverb.

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order, that they may bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practicing the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbutnot "plays his weapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are "half battle;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust

beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp who lie, cog and talk gross obscenity. Macauley, brisk, lively, keen and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travelers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn, are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champaign of the fancy, but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line of grace and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reunite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground. Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun, but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's words are thunder-bolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with pas-

sion, sometimes cool and malignant, but drunk or sober are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces.

There is a great amount of critical nonsense talked about style. One prim Aristarchus in a stiff cravat, tells us that no manner of expression is so good as that of Addison; another contends for Carlyle; and both would have words arrayed according to their own models, without regard to individual mental bias or idiosyncracies. If style be good, just in proportion as it enables an author to express his thoughts, it should be shackled by few general rules. Every style formed elaborately on any model, must be affected and strait-laced. Every imitator of Byron and Pope has been damned and forgotten. The nature of a man can only *squeal* out, when it is hampered by artificial environments. Some thoughts, in a cramped style, look like Venus improved by the addition of busk and bustle. The selection and arrangement of a writer's words should be as characteristic as his ideas and feelings. There is no model style. What is pleasing in the diction of one author disgusts us in a copyist. If a person admires a particular method of arranging words, that arrangement will occur naturally in his own diction, without malice aforethought. Some writers unconsciously fall into the mode of expression adopted by others. This illustrates a similarity of disposition, and is not imitation. As a style, when it is natural, comes rather from the heart than the head; men of similar tastes and feelings will be likely to fall into a similar form of expression. Leigh Hunt's easy slip-shod is pleasant enough to read, as his nature is easy and slip-shod; but only to think of Carlyle running into that way of writing? Sidney Smith, concise, brisk and brilliant, has a manner of composition which exactly corresponds to those qualities; but how could Lord Bacon look on Smith's sentences? How grandly the soul of Milton rolls and winds through the arches and labyrinths of his involved and magnificent diction, waking musical echoes at every new turn and variation of

its progress—but how could the thought of such a light trifle as Cibber travel through so glorious a maze without being lost or crushed in the journey? The plain, manly language of John Locke could hardly be translated into the terminology of Kant—would look out of place in the rapid and sparkling movement of Cousin's periods—and would appear mean in the cadences of Dugald Stewart. Every writer, therefore, is his own standard. The law by which we judge of his sentences must be deduced from his sentences. If we can discover what the man is, we know what his style ought to be. If it indicate his character, it is, relatively, good; if it contradict his character, though its cadences are faultless, it is still bad and not to be endured. To condemn Carlyle and Macauley because they do not run their thoughts into the moulds of Addison or Burke, is equivalent to condemning a bear because he does not digest stones like an ostrich, or a chicken, because it goes on two legs instead of four. The alleged faults belong to organization. We may quarrel with a writer if we please, for possessing a bal or tasteless nature, but not with the style, which takes from that nature its form and movement.

It is singular that Macauley and Carlyle, continually protesting against affectation in the mode of expressing thought, should be themselves considered the high priests at the shrine of affectation. In truth, no writers are less open to the charge. Their styles are exact mirrors of their minds. Any other form of expression, would in them, be gross affectation. When they change their dispositions and modes of thinking, and preserve their way of writing, they will then be justly liable to rebuke, and would be justly punished with neglect.

Words have generally been termed the dress of thought. We recollect of hearing a lecturer on elocution give a minute description of the manner in which this curious tailoring of ideas was effected. He appareled an abstract conception of the Intellect in stockings, shirt, trowsers, vest, coat and bright buttons, and showed us those closets and drawers in the brain's chamber, where such articles of clothing were deposited. This notion of words being the dress of thought is indeed curious. Let us suppose a case. An Imagination rises from the soft bed of Ideality, on hearing the tinkle of Master Reason's or Master Volition's bell. Of course

it does not desire to appear before company in a state of nudity, and it accordingly trips lightly into the dressing-room of the Noddle, and overhauls the mind's wardrobe. Now this wardrobe in some heads is scanty and poor, in others overflowing with rich and costly apparel. At any rate our Imagination slips on the most shining and flaring suit of clothes it can find, and then slides along a number of nerves into the lungs, and sails out of the mouth on a stream of sound, to delight the world with its presence. In the verbal wardrobe of Wordsworth there would be few rich garments: consequently most of his thoughts or fancies would be compelled to appear in peasants' frocks or suits of "homely russet brown." All of Byron's ideas aspired to be clad in regal splendor; and, as they were in the custom of crowding thick and fast into the dressing-room, there must have been some jostling and fighting among them, for the most costly and showy suits. Vice and Falsehood would crave fine apparel as well as Virtue and Truth; and, in his case, they must often have succeeded in bullying the latter out of their rights and "tights." There are a class of authors who have rich garments but no thoughts to put into them. The garments, however, please the eye of the multitude, and few discover that they are stuffed with brass instead of brains. Some poets have nothing but ragged clothes in their wardrobe, and their poor shivering Ideas go sneaking about the alleys of letters, ashamed to be seen by their more richly-dressed relations. Others, though in rags, have a certain quick impudence, like that of Robert Macaire, which enables them to bustle about among their betters, and seem genteel though in rags. We sometimes observe Thoughts in the prim coats and broad hats of quakers; but they are not admitted to the "West End,"—excepting, of course, "the West End of the Universe." Sir Charles Sedley was distinguished for writing poems of considerable impurity of idea and considerable purity of language. His biographer therefore is careful to inform us that though the sentiments of Sir Charles were as foul as those of Rochester, they were not so immodest, because they were covered with clean linen. Dryden's wardrobe, we are told, was like that of a Russian noble,—“all filth and diamonds, dirty linen and inestimable sables.” To such speculations and fancies as these are we led, when we acknowledge the

truth of the maxim, that words are the dress of thought.

Words, however, even in the common meaning, are not, when used by a master-mind, the mere dress of thought. Such a definition degrades them below their sphere, and misconceives their importance. They are, as Wordsworth has happily said, the *incarnation* of thought. They bear the same relation to ideas, that the body bears to the soul. Take the most beautiful and sincere poetry, which has ever been written, and its charm is broken as soon as the words are disturbed or altered. If any expression can be employed except that which is used, the poet is a bungling rhetorician or writes on the surface of his theme. A Thought embodied and *embrained* in fit words, walks the earth a living being. No part of its body can be stricken from it, or injured, without disfiguring the beauty of its form or spoiling its grace of motion. Such Thoughts, perhaps, are few in number; but wo upon those tasteless critics, who would meddle with those few, and dare to alter their organization, on the plea of improvement!

Words in a few "eminent hands" are servile ministers; but generally, even in great writers, they are kings who rule, not subjects who obey. In some minds they obtain "sovereign sway and masterdom" over the whole domain of thought and emotion. This servitude to words often produces injurious results to the writer. It is the parent of many fallacies and inconsistencies. For instance—a reasoner desires to argue closely and logically; a word often leads him astray into a sophism, or tempts him, by its winning looks, to slide into episodes. A critic wishes to analyze a book; but instead of analysis he gives his readers eulogy or denunciation; for certain words which sprang up, like flowers or thistles, in his path, were too sweet or too sharp for him to avoid. To give point to a period, some writers will throw in a word which will stab innocence or mediocrity like a poignard; to make a sentence end harmoniously, others will *pad* it with

words, which are meaningless or out of place. In describing characters or scenery, the general custom is to employ language which is beautiful or strong, rather than what is applicable. Nothing is rarer than the use of a word in its exact meaning. Amplitude of comprehension is a much finer phrase than good reasoning powers; and consequently every respectable thinker is made a Bacon; vivid imagination sounds better than moderate talent, and of course, every rhyme-stringer is a Byron; miserable drivelling has a sharper edge than mediocre merit, and all common-place writers are therefore to be fools or dunces. Lord Byron, in alluding to the supposed cause of Keats's death, said—

"Strange that the soul, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Hunt told him that Keats was not killed in this way. Byron promised to strike it out. But the smartness and the rhyme, were temptations stronger than his conscience, and he allowed the couplet to remain.

It would be an easy matter to mention some words which have exercised greater influence, and swayed with more absolute power, than Alexander or Napoleon. Any one can pick up in a newspaper the sovereigns of our own country. A word often keeps its seat in the mind of a people, after the thought to which originally it was nominally attached, has disappeared. Words head armies, overthrow dynasties, man ships, separate families, cozen cozeners, and steal hearts and purses. And if physiologists and metaphysicians are driven into a corner, and are compelled to give the real distinction between human beings and animals, they are almost sure to say it consists in the power of speech—in the capacity to frame, use and multiply at discretion, these omnipotent "mouthfuls of spoken wind." Words—words—words!

### GOËTHE'S CHARACTER OF EGMONT.

GOËTHE was a man of conceptions, and his writings are a succession of attempts to express them; mostly, too, under some hieroglyphical or mystical form. They are, accordingly, suggestive, symbolic, since each detached sentiment is, as it were, a fragment from the architecture of some temple which it is left to the reader's imagination to complete. In this drama, we have one of his conceptions of the human being, one of his favorite modes of solving the problem of life. He has constructed a certain style and measure of a man, has given us excellencies and defects, tendencies and limitations. It stands before us in such a questionable shape, that we feel moved to speak to it, and to inquire by virtue of what it presumes to challenge our attention. We would know of what elements it is made, and what excuse it can give for its existence. But before proceeding upon this examination, it may be proper to explain somewhat the times and facts which constitute the groundwork of the play.

William Lamorall, Count Egmont, Prince of Gaure, flourished in the time of Philip the Second, and while Margarete of Parma, the king's sister, was regent of the Low Countries. This monarch, influenced by a conscientious, but extremely narrow and absurd devotion to the Church of Rome, with a wooden-brained inflexibility, attempted to impose unjust religious restrictions upon the Dutch, infringing, at the same time, on their political rights. The royal mandates were disregarded, and multitudes suffered the most horrible tortures at the hand of the executioner, while the Inquisition held the people in perpetual terror and rebellion. Many of the nobility, from motives of conscience or of policy, sided openly and thoroughly with the king, and many of the more substantial of the tradesmen and merchants, were placed on the same ground by their abhorrence of the absurdities and extravagances of the new Protestant sects. Still, a very large portion of the people and of the inferior nobility, together with the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, and a few of the more clear-headed and patriotic of the highest class, were at heart opposed to the measures of their

monarch, used all the influence they possessed to change his policy, and did all they dared to thwart it. Egmont, who was of a generous and confident nature, the true friend and the favorite of his countrymen, at last showed so strong an attachment to the popular cause, and engaged so decidedly in its support, that he was accused of high treason, tried by a new court, instituted with special powers, and beheaded. Soon after, the famous struggle commenced, since known as the "War of the Low Countries." It was in this that William, Prince of Orange, distinguished himself as a great leader, and here Alva has embalmed his genius and piety in severities, which even in the recital, and at this distant day, make the blood boil. Goethe has chosen the time just previous to the entry of the Spanish duke with his army for the opening of his drama, and concludes with the execution of its hero.

Egmont is heard of in the first scene, where two burghers of Brussels, an old invalid veteran, and one of the count's soldiers, are found in a tavern, discouraging of politics over their ale. Says YETTER.—The king, I think, would be a gracious master, if he only had better advisers. SOEST.—No! no! He has no disposition for us Netherlanders. His heart is not inclined to his people: he does not love us—how can we love him in return? Why do all the world feel so kind towards Count Egmont? Why do we all bear him up in our hands? Because every one sees that he wishes us well. Because his good temper, his free, bold life, and his kind-heartedness look out at his eyes; because there is nothing that he would not share with the poor man, as soon as with one in want of nothing. Buyck, it belongs to you to give the first toast; give us your master's health.—Again YETTER exclaims:—There, too, we must not sing the new psalms! They are nicely done in rhyme, and of a right-edifying sort. These must we not sing, but bawdy songs, as many as we please. And why? There are heresies in them, they say—and things—God knows! But I sing them, however! It's something new, and I see nothing in them. BUYCK.—Catch me asking leave! In our province we sing

what we please. That's because Count Egmont is our stadtholder. He cares not a straw for such things. In Ghent, Oporn, throughout all Flanders, they sing them, every one that likes—(louder to Ruysam, who is deaf)—Is any thing more harmless than psalms and hymns? not so, uncle? **RUYSAM.**—Eh! well! It's a sort o' worship—an edification.

In the second scene, too, Egmont is mentioned. The regentess is imparting her troubles and solitudes to Machiavell. The weight of her crown presses sorely. Egmont has "moved her displeasure." **MACH.**—By what behavior? **REGENT.**—His accustomed behavior; his indifference and levity. I received the frightful intelligence, even as, accompanied by him and many others, I was going from the church. I did not conceal my chagrin; I complained aloud, and exclaimed, as I turned towards him. "see what is going on in your province! Do you suffer this, count, of whom the king has promised himself so much?" **MACH.**—And what was his answer? **REGENT.**—As though it were nothing at all, the merest trifle, he replied, "that were the Netherlanders once well assured with respect to their constitution! the rest would soon settle itself." The secretary intimates that possibly Egmont said this "with more of truth than of prudence or loyalty," yet he doubts not that the count is at heart "the king's most dutiful subject." Again, the queen confesses: "I fear Orange, but I fear for Egmont. Orange meditates no good. His thoughts reach into the distance. He conceals—appears to admit every thing, never disputes, but with a show of profoundest respect, and an astonishing foresight, does whatsoever pleases him." **MACH.**—In just the opposite way Egmont moves—as though the world waited his nod. **QUEEN.**—He bears his head high as though the hand of Majesty hovered not over him. **MACH.**—The eyes of the people follow after him; their hearts hang on him. **QUEEN.**—He has a very accommodating conscience. His demeanor is often affronting. He appears at times as though he had the entire supervision of things; as though he were Lord and Master, and refrained from making us too sensible of it, only out of courtesy.

Once more in the third scene, we hear of Egmont. In the first he was the favorite of the people, in the second an object of suspicion to the government,

and he now appears in the remaining important relation which he sustains in the play, as the lover of Clara. He is not, however, seen himself. The conversation is between Clara, her mother, and one Brackenburg, a young tradesman, who is compelled to yield before the superior claim of the Prince.

Egmont next appears in person. He is seen on horseback at the head of his suite, riding into the midst of a mob—some of whom are beating a decent looking man, who was not sufficiently patriotic to suit their taste, and most of whom were busily engaged in shouting, "Freedom!" and "Privilege!" **EGMONT.**—Peace! Peace! Good people! What's the matter? Disperse! **CARPENTER.**—Gracious master! You come like an angel from heaven—Stop! Don't you see Count Egmont. His Excellency, the Count Egmont. **EGM.**—Here, too? What are you trying to do? Citizens against citizens! Is not the presence of her majesty, the Regentess, enough to restrain such irregularities? Disperse. Go about your business. It's a bad sign that you are idle on work-days. What was it?

*(The tumult gradually stills itself, and the crowd collects about him.)*

**CARP.**—They are fighting about their privileges. **EGM.**—Which they will yet courageously mail to death—and who are you? You look like honest people. **CARP.**—That is our endeavor. **EGM.**—Your trade? **CARP.**—A house-joiner, and master of the Guild. **EGM.**—And you? **SOEST.**—A cobbler. **EGM.**—You? **YETTER.**—A tailor. **EGM.**—I remember now; you have worked on liveries for my people. Your name is Yetter. **YETTER.**—Too much honor, that you care to remember it. **EGM.**—I forget no one easily, whom I have once seen and spoken to. He gives them some very mild and wholesome advice, hears them patiently, says, "Sensible people can make themselves very useful," and rides off.

Can this be Goethe, and this Egmont? The scene, as a whole, cannot for an instant bear comparison with any similar ones in Shakspeare; and even those in Philip Van Artevelde surpass it far. The conclusion of it, given above, and the only part where the hero of the play appears, is especially weak. Let the reader open to the commencement of Julius Caesar, or to the address of Antony, or to the place in Hamlet, where Laertes bursts in with a mob upon the usurper,

and demands his father. Our princely Egmont has not half the dignity or force, even of the "bloat king," who poisoned his brother.

"KING.—What is the cause Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our  
person;  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it  
would,  
Acts little of its will.—Tell me Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed?—let him  
go, Gertrude;—  
Speak, man!"

But we are to take the *idea*, perhaps, and not the thing given. We are not to delay upon the form, but pierce into the substance and ask, not, what have we here? but, what does this, which we have here, mean? It is "symbolic," like every thing which Goethe wrote or did. This is the *symbol* of a mob, and not a genuine, vulgar mob. It stands for a mob—it means a mob—this is its significance.

Well and good. But we cannot believe these pretensions to militate at all against the idea of the insignificance of the scene before us, as a dramatic effort. There are hieroglyphics on Egyptian monuments which are symbolic of human beings, but we hardly mention them with the master-works in painting or sculpture. Among the Indians of the Missouri valley there are thousands of significant representations, on buffalo hides, of fierce wars and bloody victories, and the merest mummeries in religious ceremony are claimed as symbols of vast and holy mysteries: this does not make them respectable, except in comparison with meaner symbols, or symbols of meaner things. It is when the work is, on the one hand, typical, and true to nature, and at the same time the representation of that which is of a most excellent and lofty quality, or is intense and powerful, as with the great masters in the Fine Arts, and in Tragedy; it is then that we award the highest praise, and only then. Goethe's writings seem to have acquired the reputation of great "significance," in part from the fact that they frequently have little other interest or force than merely hieroglyphic or typical. But all things are symbolic to him who has an eye to see them; yet no one dreams that all things are of equal value. The question is, what is symbolized, and how

well? So the world inquired, before it placed Shakspeare at the head of Tragedy. For the grandest and mightiest, and most delicate elements of human nature enter into his representations, and are there most vividly and effectively portrayed. In this scene of Goethe's Egmont, it is certainly far otherwise. The mob—we have no respect for such a mob—and the hero is only a good-humored, popular, fair-looking man, on horseback, who makes much of the scant, common-place artfulness, with which Providence, or, more properly, Goethe, has endowed him. We cannot quite concede to him, even the honor of being the hieroglyphic of a hero, for those qualities which are most essential have, as yet, no representative in him.

The second scene of the second act is in Egmont's own house. His private secretary is sitting alone at a table overspread with papers. He rises up out of temper, and begins to complain of his master's tardiness. The count, when he arrives, notes the dissatisfaction and petulance that is clouding his young friend's face, and banters with him a little upon his dolefulness of visage, fears lest Donna Elvira will not be obliged to him for having occasioned this delay. He compliments his secretary on the taste he has displayed in the selection of his lady, and proceeds forthwith to business. A letter has come from his captain, asking for directions concerning some prisoners. Egmont is "weary of hanging," and would have the church-plunderers dismissed with a flogging. A young soldier wishes to marry. The count remembers that he is a fine fellow, and for "this once" says "yes," though his officer complains that the squadrons already begin to look like gangs of gypsies. A Huguenot preacher, instead of suffering at the stake, is just quietly set over the borders, and strongly advised not to return. Debtors who neglect to pay—the worst of them, those who are wilful in their neglect—have, nevertheless, a "fort-night more" given them; and yet the steward must "get the gold;"—however, the usual instalments paid to old soldiers and to widows, must not be curtailed. When his secretary inquires where the steward shall get the money, Egmont replies, "that is for him to discover—it has already been told him in former letters." Sec.—And in accordance with them has he made these propositions. EGM.—Which don't suit. He must

think of some other plan. He should suggest things that are practicable, and at any rate he must get the gold.

Next comes up a letter from an old friend of the family, who seems to take a fatherly interest in the count, and who has often vainly endeavored to dissuade him from the dangerous course he was pursuing. Egmont turns from the letter with indignation and disgust, and tells his secretary finally, "write him that he need not be concerned; I shall manage as I can; I shall take care of myself; he shall use his influence at court in my favor, and be sure of my hearty gratitude."

SEC.—Is this all? Oh! he expects more. EGM.—What more shall I say? Would you make more words? It rests with you, then. He is forever troubling himself about some one point. That I am free-hearted, take things easy, live a bold life, is my good fortune; and I would not barter it for the security of a charnel-house; I have no blood in my veins for this Spanish mode of life, no wish, or will to muster my steps after this new court-cadence. Do I live only to meditate upon my life? Shall I give up the enjoyment of the present moment, in order to make sure of the next? and then spoil that with new whims and anxieties? SEC.—I beseech you, my lord, be not so harsh and rough with the good old man. You are accustomed to be kind to all. Give me some pleasant word that shall compose your noble friend. See how considerate he is; how softly he lays his hand upon you. EGM.—But he is for ever laying his hands on these same chords. He knows of old how hateful these admonitions are to me. They only make one stumble—they are no help. If I were in the nightmare, and walking on the slippery ridge of the house, is it an act of friendship to call me by name, warn me, wake me, and plunge me off? Let every one go his own way—he can take care of himself. SEC.—It is your nature to be unconcerned; but one who knows and loves you— EGM. (*gazing on the letter.*)—Here he brings up that old falsehood \* \* \* \* \* Are the bits of colored rags, which a youthful disposition and a lively fancy hang about the miserable nakedness of our life, to be envied us? If you take life too seriously, what does it become? If the morning wakes us to no new joys, and at evening no pleasures remain to be hoped for, is it worth the putting on and off of clothes?

Does the sun shine upon me to-day, that I may reconsider what took place yesterday; and counsel for, and determine—what cannot be counseled for and determined—the fortunes of the coming day? Away with these meditations: we will leave them to school-boys and courtiers. Let them meditate and ponder, stray and sneak about, lay hold of what they can, creep into what they can. If you can use any of this without making a book of your epistle, so then; it suits me well. Every thing seems too wicked to the good old man.—Yes! So a friend who has long held our hand presses it the harder just as he lets it go. SEC.—Pardon me. It makes the foot-passenger giddy to see one driving on in such mad haste. EGM.—Child! Child! no more! As though scourged on by invisible spirits, the sun-steeds of time are rushing away with the light chariot of my fate: and for me nothing remains, but with firm courage to hold fast the reins, and from rocks on the one hand and gulfs on the other to guide aside the wheels. Whither it goes, who can tell? One scarce remembers what he has passed. SEC.—My Lord! my Lord! EGM.—I stand high—and I can, and must, stand higher still. I feel within me hope, courage, and strength. I have not yet reached the summit of my increase; and let me once stand there, I will stand firmly, and not with trembling. Should I fall—yes! a thunderbolt, a whirlwind, a false step, even, may hurl me off into the abyss—I shall lie there with many thousands. I have never been loth with my good companions in arms to cast the bloody die for a small stake, and shall I haggle when the throw is for the whole free worth of life?

This is some of the best of Egmont. His rhetoric is waked; he is eloquent, though a portion of his utterance seems common-place. It should have been, however, a soliloquy. All these grand thoughts are the ones which a hero does not speak; or only to himself. In his bosom they lie silent. He does not think to utter them; for they are so much a matter of course, that the necessity of making public declaration of them, does not occur to him. Imagine a great statesman and general, a high-born courtier, a gentleman of aristocratic blood, a hero to whom great thoughts are familiar, spouting thus to his private secretary. And then, again, what a slipshod manager our friend is, how badly he conducts his

business; not criminally, as we should say, but poorly. He is no knave, nor does he appear to be overmastered by great exigencies. He is simply good for nothing, and cannot be trusted—a generous man, aspiring, and one who will doubtless be popular, but not the man to make a tragedy of. The conversation between Egmont and his secretary ends where we left it, and there is scarcely time for the gathering up of papers, before the Prince of Orange arrives. This conference is one of importance. Orange has become convinced that the policy of the Spanish court is about to change. Its severities are to be shifted from the people to the princes. The Duke of Alva is coming with an army. But our count has no fears. (The interview is too long to insert entire, and very little would be gained by quoting fragments of it.) The prince urges that they retire, each to his own province, and entrench themselves behind the courage and fidelity of their vassals. But Egmont lives by faith, not by sight, and is wholly invulnerable to facts or persuasions. It is hard for Orange to leave him.

EGMONT.—How! Tears! Orange?  
 OR.—A man may weep for one who is lost. EGM.—You fancy me lost?  
 OR.—Thou art! Think well! There is left thee but a short space. Farewell. EGM.—[*Alone.*] That other men's opinions should have such an effect upon me? I had never thought it. And this man extends his solicitude even to me. Away! This is a strange drop in my blood. Kind Nature, cast it out again! And there occurs just now a good means for smoothing these wrinkles of thought from my brow.

Now if the play of the great artist was intended to be tragical, this scene, which sets forth the conflict of the hero's good and evil genius, should be the pith and marrow of tragedy. The time resembles that "a little ere the mightiest Julius fell," when Cesar questions whether he shall go to the capitol. Egmont's good angel comes in the person of Orange, to beg him to depart. All the elements are ready for the consummation. Destiny waits upon his decision. His act is the seal of fate. It is necessary, therefore, that whatsoever it be, it be admirable and impressive. For the moment he wears the stern prerogatives of the eldest law; and it is not permitted him, being the minister of that which is so dignified and terrible, to do any thing

that is mean or common. But he disputes and argues with Orange upon matters of fact and probabilities so weakly and unsuccessfully, that it becomes impossible to respect him. True, we are not unwilling here to concede him the praise of being a well-meaning, generous-souled man; but he is of poor stuff. Orange is represented as pithy, sharp, sensible, brave and wise. He is active-minded, and severely honest; clear-headed, resolute; loving towards his friend, and such an enemy as one may well be "ware of." But Egmont seems to hold his resolution of remaining, rather from a general debility of understanding, a made-up determination to go through fire and water, but that he will believe the king will never harm him. He is an unthinking man, befooled with his impulses; not only incapable of discovering the necessities of his situation, but of being taught them. And this not from any especial fatality, from any cause that appears peculiarly to cloud his intelligence at this particular time; on the contrary, he seems in the full prosperity of all his faculties. Consider, moreover, how with aforethought, he takes express measures for "smoothing the wrinkles of anxiety on his brow." His plan is nothing less than a visit to his mistress. On the whole, one cannot see that Egmont's determination to remain has any thing of tragic dignity or impressiveness in it. We pity the man, that he must so simply get himself into difficulty, but recognize in him nothing that is heroic.

But we are disposed to blame the author of this drama, as well as the hero of it. For the real Egmont was a man of some practical seriousness, the husband of a wife and the father of a family, whom he seems to have dearly loved. We are told that one chief reason of his remaining in the country, and exposing himself to the violent death it proved his lot to suffer, was his affection for them. Now how much more worthy does that prince appear to us, who has given himself to the honorable bonds of marriage, who loves his children, and is educating them to fill his place, when he shall have left it empty, and to continue their father's beneficence over new generations. We could even pardon him, if he should find himself unable to quit them for the sake of personal safety, or if he were blinded by their seeming interests to their real ones. Goethe, doubtless, had a right to make such a change, if necessary; but a

just critic is bound to condemn him, if nothing is gained by it.

The next time the count appears, we find him with Clara, carrying out that happy idea with which he was inspired, near the close of the last mentioned scene. We will look in upon them near the end of the interview.

CLARA.—Tell me! Speak! I cannot comprehend. Are you Egmont? the great Egmont? who makes such a figure in the world; of whom the Gazette says, “the provinces depend upon him.” EGM.—No, Clara, I am not he. CLARA.—How! EGM.—See you, Clara! Let me sit. (*He sits down; she kneels before him upon a cricket, with her arms in his lap, and gazes up at him.*) That Egmont is a morose, stiff, cold Egmont, who keeps his thought to himself, and must put on, now this face, now that; plagued, misunderstood, and harassed, while the people think him gay, and happy; loved by a populace that knows not its own mind; honored and borne on high by a multitude, on whom no dependence can be placed; surrounded by friends to whom he dares not open himself; watched by men who are in every way eager to overreach him; laboring and toiling painfully, often to no purpose, mostly without reward. O let me cease telling how it goes with *him*; how his heart is within itself. But this one, Clara, who is cheerful, open, happy; loved and understood by the best of hearts, which he, too, knows, and presses to his own with full love and trust. (*He embraces her.*) *This is your Egmont.*

We must pass over the interview between Alva and Egmont, at the end of which the latter found himself lamenting the fulfilment of his friend's predictions, and proceed at once to the fifth act. One word, however, preliminary. It has been already remarked, that boldness and generosity, though praiseworthy qualities, hardly constitute the essence of tragedy. But again: though you add the tenderest poetic sensibility, sublime, solemn, and sorrowful notions respecting “this life,” with the most eloquent rhetoric, still this is not tragedy. You may even have the imaginary personage put to death, and that with awful pomp of ceremony and splendor of arms, on a scaffold prodigally hung with crape, still it is not tragedy. Nay, further, this sublime decease may have been preceded by the “rosiest-colored” dreams, and the

most sadly-eloquent soliloquies—in visions of the night, the prison walls may have seemed to open, and legions of friendly spirits may have come in procession from the unknown deeps, and have crowned your sleeping prisoner with laurel and amaranth; all this is not tragedy. Let there be phantasmagoria symbolic by a thousand happy significances—such shows are pleasing, and may move us in various ways—but it is *not* tragedy.

The fifth act opens in the streets of Brussels; the time is twilight, and the personages Clara, Brackenburg, and certain citizens. At the end of the first scene, Brackenburg has persuaded the poor, half-crazed girl to go home with him to her mother's house. The second discloses the interior of Egmont's cell, lighted by a single lamp. A bed is on the ground, but the prisoner has sought in vain to sleep. He soliloquizes,—

“Old Friend! Ever faithful sleep, dost thou desert me now, as my other friends? How willingly didst thou shed thyself down upon my head when free, and cooledst, as a fair myrtle-crown of love, my temples! In the midst of arms, upon the wave of life, I rested, gently breathing, on thy bosom, as a young blooming boy. When the storm through leaves and twigs sighed hoarsely, and summit and branches creaked and heaved, still remained the core of the heart undisturbed. What troubles thee now? What shakes thy firm true mind? I feel it. It is the clang of the death-axe that gnashes at my root. As yet I stand erect—but an inward shudder runs through me. Yes, it does prevail—the perfidious power—it undermines the strong high trunk, and, before the rind is dry, crackling and crashing, the crown plunges down.

“But why—thou who hast so often warned from thy head, like bubbles, the weightiest cares—Why canst thou not repel the thousand-fold horror which is beating back and forth within thee? Since when has death become terrible to thee? with whose various forms, as with the other shapes of this habitable earth, thou hast lived familiar. No, it is not He—the fierce enemy that every sound heart longs zealously to face;—it is the Prison, this fore-figurement of the Grave, as horrible to heroes as to cowards. Yes, it was unendurable to me, even when sitting in my cushioned chair in the grand council of the Princes, and some

simple matter was overlaid with vain repetitions, when between the dismal walls of a hall of state the beams weighed upon me. Then I hastened out as soon as possible, and dashed forth upon my steed with deep-drawn breaths, freshly forth into the field, where we feel at home, and from the moist ground every best beneficence of nature, and through the breathing heaven every blessing of the stars circled about us; where we, like earth-born giants, grown strong at our mother's touch, rush up the heights, and all our manhood and lusty nerve we feel in every vein, and a panting after the chase, the struggle, the capture, the attack, the mastery, the triumph, glows through the young huntsman's soul; where the soldier, with rushing foot, claims an inherited right to the whole earth, and with terrific liberty, like a hail storm, sweeps destroying over meadow, field, and wood, and knows no boundaries set up by human hand.

"Thou art only the picture, the memory-dream of the happiness I so long possessed. Whither has fate treacherously led thee? Does it deny thee the violent death you never shunned before the face of the sun, in order to furnish thee a foretaste of the grave in the foul dungeon? How loathsome he breathes out upon me from these stones. Already life is numb, and from the couch as from the grave the foot withholds itself.

"Anxiety! Anxiety! thou who beginnest death before it's time—O leave me! Since when is Egmont thus alone in the world—so all alone? Doubt maketh thee insensible, not good fortune. Is the justice of the king, which thou hast lifelong trusted; is the friendship of the Regentess, which almost (thou darest aver it) almost was love—are these at once, like a glancing fire-phantom of the night, vanished? and do they leave thee behind in thy dark path alone? Will not Orange resolve to adventure at the head of thy friends? Will not the multitude gather, and, in a swelling flood, come to rescue their old friend?

"O, walls that lock me in, hold not off the throng of so many princely spirits. And the courage that once beamed from my countenance, and lifted them above themselves, it now flows back again from their hearts into mine. O, Yes! they stir themselves by thousands! they come! Stand by my side! Their pious wish flies earnestly up to Heaven, it demands a miracle. And though no angel comes

down to my rescue, I yet see *them* grasping their swords and spears. The gates open, the trellis flies up, the walls tumble in before their hand, and the freedom of newly-breaking day rises to meet Egmont rejoicing. How many a well-known face exults to receive me. Ah, Clara! wert thou a man! then should I see thee first here, and thank thee for what it is hard to thank a king—for Liberty."

The scene again shifts, and we see Clara in her mother's house, bearing in her hands a lamp and a glass of water, which she sets down upon the table. Her mind is a little shattered. She stops, talks to herself, listens, thinks she hears something, and goes to the window. Soon Brackenburg arrives. The interview which follows is melancholy and touching. She poisons herself—Brackenburg soliloquizes:—he is without hope, but cannot resolve to die. A lamp flickers, flames, and goes out; soft music (from the orchestra) betokening Clara's death concludes the scene. Then Egmont's cell is disclosed once more. He lies sleeping on his bed. A rattling of keys is heard at the door, servants step in bearing torches; Alva's son Ferdinand and Silva, an officer of the Duke's household, also enter attended by armed men.

EGM.—Who are ye? Who so rudely startle sleep from my eyes? What mean your fierce, dangerous looks? Wherefore this dire array? With what frightful dream do you come to bewilder the half-waked soul?

What a speech for a man just waked, or "half-waked." He rises immediately into the region of rhetoric and sentiment. Compare the passage with one from Shakespeare, (Richard III., Act I. Scene IV.)—

1ST MURD. Soft! He wakes.

2D MURD. Strike.

CLARENCE. Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

1ST MURD. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLAR. In God's name, what art thou?

1ST MURD. A man, as you are.

CLAR. But not as I am, royal.

1ST MURD. Nor you as we are, loyal.

CLAR. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

There is somewhat of a contrast here. It is the difference between the native utterance of humanity and that sort of eloquence, which one is apt to put into his own mouth, when imagining himself the hero of some great occasion—a con-

trast of the tragic with the theatrical. In short, most of the speeches of Egmont, appear to be what Goethe fancied himself, as making in the several situations he has allotted to him; the poet evidently luxuriating in the picture of his own imagination.

To return. It appears that Egmont's visitors are only the messengers of the court, come to announce his sentence. After this has been read to him, all retire with the exception of Ferdinand. He had quite early conceived an attachment toward the Count, and finds himself unable to leave. Egmont thinking himself alone, remains standing a moment lost in thought. But upon looking up, and beholding this intruder on his solitude, his old rhetorical fit returns, and he thus bursts out upon him,—

“Thou remaining here! Dost thou think, by thy presence, to increase my astonishment and horror? Wouldst thou carry to thy father the welcome news, that I am ignobly despairing? Go, tell him! Tell him that he deludes neither the world nor me. To him, the hungerer after fame, people will first whisper it softly behind his back, then loud and louder speak it, till, when once from this summit he has tumbled down, a thousand voices will shout it out to meet him—that not the good of the State, not the honor of the King, not the welfare of the Provinces, has brought him here. For his own self's sake has he counselled war, that the war-maker might profit by the war. He has stirred up this monstrous broil, that there might be need of his services; and I fall a victim of his base hatred, of his contemptible envy. Yes, I know it, and I dare declare it—the dying, the mortally wounded one can utter it,—*me*, the proud man has envied—to work my overthrow has he long meditated and planned.” So it goes on, through as much more.

After a little lamentation on the part of Ferdinand, and some harsh upbraiding on that of Egmont, the latter begins to discover that the young man stays out of pity for him, and so he straightway becomes eloquent, thus:—“What strange voice is this? What unexpected condolment meets me on my way to the grave. Thou, the son of my first, my almost only enemy—thou, lamenting for me—thou, not among my murderers.—Speak! tell! for what shall I take thee.” FERD.—Cruel father! Yes, I recognize you in this command. You

knew my heart, my disposition, which you so often have rebuked, as inherited from a weak-souled mother.

Egmont finding a friend so unexpectedly, and one who might have such means at his disposal as the son of Alva, is at once fired with the hope of escape, and having learned that the sentence was not a mere “bugbear” intended to frighten him, suggests the project, and urges it strongly. But this only makes Ferdinand moan, and

“Lament in prose,  
Wi' saut tears tricklin' doun his nose,”

more and more intensely, till, finally, the disappointed prisoner is assured that there is no rescue—none. The fit then returns as follows: EGM. (*stamping with his feet.*)—No rescue! Sweet life! Fair, loved usages of existence and action! From you must I part, so passively part! Not in the tumult of the fight, amid the rush of arms, in the havoc of the charge, givest thou me a flying farewell; thou takest no hasty departure, shortenest not the moment of trepidation. I must clasp thine hand, look thee yet once more in the eye, feel most sensitively thy beauty and worth, then let go, tear myself away and say, “Farewell.”

The dialogue continues. FERD.—And shall I stand hard by, look on, and not be able to hold, to hinder your fate? O, what voice is sufficient for lamentation! What heart does not dissolve from its ties with such a sorrow? EGM.—Compose thyself. FERD.—Thou art able to compose thyself, to renounce, with heroic temper to give over the hard struggle to the hand of Destiny. What can I do? What ought I to do? Thou art victorious over thyself and us; thou overcomest. I outlive thee and myself. Amid the joys of the banquet I have lost my light, in the tumult of the fight is my banner gone. Stale, confused, sad, does the future look out upon me. EGM.—Young friend, whom I, by a strange fate, have at the same time won and lost, who for my sake sufferest the pains of death in grief for me, look upon me now. Thou art not losing me. Was my life a mirror in which thou wert gladly regarding thyself, let my death be one too. Men are not together when they are side by side, only; the far-off one, the lost one, lives for us. I live for thee, and for myself have already lived long enough. Every single day have I taken joy to my heart;

on every day have I done my duty as my conscience showed it to me. Now my life closes, as it might have closed, indeed, earlier—earlier, on the sands of Grave-lingen. I cease to live—but I have lived. So live thou, too, my friend, with good-will, and with joy in life, and fear not death.

If Egmont had had six months to prepare in, and had written out his speeches in full, and conned them over till he had learned them by heart, he could scarcely have succeeded better. Is it not interesting? Are not these precisely the things which it would be most affecting to say in such circumstances? Every one feels that he is reading Goethe when he sees this; indeed, it is hard to convince oneself that Egmont could have expressed himself so touchingly, and so rully. This is Goethe, beyond all question. Egmont being a man engaged in active life, could hardly have had time, or a disposition for that musing, sweet, melancholy, that sad noble sentiment, which these passages discover. All this belongs to a man of leisure. Besides, one generally finds that "men of action" do not make talk concerning their own feelings and retrospections. This is Goethe. And we cannot but regard it as a great oversight of this great man, that he did not prefix some such advertisement to his Drama as this:—

"TO THE PUBLIC.—Having had some ideas respecting human life, and some touching, eloquent, and grand modes of stating them having occurred to me, I have concluded to lay them before you, and under a dramatic form, as this appeared the most felicitous. The principal character, Egmont, is the one which I have most used as a medium of expression, though occasionally—and, I may say, not seldom—I have made the others, nearly all of them, serve my purpose. The public will, of course, understand this, and not for a moment imagine, that I intend this production for a 'tragedy,' such as the English call by that name."

To return to the play. Egmont, after having commended his people to the care of Ferdinand, and charged him to take Clara under his protection, gently urges him to the door and parts from him.

• EGM. (*alone*).—Fiendish man! Thou didst not think to show me this kindness by thy son. Through his means, am I freed from care and grief, from fear and every feeling of pain. With gentle urgency, Nature now demands her last

tribute. It is past. It is determined. And what last night held me watching in suspense on my couch, now, by its invincible certainty, soothes me to sleep.

(*He seats himself upon the bed.—Music.*)

Sweet sleep! thou comest as a pure bliss, unprayed for, unwept for—most willingly. Thou loosest the knots of stern contemplation, minglest together all images of joy and sorrow. Unimpeded, sweet, the circle of inward harmonies flows on, and lapped in blissful delusions, we sink away and cease to be.

(*He falls asleep; the music accompanies his slumber. Behind his couch the wall seems to open, and a bright appearance reveals itself. "Liberty," in celestial robes, with a half transparent splendor flowing about her, rests upon a cloud. She wears the likeness of Clara, and bends over the sleeping hero. Her looks express a mournful sympathy, she seems to grieve for him. Soon she collects herself, and with a gladdening look holds up to him the bundle of arrows, then the staff and hat. She bids him be of good cheer, and meanwhile shows him that his death will work out the freedom of the provinces, recognizes him as victorious, and reaches out to him a laurel crown. Egmont makes a motion—as one stirring in his sleep—so as to lie with his face turned up towards her. She holds the crown suspended over his head. There is heard far in the distance a warlike music of drums and fifes; at the first sound of this the appearance vanishes. The noise grows louder. Egmont wakes; the prison becomes moderately lighted by the morning. His first impulse is to put his hand upon his head; he stands up and looks about him—meanwhile, keeps his hand on his head.*)

The crown is gone! Thou fair image, the light of day has frightened thee away! Yes, 'twas they! they were blended in one, the two sweetest joys of my heart. Divine Liberty borrowed the form of my Beloved. My own charming maid robed herself in the garments of the friend. In one serious look they seemed united—more serious than loving. With blood-streaked feet she stepped forth before me, the floating folds of her robe bespotted with blood. It was my blood, and that of many noble men. No, it was not shed in vain. March on! Brave People! the Goddess of Victory leads you! And as the sea breaks through your dikes, so break and tear asunder the wall of Ty-

ranny, and float her off drowning from the land she has usurped.

(*Trumpets, nearer.*)

Hark! Hark! How often has this sound summoned me with free step to the field of strife and victory! how joyously my companions strode upon the perilous, glorious path! I, too, go from the prison to meet an honorable death. I die for the Liberty for which I lived and fought, and to which I now, sorrowing, offer myself a sacrifice.

(*The back ground becomes occupied with ranks of Spanish soldiers, armed with halberds.*)

Yes, gather! Lock close your ranks; you do not terrify me. I am accustomed before spears, against spears, to stand, and, hemmed about with threatening death, to feel the fearless soul grow doubly bold!

(*Trumpets.*)

The foe shuts thee in on every side! Swords are glancing! Friends, good courage! Behind you are your parents, wives, and children.

(*Pointing to the Guard.*)

And these, an empty word of their master spurs on—no zeal of their own. Defend your homes! And for the rescue of your loved ones, gladly fall, as I give you example.

(*Trumpets. As he advances towards the guard and is about to go out at the door, the curtain falls. The music changes; and the piece concludes with a symphony of triumph!*)

This fifth act demands a little more attention. It presents to us the hero of the drama at the mercy of his enemies; not in danger, but awaiting inevitable death. All are anxious to know how he looks, what he thinks. We are irresistibly compelled to imagine ourselves the prisoner, waiting in the damp cell, while the clock tolls off hour after hour of our life. From faces that never, the year round, wear a natural look, humanity will for once steal forth as they gaze upon the dying or the doomed. A spectacle like this changes the speed of the blood in its flow, makes men silent, and concentrates upon itself every function of intelligence and attention. Such is the occasion on which Goethe opens to our view Egmont's prison, and gives him that long soliloquy which has already been quoted. The Count remembers how sweetly he used to sleep. He images

himself as some vast tree. A shudder pierces his marrow. He fancies he hears the ringing of the axe. The sound makes him nervous. Then he lifts up his lamentation over the horror that convulses him at thought of death. Thus he continues to afflict himself with his imaginations, bemoaning pains which are nothing else than an oft-repeated sense of inferiority to the exigencies of his position. But it is needless to retravel this ground. The reader is already familiar with it. How much more dignified are the last acts and words of Egmont, as handed down in the received annals of the times. History takes note of them as follows:—

“And Egmont,\* though it much troubled him that he should come to an end so far below his merits, yet collecting himself, as became a valiant man, and only careful of his wife and children, wrote in French to the king; the copy of which letter, sent by Christopher Assouville to the Governess, I here give you:

“Sir, since you are pleased that sentence of death must pass upon your humble and faithful subject and servant, who never aimed at any thing but your Majesty's service; for advancement whereof, as my past actions testify, I neither spared my pains nor fortunes; but to a thousand dangers have exposed my life, which never was so precious to me, but that, if it might any way be offensive to your Majesty, I would, a hundred times before this, have exchanged it for death; therefore, I doubt not, but when you shall fully understand the carriage of business in these parts, you will clearly perceive how injuriously I have been used, whilst they have persuaded your Majesty against me, in things that never entered my imagination. I call God to witness, and I pray that he will revenge it upon my soul, that must this day appear before his judgment seat, if I have neglected any part of that which I believe to be my duty toward my king and country. I therefore beseech you, Sir,—I, that shall petition your Majesty no more, that for the reward of all my painful services, you will please a little to commiserate my wife and eleven children, with the rest of my family, which I have commended to some few friends yet left me. And presuming your Majesty, out of your native clemency, will not deny me this, I go to suffer death, which I willingly embrace, assuring myself my end will give many satisfaction. From Bruxells, the 5th of June, at two of the clock, after midnight, in the year 1568.

\* From Strada, an historian of the Spanish Party.

Your Majesty's most humble, most faithful, and most obedient subject and servant,  
'LAMORALL EGMONT.'

"This letter for the King, he gave to the Bishop of Ypres; and confessing his sins to him, spent the rest of the night in reconciling himself to God, and arming of his mind to suffer."

Is there any thing in Goethe's tragedy as dignified, or as tragic as this? The Count Egmont was, in truth, a man, a gentleman, of a most ancient and noble house, loved and respected as the worthy head of it, who did honor to a name that had been illustrious for centuries; a famous general, and the governor of two Provinces; "a man of heroic virtues of mind and body."\* Said the French Ambassador in a letter to his master, "I have seen that head fall, which twice made France tremble." His countrymen so loved him, that despising the danger, they dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and kept them either as monuments of Love, or incitements to Revenge. Others kissed his leaden coffin, and without any fear of an informer, publicly threatened vengeance.

Is not a most grievous wrong done, when in place of the manly self-possession and piety with which Egmont prepared to die, he is represented as quitting the world with such long-drawn, soaring soliloquies, such plaintive horror, such violent attempts to cheer his spirits, such queer bewilderments, as seem to seize him, when he summons his friends to "march on!" and remember their "wives and children behind them."

The author doubtless intended to represent his "hero" as victorious, by virtue of his greatness of soul, in the midst of defeat. Indeed he is at especial pains to impress this on our minds. In the first place, Ferdinand is heard exclaiming—"Thou art able to restrain thyself; to renounce, with heroic temper; to give over the hard struggle to the hand of Destiny. Thou art victorious over thyself and us, thou overcomest." And again, the vision which appears to him in his slumbers "recognizes him as victorious." If the reader, then, will take the dramatist's word for it, the play has a noble moral, and the departure of the hero is like the going down of the sun, when he gathers to himself new magnificence from the clouds that have assembled to extinguish

him. But we cannot admit the principle that a dramatist may prove his chief character a hero by the testimony of the others, or even by his own affirmation; and though an angel should be introduced, coming in a cloud, and majestically witnessing to the same thing—we still utterly refuse to consider the question as settled. The man must prove it himself by the greatness of what he says and does, and by what he leaves unsaid. But perhaps some one is ready to ask whether the author was obliged to make his hero heroic? Most surely, if he would have his tragedy tragic. We cannot at the present time attempt an answer to the question, "What is tragedy?" It is plain, however, that not everything that is solemn, sorrowful, or pitiable, is tragic. Recall the instances of mournful events that your memory will furnish, and how many of these can lay claim to this ancient, great name? No—in the tragic drama there must be something unalterably serious, a certain supremacy and height, and that which may be called the element of force, recognized of old as allying men to the gods. There must withal be always some "generic" quality, by virtue of which it shall be forever and everywhere the same. As before remarked, Goethe uses his hero as the instrument for expressing his own ideas. The same is true in *Faust*, and *Wilhelm Meister*. It becomes a question of some moment, therefore, how valuable the thoughts are which he thus gives us. They are calculated to produce, at first, a strong impression. They appear to be most noble and true; and it would seem as though a life founded on them, could not be other than excellent and intrinsically great. They turn our reflections in upon ourselves, lead us to contemplate our life, (though this is contrary to one express precept given by Egmont,) and cause the functions and operances of existence to become an object of especial attention, till at last we wake, (if haply a favorite of the gods,) from our dream, and find we have been wasting our life in watching it.

Egmont's character, spite of his declamation to the contrary, is one of retrospections and anticipations, and the play tends to produce such a character. His thoughts are imaginations, and such as pertain rather to a mind at ease with itself, bred in softness and quiet, than

\* From *Strada*.

such as must come from one used to the hardships and stern courtesies of war, or the dangerous and difficult duties of the statesman. He does not walk in high paths. He is not a man of great understanding, nor does the play tax or rouse that faculty. He is not remarkable for strength of will, or for self-devotion, other than to himself. He perishes out of mere imbecility of purpose, and an inability to "renounce." In a word, Egmont is wanting in those qualities which constitute the best parts of human-

ity, and Goethe has put thoughts in his mouth which perfectly agree with the measure and quality of the man.

We have merely to add, that we have only endeavored to set forth the character of Egmont as given in Goethe's drama. Of the production, as a whole, our limits do not permit us to speak. It may be proper to remark, however, that it appears to have been composed according to strict artistic principles, and bears the most evident traces of that pen which was both wand and sceptre.

### LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

What is Love,—what Friendship?—tell!

Love is but a wavering flame,—  
Murmur of an unseen bell,  
Fleeting as it came;—  
Like a vapor in the light it dies,  
When keen-eyed knowledge, as the day, doth rise.

Flame, dissolving, seemeth gone,  
But floats in free air like a soul;  
Sound goes ever circling on,  
Vapors into ether roll;  
All, but Love, may time restore,  
Love lost in knowledge can be love no more.

What is Love,—what Friendship?—say!

Both are children of one mother,—  
Both are children of one day—  
Of morn the one, of eve the other:  
Love in the morning had his birth,  
Like fire, bright-winged, bursting from the earth.

But when the rosy train of day,  
Led evening to her western bower,  
Came again, in twilight gray,  
Earth's maternal hour—  
Her second hour, and sweetly brought to light  
Young Friendship, nursed by Silence and the Night.

HORUS

### EPIGRAM.

Sir Critic, what avails your wit,  
Your spying and dissecting;  
You miss the life and soul of it,  
While we sit here expecting.

HORUS.

## DOING NOTHING WITH MUCH ADO.

"OPEROSE NIHIL AGENDO."

SIR EDITOR :—

I received an impression one night—how it should come is quite a mystery, probably through the roof, as I lay diagonally on the top of the bed, (somewhere between eleven and two, minus *mainly* my coat and boots,) unprofitably catching at tailless thoughts that kept buzzing about me—a sudden impression that you might experience an "*hiatus valde deflendus*," "a most lamentable gap," in your forthcoming columns. "That will never do," said I, putting both my hands under my head, and winking at a bat just alighted on the bed-post. "Nature does not 'abhor a vacuum' more than an Editor. It will probably be a space of three pages," I added, looking up to an antique angel's face carved in the corner of the ceiling—"just enough for a short and elegant essay. Nay," I exclaimed, "it will doubtless be four pages!"—the chasm appearing larger the more I contemplated it—"and some booby will send in a ridiculous thing, thinking to get over it by the 'Bridge of Asses'!—and this to be, when this Monthly is altogether for the good

of the commonwealth! No," I replied to myself, springing up and thrusting the wrong foot into each slipper,—“into this chasm it shall be *ours*, Curtius-like, to leap for the good of our country! We are," I continued, shuffling across the floor and turning down a leaf of an old secretary that belonged to my grandmother's marriage portion before the Revolution—"we are in the same demand with our ancient and well-beloved Horace, and may endorse a responsive verse of his making. True, we must twist in a slight alteration—begging pardon of his shade for the insult offered to his prosodial memory in the 'velut,' 'ut,' and 'antliæ' of the 6th, 7th, and 8th lines. Truth, however, is more important than metre.

"'Poscimus . . . Si quid, vacui sub umbra,  
Lusimus tecum, O mihi cara penna,  
Sutili et chartæ dedimus, pio Pro-  
Consule TYLER ;

Gesta qui fecit, facit atque nunc jam,  
Quæ nitent clare, velut tarsus Atri,\*  
Vibrat et sceptrum, ut homines retractant  
Antliæ stivam! † †

\* "Tarsus Atri." Explained by the scholiast to mean "calx Africani!"

† "Antliæ stivam." Conjectured by Bentley to be only a dialectic variety of "Dog-Latin," and equivalent to the vernacular expression, "pump-handle." This new reading of Horace, with many other super-Porsonic emendations and felicitous imitations, is from the *port feuille* of a young "South-westerner," prominent among the Bowie-knife chivalry who came lately to Washington in search of office. The aspiring patriot brought numerous written testimonials of his capacity, beside the more palpable proof furnished by a transparent vial of spirits, containing the noses and ears he had sliced off in his various rencontres. Finding, however, the President, the Secretaries, and all the office-jobbers with their hands and pockets full of prior applications, our discomfited chevalier determined to wait for the tide, and meanwhile purchased a copy of "*Cicero de Officiis*," which he began to study night and day in search of directions for success in office-seeking. He missed of these, indeed, but acquired a knowledge of Latin, which he is now turning to illustrious account. The youthful genius employs his hours in the inditement of Latin Odes after the Horatian measure, and in the Pindaric spirit, in which he "marries to immortal verse" the names of the jockeys, who trained an ignoble "half-blood," and won by foul riding, in the last grand race round the Presidential Hippodrome. This professor of the bathetic, and perfect master of the anti-climax, is expected to be nominated Poet-Laureate to the next administration. I must furnish one more stanza, however, "*Extremum hunc, Arethusa*," from a lyric eulogy of his on the Democracy, who are called "unterrified," because they have so long been familiar with their own ugliness, that it is supposed nothing else *can* scare them.

"O! liceret si mihi, voce tauri  
Gloriam fuscam canerem fucorum,  
Omne qui tectum super devolabunt  
Præsides sub Polk!"

"Yes!" I exclaimed, elevating my eye-brows, "we shall produce a three-page essay; the same to be like all essays, brief, terse, pithy, pungent, sparkling—a perfect example of the 'ne-quid-nimis.'"

And who are *we*? "Speer me no questions an' I'll tell ye no lees." However, there is no harm in telling.—We are, then, resident somewhere between the dark Potomac and the bright shores of the Chesapeake—a quiet, staid old fellow—yet not so quiet either, except when undisturbed, nor so very old, yet old enough to be jealous of a young wife, if we were bound to that blissful misery. We love fun, and cherish in our very "heart of hearts" that jewel of a maxim "Ride, si sapis, O puella, ride." We improve it, however, with the Christian proviso, "Ne autem unquam deride." We weep, then, only perforce, and laugh according to nature. We love the tub of Diogenes, and delight to "look through the loop-holes of retreat at the stir and din of the great Babel." We love books, and have read more than we ever digested; but we never loved nor learned the mystery of book-craft, being suspicious that there is a great deal of clap-trap and stage-thunder in their composition. We like in some respects "to live by faith, and not by sight." We do not wish to see the "raw material," and inspect the manufacture of every thing, lest our single-hearted wonder should be lessened. We are content to admire the diamond without understanding its mode of crystallization. We *did* once commence *authorizing* for awhile, and experienced consequences as unexpected as disastrous. We were compelled to gild over our barrenness with trickery, and discovered that the profits of a book-wright's station, like those of many other offices, arise principally from the "perquisites"—a euphemism, a softened name for "stealings." But this was not the worst. With that skepticism of the honesty of others, which is the consequence and punishment of roguery, we began to suspect all other authors of being thieves also, and our reverence for the divinity of the gods was sadly shaken. The serpent of rivalry, too, crept unobserved into our intellectual Eden; and the slimy trail of jealousy and bitterness and chafing hate does not greatly add to the beauty of the fair flowers of the mind. We considered the antique worthies as robbers of their children, and cotemporary authors as poachers in our warren. We sorrowed sincerely over

each brilliant conception of the ancients, as over our own preoccupied possession, and groaned in spirit at every flash of modern wit, as at a stolen coruscation from our battery. We feared to open any work, or even to read a periodical, for fear of encountering some thought which *we* had also generated, but which, consequently we could not swear we had never seen in print. We were reluctant even to exhale our spirits in the ease of common conversation, lest the effort should subtract from the tone of our printed sprightliness, and we could hardly reply with freedom to a polite "Good morning!" or a kind "How are you?" from fear of "wasting our sweetness on the desert air." Thus in turning author we were becoming a misanthrope, and each stroke for fame was a blow at our affections. We could not barter happiness for glory and had forever renounced the irritable trade. But here seemed an appeal to our patriotism!

Write an essay, quotha? Shade of Johnson! On what? what about? Lamb could write a charming treatise on Roast Pig, and Addison string his thoughts in ripe and ruddy clusters on the circumference of a hoop-petticoat. In rivalry with those "princes of the blood" and autocrats of the quill, we undertook to discourse on the cruel luxury of the *pate de foie gras*, and the tempting *tournure* and modest elegance of "bustle-skirts." In regard to the former, we discovered that this dish was certainly of Protestant origin, for we read in Livy that "geese once saved Rome," and it is impossible even for human ingratitude to make them so base a return. We then expressed an opinion that if the *hearts of men* were larger they would give themselves less trouble to enlarge the *livers of geese*, and found to our surprise that the subject was exhausted! With reference to those very questionable appendages by which the soft sex endeavor to complete the checked developments of nature, we thought we could detect a dim foreshadowing of their advent in the celebrated Scotch air, "The *camels* are coming, oh!" etc., and after beseeching our fair young friends to "hold up"—rest satisfied—we discovered that we had exhausted the last shaft in this mine also. Conchology struck us as a more fertile theme. We began with clams. We traced the origin of the word in the Latin "clam"—"secretly," whence we perceived the force and allusive beauty of the expres-

sion "mute as a clam." Hereupon we reached the end!

We paused—turning up our eyes despairingly to the face of the carved angel. It was grimmer than usual.—Should we discuss politics? We have been a bit of a politician during the past campaign. We read all the "public documents" of both parties, together with those documents which were meant to be *public* on one side of "Mason's and Dixon's line," and *private* on the other. We once mounted an ash-tree stump, and delivered a speech,—eloquent of course, and followed by a furious throwing-up of hats. We converted one or two "Locos" by a proper admixture of argument and whiskey—a sort of spiritual "half-and-half." We even made a few bets on the election, contrary to our principles—and have paid them, contrary to our will. And in the event of success, we fully expected an office—the office of minding our own business. These things, we should think, would qualify us to be a political writer. But politics are a drug. The people have stood on tiptoe, listening to "thrilling speeches" till they all have corns; they take now no interest in any political question except the abolition of the "Corn-Laws." (If any one choose to father that, he can, for it's execrable.) Besides, the whole nation "knows a thing, or two." They need no further instruction. They all comprehend the subjects from the surface to the centre.—But the Whigs are defeated. Shall we then express our desire of a truce with the conquerors? Shall we ground our arms and supplicate their favor? Shall we mourn over our vanquished comrades, and condole with our stricken Chief? Oh! no! dear, delighted Democrats—just-minded and most fraternal patriots—brothers of the *Black Flag*—fast hurrying down to Acheron by the light of the "lone star!"—we are not yet so humble as *that*. Still,

---"our banner torn, but flying,  
Streams like a thunder-storm *against* the  
wind!"

We fought openly, boldly, fairly, and we "hide our time" for another conflict. You have vanquished *yourselves*, not *us*. You have attacked us with an omnipresent, but ever-shifting lie—a lie on the St. Croix, and a lie on the Sabine—a lie every where, and a lie always—the watch-word of your warfare, and the very soul of your tactics,—and the explosion

of the lie shall convert—is already converting—your temporary triumph into reproaches, confusion, and dismay. You were able to repeat audacious and incredible falsehoods with *shameless* iteration, till many good men believed them. You could shout them abroad on every hill and in every valley, till the very echoes were weary. Led on, blindly, by embittered and abandoned leaders, ye marshalled your invading Greeks, and made a furious and a fatal onset on the bold and noble Hector. But, as in the vivid lines of Homer,—

"Ἐκτορα δ' ἐκ βέλων ἴπαγε Ζεὺς, ἐκ τε κούρης,  
ἐκ τ' ἀνόροκτασίης, ἐκ ὁ αἵματος, ἐκ τε κούβοιμῶς,"

Freedom has withdrawn him, for a season, from her battle-field—"from the missiles, and from the dust, from the tumult, the carnage, and the blood." And still the victor presses on the vanquished—"αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστανον,"—but they touch not *him*. Whether he shall again lead our hosts to the battle, and again be beaten down by malignity incarnate, and "dragged thence round Troy-wall," with his spear reversed, and his bright head trailing in the dust, we know not. But *this* we know, that so long as Truth has worshippers, and Liberty has a home, the name of HENRY CLAY will be loved and cherished—admired by the understanding mind, and engraven on the thankful heart. Doubtless ye have pierced him with many a poisoned shaft; but do ye find the hurt ye sought to inflict? No! the oak of half a century is not thus overshadowed by the mushrooms of a day. The light from that Pharos still streams clear and steady athwart the dark tide, which ye have made blacker, like shoals of cuttle-fish, with your inky discharge of billingsgate and falsehood. HENRY CLAY ruined! Is it not known that, for forty years, the giant has always risen from the earth, like Antæus, the greater by his fall?—And the Whig party broken! You should first break down the school-house, and burn up the spelling-book! Leave him *to himself*, and every little white-headed boy that sits within those walls till the down darkens on his chin, is a Whig Astyanax—a young champion of his country and the laws. Each letter of the alphabet, each ray of knowledge that enters his opening mind, is a drawn sword against the forces marshalled by unprincipled radicalism.

"Give us but *light*, and Ajax asks no more."

(Every "Democrat" who does not feel guilty may consider himself exempt from the above onslaught. We condemn not by the million. Let "the *galled* jade wince.")

But we are getting excited. That is not the way to write an essay. Essayists always keep cool. Yes, but the subject, "Jack!"—the subject, Apollo! "Though subjects were as plenty as blackberries, thou shouldst have never a subject upon compulsion!" We heard such an answer from some part of our chamber. We were not surprised—we knew it before! Besides,—the *room*? an essay in three pages! "Think of that, Master Brook! think of that!" "Our imagination amplified the chasm,"—we muttered to ourselves,—"scandalously!—Probably there will not be three pages—or else, like Shylock's pound of flesh, exactly three, neither more nor less—and two of them gone already in talking!"—A subject discussed in *one* page! Why, to discourse on a blade of grass in all its aspects and relations, would require a small folio! And then the ideas!—much space and a fruitful subject being given. "Certainly," we said, "it would be dancing on 'Euclid's Bridge,' when it is hard enough to get over, stepping gingerly!" Ideas are doubtless necessary to clothe any skeleton of a theme; and we are not a spider, to spin "long yarns" from our own brain in the dull midnight, and catch stray thoughts in the subtle meshes of our language-web. We have read the fine writers, of course, and are quite a scholar. *Who* is not? But our reading has deposited just enough sediment of gold-dust in our cerebral cells, to plug the hollows and quell the grumbings of our last molar tooth. We have swallowed many "fat things." They have been *chylified*, and pervading our whole frame, now lie rich, adipose, and swelling, at our fingers' ends. Well: we toiled for it spring, summer, and autumn; and now are we inclined, like a white bear, to lie down, cosy and contented, in the frosty cavern of our age, beguiling the wintry hours by sucking the fatness from our paws. Not "so rolled the Fates."

Ἐρηκκα! What care we for the essay?

"We have found it!" the secret of book-making! A fig for the key of study, or the "open sesame" of genius! We know how ourselves. Sit down: grasp your goose-quill: if you have no ideas, the better; keep writing "*about* it, goddess, and *about* it." Henceforth our destiny is fixed. We shall be an author! . . . . . *Vae nobis!* Better "throw ourselves," says Elia, "slap-dash from the Tarpeian rock!" We pause: we shudder. But the first step is taken—we cannot retract. Truly, we have said nothing—just nothing—but we have made a most vigorous attempt—and "to begin," quoth Flaccus, "is half."—Yes! we *have* something to say—to many people. If they hear us, well—if *not*, perhaps it is better. For who knoweth the flight of the "arrowy thought," or what growth shall be from the seed of "winged words?"—We are, then, to be an author, hung up in leaden chains—gibbeted monthly. If worthy, we are to be praised and pillaged; if worthless, "damned" and forgotten. If neither, we shall now be puffed into flatulency, now criticised into the locked-jaw. Instead of dying of natural decay, we shall be extinguished, like "unhappy White," by a review. Should we escape that fearful martyrdom, yet, when poor, and blind, and old, we shall discover, like many other poor, blind old authors, that all our labors have been paid for only by a *draft on sight!* There's a pun for you. It's a good one, and it's *ours*. We made it. If any body else claims it, we shall institute an ejection-writ. Addison didn't like puns. He thought them a mechanical sort of wit. "For why?" Poor fellow! he couldn't make them!

Faith, after computation, we think we have rambled over about four pages! Well—we will at least suit *ourselves* the next time; so doing only, may we suit the friendly public. *This time* we have neither "room nor verge."—And even now the shade upon the angel's face hath grown more solemn, and as the ancient clock beneath struck the departure of this idle hour, a shadow, as of a mighty wing, filled the chamber for a moment. What theme could now avail us? We cannot recall the thoughts that have gone forth into the night!

ΝΟΣΜΕΤΙΨΙ.

## POST OFFICE REFORM.

Of all the manifold devices supplied by the ingenuity of men to promote the progress of civilization, the idea of a National Post Office stands in the foremost ranks of importance. The social want which it proposes to supply is so obvious and apparently so inseparable from a state even in the least degree advanced beyond that of a primitive and pastoral people, that we might naturally seek for the date of its first realization among the earliest annals of nations. Its existence, even in an imperfect and incipient form, is nevertheless assignable to a comparatively late epoch, nor did it attain any development commensurate to its importance, until the last half century. Indeed, it is only in these, our own times, that its full capabilities seem likely to be manifested. One cause, perhaps the principal one, of the slow progress of this great social institution towards maturity, has been its intimate dependence on other arts of life, and intermediately on the mechanical discoveries and inventions by which these arts have attained their present degree of perfection. First, and transcendently the most important of these, was the art of transportation by land and water; an art which continued in a state of relative imperfection until the genius of Watt, Fulton, Trevithick and Stephenson created the Steam Engine, and bade that omnipotent machine to carry the ship in triumph over the wide waste of waters, laughing to scorn the opposing elements; to transport the barge against the streams of the gigantic Mississippi and its interminable tributaries, of the Rhine, the Thames and the Ganges, and to give wings to the chariot and waft it with the speed of the wind over paths where lately the Red man alone roamed, and the beast of the forest had its lair. So curiously dove-tailed is the artificial system of human society, so complex is the reticulation by which the wants and wishes of our race are supplied and gratified, that scarcely any branch of art can be seriously affected in its progress without producing a sensible influence among a multitude of others, immediately or remotely connected with, or related to it. The entire system progresses with a common velocity, and however admirable the theory of the Post Office, and however craving those

social wants which it was designed to supply might have been, it could not be fully realized until the cognate arts had attained correlative maturity.

Correspondence by letter is a speech at a distance. It is conversation carried on between individuals separated by a space exceeding the limit of the range of the voice and the ear. Social machinery for the easy, expeditious and cheap transmission of letters is to the ear what the telescope is to the eye, with this difference: that while the one shows only the image of what is desired to be approached, the other brings to us the thing itself; and while the one is confined in its application to physical objects, the other bears upon the social, the intellectual, the political and the commercial. We speak on paper with the hand, and to the words thus spoken, we listen with the eye. Space, if not time, is thus, for all the objects of personal intercommunication, annihilated. The interposition of an hemisphere of our planet does not prevent the out-pouring of the affection of the husband to the wife, the child to the parent, the brother to the sister. It stops not the progress of the bargain or the sale. It clogs not the wheels of trade. The merchant who is present, bodily, in Wall street, is simultaneously present, in his commercial spirit, in Threadneedle street, and on the *Place de la Bourse*. Whether individuals be regarded in their relations of kindred, or as component parts of general society, or as agents in carrying out the objects of commerce, or as links between distant nations, stronger and more manifold reasons are apparent for promoting every measure, and prosecuting every inquiry which is directed to improve and facilitate the means of correspondence between distant parts of the same country, or between distant parts of the globe. To neglect this duty, and still more to be directly or indirectly instrumental in augmenting the expense of such intercommunication beyond the very lowest amount which is necessary for its efficiency, is equivalent to putting an obstruction on the liberty of speech itself. A tax upon letters, is, in fact, a tax upon speech. It is worse. It is a fine levied upon the affections. It is an impost upon

the love of kindred. It is a duty laid upon friendship. It is a penalty on commerce; an amercement on the diffusion of knowledge, and a drag on the progress of civilization. It has been well said by eminent commercial authorities, that "you might as well tax words spoken upon the Royal Exchange, as the communications of various persons living at Manchester, Liverpool, and London," and that "if there be any one subject which ought not to be selected as a subject of taxation, it is that of inter-communication by post; and if there be any one thing which the government ought, consistently with its great duties to the public, to do gratuitously, it is the carriage of letters. We build National Galleries and furnish them with pictures; we propose to create public walks for air and health, and exercise of the community, at the general cost of the country. Neither of these, useful and valuable as they are to the community, and fit as they are for the government to sanction, are more conducive to the moral and social advancement of the community than the facility of the intercourse by post." Such are the deliberate opinions and sentiments, not of professed philanthropists, not of speculative philosophers, but of plain, practical men of business, merchants and bankers, who, from long and extensive experience, know what they speak of.\* And this has been applied to a country circumscribed within limits not exceeding those of a single State of this Union, and reticulated by innumerable routes for the rapid and cheap intercourse of its crowded population. While on the other hand, our country presents a territory forming a large section of the globe, inhabited by a sparse population, separated by distances, not to be traveled over, even by the aid of the marvelous powers of steam, in less time than can be expressed by weeks. Among such a people, correspondence, so desirable to all, becomes a want of imperious urgency.

Now, in England, the people have risen, and with one consentaneous voice uttered their will in accents neither to be mistaken nor resisted, and extorted from an unwilling legislature and reluctant government, the most stupendous official reform of which the annals of any civilized nation can afford an example. They have, in the teeth of an obstinate resist-

ance on the part of the Post Office department—of the aristocracy who enjoyed exemption from the burthen of postage by the franking privilege,—of the press upon which the projected plan was expected to operate disadvantageously,—of the House of Commons, whose privilege was threatened to be swept away,—established a Post Office system which has multiplied, in an infinite proportion, the social advantages of the nation, which has offered a model to other countries, and which will descend to future ages as a monument of what may be effected by the spirit of a free and intelligent people. Any individual of the population of the United Kingdom can now transmit a packet weighing half an ounce, to any other individual, no matter how remote his position within the country, at the cost of TWO CENTS! and by executing this service at this rate of charge, the Post Office department, after defraying all its various and heavy charges, is enabled to transfer annually to the National Treasury a regularly augmenting net revenue, the present amount of which exceeds three millions of dollars!!

The condition of things which led to this grand reform in England, and which ultimately elicited from the people that expression of their will, which when unanimous is as irresistible under the monarchy of Britain as under our own republican institutions, was exactly similar to that which now prevails in this country. The reports and remonstrances of the Post Office department were identical even to minute particulars with those which are now issued here. The same necessity for *some* change was admitted, and the same resistance to a really efficient change was offered. The same enormous abuses of the franking privilege were complained of. The same establishment of private mails and expresses, the same decline of the Post Office revenue, the same abuses in the free transmission of printed papers, were all and severally the topics of vain declamation and fruitless complaint. The sympathy of the public was not on the side of the established laws, and they were, as they always will be in such cases, violated with impunity, and, as here at present, set at open defiance. Their breach was unattended with punishment, their evasion visited with no discredit. It was proved that for one

\* See evidence of Lord Ashburton and of Mr. Samuel Jones Lloyd, before the Postage Committee of the English House of Commons.

letter sent through the post office, ten were transmitted through cheaper but illegal channels. Merchants and bankers of the first rank, wealth and respectability voluntarily came forward and declared that they systematically defrauded the Post Office! that they themselves sent their letters by regular private expresses!\* In short the practice of evasion was admitted as it is here daily, without a blush, by persons of the highest respectability. The expedients of evasion were thus enumerated:—1st. By carriers or private expresses openly carrying letters. 2d. In booksellers' parcels. 3d. In warehousemen's bales and parcels. 4th. In stage-coach parcels. 5th. In weavers' bags, in the neighborhood of the manufacturing towns. 6th. In private boxes. 7th. Under parliamentary and official franks, by parties not entitled to their use.

But some devices for evasion evinced such ingenuity that they merit more especial notice. A letter in a franked envelope is sent from London to Dublin, so wafered or sealed as to be opened without tearing the cover. The individual receiving it writes another, enclosing it in the same envelope with the same address, but altering the place to some other town or city, Edinburgh for example, as though the party to whom it was addressed had departed from Dublin, thence. Being received at Edinburgh, the same envelope is again made to serve a like purpose. In this way we have known the same frank to carry three or more letters successively between different places.

The free transmission of newspapers afforded too obvious a means of cheap and rapid communication to escape the ingenuity of the British trader. Some curious evidence on the abuse of this right was produced before the committees of parliament. It appeared that it was a common practice with commercial houses to transmit newspapers, the mode of addressing which served the purposes of the usual business communications. In such cases a system of signals was agreed upon between the correspondents, determined by the form of address inscribed on the journals which were thus used as the instruments of communication. Let us suppose for example that William Smith Jones of 516 Mark Lane, London, were the party addressed. A

great variety of forms of address might be used on different occasions, such as the following:—

William Smith Jones, 516 Mark Lane,  
London.  
William Smith Jones, Mark Lane, London.  
William Smith Jones, London.  
Wm. Smith Jones, 516 Mark Lane, London.  
Wm. Smith Jones, Mark Lane, London.  
Wm. Smith Jones, London.  
W. S. Jones, 516 Mark Lane, London.  
W. S. Jones, Mark Lane, London.  
W. S. Jones, London.  
William S. Jones, 516 Mark Lane, London  
William S. Jones, Mark Lane, London.  
William S. Jones, London.  
W. Smith Jones, 516 Mark Lane, London.  
W. Smith Jones, Mark Lane, London.  
W. Smith Jones, London.  
William Smith Jones, Esq., 516 Mark Lane,  
London.

&c., &c., &c.

Thus a simple address assumed a hundred different forms, and these forms were entered in a page of the merchant's memorandum book, with a *key*, which gave them a signification, by which a corresponding variety of the most usual commercial communications were effected by their means. To inform him of the state of the market, the arrival or transmission of goods, all that was necessary was to send a newspaper with one of the above varieties of form of address, from which, by a preconceived plan, this communication was interpreted.

Such were the shifts to which an over-taxed people were driven to satisfy the social and commercial wants which a healthy Post Office system should have supplied.

The average postage payable at that time, on single letters, was sixpence, or twelve cents, the same which is now chargeable by the United States Post Office, and to resist and evade which the public have resorted to like shifts and expedients.

The grievances of the postage system then prevalent in England, and still pressing on the people of this country, consisted in the intolerable amount of the charge in proportion to the service performed, and in the vexatious and humiliating system of espionage to which the method of rating by *single and double letters* gave rise. The injustice of apportioning the amount of charge by the distance to

\* The House of Baring & Co. acknowledged before the parliamentary committee that they sent a box weekly to Liverpool, containing 200 letters, to evade the postage.

which the letters were transmitted was not perceived, and therefore formed no ground of complaint.

In the early part of the year 1837, a pamphlet was published, developing a project for effecting a vast Post Office revolution. It professed to demonstrate that letters might be conveyed through the Post, from one extremity of the country to the other, at the uniform rate of charging a penny per half ounce; and that such a system would, nevertheless, yield to the state a large revenue. A project so novel and so bold, affecting a department of the public administration which party politics did not reach, would, it might be thought, have needed some great reputation to force it into notice. Had its author already been known to fame, as a statist or financier, or had he been patronized by those in high places, more or less public attention might have been expected to have been attracted towards it. But such was not the case. Its author was an unknown, obscure schoolmaster, without personal weight, consideration, or influence. "The boldness of the plan," says a writer of that day, "was therefore likely to be quietly contemned as empirical rashness, by a busy population like that of Great Britain, whose curiosity has been palled by the fallacious hopes of advantages which have been so constantly obtruded on the public attention. No scheme, therefore, was ever promulgated with less probability of success, from adventitious causes; and yet no scheme ever made its way in so short a time to the convictions of mankind, not only in England, but wherever a post office is to be found. In two years and a half, the theory of a private individual became the law of the land; and France, Germany, and other countries, have since directed their efforts to avail themselves of the same principles in their own system."

The postage system of Mr. Rowland Hill, is based upon a fact first ascertained by him, which ought to be regarded as a statistical discovery of the first order, although, like many other great discove-

ries, when once explained, it appears so self-evident, that we are astonished at its not having been perceived sooner, and from its very simplicity are apt to underrate the powers which developed it. This important fact is, that the expense attending the dispatch and delivery of letters, by the Post Office, is practically independent of the distance to which they are transmitted, or, in other words, that the cost is the same, whether these distances are great or small. When this principle was first announced, it sounded so like paradox, not to say absurdity, that even acute minds could scarcely be prevailed on to give it serious consideration, and after it had been explained and demonstrated again and again, a large portion of those who were called on to act upon it, could not be got either to comprehend or to credit it. Let us see whether we cannot make it intelligible.

The various items into which the cost of transmitting a letter to its destination, may be resolved, consist of its reception at one post office—its sorting, stamping, and packing in the mail-bag—its transportation to the post office of the place of its address—its reception there—and finally its delivery to the party to whom it is addressed. It is also chargeable with its share of the expense of the general superintendence and management of the Post Office. Now it is evident that all those items, the cost of transportation alone being excepted, are independent of the distance to which the letter is sent, and are, therefore, the same for letters transmitted to all distances. It becomes, then, a question of the highest importance, in this inquiry, to ascertain what is the actual proportion which this cost of transportation bears to the other expenses. It appears from the published returns of the British revenue, that for the year ending 5th January, 1842, the gross revenue of the Post Office amounted to \$7,178,592, and that the nett revenue for the same year was \$2,675,380. Hence we have the means of finding the total average cost of each single letter.

From the gross revenue, . . . . .	7,178,592.
Subtract the net revenue, . . . . .	2,675,380.
	<hr/>
Remainder being the gross Post Office expenses, . . . . .	4,503,212.
	<hr/>
Proportion of the gross expenses to the gross receipts, . . . . .	$\frac{450}{718}$

The gross receipts being produced by a rate of one penny per half ounce for all

distances, it follows that the actual cost of each letter to the Post Office, must have been  $\frac{450}{713}$  or twenty-three thirty-sixths of a penny, very nearly. Now it was ascertained by Mr. Hill, and not disputed after full investigation, that the actual average cost of transmission per half ounce, for a distance of four hundred miles, was one thirty-sixth part of a penny. It follows, therefore, that for letters sent to that distance, the item of

transportation is one twenty-third part of the whole cost of the letter to the Post Office.

Suppose then, that it be required to tax letters sent to different distances, in an equitable proportion, depending on the different expenses produced by the difference of distance, let us see what the result would be. Let one, A, be sent to a distance of one hundred miles, and the other, B, to a distance of four hundred miles.

	<i>Cost of A.</i>	36ths of a penny.
For expenses of internal management of Post Office, . . . . .	22	22
For transportation by mail, . . . . .	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
	22 $\frac{1}{4}$	22 $\frac{1}{4}$
<i>Cost of B.</i>		
For expense of internal management of Post Office, . . . . .	22	22
For transportation by mail, . . . . .	1	1
	23	23

If a revenue tax be added, it will, of course, be the same for both, so that the difference of charge which could be equitably made in favor of the letter A, to the shorter distance, would amount to three-fourths of the thirty-sixth part of a penny, or to the forty eighth part of a penny, or twenty-fourth part of a cent, precisely.

It was therefore demonstrated that the only item of postage which varied in the ratio of the distance, was one of an amount so small as not to be capable of being changed in any current coin, and so minute a fraction of a farthing, as to be of no practical value to the parties dispatching or receiving letters.

It was thus established, that no difference of charge could be fairly made for letters sent to different distances, and it was conceded that so far as any consideration of distance was involved, all letters of the same weight should be charged with the same postage.

Are all letters of equal weight then, it will be asked, attended with the same expense of dispatch and delivery? And if not, what circumstances produce the difference of expense, and how can the rates of postage be accommodated to such difference of expense? To this, it may be replied, that the cost of the transmission of letters is governed by the same law that prevails in the cost of production of all other commodities. It is, in short, diminished in a rapid proportion

with the increase of the number of letters to be conveyed. Thus, suppose that a thousand letters have to be conveyed to one city, and only one hundred to the other, the large items of internal management will have to be, in the one case, divided among a thousand, and in the other case, among a hundred letters; and, as these items are very little affected in their gross amount, by the number of letters, the cost per letter of the smaller mail will be greater than the cost per letter of the larger mail. If this principle were adopted, and strictly equitable rates based upon it, we should have high rates of postage to all small towns, and low rates to all great cities. Not to mention other impracticabilities attending the application of such a principle of rating, it would be subject to continual variation with the varying population and commerce of each place; but, indeed, it is sufficiently obvious, that no system, based on such a principle, could work with any good or useful effect.

But the plain, practical answer to all attempts at an equitable adjustment of varying rates of postage is, that the utmost cost of transmission of letters of the weight of half an ounce is so small that no variation of it is needed, and the practical advantages of one uniform rate, for all places, are so many and great as to render it at once, easy simple, and economical to the administration, and acceptable to the public.

With the view of ascertaining how far these data, respecting the mere expense of the transmission of letters, apart from the other charges of Post Office management, would be applicable to this country, we have ascertained the rates at which a

parcel of the weight of one hundred pounds, would be sent by the Express Companies, to different parts of the States, with the same dispatch as the mails, and the results are as follows:—

<i>From New York to</i>	<i>Cost of sending a parcel weighing 100 lbs.</i>	<i>Rate per half ounce. Fraction of a cent.</i>
Boston, . . . . .	\$1 00	1-32
Philadelphia, . . . . .	1 00	1-32
Baltimore, . . . . .	1 50	1-21
Richmond, . . . . .	3 00	1-10
Charleston, . . . . .	4 00	1-8
Savannah, . . . . .	4 50	1-7
New Orleans, . . . . .	8 00	1-4
Cincinnati, . . . . .	5 00	1-6
Pittsburgh, . . . . .	4 00	1-8
Buffalo, . . . . .	3 00	1-10
Cleveland, . . . . .	4 00	1-8
St. Louis, . . . . .	6 00	1-5
Mean, . . . . .	\$3 75	1-8

From this result, it appears that the average cost of the actual transport of an half-ounce letter to any of the above cities or towns, would be about one-eighth of a cent, which is equal to the sixteenth of a penny British. This is double the expense of transmission in England, but it is still so minute, and bears so insignificant a proportion to the whole amount of postage which, under any system, would be exacted, that it may be safely inferred that the rates of postage here, as in Great Britain, ought to be independent of the distance.

The British system of postage, which has been established in conformity with the project of Mr. Rowland Hill, and which, with certain modifications suggested by local circumstances, we think is destined to spread throughout the world, and, before all other countries, in our own, is characterized by the following general features:—

1. A fixed rate of postage is charged by weight, independently of the distances to which the letters are transmitted.

2. This postage is pre-paid, by means of a stamp or other convenient symbol, issued by the Government to the public, and affixed to the letter, such stamp having the virtue of a frank.

3. The rate of postage is fixed so low as to destroy the abuses of evasion, &c.

4. The franking privilege is totally abolished, and with it are removed the endless abuses incidental to it.

In these conditions are comprised those general features of the plan, which are

indispensable to ensure such a successful result, in any country, as its advocates promise. In England, the more particular details observed in carrying it out may be stated as follows:—

The rate fixed upon by the Legislature, for all distances within the precincts of the United Kingdom, is a penny per half-ounce, all fractions of an ounce being counted as a full letter weighing above an ounce. Thus, all letters under half an ounce weight pay one penny; all letters above half an ounce, and not exceeding an ounce, pay twopence; all letters above an ounce, and not exceeding two ounces, fourpence; three ounces, sixpence, and so on.

Penny stamps are issued by the Stamp Office, coated with adhesive matter at the back, by which they are readily and permanently attached to the letter. These are sold at thirteen-and-a-half pence the dozen. The writer, however, has the option of paying the postage, according to the above rates, when the letter is delivered at the Post Office. The use of the stamp, according to these conditions, adds about thirteen per cent. to the postage, the consequence of which is, that it is not used for more than half the number of letters posted, and its omission entails on the Post Office the salaries of the necessary number of receiving clerks.

Letters may be posted without prepayment, but they are, in that case, subjected to double the above rates of postage, which are exacted on their delivery. By surrendering to this extent

the principle of pre-payment, the Administration have retained in the Post Office a part of that complexity and expensive management which it was the object of Mr. Hill's project to remove; and, if proof were wanting how little this contributes to the public convenience, it is found in the fact that not above five or six per cent. of all the letters posted are unpaid. Still, however small the proportion may be, machinery must be provided for its management within the Post Office.

The abolition of the parliamentary franking privilege was readily acquiesced in, the low rates of the new postage rendering it valueless. The correspondence and dispatches of the various government offices pass through the Post Office, subject to postage, which is charged to the respective accounts of these offices.

The law requires all newspapers to bear a penny stamp, and this stamp carries them free through the Post Office, and may be regarded as representing their postage. All other printed papers are subject to the same rate of postage as letters.

The reformed system thus organized, came into operation on the 10th of January, 1840, and has, therefore, now been four years in operation. The gross annual revenue of the Post Office, during that period, has not only defrayed all the expenses of its management, but has yielded a gradually augmenting revenue to the State. The nett amount of this revenue for the year ending 5th of January, 1841, was, \$2,322,370; and the nett amount for the year ending 5th January, 1842, was \$2,675,380. The average annual number of letters passing through the Post Office before the reform, was eighty-three millions. The annual number since the reform, estimated in 1841, is one hundred and ninety-three millions, being an increase on the former amount of 150 per cent. which increase has taken place before any full development of the new system. Considering the gradual annual increase of nett revenue, and the corresponding increase of the number of letters posted, it is computed by the best British authorities that the Post Office revenue, under the penny system, will ultimately reach and even exceed its amount under the system of exorbitant rates obsolete in England, but still continued in this country.

The principles of Mr. Hill's system,

and its operation in the modified form brought into operation in England, with the practical results ensuing, being thus before us, it remains to be considered to what extent, or with what modifications, if any, the same system can be advantageously adopted in this country.

The United States Post Office is, in fact, an inheritance from the Government of the mother country. It has retained all its characteristic marks, and has, with a tenacity almost anomalous in the administration of this country, adhered even to the most absurd of its oldest regulations, and continued to adhere to them, after the English public, enslaved as they are to the spirit of prescription and the prestige of antiquity, has abandoned them as being out of all keeping with the spirit of the age, and inconsistent with all the principles of political economy and statistics. It is, we presume, a point so universally conceded, that a reform of a sweeping character in the organization of a National Post Office in this country, is imperiously needed, that it is not worth while here to discuss it.

When we contemplate the transactions of the past year, in reference to the business of the Post Office, and compare them with the epoch which preceded the great reform of 1840 in the United Kingdom, we cannot fail, even without further or more elaborate inquiry, to be struck with the similarity of the prognostics of disease and symptoms of unsoundness in the two institutions, and to be impressed with the persuasion that the application of the same remedies will be attended with the same beneficial results. We find here the same complaints of the enormous abuses of the franking privilege, both congressional and official—the same audacious and unblushing defiance of the laws of the land in the establishment of private enterprises for the despatch and delivery of letters—the same extensive evasions of the law by private individuals, adopting every conceivable device to obtain a cheaper transmission of their correspondence than the Government mail affords—the same absence of that rebuke from public opinion, with which the evasion, and much more the open violation of the laws is always visited when these laws are of a healthy character, and in harmony with the spirit of the times. A reform is then inevitable, and the evil has been allowed to attain such a head, that half measures will be

of no avail. The public voice demands a thorough and radical cure of the grievance of the present system of postage. Other and older nations have gone before us in the path of improvement, and if the Legislature falter, it requires no extraordinary spirit of vaticination to declare, that the people will make themselves heard within the walls of the Capitol in a tone and spirit which will teach its occupants that delay or hesitation is no longer admissible.

The necessity of a radical reform being then conceded, it is for the General Government and the Legislature to consider whether it be more consistent with policy and wisdom, to adopt, with suitable modifications, the system which has produced results so satisfactory to the public in Great Britain, or to adopt a new system. We can have little doubt, that the experience already purchased by the struggles of the British people against official prejudice and legislative inertia, will be accepted and acted upon; and, that a system, better than the British, inasmuch as it will embrace the consistent design which, to allay the fears of some, and mitigate the opposition of others, was garbled and compromised in England, will be finally adopted in this country, and will be productive of results in the highest degree advantageous to the public.

The first indispensable condition, which must on no account be yielded or compromised, is the adoption of one uniform rate within the precincts of the Union. For what reason should this great principle be surrendered? On what rational grounds will a varying rate be established? Not surely after what has been demonstrated by varying distance. It is proved incontestably, that the cost of dispatch and delivery, has not in practice, any variation dependent on the distance. With what justice then, should a letter from New York to New Orleans, be charged with ten cents, while a similar letter from New York to Trenton, is charged only five cents? If the variation of charge be, as it ought to be if admitted at all, in proportion to the cost of the service, then certainly the charges should be exactly reversed, and the letter to Trenton should be charged ten cents, and the letter to New Orleans five cents; the number of letters to New Orleans being greatly more than twice the number to Trenton, and the cost of dispatch and delivery, being more nearly in the inverse ratio, of the number of letters dis-

patched and delivered, than any other proportion. The most just variation of the postage, would be that which would press more heavily per letter on the smaller mail; but as no one we presume, will advocate the practical application of this principle, and as no other condition of a varying rate would bear even the remotest relation to the varying cost, the principle of one uniform rate throughout the States, is recommended at once, for its simplicity, its convenience, its economy, and its equity.

Granting, then, the principle of an uniform rate, the important question remains to be settled, what should be the amount of that rate. In England, as we have stated, a rate of two cents per half ounce has been found to cover all the expenses of the Post Office administration, and to yield an increasing annual revenue of above three millions of dollars; but it is to be considered that the inland correspondence of the United Kingdom is much greater than that of the United States, and the magnitude of the correspondence is, to a certain extent, the inverse exponent of the amount of a prudent and equitable rate; it seems, therefore, just and expedient, that a higher standard of charge be adopted in this country. It will probably be generally admitted, that an addition of one hundred per cent. to the English rate, that is, four cents per letter, would afford us a safe standard; but in order to allay the fears of the timid, and inspire confidence in the distrustful, we should propose an uniform five cent rate, which would adapt itself conveniently to our silver currency, and be sufficiently large to enable the Government to include the expense of stamps, under the postage, without adding thirteen per cent. for them, as is injuriously and inconveniently practiced in England. In fine, we should then propose, that all letters to all distances throughout the States, should be charged with postage by weight, at the rate of five cents per half ounce—fractions of a half ounce being charged as a complete half ounce.

There appears to be no object in restricting the weight of letters or packets sent through the Post Office. Under this system, the charge of a dollar and sixty cents per pound, for heavy parcels, abundantly paying for their transmission; and, indeed, the heavier the parcels, the more profitable they will be to the Post Office. A pound weight of single half

ounce letters will involve thirty-two times more official labor, both in the reception and in the delivery, than a single packet would weighing one pound, while the expenses of transmission of both would be the same.

The absurdity of the old established custom of charging postage, not by weight or bulk, but by the number of separate pieces of paper into which it may suit the convenience of the writer to divide his letter, is so very apparent, that we should not have thought it worth while to appropriate a single line to notice it were it not that we know that

some persons, and among them the Post Office officials, are wedded to it. Under this system, a letter written on a single sheet of paper, provided it be not torn in two, is chargeable only with single postage; but if the sheet happen to be cut into two half sheets, the same letter consisting of the same paper, with the same writing upon it, is chargeable with double postage. When the reform of the English Post Office was in agitation, the absurdity of this method of rating was practically illustrated in the following manner. A double letter of the exact magnitude, when folded, of this diagram,

**DOUBLE LETTER.**

*7 Grains Weight.*

weighing less than seven grains, was written on thin paper and sent by post to the principal members of the legislature. It consisted of a piece of paper of less than three-and-a-half grains weight, enclosed in an envelope of a similar weight and size, the contents of the letter were as follows: Postage charges in 1838. This paper, four inches by two-and-a-half, and its cover of similar size, weighs seven grains, or under the sixtieth part of an ounce weight, and is charged double postage, whilst the accompanying sheet, thirty five inches long and twenty three inches wide, weighing just one ounce, is charged as a single letter." The lilliputian letter of seven grains, was charged one shilling, while the large sheet of double demy having a surface of writing equal to thirty-two of the pages which the reader now holds in his hand, was charged only sixpence. This is surely the climax of absurdity, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the only nation in the world which ever practiced it besides ourselves, was the mother from whom we inherited it. She, however, even in her senility has abandoned the folly. We, without the excuse of age, without the apology of any particular respect for prescription or reverence for established usages, still obstinately cling to it.

The intrinsic absurdity of this regulation is far from being the only or the strongest objection to it. It has led to

practices as bad as those which disgrace the Post Offices of the Austrian and Italian States. Espionage in them is conducted under at least the semblance of secrecy. *Here* it is an imperious duty. Is it not the duty of every post master and his subordinates throughout the States to see that the letters are properly taxed? To do this he must see what they contain. He must spy into them—poke them open—present them to a strong light, and endeavor to see through them. If, by ingenious folding, he cannot detect the suspected enclosure, he must then exercise his ingenuity to read and interpret some portion of the contents. If, after all, he is in doubt, he lays on without hesitation the double tax, and if that tax be paid before the letter leaves the office, or if the letter be opened out of the presence of the postmaster, the double rate must be paid whether the letter be double or single. The process is still more insulting and outrageous if any citizen take a letter to the Office to pre-pay the postage. He presents the letter which is single, with a single postage. His word, however, is in this case, worthless. A clerk takes up the letter, feels it and eyes it. He presses it edgewise between his fingers, closing one eye and directing the axis of the other between its folds. If he feel zealous in his vocation, it is not beyond the limits of his discretion to insert a pencil or penholder to open the

space between its leaves, and all these polite evolutions are executed in the presence and under the eye of a *gentleman* who has just passed him his word that the letter contains no enclosure. We leave it to our fellow-citizens to digest this process.

Next in importance to an uniform rate in proportion to weight, is the principle of pre-payment by stamp or other convenient symbol attached to the envelope of the letter. By this expedient every letter-writer franks his own letter. It is much more convenient than pre-paying at the post office. If you take the letter yourself, it saves the time and trouble of payment, of obtaining change, etc. If you send the letter by a servant, it protects you from their possible dishonesty in retaining the postage instead of pre-paying it. But these advantages are insignificant, compared with those which it produces in the internal arrangements of the Post Office. That establishment is at once stripped altogether of its financial character, its functions being limited to the mere mechanical transmission and delivery of letters.

Better evidence cannot be afforded of the practical advantages to be expected in the organization and operations of the Post Office itself, than by referring to the testimony of Sir Edward Lees, the secretary of the general post office at Edinburgh, who, being himself, throughout his life, a Post Office functionary under the old system, would certainly not be likely to be subject to any extraordinary bias in favor of change, unless the change presented a certainty of great amelioration. He admitted that the system of pre-payment by stamp would necessarily be attended with "considerable saving of time in the delivery of letters; the expenses in almost every branch of the department, but principally in the inland and letter-carrier offices, would be much reduced; the complex accounts of the bye and dead-letter offices greatly simplified, and the expenses greatly diminished; and the system of accounts between the postmasters and deputy postmasters throughout the country, which presented so many opportunities, facilities, and temptations for combination and fraud, would altogether disappear; the labor and responsibility of surveyors would be curtailed by the principle of an uniform rate; a system of complex and intricate duty, inseparable from the nature of the local and provincial post office, under

the old system, would give way to one of simplicity and uniformity, and the entire principle and machinery of the Post Office would be changed in its character, greatly contributing to the security, comfort, and advantage of the community, in its connection with the public correspondence." Such were the sentiments of an old and experienced Post Office functionary on the advantages of Hill's system of postage, and the results of the experience of the last three years have abundantly proved the soundness of his judgment.

A variety of devices have been suggested for facilitating the pre-payment of postage, among which may be mentioned the manufacture of a particular species of paper—a monopoly of which is proposed to be given to the Government, under proper restrictions of price; it is proposed, that letters written on, or enclosed in this paper go free—the postage being included in the price paid for the paper. These are matters of detail, however, which need not be dwelt upon here, being such as may be best adjusted in the practical organization of the system.

The only branch of the Post Office business, to which the principle of pre-payment is inapplicable, is the reception and delivery of letters arriving from foreign countries. These must, of course, be forwarded to their destinations, subject to the collection of postage from those to whom they are addressed, and for the reasons already explained, and on account of the labor and expense consequent on them, we should suggest, that, a double rate of inland postage be levied on them—that is to say, that they should be rated at ten cents per half ounce, independently of distance.

In the management of the delivery department of the English Post Office, the postage charged upon the letter, whether pre-paid or not, has always included, both under the old and new system—the delivery of the letter, by the letter-carrier, at the address of the party for whom it is destined; in this country it has been generally the practice for residents to keep boxes at the post office; or, to apply at the delivery office for their letters. In cases where the letters are delivered at the abode of the party to whom they are addressed, an additional charge of two cents has been made upon them; a part of which is understood to constitute the salary of the letter-carrier. It may, however, be reasonably expected if in

England, a rate of two cents per half ounce pays the salaries of letter-carriers, as well as other expenses, leaving a large surplus revenue, that, in this country, a rate of five cents per half ounce, ought, in time, to entitle the public to the delivery of letters at all dwellings within the usual precincts of cities, towns, and villages, without further expense.

The total abolition of the franking system is a condition indispensable to any efficient system of Post Office reform. Such a system is subject to inevitable abuses, whether it be confined to public offices or extended to members of Congress. It may, perhaps, be contended that the daily stipend allowed to members of Congress was based upon the supposition that they were to be exempt from postage on their correspondence. We answer, that the possession of the franking privilege on their part was an advantage not altogether unqualified; it doubtless exposed them to much frivolous and impertinent correspondence, as well as to inconvenient solicitation and importunity for franked covers for the conveyance of the letters of parties whose correspondence should legitimately be subject to postage. Such was proved to be extensively the case before the parliamentary committee in London, and there is no good reason to suppose it otherwise in this country. The pre-paying system will exempt all members of Congress from postage on the letters they receive; and if it be thought expedient, a fair augmentation of their daily stipend may be allowed by law to cover the probable amount of postage of the letters on public business which they may transmit. At a five cent rate, a dollar per day would cover the average number of twenty single letters.

The correspondence of the public offices will be transmitted, as it now is, subject to the same charge as other packets, except only that its postage may stand as a matter of account between these offices respectively and the Post Office. To transmit through the Post Office, free of charge, the correspondence and documents of the public offices, and yet to make the Post Office pay its own expenses, is tantamount to paying the expenses of the postage of the state by a tax levied in the shape of a postage on the correspondence of private individuals. The postage like the other expenses of the state, can only with justice be paid out of the treasury; to levy it as a tax on correspondence is doing what the legislature never contemplated.

In all countries sufficiently advanced in civilization to realize the idea of a National Post Office, a sufficient sense of the advantages of the diffusion of knowledge has prevailed, to lead to the partial exemption of the postage duties on journals, pamphlets, and other printed papers; but it must be distinctly understood, in considering this with reference to the organization of the United States Post Office, that although in other countries such printed matter is transmitted through the Post Office at a cost which is small comparatively with the general postage duties, there is still a charge made for such packets more than sufficient to pay the expense of their transport; and it is necessary also to remember, that in all those countries the Post Office is not merely a public institution for the cheap, rapid, and safe transmission of correspondence, but also a direct source of revenue. In the liberal form of government established in this country, it seems to be conceded that the gross revenue of the Post Office ought not to exceed its expenses; in other words, that it should be an institution for mere public convenience, and that correspondence is not an eligible object of taxation. It ought not, therefore, on the one hand, to be expected that journals or other printed matter should be carried by the Post Office at a less rate than would cover their expenses fairly estimated; for it is admitted here that it would be unjust to make up the deficiency by a tax on other correspondence, and there is no other source out of which it could be made good. It would, on the other hand, be even more objectionable to lay an excessive rate upon these than upon written correspondence. Hitherto all journals, without regard to their size or weight, have been transmitted at a certain rate per single copy, varying under certain limitations in proportion to the distance. This is attended with inconveniences and objections nearly similar to those which prevail against the single and double system of letter postage. One journal will spread over a quantity of paper ten times that of another, will have ten times the weight, and be attended with ten times the expense of transportation, yet the postage of the two will be the same. By late inventions and improvements in the manufacture of paper, single sheets can be made of any size that is required, and there is consequently no other limitation to the size of a single printed sheet, ex-

cept the magnitude of the printing press on which it is worked. There is, therefore, ample scope for the abuse of the privilege of transmission of printed papers at reduced rates under the present system.

In accordance with the principles which characterize the reform system of postage in regard to letters, it would follow that printed papers should equally be liable to postage by weight, and prepayment by stamps. All the reasoning which establishes the advantage of these principles as applied to letters, are equally applicable to printed papers; but as the latter are transmitted in packets of greater bulk and weight than letters, and therefore the labor and expense chargeable per individual packet upon them will be proportionably less than letters, it is equitable that they should be charged at a less rate by weight. It would be difficult, perhaps impracticable, to ascertain the exact expense of their transmission and delivery through the Post Office; but if that expense could be ascertained, it should regulate the rate of their postage. In the absence of such an estimate, a uniform rate of two cents per ounce for all distances might be adopted subject to such future modification as experience might suggest.

With a view to ascertain the practical effect of such a rate, we have ascertained the weights of the principal daily and weekly papers published in New York, and of other periodical publications to which this regulation would be applicable. These are given in the subjoined table together with the rates of postage which would be chargeable upon them.

<i>Journals &amp; Periodicals.</i>	<i>Weight (av'ge) ounces.</i>	<i>Postage Stamps per 100.</i>
Courier and Enquirer,	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	\$1.87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Journal of Commerce,	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1.62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Evening Post,	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1.37 $\frac{1}{2}$
Commercial Advertiser,	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1.33
Express,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.50
Tribune,	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Herald,	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Morning News,	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	75
American,	1	1.00
Broadway Journal,	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sun,	7 $\frac{1}{8}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
National Intelligencer, (Washington)	1	1.00
Saturday Emporium,	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	1.75
Hewett's Shakspeare,	2	2.00
American Review,	6	6.00
Hunt's Magazine,	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5.50
New Englander, (quarterly)	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	8.50

<i>Journals &amp; Periodicals.</i>	<i>Weight (av'ge) ounces.</i>	<i>Postage Stamps per 100.</i>
Edinburgh Review, (reprint)	7	7.00
New World,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1.50
Knickerbocker,	5	5.00
North American Review,	13	13.00

The weight of each paper being once ascertained, and being uniform, or nearly so, stamps for its free transmission would be prepared and delivered to its publishers, at a corresponding price per hundred. No practical difficulty is found in this proceeding, which has been for several years in operation in England. Each stamp has the name of the journal to which it belongs, engraved upon it, so that the stamp of one journal cannot be used for another.

The practical arrangement of a system of pre-payment on newspapers and periodicals, may at first produce some little inconvenience, but this will be temporary—those who desire to have newspapers or periodicals forwarded to them by post, must pay a subscription which will include the postage. The mode of stamping the papers, adopted in England, is the simple and obvious expedient of putting a stamp on the paper on which the journal or periodical is printed, which stamp carries it free through the Post Office to any part of the country. The same object may be accomplished, though not with the same facility, by enclosing the papers in stamped bands, each band carrying a stamp proportional to the weight of the papers it encloses, or the adhesive stamp might be easily affixed to the papers themselves, as they are to letters. It is evidently equitable that printed matter should be chargeable by weight, and in reference to this principle, we have ascertained a fact which is worthy of attention. When newspapers are wet, as they are always when fresh from the press, they are twenty-five per cent. heavier than when dry; but as they are put up for the Post Office wet, it follows that the public is put to the needless expense of transporting through the country many tons of water under the name of newspapers and periodicals. For every four tons of printed paper thus carried, there is one ton of water;—journals and periodicals should, therefore, be dried before they are sent to the Post Office, otherwise their proprietors cannot justly complain of being charged twenty-five per cent. extra for their transmission. It would be important to the objects of

this inquiry to obtain, by reference to the business done by the Post Office under the existing system, an approximate estimate of the gross revenue to be expected under a reformed system. The published reports of the Post Office department afford, however, no sufficient data on which to found such a calculation. We are therefore compelled to use for our purpose the data afforded by the reports of the Post Office department of Great Britain.

It is a principle established by universal experience, that the consumption or use of any commodity increases rapidly in proportion as its cost is lessened, and this increase is generally in a much higher ratio than that of the reduction of price. The following example of the practical operation of this law will illustrate it. They are selected from various parliamentary returns and reports published in Great Britain and ascertained generally by reference to the register of customs and duties. When soap fell one-eighth in price, its consumption was increased one-third; when sixteen per cent. was taken from the price of tea, its consumption was doubled. After 1823 the price of silks fell twenty per cent., and twice the quantity was bought and worn. At the same time coffee fell about twenty-five per cent., and the quantity used was tripled. Within the twenty years preceding 1837 cotton goods fell about fifty per cent., and their consumption was increased four hundred per cent. When the reduction of the stamp duty upon newspapers took place in England, their price was reduced by one-third, yet the actual sum expended on them by the public was augmented. The same result ensued when the duty on advertisements was reduced.

A curious example of the effect of the reduction of price in the case of an object of mere personal gratification, is afforded in the example of the Tower; the fee of admission to see which, being previous to 1837 three shillings, was reduced successively, first to one shilling, and then to sixpence. In the six months ending November, 1837, 7,533 persons were admitted to see it, at three shillings per head. In the six months ending November, 1838, 31,333 persons were admitted, at one shilling per head; and in the six months ending November, 1839, 56,213 persons were admitted to it at sixpence per head.

During the three years ending 1783 the average price of tea was six shillings

per pound, the quantity consumed in that time by the public cost £5,221,352. In 1784, the duty was reduced, and the average price became four shillings per pound, during which the quantity consumed cost £9,417,699. Thus a reduction of 33 per cent. in this article, produced an increased return in money of one hundred per cent., and threefold consumption of the commodity.

To the increased consumption of the article, by diminution of price, there is no practical limit, but there is a limit which it is the business of the financier, the statist, and the economist, to ascertain, at which the greatest return in money is obtained by reduction of price. There is a certain point in the price of an article, at which either an increase or diminution of price will produce a diminished return, and in cases where profit alone is concerned, this is the point for the producer to aim at; but in the case of the postage, where no revenue is sought for, the problem presents itself under somewhat modified conditions. There the object is to ascertain that price which will create the greatest possible amount of intercommunication, giving a return which will not fall short of the gross expenses of the establishment.

In the case of the English postage system, it was a matter of dispute, when the reform was agitated, whether the Post Office should be continued as a source of revenue at all; and parliament appears, accordingly, to have faltered on that point, by giving to the government an hypothetical pledge, that if the establishment of the new system should cause a deficit in the general revenue of the kingdom, by reason of the diminished amount supplied by the Post Office, they would make such deficit good by other means. It is clear, therefore, that it was expected, at least by some who favored the new system, that the nett revenue of the Post Office would fall off—but it was contended by all that it would restore itself after the lapse of a reasonable time. The results, so far as they are yet known to us, are in accordance both with these apprehensions and expectations. The annual amount of the nett revenue of the Post Office, immediately before the reduction of postage, was \$7,842,067, and it had been declining in amount from former years. The nett revenue of the first year, under the new system, was \$2,322,370, and that of the second year, \$2,675,380. Subsequent to this period, we do not possess the

official returns, but it is understood that there is an annual increase, which, in about five years from the establishment of the new system, will restore the revenue to its former amount.

The estimated annual number of letters transmitted through the Post Office, in the years 1839 and 1840, the last of the old and the first of the new system, showed an immediate increase of a hundred per cent. The next year, 1841, showed a further increase of 40 per cent. on the original amount, and the actual increase of the total correspondence of the kingdom, according to the latest returns, has been in the ratio of about three to one.

These data, imperfect and insufficient as they must be admitted to be, nevertheless tend to sustain the prevalence of the general law of reduction of price, in its application to postage. When it is considered that the rate which we have suggested is two-and-a-half times higher than that which yields a large revenue in England, no revenue being desired to

be raised by postage here, there cannot be any reasonable grounds for doubt that the gross returns will cover the Post Office expenses. In addition to the large increase of correspondence, which the reduction of postage must itself produce, the abolition of the franking privilege will add largely to the revenue. That which is now executed at the cost of those who write chargeable letters, will be hereafter executed, as it ought to be, at the proper cost of the writers.

The effect of a diminished rate of postage, and the consequently augmented number of letters in increasing the total revenue accruing to the Post Office, is illustrated in a striking manner by the following table, which exhibits the correspondence of a single week of four towns in Great Britain. They are at very different distances from the capital, but it must be remembered that this difference of distance, however great, produces no appreciable effect upon the Post Office expenses of each letter

Chargeable letters dispatched to London in the week beginning 15th January, 1838.

	Number of letters.	Single postage.	Total postage.	Population.	Contrib. per head, expressed in hundredths of a penny.
From Brighton,	3,055	<i>d.</i>	£. <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>	40,634	60
Reading,	1,267	8	101 16 8	15,595	56
Belfast,	363	7	36 19 1	39,149	15
Aberdeen,	362	16	24 4 0	55,019	10
		15½	23 7 7		

It is clear, from this table, that the lower rates of postage, so far as they are instrumental in augmenting the correspondence, have the effect of increasing the gross returns. It is true that the proximity of places has, in this instance also, tended to increase the amount of correspondence, but not to any extent sufficient to account for the great difference in the amount of the gross revenue shown in the above table.

It has been frequently urged in favor of maintaining a high rate of postage in this country, that numerous post offices have been established in districts so sparsely peopled, that the whole amount of the correspondence, whatever rate may be fixed on, would not pay the expenses of the individual post office. To this it may be answered, that the discretionary power vested in the Government, for the establishment of local offices, must obviously be exercised

within reasonable limitations, and that it would be in the highest degree unjust, and indeed an insufferable abuse of official power, to spread post offices over such thinly peopled districts that the business of transmission and delivery could only be executed at a loss greatly exceeding the correspondent amount of the postage. The overplus must either be defrayed by an excessive charge, levied on the correspondence with more populous places, or out of the revenues of the General Government. If such post-offices, which cannot pay their own expenses, be established at all, their existence can only be defended by their tendency to the general welfare of the country, and although on such grounds they might be justly maintained by the Treasury of the General Government, it would be an outrage upon all principles of justice and right to levy a fund for their support exclusively upon the letter-

writers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Boston.\*

In the printed reports of the Post Office department very just and reasonable remonstrances have been made against the exorbitant charges made by Railway Companies, and in some cases by Steamboats, for the conveyance of the mails. It has been truly observed that railways from their very nature are monopolies, and that in many instances competition between steamboats is insufficient to protect the Post Office from injurious and fraudulent combinations, the effect of which is to extort from the General Government a rate of freight many times greater than that which is charged to private individuals. This is an abuse which ought to be put down by the supreme power of the law, and it is happily one in the suppression of which the whole body of the enlightened public will zealously concur. The rate at which private individuals and companies can carry freight upon railways and in steamboats is generally known, and it is within the legitimate power of the general government, aided and countenanced by Congress, to exact from all public carriers the transport of the mails at equally reasonable rates. To maintain that such parties may with impunity exercise an arbitrary power of fixing one tariff for the government mails and another for private freight, so as to set at defiance the power of the general legislature, would involve an admission of a degree of feebleness in the Constitution which would render it unfit to promote the well-being of the nation for which it was framed. The observation which has been made in one of the Post Master General's reports, that certain companies seize the pretext of the mails being required to be dispatched at particular hours, as the ground of an exorbitant demand for their transport, is really so puerile that it hardly deserves to be seriously considered.

The Post Office service, in England, is executed upon the railways, at a greater cost than was ever incurred on any main lines of common roads, but the nature of this service, and its superior efficiency, amply compensates the public for the increased expense. These great lines of internal communication are vast channels of social and commercial intercourse, into which smaller tributaries, in the form of branch railways and common roads, pour their streams in countless number and unbounded quantity. Each main line thus drains an entire Province; the quantity of Post Office business, therefore, transacted upon it is greater, incomparably, than ever was executed on any common road; but it is even more remarkable for the superior efficiency of its execution than for its increased quantity. A house of considerable dimensions, constituting a locomotive Post Office, is actually erected on wheels and transported over the railway at the rate of thirty miles an hour. In this house are well lighted rooms properly furnished with the apparatus requisite for the Post Office functionalities; at the stations, as they pass, the letter-bags are received and delivered; the processes of sortation, weighing, stamping, and bagging are executed in this moving mansion between station and station, so that no inconsiderable part of the entire business of the Post Office is here performed while the letters are in the very act of being transported. But ingenuity is not exhausted even here. Post Offices are established at small and thinly peopled stations, where the flying mail could not afford to pause in its rapid course. In such cases, an apparatus is attached to the locomotive office, on which the letter-carrier or guard hangs the bag to be delivered as the train approaches the station. The bag to be received, is, in like manner, suspended to an arm, projecting from a post erected on the side of the railway, awaiting the expected ar-

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\* The establishment of local Post Offices, if left to the discretion of the Post Office department, is subject to the most intolerable abuses. The inhabitants of some remote country place, that they may have the advantage of a good coach-road between them and some desirable market—and contractors, that they may make the road—and small office-seekers, that they may pocket postage perquisites—all make loud requisitions on the department for the establishment of a post office, when there is not the shadow of a chance that it will pay expenses. In such cases the expenses are paid for, not by the people who enjoy the privileges, nor by the public treasury, but by the *letter writers of the larger towns*. This is manifestly a gross abuse, and we know no way of correcting it better than to limit the power of the Postmaster General. If letters be carried to distant out-of-the-way places, let post-riders be paid, like our city carriers, a cent or two additional. If they must have roads for coaches, they should make them, without looking for unnecessary mail-contracts to cover the cost.

rival of the train. As the office rushes past with the celerity of the wind, the bag suspended on it is left upon the post, and the bag suspended on the post is taken up and carried off by the office, by this simple, self-acting contrivance, without even the slightest retardation of the speed of the train.

One of the arrangements in detail adopted in the English system, which, having been productive of great public convenience, seems well worthy of adoption, is the Money Order Office. This is the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as it adds nothing to the expense of the Post Office administration, while it affords at once a source of advantage to the public and perquisites to the postmasters. By means of this official arrangement every postmaster is placed in correspondence with others throughout the kingdom, so that he can draw at sight for cash to a limited amount. Small remittances are made without the transmission either of bill or specie, by the party who desires to remit, depositing at his local post office the sum to be remitted, together with a small commission. The order is given to him, payable at the post office of the place to which the remittance is made, and the whole expense is covered by the postage and commission together. In England, the commission charged for remitting five pounds, (equal to 25 dollars,) was fixed in 1840 at twelve cents, and for all sums under two pounds, or ten dollars, six cents. Thus the smallest class of remittances can be made with perfect security against loss for eight cents, and large sums may be sent for fourteen cents. It has been found that every reduction which has been made in the commission for money sent through the English Post Office, has hitherto caused an increased amount of profit to the Post Office.

We are convinced from close attention to the working of the old Post Office system, that no franking privilege can be devised which will not be the source of extensive and insufferable abuse. It was found so in England and has been found so here. But if high rates of postage be attempted to be maintained, the franking privilege cannot be abolished, while under very low rates it ceases to be a privilege for which any class will contend. In England it was surrendered without a murmur; indeed, any claim to its retention under a penny rate would be eminently absurd. As, however, it might

be inexpedient to establish so low a rate in this country until population thickens and commerce becomes more extended, the more convenient and equitable course may be to allow all officials, who may be supposed to have correspondence on public business, to transmit through the Post Office a reasonable increase of their salary as a commutation for their privilege such increase to be diminished with every future reduction of postage.

It has been our desire, with a sincere view to the public good, to urge on those who possess the power, and on whom the duty of regulating the postage laws devolves, the advantages which appear to us to be derivable from an extensive reform in our Post Office, embracing the best features of the improved English system, and realizing the project of Mr. Hill, even more fully than has been attempted in England. That we have not inconsiderately urged the application of that system without giving due weight to the geographical and statistical differences, which exist between our extensive territory and the crowded country where the system has been successfully tried, will, we trust, be manifest. These circumstances cannot affect the broad principle of the system. No element of it can be modified by them except the amount of the uniform rate which it may be expedient to charge. Now it is true that our sparse population and limited amount of correspondence are good reasons in favor of a higher rate. But, on the other hand, no revenue to the state is sought for here, and no more is expected from the finances of the Post Office than the liquidation of its own expenses—whereas, in the United Kingdom, a revenue of many millions of dollars is looked for from it. This is *pro tanto* a reason in favor of a reduced rate here as compared with England. We have, however, from a desire to keep within a safe limit, and to conciliate the timid and distrustful, assumed a rate two and a half times greater than the English postage.

Whether this vast improvement is destined to confer lustre on the present legislature and administration, we will not venture to affirm, but we hesitate not to pronounce that no force of prejudice, or official or administrative opposition, can long deprive this great commercial country of the advantages of a system which are now shared by a population much more averse to change than that of the United States.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.* New York: Wiley & Putnam, 141 Broadway. 1845.

It was well, perhaps, that the incognita of this book should be carefully guarded. It is "full of matter for quarrels as an egg is of meat;" but, with all its heterodoxy, it bears, from the first line to the last, such evidences of profound learning and subtlety as cannot fail to impress with respect those who are most startled by its boldness. It has that in it which will set the Philosophico-Theological world together by the ears, for there are thousands who will think the book as full of errors as any of modern times. This *nominis umbra* joins issue with grave and revered doctrines which lie at the very core of the existing Christian theory of things. He professes, though, with a fair seeming of impressive logic, to enter the field only as a new interpreter. Without aiming at the vitality of the Mosaic record, he merely waives its authority *under the received version* as inconsistent with the stubborn facts of Analytical Science; while, his interpretation being accepted, all incongruities are done away with by a recognition of "the doctrine of Creation by Law," in place of the supposed "antiquated and insufficient one of Creation by special exercise," or act. These are to be the great points at issue between the "New," or progressive Philosophy, as it styles itself, and the "Old." It will be a war of tomes and folios, for a vast deal hinges upon the result. But it must be acknowledged, that with whatever reserve he may be approached, if his great postulate "of Creation by Law" be once admitted, his deductions, pregnant and subversive as they are, claim imperiously to follow. His assumed facts are massive, and—if facts they shall be found—resistless wedges, which once insinuated rive the received System to the core. It will not do to shirk the question. If he is not met fairly, and refuted fully upon this point, his audacious and remarkable speculations will hardly fail to fasten themselves strongly upon the convictions of men. He makes creation a progressive act, the

growth of laws, which in their steady march out from the eternity of chaos have compelled all elements into the forms they wear now, whether of suns and worlds, or stocks, stones and things that move. Heat and electricity are the great modifying agents, which, together with gravitation, hold within themselves, as a medium, that creative energy which has heretofore been considered an immediate and active attribute of God. Creation, then, subjective to these laws, must be through a prospective eternity progressive—its types forever pushing on and up towards the perfect.

"The whole train of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, then, to be regarded as a series of *advances of the principle of Development*, which depend upon external physical circumstances, to which the resulting animals are appropriate." \* \* \* "Is our race, then, but the initial of the grand crowning type? Are there yet to be species superior to us in organization, purer in feeling, more powerful in device and art, and who shall take a rule over us? There is in this, nothing improbable on other grounds. The present race, rude and impulsive as it is, is perhaps the best adapted to the present state of things in the world; but the external world goes through slow and gradual changes, which may leave it, in time, a much sener field of existence. There may, then, be occasion for a nobler type of humanity, which shall complete the Zoological circle on this planet, and realize some of the dreams of the purest spirits of the present race!"

An induction as novel as the process has been ingenious! But the book has too much matter of parlance in it to be thus cursorily dismissed. We shall endeavor to take it up again.

*Egei Somnia, Recreations of a Sick Room.* By EZEKIEL BACON. N. York: John Allen, 139 Nassau-street. 1843.

THE poems contained in this little volume seem to be the productions of a man of sensibility and sense, but of less imagination. It would not appear, indeed, that he aimed at displaying the latter faculty, or to startle the world with studied flights

of the Muse. He has rather pleased declining days, and the solitude of chamber hours, with the expression in verse of thoughts that belong to one who has not suffered himself to be hardened by a long professional life. Most of the pieces are written in Cowper's favorite measure, taken from one of the old ballad forms, and are marked with something of the simplicity of that delightful poet. "Departing joys," "The Early Lilac," "The Dying Lilac," and "Man's, Common Lot," are pleasant moral reflections, quiet and flowing. The blank verse is of less merit.

*A Chant of Life, and other Poems, with Sketches and Essays.* By the REV. RALPH HOYT. In Six Parts. Part I. New York: Piercy & Reed, Printers. 1844.

THE author of this little book has doubtless felt that he was a poet—as undoubtedly, we think, the severest critic would agree with him. But we suspect the author, like greater poets before him, does not altogether know wherein his best vein lies. The amount published at present consists—a small instalment, by way of experiment upon the public taste—of six pieces. The first is a short canto of the "Chant of Life"—to be continued in each number, and giving name to the one in hand. On this, we make no question, the author would rest his claims to a share of Apollo's countenance. But the real poet does not always know when the god smiles most propitiously—looking gloriously out, as it were, from many-colored clouds—but is even apt, at times, to take an ungracious scowl for a glimpse of favor. The "Chant of Life" has considerable merit, an unexceptionable melody and flow, and something of Young's profoundly solemn and melancholy strain; and when the whole poem appears, we shall be willing to make some extracts, to show that it has many excellences. But the two striking pieces of the present little collection, and far more certain evidences of the true poetic element, are, "Snow," and "The World for Sale." The former of these is a picture of a winter morning in the country, when a sudden and heavy fall of snow, in the night, has covered up everything familiar, and the

children, tumbling out of bed, clap their hands with delight to see the world so strangely and beautifully transformed.

If any Hyperborean, who has roved away (sad wanderers we are apt to be—"circumvagi patria carentes"), and has lived so long towards "the Line," among constant spring odors, as to have forgotten the smell of frost, wishes to recall how his father's farm looked—house, barn, sheds, hen-coop and all, with fields and rail-fences on every side, up to the leafless great woods, magically covered at once with a dazzling sheet of utterly unspotted white, while the winds have sunk, and the low sun, risen, gleams level through the keen atmosphere over a new world—every crystal angle on every bush, stump, and house-ridge, and the long lines of distant forest-tops, "glinting" back a sunbeam of its own—he has here a part of the clear memory, felicitously given, and the rest he can fill out for himself. Those, indeed—dwellers of "Orinoco and the Isles"—who have looked always upon the primeval and dark verdure of the tropics, would hardly get from the sketch an idea of that subdued and sombre power that belongs to our wide Northern scenery at this season; but of the appearances of things around a New England farm-house, when *Ursa Major* (whom we take to be a *white* bear) has donned his winter covering, they can form to themselves a very exact picture. We need, in fact, some such remembrancer for ourselves this season. We had really forgotten the looks of a snow-storm. No Northern Soracte "stands white," unless it be hoar "Mohegan," and some wild ranges towards the forests of Fundy—and our heavy woods, battling often enough with wind and rain, have had no burden to "labor" under.

Here come in the triumphs of philosophy. Mons. Arago is said to have prophesied that Europe would undergo one of the severest winters she has ever known, while the Western Hemisphere would enjoy one proportionably mild. The event proves your philosopher "even with the Fates." While Winter seems to have forgotten our Continent from Cape Cod to Oregon, the vallies of Italy are filled with snow—wolves, driven down from the mountains by

the keen cold, prowl around the cities of France, and sentinels are frozen to death in the streets of Madrid.

But we are wandering. The "Winter Morn" would have been much improved by some broader and more general outlines, presenting the external landscape. A country scene should always have a back-ground. As it is, however, for simplicity and distinct picturing it is almost worthy of Burns, though of quite a different style. We give but a part, leaving out that well remembered scene in the country—the Family Prayers—and the quiet Breakfast that follows, both of which are described with much simple beauty.

#### S N O W .

The blessed morn is come again ;  
The early gray  
Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,  
And seems to say  
'Break, break from the enchanter's chain,  
Away,—away !'

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound  
Along the air  
Of winds upon their battle-ground,  
But gently there  
The snow is falling,—all around  
How fair—how fair !

The jocund fields would masquerade ;  
Fantastic scene !  
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade  
Have cast their green,  
And joined the revel, all arrayed  
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars  
And the old gate,  
Forgetful of their wintry wars  
And age sedate,  
High capped, and plumed like white  
hussars,  
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,  
The eaves, the door ;  
The haystack has become a hill ;  
All covered o'er  
The wagon, loaded for the mill  
The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,—  
But where's the well !  
Like magic of a fairy tale,  
Most strange to tell,  
All vanished—curb, and crank, and rai ;—  
How deep it fell !

The wood-pile too is playing hide ;  
The axe—the log—  
The kennel of that friend so tried—  
(The old watch-dog,)  
The grindstone standing by its side,  
Are now *incog*

The bustling cock looks out aghast  
From his high shed ;  
No spot to scratch him a repast,  
Up curves his head,  
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,  
And back to bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good Ruth has called the younker folk  
To dress below ;  
Full welcome was the word she spoke,  
Down, down they go,  
The cottage quietude is broke,—  
The snow !—the snow !

m \* \* \* \* \*

To delve his threshing John must hie ;  
His sturdy shoe  
Can all the subtle damp defy :  
How wades he through :  
While dainty milkmaids, slow and shy,  
His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care :  
To shell the corn ;  
The broken harness to repair ;  
The sleigh t'adorn :  
So cheerful—tranquil—snowy—fair,  
The WINTER MORN.

"The Bible," is written in a short ambling measure, entirely unsuited to the solemnity and weight of the subject; and the idea presented by "The Leap in the Dark," is not felicitously set forth. But another small piece, entitled "The World for Sale," is altogether original and striking, though we can hardly quote enough to present it fairly. It was published, however, in the city papers.

#### WORLD FOR SALE.

THE WORLD FOR SALE !—Hang out the sign ;  
Call every traveller here to me ;  
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,  
And set me from earth's bondage free :—  
'Tis going !—Yes, I mean to fling  
The bauble from my soul away ;  
I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring ;—  
The World at Auction here to-day !

It is a glorious thing to see,—  
Ah, it has cheated me so sore !  
It is not what it seems to be :  
For sale ! It shall be mine no more.  
Come, turn it o'er and view it well ;—  
I would not have you purchase dear ;  
'Tis going—going !—I must sell !  
Who bids ?—Who'll buy this Splendid  
Tear !

\* \* \* \* \*

We believe a small volume filled with pieces, all of them equal to those extracted, would excite some attention.

*Letters from a Landscape Painter.* By the author of "Essays for Summer Hours." Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845.

The writer of these pleasant pages possesses a poetic mind, and, what with this is altogether requisite for the landscape painter, a fine eye for the beauties of nature. But in regard to writing, he has not yet attained to a just discrimination of the true graces of language, or of knowing what thoughts always will strike his readers favorably. It is not every idea which may affect a man's own heart, or tickle his fancy, that is calculated equally to please his readers. It is just here that Mr. Lanman fails. He exhibits far more talent and native elegance of thought and feeling, than cultivated discernment to choose from what he has written. To know what is *not* to be said is the most difficult attainment of taste, and the chief part of the elaboration of style consists in rejecting. Our landscape letter-writer and scientific trout-catcher, (for he appears to be a most dangerous companion for the silver-sided dwellers of the brooks), uses an abundance of "Ohs," "Ahs," and various exclamations. Now there is nothing that requires more nicety of perception, or skill in the use of language, than to feel when an exclamation is necessary or felicitous, and to shape expressions so as most happily to introduce it; and we venture to say, that, of all the multitude used in English writing, not more than one out of twenty is admissible by the occasion, or gracefully employed. In the same manner Mr. Lanman makes use of many questions, expecting no body to answer them—which is, in fact, but another form of exclamation. It is, however, in these and still more in numerous distinct passages that he betrays his great want—that of perfect command over his subject—for, without this, a writer can certainly never have command over forms of expression. The great merit of the book lies in the constant evidence it gives of great sensibility, on the part of the writer, to all the graces and the grandeur of nature, and the delights of a rural life—its great defect, in his suffering depth of feeling to overcome force of thought. With all this, however, the style is, for the most part, simple,

and many passages might be selected, felicitous and free from fault.

"The brotherhood of trees clustered around me, laden with leaves just bursting into full maturity, and possessing that delicate and peculiar green, which lasts but a single day and never returns. A fitful breeze swept through them, so that ever and anon I fancied a gushing fountain to be near, or that a company of ladies fair were come to visit me, and that I heard the rustle of their silken kirtles." And of flowers, he says, "They ought to have no names, any more than a cloud or a foam-bell on the river."

The following is his notice of one of the ripest and most gifted scholars in the Union, Mr. Marsh of Burlington, Vermont.

"His knowledge of the Fine Arts is probably more extensive than that of any other man in this country, and his critical taste is equal to his knowledge; but that department peculiarly his hobby, is Engraving. He has a perfect passion for line engravings; and it is unquestionably true, that his collection is the most valuable and extensive in the Union. He is as familiar with the lives and peculiar styles of the Painters and Engravers of antiquity, as with his household affairs; and when he talks to you on his favorite theme, it is not to display his learning, but to make you realize the exalted attributes and mission of universal Art.

"He has published (among his numerous things of the kind) a pamphlet entitled, "The Goths in New-England," which is a fine specimen of chaste writing and beautiful thought; also, another on the "History of the Mechanic Arts," which contains a great deal of rare and important information. He has also written an "Icelandic Grammar," of 150 pages, which created quite a sensation among the learned of Europe a few years ago. As to his scholarship,—it can be said of him, that he is a *master* in some twelve of the principal modern and ancient languages.

"His Library, is undoubtedly the most unique in this country. The building itself, which stands near his dwelling, is of brick, and arranged throughout with great taste. You enter it, and find yourself in a perfect wilderness of gorgeous books, and portfolios of engravings. Of books, Mr. Marsh owns some five thousand volumes. His collection of Scandinavian Literature is supposed to be the most complete that can be found out of the Northern Kingdoms."

If Mr. Lanman would cultivate his style with care and discernment, we doubt not that he might become an exquisite and effective writer.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

παλλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγινω

"He beheld the cities of many nations, and became acquainted with the opinions of the men."—ODYSSEY.

There is nothing in which the contrast between our age and the remotest times is more apparent, than in the manner and the means of conveying from country to country a knowledge of the thoughts and customs, the character and the deeds, of distant and various nations. To the most enlightened communities of antiquity, individual travellers were the only communicators of foreign tidings. People were forced to be content, when some chance wanderer could recount his wonderful adventures, and impart a little knowledge of other lands and strange races of men. Now, in simple fact, "the ends of the earth are brought together," and the garrulous knowledge of Herodotus, delighting Olympic crowds with Eastern marvels, and the wisdom of Ulysses, gathered by long wandering acquaintance with "many cities, and the minds of many men," is brought every day to our doors, and may be perused in solitary chambers. But the amount of intelligence now crowded upon us is exceedingly miscellaneous. Selection is necessary, or a multitude of items destroy distinct impressions. We should not attempt such a task, however, were there not several distinct fields, of which a most important one—the movements of the world in literature and art—is greatly neglected by the daily press. To this, then, after some hesitation, we have concluded to bestow careful attention. Whatever of political or social matters may be of peculiar interest, or furnish ground for remark, will also be added. Little of value can be given at present, as our arrangements will not be completed for some months.

The packets of the last month have brought little of stirring interest, either to the scholar or to the politician. We may gather, however, one gratifying fact to us as a people—that we are rapidly growing to a wide importance in the eyes of Europe, not only for commerce and unwearied enterprise, but for statesmanship, commanding political eminence, and an enviable stand for art and knowledge among enlightened nations. The Parisian press commented at large upon the result of the last election, and were hailing it with regret or joy, as they chanced to espouse the principles of free trade or a restricted commerce with us. *Doctrinaire Legitimiste, Radicus*, and the partisans of *La Jeune France*, each had something to say of America and the Americans, and attempted to philosophize upon, what seem to Europeans, the incomprehensible motives of our nation. The result of their comments has been, that those interested in sustaining the peculiar doctrines of the administration of Mr Van Buren consider their cause as won, while the other party build their hopes of the continuation of the Tariff, upon the majority of Whig Senators, with an equal certainty. The Journals of London were very diffuse upon this subject, and exhibited much chagrin at the defeat of Mr. Clay. Looking upon his election as certain, they had esteemed the Tyler and Texas war-cry as the merest sound. They now look around with as much dismay as as the magician of old may be supposed to have done at the devil raised by his disciple who had opened a necromancer's scroll and read, by hazard, a spell for Dagon.

Even in Germany, the land of deepest absolutism, news of the result of the election, gave rise to much comment. The treaty of the Zollverein, to which the commercial classes had looked with much anxiety, the deep interest in all that relates to our antiquarian remains, the history of the present Indian race and the traditions of the people who have preceded them, and the almost idolatry of our political institutions by young Germany, made this election one of great interest even there. But the press of Germany is, in all that relates to politics, gagged, and dares to say less than the people feel. From Italy and Spain, no voice has been heard. The one cowering beneath the burden of foreign usurpation, the other torn to the centre by domestic convulsions—they also have thoughts and wishes which they dare not speak. They can afford to look at little beyond their individual safety. . . . The Diplomatic Policy of the United States has excited much comment and approval in Europe, especially our skill at commercial arrangements. The President's Message, however, has been unsparingly criticised; and Mr. Calhoun's despatches to Mr. King, weak, foolish, and uncalled for, as regards their chief points, have been severely and justly condemned.

The English papers give us but little literary intelligence. Nothing appears to occupy the public mind so fully as the Puseyite controversy and the strange state of affairs it has created in many dioceses. What will come of this condition of things it is difficult to say. Though undermining the very foundation of the English church, we see no remedy for it. The leaders of this

schism, have appealed to the popular opinion for support, and the cause must be decided before that court of high judicature. If the views of the Oxford divines be impeached, their answer is an appeal to the rubric, the constitutions of the church.

In France but little seems stirring in Literary circles. Sue throws off weekly an instalment of the *Wandering Jew*, which is bought up, but does not, happily, excite the anxiety elicited by the publication of the "Mysteries." Some persons venture to say that it is stupid, but in whispered tones, for he now is recognized as the novelist of France, leaving d'Arlincourt, and all the Romanticists, George Sand and De Balzac far behind him in the public estimation. The Constitutionnel says, that it has made arrangements with him for the publication of a new Romance, whose title is to be the "*Seven Mortal Sins*," in addition to the completion of the "*Wandering Jew*." The New Work will be completed during the year 1845. La Democratique Pacifique openly claims the Novelist as a partisan of Fourier. In the publications of this character, and the shorter *historiettes* with which the Parisian Journals are filled, is to be found the true reflection of the present literary character of the French people. The first talent of the land occupies itself in throwing off these stories, whose subject is various as the character of the nation now drawn from the old romantic periods of history—now the age of Louis XIV, and the revolution, or the pretty *conte de societe*. Dumas, De Balzac, Marie Acord, George Sand, and hosts of others, contribute to this miniature literature, not the refuse of their portfolios, but the products of the best energies of their minds. Poetry we rarely hear of. De La Martine is become a politician, and writes nothing, or if he does, it is not published, and the Schools of Eclecticism, where Cousin uttered his eloquent lectures to such large audiences, are now silent. The bellicose disposition of the French people, thoroughly excited by the recent escapade at Morocco, seems to have absorbed, entirely, the attention of the public. Thiers, however, still pursues his series of great historical works, elaborating the united wisdom of the scholar and the statesman. . . . In the last number of the *Revue de Paris* it is stated that the Prison discipline introduced by De Tocqueville from our own country, and in France called "*The Humanity System*," has been found not to work well. The Review says that thanks are due to the present minister for not having extended it farther.

Rome is, as usual, filled with painters and sculptors from every country in Christendom. Crowds of our own countrymen are said to be there, crowning native genius with acquired laurels. As yet, however, American students labor under great disad-

vantages—having no academy, as the English and French have. Greenough is still at Rome. But Genoa seems to be now the great point of re-union of American artists in Europe. Huntingdon, of this city, is there with his family, and Morse and Cheney of Boston. Crawford, it seems, is acknowledged to be the best worker in *Basso Relievo* in Italy, and Cole is said to paint landscape without a superior. Cheney's heads, in Crayon, attract everywhere in that country the closest attention. The great number of Americans studying there, and the frequent arrivals of our men-of-war, serve to attract an unusual attention to our country.

At a recent session of the states of Denmark, it was proposed to abolish slavery in the Danish colonies. It was decided to send out a commission, to make inquiries relative to the doing away with this institution.

On the 11th of November, a commemoration of Shiller took place at the Hotel de la Pologne of Leipsic, which was honored by the presence of the most distinguished men of Germany. Speeches and toasts were made and drunk as with us, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. . . . The chief point, however, of literary interest to us, is the announcement that the great publishing houses of Germany are about to establish a depot in Philadelphia, for the increased circulation of their literature—as there are great numbers of German citizens in this country, and the study of the language is rapidly increasing among us. The chief point of interest for Europe is the announcement in the continental papers that the King of Prussia has forwarded to the different governments of Europe an expression of his intention to give a constitution to his country. The bases are already determined upon.

In Spain, the two parties are amusing themselves with shooting their prisoners. The race, both in Europe and America, appears to have an unconquerable liking for military executions, bull-fights, and such like divertisements. . . . Litz, the pianist, has been at Madrid, and been received with the greatest distinction by the Queen mother. He has been presented with the cross of Carlos III. Why a musician should receive an *order of merit*, is readily conceived; but to make one a knight of an ancient chivalric order, partakes of the awkward innovations that are stealing in upon all the feudal institutions of Europe. . . . Some years since, there was a brief gleam of a literary revival in Spain, but it has been overcast entirely. In a large file of Spanish papers, we have been able to find not one item of literary intelligence.

Portuguese literature may be algebraically expressed, =  $-\sqrt{x}$ .

## AMERICAN REVIEW.

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## AMERICAN REVIEW:

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VOL. I.

MARCH, 1845.

No. III.

## THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS

THE last sands of the present Congress run low, and soon amid the deafening huzzas of the exulting, scheming, struggling thousands who have assembled in Washington to dignify and grace by their presence the Inauguration of the new President, it will noiselessly dissolve into its original nothingness. Undeserving as it may be of a mausoleum, or even a monument, it may not so clearly be denied an epitaph. Public justice demands that its history should be written—to that history these pages may serve as a prelude and a contribution.

The Twenty-Eighth Congress was elected and constituted under auspices the most unfavorable to an expression thereby of the calm judgment of the American people on their public concerns. The recent defection of John Tyler had dealt incalculable injury to the Whig cause—injury which years were required to repair. While the great mass of the more intelligent and patriotic citizens regarded his treachery with a profound abhorrence and detestation, there was a class, small but not insignificant in the balanced scale of political ascendency, who, amid the wreck and ruin of their party's and their country's hopes, could coldly calculate the chances of personal advantage, and indulge dreams of ambition and emolument based on the betrayal of their compatriots and the overthrow of those principles which they had professed to cherish as essential to the Nation's well-being. These early prepared to assume the part of 'the King's friends,' played in a not dissimilar crisis of English history by a faction equally sordid and sy-

cophantic, and to throw their votes and their influence into whichever political scale the nod of the great dispenser of patronage should dictate. Behind them ranged a still larger class who were really perplexed by the strange and sudden transformation which had been wrought since the death of Gen. Harrison—who still hoped against hope that the acting President might yet be reconciled to the party which had deserved so much at his hands; or who, but meagerly acquainted with the course of public affairs, imagined that he could not wantonly and wickedly have courted all the obloquy which his eccentric course had excited, and that some other cause than his faithless and preposterous ambition must lie at the bottom of the rupture which had occurred. A still more numerous body had been utterly soured and disgusted by the sudden reverses and sore disappointments of the eventful year, 1841, and were indisposed to any farther political action whatever.

Such were the aspects presented at the opening of the elections at which Members of the House were to be chosen for the Twenty-Eighth Congress. The great mass of the Whigs, probably five-sixths of the whole number who shared in the struggle of 1840, were as devoted to their principles and as firm in their support as in that memorable contest; but of the residue the great majority were confused, sullen, indifferent, or hopeless, and so inert; while an active and scheming minority, unembarrassed by principles or scruples of any kind, were marshaling their thin but agile

ranks in preparation to follow the executive standard—the device, an office-seeker *couchant* with arm extended and porridge-dish right side up, held expectantly, beseechingly in the oily fingers)—into the most exposed interspaces of the adversary's line, and thence charge with desperate venom on the weakened defences of their late brethren in arms. On the other side was ranged the ever active and formidable party which rallies under the profaned name of Democracy, having retained the exasperation and recovered from the depression of the rout of 1840, under the stimulus of the novel and sanguine hopes which recent events had inspired and justified—its ready instinct sharpened by the prospect of a restoration of the comfortable offices it had so lately forfeited, and the gratifying prestige of ascendancy which, after long possession, it had so lately yielded. This party was now far stronger than if it had not been defeated in 1840; the Whigs proportionally weaker. Even victory afforded little sunshine to the latter; for if they carried the next Congress, to what end was it carried? Its measures were sure to be met and crushed by the inexorable Veto. In any event, the substantial power as well as the patronage of the government was sure to be against them; a barren prospect of responsibilities incurred without hope of corresponding opportunities, and expectations excited without a chance of satisfying them, was all that victory held out to the Whigs. Two-thirds of the States had been previously, or were simultaneously, districted by their opponents so as to secure to themselves an advantage equal at least to the twenty-three odd Members—in other words, on an equal division of the aggregate popular vote, the 'Democrats' would carry at least one hundred and twenty-three Members of the House to not more than one hundred Whigs. Of course, there could be at no time a rational doubt of the result; and the election of a House wherein the Whigs had, at its organization, less than seventy members to one hundred and forty opponents, was very nearly what any safe calculator would have anticipated.

The Senate, though weakened by the results of the popular elections of 1841-2, was still obedient to the more powerful impulse of 1840, and exhibited a moderate but decided Whig majority. But this

conservative and dignified body did not assume to measure strength with its more numerous and popular coördinate branch, contenting itself with arresting the destructive measures originated in that assemblage. 'The Breakwater of the Constitution,' it was no part of the Senate's duty to dash out upon the broad ocean in search of mountain waves to breast and shatter; its high purpose was answered when it calmly rolled back the breakers which were hurled upon it in reckless but impotent fury. How this duty has been performed the sequel will indicate and history shall proudly record. Meantime, be it noted that in speaking generally of the Twenty-Eighth Congress we intend to refer to its numerical majority—to its impelling not its resisting force—to that which began and ended with its appointed two years.

The Session was opened with the choice, as Speaker of the House, of a Member\* who had been returned by 33 majority, and whose seat was then contested by his opponent†—a most exceptional proceeding, though in this instance its practical mischiefs were precluded by a unanimous agreement, on due investigation, that Mr. Jones was entitled to the seat. But this the House did not, could not foreknow, and there was a fair presumption against it, from the closeness of the popular vote on a heavy poll, and the fact that there are always many illegal votes taken in an exciting contest under the suffrage-restricting Constitution of Virginia. Suppose the right *had* been with Mr. Botts, or had been extremely doubtful, would a Committee appointed by Mr. Jones, composed in major part of his co-partisans and supporters, be expected to weigh the evidence and apply the law with perfect impartiality—to sift the immense mass of testimony presented, with a patient resolution to render equal and exact justice? At the very best, the decision of a Committee so constituted could not be expected to carry with it the moral weight of a clearly impartial judgment. This was admitted by Mr. Jones in his subsequent deference of the choice of the Committee on Elections to the House—a course imperatively dictated by propriety, but which itself suggests the awkwardness of the Speaker's position. No man can properly be the

\* Hon. John Winston Jones, of Chesterfield, Virginia.

† Hon. John M. Botts.

chosen presiding officer of a legislative body at the same time that his right to sit in that body is seriously contested, and he liable, at any day, to be declared no member and his seat the rightful property of another.

The next important step taken by the House was one of far greater moment—of vital and enduring significance. It was a clear, naked, undeniable Nullification of a law of the land by a simple resolution of one branch of the Federal Legislature. In earlier instances of Nullification it was deemed requisite that the invalidity of a subsisting enactment should be determined and pronounced by a body at least equal in authority (though not of commensurate jurisdiction) with that to which it owed its existence. But here the House alone nullified a provision of law which had been enacted by the Senate and House, signed by the President, and duly inscribed on the statute-book of the Union, to be heeded and obeyed by every loyal citizen. For this disorganizing act, not even the poor excuse of a party necessity could be given. It was a simple dethronement of Law, to exalt a perverse and disloyal Will—a prostration of eternal Right at the footstool of temporary Power. Let the facts be duly set forth.

On the twenty-seventh Congress devolved the duty of determining, under the census of 1840, the ratio of population upon which Members of the five succeeding Congresses should be chosen, and thereupon apportioning to each State its due number of Representatives. This was done; and, by a second section of the Act of Apportionment, it was plainly directed that each State should be divided into as many Congressional Districts, each of contiguous territory, as it was authorized to choose Members to the House, each District being entitled and restricted to one Member. This provision, which had been originally reported by the Committee entrusted with the framing of the Apportionment bill, had been fully debated in each House, and duly passed by each. Its policy was based not only on the general and obvious propriety of replacing incongruity by congruity, multiformity by uniformity, and thus securing to the American people that equality of representation demanded alike by the genius of our government and the obvious requirements of our Constitution, but on an immediate

and glaring instance of partisan abuse of the license before accorded to the several States of choosing by general ticket, by single districts, or by such a patchwork blending of the two as had prevailed in this State and in Pennsylvania. The State of Alabama had chosen her Members of Congress by single districts, prior to the Presidential Election of 1840. In that election Mr. Van Buren carried the State on the aggregate vote, but a majority for Gen. Harrison was given in three of the five Congressional districts. The Legislature met soon after; the Members of the Twenty-Seventh Congress were to be chosen the following August. To deprive the Whigs of the local advantage which had fortuitously accrued to them, (just such as their opponents are now enjoying in the case of Tennessee,) the Legislature repealed the Districting Act and directed that the five Members of Congress should be chosen by a general ticket. They were chosen accordingly—all of the dominant party—though such was the dissatisfaction of the people at this bare-faced partisan juggle, that a decided popular majority at the same time directed a restoration of the district system. But the end of the manœuvre had been gained; an example had been set of changing the mode of election from time to time in accordance with the exigencies of the party having control of the Legislature, and it was morally certain to be followed and retaliated, until each State should come in time to be newly districted, or have its district system changed to a general ticket, or *vice versa*, at every fluctuation in its politics.

But not alone to ward off occasional or apprehended evils was the uniform district system demanded. It was required to obviate and correct existing and flagrant inequalities in the relative power of the several States in the House. Let a single instance be considered: Vermont and New Hampshire, two States of equal extent, population and representative capacity, have for years stood opposed in politics by very decided majorities. Vermont is a Whig State, warmly attached to the Protective Policy; New Hampshire is Loco-Foco, and ostensibly for Free Trade. Vermont, since 1820, has chosen her members by single Districts; New Hampshire hers by General Ticket. Vermont, with five Representatives under the census of 1830, had sometimes two of the party decidedly a

minority in the whole State, but forming a majority in certain Districts; while New Hampshire, choosing by general ticket, had a delegation uniformly of *her* dominant party. Thus the joint vote of the two States, on the election of a Speaker, or any clearly party question, would

exhibit a preponderance of three to five for the party controlling New Hampshire, although a full poll of the two States has always shown a decided Whig preponderance. The fullest vote ever polled in either State being that of 1840, we take that to illustrate the facts already stated

|                               | Popular<br>Harrison. | vote of 1840.<br>VanBuren  | Members of Congress.<br>Whig. Loco-Foco. |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| New Hampshire, . . . . .      | 26,297 . . . . .     | 32,801 . . . . .           | 0 . . . . . 6                            |
| Vermont, . . . . .            | 32,443 . . . . .     | 18,019 . . . . .           | 4* . . . . . 1                           |
| Total, . . . . .              | 58,740               | 50,820                     | 4 . . . . . 7                            |
| Whig popular majority, 7,920. |                      | Loco majority in Congress, | 3                                        |

Such examples of the inevitable effect of choosing Members of Congress contemporaneously, by opposite systems in different States, might be multiplied indefinitely. New-Jersey, for instance, with but six members chosen by general ticket, and a very slender popular majority, has usually exerted more weight in the decision of party questions in the House, than Pennsylvania, with four times her representation and ten times her popular majority. It was said with much force, in the course of the debate on the enactment under consideration, that the essential equality of Representation, which is the basis of Republican Institutions, imperatively demanded the establishment of some uniform system of choosing Representatives.

The law of the land thus established, five States saw fit to set at defiance. New Hampshire, Georgia, Mississippi, and Missouri—all under the sway of the party assuming to itself exclusive Democracy—severally nullified this eminently democratic and just measure.—They did it in express contempt and defiance of the act of Congress, prescribing a uniform division of the several States into single districts for the choice of Members of the House. In Georgia, indeed, the Legislature framed and passed a districting bill, but the Governor vetoed it, avowing in his Message, that he did this less from hostility to the district system, than to avoid the appearance of complying with the requisition of Congress. In each of these States, the same ascendancy which refused to district, had undisputed power to district entirely to its own liking. In each State except Georgia, the Democracy could have

districted so as to secure every member to themselves at the ensuing election.—Their refusal to district was, therefore, a sheer exhibition of ill-temper; a disloyal wilfulness, courting collision with the paramount authority of the Union.

These States proceeded to choose members to the XXVIIIth Congress, in each case, by general ticket; and those members having appeared at the opening of the Session to claim seats, an issue was distinctly made up between the Law and its contemners, which the House must decide. No question of graver import could arise among a free people. No considerate, loyal citizen, especially one who had just sworn fidelity to the Constitution, could vote on the side of Nullification except after the maturest deliberation, and on the clearest conviction that the outraged provision of law was invalid. But the party-majority in the House cut the intricate knot without ceremony. They first, treating with utter contempt the objections and the protest of the Whig minority, admitted without question the twenty-one members, who appeared with certificates showing on their face that each of them had been chosen in ostentatious defiance of the law, suffered them to vote for Speaker and Clerk, and appointed them upon various Committees; and then directed the Committee on Elections to inquire into and report on the matter.—That Committee, as was foreordained, reported that the second section of the Apportionment act *was unconstitutional*; the House promptly adopted the Report, and thus the whole matter was settled, virtually on the basis that no law is of binding force, which conflicts with the

\* We have given here the usual division of the Vermont delegation under the fifth apportionment, though the minority at one election carried *two* districts, and at another *none*.

interests or the will of triumphant Democracy.

The assumption of unconstitutionality in this instance, is probably weaker than in any other known to our history. The Federal Constitution expressly says :

“SECTION IV. *Election of Members.*—The times, places, and *manner* of holding Elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; *but Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.*”

Here is all that the Constitution says on the subject ; could more be desired ? The *States* may regulate the incidents of choosing Members of Congress, in the absence of any enactment by Congress itself ; but in Congress is vested a paramount power, to which all State legislation must give way. Thus, each State may legally choose by general ticket, by single districts, or by double and treble districts, as to it shall seem good, in the absence of any law of Congress prescribing the manner of choosing ; but whenever Congress acts, all State laws which conflict with its regulation are superseded by it. The House had no more right to admit four members from New Hampshire chosen in notorious defiance of the second section of the Apportionment Act, to partake in its organization, than forty members from the same State, if that interesting sovereignty had seen fit to nullify the first section of the same act, and send two score of her Jacobinic Solons, to direct the councils of the nation.

The ground on which the enactment of a uniform district system was pronounced unconstitutional, is, if possible, more preposterous than the judgment itself. It is, in substance, a denial of the mathematical axiom, that the less is always included in the greater ; Congress, argued the special pleaders for nullification, had a clear right under the clause of the Constitution above quoted, to divide each State, however exceptionally, into single districts, and the States would be bound to obey the act, and elect members in accordance with such apportionment. But Congress has no right to prescribe the manner in which *the States* shall legislate on the subject ; its action must be perfect in itself, or it is invalid. The simple answer to this quibble affirms that the action of Con-

gress in the premises is perfect, to the extent of the desire or intention of acting at all. Congress first prescribed the ratio of Representation ; then the number of members to which each State is entitled under that ratio ; lastly, a uniform *manner* of electing them. There it stopped.—So far all was perfect without a particle of State legislation. The States were to commence, as all but four did commence, where Congress left off, and, in view of the paramount law of the land, perform that duty in regard to the apportionment which had been wisely remitted to local regulation. That Congress might legally have gone much farther than it did, is quite true ; but this truth is singularly employed, when adduced to prove that it had no power to go so far. A commander who should assert that he could carry a certain fortress with twenty thousand men, but that forty thousand would be utterly inadequate, would aptly parallel the absurdity employed to justify nullification, and sustain the five contumacious States in trampling upon a law of the Union.

Vain was all argument, all remonstrance. ‘Democracy’ had power and the disposition to use it to the uttermost. The second section of the Apportionment Act, standing to this day unrepealed, was deliberately overborne, and twenty-one Members of Congress hold seats and are potential in making laws, by virtue of the overthrow. The immediate practical evil of this outrage may be borne if not forgotten. The requisition defied is, in itself, so obviously just, that it must eventually triumph over every impulse of party madness. Already two of the nullifying States, Georgia and Missouri, have receded from their untenable ground and districted according to law. But the spectacle afforded to the Nation and the world of law-makers foremost, if not alone, in defying the restraints of law, and a Congress palpably constituted on the basis of contempt for the authority of Congress, will long be potential in poisoning the fountains of loyalty—a sentiment no where so needful as in an unmilitary republic—and teaching the lustful, the violent, the unprincipled, the easily tempted, that law is no emanation or reflection of Divine justice, but a device of the cunning to facilitate the gratification of their own passions, while imposing restraints on others, and is only to be obeyed when obedience is convenient, and resistance directly peril-

ous. This one initial proceeding of the Twenty-Eighth Congress, though but casually and superficially discussed by the mass of the journals of the day, and scarcely thought of by a majority of the American people, is of greater and more enduring consequence to the national well-being, than all the subsequent proceedings of that body, through its two annual sessions.

The plan of operations for this Congress, indicated by the leading organs of the Democratic party, was a very simple one. Its execution implied barely the undoing of all that had been done—in our judgment, wisely and nobly done—by the preceding Congress. To this end, an early demonstration was made upon the *Tariff of 1842*—a measure very possibly defective in some of its infinity of details, but as a whole eminently judicious and beneficent. Against this *Tariff*, both in inception and in operation, the whole artillery of the party had been directed, and well-nigh exhausted. It was represented as a measure taxing onerously our eighteen millions of people for the benefit of a few thousands of purse-proud manufacturers. It was the *Black Tariff*, the *Aristocrat Tariff*, the death-blow to the industry, commerce, and prosperity of the country. The Farmers were told, as a notorious and even admitted truth, that it would signally enhance the price of every article they purchased, and depress that of whatever they had to sell. The Planting interest was assured that it would destroy the market for cotton, while increasing the cost of cloths, bagging, &c. The Cities were haunted by the spectre of a crippled commerce and famished internal trade. In our own city of New York it was formally proclaimed that the tariff would increase the cost of manufactures by some twenty-five to fifty per cent, while depressing the wages of labor and drying up the springs of trade. When the sailors in port turned out to oppose a reduction of their wages, they were met and harangued by the standing orators of Tammany Hall, who assured them that the *Black Tariff* was the cause of their trouble, and that neither ship-building nor navigation could flourish until this was repealed. Its failure to afford an adequate revenue was predicted with undoubting confidence. Even so late as the midsummer of 1843, Mr. James K. Polk, then canvassing the state of Tennessee as a candidate for Gov-

ernor, did not hesitate to declare, in writing, that the *Tariff of 1842* must be repealed, because (among other reasons equally sound) it would not afford adequate revenue!—that we must return to a twenty per cent. horizontal *Tariff* to save the country from bankruptcy. The very next year afforded a striking evidence of his slender claims to eminence, either as a statesman or a prophet. The receipts of that year, (1844) exceeded by many millions of dollars the current expenditures of the government, and more than doubled those of the year preceding the enactment of this *Tariff*, when the duties were the lowest and most uniform that they had been in any year of the last twenty.

The "*Black Tariff*" was the most important object of *Loco-Foco* hostility in the first session of the Twenty-Eighth Congress. The Speaker, strongly anti-*Tariff*, placed at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, Gen. James J. McKay, of N. C.—a man of barely respectable talents, but a consistent and decided champion of free trade—with a working majority of like principles. By this majority a bill was in due time elaborated and reported, contemplating a radical reduction of the *Tariff*. Its general range of duties was thirty per cent. on the foreign valuation of articles imported for one year ensuing; after that, twenty-five per cent. From this standard some remarkable deviations on either side were allowed. The coarsest wool was to pay fifteen per cent. duty, but the fabrics (woolen blankets) made of such wool were admitted at *ten* per cent.—a discrimination *against* the American producer. Cotton fabrics were universally reduced to twenty per cent. and every minimum abolished. On the other hand, *iron* and *sugar*, the staples of Pennsylvania and Louisiana, were to be let off with a slight reduction, leaving the duties on each in their several varieties still specific and fully equal to *seventy* per cent. *ad valorem*. This glaring inequality was the device of politicians subtler than Gen. McKay.

The manufacturing interests of the North were given over to destruction, as inexorably hostile to the Democracy; but Pennsylvania and Louisiana were States of doubtful political bias, which the party must have in the approaching Presidential canvass. By this indefensible partiality, their apprehensions of evil from a *Loco-Foco* ascendancy in the

government, were soothed, and both States were carried for Polk in the ensuing struggle. Without them he would have been defeated; for New-York could not have been lost to Mr. Clay had Pennsylvania declared for him.

The bill thus framed was submitted to the House, debated, considered by items, matured, and—*rejected!* Yes, the party which had made the land ring with execrations of the “Black Tariff,” could not frame a substitute for it acceptable to a House wherein it had over sixty majority! All efforts to resuscitate it failed; the House would not disturb the Tariff; it dared not present a direct, practical Tariff issue to the people. To find fault with the Whig Tariff, vaguely, or by attacks upon certain items obnoxious to local hostility, was neither difficult nor dangerous; but to proffer a rival measure, and ask the country to consider the two and judge between them, was another matter. So the Senate was deprived of the satisfaction of nailing to its table any anti-Tariff concoction of the House, and the Whig Tariff remains untouched, and ever since unthreatened, to this day. These facts bespeak our adversaries’ respect for the merits, as well as the popularity, of that benign measure. Could they have framed a bill in their own judgments likely to prove as satisfactory to the country as the present Tariff, they would not have hesitated to send it to be defeated in the Senate, and thus form one of the bases of a contrast between the measures of the rival parties.

No corresponding shyness was evinced by the House with respect to any other of the great practical issues which divide the two parties, because no similar apprehensions were felt with regard to any other. A blow struck at the Tariff affects directly the great industrial interests of the country, palsying the arm of the mechanic, arresting the shuttle of the weaver, and rendering unsalable many of the products of the farmer. But assaults, equally deadly, upon the national well-being, through the medium of the currency, or the fiscal economy of the government, are by no means so perilous to their contrivers. The evils thence resulting are as real, perhaps as formidable, as in the other case, but they do not point so directly to their causes, and the unreflecting many are easily taught to attribute them to the Banks, the speculators, the moneyed capitalists,

or any other target of popular jealousy and hatred. And thus we saw the same party which hesitated in, recoiled from, its long meditated and loudly vaunted attack on the Protective Policy, unite as one man in passing bills to re-establish the Sub-Treasury, and to repeal the contingent and now too remote Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands. No man doubted that the Senate would (as it did) promptly arrest both these bills; they were not passed to be perfected, but to indicate the purpose of the House, to overthrow whatever the Whigs had constructed, so far as it might do so without periling its ascendancy. A resolution denying to Congress the power to create a National Bank, and denouncing such a Bank as dangerous, pernicious, &c., was introduced to, and carried through the House, with no reference to any legislative action, present or prospective, but in the sorry hope of filling the party’s sails with one blast from the darkest caves of prejudice and distrust. It was not sent to the Senate for concurrence.

At the opening of the first session of the expiring Congress, the House re-enacted the rules of its predecessor—amongst them the famous XXIst (now XXVth), which forbids the reception of petitions relating to Slavery. The same House, at the opening of its second session, rescinded that very rule by a large majority. There was no shadow of reason for its maintenance at one time more than another; in fact, no valid reason for it at any time. But in the former instance, the ultra-slavery feeling was to be gratified, and won to the support, (as was presumed,) of Mr. Van Buren; in the latter it *had been* thoroughly gratified by the abandonment of Van Buren and the election of Polk. A very different spirit now required conciliating, and the famous “Gag Rule” was the sacrifice.

The persevering efforts, favored by a large majority of the dominant party, to alienate the Public Lands of the Union at a nominal price, deserve notice in view of the strenuous opposition of that party to the Land Distribution. Throughout the late canvass the journals and harangues of the Democracy abounded in demonstrations of the importance and necessity of the Land Proceeds to the Federal Treasury. But, both before and after this contest, a large majority of that same ‘Democracy,’ as represented in

Congress, has never hesitated to vote for Graduation Bills, which, if passed, could not fail to diminish by at least one half the receipts for Public Lands, and postpone the payment of even that moiety for years. The law now says, "you can obtain no Public Land except for cash, and then not below one dollar and a quarter per acre." But Graduation changes all this. The man who pays for his land when first offered for sale, is still required to pay the old price; but let him withhold payment for a few years, and he will have to pay but one dollar per acre; and in a few years more, still less, and so on till the price has fallen to fifty or twenty-five cents. The consequence is easily foreseen. Few will pay two hundred dollars for a quarter section or one hundred and sixty acres of wild land, when, by quietly waiting for a few years, he may have the same tract for one hundred and sixty dollars, then one hundred and twenty dollars, and so on. The lowest price, all experience teaches, is that which will be paid for nearly all the Public Land that is purchased; and a bill to reduce the price after thirty years exposure to entry and sale, to fifty cents an acre, is in effect, a bill, to sell all lands hereafter at fifty cents an acre, and wait thirty years for the pay. We rejoice that this project has again been condemned, though rallying a large majority of the dominant party to its support.

For a Reform in the Rates of Postage and in the general policy and temper of the Post Office Department, the people have looked to this Congress with anxious hope. Petitions, representations, illustrations innumerable, have been forwarded from every quarter to Washington. At first (we speak from personal experience), the disposition of the House, and especially of its Post Office Committee, was decidedly averse to any material reduction of Postage or Reform of any kind. A bill reducing the Rates of Postage essentially, and proposing other needed Reforms, passed the Senate at the first session, but was lost in the House. A like measure, improved, though not yet perfect, passed the Senate seasonably in this session. It proposed a Uniform Rate of five cents for each letter or packet weighing less than half an ounce, conveyed in the Mails, no matter for what distance. This Bill, though it had passed the Senate by the strong vote of 38 to 12, encountered a determined opposition in

the House, where the feature of a Uniform Rate of Letter Postage was stricken out, and a rate of ten cents, for letters conveyed over three hundred miles, substituted. In this shape, the bill passed by a vote of 128 Yeas to 74 Nays, and has become a law, to take effect on and after the 1st of July next. Newspapers are to be conveyed thirty miles or under free of charge; for greater distances the present rates are charged; while on all other printed matter a considerable reduction is made. All compulsion to send newspapers or magazines through the Mails is removed by this bill.

Although we had advocated and should have preferred, a Uniform Rate of Letter Postage, yet, in view of the facts that the Franking Privilege is but partially abolished by this act—Members of Congress as well as Presidents, Ex-Presidents, &c., being allowed to frank without limitation, while the vital prepayment of Postage is not exacted—we do not doubt that all the Postage accruing under this bill will be needed to sustain the Department—probably more. But great reductions will eventually be made in the cost of the service, which will ultimately be effected under the clause which forbids any stipulation of the mode of conveyance in future contracts for transporting the Mails.—That the provisions of this bill may be greatly amended, we cannot doubt, but we gladly hail it as the first decisive step in a great and needed Reform; and by far the most beneficent act of the Twenty-Eighth Congress. Only *thirteen* Whigs voted against it in the House—not one of them from a Free State. There were but *eleven* votes against it from all the Free States, that of *Charles J. Ingersoll* being the only one from the North.

To the Senate be honor rendered for daring to be just in the matter of the long delayed Indemnity for French Spoliations prior to 1800. The equity of the claim is palpable: The French unjustly captured and despoiled our merchantmen to a great amount: our Government earnestly demanded reparation; our ministers obtained it in the purchase of Louisiana, of which the satisfaction of our subsisting claims on France was expressly a part of the consideration. The government thus pocketed the indemnity which it had sought for its despoiled citizens, and it has kept every penny of it to this day. Meantime, the claimants have, from time to time, implored Congress for jus-

tice, and many of them have gone down to their graves in pinching poverty for want of their property, thus plundered by a foreign power, and reclaimed, but never restored by their own government. We regret to state that the House did not concur in the passage of this bill.

Of the action of the majority on the Texas question, what shall history say? Must it not be compelled to portray a flagrant sacrifice of high national considerations to subserve the lowest party ends? And this by those who are eternally mouthing of this matter of Annexation as a great American question, far above the sphere of party objects and party struggles. But when the question of Annexation *was*, in truth, no party question, but one of simply National concern, and Texas appeared (in 1837) at our metropolis, an unsolicited applicant for Annexation, with a far smaller public debt and a much larger public domain than at present, and with less complicated foreign relations, President Van Buren and Secretary Forsyth, the latter as thorough and ardent a Southron as the sun ever shone upon, at once repulsed the kindly proffer, and repulsed it for reasons of enduring force. 'You are at war with Mexico,' said the Secretary of State; 'she claims rightful dominion over you; and until this war is terminated, this pretension abandoned, the question of Annexation is for us a question of peace or war with Mexico. We decline to compromise our friendly relations with that power.' Here was a great national question promptly and justly met as a national question, with the universal acquiescence and approval of the American people. Some years afterward (1843), the subject came before the Massachusetts Legislature, and a unanimous decision was given against Annexation, on grounds as valid to-day as then, and most sweeping in their range of hostility to the measure and its incitements. Here was no party difference—each party vied with the other in the freedom and earnestness of its assertion of the principles both deemed essential, not to party but to national well-being. Some of the members who were then foremost in condemning, are now prominently zealous in approving the project! And thus is it also with many members of the Twenty-Eighth Congress. Had the naked question been stated, and the vote taken on its first assembling—"Will you advise and consent,

in defiance of the protest of Mexico, to the Annexation of Texas to this country?"—with no party interest in, or influence over the measure, who can doubt that the result would have been an overwhelming negative? But the President and Cabinet were first enlisted in the interest of Annexation; then a few prominent politicians of the party Mr. Tyler had last joined; and soon a little coterie of avowed Annexationists was formed, the Representatives of the Mississippi Repudiators very properly taking the lead. By dint of the most industrious canvassing, backed by the power and patronage of the Executive and the money of Texas land-jobbers and scrip-holders, the number had been gradually swelled, until fifteen Senators, (nearly one-third of the body,) were induced to record their votes for the confirmation of the Tyler Treaty. Probably a like proportion, say sixty in all, might have been brought to the same point in the House, but at no time prior to May last, could any measure, proposing Annexation in defiance of Mexico, have received over one-third of the votes of either House. But when, near the close of May, the activity and resolution of the Annexationists had accomplished the overthrow of the man who stood in the way of their obtaining complete control of the party machinery, the transformation was complete. Thousands who, up to that moment, had been steadfast and open in their hostility to the project, now joined in the hurrah for Annexation.

Yet it is not wholly true that the Texas Question defeated Mr. Van Buren. It very probably turned against him the nicely balanced scale; but his real or supposed unpopularity, his many inveterate adversaries in the ranks of his own party, and the disgust excited by the clumsy manner in which delegations to Baltimore had been packed in his favor, had already prepared the train which was fired by the fuse of Texas. Thenceforward Annexation became to some extent a party Shibboleth, though there were notorious instances of non-conformity, as in the cases of Senators Benton and Wright, the Evening Post, and the signers of the exposed Secret Circular here. It was found necessary to use the strength which Mr. Wright had acquired by his opposition to Texas to bridge a threatening chasm between the Texas candidate and the Presidency, and the nomination thus made for Governor of New York was one without which Mr

Polk would not have been elected. Anti-Texas men mingled lovingly with Annexationists in the canvass, and no questions were asked implying an exaction of conformity on this critical question. But the contest once over, and Mr. Polk pronounced the President elect, there was an instant and important change. It was now asserted that all who had voted for Polk had thereby declared for Annexation, and that the American people had expressly approved of that measure! The latter assertion is as contrary to reason as the former is to fact. There was a very decided majority on the entire Popular Vote for President for the candidates *opposed* to Annexation, and if the Anti-Annexation vote had not been divided, Mr. Polk would have been beaten by 146 Electors to 129. But this, though known to, is utterly unregarded by the bestriders of what was originally Mr. Tyler's hobby. Annexation is now pronounced the great issue in the late contest, and repugnance to it hostility to the incoming administration, to be punished by a denial of its smiles. That this new phase should have won many friends to the measure in Congress is not amazing. No where is there a larger proportion of anxious suitors for or expectants of Presidential favor than in that body. Scores of the Members have already been relieved from all farther care on behalf of their constituents, and will sink on the 4th inst. into a very dense obscurity, if unblest by Executive sunshine. Of the *nine* from this State who voted for the Joint Resolution of the House, only *one* (Mr. Maclay of this city) had been reelected. Melancholy as is the fact, it is therefore not unaccountable that the Joint Resolution, which could not, a year before, have obtained sixty votes in the House actually passed that body in 1845 by the decisive majority of 120 to 98.

At last, the stupendous wrong and mischief devised by the Tyler dynasty, and rendered inevitable by the election of Polk, have triumphed, so far as the single action of our Government can effect that result. Congress has been coerced, by a most flagrant exercise of executive power and patronage, into a consent to the Annexation of Texas. Overriding every consideration of constitutional limitation, or respect for popular sovereignty, a bare majority of the Senate

has assented to the House Resolutions. That majority was made by the help of one recreant Whig,\* who betrayed his constituents and spurned the emphatic request of their Legislature, with that of three Loco-Focos,† who notoriously defied the will of their constituents, and the express instructions of their respective Legislatures. Had these four votes been cast as they ought, the measure would have been lost by *six* majority, instead of being carried by *two*. Yet the smallest possible majority has been held sufficient to change the very elements of our national existence—to subvert the established balance of power, and remove the centre of the Union—to place the American people practically under a different government from that which their Constitution created, and to which alone they had assented. This is the crowning achievement of the Twenty-Eighth Congress.

That there are men who, so that their end be gained, laugh to scorn all scruple as to means, is sadly true. These, being in favor of Annexation *per se*, regard as frivolous all considerations of illegality and iniquity in the means of effecting it. But, to every reflecting, conscientious patriot, it must be evident that the forcing of so momentous a measure irrevocably on the country, through the action of a bare majority in one House of Congress, through the appliances of Presidential smiles and frowns and the severest party drill, is an outrage on the spirit and the forms of our institutions, which cannot fail, if unrebuked, to draw after it immeasurable evils.

Whether Texas should, or should not, at a proper time and under proper circumstances, be admitted to a place in our Union, should she desire it, we need not, and do not here discuss. That a Southern boundary might somewhere be found for us more acceptable than the line of the Red River and the Sabine, is quite possible, though it is by no means certain that the acquisition of Texas, with no single boundary settled but that which has hitherto divided her from us, will give us, eventually, a better frontier. But no sane, considerate man, can doubt that if the novel step is to be taken of uniting two independent nations, there should first be a careful removal of all obstructions or impediments to the union. If the junction be one dictated by nature and the

\* Merrick, of Maryland.

† Tappan and Allen, Ohio; Niles, Connecticut.

enduring interests of the two nations respectively, there can certainly be no danger in awaiting such removal. The junction should clearly not take place while one country is at war with a nation with which the other is at peace, nor while the territory of one is claimed to be the rightful property of a third power. All such difference should be settled before the untrammelled nation should venture to complicate its relations with the other. But, should it farther appear that a very large proportion of the people of the one country were utterly averse to any such union, then a decent self-respect should impel those of the other to decline it; while no wise and just government, surely, would force its own citizens into so intimate a relation, for which so many of them entertained a deep aversion. That no effort should first be made to secure the favorable regard of other nations, with whom these two had different and perhaps irreconcilable treaties, would seem impossible. And yet, the people of the United States are suddenly and recklessly involved in this union, while a full half of them are resisting and struggling against it; while Texas is at open war with Mexico, and her independence unacknowledged; and when it is known that other and far more powerful nations are greatly averse to this union. No effort is made to conciliate adversaries, to terminate the War, or to quiet the internal resistance. With an indecent haste, which the whole world will understand, our Annexationists have sewed a consent through the Houses

of Congress, and rush to consummate their project. Who can fail to discern in these proceedings the elements of future convulsion and calamity?

But no remonstrance will avail. The first act of the Annexation drama has been played out by Tyler and the Twenty-Eighth Congress, and these indifferent performers have retired from the stage, leaving to Polk and a new Congress the task of concluding their work. That it will be pressed with zeal by the former, we need not remark; and already we have significant whispers that the new Congress must be called together, in extra session, at an early day, to receive the assent of Texas, and perfect the enterprise. The cost of this may well be disregarded, in view of the aggregate of expenses which this acquisition is to fasten upon us. Bravely ended, then, is the first act of Annexation, amid roar of cannon and shouts of approving thousands! What, think you, shall be the end of the next?—and the next?

Enough for the day is the evil thereof. In the next Congress—before, its close, if not at its outset—three new States—Iowa, Florida, and Texas—will be represented in either House. Florida has a deficient population; but a slave State was insisted on to balance Iowa, and now the admission of Texas will give us fifteen slave to fourteen free States—in all twenty-nine. And here, with the exception of mere business of routine, like the passage of the Annual Appropriation Bills, closes the record of the doings of the Twenty-Eighth Congress.

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## WINTER.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

With howling fury Winter makes his bound  
 Upon us, freezing Nature at a look.  
 He dashes out the sweet and dreamy hues  
 Of Indian Summer, that the eye, where it  
 The golden softness and the purple haze  
 Beheld at noon, at sunset sees the mist  
 Darken around the landscape, and the ear,  
 Nestling upon its pillow, hears the sleet  
 Ticking against the casement, whilst within  
 The silvery cracking of the kindling coal  
 Keeps merry chime. The morning rises up,

And lo ! the dazzling picture ! Every tree  
 Seems carved from steel, the silent hills are helm'd,  
 And the broad fields have breastplates. Over all  
 The sunshine flashes in a keen white blaze  
 Of splendor, searing eye-sight. Go abroad !  
 The branches yield crisp cracklings, now and then  
 Sending a shower of rattling diamonds down  
 On the mail'd earth, as freshens the light wind.  
 The hemlock is a stooping bower of ice,  
 And the oak seems as though a fairy's wand  
 Away had swept its skeleton frame, and placed  
 A polish'd structure, trembling o'er with tints  
 Of rainbow beauty, there. But soon the sun  
 Melts the enchantment, like a charm, away.

Then the gray snow-cloud from the dim Southwest  
 Rises, and veils the sky. The vapory air  
 Is freckled with the flakes, till o'er the scene  
 There steals a gradual hue of white, like sleep  
 Muffling the senses. From the freezing North  
 The mighty blast now tramples, whirling up  
 In mist the snow, and dashing it along,  
 As the lash'd ocean dashes on its spray.  
 Through the long frowning night is heard the war  
 Of the fierce tempest. Wo ! oh, bitter wo  
 For Poverty !—here shivering in sheds,  
 And covering, there, by embers dying out  
 In the white ashes. Wo ! oh, bitter wo !  
 The starving mother, and the moaning babe !  
 The aged, feeling in their veins the blood  
 Freezing forever ! Thou whose board is spread—  
 Who sittest by thy household fire in peace—  
 Think of thy brother's lot, condemned to die,  
 Hungry and shivering in a pitiless world,  
 Made for the use of all by Him who saith,  
 That not a sparrow falleth to the ground  
 Unnoted ; think, and let sweet Charity,  
 That white-winged angel, keep her blessed watch  
 Beside the kindled altar of thy heart.

Then the bland wind comes winnowing from the South,  
 And the snow melts like breath. The wither'd grass  
 Is bare ; in forest paths the moss is green.  
 And in old garden nooks peers tearful out  
 The frozen violet ; purlings low, of rills  
 Flashing all round from vanishing banks and drifts,  
 Are heard. May's softness steals along the air,  
 And the deep sunshine smiles on limb and earth,  
 As it would draw the leaves and blossoms forth ;  
 But soon the mellow sweetness dies away,  
 And Winter holds his bitter sway again.

Yet is he not a foe. Behold, he casts  
 His ermine robe o'er Nature's torpid sleep ;  
 That, when again he draws his mantle warm  
 At Spring's command, a glory shall burst forth,  
 And the wide air be filled with breath of praise—  
 The delicate breath of tree, and plant, and flower  
 Rising to Heaven like incense.

## MR. EMERSON AND TRANSCENDENTALISM.\*

I. PERHAPS some of our readers are still ignorant of the meaning of the term Transcendentalism. We will, for their sakes, attempt a definition. *Transcendentalism is that form of Philosophy which sinks God and Nature in man.* Let us explain. God, man, and nature, in their mutual and harmonious relations (if indeed the absolute God may be said ever to be in relations) are the objects of all philosophy; but, in different theories, greater or less prominence is given to one or the other of these three, and thus systems are formed. Pantheism sinks man and nature in God; Materialism sinks God and man in the universe; Transcendentalism sinks God and nature in man. In other words, some, in philosophising, take their point of departure in God alone, and are inevitably conducted to Pantheism;—others take their point of departure in nature alone, and are led to Materialism; others start with man alone, and end in Transcendentalism. It is by no means difficult to deny *in words*, the actual existence of the outward universe. We may say, for example, that the paper on which we write has no more outward existence than the thoughts we refrain from expressing; we may affirm that it has merely a different kind of existence within our soul. When I say I perceive an outwardly existing tree, I may be mistaken; what I call a tree may have no outward existence, but may, on the contrary, be created by my perception. Who knows that a thing which appears red to me may not appear blue to my neighbor? If so, then is color something which I lend to the object. But why stop at color? Perhaps hardness and weight have no existence save that which the mind gives. "Whether nature enjoy a substantial existence without (says Mr. Emerson), or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is alike useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses." "What differs it to me (he asks on another page) whether Orion be up there in heaven, or some god paint the image in the firmament of the soul?"

Fabre d'Olivet believed the outward

universe to be so dependent upon the individual soul that we might properly be said to create it ourselves. He thought that we ourselves produced all forms and the world, that we might create whatever we would, isolatedly and instantaneously, and hoped to construct a system of magic on this fact as a basis. In truth, if all outward things depend for their being and manner of existence upon ourselves, and upon our inward states, a change in those states involves a change in outward nature. If we discover, therefore, the connection of our thoughts and feelings with outward nature, the whole universe is in our power; and we may, by a modification of ourselves, change the world from its present state into what we all wish it might become. Mr. Alcott thinks the world would be what it should be were he only as holy as he should be; he also considers himself personally responsible for the obliquity of the axis of the earth. A friend once told me, while we watched the large flakes of snow as they were slowly falling, that, could we but attain to the right spiritual state, we should be able to look on outward nature, and say, "I snow, I rain." To Mr. Emerson a noble doubt perpetually suggests itself, "whether nature outwardly exists." In the eighth number of the Dial we find a beautiful poem touching upon this theory, from which we make an extract:—

"All is but as it seems  
The round, green earth,  
With river and glen;  
The din and mirth  
Of busy, busy men;  
The world's great fever,  
Throbbing for ever;  
The creed of the sage,  
The hope of the age,  
All things we cherish,  
All that live and all that perish,  
These are but inner dreams.

"The great world goeth  
To thy dreaming.  
To thee alone  
Hearts are making their moan,  
Eyes are streaming.  
Thine is the white moon turning night  
to day,

\* Essays: Second Series. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1844.

Thine is the dark wood sleeping in  
her ray;  
Thee the winter chills;  
Thee the spring time thrills;  
All things nod to thee—  
All things come to see  
If thou art dreaming on;  
If thy dream should break,  
And thou shouldst awake,  
All things would be gone.

“Nothing is if thou art not.  
Thou art under, over all;  
Thou dost hold and cover all;  
Thou art Atlas—Thou art Jove—  
The mightiest truth  
Hath all its youth  
From thy enveloping thought.”

Thus man is made to be the only real existence, and outward nature a mere phenomenon dependent upon him. Man exists really, actually, absolutely; but nature is an accident, an appearance, a consequent upon the existence of the human soul. Thus is the universe sunk, swallowed up, in man. The concluding lines of the extract are an example of the Transcendental Theology, an example of the swallowing up of God in man.

“Thou art under, over all;  
Thou dost hold and cover all;  
Thou art Atlas—thou art Jove.”

Materialism makes man the result of organization, denying the existence of separate and individual souls, and thus sinks man in nature; it also identifies God with the active powers of the universe. As Pantheism sinks man and nature in God, as Materialism sinks God and man in the universe, so Transcendentalism sinks God and nature in man. It must be confessed, however, that our Transcendentalists are, by no means, consistent. Sometimes they express themselves in a way that leaves us in doubt whether they are not, at bottom, Materialists. For example, the poem from which the foregoing extracts are quoted, is followed by another, of the same author, made up of beautiful and clear statements, where, in the midst of explicit repudiations of Transcendentalism, traces of the sensual system of D' Holbach are distinctly visible. We quote a few lines:—

“Dost thou dream that thou art free,  
Making, destroying, all that thou dost see,  
In the unfettered might of thy soul's  
liberty?  
Lo! an atom crushes thee,

One nerve tortures and maddens thee,  
One drop of blood is death to thee.  
The mighty voice of nature,  
Is thy parent, not thy creature,  
Is no pupil, but thy teacher;  
And the world would still move on  
Were thy soul forever flown.  
For while thou drestest on, enfolded  
In nature's wide embrace,  
All thy life is daily moulded  
By her informing grace.  
And time and space must reign  
And rule o'er thee for ever,  
And the outworld lift its chain  
From off thy spirit never.”

Here the soul is evidently sunk in nature; it is, to use a mathematical expression, spoken of as a *function* of the universe.

II. Having spoken of some of the peculiar characteristics of the Transcendental school of philosophy, we shall now take occasion to say a few words concerning its origin and progress. But here it will be necessary to speak of the philosophy of Kant, a subject not easily handled. The fundamental postulate of the philosopher of Königsberg may, however, initiate the reader into the whole system. Here it is, as near as we recollect it.

“If any truth be present to the mind with a conviction of its universality and necessity, that truth was derived to the mind from its own operations, and does not rest upon observation and experience:

“And, conversely, if any truth be present to the mind with a conviction of its contingency, that truth was derived to the mind from observation and experience, and not from the operations of the mind itself.”

For example, we know that every effect must have its cause, and this truth lies in the mind with a conviction of its universality and necessity; this truth is derived, therefore, not from observation and experience, but from the operations of the mind itself; it is born not from outward nature, but in and from the mind itself. In other words, to pass to the technology of the Scotch School, we are forced by the very constitution of our being, to admit this truth, so that the principle of causation may be said to be a law of our intellectual natures.

On the other hand, we say, we know the sun will rise to-morrow; but we are not absolutely certain of this fact. This second truth lies therefore in our minds with a conviction of its contingency, and not of its necessity, and is, consequently,

not derived from a law of our intellectual natures, but from observation and experience.

By every fact of experience a revelation is made to the soul, not only of the idea which it has appropriated to itself, but also of those conditions of the external world, and of its own nature, which rendered that acquisition possible. For example, when we perceive moonlight, it is necessary, first, that there should be something out of us to produce the effect of moonlight upon our sensibility; and also, second, certain internal faculties which are receptive of the influences of moonlight. Without the outward object there is no perception, and without the inward faculties there is likewise no perception; for the moon shines upon the trees as well as upon me, but the trees do not perceive, being devoid of the perceiving faculty. Now the idea I have of moonshine might have been modified by a change either, first, in the outward object, or, second, in my perceiving faculty. Had the moonshine been different, it would have produced a different effect upon my sensibility, and, consequently, the idea would have been different. Had my perceiving power been different, the influence or effect of the moonshine would have been different, and the idea resulting would likewise have been different. All this is plain. Now the faculties of the mind are permanent, and always operate in the same manner; therefore, the truths given by the faculties, where nothing from the external world intervenes, are universal and necessary. But the outward world is always changing; therefore, the truths given by observation and experience are always contingent. Perhaps we can make this plainer by an illustration.

Our readers have undoubtedly seen machines for cutting nails; if they have not, the consequence is by no means grave, for the instrument may be easily described. A nail-machine is composed of a pair of shears, which are made to work up and down, sometimes by steam, sometimes by water-power. A man stands before the machine and inserts the end of an iron plate between the two parts of the shears when they open—when the shears shut, they cut off a nail from this plate, and this nail depends for its size and shape upon the form of the shears.—The machine is in operation.

The plate is inserted, and the machine says, I perceive something hard, black, cold—what is this something I perceive? Down come the shears, the nail is cut off, and rattles away into the box. Ah, ha! says the machine, I now begin to see into the mystery of those same perceptions of which I was conscious a moment ago. It was a tenpenny nail, it is long, four-sided, sharp at one end, and flat at the other. By this time the shears come down again, and the machine says, another tenpenny nail, by all that is glorious! This acquisition of knowledge is beginning to be interesting—I must know a little more of the philosophy of this business. So the machine goes on to soliloquise.—Listen!

I have now, says the machine, in my experience, memory, or nail box, several tenpenny nails. These were undoubtedly acquired from the external world, and are all that I have as yet acquired from that world. Therefore, if aught beside tenpenny nails exist in the external world, I have no conception of such existence, and that world is, consequently, for me, a collection of tenpenny nails. The following appear, therefore, to be unvarying laws of actual existence: first, all things are long and four sided, and second, all things are sharp at one end, and flat at the other.

But stop! says the machine—let us beware of hasty inductions. An idea strikes me! About these same nails, I am not so clear that they were not formed by the concurrent action of two agents. Perhaps the material was furnished by external nature, while the form resulted from the law of my nature, the constitution of my shears, of my own nail-making being. The following conclusion, at least, cannot be shaken:—I may look upon every nail from two distinct points of view—first, as to its material, and second, as to its form; the material undoubtedly comes from without, and is variable; some nails are of brass, some are of iron; but the form is invariable, and comes from within. All my nails must be long, and four sided, and that universally and necessarily; but the material may vary, being sometimes brass, sometimes iron. This is plain; for I acquire all my nails according to the law of my nail-making being; that is, being translated from scientific into popular language, according to the form of my shears. After mature deliberation, I

think I may take the following postulate as the foundation of all my ulterior philosophy.

"Whatever I may find in my nail-box, whether nails, or whatever else relating to nails, if I be convinced that it is what it is necessarily, and must be as it is universally, that same thing, whatever it be, was not derived to my nail-box from external nature, but finds the reason of its existence in the formation and shape of my shears.

"And, conversely, whatever I may find in that same nail-box, which is neither necessary nor universal, but variable and contingent, has its origin, and the reason of its existence, not in the formation and shape of my shears, but in the external world."

Having relieved itself of this postulate, the machine continues its meditations in silence.

The difference between the postulate of the nail-machine and that of the Königsberg philosopher, is by no means great. Let us use them both in endeavouring to get a clearer conception of the position of our transcendental friends.

Do we not see all material objects under the relations of space? Is not space a necessary and universal form of all our sensible perceptions? But what says the postulate? The notion of space cannot come from the external world; for, if it did, it would not be attended with the conviction of universality and necessity with which it is attended. The notion of space comes then from the mind, and not at all from the outward world. (We speak as a Kantian.) Space then has no outward existence, and the supposition that it has, is the merest hypothesis imaginable. The arguments brought to prove such a position fall at once to the ground, for we have before proved that all our notion of space comes from within; and any inference from the within to the without, is utterly invalid. We may treat time in the same manner, for time is the medium in which, universally and necessarily, we perceive events. Sensible objects and events, are the iron, brass, the material of ideas—space and time are the form impressed by the shears. After all, what can we make of time and space? Simply this: time and space are the color of the intellectual spectacles through which we look on outward nature; they have no real existence, but are a distorting medium which we spread before our eyes

whenever we look on the outward. (We give the Kantian statement.)

But it is impossible for any one to remain satisfied amid the skepticisms which arise from a denial of the real existence of space and time. If space and time are mere distorting media, through which we perceive outward nature, all our sensible perceptions are erroneous; and, if no new method of acquiring knowledge can be discovered, we may as well doubt of every thing. What shall we do then? This is the question asked by our Transcendentalists. The first course which presents itself to the mind is that of endeavoring to eliminate the elements of space and time from all our conceptions; but this is evidently impossible: we must, therefore, endeavor to transcend them. But how can we transcend space and time? This also is evidently impossible; and the nearest approach to such a transcendent position, is a self-deception by which we persuade ourselves that we have attained it, while we ignore every thing that tends to convince us that we are on the same standpoint with other men. The confused system of things seen from the *point of view* which seems to transcend space and time, gives us Transcendentalism. But why will this system sink God and nature in man? For this reason—When a man has cut himself off from every thing which is not himself, (which he must do if he attempt to transcend space and time) he must find the reason of all things in himself. But the reason of God and the universe are not to be found in man, and, if we seek them there, we shall deny both God and the universe, putting some chimera, which does find its reason in man, in their place and stead. Transcendentalism is, therefore, a sort of human Pantheism, requiring a conception of contradictions in the same subject.

To follow a transcendental writer, we must not endeavor to find the logical connection of his sentences, for there is no such logical connection, and the writer himself never intended there should be. We ought rather to transcend space and time (if indeed we can,) and follow him there. A transcendentalist never reasons; he describes what he sees from his own point of view. So the word Transcendentalism relates not to a system of doctrines but to a *point of view*; from which, nevertheless, a system of doctrines may be deduced. This explains to us why so many, whose desires were right, have

been unable to read the writings of the new school. They have tried to find a system of doctrines where they ought to have looked for the point of view.

But to return to our postulate. We see every thing according to the law of cause and effect. The fact of causation is universal and necessary; for every fact of experience gives us, on one side, its material, which comes from the out-world, and on the other its form, which comes always in part from the law of causation. Let the reader turn for a moment to the postulate of the nail-machine. He will find that every truth which lies in the mind with a conviction of its universality and necessity, is derived to the mind from its own operations, and that it does not rest at all on observation and experience. But does not the truth that every effect must have its cause, lie in the mind with a conviction of its universality and necessity? The consequence is clear. The law of causation is another distorting medium through which we look upon the out-world, and we have no legitimate authority for affirming that the external world is in any way subjected to that law. It is true that we are forced to look upon nature under that relation, but the necessity of the case arises not from the fact of the reality of the law of causation, (we speak as a Kantian,) but from the constitution of our nature. But here all positive knowledge is annihilated. An idea is good and valid, if we may have any confidence in these forms of the soul; but what is the relation of the form of the shears to the outward object independent of the machine? Who shall infer from the inward to the outward?

The system of Kant is one vast skepticism; admit the fatal postulate, and there is no dodging the conclusion. It will be seen that our transcendentalists have not been unfaithful to the thought of their master.

III. New systems of thought are propagated in various manners: sometimes by preaching, sometimes by private teaching, sometimes, as was the case with Mahometanism, by the sword. Neither of these methods has been adopted by the transcendentalists. Their doctrine has been a new religion rather than a new philosophy. Admission into their ranks has taken place by initiation rather than by instruction. In fact, many of

the initiated seem to have remained ignorant, even to this day, of the peculiar doctrines of the school. The sect seems to have aspired to the construction of a new power in society, one that should maintain the rights of the instinctive tendencies of the soul against the encroachments of conventionalism. The force of the school has been much increased by the mystery which it threw around its operations—which were, indeed, the greater part of the time, no operations at all. Hence arose the form of action *par coterie*. Had the real character of the system been known, the curiosity of the world would have remained tranquil, and Transcendentalism, which, in a great measure, depended upon that curiosity for its actual existence, would have been stifled at its birth. There are, however, several objections against the form of operation *par coterie*. First, it is incompatible with the possession of powerful doctrines, for a sect holding to a strong creed is irresistibly impelled to preach it to the world and make converts. Secondly, a coterie inevitably forms a dialect for its own use, which cannot be understood by any except its own members, and a new conventionalism arises within the clique as bad as the conventionalism of the world; thus the main end of the establishment of the sect is defeated. Experience has shown that such is the natural course of events; for a *cant* has grown up and become current among the Transcendentalists which is worse, and more sickening, than that of the Millerites. Again; the ranks of a coterie are recruited, not by the earnest-minded, the thinking, but by those who are curious to dive into things shrouded in mystery, by those who are desirous of appearing to know more than their neighbors, of possessing some key to the secrets of the universe, of which the million are deprived. Thus, a movement beginning in strength degenerates into weakness; vain and airy speculation takes the place of philosophy, fancy that of imagination, and mystification that of reasoning. No poet can thrive in such an atmosphere, for the genuine poet speaks to universal humanity, and cannot be heard by a coterie, where they seek honor one of another. For these reasons, the transcendental movement, although commenced in strength, as a reaction against conventionalism, has totally miscarried. The strong members

have left the coterie for the world, and those that remain keep up the form of existence without the power thereof.

A late reviewer of Mr. Emerson's Essays remarks, that he (Mr. Emerson) has a large and constantly increasing circle of readers. It is well for Mr. Emerson that his works are confined to no such large and increasing circle; he speaks no longer to a coterie, to a private circle, however large and increasing. His works are beginning to be appreciated by his countrymen at large, and they will be judged, not by any conventional standard, but according to their inherent merits. Private meetings of young ladies to settle the manner of the birth of the universe, the nature of social relations, and the basis of self-reliance, are no longer the only public to which he can appeal. The organization of the sect (and it has an organization, though without outward form and constitution) had a work to do which it has done. Its mission is past, let us call no names, but leave it to dissolve in peace. If the remains of a former vitality give it for a moment the form and appearance of life, let us respect its present insignificance, remembering the good it has done.

IV. The limits of this notice will not permit us to speak in order of each essay in Mr. Emerson's new series. Like the ancient philosopher, who showed his customers a brick as a sample of the house he wished to sell, we shall select a small portion from the volume under consideration, as a specimen of Mr. Emerson's whole edifice. Not that the parallel is by any means complete, for the portion we select, is, in itself, a living whole, and, although not a perfect exponent of the volume in which it is found, is, nevertheless, a very good exponent of Mr. Emerson's general doctrine. It might indeed be wished that the books of our Transcendental writers were somewhat more homogeneous. As they are now constructed, there is no connection between the beginning, the middle, and the end, no connection between the consecutive chapters. The Essay on "Experience," however, seems to form a perfect whole, containing as much thought and poetry as any in the volume, and is, moreover, capable of being analysed: we select it therefore as the basis of our further remarks.

But here a difficulty arises. The soul, as we have seen in the beginning of this notice, creates all—man, the universe, all

forms, all changes; and this wonderful power is possessed by each individual soul. Will there not then be necessarily a confusion, a mixture of universes, arising from the conflict of the creative energies of distinct souls? This difficulty may be made to vanish. Suppose, for a moment, that I have a magical power over some great public building, the City Hall for example; suppose every one of its parts, by a pre-existing harmony, to be made obedient to my will, so that when I will the windows to open and shut, the doors to turn on their hinges, &c., they immediately do it. Would not this City Hall, thus immediately obedient to my will, be a new body with which I am invested? Suppose I have power over a dog in the moon, so that he barks, runs, wags his tail, according to the action of my will, am I not existing "in this dim spot which men call earth," and also, at the same time, in "the orb'd maiden whom mortals call the moon?" In the first case I exist as a man, in the second as an animal of the canine species. Without doubt, I may have millions of bodies; there is no difficulty in the matter; all that I operate upon by immediate magical power, *by magia*, to use the technology of Jacob Behmen, is to me a body. So I may be in this world a man, and in the moon a dog; yet am I not two, but one, for one soul animates the two bodies. But mark! While I am immersed in things of time and sense, paying no regard to the soul, which is under and behind all, I think the man who is now moving about, trading and traveling on earth, to be myself, and only after deep thought, fasting, and meditation, do I find that I am also a dog. But here mysteries thicken. I am not only both a man and a dog, I am also neither a man nor a dog; for I am the soul that speaks through both. "What we commonly call man (says Mr. Emerson) the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not as we know him represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend." The man, therefore, who has attained to right knowledge, is aware that there is no such thing as an individual soul. There is but one soul, which is the "Over Soul," and this one soul is the animating principle of all bodies. When I am thoughtless, and immersed in things which are seen, I mistake the

person who is now writing this notice, for myself; but when I am wise, this illusion vanishes like the mists of the morning, and then I know that what I thought to be myself, was only one of my manifestations, only a mode of my existence. It is I who bark in the dog, grow in the tree, and murmur in the passing brook. Think not, my brother, that thou art diverse and alien from myself; it is only while we dwell in the outward appearance that we are two; when we consider the depths of our being, we are found to be the same, for the same self, the same vital principle, animates us both. (We speak as a Transcendentalist.) I create the universe, and thou, also, my brother, createst the same; for we create not two universes but one, for we two have but one soul, there is but one creative energy, which is above, and under, and through all.

Well—but all this is no new theory, and whatever reverent disciple may have imagined that Mr. Emerson, or any “favorite of the gods,” has herein shown a wonderful originality, betrays a most triumphant ignorance of what *is*, and what *has been*. Such a doctrine was well known in the East, before history began; no man can tell when it arose, it is as old as thought itself. “Rich, (say the Vedas) is that universal self, whom thou worshippest as the soul.” We should strive, therefore, to disentangle ourselves from the world of matter, from the bonds of time and space, that we may take our stand at once in the ‘Over-soul,’ which we are, did we but realise it. We are the Over-soul, and we come into our own native home, when we attain to our true point of view, where the whole universe is seen to be one body. Then do we know of a truth that it is we who think, love, laugh, bark, growl, run, crawl, rain, snow, &c. &c. Mr. Emerson has given a beautiful expression to this thought:

“There is no great and no small  
To the soul that maketh all;  
And where it *cometh*, all things are;  
And it *cometh* every where.

“There is one mind,” says Mr. Emerson, in his Essay on History, “common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason, is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he

may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. *Who hath access to this Universal Mind, is a party to all that hath or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.*”

It may easily be seen that this amounts to an identification of man with God; yet this system is by no means Pantheistic; perhaps, indeed, we may be permitted to coin a new term, and call it *Human Pantheism*. Pantheism sinks man in God—makes him to be a phenomenon of the Divine existence—but this system, so far from being an absorption of humanity in God, is an absorption of God into the human soul. A pantheistic friend once explained to me the difference between his system and that of the Transcendentalists. “I hold myself,” said he, “to be a leaf, blown about by the winds of change and circumstance, and holding to the extreme end of one of the branches of the tree of universal existence; but these gentlemen (referring to the Transcendentalists), *think themselves to be some of the sap.*” But to return to the second series of essays. As we before said, we shall confine our remarks altogether to the essay on “Experience.” For the sake of connection and order, we will give a detailed analysis of the essay, stating the doctrine in our own words, but giving full quotations where the subject matter is interesting, that the reader may be enabled to judge of our faithfulness.

ILLUSION.—When a man wakes up, as it were, comes to a consciousness of his own existence, and asks himself the questions of his origin and destiny, as, whence came I? where am I going? why do I exist? he almost inevitably loses himself in the outworld. [I am endeavoring, as the reader will remember, to state the substance of the Essay on Experience.] A chain of causes has preceded our birth and actions; and the deeds of this present time will be followed by a chain of results. But who knows any thing of these chains? “We find ourselves (says Mr. Emerson) in a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none. We awake and find ourselves on a stair: there are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.” We appear to possess no power, no creative energy, independent of these circumstances. The soul within

seems to slumber, and we attribute all to what is without; but while we float on, half seeing, living in appearances, the soul silently and secretly performs its creative acts, so that we are astonished at the end of a day when we have done nothing, to find that real effects have been produced. We seem lost to ourselves, having faith only in appearances. Where we ourselves are, all is mean; but where others are, there is beauty; for who knows but the thing which gives dignity to life may be with them while we feel that it is far from us. "It is said, all martyrdoms looked mean when they were suffered. Every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs on every sail in the horizon. . . . I quote another man's saying; unluckily that other withdraws himself in the same way, and quotes me." Even adversity, affliction, the death of friends, have not power to awaken us to ourselves. While our eyes are thus fixed upon the outward, we are lost to the reality of existence; these things are not the soul, neither have they power to move it. "In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate—no more. I cannot get it nearer to me. If to-morrow I should be informed of the bankruptcy of my principal debtors, the loss of my property would be a great inconvenience to me, perhaps, for many years, but it would leave me as it found me—neither better nor worse."

TEMPERAMENT.—But even here we obtain a glimpse of the supremacy of the soul. Man sees only what he brings eyes to see. "We animate what we can, and see only what we animate. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem." Temperament must always be taken into consideration. It is in vain that the landscape be spread out, if the beholder be of a cold nature, and regard it not. We are not the creatures of the outward, for the outward acts on us only according to our temperaments; and, in this, we already see some pre-eminence of ourselves over nature. And these outward things are not so outward after all as we have supposed. Politics, creeds, conventionalisms of societies, are not themselves causes trammelling us, but ill-looking accidents we have impressed upon nature. "I knew a witty physician who found theology in the biliary duct, and used to

affirm that if there was disease in the liver, the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound he became a Unitarian." A protest must, however, be entered against the consequences which flow from this doctrine of the temperaments. Temperament is final from the point of view of nature only, but a deeper insight will transcend it. The doctrine of temperaments, taken by itself, (says Mr. Emerson,) leads to physical necessity; but there is a door into every intelligence, which is never closed, through which the Creator passes, bringing with him light and higher knowledge.

SUCCESSION.—We are first deceived by the outward, thinking it to be real, and ourselves a part of it; afterwards, when we have been undeceived by a consideration of temperament, we fall into new illusions, thinking temperament to be final. More thought will disclose to us the secret of this illusion also; it is this—each soul is constituted in a peculiar manner, subjected to moods and changes, and the soul, by its moods and changes, is the reason and ground of the temperaments, as these last are the reason and ground of outward nature. "The secret of the illusoriness is in the necessity of a succession of moods or objects." Men are constituted each in his own way; there is little that is infinite in them. The nature of each creates his temperament, the temperament of each does its part in creating outward nature. "A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent; and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be oftenest to be practised. We do what we must, and call it by the best names we can, and would fain have the praise of having intended the result which ensues." If we take one man, two men, with their temperaments, natural character, or what you will, it is not enough; they cannot constitute the universal harmony. "Of course, it needs the whole society to give the symmetry we seek. The parti-colored wheel must revolve very fast to appear white."

SURFACE.—Temperament finds its reason in the character of the individual man, and outward things are as the temperament of him who perceives them.

But is this really so? Is the universe which we construct in thought, the same with that in which we have the good fortune, or the misery, to live? Nay, but who art thou, O man, that askest? No good comes from too much prying into nature; the actual, it must be confessed, is against us, and, if we have faith in it, we lose our convictions of the supremacy of the soul. "Nature hates peeping, and our mothers speak her very sense when they say, Children eat your victuals, and say no more about it." We find, when we think, either a contradiction in our thoughts, or a want of harmony with actual existence. We are therefore, of necessity, skeptics. Let us not, then, look too narrowly into philosophy and science, but live, as others, on the surface of things. "What help, indeed, from thought? Life is not dialectics." "We live amid surfaces, and the true art of life is to skate well upon them." The wise man will live in the present. He knows that the appearances are at least appearances; of other things he knows little. "Five minutes to-day, are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millenium. Let us be poised and wise in our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well: treat them as if they were real: perhaps they are." This "*perhaps they are*," is the profound sentence; we have proved them to be mere appearances, yet even the doubt presents itself—perhaps they are real. What shall we do amid these conflicting doubts? There is but one plan, enjoy the present, and let all these annoyances go by the board. Perhaps all is appearance, perhaps it is real, let us not look deep, but skate on the surface. "Great gifts are not got by analysis. Every thing good is on the highway." Let us no longer be troubled by these high ethical questions which result in no good. Follow your own impulses and all will be well. How can a man have peace when he calls that crime which is no evil, but, on the contrary, according to nature? "Nature, as we know her, is no saint. The lights of the church, the ascetics, the Gentoos and Grahamites, she does not distinguish by any favor. She comes eating and drinking and sinning. Her darlings, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not children of our law, do not come out of the Sunday School, nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commandments. If we will be strong with her strength, we

must not harbor such disconsolate consciences, borrowed too much from the consciences of other nations. We must set up the strong present tense against all rumors of wrath, past or to come." Take things as they come, live in the present, enjoy the present, and ask no questions, "In the morning I awake, and find the old world, wife, babes, and mother, Concord and Boston, the dear old spiritual world, and even the dear old devil not far off. If we take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures."

"We may climb into the thin and cold realm of pure geometry and lifeless science, or sink into that of sensation. Between these extremes is the equator of life, of thought, of spirit, of poetry—a narrow belt." Live on the surface, and ask no questions.

**SURPRISE.**—It would, undoubtedly, be pleasant, if it were possible, to live in this world as knowing something beyond the mere surface of existence. But it is in vain that we construct our positive systems. "Presently comes a day, or is it only a half hour, with its angel-whisperings, which discomfits the conclusions of nations and of years!" Our systems never cover the right matters, always is there a gap through which the reality oozes out. "Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide us from the past and the future. We would look about us, and with great politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. 'You will not remember,' he seems to say, 'and you will not expect.'" We are not what we wish we were, we are not what we think ourselves to be. "The ardors of piety agree at last with the coldest skepticism—that nothing is of us or our works—that all is of God." "The individual is always mistaken. He designed many things, and drew in other persons as coadjutors, blundered much, and something is done; all are a little advanced, but the individual is always mistaken. It turns out somewhat new, and very unlike what he promised himself."

**REALITY.**—Temperament gives us the key to Illusion. Outward nature is as it is, because our temperaments are as they are. But, again, these temperaments are a new, and a higher illusion; they result from the necessity of succession in

the moods of the soul. But these moods also are finite and transient; where shall we look then for Reality? Nowhere but in the soul itself can it be found. We have described life as a flux of moods, but we must not forget there is that in us which is permanent and unchangeable. This unchanging principle is revealed to us by consciousness, and by it we are identified, now with the infinite God, now with the flesh of the body. So we may look upon ourselves from two distinct points of view; from the first, we are seen to be the absolute and unchanging God, from the second, we seem identified with perishable matter. "In our more correct writing, we give to this generalization the name of Being, and thereby confess that we have arrived as far as we can go. Suffice it for the joy of the universe, that we have not arrived at a wall, but at interminable oceans."

**SUBJECT OR THE ONE.**—"It is very unhappy, but too late to be helped, the discovery we have made, that we exist. That discovery is called the Fall of Man. Ever afterwards we suspect our instruments. We have learned that we do not see directly, but mediately, and that we have no means of correcting these colored and distorted lenses which we are, or of computing the amount of their errors. Perhaps these subject-lenses have a creative power; perhaps there are no objects. *Once we lived in what we saw, now, the rapaciousness of this new power, which threatens to absorb all things, engages us.* Nature, art, persons, letters, religions, — objects, successively tumble in, and God is but one of its ideas. Nature and literature are subjective phenomena; every evil and every good thing is a shadow which we cast. . . . The great and crescent self, rooted in absolute nature, supplants all relative existence, and ruins the kingdom of mortal friendship and love. . . . The soul is not twin-born, but the only begotten, and though revealing itself as a child in time, child in appearance, is of a fatal and universal power, admitting no co-life. Every day, every act, betrays the ill-concealed deity. We believe in ourselves as we do not believe in others. We permit all things to ourselves, and that which we call sin in others, is experiment for us. It is an instance of our faith in ourselves, that men never speak of crime as lightly as they think: or, every man thinks a latitude safe for him-

self, which is nowise to be indulged to another. The act looks very differently on the inside and on the outside; in its quality, and in its consequences. Murder in the murderer is no such ruinous thought as poets and romancers will have it; it does not unsettle him, or fright him from his ordinary notice of trifles: it is an act quite easy to be contemplated, but in its sequel it turns out to be a horrible jangle and confounding of all relations. . . . Inevitably does the universe wear our color, and every object fall successively into the subject itself. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things, sooner or later, fall into place. As I am, so I see; use what language we will, we can never say any thing but what we are; Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, Newton, Bonaparte, are the mind's ministers."

**CONCLUSION.**—"Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality, Subjectiveness,—these are the threads in the loom of time, these are the lords of life." First we wake up to a full conviction of the real existence of the outward; this is *Illusion*.

Then we recognize that we see the outworld only according to the constitution of our natures, and find that much we considered real was a deception arising from our *Temperament*. Here commences the emancipation of the soul from the illusions of sense, here commences the doubt whether nature outwardly exists.

After this, we find in ourselves a law of consecutive changes, which unlocks new mysteries, showing us more clearly that we create the outworld and then deceive ourselves by supposing our own creation to have an outward existence; this is *Succession*.

Then comes the rule of life. If these things are mere appearances, they are at least appearances, and are real to us; let us therefore live in appearances, skate on them, but never again allow ourselves to be involved in them; this is *Surface*.

But always, whatever rule of life we may form for ourselves, the soul intervenes; new appearances, new forms, spring up, unexpectedly to ourselves, and the rule of life is found to be futile; this is *Surprise*.

This intervention of the soul reveals to us the fact that we are the absolute God; this is *Reality*.

After this, the full truth flashes upon us, that we are not only God, but also

nature, that God and nature are but aspects of the individual soul; this is *Subjectiveness*.

V. Such appears to be the meaning and connection of Mr. Emerson's Essay on Experience. The other essays contain the same thoughts, the same general material, expressed in a different manner. We do not conceive it necessary to enter into any general appreciation of the system; its partial and inadequate character

is manifest, and its errors expose themselves.

We have called this system Transcendentalism; but only by a gross abuse of language. Idealism and Transcendentalism are very different from the doctrine we have been examining; and we regret that our misapplication of terms has been rendered necessary by the popular usage. We shall take occasion to speak farther of this matter in a future article.

### A FRAGMENT.

“ All truth is beautiful, but not all beauty—  
Made worship—leads the absorbed and restless soul  
To blissful heights of Truth.—Pray thee, old man,  
Give me *God's* blessing.”

Mr. Tennyson, in a poem, exquisitely wrought in many of its parts, entitled the Palace of Art, has represented the final and utter loathing brought over a Soul, who, building herself a splendid structure, adorned with every thing grand and beautiful in nature, and stored with all forms of knowledge and art, had shut herself in from God and men to a solitary contemplation of these fair things, and to a still life of intellectual pride forever feeding upon itself. In the following poem, written several years since, something of the same moral is involved—that neither natural beauty in all objects of the universe, nor the highest knowledge, which is the growth and manifestation of intellectual beauty, is sufficient to satisfy an immortal mind. Yet thousands, unhappily always the brightest-minded among men, have made this fatal error—lived in a sole realm of unbounded riches, and died miserably poor.

It may be added, though it can hardly be necessary—as the two poems are, in structure and conduct, so entirely different—that this piece was written before the Palace of Art was published in this country, and before the writer had ever seen it.

DARKNESS was in my heart. The shadows of many sorrows lay upon my soul. The spirits I had summoned were powerless to aid me. “ Must it be so ? ” I said ; “ shall the last of the race of Erdolph, whose years have passed in vigils and sufferings, be ever baffled thus ? \* \* \* \* What is life to me—what death ? Behold ! the bubbles may rise, and sink again, on the Great Sea ! but ever each shapeth itself anew, and comes freshly forth, again and again, to feed upon the sunlight. EXISTENCE keepeth little account of form, or place, or years ; *to have been* is the eternal promise of *to be*. \* \* \* \* If my ministers can avail me not, what do I lingering farther among these present shapes, or counting any more the little moments ? But I will consult the mightiest of them all, the spirit of the waters.”

So I went forth at the dead hour of night, and stood by the gray and melancholy ocean. Wild and mournful sighed the winds around, and a few trembling stars were imaged on the dark and rocking billows. “ Spirit of Ocean ! ” I cried aloud, “ where dwelleth thy power and the glory of thy presence ? By my magic words and fearful spell, I bid thee conduct my spirit to thy shadowy court.” So I uttered the magic words and the fearful spell above the troubled waters. A tremulous light, swayed to and fro, advanced over the deep, and a voice of strange utterance said, “ follow the spirit-torch wheresoe'er it lead thee.” Suddenly my burden of clay

became ethereal, and, a bodiless consciousness, I followed far along the billows the waving light and the weird voice, and entered the depths of ocean. A clear and limitless vision was given me to behold all things; and presently I saw that from the shadow of night we had emerged where sunlight lay upon the deep. Beautiful, unutterably strange and beautiful, were the hues and forms amid the green waters. All around glanced the colors of the sunbow amid groves of coral and crystal halls, and shapes of exceeding loveliness moved through them by the light of their own brightness. It was a world of life. The emerald and ruby rocks were spangled with waving stars; on the sea-forest boughs swung crescent moons; strange, glittering creatures moved habitant in the sparry caves; and all throughout lived a slumbrous melody, like the dying tones of an organ. Death, too, had been there. The pebbly bed was strewn with the wrecks of navies. Uncounted treasures of diamonds and gold lay unhoarded; helmets and swords rested motionless where they fell; and all among the coral groves were scattered the bones of the dead, white and smooth—and it was seen, where the maiden lay locked in her lover's arms, by her long hair flowing in threads of amber. Still glided on that guiding light, and louder and sweeter grew that melody of Ocean. Then arose before me, yet afar, a vast and caverned concave. Crystal were the pillars thereof, gems and pearls were scattered on its pave, and the fretted roof blazed with the diamonds of a world. There were born those solemn harmonies—there moved forms of light, and faces, indistinct but of sad and spiritual beauty, looked forth by the shining columns. Yet nearer came I; and I saw, far within and dim with templed twilight, a throne of ocean-stone, rising with many gleaming steps, and adorned with many rare and marvelous things. Then unembodied voices, I knew not whence, spoke to my spirit.

## FIRST VOICE.

What seek'st thou in the reign  
Of Ocean's King,  
Where hope, nor love, nor fear, nor pain,  
Can stir the cycled years or wild emo-  
tion bring?  
We dwell in a changeless calm of sadness,  
Unmoved by grief, unmoved by gladness.  
Is it to die  
Awakes thy weak desire?  
Thrice wretched Mind! thy burning  
thought  
Is an unending fire!  
Thou canst not lose thy memory,  
Nor Visions flee,  
Howe'er thine idle life thou spurn—  
Back to the green earth and the air!  
Whate'er betide thee learn to bear—  
Return! return!

## SECOND VOICE.

Earth-dwelling mortal  
By sorrow unbended,  
Why to our ocean-halls  
Hast thou descended?  
If wo unto madness  
Hath never subdued thee,  
And only with sadness  
Unending imbued thee,  
Thou art but as one of us,  
Joy never feeling,  
Yet still in our silent souls  
Sorrow concealing.

Why, then, of us seekest thou  
From sadness relief,  
Who endure eternal  
Existence and grief?  
If with us thou inherit  
Pain knowing no cure,  
With us, hapless spirit,  
Endure! endure!

## THIRD VOICE.

Hast thou learned all earth's wisdom  
And magical lore,  
That thou seek'st the green ocean  
To win for thee more?  
Oh! know'st thou not, mortal,  
Aspiring so high,  
That knowledge is sorrow,  
And wisdom a sigh!—  
Or seek'st thou more beauty  
Than earth can bestow,  
Within the deep waters,  
Where bright colors glow—  
Where strange things are lying  
Of wonderful hue,  
And momentarily changing  
To tints ever new?  
But beauty is fleeting  
As sound on the wind,  
Which leaves not a trace of  
Its passage behind!  
And when it has vanished,  
Remains but a grief,  
That splendor so lovely  
Hath being so brief!

## FOURTH VOICE.

Or would'st thou escape from  
 The Present, the Past,  
 In our deep waters viewing  
 Thy dark future glassed?  
 Ah! seek not to double  
 The woes of life's day—  
 From our ocean-halls haste thee,  
 Oh! haste thee away!

## ALL THE VOICES.

But if thou wilt not stay thy steps  
 Who wanderest here alone,  
 Lo! yonder is our Lord,  
 Behold the throne!  
 Approach—draw near,  
 Nor faint nor fear,  
 Before his sadly-beaming eyes,  
 But tell thy wishes in his ear,  
 Which gathereth all the mysteries  
 Of this round, rolling sphere.

Then I looked, and above the shining throne uprose a shadowy and awful form. His presence darkened the green waters around, and the deep-born melodies grew still; and ever it was greater and more awful as I gazed upon it. I drew near, yet unflinching, and a voice like a forest wind fell upon my ear; and to that voice I answered.

*Spirit of Ocean.* What wouldst thou, child of sorrow?

*Erdolph.* Wherefore such?

What countenance hath told thee?

*Spirit of Ocean.* For I know

That thou art mortal.

*Erdolph.* Doth no sorrow fall

But on Earth's children? In thy face I gaze  
 And thou art sad—with a vast tranquil gloom  
 Like some still shadows. Is it, then, that ye  
 In your most secret and unfathomed reign  
 Are pure but joyless?

*Spirit of Ocean.* Seek thou not to read  
 The life of higher natures. 'Tis enough

To know thine own immortal misery!

I see thee that thou wear'st beyond thy race  
 Inexplicable sorrow. What would'st thou?

*Erdolph.* Her presence and—her long-desired voice.

*Spirit of Ocean.* Thou hast not named to me or form or spirit.

There are whose presence comes in sudden light  
 And knows no bodily shape; and there be voices  
 That wander, sweet and solitary sounds,  
 From sphere to sphere, whose nature only One  
 Hath known forever.

*Erdolph.* From the universe

Of things made bright and glorious, bring the brightest,

Of all created essences that are—

The purest—pure beyond all subtlest thought,

And fairest of all forms that ever yet

Surprised the dreamer.

*Spirit of Ocean.* Idle is thine answer!

Thou hast not said where dwells she—if in Heaven

Higher than angels go, the eldest Heaven!

Or on the rounded earth so early cursed;

Or what far orb among the luminous worlds

That fire the breast of Space, making the night

More glorious than the day, is worshipped by thee,

Thinking her presence lendeth half its light.

I have no power o'er other worlds than this;

But, in these elements where'er her home,

Or with what being bodily or ethereal—

I can compel her coming.

*Erdolph.* Even now

Her image rises near me, and I see

Such sudden loveliness as comes in sleep—  
 Silent and pale, but oh! how beautiful!  
 Her image rises near! yet none the more  
 Know I her birthplace, or abode, or being  
 Whose memory ever comes a phantom form,  
 And will not leave me! But I will recall  
 The unuttered history of the hidden past  
 Of which she is a portion.

*Spirit of Ocean.*

So may I

Enforce her swifter presence.

*Erdolph.*

From the cradle

My love was in the Beautiful—adored,  
 Till adoration had in me become  
 Essential and familiar. Nature first  
 My early friend, my dear and earnest mother,  
 Leading me hourly through her wondrous reign,  
 Filled the deep urn of joy till it ran o'er.  
 Boyhood on infancy, and youth on boyhood,  
 Intensely grew, to feel with deeper sense  
 Th' infinitude of her wild mysteries;  
 Her whispers were my teachings, stirring more  
 My soul in lonely haunts than loud-mouthed trump  
 The serried soldiers on the front of battle.  
 I had no life but as I lived in her;  
 And she did seem to make all hues and forms,  
 All sounds, all seasons, for my own delight.  
 The gliding spring, with low and winning voice,  
 Bearing young leaves and flowers; the strong-soul'd summer  
 Glowing with life, watching the ancient skies,  
 By woods and mighty waters; autumn slow,  
 Tranquilly walking through the faded trees,  
 His still pale empire; and the world of white,  
 When winter came, and o'er the mountains high  
 Flung his cold robe, alike had charms for me.  
 The breaking morn, the noon, the shadowy eve,  
 Silence, and starlight, and the sad, meek moon,  
 Clouds, mountains, winds, and ocean's solemn waste—  
 All these I loved, and in that love did dwell  
 With a most constant worship.

*Spirit of Ocean.*

Not in vain

Thou fed'st thy deathless nature!

*Erdolph.*

Yet I grew

Restless amid the universe of things;  
 Not that they seemed not glorious as at first,  
 For never to the soul that once hath felt  
 Fades their immortal beauty—but I knew  
 A growing void within I could not fill.  
 "The beautiful," I said, "is of the mind:  
 My *thought* makes all things lovely: lo! there are—  
 From radiant heights of knowledge distant seen—  
 Fields thrice more fair than ever nature shows  
 To souls untaught, nor can the outward world  
 Give any forms so fair as may arise  
 Within the chambers of our imagery.  
 Let me ascend those heights—let me create  
 These shapes celestial!" So I went aside  
 From the broad world, and in ancestral tower  
 Nearest the stars, while yet my years were few,  
 Became familiar with all forms of thought,  
 All records of all times, all ways of men—  
 Or, if the paths of nature knew my steps,

It was to seek each wild and hidden haunt,  
 Gathering strange wisdom—evermore the while  
 Filling my soul with shapes more beautiful  
 Than e'er yet, born of sunlight and the air,  
 Dwelt in the morning clouds, or, shorter-lived,  
 Had wings among the Hours.

*Spirit of Ocean.*

Thou wast not happy !

We also know, for ages numbered not,  
 Beauty and knowledge.

*Erdolph.*

Clearly dost thou see  
 The poor conditions of existence. Never  
 Could joy abide with me, but emptiness  
 Within me ached, like the great void of space  
 Before that worlds were made. "Alas !" I said,  
 "I have beheld these fairest things alone !  
 What joy can be to solitary eyes  
 Looking on nature or the realms of thought :"  
 —Thenceforth, unrestingly, I sought me out  
 Clear intellects and mighty—one by one  
 I sought them—men whose fiery feet had climbed  
 To dazzling heights of science, and their gaze  
 Attained to widest vision : we became  
 Co-rulers in such high ethereal reign—  
 Gaining —— ?

*Spirit of Ocean.*

*Erdolph.*

Most rare and glittering mockery !  
 Sublimely lived we—loftily and chill  
 We stood as on the cold and shining top  
 Of some huge berg above the northern Pole,  
 Where spreads the pale, thin sky, and streaming o'er  
 A world of glaciers and the icy sea,  
 The very light seems frozen. "Not by these  
 Comes joy !" again I said. "But were there *one*,  
 The only such—sole reflex of my being !  
 Not greater need have twin-born stars in heaven  
 To move around each other, and o'ergaze  
 Th' encircling universe by mutual light,  
 Than have two radiant minds to read anew  
 The gifts of knowledge in each other's eyes.  
 And searching —— ?

*Spirit of Ocean.*

*Erdolph.*

Long the search and vain as long !  
 Nor on the earth, in vale, or city thronged—  
 Nor in the elements, air, water, fire—  
 Could I this dear Existence ever find.  
 Within my breast vain visions, fair but fleet,  
 Made ceaseless change of sorrows, but the years  
 Passed over heedlessly as April shadows  
 O'er glide the forest tops nor know what dreams  
 May haunt the gloomy depths.

*Spirit of Ocean.*

Thou didst have need  
 To love and be beloved. What scorn had seized thee  
 That no sweet spirit lapped in maiden mould,  
 Appeared thine imaged wish—

*Erdolph.*

What answer, save,  
 I was not of that nature ? for with me  
 Beautiful weakness never could have power,  
 And such are all Eve's daughters. None did seem—  
 Thou pausest—and a shade came over thee.  
 For then, even then, one earthly form before me  
 Pale Memory led, for whose sake to have loved,  
 Could I have bent me so, had not been vain !  
 High-born she was, but of a flower-like pride,

*Spirit of Ocean.*

*Erdolph.*

Tender as tears—serene in her young grace,  
 And pure as young, and beautiful as pure :  
 Clear-browed Eliria ! and her stately mind  
 Had yet such delicate thought, unconscious born,  
 As stirs a spirit new-lighted on the earth,  
 Wondering, o'er-charmed, at every common thing,  
 So moulded was she, and her mind had strength  
 Beyond her equals. But with her, to love  
 Was native as a plant that comes with spring—  
 Suddenly comes and never blooms but once !  
 And Destiny, itself the slave of Chance,  
 Made me to her—what matters it ! she died,  
 As dies the Wind-Flower with excess of light,  
 And trembled into darkness ! o'er the dust—  
 What tears had'st *thou* to give ?

*Spirit of Ocean.*  
*Erdolph.*

No more ! she sleeps  
 Nor knows how fair between my soul and her  
 Forever rose the Ideal—still forever  
 Changed by the breath of Fancy, as the wind  
 Changes the bright shape of a summer cloud.

'Twas on a day—no moment can have power  
 In all duration to forget that day—  
 A summer's day I laid me down to rest  
 By a cool fountain. Slumber stole upon me,  
 And dreams confused with many images  
 And shifting scenes. But quickly these were past,  
 And light most magical did shine around,  
 Nor of the sun nor moon, but as the shining  
 Of some large solemn star ; and while I gazed  
 In mute astonishment, appeared before me—  
 So fair, so pure, so eloquent with life,  
 What golden pen of angel can describe  
 That thing of earth and heaven—a chisel'd form  
 That looked embodied light—a countenance  
 Of sad and spiritual beauty, sweet  
 Ineffably, reflecting in its mien  
 A heaven of loveliness, and mantled o'er  
 With the most holy, bright intelligence  
 Of deep and starry midnight. Long I yearned  
 To hear a voice from her, but dared not speak  
 Lest I should scare away the gentle vision—  
 I strove to speak, but with a motion slow  
 As ship that sails the sea—yet, ah ! too quick  
 For me that wondered after her !—she passed,  
 Leaving a darkness for so much of light !  
 And I awoke to sigh, that I had found  
 And lost again what I had sought so long !  
 But ever from that hour, by night, by day,  
 In dreams, in reveries, I have beheld  
 The self-same form and face which did appear  
 By that cool fountain. Yea ! all times, all places  
 Have still presented to my mental eye  
 The same sweet image. I have seen it look  
 From heaven's clear mirror ; I have seen it glazed  
 Within the running stream, in shady fount,  
 On sleeping lake, on ocean's face, and oft,  
 Full often called and listened for an answer.  
 Thus, ever present with her, yet debarred  
 From converse sweet, I have in midnight vigils  
 Pored over ancient scrolls of wicked lore,

Wringing from nature's mysteries a power  
 And fearful spell by which I have enforced  
 The mightiest spirits to my ministration,  
 That by their subtle skill I might endow  
 This lovely phantom of my own dark mind,  
*If* such, with life, voice, passions, thus to hold  
 Communion with her spirit. Oh! in vain,  
 Most vainly have I lived through many years,  
 In bitterness of soul, to find the vision  
 Still ever lovely, ever voiceless still,  
 As first in that sweet dream!

But now I come

O, Lord of Ocean! to thy sounding halls,  
 If thou, the mightiest Spirit of earth, canst make  
 This spirit, or phantom, whatso'er she be,  
 A bright reality, with voice and words  
 And answering sympathies.

*Spirit of Ocean.*

Thou askest much

Who had'st no sympathies for all thy race,  
 And left'st the heart which had no thought but thee,  
 Like a rare time-piece in neglected chamber,  
 To beat unheeded to an early death,  
 Slow throbbing into silence.

*Erdolph.*

Speak no more

Of beauty that hath perished; Fate for this  
 Shall stand thy sternest question. Let the Past  
 With his gray mantle hide all memories,  
 Save the dear Vision which I bid thee bring.

*Spirit of Ocean.*

'Tis well. I know this being;—abode she hath not,  
 Moving immortally from world to world,  
 But, chance she now within the sphere of Earth,  
 Haunting the mountains, hovering through space,  
 Following the early daylight round the globe,  
 Or wandering with the weird and viewless wind—  
 She shall be summoned to thee. But I know  
 'Twill be but to abash thy selfish soul.

*(As the Spirit of Ocean waved his sceptre and uttered slowly his incantation, a voice was heard approaching, first distant, then nearer—singing :*

A smile from that eternal face,  
 Which hath forever shone,  
 The universe my dwelling-place,  
 Through all my power is known.  
 Where'er I glance the stars put on  
 Their beauty and their pride,  
 And fresh-lit worlds, where I have gone,  
 Shine brightly side by side.

I give the dew its pearly sheen,  
 Its splendor to the flower,  
 And every blade of grass is green,  
 By my mysterious power.  
 Within the ocean's stirless deep,  
 Where choral music swells,  
 I give the amber's golden sleep,  
 And tinge the purple shells.

The orb, where mortals have their birth,  
 I've made to please their eye;  
 I've robed in living green the earth,  
 In varied hues the sky;  
 I give the trees their lordly growth,  
 The plants their lowly grace,  
 And deck with gay and many dyes  
 The Æther's airy race.

Its sands I spread and pebbly bed  
 With pearls and diamonds bright,  
 And through its coral forests shed  
 A strange and dreamy light.  
 But most in woman's virgin face—"

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

*Spirit of Ocean.*

Lo! she stands before thee! speak,

If thou have aught of question.

*Erdolph.*

Beautiful!

As in my dream! Oh! let me hear thy voice,

If thou be *not* a mockery of the mind !  
 Nay ! look not so upon me, with those eyes  
 Wherein a heaven of conscious purity  
 Lies calmly pitying, suffused with dew :  
 I *know* that I have sinned !

*Spirit of Beauty.*

By evil power  
 Thou hast obtained my presence : what is there  
 Between thy soul and me ?

*Erdolph.*

Have I not loved thee,  
 And with a love that knew no change through years  
 Of suffering and sin ? Have I not scorned  
 The loves of kindred and the hopes of fame,  
 The common sympathies of social life,  
 And smiles and tears of maidens eyeing me  
 With trembling tenderness—through darkening days  
 Still clinging to the worship of thine image,  
 The pale remembrance of a vanished dream ?

*Spirit of Beauty.*

Art thou so sinful, yet thou darest to love ?  
 Has thy dark life borne thee to so great light ?  
 —Heaven gave thee many gifts, the greatest this,  
 To feel in beauty an undying joy.  
 So could the spirit of the universe  
 Thy boyhood thrill, and Nature's lessons wise  
 Were stored in golden chambers of thy mind.  
 But when with growing years it had become  
 The passion of thy being, and thou could'st  
 Forget or scorn that nobler beauty, Virtue's,  
 And the bright forms of uncreated Truth,  
 The aims of all existence were o'erlooked,  
 And Heaven commended to thy parching lips  
 The ashy cup of bitterest discontent.  
 Turning from these in wretchedness of heart  
 To satisfy the cravings of the soul,  
 With beauty more sublime, ethereal,  
 Of knowledge and the mind ; but this alone,  
 The farther thou from highest excellence,  
 And darker paths around thee. It was then  
 To punish thy perverseness, I was sent  
 To lead thy folly on and torture thee  
 With a vain vision. In that transient dream  
 I did appear, and by that shady fountain  
 In this created loveliness I gazed  
 In sadness on thee—that thou couldst so miss  
 What was most truly beautiful, and stir  
 Thy soul's pure springs to blackness with vain toil  
 After that happiness which hidden lay  
 In thine own breast ; would'st thou its fount unseal  
 I would have spoken, but thy God had left thee  
 To the wild workings of thine own dark soul,  
 And would not have thee warned. And from that hour  
 In wretched constancy thou hast adored  
 My semblance mirrored in thy restless mind—  
 A phantom loveliness. But now return  
 To the green earth, and open all thy heart  
 To fairest Virtue and immortal Truth,  
 And the large charities of human love,  
 And through thy being thou shalt thrice enjoy  
 All loveliness beside ; but otherwise  
 Created beauty shall forever be  
 A madness and a torture to thy spirit :  
 The conquering sun shall seem to thee a blot,

The stars shall pain thee, and the pallid moon  
 Shall haunt thee like a ghost; the skies, the sea,  
 And mighty forests shall oppress thy soul  
 With deep self-scorn; no common plant or flower  
 Shall move sweet tears in thee, and thou shalt wish  
 All happy birds and innocent finny tribes  
 Might from the face of Nature quickly perish:  
 Yea! evermore, instead of radiant shapes  
 That can withdraw thee hourly into Heaven,  
 From out the gloomy places of the mind  
 Skeleton Horror shall surprise and scare thee.

(*Spirit of Beauty retiring.*)

*Erdolph.*  
*Spirit of Beauty.*

Oh! one word more! Say that thou hat'st me not!  
 How should I hate whom Heaven hath borne so long?  
 Yet now, farewell!

*Erdolph.*

Oh! linger yet a moment!

Is it a sin that I have loved thee so,  
 And worshipped thy bright image? If it be,  
 Let grief and suffering atone for that,  
 Long as this heart can know the power of pain,  
 But let me gaze on thee and hear thee still.

*Spirit of Beauty.*

How can I linger? for my errand is  
 To beautify the universe of God,  
 Where'er fresh worlds encroach upon the vo  
 Of outer darkness. Yet my presence still  
 Shall be around thee, and with upright soul  
 Thou may'st behold and hear me in the face  
 And voice of Nature—in the whisperings  
 And sweet affections of the human breast,  
 And in the aspirings of the human mind  
 Be they but pure.

I hear the journeying stars,  
 The circling suns, and angel's song proclaim  
 The birth of a new world, and I must haste  
 To bathe it in the gladdening smile of God!

## OLD NORTHERN LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE P. MARSH.

## ARTICLE I INTRODUCTORY.

SINCE the revival of letters in Europe the study of language has held a prominent place in every enlightened system of education, and the creation of an original national literature has been every where accompanied by the culture and improvement of the vernacular tongue. Indeed, the predominant traits of national literature stand in the relation of both cause and effect to the character of the national language; for thought, like light, partakes of the hue of the medium through which it is transmitted, and the genius of every literature is so far determined by the idiom of the language which is its vehicle, that the literary productions of nations having a common speech are seldom or never distinguished from each other by well-defined characteristic traits, while, on the other hand, the form and spirit of every language is, to a great extent, fashioned and moulded by the intellectual character of its greatest writers.

Unwritten and uncultivated tongues usually abound in dialects. In nations whose language has never been reduced to writing, every district has its peculiarities of accent or vocabulary. These change, from generation to generation, and the local dialects of regions separated by political divisions, or natural boundaries, soon become distinct tongues. But when alphabetical writing is once adopted, this process of divergence is usually arrested. Some great national writer adopts the dialect of his own province, or another better adapted to the artificial forms which distinguish written from spoken language, or, with more comprehensive genius, selects from many, and combines into a harmonious whole the elements of picturesque and poetical, discursive, or narrative expression, which are scattered among them all. The dialect thus selected or formed now becomes the classical standard of the language, while the others, unless, as in the rare case of the Grecian dialects, also illustrated by rival genius, sink to the humble rank of vulgar patois, and in process of time become entirely extinct.

For a century past, philological studies have not only been more universally cultivated, but they have taken a new direction, and have been pursued for new purposes. Formerly, the Greek and Latin languages, distinguished as the Humanities, *literæ humaniores* κατ' ἐξοχήν, were alone thought indispensable to a finished education, because they were the vehicles of the best models of every species of literary composition, and men learned Greek and Latin, merely that they might be able to read the works of the poets, the philosophers, the dramatists, the orators, and the historians of Athens and of Rome, who were supposed to have reached the highest point of attainable excellence in every department of intellectual exertion, and the greatest minds of modern Europe were content to admire and imitate what, by common consent, the most favored genius could never hope to rival.

It is a fact well worthy of notice in this connection, that the mighty intellects, who led the way in the revival of learning in the fourteenth century, while cherishing the highest admiration for the master spirits of antiquity, were yet sufficiently independent to strike out for themselves new forms of literary effort, to be judged only by new canons of criticism, though doubtless with many misgivings as to the success of these untried labors. Rude dialects were softened, polished, enriched, made flexible, and taught to move in numerous verse. New rhythms, metres, and prosodial combinations were invented, assonance and rhyme introduced, and their laws defined, and a new machinery was employed and adapted to wholly original poetical forms. The explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in the general fact, that every period marked by the successful resistance of man to arbitrary power has been conspicuous for great literary activity and excellence. For the greater part of the fourteenth century the papacy was under a cloud, and men breathed freer during the great struggle between the crown

and the tiara. The study of Grecian and Roman literature served rather to stimulate than to discourage attempts at equal excellence, and the fourteenth century is almost as memorable an era in literary history, as that which immediately followed the final emancipation of human intellect by Luther. Dante, Petrarch and Chaucer were akin in spirit to Wickliffe. Great original writers are reformers in all ages, and among the names that shed lustre on the literature of the periods we have noticed, there is not one, whose writings did not either directly advocate, or indirectly promote the principles, which finally gave character to the Protestant reformation. The conflicting interests of the throne and the hierarchy were at length reconciled, according to the usual practice of robbers, by a division of the spoil. Temporal supremacy was conceded to the crown, and the church was invested with plenary jurisdiction over the action of the human mind. It now became the mutual interest of these two powers to sustain the authority of each other. The prerogatives of the throne were defended, and majesty was consecrated, by ecclesiastical sanctions, and the civil power authorized its judges to confirm, and lent its executioners to fulfil, the sentences of the church. The pope, indeed, could no longer dethrone kings, but he was compensated by the unlimited power of worrying heretics. In the thirteenth century, Innocent III. deposed John of England, but his successors, in the fifteenth, enjoyed no higher oblation than the incense from the roasting of flax, and the hecatombs of Torquemada. The sovereign pontiffs now found leisure to turn their attention to enslaving the power of thought, as well as enchainning the freedom of conscience. The fifteenth century was, consequently, almost entirely barren in manifestations of original intellectual power, and ancient mind acquired an ascendancy over submissive modern intellect, from which ages of free discussion and active rivalry have scarcely yet fully emancipated us. The invention of printing, the discovery of America, the Reformation, and the almost uninterrupted succession of political revolutions, which have followed that great event, have kept the energies of the human mind constantly upon the stretch, literary activity has opened a thousand new fields, and almost every European nation can

now boast an original and independent literature.

The objects of philological pursuits, as a branch of general education, are two-fold. The one makes the study of languages a means of the acquisition of language, or, in other words, it makes the knowledge of other tongues subserve the purpose of aiding us in acquiring a more thorough understanding and more perfect command of our own; the other views the knowledge of foreign tongues simply as a key to the intellectual treasures of which they are the depositories. We shall at present concern ourselves with the subject, only in the former of these aspects. The value of etymology, as an auxiliary in the study of living languages, has been disputed, and the extravagances of the etymologists of the seventeenth century have been justly ridiculed, as some of the wildest absurdities into which fanciful and ingenious men have ever been led by the abuse of ill-digested erudition. It is moreover objected, that the ablest linguists have not often been distinguished for superior skill in the use of their vernacular, that many of the best writers of modern times, as well as most of the illustrious authors of classic Greece and Rome, have been ignorant of all languages but their own, and that women, who are usually not conversant with foreign languages, or the speculations of etymologists, generally speak and write the purest English. It is no doubt true, that an exclusive devotion to the study of foreign languages will seriously impair the power of ready and appropriate expression in our maternal tongue; but, on the other hand, it will be generally found, not only that the vocabulary of authors, who are acquainted with but a single language, is exceedingly narrow, but that they confine themselves to a range of subjects, which requires little scope or variety of expression. We are not authorized to impute to ancient writers so great a degree of ignorance of foreign tongues, as is generally assumed. That we find no ostentatious display of philological learning in their works, is indeed quite certain, but we have no means of determining, how far the languages of Egypt, Persia, or Carthage were known to the learned of ancient Europe, or how far the forgotten literature of those countries may have influenced or modified that of Greece or Rome. We however know, that the

better literature of Rome is not only informed with the spirit of the Greek writers, but that it borrowed very largely from them, and that a knowledge of the Greek language was thought—by all the scholars of the Augustan age, at least—as indispensable an acquisition as it is by the learned of our own time. Although many Latin words are readily traced to a Greek original, and there is abundant evidence that a large proportion of their respective vocabularies was derived from a common source, yet the etymology of the Latin language must be admitted to be obscure, and it is probable that its exceeding vagueness and want of precision is to be ascribed to that very cause. On the other hand, the Greek primitives are so few, and its rules of derivation and composition are so philosophical, and at the same time so natural, simple and obvious, that every thinking Greek must have been acquainted with the whole physiology, so to speak, of his mother tongue, and the study of that noble language is the very best of etymological exercises. The superior purity of the dialect of refined women is partly constitutional, and partly owing to habits and associations, which protect them from the contagion of those corruptions of language, to which the occupations and duties of men perpetually expose them. But women are usually remarkable rather for a ready and graceful, than for a very extensive command of appropriate language, and the range of their vocabulary is generally as limited as their unhappily restricted educations.

If we were required to exemplify the value of etymological knowledge, by citing a conspicuous instance, we should refer to the writings of Coleridge, as at once a proof and an example of the great importance of this study. No writer of any age or country has surpassed, and no other English author has approached, that extraordinary man, in the perfect command of all the resources of his native tongue, and still less in minute, precise, and philosophical accuracy in the use of words, and clearness of distinction between vocables of similar general signification. This accuracy, which makes the works of Coleridge as valuable in philology as in philosophy, is chiefly owing to a good, though not

extensive knowledge of the primitive sources of the English language, and a close and careful attention to the laws of derivation and composition, and he perpetually illustrates and justifies his use of words by a reference to their original and primary signification.

But mere etymology, though it may aid us in tracing the sources of words, and in ascertaining the rules of their formation and change, is yet inadequate to teach us the organic laws, which determine the origin, growth, structure and modification of language. We cannot here enter upon the discussion of the idle inquiry, whether the power of speech was one of the original and primitive faculties of man implanted in him by the creative act of his maker, or communicated to him by inspiration or express revelation. Philologists, who deny this supposition, will admit, with Rask and Coleridge, that language, if human in its origin, is not artificial and of human invention, and that there may be a natural relation between the sign and the thing signified, or in other words, that it is not altogether arbitrary and conventional, but is a necessary product of man's original faculties stimulated by the wants of social life. It is, if not a primitive, at least a natural faculty, and being, in some form, a necessary condition for the exercise of those powers which distinguish man from the brute, it is as essential as any other to our conception of the human. We are perhaps not authorized to affirm, that human language is necessarily articulate. The readiness with which savages of different tribes communicate by means of manual signs, and the triumphant success which has attended the efforts to educate deaf-mutes, by teaching written language through the aid of manual signs, seem to prove the contrary. Uneducated deaf-mutes, as well as savages, converse with each other, at first sight, by means of signs, which, though certainly never taught them, are, to a great extent, common to all that unfortunate class. Indeed, the parents and family friends are not the instructors, but the pupils of the infant deaf-mute, in this silent but expressive language, and nature is the great school-mistress both of her dumb and her speaking children.\* If then this supposition

\* To express equality, the relation of fraternity, &c., the deaf-mute places the two fore-fingers side by side. Had Shakspeare observed this, or was it a higher faculty than the power of observation, that suggested to him Fluellen's simile, "'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers?"

in regard to the origin of language is well founded, its conception, growth, and development must be regulated by fixed laws, and though we can imitate none of the creative processes of organic nature, yet there is no apparent reason for doubting that those laws may be discoverable. In the present state of philological learning, however, it is not to be expected, that such investigations will enter into the ordinary course of general education, and for the present, all, but the gifted and favored few who belong to the mystic priesthood of nature, must be content to pursue the study of language with humbler aims and for narrower ends.

Philological pursuits, considered as an auxiliary to the study of our own tongue, may be cultivated with special reference either to the principles of universal grammar, or to the primitive etymological sources of the particular language which we seek to master. What class of languages, then, has the strongest claims to the attention of the student of English, in these two points of view?

The study of living tongues is indispensable, on account of the greater perfection with which they may be acquired, and the more intimate knowledge of the general structure of language which may thus be attained, while the Greek is more powerfully recommended than any other speech, by its philosophical structure, its copiousness, its exact precision and delicacy of discrimination, its flexibility, its admirable polish, its infinite variety, power and picturesqueness of expression, and, in a word, its universality. But the languages of Greece and Rome are emphatically dead. They belong to other men, to other times, as it were, to another and an extinct race of beings, and these relics of ancient mind are to us what the fossilized bones of the mastodon and megalonyx are to the skeletons of our domestic animals. The means for thoroughly understanding these tongues no longer exist. The language of books is always premeditated and artificial. No man speaks, or habitually thinks, as he writes, and the recording of our words or our thoughts is a process of translation. Besides, many of those branches of literature, which, like the historical novel, admit the free use of the colloquial style, and are devoted to the portraiture of men and manners, are of modern origin. Periodical literature the ancients had none, and of their comic drama, and their satirical and epistolary

literature, not much has survived. We know little of their statistics, little of the habits of their domestic and familiar life, and silent Pompeii has taught us more of the *living* Italian of the first century, than all the extant literature of Rome. Of the ordinary style and common topics of familiar conversation, of the social and convivial dialect, the phrases of salutation and compliment, the vocabulary of the boudoir, the nursery, the market, and the kitchen, the technical language of commerce, agriculture, and the mechanic arts, the names of many of the most familiar objects, and numerous other items, which make up the sum of ordinary personal intercourse, most scholars are almost entirely ignorant, and much of this knowledge has perished altogether. We never acquire the same mastery over the dead languages which we often attain over living tongues. We dare not venture upon a new Greek or Latin phrase, nor are we ever so certain that we have possessed ourselves of the true spirit of those languages, as to be quite sure that a new combination of words is allowable. The best modern Latin is a mere cento, a patchwork of dexterously united shreds and fragments not woven by the artist, but supplied from the storehouse of memory, and we do not hesitate to condemn, as unclassical and barbarous, every phrase, every combination of vocables, which we do not remember to have met, or for which the writer cannot produce the authority of precedent. The objection once allowed against new counts, that they were *novæ impressionis*, and not to be found in the Register, is yet valid against new forms of speech in the modern use of the ancient tongues. This slavery to authority indicates an imperfect acquaintance with those languages, and it is quite true, as a learned Englishman complained, that no modern scholar can "read Greek as he reads a newspaper."

Our want of familiar knowledge and ready command of Greek and Latin is partly owing to the poverty of those branches of ancient literature which introduce us to the every day life of Athens and Rome, but chiefly to the impossibility of making the artificial symbol supply the place of the natural sign. The written characters addressed to the eye are not language. They are symbols by which language is recalled, and are but an artificial substitute for the *word*, whose true recipient and interpreter is the ear.

The Greek characters, or the printed words of any other language learned from books, do not suggest to us the familiar sounds of a known speech, but they are the conventional symbols of ideas, of which articulate words are the proper representatives, and to us are essentially as meaningless as the inscriptions upon an Egyptian obelisk, or the Chinese characters on a tea-chest. To a certain extent, indeed, ideographic writing may be expressive, in the same way that manual signs are significant; but this cannot be carried far, and in general the analogies will be as fanciful as those upon which Castel founded the theory of his ocular harpsichord. Castel imagined that he had discovered between the primitive colors the same relations that exist between the tones of the diatonic scale, and he endeavored to make both melody and harmony visible, or to produce upon the eye, by succession and combination of colors, effects analogous to those produced upon the ear by sequence and chord of sounds. What has been incorrectly affirmed of language is true of alphabetical writing, namely—that it is entirely arbitrary and conventional, while there does seem to be a natural relation between emotions (and perhaps also external objects) and the articulate sounds by which they are expressed. Without here entering upon the abstruser grounds, which seem to prove that such relation exists, it is sufficient for our present purpose to refer to the personal experience of every scholar. Every linguist will confirm the remark, that in all languages we meet with words, whose signification we seem to recollect rather than to acquire, sounds apparently informed with meaning, recognized almost at once as essentially significant, and as natural exponents of the feelings, the actions, or the objects they represent. So strong is this impression of the superior force of particular words, even in languages with which we are not familiar, that they sometimes rise to the lips, instead of the apparently less appropriate and expressive corresponding words of our own tongue.

Recent circumstances have conspired to give a favorable impulse to philological pursuits. The English conquests in the East have opened the mines of oriental lore to the literati of the West. The efforts of Bible and missionary societies have led to the study of numerous barbarous and obscure dialects. The general

peace, which, with little interruption, has prevailed throughout Christendom for an entire generation, the increased extent of mercantile enterprise, the prodigious improvement and multiplication of the means of communication between distant nations, and the consequent freer intercourse between all those parts of the world where Christian influence is felt, have combined to render a knowledge of the principal spoken languages of the old world more generally desirable; and at the same time, the facilities for their acquisition have been so greatly improved, that it is now an easier task to rival the polyglot fame of Sir William Jones or Dr. Bowring, than it was to master three or four languages a half century since.

The scholars of continental, and especially of Northern Europe, have led the way in the establishment of a new school of philology; and the philosophical study of the comparative anatomy of language, as exemplified in the works of Rask, Grimm, Bopp, Meidinger, and numerous others, has not only facilitated the acquisition of foreign tongues, and at the same time aided the student in attaining to a better knowledge of his own, but it has shed much curious and unexpected light on both psychology and the early history of our race.

The success which has attended these enlightened labors gives an earnest of incalculable and yet unforeseen benefits to flow from the continued prosecution of these studies in the spirit in which they have been begun. We may hope that phonology, or the analysis and comparison of articulate sounds, combined with a thorough knowledge of the anatomical structure of the vocal organs and the animal mechanics of speech, will at length be reduced, by long observation and philosophical arrangement and deduction, to the rank of one of the natural sciences. It will then have its nomenclature, its classifications, its laws, and even pronunciation will be taught by books. Though very much has been done for the illustration of phonology, we must yet admit, that it is but in its earliest infancy. Linguists are by no means agreed upon the number or classification of primary sounds, nor is it settled what articulations are simple, and what are compound. Even longs and shorts are not clearly distinguished, sounds are vaguely characterized as open or close, broad or flat, high or low, hard,

soft, or sharp—different writers using these epithets in very different applications—dissimilar sounds are confounded, like sounds distinguished, and even Rask discovers a difference between the English *vein* and *vain*, *veil* and *vale*.

With the present imperfect helps in phonology, the difficulty in acquiring the true pronunciation of foreign vowel-sounds lies rather in the ear, than in the organs of speech. As soon as we are able to appreciate and distinguish the delicate shades of foreign articulation, we can, in general, imitate these new sounds with little difficulty, for there exists between the ear and the vocal organs a sympathy, as mysterious as that which guides the arm of the slinger, in hurling the stone to the mark on which his eye is fixed. One reason why those, who learn a language in the country where it is vernacular, acquire the pronunciation both more readily and more perfectly, is that they hear before they speak, and the ear becomes capable of discriminating between sounds slightly different, before bad habits of articulation are contracted by awkward attempts at imitating accents which the undisciplined ear is unable to appreciate. From the mere force of habits acquired in early life, the tongue continues to discriminate between sounds, which the ear, now grown partially insensible, cannot distinguish, and persons not accustomed to the analysis of sounds, often habitually make distinctions, of which they are totally unconscious. Here, also, we find the explanation of the remarkable fact, that the youngest children always articulate vowel sounds accurately, though they are long in mastering the more obstinate consonants. There are, however, other facts important to be noticed, in accounting for the closeness with which children imitate the accent of those with whom they converse. One is the greater sensibility and delicacy of the organ of hearing in early childhood, and the other is the predominance of the mimetic propensities, which characterize not only children, but many of the ruder tribes of savages; and in this connection, it is interesting to observe, that many travelers have found, in very barbarous races, an almost miraculous aptitude in acquiring sounds foreign from any to which they had been accustomed. It is even said, that they are sometimes able to repeat, with the closest exactness, whole sentences of European languages, after

hearing them a single time pronounced. From these considerations, whose force is confirmed by some experience in our own case, we would earnestly recommend to adult persons commencing the study of a foreign language, to listen long before they attempt to articulate, and to insist that the teacher, and not the pupil, shall read the lessons.

The effect of philological studies, pursued with the liberal and enlarged views which we have noticed, has been a general effort to nationalize and improve, from their own resources, the languages of Europe from Iceland to Greece, and an enlightened and philosophical purism is the aim of the best writers of our day in every European tongue. The not unreasonable fears, which were once entertained, of the influence of French taste in literature, and of the general prevalence of that language as the common international dialect of Europe, have proved as mistaken as the Gallic dreams of universal empire, and pure nationality in language, thought, and subject is every where the readiest path to literary celebrity. In becoming nationalized, languages tend to become also less flexible, and more difficult both of translation and of acquisition; but on the other hand, the great frequency of translation has contributed to give all the European tongues a greater facility and variety of expression. The ablest and most popular works in every modern cultivated language are translated into all the rest. The provincialisms and Doric idioms of Scott, and the Americanisms of Cooper, have found exponents, if not equivalents, in every European tongue; and on the other hand, English literature has been enriched by translations of most of the valuable works, which have appeared on the continent, since the revival of learning. The Romance languages, though not wanting in copiousness, all partake of the unyielding character of that baldest of cultivated tongues, their common mother the Latin, well characterized by Tegner as "stolt, oböjlig och arm," proud, poor, inflexible, and we meet few good versions in any of them, from languages of a different class. English literature on the contrary, has, from Lord Berners to Freere, always been remarkable for the excellence of its translations, and there are few tongues, with so meagre inflections, which at all approach it in facility of adaptation to foreign forms of thought and speech. The English is

sufficiently flexible to imitate the emasculated delicacy of the Italian, the flip-pant sentimentality and colloquial ease of the French, the stiff and unbending majesty of the Spanish, and even the Protean variety of the German and the Greek. This advantage it owes less to its structure, than to its piebald and Babylonish composition, a circumstance which, however, renders its nationalization, or improvement from its own stock, nearly impossible. The miscellaneous character of the sources from which the English is derived requires, from those who would thoroughly master it, a wide range of etymological research, and a comprehensive study of both the vocabulary and the idioms of many languages, and, in this point of view, some examination of its composition, structure, and peculiarities may be not without interest.

No thinking observer can have failed to notice, that there is in English a perpetual struggle between the constituent elements, and this, in reference not merely to the relative predominance of Saxon and of Latin vocables and syntax, but also to the pronunciation. The Gothic element, for instance, inclines to throw the accent backwards, the Romance, to rest it upon the final or penultimate syllable; the one, to attach the consonant to the preceding vowel, the other, to join it to that which follows. In conversation, we are prone to use Saxon words and Saxon idioms, while in written composition, we affect both a vocabulary and a syntax borrowed from the Latin. This incessant conflict of ingredients and structure, is, perhaps, the principal reason why comparatively few Englishmen are able to command a flow of pure and elegant, and, at the same time, familiar conversational language, a talent, certainly, by no means so rare among those who speak a dialect homogeneous in its origin. Foreigners complain, with reason, of the indistinct utterance of the English, and Tegner satirizes our mother tongue, as a "språk för de stammande gjort," speech for stammerers framed. Much of this nauseous thickness of articulation is at best

a cockney affectation, and fashion has sanctioned the disgusting practice of, as Tegner in the same epigram complains, (en hälft stöter du fram, en hälft sväljer du ner,) sputtering out one half of the word, and swallowing the other. There is, however, a better reason for this pronunciation, so far as it is a legitimate peculiarity of the English tongue. The syllables, which follow the principal accent, are, in all languages, pronounced more rapidly and more indistinctly than those which precede it. This is partly from physical causes, but the principal reason is, that the concluding syllables are, in a large proportion of words, in most languages, mere inflexions, which may be slurred over, or even suppressed, without rendering the speaker less intelligible. What the actual practice of the Greeks, for instance, was in this particular, we have not the means of knowing, but we can easily conceive, that a person familiar with Greek would find little difficulty in understanding a speaker, who should dwell very little on trisyllabic endings in *ομενος* and the like. Although the place of the accent in English is variable, yet in most words, polysyllables especially, it follows the general rule of the Gothic languages, and is thrown far back. There is, however, this difference between the English and the Gothic languages: in the latter, both the roots and the inflexions are usually of one, or, at most, two syllables. Polysyllables are, of course, compound, and there is a distinct secondary accent on the principal syllable of each of the component primitives. Every part of the word is significant, and must be fully articulated, in order to render the whole intelligible. In English, on the other hand, the polysyllables are usually of Latin origin, and, if compound, are of an etymology not obvious to most of those who use them. We follow the analogy of the Gothic languages in accenting the initial syllables; and the latter portion of the word, being either merely a terminal form, or, if otherwise, inexpressive to us, is, very naturally, negligently enunciated.\*

\* The fact that uneducated persons usually clip words, by suppressing the syllables preceding the accent, may seem to be at variance with what we have stated, in regard to the comparative distinctness with which the syllables preceding and those following the accent are pronounced, but we appeal with confidence to the ear of any attentive orthoepist for a confirmation of the truth of our remark. An ingenious female friend suggests to us, that the reason why ignorant persons suppress rather the distinctly uttered initial, than the comparatively inaudible final syllables, is that the latter, even

But, heterogeneous as the English is in its vocabulary, it is, with one important exception, Gothic in its structure. An incredibly large proportion of our stock of familiar colloquial words is of Saxon origin. The life of our tongue yet lies in the Saxon part. The Latin is dead matter, a foreign element scarcely more akin to the organic frame-work of the language, than the glass eye and the wooden leg of the veteran soldier are to the osseous, muscular, and nervous tissues, whose place they have usurped, and it is a striking proof of the imperishable vitality of the Saxon stock, that it has borne up and incorporated, if not assimilated, the mass of alien words, that monkish superstition, Gallo-Norman oppression, scholastic pedantry, and the caprice of fashion, have engrafted upon it.

That we have gained in copiousness and variety of speech, by the abundant mixture of foreign vocables, is not to be denied, but we have purchased our stock of Latin words, at the expense of nearly the whole Gothic power of improvement from our own resources by means of derivation and composition. This is the exception to which we above alluded, and it may well be doubted, whether any advantages arising from the increase of our vocabulary, by borrowing from the Latin, have not been too dearly purchased.

Again, then, we inquire, what are the languages which prefer the strongest claims to the attention of the student of English etymology and grammar? The Greek, in addition to the reasons which we have already mentioned, will richly repay the labor of its acquirement, by its direct share in the formation of a numerous class of English words, but still more by its demonstrable, though not obvious affinity to the primitive sources of our ancient Anglo-saxon tongue. The Latin, vague, poor, and unphilosophical as it is, is nevertheless indispensable, because it has furnished a very large

proportion of our written vocabulary, either directly, or through the Romance languages. From Spanish and Italian not much illustration is to be obtained, but French is highly important, both because we have borrowed a large number of words directly from it, and because, in its earlier forms, as exemplified in Froissart and other old writers, it had much influence on the structure of our modern English. But it is to the cognate languages of Scandinavia, Germany, and the low countries, and more particularly to the Anglo-Saxon and the sister dialect, the Old Northern or Icelandic, that we must look for the most important lights, which analogy can shed upon the structure, composition, and history of our native tongue. Among the living Teutonic dialects, the Plattdeutsch or Low German, among the Scandinavian, the Danish, offer the most striking affinities to the English, and are therefore of great value, as sources of illustration, both in etymology and syntax. But a knowledge of the earlier forms and more fundamental analogies of our tongue must be sought in the Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic. The poverty of Anglo-Saxon literature and its inaccessibility (the low state of philological learning in England having hitherto prevented the general publication and thorough elucidation of its extant remains), make it much less available for the purposes of the English student than the Icelandic, which, though very closely allied to the Anglo-Saxon, is a far more copious, refined, and cultivated speech, and moreover, possesses an extensive literature, enriched, particularly in the historical department, by some of the finest compositions, which adorn the literature of modern Europe. With the view of recommending the study of this noble tongue, we propose to give some account of its structure, and a historical sketch of the origin, progress, and decline of its literature, but these we must reserve for another article.

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in English, are much more frequently forms of inflexion and ending, such as *ation*, *ition*, *ity*, *ily*, *ness*, like the Greek *ουεος* to which we have alluded, and others, and, therefore, being less multifarious, are more easily remembered than the ever changing variety of initial syllables.

## SINGLE-SPEECH POETS.

A REMARK of Horace Walpole, (that most acute judge of the niceties of literature), is set down in the Walpoliana, on this very topic, and which, indeed, had suggested the following illustrations of his criticism. He speaks of writers, who, like certain plants, flower but once—whose poetic genius bloomed early, for a single time, and never again put forth a bud. These writers, in poetry, resemble *single-speech* Hamilton in oratory, (the coincidence furnishes the excuse of the caption), and ever remain a source of literary curiosity—a problem not to be readily solved on ordinary premises. It is one of the most curious of all literary curiosities, and yet we do not remember that D'Israeli has devoted a paper to the subject, nor even made any reference to it—an omission quite unaccountable in him, as it falls naturally within his province.

A beautiful Anthology might be collected from the writings of poets, who have exhausted themselves, as it were, in a single effort; caught but a single glance of the divinity; but once felt 'the god.' In a supplement to this exquisite bouquet, richer than that of Ellis or Longfellow, though they come very near to the ideal we speak of, might be included the few fine short poems, of those who have written long works of *mediocre* or perhaps even doubtful standing. A few delicate *morçeaux* of Southey will be preserved by an affectionate race of readers, whose benevolence even cannot prevent the utter oblivion of his unwieldy epical attempts. Even Gay, who wrote well always, has been immortalized by his Ballads and Fables, rather than by his Trivia.

Another class, still, beside the writers of one or more choice short poems, and the writers of long and dull insipid productions, is that of the great writers who have written much, and of whose works, even when equally fine, the shortest are the best known, merely because they are brief. Thus, Dryden's Alexander's Feast is known to many, from being met with in all the ordinary selections and elegant extracts, while his no less admirable romantic tales from Boccaccio and Chaucer, his delightful Fables, Epistles to Oldham, and Congreve, and Kneller, (on which Pope could only *refine*), Secular

Masque, and his vigorous political satires, are comparatively unknown. Thousands have read, or sung, or heard sung, Young Lochinvar, for the hundreds who have read Marmion. And Moore is the poet of the parlor, for the Melodies he has written, while his Lalla Rookh is read as a critical duty, and by way of task.

According to a classification like the above, these certain verse-makers would rank very high among the minor Poets, whose standing is low among the master Bards.

As to the philosophy of the matter, we confess it inexplicable. Why one who has once succeeded, should not do equally well again, many causes may be assigned; yet, not one of them carry sufficient weight to settle the question determinately. The various reasons are sufficiently plausible, yet may be easily set aside on further reflection. Sheer indolence! cries one; timidity, exclaims another; want of leisure, reasons a third; rather, want of power, adds a fourth; perhaps, all together, liberally concludes a fifth.

Some persons seem to regard these writers—as some old dogmatist called Goldsmith—inspired idiots, who have, by chance, hit upon a new thought or view, which they want skill and training to follow up—as delicious harmonies may float into the mind of one, who is ignorant of the science of sweet sounds.

In truth, the fact is as wonderful as that would be (of which we are ignorant, if it has ever happened), of a painter who had finished but one good picture in the course of his life—who had caught for a single time, the cordial and kindly aspect of Nature—who, once only, had gained power to interpret the soul, speaking in the face. Who ever heard, or read of, or saw, the single celebrated production of a sculptor, or musical composer, or architect, who had anything of a desirable reputation? We do not speak of the clever things done by ingenious amateurs, but of single Works (not Plays as Ben Jonson used to distinguish), executed by professional artists.

Yet as matters of literary and personal history, that was really the case, of the authors of the Burial of Sir John Moore, and the Ode to the Cuckoo. Wolfe wrote

two or three other fine things in verse and prose, yet nothing comparable to this masterpiece. Logan is known only by the ode we refer to. The Braes of Yarrow enshrine the memory of Hamilton of Bangour, and have led greater bards to the scene, to offer up their tributaries, still inferior to the first. Why, is this all we have of these delicate poets? With such fancy, such feeling, a taste so refined, a versification so graceful, how happens it we hear no more strains from these night-ingales of a night? Not wholly so besotted, as to be careless of fame; rather, so far from that, as, in the case of Wolfe, to be sensitively alive to generous praise and to noble action; and, as to Logan, we believe he, too, was a clergyman, a retired scholar, and man of pure taste. Both were, (if we recollect aright,) invalids, constitutionally feeble, and hence incapable of long flights of fancy or close study. They had leisure—poetic impulses could not have been wanting, for subjects and occasions never wholly fail the Muse: the admiration of friends, we may conclude, was theirs. A single obstacle, only remains, and that furnishes probably the occasion or reason of their silence—a fastidious taste, like Campbell's, who was said to be frightened by the shadow of his fame, that could not be satisfied with anything short of perfection, which it failed to realize. Genuine modesty, and a sensitive temperament, were leading traits (we presume, of course), of the writers. These held their hand and restrained the otherwise willing pen. The same reasons will not seem to excuse the short poems of Raleigh and Wotton, who feared no critical tribunals; whose minds were braced by manly action, who united all characters and talents and accomplishments, who with learning and (at some period) leisure and fancy and power, have left a very few and very brief copies of verse, worthy of being printed in letters of gold. They were not men, like their later brother bards, to entertain a feeling of despair at ever again equalling the fine things they had accomplished early in life. In them, therefore, it is but fair to suppose, that the poetic bore a slight proportion to the political and scholastic and business-characters, which rendered them famous.

The minds of men change; their aims vary at different epochs. They entertain different views of life, of action, of ambition. Many youthful tastes (the accompaniment of animal spirits, rather

than the fruit of settled *inclination*) vanish as men grow older. How many young poets have settled down into middle aged prose men; how many airy romancers become converted into matter of fact critics. Religion, in some instances, teaches (falsely, we conceive,) the sin of all but devotional strains: unquestionably, when pure and noble, the highest kind of verse, but not the only allowable form. In this case, too, where piety is perverted, the praises of men appear so worthless and unsatisfactory, that the bard relinquishes the exercise of his divine gift (in a wrong spirit) before men, that he may offer up his praises, pure and unalloyed, with angels and the blessed, to the Almighty Giver of the glorious faculty itself, (among innumerable blessings.)

Various pursuits, too, warp the imagination from poetical flights and confine the studies that arise from fancy and taste to a narrow circle, if not consign them over to "dumb forgetfulness a prey." Three great lawyers have been made out of tolerable poets, who might have ranked among the first of the third rank, the *Dii Minores* of our idolatry—Blackstone, Sir Wm. Jones, and Lord Thurlow; judgments and bishoprics oblige the holders and occupants of these stations to hide, sometimes, a rare and peculiar talent. Yet some bishops have been wits, as Earle and Corbet: though too frequently the office stultifies the head, while it hardens the heart. We have heard of many capital story-tellers and mimics converted into dignified judges, and, indeed, "as grave as a judge," generally means as stupid.

Without any farther attempt at unravelling the causes of this literary phenomenon, we will at once bring together the following notices of writers of the kind we have undertaken to describe, without pretending (from the nature of the case an almost impossible thing) to produce all who deserve mention. On the contrary, we can promise to quote only a few, as we write from memory and without the means of extending our list.

To commence with two court poets of the age of Charles II., when "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" first appeared. *Denham*, the fashionable poet of his day, now ranks as such in the select collections, mainly on the strength of his *Cooper's Hill*. *Dorset*, one of the most delightful and accomplished characters of that court of wits and gallants, is

best known in poetical history by his ballad, said to have been written at sea during the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before the engagement. He has penned a couple of delightful songs or so, but his poetical claims rest chiefly on the ballad. *Pomfret's* "Choice" stands quite alone; the single popular poem of its author, an agreeable, pleasant piece of versification, presenting the ideal of a quiet, comfortable, retired literary life. Swift's version of Horace's lines is more Horatian, but less English. Cowley and Norris, who both translated the philosophic picture of Seneca,\* of a similar strain, are more philosophic and high toned, but do not approach so closely the more equal current of daily life. Leigh Hunt has praised Pomfret, and somewhere, we think, directly imitated "Choice," adding to the verse a grace of his own. Dr. Johnson passed upon him no more than a just eulogium. To the masculine moralist and the agreeable essayist we bow, in deference to their united judgment. *John Phillips* is famous for his celebrated burlesque of Milton, (the "Splendid Shilling"), but we can recollect no other poem of his of any thing like equal merit. *Parnell's* Hermit is his chef d'œuvre. Many who know him as a poet, know nothing of his verses to his wife, and one or two other short pieces, almost equally fine. *Blair's* "Grave" (the resting place of Mortality) has made him immortal. *Green's* "Spleen," and *Dyer's* "Grongar Hill," poems excellent in their different styles of manly satire and picturesque description, are, we believe, the only works of these authors that have escaped oblivion. As writers of single poems, we may, by a forced construction, "compel to come in" certain of the old Dramatists, and though they do not properly rank under this head, we may be glad to eke out our list by such delights of the Muses as the noble Dirge in Webster's terrible tragedy, Shirley's fine stanzas, and scattered songs, "fancies," and good-nights, that occur in the rare old comedies and tragedies: from Gammer Gurton's Needle, that can boast the first and one of the best drinking songs in the language, down to, and half through, the age of Elizabeth, the age of Marlow and his contemporaries, just previous to the golden era of the Shaksperian drama. Many of the minor poets, whether gay or religious, of the seventeenth century, have left sparkling gems,

such as the delicate flowers that blossom in the poetic gardens of Carew, Herrick, King, Vaughan, Lovelace, &c. We had written thus far, when we met with Longfellow's *Waif*, a delicate and tasteful anthology. But we think it might be vastly improved by such an editor as the writer of the article on Henry Vaughan,\* who out of that poet has made extracts, finer than the poem Mr. Longfellow has selected, and has written about this poet and his contemporaries in a charming manner, that would have added much to the attraction of the little volume. The "*Waif*" should have included a galaxy of rare old poems: the later writers are sufficiently well known.

Certain of the noble old prose writers, to be ranked, by the production of one fine poem—if by no other claim—by title of courtesy, among poets, ought not to be omitted, as *Bunyan*, in the pithy, sententious lines prefixed to his "Pilgrim;" *Burton's* fine versified abstract of his rare "Anatomy;" and *Walton's* "Angler's Wish." These are "rarely delicate," as Walton says of Marlow and Raleigh's delicious verses, "better than the strong lines now in vogue in this critical age."

In one department of verse, that of Hymns and the versified Psalms of David, some writers are classic from having produced one or two admirable pieces of the kind: in this class come Addison, Pope, Young, Ken, Cowper, Heber, Wotton, Watts.

Many writers, of very considerable pretensions, have succeeded in one long poem, but are not generally known by any second production of equal value. Of this class the best instances are *Young*, in his "Night Thoughts"—hard reading, except in detached passages; *Akenside's* "Pleasures of Imagination," (with all his pomp of philosophic speculation and elaborate fancy, very heavy, for these very reasons.) All the *Pleasures*, by the way, of Memory and Hope, beside, in these long general poems, are far from pleasant reading; *Churchill*, whose local and temporary satires are forgotten and give place to his "Rosciad," a monument of his sense, acuteness, and happy satire—a gallery of theatrical portraits hit off with the justness and vivacity of Pope, and forming a capital supplement to Colley Cibber's collection; *Allan Ramsay's* "Gentle Shepherd," that Arcadian pastoral; *Garth*, in his "Dispensary," an author in whom the

\* Ex. Thyeste, Act II. Chorus.

† Arcturus, Vol. I.

man and humorist was more than a match for the poet; *Somerville*, "Chase," pretty fair verse for a sporting country gentleman; and *Armstrong's* "Art of Preserving Health," a sensible essay that might as well have been written in prose. The same criticism may be applied to Garth and Somerville.

Among general readers the *Hudibras* of *Butler* is eagerly perused by all who delight in the version of sense, wit, and learning, all devoted to the cause and end of wholesome satire; yet the other sharp satires of the same writer are, virtually, unknown. And the *Seasons* of *Thompson*, by no means his best poem, is universally read, while very few ever think of glancing at the delightful "Castle of Indolence," of which he was both creator and master.

Then again, certain fine poems are continually quoted, not as the sole efforts, but as the masterpieces of their authors, quite to the exclusion of any other works of theirs; the selection, for instance, of such fine poems as the *Ode to the Passions*, and the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, in works on elocution, with which every schoolboy is familiar, has thrown the other equally fine pieces by the same authors, comparatively into the shade. *Shenstone's Schoolmistress* comes within the same category; but after all the fame of the poet depends on it alone. The ballad of *Jemmy Dawson* is not superior to many that have been consigned to obscurity; while the Pastoral Ballad, with a certain vein of tenderness, does not rank much above *Hammond's* strain, (once called the English *Ovid*), which has been long since, and not unjustly, forgotten.

A delicate volume might be made up of single-piece poems of English and American poets of *this* century. In English poetical literature, *Mrs. Southey's Pauper's Death-Bed*, *Noel's Pauper's Funeral*, delicate verses of *Darley*, *Montgomery's Grave*, &c., &c.

Our American Parnassus entertains many occupants, who can prefer but a single claim (or two) for possession. The following are all of the gems we can, at present, recall. The famous song of *R. T. Paine*, entitled *Adams and Lib-*

*erty*, though its poetical value we forget, was the best *paid* copy of verses ever printed here and exceedingly popular. *Tom Paine* wrote some clever lines, called the "Castle in the Air," (?) with some stinging satire in it; and previous to either, and much better than both put together, the spirited "Indian Burial Ground," which *Longfellow* has lately recovered, and whence *Campbell* borrowed a line or two, (a common trick with him). But our best fugitive poetry has been written by prose writers. *Irving's* delicious lines, the Dull Lecture, illustrating, or illustrated by, (we know not which,) a capital picture of *Stuart Newton*; and his classic verses to the *Passaic River*, as graceful and picturesque as that winding stream. A noble poem on *Alaric*, by governor *Everett*; some fine versions from the German, by the Hon. *Alexander Everett*; three or four admirable pieces by *John Waters*; the two last addressed to ladies, printed in the American newspaper, some six or seven years ago. *Nicholas Biddle* wrote some very agreeable jeux d'esprit and *vers de société*. A lively epistle of this kind, appeared in the weekly *New Mirror* last summer. A noble poem, "The Days of my Youth and of my Age contrasted," by the Hon. *St. Geo. Tucker*, of Virginia, has been going the rounds of the papers for a year past. Can no printed book or magazine show us more of the author? We often ask ourselves this question, with regard to many other authors, without ever receiving a satisfactory answer. Very many such we still remain in utter ignorance of, in common with the reading public, and this fact must account for our omissions. When we think of the stupid long poems, with which the world has been deluged for years past, and recollect how many exquisite brief pieces are lost merely by their brevity, as a jewel is hidden in a pile of common stones, we often wish that a critical police, consisting of one judge of fine taste, two of good judgment, and three sharp critical scholars, might be continually kept up, to pound all stray poetical cattle; or, at least, to advertise where they might be found.

## AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.\*

A sunbeam is more easily caught by the pencil than a bird, with its vivid and eccentric movements. When, therefore, the progress of imitative art is considered as inevitably determined by the facilities of execution growing out of the nature of its objects, it becomes a matter less of surprise than of curious observation, that so many centuries of progressive refinement should have been marked respectively by the approach of some other of its departments to perfection, while this, of ornithological illustration, is only just now to be regarded as affording such indications.

Architecture, which has for its type "God's Temple of the earth and sky," was earliest perfected, for here the imitative faculty was first compelled into service by men's necessities. Sculpture, with its still forms, next followed, and man's prevailing egoism re-created himself in marble. Then followed, by irresistible association, those objects most intimately near him, on which his feet were pressed, and which afforded him, in a great degree, shelter and food—and Botany first grew, in the wreaths about the marble brows of heroes, and on the frescoes of their shafted temples, into a science. It is to be observed, that the same nicety of eye and consummate skill which made the Grecian chisel immortal, through the limbs and expression of their deities and athleteæ, is apparent in the curves, lobes, edging, and even veins, of the tendrils, flowers, and vine-leaves thrown into their ornamant; while all figures of beasts, and especially of birds, whether appearing in hieroglyphics or over the porticos of their temples, bore always miserably crude and monstrous outlines. Their pet emblem, the Phoenix—a bird especially delighting in ashes—would hardly be distinguished, if put in the same place, from the extraordinary and celebrated *Anser*-Eagle on the Boston Merchants' Exchange; and those portions of the Centaur legitimately equine would scarcely serve to mount a Wellington statue.

This distinction is traceable through all the phases of antique art, whether we

look for it in the exquisite moulding of Etruscan vases, or in the figures of the fresco work, which may be seen on the walls of their tombs and buried palaces. Penelope, or the "chaste Lucrece," may have labored on tapestry, "with wondrous needle,"

"Nature's own shape of branch and berry,  
That even her art sisters the natural roses,  
Her inkle silk twin with the rubied cherry,"

but we doubt if a hypogriff or the ram of Colchis would have been very accurately figured.

This discrepancy in art would appear the more remarkable, were it not that it is coupled with an analogous deficiency in the natural science of the times. The old philosophy took MAN for its centre and reasoned out to the circumference of God. Man's

—"shadow on the world's vast mirror shown,"

of course exhibited all the conditions of Polytheism, Pantheism, or whatever name is chosen to designate the old mythology. This fantastic spiritualization omitted the inferior grades in its deductions, and has left to modern science the task of elucidating their relations to universal truth. It is not specially to be wondered at that either sculpture or painting should have most readily selected for their subjects such familiar groups as offered, by their attitudes of repose, the greatest facilities of imitation. But the impulse which has always driven genius above mere forms to the expression of the spiritual, elevated these common things into creations; and in Italian art, while scenes of passion, in which children of the dust rose and grew mighty till "the god expanded on their brows," were added to "enduring memories"—the elements, also, which add beauty and grandeur to natural scenery, from the most striking to the simplest of inanimate objects, were melted upon the canvass in miraculous colors. But the same omissions and characteristics which we have noted as peculiar to the features of classic art, as well as to its philosophy, are apparent here. We

\* The Birds of America: By J. J. Audubon. Ornithological Biography; or, An Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America: By John James Audubon, F.R.S. L. & E.

find the most accurate exhibitions of the human figure, with the finest combinations of natural scenery, but the lower grades of mere animal existence were almost totally neglected. When the forms of animals are introduced at all, they are exclusively those of our domestic familiars, and these matchless pencils seem at once to forget their cunning in portraying them. The careless regard of anatomical finish apparent, betrays the little attention to comparative science which marked the period. As for birds, they were scarcely thought of as legitimate subjects in the composition of that glorious era of art, only constituting, as it were, an accidental feature. Even the brush of Titian slurred over a dove, content with mere outline, without aiming at expression. Though, at a later period, the Flemish school deviated into grotesquery, and delighted in cats, monkeys, and monsters, with an occasional accurate drawing of some domestic creature, like Paul Potter's Bull, yet nothing real has been accomplished in the portraying of objects of natural history until our own time, when Lanseer in animals, and Audubon in birds, have suddenly carried up their respective departments to the rank of highest art. These considerations are the more curious when we remark, as has been suggested before, how perfectly this artistic progression has kept pace with the development of our actual knowledge of Natural History.

The same train of mingled necessity and convenience which led the earlier sculptors and painters to select for their subjects of art, first, the human form, and then those inanimate objects most intimately associated with it—which offered, in their still life, greater facilities for study and imitation than could possibly be perceived in the fugitive and active forms of the animal kingdom—has no doubt been essentially, and to as great a degree, definitive of the course of philosophic research through the same field. It is not less remarkable than historically correct, that though the Grecian chisel and Italian pencil\* have furnished models which are the envy and emulation of our time—though our ethics and poetry glory in a classic basis on which we have superstructed few improvements—yet we are at liberty to glorify ourselves in the fact that almost

in our hands alone, and certainly through the discovery of this magnificent western world, has this department of Natural History been elevated into the proper dignity of a science. Aristotle and Pliny are the only classic names at all identified with its subjects, and the vague, romancing, and absurd deductions which characterize their treatment, afford us rather matter of amusement than serious consideration. But it is not amidst classic associations only that we are necessitated to observe these crudities. They are abundantly apparent through all the heavy stages of European progress down to our own time; nor was it till genius had caught an eloquent impulse from the majestic beauty of a new continent—not unaffected, also, by our free institutions and free society—that the hardy realization of bold conceptions startled the European mind from the complacency of self-satisfied repose into an unexpected recognition of what was really embraced in the study of Ornithology.

To trace the feeble struggles of Ornithology through the fog of technicalities thrown around it by the Linnæan school, and the yet denser mystification of ridiculous legends by later "Cabinet Naturalists," to the period when, with the impulse of genius in the American wilderness, it emerged into the clear light, affords a contrast not a little flattering to our national feeling. It need not be urged, as an offset, that Wilson was a Paisley weaver, and that therefore Scotland is entitled to share his honors with us. Had he remained the drudging slave of oppressive institutions, the daring conception of his great work could never have expanded into execution. The man was in him undoubtedly before he came here; he had felt the restless movement of power to accomplish much; but until the wild grandeur of our fresh and boundless scenery burst upon him with its inspiration to great deeds, these yearnings had been undefined. The direction once given, there was everything in the lenient freedom of our social state, in the profuse abundance and hospitality by which he saw himself surrounded, to encourage him with the hope of realizing the suggestions of his taste.—But he had to send to England for his patronage.—And was it not quite as much as could be expected

\* Leaving Architecture out of the question, for in that we are immeasurably surpassed.

of our national infancy, that we should furnish her with worthier objects than she herself had been able to produce, for the outlay of her superfluous and idle wealth? We had hardly recovered from pecuniary distresses left by the war of the Revolution, and the greater portion of the continent was yet a wilderness, but here and there impressed by the hands of civilized men. Little money and less time were the toiling tradesmen by the Atlantic shore, and the hardy woodsman on the outskirts of the forest, able to spare for anything in the shape of Art. The same remark may be made of the somewhat similar case of Audubon, though without the drawback of any dispute as to our full and entire claim to the glorious "American Woodsman," as he proudly styled himself, while he "ruffled among his peers," the lettered giants of the "City of the Craigs"—the admired centre of observation. He is ours beyond any cavil—and it must be acknowledged that the fact of our having produced the two unrivalled masters of a science which has always languished in the old world, is somewhat significant of the relevancy, to say the least of it, of the suggestion that there is something in our atmosphere sufficiently congenial to the vitality of genius. We have only to set forth what had actually been accomplished by European ornithologists down to the time of Wilson, to fully justify any self-gratulation of which we may be accused.

After Aristotle and Pliny, it seems that Peter Belon, in 1555, had published at Paris the first book on ornithology. This earliest effort, as might be expected, was characterized by great imperfections; the attempt at illustration was preposterous, and his biographies were mainly distinguished for the inventive facility, or broad credulity, of their author. That this should be so is not singular to the birth of this or any other science; but the misfortune is, that this inventive credulity has been duplicated and enlarged upon in most of the succeeding versions. The so-called Naturalists have been mere compilers, who have not attempted, by personal observation of the creatures treated of, out in the solitude of their own haunts, to correct the mistakes of predecessors, and faithfully add, to whatever of truth they might find, accurate knowledge of their own, but have been content to collate such statements as they could pick up, taking it for granted that whatever had

been printed must be gospel. Now, this easy simplicity and ready faith has, indeed, merit of its own, and, is highly commendable in place, but it is questionable whether the field of science is the legitimate one for its exhibition. Gesner, next, assigns the third volume of his *History of Animals* to birds. This is almost stereotyped from the former, with a few "additions" but *not* "improvements." Francis Willoughby then writes a comparatively respectable work in Latin, which was afterwards translated and improved by Mr. Ray. The ground gained by these two men was in the adoption of more rational principles of classification, which, in the former instances, had been loosely determined by the character of the food, size, shape, &c. But all difficulties on such points were fully done away with by the appearance, in 1776, of the great nomenclator, Linnæus, who reduced nearly the whole circle of natural sciences to a rigidly accurate and luminous classification, from which there are few "modern instances" of essential variation. Though the work of Linnæus was in itself vast, and indispensably demanded for the disentanglement of the involutions consequent upon a large and incessantly accumulating series of genera, yet the method adopted by him, and only wise under his use of it, has been, in the hands of his disciples, most fatal to the very progress it was intended to facilitate. The study of Natural History was now, in a great measure, confined to the mere outline of harsh and pompous technicalities. The naturalist became a stilt-walking bibliographer of swelling epithets, and all that lends the charm of vivacity to such delightful subjects was overlaid and verily smothered by a ponderous and unwieldy terminology. Of course, in this crustaceous envelope, Ornithology was not particularly inviting. The shell was too hard and rough to be readily attempted by that nice fastidious taste, which most readily appreciates and happily illustrates its pleasant themes, and it fell almost exclusively into the hands of dry old paper-moths, whose dull fatiguing compilations only tended to stultify more profoundly the inanities of their predecessors. To be sure, it is rather a sweeping use of terms to designate the labors of Buffon in this way without reserve; for, however deficient in accuracy they may be, his style is certainly agreeable and popular. His ro-

manes have the same irresistible attraction of freshness and earnest simplicity about them which belongs to the Tales of Sinbad the Sailor, and we equally relish the piquant gravity of the veracious narrator, whether he tells us of the mighty roc, with its mountain-sized egg, or of the marvellous nightingales, concerning whom Buffon thus endorses:—

“Gesner tells the following story, which he says was communicated to him by a friend:—

“‘Whilst I was at Ratisbone,’ says his correspondent, ‘I put up at an inn, the sign of the Golden Crown, where my host had three nightingales. It happened at that time, being the spring of the year, when those birds are accustomed to sing, that I was so afflicted with the stone, that I could sleep but very little all night. It was usual then about midnight, to hear the two nightingales jangling and talking with each other, and plainly imitating men’s discourses. Besides repeating the daily discourse of the guests, they chaunted out two stories. One of their stories was concerning the tapster and his wife, who refused to follow him to the wars as he desired her; for the husband endeavored to persuade his wife, as far as I understood by the birds, that he would leave his service in that inn, and go to the wars in hopes of plunder. But she refused to follow him, resolving to stay either at Ratisbone, or go to Nuremberg. There was a long and earnest contention between them; and all this dialogue the birds repeated. They even repeated the unseemly words which were cast out between them, and which ought rather to have been suppressed and kept a secret. The other story was concerning the war which the Emperor was then threatening against the Protestants, which the birds probably heard from some of the generals that had conferences in the house. These things did they repeat in the night after twelve o’clock, when there was a deep silence. But in the day time, for the most part, they were silent, and seemed to do nothing but meditate and revolve with themselves upon what the guests conferred together, as they sat at table, or in their walks.’”

“Such is the sagacity ascribed to the nightingale!” is the serious comment upon this racy recital of a “correspondent” by Monsieur De Buffon, the unparalleled natural philosopher of the seventeenth century. But there are other traits of this original humorist equally flavorful, and in which, happily, there is no officious “correspondent” interposed to share the honors with him.

He tells with a grave facetiousness, as one among other marvellous capabilities of the Raven, that it “could be taught to sing like a man;” and a specially notable individual “had been heard to sing the Black Joke with great distinctness, truth and humor!” An interesting bird was that,—

“The grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and humorous bird of yore!”

A yet more funny story he tells about the GIGANTIC CRANE of Africa—on opening which, “a land tortoise ten inches long, and a large black cat were found entire in its stomach.” It would have added to the interest of this fact, if there had also been a small live alligator. We regret the deficiency, as we have long wished to find anything that can equal the gulletal capacity of the true Mississippi Boatman. This story, by the way—“tortoise,” “black cat,” and all—is deliberately repeated by the felicitous joker, that Joe Miller of naturalists, who compiled the article on Ornithology in the British Encyclopedia. Another of Buffon’s facetiæ, is the yet rarer whim, which seems to have possessed him, of converting the “Coot,” properly denominated by himself “a well-known bird,” into an experienced and skillful navigator. He says:

“It there makes a nest of such weeds as the stream supplies, and lays them among the reeds floating on the surface, and rising and falling with the water. The reeds among which it is built, keep it fast; so that it is seldom washed into the middle of the stream. But if this happens, which is sometimes the case, the bird sits in her nest, like a mariner in his boat, and steers, with her legs, her cargo into the nearest harbor; there, having attained her port, she continues to sit in great tranquillity, regardless of the impetuosity of the current; and, though the water penetrates her nest, she hatches her eggs in that wet condition.”

Undoubtedly, we have here the original, from which was derived the idea, not simply of Noah’s Ark, but of all other Arks, Broad Horns, Flat Bottoms, or Bottoms of any plane or curve whatsoever, in which men, since time began, have “gone down to the sea.” Who, supposing such a mortal to exist, that had never in all his days seen or heard of a ship or boat, could fail to realize the practicability of such easy modes of

progression, should he, by any accident, chance upon this wonderful "Coot," mounted upon her nest, with legs stuck through behind for rudders, steering "her cargo into the nearest harbor." He would unquestionably go to work, and forthwith a new Argo would be seen "steering for unknown isles," in search of the "Chimera," "Golden Fleece;" or, it may be, what are as likely to be found, birds' eggs, that would hatch in "that wet condition."

In view of these pleasant absurdities, the question almost irresistibly suggests itself, whether the great Buffon had ever, by any miraculous contingency, in the whole course of his life, seen breathing bodily in the flesh a dozen specimens of these feathered "animals," as he is so fond of calling them, of which he discourses thus humorously.

One cannot avoid puzzling over the problem, whether, if with his stately gait and flowing robes, he had ever found himself wandering over the fields, he would not have been sadly bewildered to distinguish a live Field-Mouse from the live Tit-Mouse, running before him amongst the stubble. But the serious truth is, that though in the aggregate of M. Buffon's varied and extensive works, he has accomplished a vast deal for general science, in simplifying and popularising its dry details, yet, to the particular department of Ornithology, and, indeed, that also of Zoology may be included, he has done quite as much evil as good, to speak with reason; for, if he has clothed its delineations in a more attractive and universal style, and, therefore, increased the number of students; he has, on the other hand, by such reckless and unpardonable carelessness, as we have noticed above, in the collocation of his materials, not only done more than any body else toward perpetuating the errors of old writers, by stamping them with the broad seal of his own fame—but has himself originally and deliberately, added immensely to the stock. But this is not all the mischief.—By this loose and fanciful treatment—the sheer and

palpable ignorance, which he exhibited, of the vitality of his subjects—a frivolous and superficial spirit has been imparted to the conduct of the whole round of such investigations since. This whole vapid and finical tribe of "cabinet naturalists," is to be fathered upon Buffon. It was perfectly well-known that he scarcely ever saw a live wild bird or beast in his life, and boastingly accounted for his fame in the exclamation, "Have I not sat at my desk for fifty years?" And his imitators, not possessed of anything of his undoubted genius, supposed that they, too, could scribble themselves into learned Doctorates, Fellowships, and Degrees, through subjects with which they possessed no fraction of practical acquaintance. How was it possible for a pedantic dandy, professedly unable to tell at sight a goosander from a goshawk, or a chipmunk from a wren, to write or pencil any thing other than nonsense or some *lusus naturæ*, when he gravely sits down to furnish drawings, and describe the minutia of habits and characteristics peculiar to each,—when to accomplish this, he had so far as could be perceived, no earthly materials but a certain free and easy aptitude at guess-work, and certain ponderous folios at his elbow filled with the guesses in colors, and guesses in type, of others—second-sighted seers like himself. How, unless by special inspiration, was he to conjecture when these "authorities" were in the neighborhood of truth. If one of them should happen to make the "*Gigantic Crane*" of Africa swallow a boa constrictor alive, instead of merely "a large black cat entire," what could he say "anent" so probable a statement. Disputing precedents is dangerous—and down goes the boa, all its huge and knotted volume swallowed up in the profound of his ignorance. Or if he should meet with a straggling account of a "White Crow" having been seen in America, what should prevent him from basing upon this fact the theory of a "white species" \* common to this country! Certainly not the possession

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\* Should our naturalist be guilty of this surprising leap from a single fact to a conclusion, he would not be the solitary instance of this salient facility among European Naturalists of our day. Mr. Gould, who has figured amongst them with some pretension, is a happy instance in point. (See Gould's *Birds of Europe*,—article, Swallow Tailed Kite—*Nauclerus Furcatus*.) He says, as the excuse for introducing this bird to such company: "Two examples of this elegant bird having been taken in this country—the first in Argyleshire, the second in Yorkshire—we have considered it as entitled (as if it were a high honor) to be included among the Birds of Europe!" It is hard to

of any capability of his own to philosophize on the phenomenon, or any knowledge derived from personal observation to the contrary that "all American crows are white!"—the rational doubt of the old lady being adopted: "how was it possible to print a lie?"—or any distinctive *character* in the colors and outlines of the "plates" before him, from which he was to copy his "illustrations," or even of the faded and dingy refuse of some museum, perched on rusty wires round his cabinet. Little wonder, however, since his veracious master tells of the "Condor flying off with a *deer* in its claws, as an eagle does with a rabbit." These silly fables once printed, there is no getting rid of them. They become a part of the staple of our knowledge: for each successive "picker and stealer" of the odds and ends of such literature, more dull and witless than he who pilfered before him, is afraid to tamper with the substance of the assumed facts he may find, farther than to dove-tail them by some shallow trick of verbiage, into a cranney of his own "cabinet," so that they continue the same, but more insufferable in disguise. And yet such animals are "*naturalists*," with rows of capitals strung after their names. Generated in the shadows of the two extremes of the systems of Linnaeus and Buffon, these creatures are true Cheiroptera, leather-winged and purblind "between-ites," that go flitting with the owls in twilight, through the trunk-shafted, leaf-fretted aisles of nature's temples. They may now, with impunity, scare away the musical dreams of song-birds by the dull flapping of their frowsey wings—but let them beware of the sunshine. Should they venture out in it, would not the whole woods be astir with avenging tom-tits, wrens and jays, whom they had vilified by their twattle and "drawings from *life*," indignantly fluttering about their ears, with snapping beaks and screams of waggish tauntings? Birds know, undoubtedly, by intuition, who are their true friends. If you turn over the plates of Audubon, you will observe that many of his birds look as if they had formed one of such a group—as if the great genius had come across them driving some covering "natura-

list" to the shelter of his "cabinet," and they, at the pleasant request of their affectionate friend, had consented to "sit" till he took their portraits on the spot. How else could he have imparted so much of the sparkle of vivaciousness and comic wrath to their expression?

Be this as it may, such delineations as Audubon's, no matter how obtained, are an immortal satire upon this whole school of stuffed-specimen pretenders, Brisson, Gmelin, Turton, Griffeth, Gesner, &c., who have afflicted Science with the nightmare of their wretched figures and indigestible crudities. Even the so often quoted Pennant, and his successor, Latham, did little more than unite the ridiculous "three-line brevity," peculiar to the descriptions of Linnaeus, with the recklessness and total want of practical knowledge we have noted in Buffon, while Latham even proceeded so far as to illustrate *each of the genera* with a plate! Bran and feather "specimens" were evidently not so abundant in 1781 as now; or as even in the time of Mr. Gould's book, for he has managed to illustrate each *individual*!—after what sort of fashion we shall presently inquire.

We have before remarked how perfectly the artistical department of ornithology has kept pace with the biographical. In tracing them to this stage we find them equally contemptible; for the same causes which prevented any approach to excellence in the one case, operated in the other. Neither artist or writer had ever seen anything, or thought it necessary to know any thing, of the live birds. The idea of mounting knapsack and gun, and trudging thousands of miles through brake and morass, over "sands, shores, and desert wildernesses," encountering and braving the "imminence" of many perils, exposed to all "the spite of wreakful elements," purely for love of nature, and scientific accuracy, would have set one of these philosophical amateurs to shuddering. To bespatter black coat and silken hose, get half starved and catch a death cold in "collecting materials" were simply preposterous—when the Zoological gardens are close at hand, and the museums are filled with specimens. To be sure they have been dead a few years, and

tell which of his conclusions is the most rich. That, because two *specimens* (not "examples!") of a bird have chanced to be blown across the ocean, it is therefore to be ranked as European, or the implication, by the word "entitled," of the honor done to the poor Kite in being made a subject of Mr. Gould's pencil.

owe their present forms very much to the taste of the ignorant tradesman who "wired" and stuffed them—but the colors are there; *they* do not fade—that is, *not much*—and by a slight exertion of fancy it will be easy enough to make them "sister nature's own shape" of birds again, so that shortly a magnificent five vol. illustrated work makes its appearance.

Contrast all this farrago with the language of a man who knew what he was doing. It was during those weary wanderings in which Audubon coursed back and forth "the seasons from equator to the pole," that in the far south he met with the "*Carracas Eagle*," then a new bird to him. After making several efforts, creeping along ditches, and "crawling flat upon the ground, through burrs and mud holes," pushing his gun before him, and the "mortification" of frequent failures, a specimen was at last obtained. He proceeds to say:

"I immediately began my drawing of it. The weather was sultry, the thermometer being at 89°; and, to my surprise, the vivid tints of the plumage were fading much faster than I had ever seen them in like circumstances, insomuch that DR. BELL, of Dublin, who saw it when fresh, and also when I was finishing the drawing twenty-four hours after, said he could scarcely believe it to be the same bird. How often have I thought of the changes which I have seen effected in the colors of the bill, legs, eyes, and even the plumage of birds, when looking on imitations which I was aware were taken from stuffed specimens, and which I well knew could not be accurate! The *skin*, when the bird was quite recent, was of a bright yellow. The skin was saved with great difficulty, and its plumage had entirely lost its original lightness of coloring. The deep red of the fleshy parts of the head had assumed a purplish livid hue, and the spoil scarcely resembled the coat of the living Eagle."

This is the way in which one of the truest naturalists who ever delineated form of bird, beast, or creeping thing, considered it necessary to labor in his vocation, and this is *his* opinion about the evanescence of colors in the dead subjects, and, as is of course implied, of the undoubtedly wide play for the "fancy" in replacing them. Perhaps Mr. Gould, or some other five-volume illustrator of European birds, knows better! Who can tell? It may be that European birds do not lose color like the "*Carracas Eagle*," or

that Mr. Gould's pencil is a "better nature!"

But Ornithology began to look up in spite of all the drawbacks we have been tracing, and, in 1805, we hail with delight the advent of a Frenchman, M. de Vallient, the first man, as yet, who seemed to have at all apprehended what was implied in his calling. His work, "*Oiseaux d'Afrique*," on the Birds of Paradise, Rollas, Toucans, and Barbets, was comparatively a splendid affair. The figures, greatly beyond anything which had been done, were meritorious for a degree of elaboration in the finish of the plumage, and more accuracy of outline and attention to coloring. The families of birds treated of were very gorgeous, and the coloring necessarily showy, and—whether as effective as it might have been, or not—this, together with the novelty of such an attempt, caused the book to create quite a sensation. And it deserved to do so. Though no attempt was made at spirited expression of character in the attitudes, grouping, or accessories of his plates, yet the ground gained in fidelity of treatment, here, as well as in the letter-press, was striking and obvious. A number of British works now followed, but none of them marked by any very distinctive improvement. Colonel Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary was altogether the most respectable, and became afterwards, with the admirable and judicious additions of Professor Rennie, a standard and notable book. Indeed, the just discrimination of this last gentleman, in his able exposure of the imperfections, the stale, unprofitable spirit, of the whole school of formalists, went far toward rousing men to an appreciation of how little they had really accomplished, and how much remained yet to be done in Ornithology.

The noble work of Wilson now began to make its appearance, and the freshness of his hardy original genius was keenly relished. It was at once perceived how much the attractiveness of his subject was heightened by the circumstance of his personal intimacy and association with the creatures described in many of the conditions of natural freedom. His fine descriptions had a savor of the wilderness about them. His birds were living things, and led out the heart in yearning through the scenes of a primeval earth to recognise them in their own wild homes, singing

to the solitude from some chosen spray, or plying, with careless grace, on busy wings, their curious sports and labors. Here is the legitimate purpose of works of this character—to fill the mind with such pleasant images as will win the affections forth from the dull centre of mere human sympathies, through all the wonders of the outer world, up, with a wise and chastened adoration, to the Power that framed it. Wilson, to a greater degree than any man who had yet appeared, felt himself, and caused others to recognize, this apostleship of the true naturalist.

It was an era, a happy era in Philosophy, when art had linked its remoter teachings to the hearts of men; and to Wilson, undoubtedly belongs the glory of having fairly pioneered its ushering. It is impossible to regard the labors of this man, even in a purely scientific light, without astonishment; but when we come to take into consideration all the pitiable afflictions and degrading misery entailed upon him by "caste," in his own country, we are lost in affectionate admiration of his indomitable genius, as we see the shrunk veins of the haggard emigrant swelling, when he has touched our shore, with a new life hardy enough to cope with the rude elements by which he found himself surrounded and carry through triumphantly his remarkable undertaking. Spirits with the vigor in them his possessed ask only the vital air of freedom. Difficulties then are nothing. It is no wonder, when those trophies which he had wrestled for alone with Nature in her bare and unhousted wilds and had won through trials and poverty, unassisted, had been returned to that country which drove him forth in rags, and it had been offered a share of his glory for its gold, that it should have poured out freely the dross upon him in very shame. Nor is it surprising that in the eager reaction of its penitence, it should continue to exalt him too highly—claiming for him, to the detriment of others, more than his just dues. We think it very natural that, glorious old "Christopher," puzzled between the heartfelt and generous recognition, he hardly conceals, of the out-of-sight supremacy of Audubon, and some compunctious qualms of a yet farther expiation due to the shade of the neglected Wilson, should have split the difference, by making them "brothers." Well, and brothers they are, by all those

sacred bonds which link the tall fraternality of genius—brothers they are in all the higher virtues of manhood—brothers they are in the yet more intimate sense, that the same objects and the same field have been labored upon by each; but, that they are equals in the sense of Christopher's "same stature," we altogether deny. We should as well talk of elevating the knotted front of Gifford, of murderous Jeffery, or the sleek scalp of a modern Reviewer into that rare altitude—till "the crowns of their heads touch"—from which the broad brow of "Maga throned" smiles serenely down upon her empire! They are not equal! By the same sign, that Christopher like another "bald" and "full-winged bird," yet holds the empyrean alone,—Audubon, though "last shall be first." First—in that, though Wilson displayed the noblest elements of greatness in the staunch, unconquerable vigor with which he met the difficulties in his path—Audubon exhibited quite as much "game," and in the proportionable grandeur of his scheme, had full as many trials to surmount. First—in that, while the biographies of Wilson were full of natural spirit, of grace and power, greatly beyond all his predecessors, yet those of Audubon are far more minute and carefully detailed,—introducing us one after another, to a more intimate fellowship with each individual of the wide family of his love, through every piquant and distinctive trait of gesture, air, and movement, characterising all the phases of their nature, without the faults of generalization, and too much credence in hear-say, or a gloomy and unphilosophic spirit, since the mild and loving geniality of childhood breathes through every line. First, moreover, by the reason that, while the drawings of Wilson are nobly advanced upon all that had yet been accomplished, are free and accurate in outline and elegant in finish, yet those of Audubon are superior to them beyond all measure of comparison. And here is the clear ground of distinction on which the more powerful genius steps forth in the proper garb of its own striking and unmistakable individuality, and appeals to the eye at once for a recognition of its creations, as alone original and apart from all others. Audubon's drawings are quite as singular and unapproached as any one of the phenomena of art by which we mark the ages. Wilson's pencil has been content with a mere portraiture, correct, indeed.

of proportion, and a color barely suggestive; but the "sigil" of the necromancer has not only caught the play of sunlight, shivered gorgeous in metallic hues from each particular fibre of their plumes, (in a word, created the true style of coloring,) but has stilled these arrowy cleavers of the elements amidst their own clouds, upon the very waves on which they loved "to sit and swing," by "the beach-ed verge," on the precipitous perch, or twig and leaf and berry of the boughs that were their homes—stilled them, too, in all the character of passionate life—their loves, battles, chases, gambols, thefts—the grotesquery and grace, every mode and mood of their being amidst their native scenes. Each plate is a full length family portrait, with all the accessories historical. They are perfect in themselves and tell the whole story more clearly than words could do. Taken apart they are chapters in the "Illuminated Bible" of nature—and very pleasant is the creed they teach, full of merry thoughts that make the heart go lightly, and plummy shapes, of strange, undreamed-of beauty, come and go through the still air of musings, till we grow devout with thinking how God has made the roughest places of our earth so populous with lovely things that can surprise us into joy.

But to leave off rhapsodizing. Wilson's claim to originality, in having first conceived the magnificent design of illustrating the Birds of America, and led the van of Practical Science in its relations to Ornithology, is certainly a most imposing one, and one with which no after exertions of mere talent, however tireless, devoted, and successful it might be, could by any possibility compete. But genius can do what talent cannot. It is above all rules and "saws," and scorns the measure of an aphorism.

"When the power falls into the mighty hands  
Of Nature—the spirit, giant born,  
Who listens only to himself —"

such things are effected, as an age of the leaden attainments of studied acquisition cannot accomplish. Audubon, in the unique and striking originality of his drawings and the whole treatment of his themes has so far out-stripped, in a bold freedom of design and execution, any thing of Wilson's which may be denominated suggestive, even, as to leave scarce-

ly any room for comparison in this last issue. If Wilson was original, our ornithologist is infinitely more so. Wilson has all the advantages in such a contrast. "He was first in the field," and with the world—that said, all is said. Whatever has been done since must be footed on to his account with fame, at least to the point of careful balance with that of any one who has chanced to come after him. This is not strictly just. We admit cheerfully all that is righteously due to the Paisley adventurer. But we cannot perceive why—when the fact that he is not entitled to it, is clear as a sunburst to any observer—he should be elevated into an equal rank with Audubon. It has been too much the way of the world to ease its conscience of present injustice and neglect of genius, by an internal reservation that it will pile up posthumous honors mountain high. Now it is surely to be apprehended that this genius though "of so airy and light a quality," has yet something to seek "of the earth, earthy," in common with the rest of men—and that, therefore, the recognizing with its own proper eyes, the just claims of an original mind, by the country to which it has added lustre, cannot be a matter of indifference. Let us be in time for once. Audubon has nothing of glory to ask of us. The fruition of his fame began long ago, in a foreign country, when Cuvier at once pronounced his drawings "the most splendid monument which art had yet erected in honor of Ornithology." But this he has a right to demand of us—that we, his countrymen, should guard his honors from even the shadow of an imputation. We drove him to the embrace of a foreign land for patronage—but there, amidst all the pomp of courts and the intoxication of sudden success, he was still proudly the American Woodsman; nothing could damp that noble pride, and through every page he has written, we can still see it looking out with the same calm, abiding affection. We should not, then, be the last to vindicate such valorous faith. The man of his age, the illustrious Frenchman, has led the way in defining his supremacy, and yet the American mind, since Professor Wilson pronounced his autocratic fiat, that they "were equals," has been timid to say in plain words—no! our Audubon is regally the head and front of illustrative science; the dictum of Christopher the contrary notwithstanding, he is the ornithologist of the world, and the

favorite, Wilson, must be content to stand below him. The Americans are too much afraid of the shadow of their own greatness. The Stamp Act is virtually tyrannizing yet, and their independence but partially attained. They have been too frequently content to await the verdict of a foreign country upon the claims of native genius, and thankfully to accept whatever pittance of praise she might allow. Conscious of exercising this mental despotism, so enduringly honorable to us, Britain can afford now and then to talk finely and prettily about such men as Franklin, Webster, and Audubon, when we send them over into her midst; but there is always the shade of a Davy, a Burke, or, from "the living umbrage," a Gould, to menace her benevolent fancy back into the bounds of just reserve. These men, she saith, are undoubtedly very great, but it is equally certain they are *not* Davys, Burkes, or Goulds. This proviso being accepted, we may happily be permitted to congratulate ourselves upon having produced at least *three* second-rate men. How touchingly maternal and magnanimous is this, of our queenly ancestress.

"Duller than the fat weed  
That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,"

would be the heart that is not melted by such genial beneficence. But we hope we shall be enabled, in what remains, to make a becoming exhibition of our gratitude.

Before the interest and excitement created by the appearance of the Nos. of Wilson had subsided, another pilgrim from the far wilderness made his appearance amid the learned circles of the Scottish capital. He carried a portfolio under his arm, and came on an adventure to this seat of the mind's royalty and of voluptuous wealth. There was a look of nature's children about him. His curled, shining hair, thrown back from his open front, fell in dark clusters down his shoulders—those features, moulded after "the high old Roman fashion," those sharp, steady eyes, that straight figure and elastic tread, were a strange blending of the Red Man and the pure-blooded Noble. A curious trader, he. But when his wondrous wares were all unfolded and spread out before their eyes, what a delicious thrilling of amazement and delight was felt throughout that fastidious epicurean crowd. A gorgeous show! The heart

of a virgin world unfolded, teeming with rare and exquisite thoughts, that had been born in the deep solitudes of her young musings, and, by some strange enchantment, caught as they gleaned past with all the bright hues and airy graces of their fresh, fleeting lives—with flower and tree, and rock and wave, as beautiful and new as they, thrown in to make the fairy pageant real. It was a surprising revelation, and when they knew that it all had been the work, the obscure, unaided work, through years of enduring toil, of that young wanderer, they were astonished into overwhelming admiration. They loaded him with adulation, and with honors; they took him by the hand, generously, and led him up to his success.

Such was the effect of Audubon's appearance in Edinburgh. Men felt that a great creation had come forth—that one of the "masterfull spirits" of the race of the olden time was among them—and they loved, caressed, and cherished him. How could they do otherwise? There is a compelling presence to successful genius, that will bear through its purposes.

About the same time, an English work in the field of illustrative Ornithology was making its appearance. It was on the basis of Wilson's method, and exhibited some slight advance in the execution of the mere still life of the figures. Audubon generously took great interest in it, and assisted Mr. Gould, under whose supervision it was prosecuted, with frequent and various suggestions. He found him laboring at "stuffed specimens," with all the faults and feebleness of the old school, though with somewhat more dignity and breadth of design, and higher elaboration in finish. The first volume, which was out before he had access to the drawings of Audubon, or had met with him personally, is a mere transcript of contents from the shelves of the Royal Museum. The figures are as lifeless and void of expression in his plates, as the bead-eyed and musty skeletons from which they were copied; and the few accessories of rock, bough, or water, have a suspicious look about them, as if the transfer had embraced, also, the paper craigs and wire boughs, on which they were perched in their glass cases. The care, however, displayed in coloring, and in the delicate minuteness with which the plumage had been labored, afforded a promise of ex-

cellence that interested Mr. Audubon. With that unselfish kindness which is the attendant of a noble devotion to science, he endeavored to impress the Englishman with his own happy appreciation of what art really demanded, and lent him many valuable hints from his more extended and practical experience. He had, also, the plates of the Birds of America by him in addition. The result is immediately apparent in the second volume. His birds now begin to look as if there might be life under their feathers; indeed, they shortly became a marvellous sprightly family—some of them with an air of saucy liveliness about them, which made them astonishingly like American birds.

Is Mr. Gould frankly and honorably grateful? Does he fairly acknowledge the source from whence his birds had caught this sudden vitality?—does he register the spell that waked them up? Yes, he is grateful—grateful as it is becoming and dignified of an Englishman to be to a vagrant from America, who had been permitted the honor of making accidental “suggestions” to the great ornithological illustrator of the British capital. He introduces him within the halo of his own glory by printing his name with an “Esquire” to it, in the preface to his “gorgeous” five-volume work. “J. J. Audubon, Esq.,” occurs in the middle of a list of some twenty other Honorables, to whom “my thanks are likewise due, for the warm interest they have at all times taken in the present work.” Affectionate man! Our eyes are almost dimmed in reading this touching acknowledgment! How pleasing to Audubon’s genial nature it undoubtedly is, to have been incidentally a cause of so fine a display of humanity in its more delightful phases!

With all our zeal for the honor of the American, we might possibly have been so far disarmed by such an exhibition, as to have forborne the “tale we could unfold,” but that another, and even more surprising display of this peculiar gratitude, from a different quarter, has put us upon our best behavior for a suitable return in the name of our country, thus courteously oppressed. We find the following singular passage in the work of a contemporary ornithologist, who wrote a continuation of Wilson. It is from “Bonaparte’s Geographical and Comparative List of the Birds of Europe and North America: By Charles

Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. London: 1838.” (He, too, might have added, “assisted by J. J. Audubon!”) He says

“Throughout the list, I have quoted, as types of the species under consideration, the figures of the great works of Mr. Gould and Mr. Audubon on the Ornithology of the two regions, as they must be considered the standard works on the subject. The merit of Mr. Audubon’s work yields only to the size of his book; while Mr. Gould’s work on the Birds of Europe—inferior in size to that of Mr. Audubon—is the most beautiful work that has ever appeared in this or any other country.”

It would undoubtedly be invidious in us to make any comment upon this—to even insinuate a wonder that a personage bearing this world-renowned name would consent to resign his reputation as a man of science, through all time, to the doubtful association of such an expression of mere professional or personal spite. We accordingly shall say no word on this point, though we may be permitted to urge that, as a fair issue is here made, and fairly registered between the two—made, too, by a European—we are at liberty, “sans” the onerous obligation due to each, to meet it without reserve. This we shall accordingly endeavor to do. By contrasting the plates of Mr. Gould’s four last volumes of the Birds of Europe with Mr. Audubon’s Birds of America, it will soon be perceived that we have not overrated the indebtedness of that gentleman to our ornithologist, and that, indeed, Mr. Gould has given an astonishingly wide interpretation to the “warm interest” for which he so eloquently expresses his gratitude.

We observe, in looking over Gould, that after we get through with the family of Raptores (who are dull, sleepy-looking perchers on his sheets, but, on Audubon’s, full of the keen action of their fierce habits), and get among the smaller tribes figured in the second and third volumes, we are surprised to meet with one, now and then, exhibiting all the expressive play of real life. When you come to Gould’s Redbreasted Flycatcher (*Muscicapar parva*), for instance, if you will then turn to No. 37, plate 185, Bachman’s Warbler, Audubon, and compare the two, you will find no difficulty in accounting for this marvellous vivacity of Mr. Gould’s pencil. The Fly-

catcher is an exact copy of the Warbler, with the exception that it is slightly more stooped upon the twig, so as to conceal a hair's breadth or so of the right claw—in other respects there is no shade of difference in outline and position. But turn over further to Audubon's Wood Warbler; lay that by the side of the Flycatcher, and the resemblance is so full, in the minutest point, that you cannot fail to perceive that in this case Mr. Gould has actually lined his drawing over the other, instead of copying—for there is not the slightest perceptible variation, except that while the bill of Audubon's bird is slightly parted, that of Gould's is closed. Was it a guilty consciousness made the Englishman shut his bird's mouth, for fear he should let out the secret of the theft? Look at the "Hooded Warbler, Audubon," by side of the "Cirl Bunting, Gould"—attitude the same. The Warbler has its breast to you, stooping from a twig—Bunting is a copy so closely taken, that even so hard faced a pilferer is a little startled, and to escape the charge of over-lining again, he carries the twig from which his bird stoops, across the body, at a slightly different angle.

That these are not mere coincident resemblances you will be satisfied, by continuing this comparison. Turn now to "Morton's Finch, (*male*), Audubon"—observe it closely so that the eye will take in perfectly the *character* of the drawing.—Then open to "Water Finch (*male*), Gould,"—you immediately recognize the American Bird transferred. There is no mistaking this—for the peculiarities of attitude and expression are broadly distinctive. Here, too, you detect the miserable shifts to which Mr. Gould has been compelled to resort, for the purpose of throwing off the eye from this recognition he so much dreads. His bird, for instance, is the largest,—then he has reversed its position on the plate, set it lower down, and so grouped the accessories as to confuse a critic. The other figure of the female in the same plate is dull enough to be all his own, while the male is as much out of place in such company, as the chiselled cornice of a Doric Temple under the caves of a mud hut. Another instance of this. "Macgillivray's Ground Warbler (*male*), Audubon"—compare with "Scarlet Grosbeak—Gould." You perceive the position of the Grosbeak, which is that of

stooping in the act of taking wing, is copied from the "Ground Warbler," it being merely reversed. This is the favorite trick. If you continue to turn the leaves of the second and third vols., you recognise the sprightly and effective posture of the Ground Warbler duplicated on every third or fourth plate, with the most amusing variations from its original position in the drawing—now higher up—now nearer the middle—now close to the ground, with leaf, twig, and flower adjusted ingeniously to conceal the transfer. In a word, he has taken out this favorite figure, and patched it into some score of his plates, where it always looks as if it were ashamed of its company. What is still more diverting—though the Englishman seems to possess a conscience quite sufficiently accommodating, to have permitted an extension of these appropriations to any degree, yet he has been restrained either by the national trait of prudence, or a proper estimate of his own genius, which possibly dared not attempt the more active expressions of Audubon. He has taken three or four of such quietly effective and characteristic postures for pets, as could be most readily slid into his groups, without too much startling by the contrast. By a sagacious duplication of these so as barely to avoid the penalties consequent upon a direct infringement of copyright, he has managed to give his last four volumes a partially spirited tone, altogether foreign to the first. There are yet one or two instances of this cunning latrocinny which occur to us as too rich not to be noted. Turn to "Scaup Duck (*male and female*), Audubon"—you perceive them to be both upon the land but near the water. The female in the foreground, asleep, while the male stands alert beyond her; now refer to "Redheaded Pochard (*male and female*), Gould, 5th vol.,"—you recognise your first acquaintances the Scaup Ducks at a glance—though, with the usual manœuvre they are turned the other way; and instead of being both on land—which would have been rather too palpable—the female rests on the water, while the male, though at precisely the same relative distance, is made to stand upon the ground. Here the trick is so shallow, that detection can not be for a moment at fault. You see that the Scaup Ducks have been accurately overlined, then lifted up from the

original "grounding" and let down upon a new one, by Gould, who found it safer for his pencil, to adjust earth and water differently beneath them, than to tamper in the slightest degree with the proportions of the figures themselves.

Again: Audubon's "Golden Plover" is standing in a very characteristic position, on one leg, the other gracefully half drawn up. On looking at it, you feel that the bird is at ease, resting naturally. Gould, in his "Bastard Plover," endeavors to appropriate this position, which is very peculiar, but in his awkward fear of detection, he has just altered it enough to destroy the centre of gravity in his picture, and produce the ludicrous effect of a bird in the very act of falling over, as if it were nodding on one leg, with its eyes wide open.

We will not fatigue the reader by a farther extension of these contrasts, though we have abundant materials. No one with a true eye can glance over the two works together, without perceiving on almost every other page of Gould's later vols. the fullest confirmation of our positions. He will perceive, in the spiritless inaptitude, the high but incorrect coloring of the first volume, the heavy mechanical characteristics of Mr. Gould's natural style. On further examination he will realize how impossible it is for dull mediocrity to catch the creative inspiration, even from the contact of association with genius—for instead of grasping all that it had accomplished by a healthful appropriation, as the suggestion and basis of still higher efforts—of bolder and nobler strugglings up toward the perfect, it has, in the miserable penury of its weakness, pilfered and smuggled what it dared not aim to equal, and then, to cover its meanness, refused any recognition of more than remote and general obligation. This may be in strict conformity with Mr. Gould's, or the English codicil of right, but it is hardly recognized this

side of the waters. Mr. Gould, whose work scarcely contains a single legitimate and original trait of ornithological character, who, even as a copyist, cannot place his figures right upon either earth or water\*—to which he has been necessitated to transfer them—is to be considered as at the head of ornithological science. The "*ipse dixit*" of Charles Lucian Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano, being received as authority, his "is the most beautiful work that has ever appeared in this or any other country." Pshaw! we shall be rather pitiful than contemptuous towards such misguided persons as have hearkened to this "voice," not "from the wilderness." Shall we remind you that Audubon has elevated illustrative Ornithology from a state little short of a crude and unrecognized position as a feature,—along with "Cock Robin," and "Robinson Crusoe" epitomised—of the unmeaning toy-books of children, into the highest rank of Art which has striven truthfully to exhibit nature? Shall we remind you that in addition to having fixed it upon the profound basis of science as an illustrator, he has, as an accurate observer, carried its definition out of sight above predecessors or cotemporaries, into the atmosphere of natural and practical philosophy—elaborating the delineations of sex, age, seasons and climate, into a precision and reality which must constitute the firm ground-work of future investigations?—in a word, that he has created, through Ornithology, the most alluring feature yet presented of that cheerful and broad philosophy which leads "through nature up to nature's God?" If you do not know all this, learn more of Audubon through his own works, and you will recognize it. We must defer to another No. a more familiar and pleasing intercourse with the man as well as naturalist, and with the wild natural scenes, which are the back-ground of his subjects.

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\* It is somewhat curious that his water-fowl are, with scarce an exception, when placed on the surface, at either an incorrect angle with the plane of the horizon, or not characteristically immersed.

MR. EDITOR :

Though by early predilections and at all periods of my life, I have been a delighted worshiper, either in the chaste Pantheon of classic lore, or in the grand, though incongruous, temple of the moderns, yet, even in boyhood, I was a not incurious observer of the cotemporary history of the country in which and for which I was born and bred. During the last sixteen years, more especially, have I watched with an eye of serious concern the sentiments and measures of the "progressive" party, to whose influence may mainly be ascribed those sudden and disastrous changes, which have swept the land as with a whirlwind, as well as that general and rapid popular deterioration, which, if not at once arrested by all the wise heads and strong arms in the nation, will soon place us on the brink of evident and utter ruin. With your permission, then, I will hazard through your pages occasional remarks on the more prominent points of our national character, to indicate some of the dangers and safeguards of our order of things, and to suggest whereby we may avoid the one, and retain the other. Careless of notoriety, and desirous only of contributing my mite to the welfare of my countrymen and country, I yet hope that whatever truths I may utter will not fall upon unwilling ears, though I take shelter behind the "nominis umbra," and conceal a name, which, if published, could not by its celebrity enforce the doubtful to conviction.

MARYLAND

## OUR COUNTRY.

No. I.

IF we are not to believe with Jenkinson, in the Vicar of Wakefield, that "the world is in its dotage," no more are we to imagine that it was lately in its infantile state of ignorance and weakness, and now, with intellect just opening and powers that begin to feel their strength, is conning the first elements of moral, political, and social wisdom. No:—the world has always had the knowledge, but not the love of its duty, and possessed, from its very birth, the wisdom, without the wish, to be happy. Almost every truth essential to the well-being of our race, was promulgated centuries ago. But they have been too weak and changeable to live according to their light. Men have always been too much blinded by their eagerness for present pleasure and immediate profit, to consider the scope of their whole existence, and attend to the general and permanent result of their actions. From immemorial time they have known their debt to Heaven, their obligations to their fellows, and their duties to themselves; and had they carried out their knowledge in correspondent action their advancement would now be immeasurably greater in every department of moral as well as physical life, and the light which in its effects is still but a glimmering dawn would long since have brightened into the fullness of day. In the character of our government, and in the ostensible spirit of our laws, we

are, indeed, a nation "*nostri generis*"—our own creator—a rule and model for ourselves. But viewed as the subjects of divine and human law, we individually and collectively possess the same passions, weaknesses, and vices, as have the men of all ages and nations; and with us as with them, the demon of popular frenzy crouches ever in the dark cavern of the future, one day, it may be, to spring forth upon us, like a tropical tornado,

"Which, hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey."

The standard, by which to judge of a nation's greatness, is a standard of the mind and heart; a standard which the materialist cannot apply; whose uses the demagogue cannot understand. Her power and her grandeur dwell not in the numbers of her people, or the barriers of Nature—in her vegetable riches, or her mineral wealth—in the strength of her navy, or the discipline of her army—in the gold of her treasury, or her muniments of war. Her opulence and her strength lie in properties deeper than these, and more inscrutable to the sensual eye. They are to be appreciated only by the moral, the pure, the thoughtful, the intelligent. They rest in her moral attributes—the patient industry, the reflective wisdom, the inflexible virtue, the unfettered spirit, the proud self-

confidence, the rational, but resolute courage. Well and wisely spake the philosophic poet of England, though with not an altogether appropriate application—

“The power of armies is a visible thing,  
Bounded in time, and circumscribed in space.”

If there be any who think their country intrinsically and permanently more powerful, prosperous and happy from her rail-roads and canals, and all her cross-woven system of internal improvements, apart from the strength she shall gain or lose in her spiritual progress—surely they are deceived. These men forget an internal improvement of a different and far nobler order—the improvement and exaltation of the inner being, without which these material improvements are but the vanity of vanities—poor, perishable dust, as are, or will be, all the heads that planned and the hands that made them. So far as they give scope, operation, and outlet for the enterprising spirit of our citizens, they are signs and means of good. But in and for themselves, they are absolutely nothing. The mainspring of all is mental intelligence and moral worth. Some of our writers are disposed to exult in these mere physical achievements, as if they were not only the glory, but the safeguard of the country. They speak of the various lines of communication, which intersect our land in every direction, as so many links in a chain of indissoluble union. They say, that by means of these numerous thoroughfares of commerce and travel, a constant intercourse will be kept up, engendering mutual charity and mutual esteem. With a timorous, and I trust as yet unfounded, distrust of the innate feelings of our people, they rely on these physical causes to maintain our harmony. As well expect, that the preservation of an unobstructed passage through the arteries would cause the blood to course through its accustomed channels, and maintain the vigor and the functions of our animal life, after “the pitcher was broken at the fountain.” It is true that the establishment of a better acquaintance between the different portions of the country, will tend to beget between them a deeper con-

fidence and a kindlier affection. The more the Southrons and Northerners see of each other, the less will the former suspect the latter of cold-blooded selfishness, and the latter charge the former with unreasonable heat and disaffection. But it must be some deeper and more potential cause than this that shall maintain good feeling among the citizens of our widely extended land. A confederacy of free and popular governments is not to be held together by gross, material bonds—they must be cemented by a spiritual concord. The basis of our harmony must be good sense and mutual forbearance; a *patriotic* attachment to our country, and a *philanthropic* sentiment towards the world. Ah! friends and countrymen! if reverence for the memory of our heroic fathers, and pride in the common inheritance which they redeemed for us by the effusion of their common blood, and terror at the utter ruin which will visit these *disunited* States, be insufficient to retain us in the claims of brotherhood, no Gordian knot of corporeal connections, no linked fetters of iron or triple brass, will secure that holy tie against the sword of some daring Alexander. When the mass of our citizens shall have become lawless and dissolute, depraved and reckless, our public works and public institutions will be but a feeble barrier against the passions of the people and the craft of their leaders. Like some hanging rock,\* high up among the solitary mountains, around which silence has slumbered since the fiat of its Maker, but which a single breath may dislodge from its old foundation, our Union will then be a concourse of dissilient parts, which the voice of some potent demagogue can sunder in a moment.

The age is becoming far too material. The wonderful improvements in physical science—the daily discovery of new mechanical agencies—the enlistment even of the winds and the lightning in the service of men, seem to have crazed the general mind, and to have drawn attention away from the more practical and important department of moral conduct. Some appear to regard society, and man himself, as a mere mechanical structure, moved by wheels and levers, and protected from explosion by a few theoretic

\* Travelers in Switzerland and other mountainous countries, relate that they sometimes meet with huge masses of rock and snow, which can be unseated by the discharge of a pistol, or even by the utterance of a word.

safety-valves. As of a steam-boat, you may estimate his powers and operations with scientific nicety. With a given force applied in a given manner, he will move in a certain direction, and to a specified distance. If this great engine be built and managed according to approved rules, they think it will work well and uniformly, whatever be the character of its materials, and whatever the object to which it is applied. These men must learn a different philosophy from this. They must discover that physical deductions will not apply to the government of men. They must be told that the great secret of preserving a nation in its primitive worth and freedom is universal moral education, and the oft-impressed conviction that their duty is their interest. When sobriety and justice are no more, knowledge and power are but the elements of a speedier destruction. Some would indulge the opinion that each individual in the nation may be wasteful and wicked, and yet the whole people, in their national aspect, continue great, glorious, and successful. But the character of the ingredients is the character of the mass: what our citizens are in the taverns, or at their firesides, such are they at the polls, and such their representatives in our legislative halls.

Commend us to the spirit of the Past—the chivalric and thoughtful spirit, that prompted to wise counsels and valorous deeds—when worth was not gauged by the standards of wealth or fashion, and a nation's greatness was not computed by the arithmetic of numbers, nor her glory measured by the geometry of space. We do not mean that there ever was a period in which, or a people with whom, this spirit was universally present and operative among men. Nor do we even mean that the time ever existed, when there was more collective wisdom than now, or more of that generous and expansive feeling, which is the glory and perfection of our nature. On the contrary, we believe there is, in the average, more of purity, and uprightness, and high humanity in the world at present, than there has ever been before. We prefer, then, no particular past age to the present. But what we mean by the spirit of the Past, is that spirit which may be seen here and there through the world's history, bursting upon us in splendid developments—sometimes pervading a whole nation—sometimes actuating a

particular class of men—and sometimes shining forth with noble beauty in the life of a single individual. This spirit was often mingled with baser ingredients; but we can regard it in the aggregate, and correcting one quality by another, may draw from all its displays lessons of thoughtful and inspiring wisdom. Could we extract the essence of this spirit, and infuse it into the thoughts of our rulers and the character of our people, we should behold an immediate and amazing change. Sectional interests would no longer embroil the harmony, and mutual jealousies menace the existence, of the Union. No longer would an improvident and cowardly legislation surrender the property of the Future to the senseless clamors of the Present, or individual ambition sacrifice to self the welfare of millions. Our public men, moreover, aspirants to influence or to fame, might at length be found reflecting and acting upon the truth, that “*honesty is the surest policy,*” and that the real patriot is able, like the sun, to look beyond the opposing clouds to the sure brightness that awaits him.

He who is in a hurry to be renowned or powerful, may learn from history that dishonesty is always detected, and that no man ever went through life with his character unread. It is of no avail to wrap himself around with veil upon veil of deception, and draw over his selfish projects the mantle of public zeal. “One may outwit individuals,” says Rochefoucault, “but it is impossible to outwit the world.” To this it might be added, that if the great public, cotemporary, is foolish enough to lend its opinions upon trust, posterity is wiser. And who that is not utterly depraved and utterly inhuman, can read the verdicts which history records upon so many buried traitors, whose treachery was undiscovered till their death, then desire the same inglorious renown—that all posterity should say above his grave, “this man in life was popular and powerful, of exalted station and celebrated name—but he was a hypocrite, and a villain—a traitor to himself, a traitor to his country, a traitor to his God?” The incendiary, whose grovelling thirst for fame, applied the torch to the temple of Diana, did attain to a species of immortality—to be “damned to everlasting fame.” He, however, only destroyed the monument of pride, and the dwelling of imposture, ornamented from the spoils of conquered nations, and cemented with tears and

blood. But he who, through wounded pride, or overweening ambition, shall have fired the structure of this Union, will have attained an unquestioned pre-eminence in guilt over all the villains, obscure or splendid, of whom history holds any record, except Iscariot Judas. The treason of Cæsar was treason against Rome, but it was only taking in his own hands a power, which were as well placed there as elsewhere—for Rome was no longer Roman. But he who is a traitor to us, is a traitor to the world, and the curses of a race, baffled by him of their most cherished hopes, shall howl after him to the end of time.

It is not that the dissolution of this confederacy would extinguish freedom, and involve the world in the darkness of barbarism and barbarous misrule. To think that we are necessary to the preservation of knowledge and freedom among men, were a vanity equally criminal and foolish. The Ruler of nations will accomplish his plans of benevolent wisdom, though we should be stricken from existence. England,\* should she weather the gale now sweeping over her sea-worn hulk, would still rear aloft the flag that has streamed to the breeze though so many centuries of breathless contention. And were she, too, if we may change the figure, to sink like a falling star from her glorious sphere, some other luminary would soon shine forth, from among the rolling years, as fair and as radiant as she. Yet the extinction of liberty in England—still more, the entire breaking up of the American Union—might with reason hang the world in mourning: for the happy consummation of light and freedom, which has so long been looked for by the hopeful and the pure, would be deferred for many a weary age. The eyes of those, who have gazed—intensely, anxiously, with a half fear of recognizing their joy—on the westward star of empire, would revert sadly to their own darkened hemisphere, and the conviction would press

heavily on the hearts of men, that the race is too hopelessly depraved to be entrusted with the rights, the duties, and the blessings of self-government.

We have not advanced far enough in the political algebra of treason to estimate the losses and the gains, or to institute an equation between union and disunion. To us, indeed, the disunion side in the odious problem appears an utter blank—nay, rather a dark negation by whatever is uncertain, confused and fearful, in place of all that could be wished for and enjoyed. But from such calculations we turn away with horror. Nor are we sufficiently versed in the science of governmental chances to compute the certainties, or the probabilities, or the possibilities, of our future dissolution. We leave the hateful puzzle to cooler heads and stronger nerves than ours. Yet there is, at least, a possibility—"tua pace, patria, dicam"—of such a disaster, and even the remote contingency ought to fill us with fear, and inspire us with the wise precaution, of which fear is the parent. And among all precautions the surest is, that we guard ourselves against the increasing spirit of innovation—the love of change—change in itself considered—change for itself alone—eternal, unreasoning, unmeaning change. The fact that our government was the child of change and cradled in the whirlwind of a stormy revolution, has gone far to persuade us that change is in itself beneficial. But change, unless a decided blessing, is always a most decided curse. Its natural tendency is to weakness and decay. Human nature is so strongly inclined to go astray, that it is far safer to rely on the power of habit to keep it in a path approximate to the parallel of rectitude, than to give it unlimited freedom to go right or wrong, in the vain hope of its tendency to perfection. When old abuses have been corrected, the delight experienced in the happiness of the change, soon urges the spirit of legitimate and rational improvement into the frenzy of

\* We say nothing here of England's faults or follies, or of her vices or her crimes. We say nothing of her awful "National Debt"—of guilt, incurred in the many wars which she has waged from no motives but those of pride, cupidity and ambition. We are silent in reference to her starving millions, and the revolting contrast between *their* squalid misery and *her* imperial wealth. We remark not on the still imperfect development of her popular freedom. On all these topics we may descant hereafter. At present we may only observe, with the admiration of spectators and the pride of kinsmen, that beside the long line of worthies who have graced her annals, beside her many deeds of heroism, and the many glorious productions of her muse, her island has long been the chief source and safest refuge in the Eastern Hemisphere, of the true principles of rational and regulated freedom.

a destructive ultraism. Then the restlessness of some, and the designing wickedness of others, hurry forward the work of the (so-called) reformation, to the utter abolition of all that is sacred in its own nature, and venerable by time, and endeared by habit. The eyes of bigoted and headlong zeal are closed against all the experience of the past, and it lays its hands in reckless fury on the structure of government and the altars of religion.

Unable to see any thing but the evil in the existing state of things, it cries, "down with it! down with it! destroy! destroy!" When standing in its way, the judiciary is but a remnant of a barbarous age; public debts are no mortgage upon private honor; governmental charters are a mere nullity; and legislative contracts but an empty form. In this transitive state, this state of dizziness and revolution, when the mind of a whole country is on fire, the crude visions of theorists are taken as the oracles of truth, and measures are adopted less from the deliberations of reason, than from the wish or the necessity of doing something. But we in this country are in imminent danger not only of divesting ourselves of the worthless *exuvia* which had gathered over the surface of society and grown inveterate by the neglect of centuries, but also of tearing away many of those integuments which are needful for the beauty and protection of the body-politic, and even of laying bare the vital organs.

There are many things, in which we are getting to be entirely too modern. The old-fashioned duties of industry and sobriety, economy and contentment, are becoming somewhat too musty in our catalogue of virtues. These virtues, having in them nothing of the spirit of the "nineteenth century," and being of discovery far prior to that of steam, or even of gunpowder, are pushed sadly into the back-ground by later inventions. The obligations to strict justice, and undeviating honesty, and the propriety of every man's attending to his own business, and remaining in that station for which he is best fitted—obligations which have been recognized ever since the flood

—are growing rather obsolete among us. Judging by the portentous progress made among them by the "march of mind," during the few last years, the more deeply indoctrinated among the Democrats *par excellence*, may soon be expected to advocate a total abolition of the statute-book and the "lex scripta," and in their place, the substitution of a variable and voluntary "lex non scripta," as the sole rule for the conduct of the individual man—*videlicet* his whim, his interest, or his impulse. The claims of antiquity to respectful attention, and of universal belief to religious veneration, are losing greatly of their strength among our omniscient sages. Yet, according to our modes of thinking, these sober virtues and this reverential awe at the voice of a buried world, are absolutely essential to the lasting prosperity of a nation. We do not mean that we are to tread with scrupulous precision in the footsteps of our fathers, and suffer an unreasoning reverence for "hoary old" to shackle our free limbs with their childish prejudices, and plunge us into all their absurdities of belief and enormities of action. But the condensed experience of ages, and the gathered warnings of a race, whose lessons have been conned but too deeply in the school of affliction, should sink into our hearts with the weight of prophecy. The fact that every government, of whatever description, and however prosperous for a time, has at last gone down into the grave of nations, ought to chasten our confidence with an awful fear. We, if we are prudent, can draw blessings from their sorrows, and wisdom from their folly, strength from their weakness, and firmness from their fall. But the same tide which swallowed *them* in its whirlpools or dashed them on its ragged rocks, is bearing *us* onward with resistless force. If we awake not in time, and watch the buoys and light-houses set up by History along the wreck-strewn shore, we shall not even dream of danger, till the roar of the breakers shall thunder in our ears, and the mariners shall spring in horror from their thoughtless repose, and the ship of state "founder and go down in darkness."\*

\* An expression to be found, if I remember rightly, at the close of Irving's elegant sketch of Philip of Pokanoket.

## MY FIRST DAY WITH THE RANGERS.

BY A KENTUCKIAN.

THE scene of the following sketch, which may be one of a series, is laid not only in one of the most remarkable countries in the world—for its singular and unexplored scenery—but in a wild and solitary part of it, where all the forms of life are found in a condition much nearer to the savage than the civilized. The reader must remember that he is to be taken to the extreme frontier of Texas, nearest to Mexico and the Indians—amid a mongrel population of Whites, Mexicans and savages, living in a state of perpetual feuds, in which the knife and rifle are the sole arbitrators—in short, where all the stable elements and organization of society which afford protection in the decorous observances and staid proprieties of civilized life, are totally wanting. Strong men and unregulated passions exhibit their worst and best extremes in this atmosphere of license. History scarcely affords an analogy to the fierceness of the Guerilla warfare constantly raging between the three races—yet fragments of them all, under one pretence and another, amalgamated in the society of San Antonio. The Mexicans, who were greatly in the majority, were, most of them refugees from the other side of the Rio Grande, for political or criminal offences. The Indians were wretched fragments of once powerful tribes, which had been cut to pieces in their contests with the other two parties and now covered between them begging protection of both, and patiently biding their time for secret revenge upon either. The Whites were hardy and reckless men of every stamp, to whom the excitement of adventure—of complicated and incessant peril, had become a necessary moral aliment. This morbid passion certainly found abundant gratification here, for with the constant liability of attack from without they were forever surrounded within the town by natural foes, the most faithless and malignant. When it is remembered, besides, that they only numbered fifteen in all, and attempted to domineer with a high hand over as many hundreds of the other two races at home, and, in addition, to defend a line of several hundred miles of frontier against the invasion of preda-

tory bands from beyond the Rio Grande, or from the mountains of the Indian country; and, furthermore, were compelled to guard against, and baffle the treachery of spies lurking around their very doors—it may well be conjectured they had their hands full. Of course, to effect all this a very thorough organization was necessary, and a troop of Rangers, numbering generally about ten men, grew out of this necessity. It is the period of my first connection with these gay and daring fellows at which I design to open my note book of daily incidents. A few words, in general explanation of the circumstances of my arrival in San Antonio.

Determined to make myself familiar with all the phases of life in this curious country, I had traversed the greater portion of it alone. But at that time (the latter part of February, '39) the journey to San Antonio was too perilous to be undertaken singly; so that happening to meet with an old acquaintance from my native State who was, like myself, anxious to make the trip, I joined him, and we undertook it together. He was a Brassos Planter, and owned, of course, a number of slaves. One of these, in the effort to make his escape to Mexico, had succeeded in reaching the neighborhood of San Antonio, when he was arrested by the vigilant Rangers, thrown into chains, and his owner advertised of the fact by a special messenger. The particular object of my friend Taney, was to recover this boy. Escaping to Mexico is a favorite scheme of the slaves of Texas, and numbers of them annually attempt, and some few effect it. They have the impression that their condition is very greatly bettered by the change. Indeed, the more spirited of them acquire, by contact with the whites, habits of thought and action, which elevate them to decided superiority over the average Mexican population; and if they can succeed in reaching that country, they are generally more than a match for the imbecile natives. Several notorious instances of these runaways acquiring in a short time position and rank, added to the fact that the Mexican population of

Texas had always exhibited a warm sympathy for them, and never failed to assist them in getting off by every means in their power, contributed of late to greatly increase the frequency of these attempts, and, in the same ratio, the vigilance of the planters and Rangers to counteract them. The San Antonio route was the only practicable one across the desert plains to the Rio Grande, so that such refugees were all compelled to pass through it. In a word, it is the gate of that frontier. After a journey full of fatigue and danger, we were approaching it on the night of the 25th; news that the Indians were down and ravaging the country, had compelled us to travel after dark, with a view to lessening the probabilities of meeting with them.

It was a very clear night, brilliant as only Texan moonlight can be, and I felt strongly impressed by the majestic breadth of the plain upon which we had lately emerged from the broken and wooded ground, and which lay sheeted in the vast circumference of a becalmed and silvery ocean around us. These primeval solitudes—with all the grandeur on, and solemn silence that they wore when first God said, "Let there be Light!" and that shining negation burst upon Old Chaos, revealing all forms in its annihilation—are wonderfully imposing. With the high arch above me, its glittering fret-work niched with "golden candlesticks," and resting upon this broad level base, which reflected their bold radiance in misty softness—I felt as if we crept with our slow pace along the plumb-line of the universe, under the full gaze of the infinite Host of Heaven, with their cold keen eyes searchingly upon us. The awe one feels upon these sky-bounded prairies is positively oppressive. If you do not realize eternity and God's being and omnipresence in such a scene, then were you born without a soul, or else it has died within you.

After a ride of several hours, during which neither of us spoke, we observed the monotonous profile of the horizon before us, broken by several objects. As we approached, they gradually crept up from the darkness and we could distinguish the square outline of Mexican houses—very soon we were amongst them—clustered irregularly along the bank of the San Antonio River, the gleam and ripple of which now struck upon our senses. These houses were square stone pens, thatched with bulrushes, and,

as we passed them, looked desolate and dark enough, for it was very late. To some distance, above and below the ford, they were dotted along without any appearance of regularity, while on the opposite side, the confusion of black angular masses defined against the sky, indicated the location of the main town. The river, which leaps forth with a sudden birth from a cave a few miles above, rushes roaring clamorously over the wide rocky bed which constitutes the ford. It seemed, as it really is, a hazardous experiment to cross it during the night; but, however, our venturesome impatience was more fortunate than skillful in effecting a passage. The bank is by no means steep, and we found ourselves in a few paces from the water, amidst the low stone and thatched houses, in a narrow street of the suburbs: this, after a while, led us into a broader one, in which the houses on either side grew gradually from mere huts to the dignity of one, two, and three stories of massive stone.

One of these, standing somewhat singular and taller than the rest, my friend paused before, and announced that according to the topographical description of our where-about, with which he had been furnished, this must be the house of the merchant, who had cashed the reward offered for the apprehension of the boy and held him in charge. There was a light glimmering through the door-chinks and key-hole: we dismounted and thumped lustily and long for admittance; at last a man in his shirt-sleeves thrust his head cautiously through the half-opened door, and demanded who we were. The night was very cold, and Taney had some difficulty, for the chattering of his teeth, in making himself understood. He succeeded finally in satisfying the cautious merchant, and the door was thrown open. When our eyes had recovered from the broad dazzle of a large fire, we saw that there were a number of men sleeping on cots and buffalo robes, along the whole length of an extended and narrow room; near the head of each man lay a Mexican saddle, gleaming with silver mounting, and a gaudy colored "serapé," or Mexican blanket, thrown either over it or the person of the sleeper. But the object which at once arrested my gaze, was the figure of the Negro Boy curled up upon the hearth, and as he rose to a sitting posture from his sleep, the clank and glitter

of heavy manacles upon his arms and legs struck me most unpleasantly. He was a young, stout, athletic-looking fellow, and after rubbing his eyes in astonishment, received the quiet and scornful greeting of his master with that stolid, heavy look of insensibility, which always had enraged and made me forget any sympathy for negroes. In a moment afterwards, I was listening and inquiring of the merchant, with full as much interest as even Taney exhibited, concerning all the details of his capture and the present circumstances which insured his safe durance till my friend should call for him in the morning. The arrangements for his close keeping seemed, at a glance, so perfectly secure, that there was no probability of his escaping. His chains were of the heaviest cast, and he had worn them for months under the eye of the merchant; he was sleeping in the same room with half a dozen men—the room lit by the blaze of a large fire—its two doors massive and well secured by bolt and bar. What occasion was there to doubt of his safe keeping? We could see no possibility of any; and inquiring for the locality of the American Tavern, which we had understood was kept in the town, we took our leave.

This street led us into a large square. Precisely in its centre, towered a massive cathedral, in the usual century-defying style of Jesuit architecture all over the world. Lights in the windows of a long, low, stone building, which faced the square, designated to us the place we were in search of. We dismounted and entered a well lighted apartment, furnished very much as American bar-rooms usually are, and, late as it was, fully tenanted. My first impression was, that we had entered amongst a crowd of Mexicans, but I quickly saw that their complexions were not at all consistent with their costumes. Eight or ten very young-looking persons, evidently Americans or Europeans, were promenading the room, back and forth, puffing away, every man of them, most earnestly at a Mexican "cigarita," and all dressed in a costume singularly blended of Mexican and American tastes. Most of them wore the "sombbrero," or Mexican hat, and the many-hued "serapé," thrown carelessly over the national suit of cloth. The sombrero is a high sugar-loaf crowned, and broad-brimmed hat, gen-

erally decorated with a wide band of parti-colored beads, while the serapé is a thick blanket curiously interwoven with angular zig-zag figures, having a hole in the centre through which the head is thrust. This falling down to the waist, over the ordinary American dress, and exhibiting the gleam of pistols and knife in the belt underneath, made up a very picturesque costume.

Our arrival was noticed with nothing like the ill-bred and hard-staring manner common in American villages; but we were greeted with a manly and straightforward courtesy, that at once placed us at ease with ourselves and with them. Indeed, I was forthwith irresistibly impressed by the perfect *bonhomme*, yet man-of-the-world expression which characterized the bearing of these persons. There was nothing of familiarity, but rather a degree of touch-me-not-ism, which it would be difficult to give an idea of in words, tempering the almost boyish and boisterous frankness with which we were questioned and bantered upon the incidents of our journey, precisely as though we had been old familiar friends since time began. This pleasant cordiality, I have noticed is very apt to be a trait of our frontiersmen of any grade, but it was specially agreeable coming from these men, with a certain touch of polish and good taste in it, which reminded one strongly of the wild blades and eccentrics of college life. Indeed, if by any magic one could have dropped suddenly into the circle without the attendant and explanatory circumstances, it would have been the first impression that it was a party of merry-masking Collegiates. These are the sort of men who are never taken by surprise at any thing. Though young, their experience embraces the whole round of the passions. They are prepared for all that can come. Their personal familiarity with "imminent perils" of every stamp, and with all the exigences and excesses to which the life of humanity is liable, gives to their port and regard of all circumstances alike, an air of coolness and indifference, as if—however startling they might be—they came as matters of course, which were to be expected and certainly not wondered at. This same familiarity with danger, gives to their appreciation of the social, or rather the convivial virtues, a high tone—though the habit of self-reliance, engen-

dered in scenes of solitary daring, infuses a tinge of individual reserve which characterizes their open good fellowship.

I was particularly struck with the youthful appearance of the whole party: my impression on glancing around, was, that there was not a man in the room over twenty-two. There was not a single commonplace physiognomy among them—all were decidedly expressive, one way or another; but I was greatly amused afterwards, in recollecting how incongruous my first hasty conceptions were with what I afterwards ascertained to be the true character of each;—my faith in my own sagacity was no little diminished! The personage who earliest arrested my notice, was the most boyish looking of them all. His person, though scarce the average height, was stout and moulded with remarkable symmetry—his hands and feet were womanishly delicate, while the Grecian features were almost severely beautiful in their classic chisseling. The rich, brunette complexion and sharp, black eye, indicative of Italian blood, would have made the fortune of a city belle. The softness of his voice, and his caressing manner, increased the attraction of his appearance; and, but for a certain cold flash from those brilliant eyes, I should have been entirely in love with him at once. I thought him some wild and petted scapegrace from a southern family, who had run away from his friends, and fallen upon such a locality, and such society, by accident. Yet as I afterwards learned, this man, of all others in the room, was reputed most dangerous. The quick, unscrupulous vindictiveness of his passions had become proverbial, and the *soubriquet* of “the Bravo,” had been universally applied to him. The man on whom he seemed to lavish the most attention, and who, indeed, appeared to be regarded with particular deference by all, was a slight, raw-boned figure, with a lean but bold Roman face, and an expression of modest simplicity that struck me at once as peculiar; there was something absolutely shrinking and hoydenish in his bearing, and I remember feeling some surprise, that so unsophisticated, easy, good-natured looking a personage should be treated with so much respect by men necessarily of so hardy cast as those around; yet this individual was the celebrated Captain, now Colonel Hays, the leader and foremost spirit of the Rangers—a mere youth—yet more

distinguished for tempered skill and gallantry in the Mexican and Indian wars, than any man who had yet figured in the history of that frontier. There was yet another man who specially deceived my preconceptions of his character. This was a tall, heavy-boned, heavy-featured, gawky Irishman, who was lolling about with rather an excessive expression of *abandon* and jollity. I took him at first for a decided “flat,” but I soon observed a deep, rich current of the quaintest and most spicy humor conceivable, under the surface of this careless mannerism. Indeed, Fitzgerald, the brother of the unfortunate Santa Fé prisoner, was the finest impersonation of the best and most racy traits of Irish wit and Irish gallantry that I have met with. The remainder of the party looked like men of severe, or, at least decided tempers. But such as they were, these were the Rangers, and this was my first impression of them. I announced my wish to Capt. Hays to become one of them, and share the rough and tumble as well as their jollities with them, and risks as well as pleasures. I was welcomed with frank enthusiasm into the ranks, and called for a number of bottles of “noyau,” at the bar to commemorate and seal our fellowship. These were drank merrily enough—Fitzgerald giving an especially rich and bantering toast before we separated.—“Here’s to old Kentuck! may he get the green out of his eyes, and eat his sallad as soon as possible, in preparation for the close shooting and tough chawing, we the free Brotherhood of Rangers indulge in.” The last phrase I did not fully understand until my after experience in dried or “jerked” beef, as it is called, enlightened me.

It was past two o’clock before we parted for bed; and with a brain dizzied by the excitement of the day, the novelty and originality of the scenes and characters I had fallen upon, it was some time before I got to sleep. It seemed to me that it had lasted only a few moments, when a loud thumping at the door of the hostelry awakened me. It was a messenger from the merchant, post haste, announcing to Taney that the boy had made his escape! We rose hastily, and found that day was just breaking. The messenger said that the negro was off, and had taken with him a quantity of valuable property; that his chains were left upon the hearth, the back door was open, a splendid horse, the very finest in the town, was gone, and a fine silver-

mounted saddle with it; that the picket fence of the back yard, which was set with very heavy posts, and they very deep in the ground, had been torn up to afford him a passage; that he had taken, in addition to the horse and saddle, several costly "serapés," a brace of pistols, and a rifle, and was gone, evidently and beyond a doubt, for the Rio Grande. This news created no little confusion, and the Rangers were forthwith astir. Taney and myself hurried to the house of the merchant, to ascertain for ourselves, if these statements could possibly be true. Whatever had been the causeless and petulant prejudices I had indulged in toward this boy on the night before for his stupid looks, they gave way now to almost the opposite extreme of admiration for the cunning and resolute skill he had displayed in the manner of his escape! It appeared that he must have had his chains filed for some time before, in effecting which, we ascertained he had been assisted by a Mexican blacksmith, whose shop bordered upon the back yard, the liberty of which he had enjoyed.

But the prudent daring of his measures had been so consummate as to elicit expressions of astonishment from every body. He had managed to conceal the fact of his chains being filed from the vigilance of the merchant, and had patiently waited his time till the arrival of his master, who would take him in charge the next morning, rendered it necessary that decisive steps should be taken. He had then—after we left him, and a sufficient time had elapsed for the inmates of the room to get to sleep again—quietly divested his limbs of the chains which he left upon the hearth; then noiselessly possessing himself of the holsters, rifle, and saddle, (which last article was plated with 100 dollars worth of silver), belonging to one of the sleepers, he unfastened the back door and passed out to the stable. This was inside the yard, and enclosed by a high picket fence. By a wonderful exertion of strength, he had torn up a number of the posts, sufficient to afford a passage for himself and the splendid horse he selected from among a number of others, and reached the street by a back lane. In addition, he had provided himself with a valise of clothing and provision for several days. All of these items belonged to the same person—a rich trader who had lately arrived from the Rio Grande. The rage and astonishment of

this individual on waking in the morning and finding himself *minus* to such an extent, may be better conceived than told. After ascertaining these details for ourselves, by personal observation, in company with the restless and excited merchant, we returned to the front door, where, greatly to my astonishment, we found Hays and several of his Rangers already collected; two of them mounted on swift horses, and armed for the pursuit, waiting for us in the street. We were too inexperienced of course to have thought, in our hurry and confusion, of this prompt preparation, and as there was no time to be lost, could not accompany them. One of them, I observed, was the "Bravo," the other was a swarthy complected, handsome looking young fellow, named Littell. He was mounted on the horse of Hays, the most fleet and best trained animal in the company. All the speed that could be brought to bear was obviously necessary for overtaking the boy, so well mounted as he was, and with such a start as he had gained. The horse of the Bravo was also a very game animal. "Fifty dollars for the boy!" shouted Taney to them, and just as they were bending forward to apply the "quirt" and spur, the hoarse voice of the enraged trader rung out from over our shoulders—"And fifty dollars more for the horse and saddle."

They were off at full speed, clattering over the stone pavement, while sparks flew from the iron hoofs of their receding animals. It would be a severe chase, every one was aware, and the possibility of recapturing the Boy seemed most problematical. I could not help, in my own heart, wishing that what seemed so unlikely, might not by any accident be brought about; for, apart from all abstractions, the coolness and daring the fellow exhibited showed him worthy to be a freeman. The day opened bright and pleasantly. About ten o'clock that morning we were all collected, grouped in the sunshine, in front of "Johnson's," on the square, when pistol shooting became the accidental topic, growing out of the inspection of my beautiful rifle-barrels. Hays was said to be a wonderful shot, and gave us a proof that the report did justice to his skill. He held one of my pistols in his hand, when he observed a chicken-cock some thirty paces off in the square, which was just straightening its neck to crow. "Boys, I'll cut that saucy fellow short," he ob-

served as he levelled and fired quickly at it; and, sure enough, the half-ennounced clarion-note of Chanticleer was lost in the explosion, and it fluttered over dead with a ball through its head. Our exclamations of astonishment and admiration were interrupted by the voice of one of the party, "Hays! yonder comes your horse and Littell full tilt up the street." "Yes," observed another, "he rides very stiff. He looks like a dead man." At that moment the panting animal dashed up among us, and stopped by the side of his master. Never, in my life did I look upon a more terrible object than his rider. With both hands clasped convulsively around the high pommel of the Mexican saddle, his eyes closed, his face ashy and rigid, a clotted tide of gore issuing from his side and streaming down the yellow skirt of his buckskin hunting-shirt, his reins on the neck of the horse, his gun missing, his whole figure stiffened and erect—he looked, indeed, a spectre horseman! a riding corpse! "He's dead!" exclaimed several, in awed, low voices, as we were recovering from the shock of this singular apparition. "He's warm yet," said Hays, as he placed his hand upon his chalky fingers, "let's take him down. He may not be dead for all." We sprang to his assistance, and the body at the first effort fell over heavily into our arms. I shuddered at the cold, earthy weight, and that horrid smell of fresh blood, which once experienced can never be forgotten. We bore him into the bar-room and laid him upon a bench. I observed that his pulse was still faintly beating, and on the application of strong restoratives, after a harrowing interval of suspense, it began to rise. We now stripped him and ascertained that he had received a large musket ball just above the ribs, and tracing the blue line, its track had left, half round the body to the opposite side, we were induced to hope that it had glanced under the flesh and not penetrated the chest. Gradually his pulse heightened, and the color began to return to his pallid face. "Boys! to horse! The Bravo must be shot. This is the work of these cursed Mexicans," exclaimed Hays, as soon as our suspense had been relieved somewhat by these favorable symptoms. "Yes, d—n them!" muttered Fitzgerald, as we separated to get our horses, leaving Littell in charge of Johnson. "That's a Mexican ball, or it wouldn't have been

placed so bunglingly. Let's show 'em the clean thing with our rifles."

In a short time we were mounted and collected before the door of the tavern ready to start, when Johnson came out bareheaded, and told us that the wounded man had so far recovered as to be able to speak. He could only understand of what he feebly uttered, "The Bravo was before me when I got it from a thicket!" This gave us some cue as to how the thing had happened, and we set off instantly at full speed. It was evident enough, that either the negro or his Mexican friends had made this murderous attempt from ambuscade to arrest pursuit, and whether the Bravo had not fallen a positive victim was left in painful uncertainty. It seemed probable that the Mexicans had a hand in it, from the fact, that the ball was too large for the rifle the Boy had taken with him, and apparently had been sent from the wide muzzle of a clumsy Mexican musket. I observed that groups of Mexicans, with their "serapés" folded around them, were standing at every corner of the streets as we passed through the town. They were grinning and looking unpleasantly cheerful at us as we went by.

We soon reached the wide level of the extended plain on which the town stands, and for several hours galloped along its vast, monotonous expanse with nothing ahead to relieve the eye. After we were thoroughly fatigued by this sameness, a dim, dark line loomed on the horizon before us, which, as we approached it, opened up into broken, irregular masses of timber, some of them heavy and tall, stretching for miles; others—low, brushy, and dense—ranged, like black shaded islands of ragged and angular outlines, on either side of the old trail we followed. Just where it led us within a few paces of the edge of one of these "motts," or islands, we saw a rifle lying upon the ground. It was Littell's, and had the usual charge in it, showing that it had been dropped suddenly from the effect of an unexpected shot from the "*chaporal*," or thicket, which was an unusually close one of stiff, scrubby brush. We separated to ride around it and look for the trail of the assassin. On coming together, Hays announced that he had found it; both the trampled spot where a horse had evidently stood for some time, and the single trace of its flight leading off in the

direction of the Rio Grande. After following this for a quarter of a mile, another trail of a single horse leading from the main track was observed running parallel with it. This was that of a shod horse, and Hays exclaimed as soon as he saw it, "Ha! the Bravo is after him. He'll get him. He was ahead and saw the scoundrel running."

The sharp experienced eyes of these men at once recognized the trail of their comrade and the main features of the occurrence. We followed these two trails until nearly sundown at the same headlong, rapid pace we had held since starting. Though they continued on the same general course with the old beaten road, yet they did not lead into it again, but diverged in an irregular line, dodging around amongst the "motts," with all the evidences of a desperate flight and chase. I was greatly astonished at the skill with which they unerringly traced this devious trail, though we were going at a fast gallop. This hard running had very greatly fagged both ourselves and horses. We had begun to fear that the night would close around and prevent us from following up the chase to any satisfactory termination; a wide and seemingly interminable plain, too, was opening before us, whose bare undulating surface offered little of either pleasure or encouragement to our perspective. Suddenly, however, and most unexpectedly, one of the men in front shouted, while he pointed with his gun over to the right. "Look! that must be the Bravo. He's got him." We looked, and the figures of two horsemen were just rising into view over the ridge of an undulation far away across the plain.

The figure of a man heaving in sight amidst these wide solitudes, always causes a startle and thrill of expectation and doubt, similar to the feeling produced by the announcement of "a strange sail ahead" on shipboard, during a long voyage. The eye glances with careless indifference over great herds of deer, buffalo, or mustangs, dotted on the distance; but a glimpse of any shape, even remotely resembling a brother man, makes the pulse leap sharp and fast, and the blood rush back to the heart; for in this lawless region it is impossible to conjecture, whether, what should naturally be an auspicious event, may not result in a mortal struggle and death to one party or the other. This distorted condition of things causes strange emotions, for it

does seem most *outré* and unnatural, that the outlines, which of all others ought to be most agreeable, should be productive of the most unpleasant excitement—while we can look upon thousands and multiplied thousands of brutes with a negative feeling, if not one of pleasant companionship. I have been particularly struck with this while travelling alone, when any thing the imagination could conjure into a resemblance of the human form would produce the most uncomfortable sensations. There is nothing to fear from the animals, but from that likeness to yourself everything of hate and treachery is to be dreaded.

We instantly headed our horses towards these distant riders, who seemed to be jogging on very sociably at a leisurely gate in the direction of San Antonio. As we neared them, every moment made it more probable that the man's first conjecture was right. They soon observed us and stopped with some flurry and hesitation of manner, but after a long and deliberate survey they started to meet us. I thought at first that they intended to wheel and make off, but the assured recognition was simultaneous, and with a loud cheer we increased our speed. The Bravo waved his sombrero in the air and answered us. In a little while more we crowded around him and his prisoner, eagerly asking a multitude of questions. The man was tied with a lariat about his feet, which was passed under the belly of his horse. His hands were also tied behind him, and their appearance of sociability at the distance, was fully explained when we saw that the Bravo was leading his horse by another lariat. He was a Mexican of spare figure, with a lean Roman face, sharp black eyes, and a vivid expression of bold knavery, not at all cowed by our numbers and wrathful looks. His whole appearance was altogether unlike the usual downward-eyed, sneaking, wolfish look, common to Mexicans in circumstances of such peril as those surrounding him. The audacity of the fellow's bearing at once attracted comment.

"Why, Bravo," said Fitzgerald, "what the deuce are you doing with that saucy-looking fellow alive? You are the last man I should have suspected of having 'the vice of mercy in you.'" "Ha, ha!" laughed he, "the best of the joke is, that I kept him alive, simply because he gave me so much trouble in catching him. He's a regular curiosity; and I

wanted to show you a live Mexican, who was good pluck to the very backbone. The only specimen of the kind, that I conjecture any of you ever saw." "The scoundrel!" said Hays, "I don't see that it required any great bravery to shoot a man from the bush. We'll take him off your hands. I'll have him disposed of." "That's just what I wanted, Jack, (so Hays was familiarly called); I spared the rascal once, because he made me laugh by his bold impudence, just as I was in the act of pulling trigger on him for the second time, and I don't feel disposed to kill him now—though I want you all to do it, for he deserves it a hundred times. Don't you remember him?" "I think I have seen him before," said Hays, "but where or when I can't recollect. It doesn't matter though—we'll relieve you of him." "You have not forgotten Gonzalez, the dextrous thief, who stole your sorrel horse last summer, and run him off across the Rio Grande?" "Ha! this is the same fellow. Well we'll pay him off all scores this time." "He understands perfectly what you say. By the way, have you seen or heard any thing of Littell? He went off in very singular style." Hays explained to him the circumstances the reader is already in possession of; and while we rode slowly toward a distant line of timber, indicating a stream on which we meant to camp for the night, the Bravo related his story of the day's events to us.

"After leaving you in the street this morning, we continued at the best speed of our horses on the old Rio Grande trace—for though we saw nothing of the Boy's trail on it at first, I felt convinced that we should find it after a while, for I knew he must have taken this route. Sure enough, within about five miles of town, we saw where it came in along with another horse. I suspected at once that this was a Mexican who was guiding and assisting him. We kept on very rapidly, and Littell had fallen several hundred yards behind me, when, after passing that point of timber some moments, I heard a gun behind me, and turning my head very quickly, I saw your horse just shying from the smoke, and wheeling on the back track—while the rifle of Littell dropped from his hands. I saw at once, from his manner, that he was hit, and expected to see him fall. The horse appeared to be greatly frightened and was clearly running without

any control. It at once occurred to me, that the man who fired would attempt to escape from the other side of the mott, and, thinking more of vengeance than any thing else, as soon as I could rein up and turn my horse, I galloped around it. I saw this fellow already in the saddle, making across the prairie, and instantly took after him. He had the start of me, and kept it for nearly two hours, through the hottest and hardest chace that ever I had. I thought at one time the wretch would beat me and get away, but the staunch bottom of my horse proved too much for his. Such doubles and turns and twists as he made among the motts you never saw." "Yes," interrupted Fitz., "we have a very perfect idea of them—haven't we been worried enough in following your trail?" "As his horse began to fail," continued the Bravo, "hedoubled like a fox in the effort to lose me among the islands; but I had no notion of being thrown off, and after a while began to close rapidly upon him. When he became convinced that there was no chance for his escape, very greatly to my astonishment, he turned suddenly in the saddle, levelling a large pistol at me—I bent forward over my horse's neck, and the ball whizzed above me. As I straightened up, I also fired, but missed, and at the same instant my horse came full tilt against his, and we went down together. I was on my feet first, and with my second pistol against his prostrate body, was in the act of firing into him, when with the utmost cool and comical expression conceivable, under the circumstances, he exclaimed, as he looked up grinning in my face, 'You missed and I missed—we are even.' I burst into a laugh and threw down my pistol, while the fellow rose and shook himself, and began to kick and curse his prostrate horse. 'Garracho! you nasty brute; if I hadn't thought you were better bottom, I should not have gone to the trouble to steal you,' and turning to me, he observed, 'but he pushed you some, any how. I shall have to steal your bay next.' I was so tickled at this unprecedented impudence that I fairly roared, while the knave, finding he had got the right side of me, continued in the same strain. 'I let you pass, but it was an old grudge I had against Littell. He had me whipped in Matamoras last spring, and I promised to be with him before the year was out, and you see I have been as good as my word. I hope

he's done for.' There was something so funny and original in the rascal's saucy self-possession, that it was some little time before I could restrain my laughter sufficiently to address him. 'You can't expect any mercy from us, you scamp,' said I. 'Oh! no, I suppose you are going to have me shot. *Muy bueno*—I think I've worked for it. I have stolen some half-dozen horses from you Rangers.' 'Ha! you are Gonzalese?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I pity you, if Hays or any of the boys get hold of you. I mean to tie you and take you into town.' '*Bueno*,' he said, holding out his hands readily, and I tied them, and here he is. You may shoot the fellow if you can, but I'll be sworn that I neither can nor will have a hand in it. He's such an odd genius, that I think it would be a sin almost to shoot him—though it ought undoubtedly to be done, and I wish you all would do it." "Oh!" said Hays, dryly, "never fear, Bravo, we'll relieve you on that score very shortly. But here's the water—we'll draw lots for the six who shall shoot him, as soon as we get ready for camping."

I could not help feeling enlisted in the Bravo's sympathy for the man, who during this conversation—every syllable of which he fully understood—had maintained the same bearing of reckless and defiant coolness. We dismounted by the side of a clear rapid stream, under the narrow fringe of timber which bordered it, and after tying the Mexican to a tree, proceeded to strip our horses, stake them out to grass, kindle a fire, and make all the usual preparations for camping. This was all done in perfect silence, for the stern resolve which was about to be executed left, under any view of it, no room for frivolity of feeling. The Bravo had instantly, on dismounting, and in entire forgetfulness of his faithful horse, stretched himself upon the grass in front of Gonzalese, and continued to regard his face—which maintained unblenchingly its expression of perfect, calm indifference—with an intensely curious interest. Indeed, it was an awful trial his hardy nerve was subjected to—looking upon the silent progress of a preparation the consummation of which he well knew was to close his account with men and the world. There was, to me, something positively terrible in the mute activity of our men, and the sharp, fixed alertness of the regard of the prisoner.

When every thing had been arranged, we gathered around the fire in speechless

awe—feeling that the crisis had come, yet dreading its action. Not a word was spoken till Hays said, in a low voice as he pulled a pencil and some paper from his pocket—"The six men of the eleven, who draw the lowest numbers, will shoot him!" He proceeded to write them down, and handed them around to us in his hat. I drew my number with a degree of nervousness which surprised me; for, independent of my natural and invincible horror of a cold-blooded execution such as this—I had partaken of the Bravo's liking for the singular and piquant traits he had exhibited, and, was very lothe to be made an instrument of his death!—My gratification was extreme, when I saw that my number was so high as to place me out of danger. Those who drew the low numbers, seemed to feel the most perfect indifference about the affair, and ranged themselves in front of Gonzalese with precisely the same air which would have characterized them, had it been a wooden target they were going to shoot at, instead of a fellow-being. The row of dark tubes was levelled at him, and Hays was opening his lips to enunciate the fatal word "fire!"—when the man, in a clear, petulant voice said—"Garralio! don't aim so low, you clumsy bunglers!" The Bravo, springing to his feet, exclaimed—"Jack! hear that! don't shoot this fellow! spare him for my sake—could the devil himself beat that?" Hays waved his hand, and the guns, greatly to my gratification, were lowered, and in another moment the Bravo had cut the thongs which bound the limbs of the Mexican, and he stood before us a free man. With the same unmoved self-collection and frankness which had characterized his whole bearing, he proceeded to explain to us his connection with the negro's escape. He told us, that, attracted by a human sympathy for the Boy, whom he had met accidentally in the shop of the Blacksmith, with his heavy chains on—he had furnished him with a file to cut them, and advised him to the utmost as to the manner of his escape, and guided and accompanied him in his flight to the thicket—where he had concealed himself while the Boy went on—and recognizing the Bravo, had let him go by—but the features of his old and sworn enemy had proved too much for his prudence, and he shot at him with the results we have seen.

Such as it was, this was my first day with the "Rangers," and we were soon afterward sound asleep on the grass.

## IMITATED FROM GOËTHE.

WHILE the learned contend, and the doctors epilogise,  
 The wise of all time laugh their folly to scorn,  
 And say, as I say, 'tis a fool of the hugest size,  
 That strives of his folly a fool to reform :  
 Children of wisdom, leave folly to fools—  
 Let them be what they are—'tis the safest of rules.

Old Merlin the Wise, in his charnel of light,  
 (When a youth I beheld him), thus muttered to me—  
 “ 'Tis only a fool strives to set a fool right ;”  
 Then, children of wisdom, hear nature's decree—  
 Be choice of your gifts, leave folly to fools ;  
 Let them be what they are—'tis the safest of rules.

From the heights of aërial Ind, to the tombs  
 Where Thoth lies enwrapped in his mystical scrolls,  
 The word, to my asking, oracular comes ;—  
 Children of wisdom, leave folly to fools ;  
 Talk not to the blind of the colors of light ;  
 'Tis a fool that would labor to set a fool right.

HORUS.

## FROM GOËTHE.

DEEP rest upon the ocean reigns,  
 Air sleeps upon the silent sea,  
 And, languid, on its glassy plains  
 The voyager gazes pensively.  
 Calm, fearful,—like the still of death ;  
 Nor form of life, nor murmuring sound  
 Disturbs the air ; nor underneath  
 Aught wanders in the still profound.

HORUS.

## SONG.

OVER sunny hills to stray,  
 While the far-off bells are ringing,  
 From the weary world away,  
 Some merry song a-singing ;—  
     Thinkest this  
     Life spent amiss,  
 While the solemn bells are ringing ?  
 Ah ! much hast thou to learn  
 Of life and of its blisses—  
 Of youth's beloved return—  
 Of joy's ecstatic kisses :  
     When rock and stream  
     All golden seem,  
 And the eye no beauty misses ;  
 But flowers, like the living smile ;  
     And songs of birds,  
     Like spoken words,  
 The very soul beguile.

HORUS.

## THE HINDOOS, THEIR LAWS, CUSTOMS, AND RELIGION.

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

The people of India, whose history is sketched in the following pages, remain to this day a relic of the most ancient Heathenism: their Science and their Worship are the growth of a civilization older than the Pyramids. Their social and religious customs are founded upon laws which are doubtless an offshoot from the oldest of all codes, the Egyptian. Their modes of life are not essentially changed from the features of twenty centuries ago.

Since the social sentiments and legal constitutions of a slavish and feeble race, can have but little interest for the children of Europeans, it is only in their intellectual and religious character that the Hindoos are of much interest to the historian. For even the Greeks confessed them to be the wisest of mankind; and if wisdom is only an union of exquisite intelligence with the subtlest cunning, converted to the ends of intellectual and physical sensuality, the modern Hindoos have not lost the right to be called wise. They inhabit a region the most varied of the earth, in climate and in aspect; whose rivers are the meltings of perpetual snow, but flow through plains alternately torrid and inundated; under a sky subject to passionate extremes; where the season of rains is ushered in by terrible thunderstorms, and followed by heats which call out a rich and splendid vegetation, to be soon withered and burned by their intensity.

Every condition of human life has its representative in India, from rich and educated citizenship to the barbarism and cannibalism of the barren interior mountains; and there is no kind of animal or plant, which has not a species in its deserts, its forests, or its seas.

The effeminacy of its inhabitants, has made Hindostan in all ages the goal of conquest and the spoil of oppression. The Hindoo race were never their own masters; for even their native princes, were a caste set apart for idleness and violence—the descendants, probably, of their first conquerors.

To sketch the early history of this people from their own chronicle, to give a picture of what is universal and characteristic in them; in their customs, polity, and religion; and especially in that philosophy which they are supposed to have imparted to the Greeks, and which to this day prevails among them, is the object of the following chapters. A History of India might be extended through several volumes, and lose nothing of its interest by expansion; the present is an attempt to convey the idea and spirit of such a history.

## ORIGIN OF THE HINDOO RACE.

THE author of the Zendavesta, which is believed to have been the Scripture of Persia, previous to the conversion of that country to the religion of Islam, enumerating the regions of Asia as they were occupied and civilized by his race, brings the first family of men out of Cashmere, or Little Thibet, it is uncertain which; and scattering their race by successive colonies, over Bactriana, Asia, and India, brings them finally into Media and Persia. The languages of this family of men bear out the tradition, that the nations who speak them had a common origin in Northern India, for they use a multitude of words in common, and resemble each other in their inflections and modes of composition.

The race of Noah, also, journeyed

from the *East*, and found a plain in Shinar on the Euphrates, where they built Babel; and this family, or the Semetic branch of it, occupied Syria, Arabia, Phœnicia, and Egypt. Their languages, of which Hebrew and Arabic are the types, have only a remote affinity with the Persian and Indian group of tongues. Excepting those of Eastern Asia, all the intellectual races who have built cities, or founded empires, speak languages and entertain traditions, which ally them either with the Indian or with the Semetic descent; but the characteristic people of both resemble each other too closely to permit a suggestion, even, that they are not of the same species, and descended of the same parents. The first seat of man may,

therefore, be sought, rather in the Caucasus of India, than in that western Caucasus, which borders on the Black Sea; and the Ararat of Moses is more plausibly to be looked for in Himmaleh, than in the Mount Taurus.

According to the account of Zoroaster, in the Zendavesta, *India* was inhabited and civilized by his race, before their occupation of Media and Persia. Such, at least, seems to be the meaning of his enumeration of countries "in the order in which they were blessed by the Supreme Good." The sacred books of the Hindoos place the beginning of their Earthen age, or Caliyug, since which they have suffered under the weakness of mortal sovereigns, about the year 3000 B. C.: before that epoch, their kings are related to have been children of the sun and moon. All the history they possess, is a list of the dynasties of Delhi, which professes to begin with the first year of the Caliyug, (3000 B. C.) and descends unbroken to the conquest of Delhi by the Moslems. During the first thirty centuries of this period, the race of Yoodhisthiru reigned in Delhi, and were succeeded by that of Vicramaditya, who came out of Malwa about 56 B. C. This king, the Augustus of India, reigned during the brightest period of its literature, and is celebrated as the most enlightened and liberal of Hindoo sovereigns. At his court lived Calidas, the author of *Sacotala*, and the most accomplished poet of his language; but he is only one of many; for at this time, and for centuries previous, the Hindoos were distinguished among nations for the number and variety of their writings. The Sanscrit, their ancient tongue, has ceased to be a spoken language, having degenerated into Hindostannee, and other popular dialects, and is studied by a few only of the learned in India as the original of law and religion; the *Institutes of Menu*, and the *Vedas*, or Sacred writings, being composed in the most ancient form of it.

From B. C. 3000, according to the Hindoo chronicle, to the year 56 B. C., seventy kings succeeded each other on the throne of Delhi, and as their order is unbroken, and regularly divided into dynasties,\* the number is probably correct; but the periods of the reigns of all the

sovereigns of the earlier dynasties are greatly exaggerated, as if to bring their epoch to a coincidence with the first year of Cali-Yug, or Earthen Age; (for this present, or iron age of the Greek Mythologists, is the same with the Earthen Yug, or Age, of the Hindoos, and was preceded, in their Mythology by the Silver, or Heroic, and the Golden, or Divine ages.) If from the beginning of the reign of Yoodhisthiru to that of Vicramaditya (B. C. 56), only seventy kings reigned in Delhi, and the average of their reigns be one generation, or about twenty-two and a half years, their sum will be rather more than fifteen and a half centuries, or about 1575 years; which brings the time of the first sovereign of Delhi to agree with the time of the famous expedition of the Egyptian Sesostris, or Osymandyas, into India, where, we are told, he made conquests. This event happened between 1565 and 1500, B. C., according to the most probable chronology of the kings of Egypt; † but dates of this age can be only approximately determined. Taking twenty-two years to be the average of a king's reign in India, the first monarch of Delhi began to reign in the year 1540 B. C., twenty years before the death of Sesostris, while he was in the height of his power, and had made his second expedition into the East.

The conclusions suggested by this coincidence are remarkable enough, when we consider the close resemblance in every particular, between the Hindoo and Egyptian customs; for, while the laws and religion of the Egyptians may be traced, by the testimony of their existing monuments, to the twenty-seventh century before Christ, and are carried by reasonable conjecture to at least the third century before that date, those of India cannot be traced deeper in antiquity than the epoch of Sesostris, or about 1500 B. C. That the enactments of the laws of Menu, and the Sacred Sanscrit volumes called *Vedas*, are only two or three centuries more recent than that period, is certain from the date of Fo, or Buddha, who founded a sect in opposition to the tenets of the *Vedas*. Buddha, whom the Chinese pagans worship under the name of Fo, and who is identified with the Woden, or Odin,

\* See Ward on the Hindoos, Vol. 1, where is given a translation of the Chronicle of *Mrityoobjaya*.

† Rossellini, in the Lectures of G. R. Gliddon, on Egypt. Chron.

of Scandinavia, made his appearance in Cashmere, about the year 1014 B. C.\* “The Cashmerians, who boast of his descent in their kingdom, assert that he appeared two centuries after Christna, the Indian Apollo.”\* This Christna is distinguished from Ram, or Bacchus, by his affinity with the Preserving Deity, Vishna—Ram having more the attributes of a demi-god, or hero; both are celebrated in epic poems, and their characters and exploits seem to have been partly founded on the tradition of Sesostris’ expedition; but the Hindoos have no true history, and their chronicle of Delhi kings is of no historic value, except that it gives a fair picture of the spirit of their origins, and presents a point of connection by which their institutions may be traced to those of Egypt. If any one will take the pains to make a minute comparison between the religion of the modern Hindoos, as it is faithfully pictured in the work of Ward, the missionary, with the account given by Wilkinson, in his learned work on the Customs and Manners of the Egyptians, he will probably entertain no doubts of the identity of Indian and Egyptian heathenism; † nor of the origin of the institution of caste, a form of society peculiar to the Hindoos and ancient Egyptians; and seeming to have arisen from the conquest of a feeble race by a people intellectually and physically their superiors.

The fairest conjecture admits the probability of a mixture of these nations, and the resemblance of their features, and habit of body, might suggest it without aid of history.

“The mountaineers of Bengal and Bahar,” says Sir William Jones, “can hardly be distinguished from the modern Abyssinians, in some of their features; and the ancient Hindoos, according to Strabo, differed in nothing from the Africans but in the straightness of their hair.” We know that the hair of the Egyptians was not like that of a negro; but the hair of the Hindoos is very straight; a difference easily anticipated, from the mixture of Asiatic with Egyptian blood. The eastern Asiatics having uniformly straight hair. The natives of Sennaar, as is apparent from the shape of their skulls, had a feature

and constitution intermediate between Hindoo and Arab, ‡ but Sennaar is a part of ancient Ethiopia, which was inhabited by a race akin to the Egyptian, and living under the same laws and institutions with that people; but we find the name *Ethiopian* applied, by Homer, to a people of the extreme east, who are named by the poet in the same breath with the Ethiopians of the extreme south. Memnon, the son of Aurora, or of the East, led an army of Ethiopians to the siege of Troy; which happened nearly three centuries after the Indian expedition of Sesostris; a long enough period to have allowed his military colonies to become a great nation. The fleet of this conqueror sailed about Arabia, and may easily have ascended the Indus, though tradition says that they were stopped by the shoals of the Persian gulf; but the desert shores of Gedrasia would be a more probable and effectual hindrance, than the ordinary difficulties of navigation. It is conjectured that the warlike expeditions of Sesostris were intended to open the way for Egyptian commerce; which soon after, if not previous to, that monarch’s reign, reached India; and since, in that day, military as well as sacerdotal colonies were established by every trading nation for the protection of their commerce, § and we know that the revenue of Egyptian sovereigns was drawn chiefly from the monopolies which they held, of foreign trade, the expedition of Sesostris, like the exploits of the Tyrian Hercules, reduces itself from a romance to the semblance of reality, and wears even a soberer aspect than the excursions of Alexander.

The language of India bears only a remote resemblance to the Coptic, or Egyptian, Sanscrit being of the same group with Persian and Greek, and the language of Egypt with Arabic and Hebrew; we have beside, the traditions of the Zendavesta, in which Indostan is enumerated among the nations blessed by Ormuzd, and peopled by a race, of which the Medes and Persians were a branch. The language of conquerors, if they are few in number, must be blended with that of the conquered territory; excepting in words of religious signifi-

\* Sir William Jones.—Asiat. Res. and Works.

† The comparison is reserved for the subject of a future chapter.

‡ Dr. Morton, in Gliddon’s Lectures on Egypt.

§ Consult Heeren’s work on Ancient Commerce. (*Translated.*)

cance, such as names of deities; and, accordingly, the names of several Hindoo deities may be identified with those which had the same meanings in Italy and Egypt; and it is only in the caste of Hindoo soldiers that a physical resemblance can be traced to the Egyptians, who are pictured on the Theban tombs: these represent a race rather agile than stout, excellent at the bow, and in the chariot; with persons beautifully formed, docile, complacent, and active, and something under the full height; a description which applies equally to the soldiers of Sesostris or the modern Rajepoots of Agimere. It would be easy, on the other hand, to show decided differences, between the modern Brahmin and his ancient counterpart in Egypt; for the Egyptian priesthood never acquired that ascendancy over the military order which the Brahmins gained even centuries ago; nor would any parallel hold between the Copts of modern Egypt and the Hindoos. It is, then, sufficient, if we admit a mixture only of Egyptian, or of Ethiopian, blood, with the aboriginal Indian, and suppose that only the military and priestly orders, in Hindostan, were established by the colonies of Sesostris. Allowing a still larger liberty of conjecture, it might be surmised, that when the Egyptians (2000 B. C.) were driven by the shepherds of Canaan, into the narrow region of Ethiopia, where they were received and entertained by their allies, the Ethiopians, and remained with them for more than two centuries, while the shepherd kings ruled over the artisans and laborers of Egypt, a portion of this overflow, pent in Sennaar, and the narrow vales of Abyssinia, would naturally seek liberty in emigration; a common event in those ages, when whole nations were removed from their ancient seats, either by the will of conquerors, for the sake of populating new regions or cities, or, upon the pressure of other races, forcing them to give room. It may be, that, at this time, India received her first colony from Ethiopia.

But there is internal evidence, that the religion of India took only its *form*, from that of the Egyptians, but differed in its original spirit: for the superstition of the Nile degenerated into animal worship, that of India into a worship of idols, of the elements, and of the heavenly bodies; nor did the less scientific mind of the

Hindoos suffer that regular distinction and gradation of deities which is characteristic of Egyptian theology: the Hindoo wastes his enthusiasm in ecstatic contemplation, and the repetition of formulas; the Egyptian exhausted his in splendid ceremonies, processions, gifts, the founding of prodigious tombs and temples, and in every kind of superstitious action. The Egyptians seem to have been a more intelligent and less imaginative people than the Hindoos, and greatly superior to them in courage and character: for that panic of Alexander's army, which checked their approach to Delhi, does not prove that the Hindoos of ancient times were in any respect superior to their descendants; nor were they ever a conquering nation: but the Egyptians indulged a military spirit, and for many centuries, until the time of Nebuchadnezzar, were the most powerful people of the Mediterranean: they colonized and civilized Greece, north Africa, parts of Asia Minor, and perhaps Italy; besides that they were the inventors of every civil and military art, even of navigation; unless that honor be given to the Phenicians of Tyrus and Aradus. The houses of India are built after the ancient Egyptian fashion, and a multitude of superstitions are entertained there—such as putting gold in the mouth of a corpse, worshipping the water-lily, offering monthly gifts to the manes of ancestors, which can have come only from the Egyptians: add to this the sacredness of rivers in India, originating in the sense of their fertilizing influence, which is a superstition purely Egyptian, for the Ganges overflows, only, but does not fertilize like the Nile.

Religion, in India, inclines also to the worship of human gods and heroes; but the earlier Egyptians excluded hero worship, and denied that any of their gods had ever worn a human shape. The Hindoo heaven is the court of a sovereign king, and the orders of their gods are like the orders of their priests, ascending by ranks from menials to sages and Sanyassis; and they assume even, an uninterrupted succession of ranks, from the meanest slave to the Brahmin, sage, hero, demi-god, ærial spirit, deity, Brahma himself; and the Zendavesta of Zeratusth, in the same spirit, pictures a heaven the exact counterpart of the Persian court.\* But the Egyptian theology

\* Heeren's Persia. Trans.

more refined, personifies the faculties of Reason, Understanding, Memory, Affection, the Passions and the Ideas of the Universe, Ether, the Spaces, the Spheres, Earth, Life; enfolding a very perfect psychology, and the purest science of their day, in a system which began with the identity of God with his work, and ended in personifying every least species of existence. It is extremely remarkable, that there is no clear instance of the worship of a human being by any *whole* people of the Shemetic race; but, on the contrary, India, Persia, Thibet, Greece, Rome, and most of the Japetian, or Indo-Teutonic family have made prayers and sacrifices, to saints and heroes a material part of their religion, and, in heathen ages, have exalted human beings to the office of protecting deities, and have ascribed human vices to the divine Idea. The Persians, even, though they entertained the purest form of heathenism, and abhorred the worship of idols, seem to have venerated their king as the visible symbol of Ormuzd; and Ormuzd himself is no more, in the Zendavesta, than the human principle of goodness, opposed in eternal war to the power of evil. The Hindoos, as in their language, so in their religion, may certainly be taken for the type and extreme representatives of this tendency; for with them a whole class (the Brahminical) is sacred and an object of worship; and their imagination subdues and swallows up their character; a defect the extreme opposite to that of the Hebrews, whose every word has a purely *moral* significance; and their fancy is made utterly subservient to the diviner emotions.

In the total absence of historical testimony, these evidences have been collected, with a view to some reasonable conjecture concerning the origin of the Hindoos; and they seem enough not only to separate them, as a nation, from the family of Shem, but to make them the type of that of Japhet; admitting, however, the mixture of Ethiopian blood, with that of a nation descended from the ancestors of the Persians and Bactrians, and the adoption by the mixed race of a theology and superstition, Egyptian in its form, but Indian in its spirit; begun in the worship of elements, and ending in the adoration of living persons.

#### THE HINDOO CHRONICLE.

THE Puranas, or books of Mythical history, reckoned by the Hindoos among

their sacred writings, describe the actions of kings and heroes, who ruled over India before the era of Yoodhisthiru; but these were the fabulous children of the sun and moon, and their history is accounted false by the Hindoos themselves. Passing over the events of these mythical ages—such as the achievements of Ram, who, with an army of apes led on by a prince of the winds, conquered all Hindostan, and threw a bridge of rocks over the sea to connect Ceylon with the continent; or the amorous adventures of Crishna, whose loves and atrocities are related in the Bhagavat, the story book of devout Hindoos—the authentic chronicle of India begins with the name of Yoodhisthiru, who probably ascended the throne about 1500 B. C. and may have been one of the generals of Sesostris. Thirty-one kings of his race succeeded each other on the throne of Delhi, and their joint reigns cannot have much exceeded 700 years. The monarchs of this dynasty ruled over a part only of northern Hindostan.

The whole sacred region named Mediama, or the Midst of the World, which included all that part of Asia which lies south of the Himmaleh, is said to have been the portion of Bharat, one of the nine brothers who originally divided the world among themselves: *nine* being esteemed the most sacred of numbers, the number of the dominant or royal virtues.

Mediama, named by the Greeks India, and by the Persians Sindostan, the territory beyond Sind or the Indus, is divided by the Chronicler into nine regions, one for each cardinal point, four for the intermediate parts, and one for the center; but this division includes Chin India, and a part beyond the mountains. In the middle province, he places Benares the most sacred of cities, time out of mind the seat of Sanscrit learning, and equal in celebrity to On, or Heliopolis, of whose college Moses is said to have been a priest. Ceylon, the ancient Lanka, called by the Greeks Silan or Taprobane, is counted among the provinces of the south. Kalinga in Golconda, is a province of an intermediate region; Mahratta, Nipal, and even China, are named as portions severally of intermediate and northern divisions; as though China were originally civilized from Hindostan—a probable inference when it is known that civilization began in the *western* provinces of the Chinese empire,

and that the ancient religion of the Chinese resembles, in many particulars, that of the Hindoos, and that even Buddhism, the great heresy of India, prevails very commonly among the Chinese.

The dynasty of Yoodhisthiru were all Chastrias, or Ketris, of the pure blood; being of the military caste, undebased by mixture with the inferior orders; in other words, the conquering people whom we have supposed to be Ethiopians, or Egyptian nobles left in India by Sesostris, maintained the purity of their blood for thirty-one generations. The dynasty which succeeded were of a less noble extraction, being the race of Nanda, who sprang from the marriage of a shodra, or servile woman, with a noble of the pure blood. From the fourteen kings of this dynasty, the Rajepoots are descended. These are warlike tribes inhabiting the mountainous and desert parts of central Hindostan. The Rajepoots and Rohillas, throughout all India, though degenerate, remain to this day superior in stature and beauty of person to Hindoos of a meaner caste; Rayas (the native kings and magistrates) are always of the Chastria blood, but all functions that require intelligence, rather than strength or courage, are assumed by the members of the priestly or sacred caste; as was the usage in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs, and even before the institution of monarchy in that nation. Occupations being esteemed less liberal, as they require a laborious use of the limbs without exercise of the intellect or genius, those are regarded as the noblest which task only the qualities of mind and character, and for that reason the function of authority which is to enforce obedience by the mere majesty of character, is felt to be the noblest of all; but next in order to the ruler came, anciently, the counsellor and the judge, to whom, also, character gave their worth, but in a manner mixed and overcharged with the feelings and sentiments of humanity; since the counsellor represented only the desire and aspiration of the race, their honor and dishonor, hope and fear, hate and affection; while in the judge, as at our day, all men looked for a spirit of universal humanity, tempered by veneration for the law and custom of his nation; but the RULER, whether chosen by a popular vote, or exercising power by hereditary right, stood for the visible authority and power of his people.

The third dynasty, which included

fifteen kings, were of the sect of Buddha, and the fourth dynasty, which included ten kings, was terminated by an usurper; to whom succeeded Vicramaditya, about the year 56, B. C. His descendants ruled in Delhi until the beginning of the twelfth century, when the Hindoo kingdom of Delhi, harassed and diminished by a series of Moslem invasions, ceased finally to exist; but in other parts of India, other dynasties of the ancient race remained undisturbed in their possessions; some, even to this day, though their power has become merely nominal. Yoodhisthiru is fabled to have reigned 112 years in all, his reign being divided by an usurpation into two periods of 76 and 36, with an interval of thirteen years.

The Chronicle relates that Pareekshita, who succeeded Yoodhisthiru in the first dynasty (1375 B. C.), was killed under the curse of Brahma, by a serpent. His successor, Janama Jaya, attempted to perform a grand sacrifice of serpents, to avenge the death of his father; but the king of the serpents fled to Indra, (the Jove, or Disputer of Indian Mythology) and the sacrifice was impeded by the prayers of a Brahmin, nephew to the king of the serpents. Whereupon, Janama Jaya performed the Aswamada, or grand sacrifice of the horse, by which monarchs obtain the hope of universal empire; (for, according to the Vedas, every sacrifice has a particular and proper value attached to it, and within its proper limits is infallible.) While the king was engaged in this ceremony, and had already severed the head of the victim from its body, Indra, the god of Ether, passed into the head, and caused it to perform ludicrous movements; a young Brahmin, observing that the head leaped about, laughed irreverently; and the king, greatly enraged, slew him upon the spot.

This fable seems not devoid of meaning; for the snakes may signify a sect of native priests; and the Hindoo Shastras, or sacred books, class the snakes in the order of Brahmins. The king, exercising severity against them, because of his father's death, is prevented by Indra, the god of storms, in whose territory (the mountains), the king had taken refuge; and to this day the flanks of the Himalaya are the refuge of warlike tribes who acknowledge no subjection to the rajas of the Ganges.

The king, it is related, in expiation for

the murder of the young Brahmin, caused the interminable epic called Mahabarata, to be read aloud to him, and having heard it patiently, died soon after: an instance among the few others in history, of the death ensuing upon the endurance of a great deal of bad verse. The Mahabarata relates the adventures and miracles of heroes and incarnate deities, and is a mixed mass of mysticism, mythology and romance, but must have been composed long after the time of Jamana Jaya, for it contains his history. Epic narratives were written in the Egyptian language, and were probably the germ from which Indian epic poetry was afterward developed; nor is it unlikely that at this period the letters and numbers invented in Egypt, were imparted to the native priests of India by their Egyptian conquerors: \* but a people who have no true history, and seem willing to confound all events in mystery and fable, would easily neglect the traditions of the origin of their institutions, substituting (as all other nations have done except the Hebrews) a fabulous derivation from the gods, or from the earth.

The last king of this dynasty was slain by his nobles, and was succeeded by Visharada, the thirty-second in order from Yoodhithiru. This king was of the impure race of Nanda, a celebrated warrior who ruled in Magada, in east Hindostan. The last monarch of the house of Nanda gave himself up to the influence of intoxicating drugs, and fell by the hands of his minister, Veeravahoo, who was a Buddhist. Under this king and his successors, for fifteen generations, the sect of Buddha became powerful in Hindostan, to that degree that the ancient religion fell into neglect and disrepute. "The Buddhists deny the truth of every thing invisible," (being what are now named Materialists,) and affirm that no evidence can be trusted except that of the external senses. "They deny the existence of a Creator, declaring that all things arose by chance, and cease by chance; that there is no future state, either of reward or punishment; that as the trees in an inaccessible forest grow without a planter, and die without a destroyer, so the world springs up and dies, as a matter of course;" a doctrine

originating in a disease, or defect of the intellect, which causes it to fail in discovering the harmony and oneness of all things and all events. The origin of this sect is related in the following myth.

Indra, the king of Ether (Contemplation), went in company with Virochana, a royal demigod, to the presence of Brahma, (the Supreme Reason),† and inquired of him concerning the nature of mind and body. Brahma, absorbed in meditation, with closed eyes, returned no answer, but laid his hand upon his breast. A basin of water stood before him. The king and Indra at that moment saw his image in the water, and were satisfied with the omen, but conceived different ideas from it. Indra, that Brahma signified by his shadow, the instability, and unreality, of the visible world; that the world and the body are but a shadow, but the soul a true essence, and that this is Brahma. But Virochana thought that Brahma intimated the unreality of the spirit—that the self conscious soul, rather, is but a shadow, and this world the only true being. Thus it happened that Virochana adopted the Buddhist atheism, which denies the spirit, and identifies God with matter: but Indra, the Brahminical faith, which resolves all things into God.

The last king of this family, was murdered by his minister, who usurped the throne, and began a new dynasty. His name was Mayoora. Nine kings of the race of the usurper reigned in Delhi. The Brahmins recovered their importance upon the accession of Mayoora, and their Buddhist antagonists were persecuted and driven out of Hindostan.

The last king of this dynasty was succeeded by Shakaditya, a chief from the mountains of Kemaon, who slew the reigning monarch and usurped his throne. Shakaditya reigned in Delhi fourteen years. Vicramaditya was now king in Malwa; and hearing of the cruelties of the usurper, came upon Delhi with an army, and slaying Shakaditya, possessed the kingdom.

Vicramaditya reigned eighty years in Delhi, if the chronicle speaks truth, and excelled all his predecessors in power,

\* Consult Gliddon's Lectures on Egypt, pp. 29, 30, 31, et seq. Also Wilkinson on the Poetry of the Egyptians.

† Brahma seems to be the Supreme Reason, and Originator, corresponding with the Egyptian Phtha; but Vishnu corresponds both with Amun, the Divine Form or Idea, and in others with Osiris, the Divine Goodness.

wisdom, and kingly virtue. He was the patron of literature. During his reign, lived the exquisite Calidas, the Shakspeare of India, whose drama of Sacontala, bears comparison, for grace and elegance, with the best of modern times; but the poetry of India, enfeebled by mysticism, and delighting in irregular conceptions, attained only to graces of imagery, and the tender language of desire; it never even attempted a serious expression, or ventured on tragic depth.\*

Vicramaditya is the hero of a multitude of fables and fairy tales; a kind of histories accepted by the Hindoos in place of serious chronicle. One of these will exemplify the whole.

At a banquet of the gods, which Indra gave them in his heaven, (each order of deities having a heaven of their own, even to that of Brahma, where beatitude awaits the translated sage), his son Gandharvasana, fell in love with one of the Apsaras. These Apsaras are certain nymphs, of slight reputation, who dance to the music of the Gandharvas, or aerial musicians. Indra, therefore, cursed his son, and commanded him to assume the figure of an ass, and in that disguise to descend to earth.

But the assembled deities interceded for Gandharvasana, and by their entreaties obtained this commutation of his sentence—that, though an ass by day, he should be a man by night; and that his place in heaven should be restored to him, when the king of Dharangari had burned his body.

Obedying the commands of his parent, the condemned deity assumed the figure of an ass, and dropped from Indra's heaven into a pool of water near the city of Dharangari. At night, taking a human shape, he wandered about in search of food, and at dawn hid himself in the pool. After several days, it happened, that a Brahmin coming at dusk to this pool, for the sake of bathing, as is customary with devout persons, saw the ass immersed in it, who immediately addressed him to this effect—that, though outwardly an ass, he was in fact a deity of Indra's heaven, and the son of Indra himself, and, that he, the Brahmin, should lose nothing in reputation, if he would but go to the king of Dharangari, and solicit for him the daughter of that monarch in marriage. The Brahmin, expressed no surprise, at finding a

god in such a shape, but went immediately to king Dhara and communicated the story and the request; but that sovereign, discovering a sinful degree of scepticism, insisted upon the evidence of sense, and went the very next day with a royal retinue to see this prodigy. The ass, thereupon, related the story of his misfortune, but king Dhara, still incredulous, and in fear, perhaps, that this monster might prove to be no god, but one of those rapacious demons which wander over the earth, required no less a proof of his divinity than the building of a house of iron, forty miles in the square, and six in the height. But the god made nothing of it, and accomplished the miracle in a single night.

The next day, Dhara, seeing the wonder performed, consented to the marriage, and having fixed a time for its consummation, brought the bride at the appointed hour, with every festivity that should attend a royal betrothal, to meet her husband under the iron roof. The procession, leading the young princess in a splendid attire, moved to the sound of music, with dancers and singers, and all the magnificence and ceremony of a royal progress. While the friends and parents of the bride were bringing her to the iron house, a Brahmin was sent to bring Gandharvasana, who immediately having bathed, attended him to the assembly, but was so moved with the sound of the music, he could not forbear bursting out with a vocal expression of delight; for, Gandharvasana was a prince of singers in his father's heaven, and did not imagine that his powers would be impaired by any change of shape.

The assembly were struck with horror and amazement when they heard the braying of the transformed deity, thinking it a pitiable thing so fair and noble a virgin should be given in marriage to an ass; and some laughed, covering their mouths with their robes; but the most blamed the king for this cruelty, and the Brahmins cast out jeering observations: "'Tis a rare bridegroom, O king! delay not so fortunate a marriage!" "Thus was the camel wedded to the ass, as the tale has it; when the ass, looking upon his dear, wondered at the grace of her shape; and the camel, hearing his bray, exclaimed, 'Ah! what a sweet voice!'" Another added, satirically, "There is no need now, O king, of

\* See the translation of Sacontala, by Sir William Jones.—(*Works.*)

sounding the sacred shell;" and the women, pitying, uttered sorrowful exclamations in their way. But when Gandharvasana began a conversation with his father-in-law, the whole assembly were astonished, resolving, within themselves, that none but a god could talk Sanscrit with the lips of an ass.

At night, quitting his bestial disguise, the god assumed the figure of a handsome man, and having dressed, presented himself to the king, who then solemnized the marriage with the usual ceremonies.

For the space of a year after this event, King Dhara revolved continually in his mind what means could be found to release his son-in-law from the daily metamorphosis; and observing that the ass's body lay like a dead carcass while Gaudharvasana occupied a human form, he caused it to be taken up and burned: upon which, the god appeared to him in a celestial shape, and after declaring that the curse was from that moment at an end, but that the son of this marriage should become a mighty monarch and rule over the whole earth, he ascended to the heaven of Indra.

The king's daughter, afflicted by the loss of her husband, and dreading her father's jealousy of the young heir, put an end to her life; but the child was saved, and received the name of Vicramaditya.

Vicramaditya was educated in the company of an illegitimate brother, named Bhartriharee, upon whom his father conferred the kingdom, dreading the greatness of his other son, who thereupon left the court, and going in disguise upon his travels, after many wanderings, hired himself servant to a merchant in a distant town.

But Bhartriharee soon wearied of empire and of the world, and, retiring to the desert, led there the life of a hermit, leaving his ministers to govern the kingdom in his absence. About this time, a demon, named Agnivatala, began to harrass Malwa, making dreadful havoc among the people; and the king's ministers, driven to extremity, agreed with the monster that a man should each day be given it to be devoured, if it would abstain from farther violences. Every morning they chose a king from among the people, and at night gave him to the monster. While these events were passing, Vicramaditya, sailing by the palace, went ashore, upon an impulse, to look once more at his old home; and, seeing

the emissaries of the ministers dragging an unhappy wretch to this daily sacrifice, persuaded them to chose him king instead; and when evening came, and the demon fell upon him, he overcame it by repeating magical charms, and became king indeed, to the great joy of the nation.

Soon after, he drove Shakaditya from the throne of Delhi, and ruled over a mighty monarchy.

It is said that, after the death of Vicramaditya, King Bhoja, who succeeded him in Malwa, having found an old throne upon which the great monarch had been used to sit, placed himself upon it; when, on a sudden, the thirty-two images carved on either side the throne, addressed him in praise of Vicramaditya.

His son, Vicramusana, succeeded him, but did not long enjoy the kingdom. A hermit, named Samadrapala, who knew many dark arts, having gained the friendship and confidence of the young king, upon a certain occasion enticed him into the forest, under pretence of hunting; and, after giving some extraordinary proofs of his art, by casting his own soul into the bodies of slain animals, proposed to the king that he should suffer him to separate his soul from its body, by force of magic, and promised to provide for it another body that should be immortal. The king easily consented to so fair a project, and the sorcerer, after causing the soul of Vicramusana to quit its royal habitation, entered the tenantless body himself, and, having flung his own carcass into a ditch, went instantly to the palace and became king.

Samadrapala, the magician, reigned in Delhi twenty-four years, and the kingdom continued in his family for sixteen generations. These were succeeded by a dynasty of fourteen sovereigns, of whom one was a female—the only queen mentioned in Hindoo chronicle. This dynasty was founded by a king named Varanach, who slew the last of the race of the Magician. Mahaprana, the sixteenth of the new dynasty, retired into the wilderness, preferring a hermitage to a throne; and the king of Bengal, hearing of his abdication, marched thither with an army, and possessed the kingdom. It remained in his family through a succession of thirteen sovereigns. The reigns of all of this dynasty were short, only two exceeding twelve years. The last one was an oppressor of his subjects,

and lost the crown through his ministers, who brought in a Rajepoot king. The family of this latter held the throne for six generations; to whom succeeded Prithorao, the last Hindoo sovereign of Delhi.

The story of Prithorao is thus related:—A certain Brahmin having prophecied to the first king of the Rajepoot dynasty, that the kingdom should depart from his family, through a woman of the race of that monarch, he began a custom, which is continued by his descendants to this day, of destroying all the females born of his house; but the fourth monarch in succession, spared the life of a daughter, through affectionateness, and at length married her to the king of Pratha, who had another wife, that was a rakshusee, or cannibal demon. This ghoul, in obedience to her nature, devoured the first child of the new wife, as soon as it was born, and succeeded by much entreaty, in persuading her husband to taste the flesh; and it so vitiated his appetite, with its tender relish, he not only forgave his wife, but desired of her, that she would each day, entertain him with as delicate a repast. From that time the enchanted king and his demon wife fed daily upon the flesh of their subjects.

After a time, the Rajepoot king's daughter had another child; and dreading lest that too should be devoured, fled with it to Delhi, where her brother had become king. The child was named Prithorao, and grew to manhood in the palace of his uncle; but when, upon a hunting expedition, the king staid too long away from the palace, the nephew took possession of the throne; and the ejected monarch, full of sorrow for the fulfillment of the Brahmin's prophecy, retired to a hermitage in the desert, where he ended his days. Soon after this event, Prithorao visited his father's kingdom, and coming to Pratha saw the whole region desolate, and the vicinity of the palace strewn with human bones and mangled remains of bodies. Entering the palace, he found his father lying upon a couch, racked with terrible remorse. The old king, after explaining the reason of his dreadful condition, begged of his son to put an end to such a wretched existence; and declared, that

if he would burn his body and give a portion of the part that remained unconsumed,\* to twenty different women, as many giants would spring from them, which would be irresistible warriors, and would render him always victorious over his enemies. Prithorao did what his wretched father commanded, but the demon step-mother escaped.

The twenty warriors who sprang from the women who ate of the dead king's navel, did Prithorao good service, says the chronicle, but he reigned only fourteen years and seven months after the death of his father; and was then conquered and taken prisoner by the Moslem sultan, Shahabaddeen; and from that time the kingdom of Delhi fell under the power of the Moslems, who gradually extended their conquests over a great part of the basin of the Ganges. The taking of Delhi was the seventh invasion of Hindostan, by the Sultan Shahabaddeen.

In the year of the Hegira 569, he conquered Gajname; and establishing himself there, overran and subdued Moultan; but in the year 570 of the same epoch, was driven out of Hindostan by the Hindoo king of Gujerat. In 575 he invaded Lahore, and made a part of it tributary; and in five succeeding expeditions, having subdued various provinces, at length effected the conquest of Delhi.

The chronicle narrates, that a Moslem viceroy of Delhi, perishing on an expedition to the mountains, left six thousand pounds weight of diamonds in his palace; an incredible sum, but intimating the vast wealth of that ancient city—at that time, (and under the Mogul emperors, who in the sixteenth century made it their capital), the richest in the world.

The chronicle of Mrityonjaya goes on to relate the history of Moslem Sultans, and after them, of Mogul emperors, who made Delhi their capitol; but these particulars belong rather to the chronicle of another race. Indian history terminates with the conquest of the northern provinces by the followers of Islam; though, for several centuries after the fall of Prithorao, native kings ruled in the South and East; but these were always petty rayas, and tributary to Moslem or European powers.

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\* The Hindoos have a prejudice that the flesh of the navel cannot be consumed.

## THIERS' CONSULATE AND EMPIRE.\*

THE work of M. Thiers, so long and so impatiently waited for, has at length commenced to appear. Few literary productions of any kind or any country have ever, before publication, awakened so general an interest. This feeling is not local or national. It pervades Europe. It is not more intense in Paris than in London, Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg. The wide expanse of the Atlantic has not confined it, and the people of the new are as sensibly alive to it as those of the old world. The unerring instinct of commercial enterprise has prompted our publishers to extraordinary exertions to secure the possession of early copies of the sheets of the first volume, and it seems probable, strange as it may sound, that a translation into English will have been in the hands of the American public, before the original has been issued at Paris. The universal and intense interest felt in France towards this work, is proved by the unprecedented amount of the price which its distinguished author has obtained for it. Report says that an association of Parisian publishers have bought the copyright at the enormous cost of five hundred and twenty thousand francs—a sum equal to one hundred thousand dollars! The work will extend to ten large octavo volumes, which will be published in succession, and will embrace the period of history extending from the fall of the Directory to the fall of Napoleon. Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, have published an English translation of the first volume, made from sheets despatched from Paris before the publication of the original in that city, and a portion of the volume has been published, in the original French, by the editors of the "*Semaine Littéraire*," a French weekly periodical issued in New York.

The translation having reached our hands before the original, we have given it a perusal, which we could scarcely have been induced to do under other circumstances. In cases like this, where probably the translators have been unduly hurried in the performance of their

task by the ill-judged but pardonable eagerness of publishers, much elegance of diction or nice selections of lingual equivalents cannot, perhaps, be reasonably looked for. If they are sought, they certainly will not be found in the present volume. But independently of this, the translation is disfigured by errors, oversights, and neglects, which it may be hoped will be guarded against in the succeeding volumes. This truly great work deserves an English version of some degree of corresponding excellence.

It is not our present purpose to examine the merits of this translation, and therefore we shall not pursue the subject; but that we may not be exposed to the charge of expressing a vague censure, unsupported by any instances of the species of faults complained of, we may mention, among other exceptionable matters, the frequent mis-translations of proper names. Thus the town of *Valenza*, in Piedmont, is translated by *Valenciá*, the name of a province of Spain. The river *Ticino*, a chief tributary of the Po, and the theatre of important military operations, is called the *Tessino*.

An error of a more ludicrous kind occurs in the version of *officiers de génie* (officers of engineers), which is oddly enough translated *officers of genius!*

We are told (p. 133) that Bonaparte had to solve a three-fold problem, one alternative of which was, "to retain the power of descending in time upon the lower Po, should the Austrians, seeking to fly by the reverse of the mountain, endeavor to pass the river *above* Placentia, towards Cremona or Parma." Napoleon need not have troubled himself, inasmuch as Cremona and Parma are both *below* Placentia.

We learn (p. 109) that the ground around Biberach "had once already been the theatre of a battle, won by Moreau, thanks principally to St. Cyr." These must have been precocious officers, for Moreau was born in 1763, and St. Cyr in 1764; so that one must have been a boy of thirteen, and the other of twelve, at the time of this victory.

During the blockade of Genoa, the

\* "The History of the Consulate and Empire, under Napoleon: By M. A. Thiers."

inhabitants and troops shut up there were reduced to great extremities by the want of provisions. At length they were limited to rations of an odious black bread made of *rye* and *cocoa*, obtained from the shops through the city. The translator, apparently ignorant of the substance indicated by the French word *cacao*, gives that term itself, as one untranslatable, and tells us that "Massena, collecting the starch, linseed, and *cacao*, found in the magazines of Genoa, had it made into bread," &c. &c. ; and so the eating of this *cacao* is repeated again and again, as one of the great hardships. The translator should remember that the French word "*magazins*" does not correspond with our military term, "*magazines*," as he makes it do, but signifies *shops*.

The present volume comprises a narrative of French history from the appointment of the provisional government after the 9th Nov., 1799, called the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, to the victory of Marengo in the following July. Let us take a rapid glance at the great events which signalized this memorable epoch.

The individuals selected to form a constitution and administration, which should secure to France that peace and order at home, and that respect and authority abroad, the value of which she had learned to feel by the terrible results of the succession of revolutionary convulsions which she had experienced for the last ten years, were Bonaparte, Sièyes, and Roger Ducos. The last two had been members of the Directory, and mainly instrumental in its overthrow ; the first had recently and unexpectedly arrived from Egypt, with a name already rendered illustrious by a series of military successes having no parallel in modern times. The influence and authority of that name were not weakened by the reflection that the conquests which, before his departure, he had achieved beyond the Alps, and the humiliating concessions he had extorted from the cabinet of Vienna, had, in his absence, been lost and compromised by the feebleness of the Directory which had just fallen. The public eye was directed to him, as the representative of the principle of action in the provisional government. His colleague, Sièyes, seemed as if placed beside him to represent the principle of thought. Without the power of eloquence, this singular

man was the rival of Mirabeau, when oratory was all in all for the acquisition of power. Without a sword, he was now all but equal to Bonaparte, when universal war assigned the first place to military genius. Such is the ascendancy of intellect, independently even of the talents to render it directly applicable to affairs. Roger Ducos, the third member of the government, a man of limited capacity, respectable character, and facile habit of mind, without crossing the views of his two illustrious colleagues, supplied the place of a mediator and moderator. The part which each should take in the great business committed to them, seemed, therefore, to be indicated obviously by their respective characters and histories. It seemed to be tacitly admitted that Sièyes should prepare the constitution, and that Bonaparte should govern by it. That some one should govern, and that strongly and immediately, was urgent, for the state of the country was deplorable ; disorder, both moral and material, being at its height.

The contemplation of affairs at home and abroad presented difficulties and embarrassments sufficient to try the energies of a mind as great as those of Bonaparte's. The flames of civil war raged in the Western Provinces, to which fuel was lavishly supplied by British influence and the restless spirit of the emigrants. It was, moreover, stimulated by the atrocious laws enacted by the Directory, partaking of the character of the Reign of Terror. Such was the law of hostages, by which the families and connections of those who revolted against the government were rendered responsible for acts not their own, and thrown into the prisons of Paris.

The disorders which had grown up and spread in the administration of the finances and the currency, had left the treasury empty, and the armies, for many months unpaid, suffered indescribable privations. The armies of the Rhine and Helvetia were distributed along the left bank of that river, a part occupying French and a part Swiss territory. Without pay or clothing, they subsisted by a system of requisitions, levied without mercy, on the people among whom they were quartered. Contributions badly levied, worse employed, and such as they were, insufficient for the purpose, were imposed upon Basle, Zurich, and Berne, and disgusted the

spirit of independence and economy, which characterizes the Swiss. Yet this army, so destitute and so unpaid, had to protect their country from forces accumulating on the other side of the river to the number of an hundred and fifty thousand men.

Nor were matters less embarrassing beyond the Alps. The army of Italy, the vestige of those soldiers by whose heroic valor the fields of Rivoli, Castiglione, Lodi, and Arcola had been won, were now collected to the number of thirty-six thousand, on the sterile acclivities and in the barren passes of the Apennines and Maritime Alps. Those soldiers, who had endured the greatest reverses with unshaken constancy, and had shown heroic fortitude in adverse fortune, were now covered with rags, consumed by fever and famine, and actually in the condition of mendicants on the public roads through the Apennines. No words can describe the suffering they underwent at this afflicting period. A few regiments lost two thousand men in the hospitals of Genoa in four months. The wants of the troops, without shoes, blankets, or winter clothing, produced universal insubordination, and the authority of the officers being lost by the common calamities, vast numbers openly abandoned their colors and returned to France. The sea, scoured by the English, exhibited nothing but a hostile flag. No succor came, or could come from thence. The horses of the cavalry and artillery were almost all swept off by disease and famine. Such were the results of a weak and bad government, but they were produced still more directly by extreme financial embarrassments. The armies of the Republic, had, says M. Thiers, for several years, lived upon assignats and victory. The assignats no longer existed, and victory, after suddenly forsaking them, had scarcely begun to reappear, and had not yet reopened to them the rich plains of Germany and Italy. Thus embarrassed at home, a prospect not less formidable presented itself abroad. England, the Germanic States, and Russia, in short, the leading powers of Europe, were banded together in a coalition, pledged to crush the liberty of France, and to reestablish the detested dynasty of the Bourbons on its throne. A few of the secondary powers, the principal of which was Prussia, maintained a cold neutrality, only waiting the moment when military

success should determine them to join those who had already coalesced.

Great as were these difficulties and embarrassments, they were little more than enough to awaken the energies and develop the vast powers of that mind which was destined hereafter to sway the sceptre of France. The provisional government resigning itself, from the political necessity of the case, to the dictation of Bonaparte, immediately proceeded to the appointment of an efficient ministry. Cambacères became Minister of Justice, Laplace, the illustrious mathematician, was Minister of the Interior, Fouché was appointed to the Police, Talleyrand to the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, Berthier was Minister of War, Forfait of Marine, and Gaudin of Finance. While the formation of the new Constitution was left to the exclusive charge of Sièyes, Bonaparte applied himself, with the several ministers respectively, to redress the most pressing evils under which the country and the state suffered. The disorders of the army first commanded attention. The forces collected on the left bank of the Rhine, spread over the French frontier from Mayence to Basle, and continued through Switzerland from Basle to Schaffhausen, were formed into one army, the command of which was given to Moreau, who having thoroughly studied Germany as a theatre of war, was eminently qualified to direct the operations for which this army was destined. Masséna received the charge of the army of Italy, with the soldiers of which, and the country destined to be the scene of their operations, he was intimately familiar.

The finances next received the attention of the Consuls, and the minister Gaudin labored incessantly with Bonaparte until a system of measures was projected, and a new organization completed, by which the revenues were put in a condition such as to inspire confidence among the capitalists, on the strength of which a loan was obtained of sufficient amount to give present relief to the government, and time to bring to maturity their improved measures. This maturity was soon attained; and, to crown all, the Bank of France was formed, to replace by its functions, the old establishments of discount which had fallen amid the disorders of the revolution. It was not possible, says Thiers, that Paris could dispense with a bank. In every centre of commerce wherein there is a certain de-

gree of activity, there must be a monetary accommodation for payments, that is to say, a paper money and an establishment which discounts commercial bills on a large scale. These two services reciprocally aid each other, since the deposits made in payment of bills are the same which are applied to commercial loans by way of discount. Wherever in fact, there is commercial activity, there a bank must succeed if it discounts only good paper, and does not issue an excess of notes; in short, if it limits its operations to the true wants of the community in which it is established.

Simultaneously with these financial reforms, Bonaparte took wise and effectual measures for the suppression of the civil war in the western provinces. The grievances which were alleged among its causes were first redressed—the law of hostages was repealed—the clergy were released from prison, and allowed all reasonable freedom in the public exercise of their functions—the churches were restored to their proper use. All vindictive policy was disavowed, and those who returned to their allegiance to the State were rendered secure from molestation. At the same time, a formidable power was displayed amid the theatre of civil war. The army under General Brune, recalled from Holland, was sent to La Vendée, where an effective force of sixty thousand men united with the strong moral effect of the name of Bonaparte at the head of the government, and the increasing reputation of its strength and stability, soon extinguished all hope of success against it. The emissaries from London were discouraged, and the leaders of the revolt were gradually induced, with their followers, to lay down their arms. Some faint hopes were even awakened that the head of the government might be induced to lend an ear to overtures for the restoration of the exiled family—hopes, however, which were speedily dispelled by the frank declarations made by Bonaparte in the interviews which he granted to them. It is unnecessary, says Thiers, to demonstrate how erroneous the judgment was which these Royalists had formed of General Bonaparte. This extraordinary man, now sensible of his strength and his greatness, would not be the servant of any party. If he was not fond of disorder, he was fond of the revolution. If he did not believe in the full extent of liberty, he wished, at least,

to carry out to its fullest extent, that social reformation. He wished, therefore, to identify himself with the triumph of this revolution. He aspired to the glory of bringing it to a close, of causing it to terminate in peace and order. He desired to continue to be the leader of it, under no matter what title, and, with no matter what form of government; but he had already acquired too much glory, and had learned too well his own superiority to submit to be an instrument in any other hands than those of Providence. No expedient, however, was left untried, desperate as the project must even then have seemed, to win over Bonaparte to the Royalist party. The exiled monarch Louis XVIII., addressed a letter to him conceived in the most flattering terms, inviting him to name the office he would desire to hold under the restored monarchy. Bonaparte answered this in a respectful but firm manner. A second attempt was made through the Duchess de Guiche, a lady of great personal charms, who managed to communicate with Josephine, offering her husband the post of Constable of France and the title of Prince of Corsica; and proposing that a splendid pillar should be erected in the Place Carousal, surmounted by a statue of Napoleon crowning the Bourbons. The only reply to this, was an order that the Duchess should quit Paris in twenty-four hours—a step by no means unacceptable to Josephine, who had become a little uneasy at the too great proximity of this charming person.

While Bonaparte was thus employed in reorganizing the administration, in pacifying the revolted provinces, in relieving the distresses of the army and repairing the treasury, his colleague, Sièyes, was engaged with the details of the new Constitution. This philosophical statesman, directed all the energies of his powerful mind to reconcile the republican and monarchical principles, and to combine the best of each in his new Constitution. He had taken infinite precautions against the ascendancy on the one hand, of demagogues, and on the other, of monarchists. Without stripping the nation of its influence in the government, he desired to leave it such powers as it could not abuse; the term Representative Government, conveys an exact idea of the notions then prevalent.

According to the project of Sièyes, every male person being a French subject, and having attained the age of

twenty-one years, had a title to be inscribed on a roll to be called the civic register. This list would then contain about six millions of names. The country was to be divided, first, into Departments. Each Department was resolved into subdivisions called *arrondissements*, and each *arrondissement* into smaller subdivisions, still called *communes*. The *communes* might be considered as corresponding in some measure, to the English parishes, the *arrondissements* to baronies, and the Departments to Counties. The six millions of electors inscribed upon the register, were intended to assemble in the respective *arrondissements*, and there to elect delegations composed of a tenth part of their number—a secondary list would thus be obtained, consisting of about six hundred thousand persons. These delegations, were again to assemble in their respective Departments, and to appoint delegations of a higher order, consisting of one-tenth of their number. This last list, would then consist of sixty thousand citizens. These again assembling, after the same manner would make a last selection, and appoint the highest delegation consisting of a tenth of their number, which would thus reduce this highest class to the number of about six thousand. The first delegation, consisting of six hundred thousand persons, was to be called the *Notables of the communes*; from these were to be elected the municipal bodies of the *communes*, the councils of the *arrondissements*, the mayors, sub-prefects, inferior judges, &c. The second list consisting of sixty thousand names, was called the *Notables of the Departments*; and from this list were to be selected departmental councils, prefects, judges of the courts of appeal, &c. The third and highest list consisting of six thousand names, constituted the *Notables of the Nation*, from which were to be selected the members of the Legislature, officers of state, ministers, superior judges, &c. Sièyes, borrowing a figure from mathematics, called this system the political pyramid; having for its wide base the six million of primary electors, and narrowing gradually, as it ascended, through the *Notables of the communes*, the Departments, and the Nation, and terminating with the chief of the executive at its apex.

By this ingenious piece of social and political mechanism, Sièyes, proposed to

realize a favorite dogma of his, that confidence should ascend, originating below, and that power should descend, originating above. In conformity with this maxim, all elections originated, as we have seen, from the people; delegation being chosen above delegation, but all deriving originally, though remotely, their authority from the first election of the *Notables of the communes*, by the entire nation inscribed upon the civic register.

The deliberative powers of the State, consisted principally of four bodies to be called the Legislative Body, the Tribunal, the Council of State, and the Conservative Senate. The Tribunal, consisting of a hundred members, was the incorporation and representative of the popular or liberal principles in the government; it was to discuss publicly all projects of law, and to possess the right of voting whether their adoption or rejection should be recommended to the Legislative Body. In accordance with its decision, it was to appoint three of its own members to support or oppose such projects before the Legislative, as the case might be.

The Legislative Body, consisting of three hundred members, was to hear the laws discussed by the deputation from the Tribunal, but was excluded from debating them and passed or rejected them by a silent vote.

The Council of State was to present the projects of law to the Legislative Body, by a deputation of three of its members, who were to debate these propositions with the deputation from the Tribunal, before the Legislative. The vote of the latter body was that alone which conferred the character and authority of law upon the propositions thus brought before it, and discussed at its bar by the deputations from the Tribunal and the Council of State. In this curious design, it is evidently contemplated that the seat of opposition should be in the Tribunal; but the violence of party collision is ingeniously guarded against, by limiting the debate between the government and the opposition to three members, deputed from each, and by fixing the place of that debate to the Legislative chamber, the character of which would operate as a guarantee for the observance of moderation and decorum.

Above these three bodies was placed the Conservative Senate, which was to consist of a hundred members. This

body was to have no share in legislation, but was to be the tribunal in the last resort to decide whether laws were constitutional. A questionable law, proposed as we have explained by the Council of State, and passed by the Legislative Body, was to be denounced before the Senate by the Tribunal, and the Senate possessed the power, without appeal, to break such a law if it deemed it to be unconstitutional, or to confirm it if otherwise. Hence this body derived its name—the Conservative Senate.

The Senate was to have the power of continually filling up the deficiencies in its own numbers, occurring by death or otherwise, from the Notables of the Nation; and it was also invested with a power of electing from the same list, by ballot, the members of the other deliberative bodies of the state.

At the head of this great political system was to be placed a functionary whose origin may easily be traced to the sovereign in the English monarchy, however different in appearance and in name. This Chief of the State was to be called the Grand Elector, and was to possess and exercise no other power save that of appointing two executive officers to be called, the one the Consul of Peace, and the other the Consul of War. These Consuls, once appointed, were to nominate all the inferior functionaries of the executive, and were themselves removable at the will of the Grand Elector.

This supreme magistrate, thus strictly limited in his powers like the British sovereign, to the appointment and dismissal of his ministers, was to be surrounded with great external magnificence, to support which, an annual income of six millions of francs, equal to above a million of dollars; sumptuous palaces to dwell in, such as the Tuilleries in Paris, and Versailles in the country, with a body guard of three thousand men, were to be granted; in his name laws were to be promulgated, justice executed, and the functions of government performed. To him foreign ministers were to be accredited, and from his signature treaties with foreign powers would derive their validity. This splendid head of the executive was to be elected by the Conservative Senate, but what must determine his official existence? With that Senate, already invested with powers so extensive, was also lodged the power of annihilating the official authority of any member of the State by the simple expedient of reelect-

ing such member into its own body—a Senator being incapable of discharging any other political functions. This extraordinary power of the Senate was provided with the evident design to guard against the acquisition and exercise of that dangerous personal ascendancy which individuals often acquire under popular governments, and which so frequently leads to the establishment of a despotic power: an event which the circumstances of the French nation were so soon after destined to develop.

Such was the Constitution proposed by Sièyes, and the first question which suggested itself to the nation regarding it, did not refer to its civil or political merits, or to the guarantees which it offered for the conservation of constitutional liberty, or to the securities which it provided against the despotism of demagogues, or to the skill with which wise legislation was provided in it. It was not to questions such as these that the public attention was immediately directed, but to a simple and practical question; one which probably had not occurred to the philosophical mind of the framer of this piece of state mechanism, yet a question to which a summary and immediate answer was rendered indispensable by the condition of the country. This question was, what place in the new constitution was intended for Bonaparte? To him every eye was directed, on him every mind was bent. The constitution was an abstraction about which the nation in general gave itself little trouble. The plain, practical question was, how, and under what conditions and restrictions the country was to be governed by General Bonaparte, for by him it was conceded by all, even by Sièyes himself, that it must be ruled.

The public mind in France had not then been rendered so familiar with the convenient fiction by which the attribute of irresponsibility is given to the head of the state, and the responsibility shifted to the ministers, as it is at present, and it was natural that a people who had been taught to regard the chief magistrate as one invested with powers which could prompt the utterance of such a sentence as *le Roi le veut*, should consider the Grand Elector, endowed with an income of six millions, and regal splendor, having no other business, except now and then to nominate the Consuls, as rather a chimerical notion. In fact, they could not fathom the profoundness

of the views of Sièyes, and they easily fell under the sarcasm of Bonaparte. "Your Grand Elector," said he, "is a pageant king. Where is the man of understanding and heart who could be bribed by six millions a year and rooms in the Tuilleries, to endure a life of such intolerable idleness—to nominate men who are to act, and yet not be permitted to act himself. If I were your Grand Elector, be assured I would act in spite of you; I would tell the Consuls that if they did not make such or such an appointment, or pass such or such a measure, I would dismiss them. I would compel them to walk according to my will—I would become master by stratagem."

While such sentiments showed the utter ignorance of the principle of the irresponsibility of the sovereign which must have prevailed in France, they showed that Bonaparte himself was not more conversant with it than those he addressed. It is surprising that no one was present who could have told him that although the appointment of the ministers is invested in the sovereign, it is accompanied by such checks as would render such a course, as he sarcastically describes, impossible. The sovereign must appoint such a ministry as will command the confidence and support of the legislature, otherwise the wheels of the administrative machine will be stopped: the measures proposed by a ministry chosen by the sovereign against the voice of the representatives of the nation would be thrown out by majorities proportioned to their unpopularity—and among others, the votes for the supplies would be negatived, when the ministry must of necessity fall, and even Bonaparte, were he Grand Elector, would be compelled to nominate such a ministry as would be enabled to obtain funds to carry on the government. But such views were foreign to the spirit of the French nation at that epoch, and the predominating influence of the conqueror of Italy and Egypt easily made his philosophical colleague to succumb. The Grand Elector and his two Consuls of Peace and War were given up, and it was settled that the head of the Executive should be composed of a Chief Consul with two colleagues sharing with him the sovereign power. Bonaparte became of necessity the Chief Consul, but Sièyes by his age, station, past recollections and grand intellectual position, could not for a moment be contemplated

in the second position necessarily assumed by either of the other Consuls. He was accordingly named President of the Conservative Senate, a position which suited his character, and which might, in some respects, be considered superior even to that of the Consuls themselves. When these important points were settled, Bonaparte with that generosity and delicacy which he so often exercised on similar occasions, caused a mark of national gratitude to be offered to his colleague. He caused a proposition to be made to the legislative commissioners to vote him the estate of Crosne as an honorary gift. This was announced to Sièyes with the most noble expressions of public gratitude, and was accepted by him with lively satisfaction—for although his integrity was unimpeachable, he was not insensible to the enjoyment of an ample fortune, and could not fail to be touched with the delicate and elevated forms with which this munificent gift of the nation was presented to him.

The new Constitution with some other modifications was formally accepted by the people, and came into operation in the commencement of January, 1800.

When the first Consul had succeeded in pacifying the revolted provinces, redressing the finances, replenishing the treasury, relieving and restoring discipline to the armies, and establishing order throughout France, all of which he accomplished with an expedition and address which proved his administrative talents to be scarcely inferior to those which he had displayed in war, he turned his attention to the external relations of the country, which afforded abundant ground for embarrassment, and ample scope for the display of those rare abilities by which he was so eminently distinguished in his proper profession. Previous to the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, it will be remembered that the Austrian power was reestablished in Italy, and that the French army in that country had been driven back to the Appenines, and even beyond the Maritime Alps. The Austrian force which now occupied Lombardy and Piedmont, amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand men. The residue of the French army, to the command of which Bonaparte had recently nominated Massena, amounted at the utmost to thirty-six thousand men. This force was distributed, in the early part of the year 1800, before the recommencement of hostilities, along the line

of the Appenines and the Maritime Alps, which form a semicircle extending from Genoa to Mont Cenis, keeping first parallel to the Mediterranean and at a short distance from it, and as they approach Nice turning in a northern direction towards Mont Cenis. The French army consisted of two divisions, the right wing towards Genoa being commanded by Soult, and the left wing towards Nice by Suchet. The Austrian forces opposed to these were under the command of the Baron de Melas.

The other point of attack selected by Austria was on the eastern frontier. The Rhine ascending from Strasbourg to Basle keeps a course nearly north and south, and separates Alsace from the territory of Baden. At Basle it turns to the east, forming rather an acute angle with its former course, and keeps that direction to Schaffhausen and the Lake of Constance. Within the angle thus formed by the river a tract of country is included which, at the period now referred to, was occupied by an army of a hundred and fifty thousand troops, composed of Austrians, Wirtembergers, Bavarians &c., under the command of Marshal de Kray. Of these thirty thousand were shut up in garrison, but a hundred and twenty thousand were present in active service.

Besides these forces it was known that twenty thousand troops composed of English and emigrants were waiting at Minorca to be landed at Toulon, whenever the Austrian army in Italy crossing the line of the Bar, should penetrate into France. Finally the English navy swept the Mediterranean, blockading the coasts of France and Italy.

The French army under Moreau consisting of about a hundred and thirty thousand men occupied the left bank of the Rhine, extending from Strasbourg to Basle, and from Basle to Schaffhausen. This was, in all respects, the finest army of the Republic; all that could be furnished to it was supplied both in men and material, immense exertions were made to complete its artillery and augment its means of transportation—so that it might be able, if need were, to cross the Rhine suddenly, and at a single point.

Such was the condition of things when the winter broke up in 1800, and the period for the opening of the campaign approached. The total amount of the French forces, then on the frontier, did not, therefore, exceed a hundred and seventy thousand men, opposed to which

were forces composed of the flower of the Austrian armies, amounting to little less than three hundred thousand. That the army of the Rhine, under Moreau, would be sufficient to repel the Austrians, superior though they were in number, was not doubted; but it was manifest that thirty-six thousand men on the Italian frontier, worn out and dispirited by previous defeats and unexampled hardships, having lost their moral courage and that prestige which surrounded them during the course of Bonaparte's triumphs, could not be expected to stand against an army above three times their own number, flushed with victory and in the highest state of equipment, discipline and efficiency. The plan of campaign laid down by Bonaparte in these difficult and trying circumstances, displayed the same happy combination of foresight which characterized all his military operations. It was evident, that reinforcements must be prepared to accomplish this. The pacification of La Vendée, where the presence of sixty thousand men was necessary, must be brought about. This was effected with admirable address, and at a sufficiently early period. It was publicly announced, that a force would be collected, the centre of which would be Dijon, to be called the Army of Reserve; and the impression was encouraged, that this army was destined to reinforce that of the Rhine. The best and most efficient of the troops collected in La Vendée, were accordingly marched through France towards Dijon and Geneva. An increased force was raised with the sanction of the Legislative Body, by recruiting and by conscription. Thus was collected insensibly, and without exciting much public observation—a body of troops who were prepared to act at the command of the government, and stationed near the southern and south-eastern frontiers.

It was apparent that one of the first objects to be effected, was to prevent a junction of the Austrian armies on the Rhine and in Italy, and, if possible, to cut off all communication between them. To effect this, it was proposed that Moreau should assume the offensive, and drive back the forces under Kray, towards Ulm and Ratisbon, keeping carefully between them and Switzerland. The two Austrian armies would thus be separated by the French army of the Rhine, advanced into Suabia, with Switzerland and the Alps in its rear. While

the public impression throughout Europe was encouraged that the Army of Reserve was intended to reinforce that of the Rhine, and that its chief quarters were at Dijon, a very different design was secretly entertained by the First Consul. The semblance only of military forces was kept up at Dijon, so that the enemy's spies employed there, gave information which lulled all suspicions on the part of the coalesced powers of Austria and England as to any serious effects from that quarter. The real design of Bonaparte, was imparted only to a few of those officers and generals, whose coöperation in realizing it was indispensable. The army of reserve, which, by incredible exertions was raised to the number of forty thousand efficient troops, fully supplied and equipped, was intended by a movement, unprecedented in audacity since the days of Hannibal, to cross the Alps, and pour unexpectedly down on the rear of the Austrian army in Piedmont, cutting of their communications with Germany, hemming them in in the circle of the Alps and Appenines, with the Army of Reserve under Napoleon on one side, and the army of Italy under Masséna on the other. It was designed that they should thus be compelled to fight—and it was assumed that they should be vanquished, and forced to lay down their arms upon the plains of Piedmont. Never were the talents of Napoleon more brilliantly developed than in the organization of this campaign—never was foresight more admirable, or combination more happy. As no measure was too grand for the capacity of his mind, so no wants or provisions were too minute for his care and foresight—every thing was prepared, and all ready at the proper time and place.

But as no exertion could swell the numbers of the disposable troops, called the Army of Reserve, sufficiently to secure the success of the operations contemplated in Italy, it was indispensably necessary to withdraw about twenty thousand men from the army of the Rhine, before the proposed movement could be commenced. But this force could not safely be withdrawn until that army should have succeeded in driving back the Austrians along the Danube, and should have achieved such victories as would render them secure with diminished numbers. The operations on the Rhine must therefore necessarily have preceded the

contemplated movement on the Alps, but neither would this admit of much delay, for it was certain that the French army under Masséna on the Italian frontier would be pressed by the superior forces opposed to them at the earliest practicable moment. Nice might be occupied, a portion might be blockaded in Genoa, nay, Toulon might be taken, and a landing of the English and emigrants collected at Minorca might be effected. The utmost celerity on the part of Moreau was therefore indispensable.

A plan of operations to be followed by Moreau, was proposed by the first Consul, but the genius of those two great captains was so widely different, if not opposite in its character, that it could scarcely be expected that the plan of one could harmonize with the views of the other, and at the epoch we refer to, the military reputation of Moreau was so little inferior to that of the First Consul, that it was not likely that the former should quietly submit to act as the mere lieutenant of the latter. Indeed, it has been maintained that instead of the plan of operations already explained, Bonaparte would have directed his main attack on the Austrian forces in Suabia, taking the command himself; but the rank and reputation of Moreau precluded the idea of his accepting the post of second in command, and the feeling of the army of the Rhine towards the revolution of the 18th Brumaire was not such as to render the displacement of Moreau and a substitution of Bonaparte safe or prudent.

The plan of attack proposed by the First Consul was in the spirit of the tactics which marked his entire military career, and which, when executed by himself in person, always ensured a brilliant result. The range of mountains and wooded country called the Black Forest, runs parallel and near to the Rhine, on the right bank from Strasbourg to Basle. This was occupied by the army of Kray, which also extended from the angle at Basle to the extremity of the lake of Constance. Great magazines for the supply of this army were established at Stokach, a small town near the northern extremity of the lake of Constance, at Engen, a little west of Stokach, at Mosskirch, a place farther towards Ulm, and at Biberach, still nearer to Ulm and Ratisbon. Bonaparte proposed that Moreau should concentrate his army, secretly and suddenly, near

Schaffhausen, that he should throw four bridges at the same place, and not above a hundred yards asunder, across that river, and march his army over before any effective opposition could be given to them; that with the forces thus concentrated he should out-flank Kray, cut him off from Bavaria, and hem him in between the Danube and the Rhine, in the same manner as that in which he designed himself to hem in the Baron De Melas between the plains of Piedmont and the Appenines, by the passage of the Alps. But to accomplish all this it was requisite to deceive the Austrians as to the intended point of crossing the Rhine, and to execute the passage with great boldness. The First Consul had already provided facilities for this manœuvre by ordering boats to be collected in considerable numbers on the Aar, and other tributaries of the Rhine; but it was easier to conceive these masterly plans than to ensure their execution, especially as that command and authority had not yet grown around the person of Napoleon which he afterwards wielded with such singular effect, when, as Emperor, he issued his orders to the marshals of the Empire. In fact, the mind of Moreau, little accustomed to such bold combinations, was disconcerted. He would proceed by measures attended, as he believed, with more certainty of success, though that success would neither be as immediate or as brilliant. He proposed, with different divisions of his army, to cross the river by the bridges of Strasbourg, Brisach, and Basle, and by this means to attract the Austrian forces towards the corresponding defiles of the Black Forest. That the forces should then suddenly retire, descending the right bank of the Rhine to Schaffhausen, where they should protect and cover the passage of the remainder of the army. "The spectacle," says Thiers, "of two men opposed to each other under circumstances so well calculated to develop the diversities of their minds and characters, is not unworthy of the attention of history." Moreau's plan, as often happens with those of second rate commanders, had the semblance of prudence, but it had nothing more. It succeeded in the execution, but it must be remembered that success in execution sometimes defeats the best combinations, and carries the worst in triumph. Moreau persisting in his views, the First Consul sent for General Dessoles, the head of his staff, a man of

acute understanding and sound judgment, to mediate between them. To this officer Bonaparte explained his views, but while Dessoles admitted their superiority he nevertheless counselled Bonaparte not to press them on Moreau. "Your plan," said he, "is more grand, more decisive, and probably more certain, but it does not suit the genius of him who must carry it into effect. You have a method of making war superior to all others; Moreau has his own, inferior, doubtless, to yours, but still an excellent one. Leave him to himself, he will act well, and though his progress may be slow, his results will be sure, and he will do all that is necessary for the success of your general combinations. If, on the other hand, you force your plan of operations upon him, he will be disconcerted. You will wound his self-love, and by seeking to obtain too much, possibly obtain nothing." The First Consul, versed in the knowledge of human character as profoundly as in the art of war, appreciated the prudence of Dessoles' suggestions, and gave up the point. "You are right," said he to the general; "Moreau is not capable of grasping and executing the plan which I have conceived. Let him follow his own course, only let him push back Marshal De Kray upon Ulm and Ratisbon, and afterwards move his right wing in time upon Switzerland. The plan which he cannot understand, and dares not execute, I will realize myself on another part of the arena of war. What he fears to attempt on the Rhine I will accomplish on the Alps, and the day may come when he will regret the glory which he surrenders to me"—proud and profound prediction, which succeeding events verified to the letter. Thiers relates this anecdote from the lips of general Dessoles himself, who related it to him, as he says, while he was yet a mere youth.

Moreau was accordingly left to follow his own plans, but it was stipulated in writing, that after pushing back the Austrians as far as Ulm, a division of twenty thousand men to second Napoleon were to be detached towards the Alps.

In accordance with the plan conceived by Moreau, the Rhine was passed on the 25th April and the following days by the several bridges at and above Strasbourg, and the French columns showed themselves at the different defiles of the Black Forest which opened upon the Rhine between Strasbourg and Basle. The cen-

ter under Moreau himself crossed without difficulty and proceeded to connect themselves with Schaffhausen on the right, to protect the passage of the right wing under Lecourbe, and with the division of St. Cyr on their left at Stühlingen. The right wing under Lecourbe now executed with complete success the important manœuvre of crossing the river by boats near Schaffhausen—in an hour and a half a bridge of boats, previously provided on the Aar by Bonaparte's orders, was thrown across the Rhine, and the passage of the remainder of the army was effected without opposition.

Thus was this important movement, with which the campaign commenced, executed with the happiest success—Moreau presenting the heads of three columns at the bridges of Strasbourg, Brisach, and Basle, had attracted the enemy to these three passes; then suddenly withdrawing and marching two of his corps on the German and one on the French bank of the river, ascended to Schaffhausen and effectually covered the passage of the remainder of the army. During these manœuvres, fifteen hundred prisoners, six field-pieces with their materiel, forty wall-pieces, and some magazines, were captured. It is impossible that movements so complicated should have been executed more happily, that the enemy should have fallen more credulously into the snare, or that the commanders should have coöperated with greater union, precision, and effect.

Now commenced a series of successes elaborately wrought out by a course of tactics, different, indeed, less brilliant and more slow in the development of their results, than those which characterized the career of Napoleon, but in the end not less sure in the attainment of the objects of the campaign. The preceding movements occupied six days, from the 25th April to the 2d May. The French line was now ranged with its face to the enemy and its back to the Rhine, forming a semicircle occupying the angle formed by the river at Basle. The Austrians occupied a parallel line extending along the defiles of the Black Forest, their center and headquarters being at Donaueschingen, a village situated near the sources of the Danube and occupying the middle of the angular tract already mentioned bounded by the Rhine. A little to the east of Donaueschingen, towards the Lake of Constance, are the towns of Engen and Stokach, the last forming the

extreme left of the Austrian position, and containing extensive military stores and supplies.

On the morning of the 3d May, the extreme right of the French, which had just crossed the Rhine, marched straight upon Stokach, attacked that place and succeeded in capturing it. In this first encounter, four thousand prisoners, five hundred horses, eight guns, and immense magazines were taken.

The same morning Moreau marched with the reserve on Engen, placed as we have already stated between Stokach and the Austrian headquarters; at the moment Moreau showed himself, Marshal Kray was passing through Engen on his way to aid in the defence of Stokach, expecting any thing but a battle to intercept him. He was compelled, however, to halt and defend Engen, trusting to the force of about forty thousand men then at his disposal.

A bloody action took place here, which occupied the entire day and even at nightfall, when the combat was still doubtful; the Austrian commander, receiving intelligence of the destruction of the division of his army at Stokach in the morning, was disconcerted and, fearing that his left should be turned, ordered a retreat and left Moreau in possession of Engen. The loss of the French army on this occasion amounted to two thousand men killed and wounded; the loss on the part of the Austrians amounted to three thousand killed and wounded and five thousand prisoners.

The Austrian line now fell back upon the town of Mosskirch, a strong position. Here another struggle took place on the 5th, which ended as before in the complete defeat of the Austrians.

The operations were now transferred to the banks of the Danube, behind which river, Marshal de Kray threw himself, in order to establish a line of operation. After a series of movements in which the Austrians gradually fell back and the French advanced, another engagement took place at Biberach—another great magazine of the Imperialists. The attack upon this place was so vigorous and rapid, that the Austrians had not time to destroy their magazines, much less to transport them away. They fell altogether into the hands of the conquerors. The French cavalry and light troops rushed through the town and crossed the defile beyond it. In this contest the Austrians lost fifteen hundred

prisoners, a thousand killed and wounded, and five pieces of cannon besides the magazines.

Finally, Marshal de Kray fell back upon Ulm, in the entrenched camp around which he took up his position, in which he was finally surrounded by the army under Moreau, extending from that place to Augsburg.

All was now accomplished which had been contemplated preparatory to the grand movement of Bonaparte on the Alps. The situation of the army under Masséna, in Italy, had become as we shall presently show, most critical; and a positive order arrived from Paris for the immediate detaching of the division intended to coöperate in Italy with the Army of Reserve. In order to conceal as much as possible from the enemy this diminution of his forces, Moreau formed the troops to be thus detached by draughting a portion from each division of his army; in this way about sixteen thousand men were detached and marched towards the Alps.

While these successes were attained beyond the Rhine, a series of corresponding reverses were suffered by the army of Italy. It will be remembered that that army under the command of Masséna, with Soult and Suchet for his lieutenants, was posted on the line separating Italy from the South of France, forming a sort of semicircle along the Appenines and Maritime Alps. The right wing under Soult rested its extremity on Genoa, while the left extended along the line of the Var. The instructions sent by Napoleon to Masséna, partook as usual, of the spirit of his own tactics, which, however, few but himself could carry out to a successful issue. He warned Masséna, that the Baron de Melas would attempt to break his centre, separating Soult from Suchet, and shutting up the former in Genoa; and he recommended Masséna to avoid extending his line too widely; "Keep but few men," said he to him, in letters full of admirable foresight, dated March the 5th and 12th,—“keep but few men on the Alps, or in the passes of the Col di Tenda, there the snow will sufficiently protect you; leave some detachments to cover Nice, and to occupy the forts in its neighborhood, but collect four-fifths of your force in and around Genoa. The enemy will débouch either upon your right in the direction of Genoa, or on your center in the direction of Savona,

or probably on both these points at once—refuse one of these attacks and throw your entire forces combined upon one of the enemy's columns. The nature of the ground will not permit him to profit by the superior numbers of his artillery and cavalry. He can, therefore, only use the infantry, in which you are infinitely his superior, and the nature of the place will compensate for the inferiority of your numbers. In that broken ground, you may with thirty thousand men give battle to sixty thousand; but, in order to bring sixty thousand light troops against you, M. de Melas must have ninety thousand, which supposes a total army of a hundred and twenty thousand men at least. He possesses neither your talents nor activity, and you have no reason to fear him. If he advance in the direction of Nice, you being at Genoa, let him come on: stir not from your position. He will not advance far, if you remain in Liguria ready to throw yourself upon his rear or upon the troops he must leave in Piedmont.”

It is difficult to secure the realization of the conceptions of one head by the hands which are directed by another, but this difficulty is always greatly augmented, when he, who is charged with the execution of the design, is himself capable of forming designs of his own of equal or nearly equal pretension to consideration. Had Napoleon's orders been given to a general less eminent than Masséna, or had Napoleon issued these orders when his reputation had been raised by the triumphs of Marengo and Austerlitz, and when his mandates proceeded from the imperial throne, it is probable that they would have been in some degree observed, and the subsequent miseries and surrender of Genoa would not have ensued. But this was not destined to take place. Either from want of a full consciousness of the importance of the instructions and the danger of his position, or from want of time to accomplish the desired concentration of his forces, Masséna was assailed by the Imperialists literally as Bonaparte had predicted. His right, beyond Genoa, was attacked by General Ott, his left at the Col di Tenda and on the Var by Ellnitz, and his center at Savona by the main body of the Austrians under the Baron de Melas himself.

This general movement on the line of the Appenines commenced on the 6th April, and from that time until the 18th

a series of combats was maintained, in which the French soldiers displayed the most heroic courage and their leaders the most consummate military skill. Neither skill nor courage—no, not even success in the individual engagements which took place between the different divisions of the opposing armies could, however, avail against the apparently inexhaustible numbers on which the Imperialists could draw. In vain did the attacks of Masséna and Soult mow down their ranks—in vain were hundreds and thousands of prisoners captured—the blanks were instantly filled, and the enemy presented its lines unimpaired and undiminished. At last, on the 18th, Masséna was definitively shut up in Genoa, without hope of supplies either by land or water, for the harbor was closely blockaded by the English fleet under Admiral Keith.

What the force of arms and overwhelming numbers could not effect, famine was now sure ultimately to consummate, and the fall of Genoa became a question merely of time and endurance. The provisions within the city were carefully husbanded and distributed in regular rations among the inhabitants and soldiers. Masséna took possession of all the grain in Genoa, paying for it when voluntarily delivered; but seizing it when its surrender was refused or attempted to be evaded. In this way, a quantity of grain including much of inferior quality, such as rye and oats, was collected sufficient to support the army and the people for four weeks; nor did this fearful condition of things extinguish the warlike fire of the French soldiers. Sallies were continued to be made and not without success upon the besiegers. On the 30th, a brisk engagement took place, commencing with an attack by the Austrians on the principal fort which commanded the city, called the Diamond Fort. During the whole of the day the struggle continued with doubtful success—at length, when all seemed lost, Masséna pushed forward with two battalions, one against each flank of the enemy; a violent hand-to-hand combat ensued—the soldiers being too close to each other to fire, hurled stones at each other, and fought with the butts of their guns. At the moment when the French were about to yield, Masséna led on, in person, a half battalion which he had in reserve, and decided the victory. The Austrians driven from position to position, left the field covered with dead. Masséna re-

entered Genoa that night, bringing with him the ladders which the Austrians had prepared to escalate the walls, and marching before him sixteen hundred prisoners;—again, on the 10th of May, General Ott sent word to Masséna, that he was firing guns to celebrate a victory gained over Suchet, an announcement which, however, was altogether destitute of truth; Masséna replied to this boast, by sallying from the town, driving back into the ravines of the Appenines the swarms of Austrians by which he was beset, and returning to the city in the evening, preceded by fifteen hundred prisoners; but alas! his very successes only accelerated the catastrophe which menaced him, for they multiplied prisoners upon his hands, to the number of several thousands, who aided in consuming the small amount of provisions that remained in the town. The rapid diminution of this stock, and the deterioration from day to day of the quality of food, as well as its diminished quantity allowed to the unfortunate inhabitants and troops, were gradually producing all the horrors which might be expected among a hundred thousand persons thus situated. At length bread was forced to be made of a meal formed by a mixture of coarse cocoa and starch. All the day, the cries of the wretched victims resounded through the streets, the rocks within the walls were covered with troops of famished creatures, seeking and devouring the vilest and filthiest animals, and greedily gathering the smallest traces of vegetation to assuage their intolerable torments—besides the black and revolting bread just mentioned, the only liquid food supplied to the people was a miserable vegetable soup. The streets were covered with wretched beings dying of inanition—women, attenuated with famine, exposed to public charity the infants who could no longer extract nourishment from their bosoms—at night the lamentations and wailings were dreadful—too agitated to sleep, and unable to endure the agony around them, they called aloud for death to relieve them from their suffering. The usual effect of severe and long endured calamity, became apparent in an appalling form, by closing the fountains of mercy in the human heart, and rendering men insensible to everything but their own woes,—infants lay in the public streets deserted by the parents,—women prostrated with exhaustion, stretched on the thoroughfares,

were abandoned to their fate, and sought with their dying hands in the sewers and other receptacles of filth, the means of prolonging for a few hours a miserable existence—some rushed out at the gates, and threw themselves on the Austrian bayonets, where they met neither commiseration nor aid; not only were leather and skins of every kind greedily devoured, but the horror of human flesh itself was so much abated, that numbers sustained life on the dead bodies of their fellow citizens. Pestilence stalked in the rear of famine, and death in many forms awaited the crowds collected in the hospitals, and the corpses multiplying faster than the strength of the survivors could bury them, encumbered the streets and presented an awful and revolting spectacle.

Another circumstance still further increased the horrors of this condition of affairs. Masséna had, as we have already stated, captured, during the siege, several thousand Austrian prisoners; knowing that their liberation upon parole would have been followed by their reappearance in the Austrian ranks, he felt himself bound to retain them. While this body of men shared the sufferings of the people and the army, they also augmented the evils which both had to endure; he therefore proposed to General Ott and Admiral Keith, that they should furnish the provisions necessary for their daily subsistence, passing his word of honor that no part of the same should be abstracted for the garrison. Though his word was not doubted, the proposition was not acceded to; and although Masséna supplied the same rations to the prisoners as to the inhabitants and troops, the former showed such a disposition to revolt, that he was compelled to shut them up in the hulks of some old vessels placed in the middle of the harbor upon which a park of artillery, constantly pointed, stood ready to bellow forth destruction; the frightful howlings of these miserable beings resounding through the streets of the city, increased if possible the horrors and sufferings of the unfortunate inhabitants. During this time, many instances of individual heroism were developed, which will ever be regarded with interest. In one of the sallies from the town, two French regiments, between which a feeling of hostility had grown up, owing to one being employed to quell a spirit of insubordination which had been kindled in the

other, were engaged in a desperate attack to recover from the Austrians some of the outworks of the town. When these brave men had succeeded in their object, and vanquished the enemy, they rushed into each other's arms, and forgot for ever their mutual animosities. In several cases, aids-de-camps and officers around Masséna, ventured singly to pass the Austrian lines by land, or through the British navy by water, to carry important intelligence to or from the city. In one case, an aid-de-camp bringing despatches from Bonaparte ventured to enter the harbor in an open boat; being fired upon, he saved the boatman who rowed him by jumping into the water, with his sword in his mouth, and swimming to the shore, where he succeeded in his object; and by intelligence thus gained, Masséna had received assurances that if he could hold out even for a day or two, the descent of the French army from the Alps, on the rear of the Imperialists, would necessarily break up the blockade. It was this which at once induced and justified the extremity to which that general pushed his resistance in this memorable siege. At length, on the 4th of June, the whole stock of provisions remaining in the town was reduced to two ounces of loathsome bread, made of starch and cocoa, for each individual. To have continued the resistance longer, was, therefore, a physical impossibility, and on that day a flag of truce was sent to Masséna by General Ott, proposing the surrender, and desiring to negotiate terms. The fact was, though not then known to Masséna, that, on that morning, Ott had received from his General-in-Chief peremptory and unqualified orders to raise the siege, and to join, with his troops, the main body of the army, which was in danger of being overwhelmed by the French forces under Bonaparte, which had poured down upon them, to their utter astonishment and consternation, from the acclivities of the Alps. Had Masséna been informed of this, he would even then, hard as was the situation in which he was placed, have refused to surrender; but, having no definite information, he had no alternative left. He insisted, however, on fixing the terms of capitulation himself, declaring that if they were not acceded to, he would put himself at the head of the twelve thousand men then in the city, and, be the consequences what

they might, would cut his way through the Imperialists.

It was agreed that the garrison should be permitted to depart with their arms and munitions, but it was objected that if he were himself allowed to escape, it was impossible to foresee what formidable enterprise might not be effected by such a leader, upon the rear of the Baron de Melas. It was also proposed for the greater security of the Austrians, that the garrison should leave the city by water, and not by land. To all this, Masséna calmly replied, that his army must retire whither and how he pleased, with its arms and baggage, with colors flying, and with liberty to serve and fight anywhere beyond the besiegers' lines. "If these terms" said he to the officer who bore the flag of truce, "be not acceded to, I will sally forth from Genoa, sword in hand,

and with eight thousand famished men I will attack your camp and fight till I cut my way through you." It was at length agreed that the eight thousand men still able to bear arms, should march out of the town as proposed by Masséna. The remaining four thousand invalids the Austrians undertook to feed and take care of. "Now," said Masséna, "these things being settled, I give you notice, that before fifteen days shall pass away I shall be again here." Strange prophecy—to which an Austrian officer made the following noble and delicate reply. "You will then find here, general, the men whom you have so well taught to defend the city." This prediction of Masséna was, as we shall see, destined to be literally fulfilled by the impending catastrophe of the field of Marengo.

*To be continued.*

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## OUR LIGHT-HOUSE SYSTEM.

To every commercial nation, a complete and efficient Light-House Establishment is a provision of the utmost necessity. The perils of the open sea, from tempests, or lightning, or any of the ordinary hazards of ocean navigation, are trifling in comparison with the dangers which lurk along the shore. The coast of the United States, stretching, as it does, over twenty-five degrees of latitude, swept by the winds of a northern winter, and, at times, by the still more destructive blasts of a hotter clime; indented with bays of narrow and difficult entrance; or projecting in capes frowning in over-hanging terror, or extending more fearful, because less palpable, dangers beneath the surface of the sea; skirted with sunken rocks and quicksands; and beset, in almost every mile of its irregular extent, with "dangers difficult and dark," is exposed for nearly three thousand miles to these terrible hazards. The natural dangers of such a coast must be compensated by science and human skill. Perils, known and unknown, must be warded off. Charts must be provided, on which every turning point, every rock, and every shoal must be distinctly brought to the view of him who sails along or approaches the shore. Reefs

and headlands should be lighted up; beacons must point out danger wherever it exists; and by night, as well as by day, the navigator should be able to ascertain his precise position, the perils which environ his ship, and the path by which he may hope to escape them. A blaze of light should illuminate the seaboard; and all the resources of science and of art should be employed in rendering this service to Commerce and Humanity.

The provision of such a Light-House Establishment devolves upon the General Government. The same authority which maintains a corps of Consular Agents to protect American Commerce from hostility abroad, is in duty bound to guard it from peril at home. This responsibility has always, under the Constitution, been assumed by our Government, and the general charge of this important branch of the public service has rested with the Treasury Department. The collectors of the customs are inspectors of the light-houses within their respective districts: the office is merely collateral, and a very slight addition to their regular salary is allowed for this superadded duty. The only information, in the ordinary course, which reaches the Treasury Department, concerning this branch of the service,

thus comes through the collectors; and upon their fitness and faithfulness depends, therefore, to a great extent, the efficiency of the system.

There is in this, as in other important respects, a striking difference between the organization of the Establishment in this country, and that of Great Britain and France. In the former country, the Light-Houses are managed by three associations:—the Trinity House, of Deptford Strond, chartered in the reign of Henry VIII., has since that time had charge of the Light-Houses of England; those of Scotland are under the control of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, established by Act of Parliament in 1786; and those of Ireland, originally placed in charge of the Board of Customs of Dublin, somewhat as ours are now, were in 1810 confided to a new Board, composed of the principal merchants, under the name of the “Corporation for improving and preserving the port and harbor of Dublin.” Of these three boards, the Trinity Corporation is of course the most important. It consists of 31 persons, of whom twenty are efficient for actual service. The members are formed into seven committees, to each of which are assigned special duties; and as very considerable emoluments depend upon the vigilance and efficiency with which their duties are performed, the working of the system is, in general, good. In France the organization is still more perfect. The administration of the Light-Houses of the kingdom is committed, by an ordinance of the King, to a Light-House Board, composed of members chosen from the most distinguished scientific characters, and the inspectors of roads and bridges. Attached to this board is a scientific engineer, who, through a large *corps* of assistants and secretaries, has the general charge of the most important practical duties of the Establishment. That, in most respects, the French organization is conceded to be superior to the system which prevails in Great Britain, may fairly be inferred from the fact, that a Committee of the British Parliament, in 1834, recommended in very strong terms, that all the Light-Houses of the United Kingdom should be committed to a single Central Board, and that such changes should be made in the regulations, as should enrol among the members a still greater number of scien-

tific persons.\* Some of these changes were effected, though the general plan recommended was not adopted in its full extent.

The primary defect in the organization of our Light-House Establishment, as compared with those of Great Britain or France, is that it is not entrusted to the most competent hands. Collectors of the Customs have not necessarily any qualification whatever, for the collateral duty which has been superadded to the ordinary business of their office. They may be good merchants, or good lawyers, or both; and if they are honest men, and have rendered full party service, they may be competent, even according to the degenerate practice of the present day, to the discharge of all their common duties. But none of these accomplishments qualifies them, either to choose with discretion the proper location for lighted beacons, or to see that they are firmly and securely built, or to judge what methods of illumination are the most powerful and will best answer the purpose for which Light-Houses are erected. These are matters which require different knowledge. Under the existing laws, the construction of Light-Houses is performed by contract with the “lowest bidder,” whose qualifications are not disputed, and who can give bonds for the execution of his work. No provision is made for a skillful examination of the site, or for the preparation of a suitable design. The specifications in all these points have uniformly been made by the contractor himself. And yet it is evident that neither the Treasury officials to whom the subject is committed, nor the Custom House Collectors who are the inspectors, nor the contractors, are the proper persons to decide upon these points. The proper distribution of beacons, the determination of the points where they are most and where least needed, is to be best ascertained by actual experience; and should therefore be submitted to the judgment of naval officers or intelligent seamen. The erection of towers, often under the most difficult circumstances, upon unstable foundations and under exposure to various and peculiar impulses, is a matter evidently to be entrusted only to skillful and experienced engineers, who can adapt, on scientific principles, the building required to the character of the

\* See Report of this Committee, p. 26

site. As at present effected without this intelligent supervision, it has been remarked by engineers, that in all our Light-Houses a strong *family-likeness* is exhibited, no matter how opposite may be the character of their locations. "Be it the rocks of Maine, the sands of the Carolinas, or the mud banks of Louisiana, the same formula of construction is observed throughout."\* Still more essential is the aid of science in the selection and construction of optical apparatus for deriving the greatest effect from a given quantity of light, for penetrating fogs, for combining and varying revolving lights, so as to distinguish one House from another, and for keeping pace in all respects with the advance of invention and of art. These duties require an extensive and thorough knowledge of the principles of optics and of their application, and none but scientific men are competent to their discharge. Here, then, are three classes of men, whose combined knowledge and observation are essential to the proper supervision of a Light-House System:—experienced Seamen, thoroughly instructed Engineers, and men of Science, possessing both theoretical and practical knowledge of everything relating to Optics. But under our system, not the slightest provision is made for any of them. In the Treasury estimate for the year 1838 appears an item of \$4,000, as the expense of a "board of navy officers," whose duty it was to make an annual inspection of Light-Houses: but although the item was retained, naval officers were never afterwards employed. So also an engineer was appointed in 1842, under the direction of the Treasury Department, to make a similar inspection of the sea-coast lights. His report comprised a very full account of the Light-Houses on the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; but at this limit he was stopped, and the abuses and defects of the remainder of the Establishment remain unrevealed. And at present, as for a long time past, no scientific or strictly competent men are connected with the management of the system.

Under circumstances so unpropitious, it is certainly a matter of surprise that our Light-House Establishment should have reached its present actual efficiency. In 1789, when, by act of Congress, the general government took from the several States the responsibility of sus-

taining the system, there were but eight Light-Houses in the United States. In 1800 the number had doubled, and prior to the year 1812, 49 had been erected. In 1822 they had increased to 70: and in 1842 the whole number in the United States was 256, maintained at an annual expense of \$474,000. These Lights have rendered the greatest service to commerce, and have certainly been managed with a good degree of economy, so far, at least, as the aggregate expense of the whole is concerned. The credit of this is unquestionably due to those in whom the supervision of the system has been vested. Their intelligence and good management have been forced to supply the deficiencies of the system;—and if all has not been done that may seem desirable, more certainly has been accomplished than could rightfully have been expected from so bad a system. These advantages, however, have been fortuitous, and would be forfeited, of course, by a change of agents. The only security for the preservation of the establishment in its existing efficiency, to say nothing of increased advantages, must lie in improving the system. We owe it to the position we hold among enlightened nations, to place this great department of the public service upon the most perfect footing possible. There is no reason why our Light-House system should not fully equal that of any foreign nation. An American ship should be guided into her own harbors as safely as into those of Great Britain or France. Our Light-Houses should be as judiciously distributed, as firmly built, and as brilliantly illuminated as those of either of the European powers. Science and skill should preside over our Light-House Establishment, as well as over theirs.

We have already alluded to the lack of proper discrimination in distributing lights along the coast. The authority for building a new Light-House is derived from the act of Congress, making the appropriation for its erection. Such acts are usually passed in consequence of petitions from persons residing where lights are said to be required. The constituents of some honorable member become impressed with the conviction that, even if useless sea-ward, a Light-House on their coast would be highly valuable to them, as ensuring a constan-

\* House Doc. 153, 27 Cong., 3d Session.

and considerable disbursement of the public money in their immediate vicinity. Petitions, of course, and a sense of his responsibility at the ballot-boxes, impress him with a similar conviction; and it becomes his business to force a bill, by any available means, through the forms of legislation. Hence it will readily be seen that a populous district, where petitions will be numerously signed, though its coast be perfectly clear, is far more likely to secure a light than some rocky promontory, full of danger and terror to the mariner, if it chance to be unsettled. To this influence, and the lack of proper checks upon it, is to be ascribed the fact that, while the safest and most populous parts of our Atlantic seaboard are thickly studded with lights, the more dangerous portions are quite neglected. It was one object of the law of 1837, to remedy this defect. It provided that before the building specified in the act of appropriation should be commenced, the site should be examined by the Board of Commissioners, originally composed, and very properly, of naval officers. Under the operation of this law, during a single year, 31 of the Light-Houses for which appropriations were made by the act of March 30, were declared unnecessary, and the sum of \$168,000 was thus saved to the government. But even this provision was defective. Though it gave to the qualified Board the power of preventing the erection of needless Light-Houses, it still committed the original selection of the site to the superintendent of the district, who was always the collector of customs;—and seldom, if ever, possessed of the combined knowledge of the engineer and the seaman, so essential to the proper discharge of this duty: and the building was of necessity adapted, not to the locality, but to the sum appropriated.\*

The effect of this very defective arrangement, may be seen by a glance at a chart on which the Light-Houses of the sea board are marked. The New England coast, comparatively safe and well-known, the Hudson River, the Inland Lakes, the Chesapeake, Delaware, and Narragansett Bays, and the whole internal navigation of the country, are thickly studded with lights, supported by the munificent appropriations of Congress, and subject only to the casual and infrequent inspection of the Custom House Collectors. On the coast of Massachusetts from Newburyport to Plymouth, lights are placed at an average distance of six miles apart, less than half the distance at which each light should be visible. Look, on the other hand, at the coast of Florida, the most dangerous sea track on our Sea-Board. For hundreds of miles not a light is to be seen, though every wave hides some lurking danger. Between Key West and Cape Canaveral, the entire coast of three hundred miles, swept by a current, the Gulf Stream, rapid and uncertain in its direction, one of the most dangerous portions of the Atlantic Sea-Board, has but a single wretched floating light on Carysfoot Reef! And even this, from the ignorance which fixed its position, serves little purpose except to lure vessels from a chance of escape in darkness, to the certainty of destruction. If the light-house system on this coast were what it should be, could a fleet of fifty "wreckers" be sustained, and their thousand cormorants be enriched, by the proceeds of their semi-piratical profession? The salvage awarded to these men during a single year, has amounted to \$170,000, a *third* of the sum required to sustain our whole Light-House Establishment!†

These facts, with many others which meet the eye in the most cursory exam-

\* See the letter of the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, appended to the Report of Lieut. BACHE, House Doc. No. 24, A. 25th Congress, 3d Session.

† The Key West Correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in the number of that paper for the 22d of February, gives a list of *twenty-three* vessels wrecked at Key West, during the past year, on which the wreckers received a total salvage of \$98,369. He also makes the following statement of the annual amount of salvage decreed at that place since 1831:—

|                 |           |                 |           |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------------|-----------|
| 1831, . . . . . | \$39,487. | 1838, . . . . . | \$34,578. |
| 1832, . . . . . | 46,555.   | 1839, . . . . . | 90,797.   |
| 1833, . . . . . | 38,128.   | 1840, . . . . . | 85,113.   |
| 1834, . . . . . | 32,042.   | 1841, . . . . . | 71,173.   |
| 1835, . . . . . | 87,249.   | 1842, . . . . . | 38,103.   |
| 1836, . . . . . | 174,132.  | 1843, . . . . . | 83,811.   |
| 1837, . . . . . | 107,495.  | 1844, . . . . . | 98,369.   |

Here is an aggregate of \$1,027,032, awarded to the wreckers of Key West since 1831,

ination, make it evident that our Light-Houses are not always placed where they are needed most; and this most serious defect arises from the fact that their distribution is fixed by unqualified persons. The evil has been felt for a long time, and attempts have been made, as already stated, to apply a remedy. The same radical defect in the System, is felt in the construction of the buildings. When an appropriation for a Light-House is made, a site is selected by a Collector of Customs in the district within which it falls. Not being a seaman, he is of course ignorant of the precise spot from which the light would afford the most assistance to the mariner; and not being an engineer, he knows little of the nature of the foundation, or of the action of the sea and the currents in its neighborhood. When the site has been chosen, the plan of the building is furnished by the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, and the Superintendent of the district advertises for proposals to build in accordance with it. A mechanic is employed to examine the work, and on his certificate that it is properly done, it is accepted.\* Under this system, as is inevitable, many buildings have been very badly constructed. One at Black Rock, Conn., built in 1829 at a cost of over \$6,000, fell down in a very few days after it had been accepted. In 1835 it was rebuilt, at a cost of \$8,748; in the spring of 1836 it was saved from being swept away, only by timely repairs at an expense of \$6,500, nearly its original cost.† The same gross defects have been officially proved to exist in the construction of others.

The visitation and inspection of Light-Houses is obviously of the utmost importance to their proper management. It is, in this country, as we have already stated, committed to the Collectors of the Customs, who are, *ex officio*, superintendents of Light-Houses within their respective districts. No one acquainted with the duties of the Collectorship, especially in the large seaports, where the Light-House supervision should be of the most exact and rigid character, can fail to see that they are scarcely able even nominally to perform this superadded duty. The Collector of New York,

in addition to his other multiplied duties, can scarcely command time to visit and properly inspect even once a year, the intervals required by law, the ten or twelve Light-Houses, hundreds of miles apart, which fall within his superintendence; and the same thing, though perhaps to a less extent, is true of the same officers at other ports. In point of fact, as is well known, the Light-Houses are rarely or never visited by the superintendents at all; and the only security for the performance of the keepers' duty, lies in the supposed *surveillance* of the Contractors, who, in turn, are said to be watched by the keepers. These are the checks provided by law for the proper regulation of these establishments; what provision has been made for the, at least supposable, contingency of collusion between keepers and contractors for their mutual benefit, the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury Department does not inform us. How differently are these things managed in England and France! In that portion of the British System controlled by the Trinity House, special agents are appointed for every Light—though, in some cases, one has charge of several. Their salaries vary according to their duties. Sometimes, though rarely, they are Customs' Collectors, and frequently retired masters in the maritime service. In many cases their whole time is occupied in the visitation, examination, and general supervision of the Houses placed under their charge. We have before us a statement of the number of visits made by each of these agents to each Light-House during the year 1833. By twenty of these agents nearly 500 visits of inspection had been made during the year, an average of *twenty-five* visits for each. The utmost exactness is required of the keepers in the discharge of all their duties, and the absence of one, for a single hour, from his post is severely punished. The nineteenth article of the Instructions for the Light-Keepers of the Northern Light-Houses, declares that they "have permission, on such occasions as prudence may direct, to attend church, and also to go from home to draw their salaries; but in such cases, only one keeper shall be absent from the Light-House at

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as *salvage*. The aggregate expense of the whole Light House Establishment of the United States in any year never exceeded \$613,376, the amount reached in 1829

\* See the Fifth Auditor's Letter to Lieut. Bache, already referred to.

† House Doc., No. 24, 25th Cong., 3d Session, D. 2.

one and the same time." In this country it is notorious that some of our principal Light-Houses are left for days in charge of incompetent and irresponsible persons, not recognized by the regulations of the Superintendent at Washington.\* These irregularities must be replaced by an exact and thorough police, before our system can reach desired efficiency.

The absence of scientific men from the direction of the Light-House Establishment of this country, has the farther injurious effect, of retarding the adoption of important improvements in the methods of illumination. None but men of science can properly appreciate scientific discoveries; and if the control of the Light-House Establishments of Great Britain and of France, had been as carefully withheld from men of this stamp as it is in this country, they and we might still have been burning *tallow-candles* on the tops of towers, as was the case in the Eddystone Light-House as recently as 1803. France has always taken the lead in improvements upon the methods of lighting beacons, simply because she has always entrusted the matter to her most distinguished engineers and men of science. In 1784, her Tour de Corduan exhibited the Argand lamp, placed in the focus of the parabolic silvered mirror of the Chevalier de Borda; and it was not until they had satisfied themselves, by long trials and experiments, conducted "at considerable expense, and with unremitting trouble and solicitude," of the expediency of so bold an innovation, that the elder brethren of the Trinity House, ventured to introduce it to the Light-Houses under their jurisdiction. This was done in 1788, and in 1805 these reflectors were introduced in the Scottish lights, by Robert Stevenson, the engineer to the Board of Commissioners. In 1808, the Light-House at Holyhead was erected, and the next year was supplied with the apparatus of De Borda, to the great benefit of navigation in the Irish channel. In 1812, the Government of the United States purchased, at the round price of \$20,000, the *patent* for this method of illumination—the patent for a method which had been twenty-eight years in use in France, and more than twenty in England! Nor was this all. Not content with patenting an old invention, and buying the patent for

\$20,000, the government included in their purchase a capital contrivance to *destroy* the light which the filched patent was intended to create. This was a lens, consisting of one solid piece of glass, very thick and very bad. This was stolen too, from the English light at the North Foreland. It was placed before the reflector; and the result, as described by Lieut. Drummond in his testimony before the Committee of Parliament in 1834, was "entirely to *destroy* the effect of the reflection;" and, "in fact," says he, "it was absolutely *putting a shade* before a very good light. In ordinary cases a window of a lantern is of thick, clear plate-glass; but here, instead of the plate-glass, they put a lens in front of each, which destroyed the parallelism of the beam of light from the reflector, and entirely injured its effect. The reflector, it is true, did not interfere with the action of the lens; but from the thickness and badness of the glass, and other causes of an optical nature, *the effect of the lens was far inferior to that of the reflector when unobstructed by the lens.* The expense of each of these lenses was, I believe, about £40 or £50, and I think there were fifteen of them in the Light-House. I believe it had been in use about twenty or thirty years at the North Foreland. By removing the lenses, the light was rendered much more brilliant; but these lenses when removed, were fit for nothing; they were mischievous in the Light-House, and useless when removed. *An original expense had been incurred to the amount of £750, to DESTROY A GOOD LIGHT.*"† And the United States Government, not satisfied with incurring the expense of fitting up such an apparatus, paid twenty thousand dollars for the patent! And in 1840, one of these very light destroying contrivances was used in a Light-House on Long Island. This fact alone speaks trumpet-tongued in proclamation of the utter lack of all scientific knowledge, which has pervaded the superintendence of our Light-House Establishment.

The parabolic reflectors, thus patented by our government more than a quarter of a century after their use in France, continued to be for a long time, and indeed are still, in general use in Great Britain and in this country. They were invented, as already stated, by De Borda,

\* See letter of Capt. M. C. Perry, Senate Doc. 619, 26th Congress, 1st Session.

† Minutes of Evidence taken before Committee, Report of 1834, 2997-3003.

and first used in the Tour de Corduan. They are made of thin sheet copper, plated over with a thin film of silver. In their manufacture, as conducted in this country, the plater rolls out a disc of copper, coated with a lamina of silver. This disc of metal, varying in diameter according to the size of the reflector, is handed over to a coppersmith, who *hammers* it to the requisite concavity, the curvature being ascertained by the use of a wooden mould. Next, the silversmith burnishes the silver surface, in the usual way; and, when this is done, the reflector is complete. An argand burner is then placed in the focus, and supplied with oil from a fountain-lamp placed behind. The form of the reflector is supposed to be a parabola. During the animated discussion of 1833 and '4, concerning the Light-House System of Great Britain, an able writer in the Edinburgh Review, supposed to have been Sir David Brewster, alludes to imperfections rendered unavoidable in these reflectors, by difficulties of mechanical execution; and his objections,\* as every scientific person must see, are well founded, and prove the inefficiency of reflectors in cases where the best possible lights are required. They have been found, however, extremely useful in ordinary cases, and indeed, until a more perfect apparatus was invented, they were used in all the Light-Houses of France and Great Britain as well as in those of this country. But for many years it has been felt that, in principle, and according to all optical laws, *lenses* would be far better concentrators of light than *reflectors*. The law quoted by the Edinburgh Reviewer, from Sir Isaac Newton, that 'every inequality in a reflecting surface makes the rays stray *five or six times* more out of their due course, than the like inequalities in a refracting one,' announces, indeed, the decided superiority, of the dioptric to the catoptric principle in its application to lighthouse as well as to telescopic illumination. And, as early as the year 1780, attempts had been made to introduce a polyzonal lens in France, by the Abbe Rocheu, and in Scotland by Messrs. Cooksen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Difficulties of construction, however, prevented the success of the experiment, though it was clearly established in theory. The great difficulty to be encountered, arose from the thickness of the glass,

which was found to absorb more light than it refracted; and though before 1750 Buffon the naturalist had suggested a method of grinding away a part of the useless surface, this had been found quite impracticable, and the plan of using a lens had gradually been abandoned.

In 1811, Dr. Brewster invented a method of building lenses of any magnitude required, *of separate pieces*; and in 1812, he minutely described this method, in his "Treatise on Burning Instruments, containing the method of building large Polyzonal Lenses." This important invention, however, excited little notice in England, until it had first been applied, with the most decided success, in France. In 1822, M. Fresnel, a distinguished member of the French Light-House Commission, published a "*Memoire sur un Nouveau Systeme d'Eclairage des Phares*," in which he earnestly recommended the substitution of *lenses for reflectors* in the Light-Houses of France. He does not claim originality in this idea of the superiority of lenses, for he says distinctly, that "this application of lenses to the illumination of Light-Houses cannot be a new idea, for it readily suggests itself to the mind; and there exists in reality a lens Light-House in England." This was the lower Light-House in the Isle of Portland, fitted up with lenses in 1789; owing to defective construction, however, and a general ignorance of the best methods of applying them, the experiment as already stated, had not proved successful. In consequence of Fresnel's recommendation, the Light-House at Corduan was fitted up with the polyzonal lens; and the result was so satisfactory, that the French Government, in 1825, adopted his improvements throughout the Light-House Establishment of the kingdom.

The success of this experiment induced Mr. Robert Stevenson, Engineer to the Scottish Light-House Board, to go to France in 1825. He saw M. Fresnel and bought one of his polyzonal lenses; but no steps were immediately taken to test its efficacy by experiment. Sir David Brewster, in the early part of 1826, addressed to the Board a memorial on the subject; and in 1827, corresponded with the Trinity House and the Irish Board in reference to the substitution of polyzonal

\* Edinburgh Review, Vol. 57, p. 180.

lenses for reflectors. It was not, however, until 1831 that any efficient measures were taken to test the superiority of the new invention. In February of that year the Commissioners appointed a committee "for the purpose of conducting experiments on the comparative merits of lenses and reflectors." From a variety of causes these experiments were not made until February, 1833.\* They took place upon Gulan Hill, on the Coast of Haddingtonshire: the lenses and reflectors being placed in temporary cabins erected for the purpose, about one hundred yards apart, were observed from Calton Hill, twelve miles distant, by Sir David Brewster and other scientific persons. Mr. Stevenson, the Reporter of the Committee, in his account of these experiments, says:

"The result of the experiments, in the judgment of the reporter, was that the lens light had a more brilliant appearance than the reflected light *till the number of reflectors were increased to about seven or eight, when both lights seemed equal to the naked eye*; but when seen through the medium of a telescope, the lens light *appeared to more advantage in point of brilliancy or intensity*, while the body of the reflected light appeared larger to the naked eye."

In summing up his report on the experiments of the third night, Mr. Stevenson says:—"It also appears from the experiments with the lens and reflectors, that *from SEVEN to NINE of the reflectors now in use at the Northern Lights produce a light equal to that of the lens.*"

These experiments seem very clearly to establish the fact that a single polygonal lens with one Argand burner of four concentric wicks, gave a light equal to that of *nine* reflectors, each carrying a single Argand burner. Sir David Brewster, in a communication addressed to the committee, expressed in very nearly the terms we have used, his judgment of the result, and quoted a similar conclusion reached by the Academy of Sciences of St Petersburg more than five years before, as well as an opinion to the same effect, expressed by Sir John Herschell in his Discourse on Natural Philosophy. In his examination by the

Committee, Lieut. Drummond also stated, that "the light given by the lens was found by the experiments at the Trinity House in London, to be equal to that of *nine* reflectors." He also spoke of an additional apparatus, to which we have not yet alluded. It is simply a combination of reflectors placed above and below the lens, to collect the light that would otherwise pass beyond instead of through them. With this, he considered *a single lens fully equal to TEN reflectors.*

In consequence of these representations, the Light-House on the Island of Inskerkh, in the Frith of Forth, a few miles from Leith, was fitted up, in 1835, with a lenticular apparatus; and the increased brilliancy of the new light was so apparent, that a number of others have since been established in the kingdom and by the government in the colonies. The French light at Barfleur is probably the most splendid in any Light-House in the world; and exemplifies better than any other the real efficiency of the lenticular method of illumination. It is lighted, like all others of this kind, by a single lamp, having four concentric wicks, the largest being three and one-half inches in diameter. These wicks are raised on cylinders, separated so that the air can pass between them, and produce a flame six inches high. This lamp, being placed in the centre, is surrounded by *sixteen* lenses, in oblong frames, 34 inches high and 14½ wide, standing side by side on one ring and steadied by another laid on top and screwed fast to the frames, thus forming a sixteen sided prism, of about six feet in diameter and thirty-four inches high. Each lens is composed of several separate pieces of glass, put together in the manner invented by Sir David Brewster and afterwards by Fresnel and Arago; the center piece being a perfect plano-convex lens, having the flat side towards the light, and the others being portions of circular prisms concentric with the lens. The same effect, of course, is produced as from a lens the entire size of all these pieces taken together, except that it is greatly increased by the inferior thickness of the central glass. The backs of all these pieces being in the same plane, a vertical cross-section through the centre would

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The official account of these experiments, which were made on the nights of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of February, 1833, may be found in the Appendix to the Report of the Select Committee of Parliament on Light-Houses, in 1834; No. 130, page 127 of the Report.

show a straight line on the side towards the light, and a serrated edge on the opposite. These sixteen lenses, thus secured between two rings, the lower one is supported on eight bars that curve out around the lower mirrors, and then curve in again to another ring, which is connected with the machinery by which the revolving motion is secured. Below the lenses are four circles, and above them seven, on each of which are 28 mirrors. Of this magnificent light the writer from whom this description has been condensed,\* says,

“To the stranger who visits the Barfleur light, this assemblage of 308 mirrors and 16 large lenses, surrounded by 16 windows of plate-glass, more than 10 feet high, all polished to the highest degree of perfection, and all concentrated within the small compass of the lantern, presents one of the most brilliant exhibitions that the arts can furnish, especially when, in addition to this, he feels the effect of standing 236 feet above the level of the ocean, without any thing to prevent falling out; for the plate-glass of the windows is scarcely perceptible, although so strong that the largest sea-birds cannot break it, but frequently fall dead by the blow when, flying towards the light, they come with full force against the glass. The stranger on entering from the darkness below, is taken by surprise, and, for a while, afraid to move, lest he may touch on one side or the other, and the apparently frail fabric crumble under his hands.”

The French lenticular lights, which are thus recommended by their superior illuminating power, are also represented as being far more economical than the English reflectors. The writer in the Edinburgh Review, to whose able article on this subject we have already referred, shows by a comparative statement of the expense of each, that a revolving Light-House could be originally fitted up with lenses for £1025, while a revolving light

with reflectors would cost £1500—making a difference of £475 in favor of the lenticular system. But even were the original cost to be greater instead of less, it is evident that lenses would be far more desirable than reflectors; that trimming and cleansing them would be far less expensive; and that, in this way, the amount annually saved in current expenses and repairs, would soon overbalance the original loss. But there is good reason to believe that a still more decided saving would be effected *in the expense of oil*, by the substitution of lenses for reflectors. It will be recollected that upon testimony already introduced, one Argand burner with a single lens, gives a light equal to *nine* reflectors, fitted with *nine* argand burners. At the same time Mr. Stevenson, in his Report on the experiments at Gulan Hill, says that “a powerful lamp is used for the lens, which consumes oil equal to the supply of *fourteen* Argand burners.” The saving effected here will readily be seen. In a Light-House of the first order furnished with reflectors, there are ten on each of the three sides, making thirty reflectors, to be supplied, of course, with *thirty* lamps. In one of the same order furnished with lenses, a single burner, consuming only the oil of *fourteen* lamps, would be sufficient. Here, then, we should have the *light of thirty lamps*, at the *expense of fourteen*, and the economy would increase with the brilliancy of the light.†

The opinion of Sir David Brewster with regard to the expediency of substituting lenses for reflectors, was expressed in the most decided terms in his communications to the lens committee of Parliament. In one of them dated February 23, 1833, after stating that the superiority of lenses was “no longer a matter of opinion,” since it had been *proved* that a single lens was equal to at least nine reflectors, he applies this result to the

\* Memoir of Lieut. Col. B. Ayrcrigg on the Light-Houses at Barfleur and Ostend House Doc. No. 190, 25th Congress, 3d Session.

† In 1840 Hon. John Davis, on behalf of the Committee of Commerce, submitted to the Senate a comparative table of the annual consumption of oil by the Light-Houses with reflectors, and those with lenticular glasses of corresponding range and brilliancy, prepared by the Superintendent of the construction of lenticular Light-Houses in France, Mr. Henry Lepaute. Taking each Light-House in the United States, he gave first its range in nautical miles, the number of its sockets and its annual consumption of oil; and then gave the range in nautical miles, and the annual consumption of a lenticular lantern which might be substituted for it. The aggregate result showed that in 164 Light-Houses with reflectors which consume 60,673 gallons of oil, lenses might be substituted so as to give a much greater average range, with a consumption of only 32,575 gallons. The table is incorrect in some minor particulars, but is well worth examining.—See Senate Doc. 474, 26th Congress, 1st. Session.

case of a revolving light, and thus states the advantages of the lenticular system:

“The revolving light with lenses will consist of two lenses, placed opposite to each other, and illuminated by a single lamp between them.

“The revolving light with reflectors will consist of 18 reflectors with argand burners, nine reflectors, being substitutes for each lens.

“It being admitted that these two pieces of apparatus will give the same light, let us consider their comparative advantages.

“1. The lens apparatus will be decidedly the cheapest in its first cost, and the lenses will never require to be renewed.

“2. The lens apparatus will not require one-third of the labor in cleansing and arranging them daily for use.

“3. The lens apparatus will not require so strong and powerful a piece of machinery to move it, from its inferior weight and greater compactness.

“4. The lens apparatus may be placed in a much smaller light-room, the 18 reflectors requiring a very large space; and economy might thus be introduced in the erection of future Light-Houses.

“5. The 18 argand burners will decidedly consume more oil than the simple compound burner used for the lenses; hence, it follows that the lens apparatus is in every respect better and more economical than the reflector apparatus.”

Under testimony so explicit and authoritative as this, (and much more might be introduced had we space,) no doubt can well be entertained that the lenticular system is the farthest advance science has yet made in perfecting the methods of Light-House illumination. It concentrates, far more perfectly than any other method, the rays of light which have been created, and gives them, more nearly than any other, precisely that brilliancy and direction which will best answer the purpose for which such beacons are erected. One of its most prominent recommendations is, that it affords special advantages for establishing what we greatly need, systematic and efficient *distinguishing lights*, which the mariner can so readily distinguish from one another as to be able at once to name the beacon, and thus to ascertain his precise position.

This is, evidently, a matter of the first importance: and the utter lack of any such provision in the Light-Houses of this country, has led to many very sad disasters. In 1840 the schooner Delaware stranded on Scituate beach, on the Massachusetts coast, from having been unable to distinguish Scituate Light from that at Boston; and in the same year the schooner Perse ran ashore in the same spot, and from precisely the same mistake. Utter confusion pervades the arrangement of our Lights on nearly every portion of our extended coast.

Many methods have been devised to give an individual and easily recognizable character to each individual light. The method in general use in Great Britain, at least until very recently, was that of giving different colors to the lights, by coloring the glass through which the rays were obliged to pass; but this was found seriously to impair the brilliancy and effect of the light itself. Dr. Brewster, in a communication to the Parliamentary Committee, dated March, 29, 1833,\* speaks of a discovery he had made, whereby a *numerical character* could be impressed on any light, which nothing could change, and which could easily be recognized by looking at the light through a small and cheap apparatus made for the purpose. This, in its theory, would evidently best answer the end desired; but its practicability has never, we believe, been demonstrated; and the French method is probably the best now in use. It consists simply in so arranging the lenses, in the revolving apparatus, that eclipses shall occur at regular intervals; and the intervals are of different duration in different Light-Houses. Thus, in one a brilliant flash may be visible *twice* in a minute, in another *three* times in the same interval, &c. A master, therefore, has only to inform himself of the character of each light, and then determine, by his watch, the duration of the eclipses, to understand at once his precise position. This is the method adopted by Fresnel; and it is undoubtedly much the best ever used.† It is due to our commercial and maritime interests,

\* See Parliamentary Report of 1834, Ap. p. 135.

† Though not strictly involved in our subject, it may not be unimportant to remark that our system of *buoyage* is quite as defective as our Light-House Establishment. In England the utmost care is taken to designate every buoy in every channel. Thus, on entering the port of Liverpool, if the master of a ship sees a red buoy marked “F. 1,” he knows at once that it is the *first* buoy of the Formby channel, and is to be left on the starboard side, going in. In the same way every one of them can be instantly recog-

that it should be more generally adopted in the Light-Houses upon our coast.

With this general view of our Light-House System, we must leave the subject. Every person, acquainted with its character, must concede that it requires improvement. In a few cases, new lights, and in many cases better lights, are greatly needed. Lenticular lights of the second order, were imported from France in 1840, and set up at the Highlands of Neversink. Their economy has never been fairly tested, as the results of their use have been cautiously kept from the public eye; but every shipmaster who has entered this port since their erection, will bear prompt testimony to their superior brilliancy and efficiency. A few others of the same kind, are greatly needed along our coast. At Cape Hatteras, on Carysfoot Reef, and especially at Tortugas, the great turning point of all the navigation in and out of the Gulf of Mexico, lenticular lights of the first order should be erected. One of the second class should be placed on Cape Canaveral, another on Cape Florida, and a third on the Key Sombrero.

But our whole System lacks *method*; and nothing can ever supply this radical defect, until Science and Experience are systematically introduced into its supervision. The establishment is not adapted either to the wants of our commerce, or to the advanced state of science and of art. And yet, in all other branches of industry and social economy, we are prompt to seize upon all improvements. We use the very best steam engines, the best machinery in manufactures, and even the Magnetic Telegraph, the latest achievement of science in the transmission of intelligence, is usurping the place of the mail coach and the locomotive. In these departments we should rightly deem it niggardly and narrow to reject the new because the old was cheaper. There, certainly, is no reason why similar improvements should be rejected or neglected, in so important a branch of the public service as our Light-House Establishment,—a branch on the efficiency and perfection of which depend, not only the wealth with which our ships are freighted, but the lives of the thousands who follow the sea.

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nized. There is no chance of mistaking them; and a ship in a fog, in falling in with one of them knows precisely her position and what belongs to it. We have no such method. The only difference that prevails is that of color, and this is without system, and often an embarrassment rather than a guide. A naval officer, in writing information concerning a channel, once wrote—"do not describe the color of the buoys, as they paint them of whatever color the Custom House contains."

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Mental Cultivation and Excitement upon Health.* By AMARIAH BRIGHAM, M.D. Philadelphía: Lea & Blanchard.

THIS is the title of a small volume by Mr. Brigham, now Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica. It was published some years since, and was soon republished in Scotland, where it met with commendations from men of the highest intelligence. It discusses in a brief and lucid manner a variety of topics of the deepest interest to every parent and every student. He settles at the outset, the brain to be the material organ of the mind, from experiments that have been made upon the brain itself. Having established the connection between the material organ and the mind, he describes the state of an infant's brain, which from its mere physical condition condemns high or constant mental stimulants. Mr. Brigham's remarks here are excellent, and founded, in our opinion, in the closest practical wisdom. Especially in this country do we need instruction on this point. The *steam-spirit* is carried into everything, and we hurry our children into the mental excitement of study, thinking the sooner they begin and the harder they are driven, the more they will know. In the first place, this is not true. The best minds are not those which are early forced or early developed. In the second place, its want of truth is not its greatest objection. If it were a negative evil it might be endured. But this forcing the mind into unnatural action in infancy, acts on the body and lays the foundation of those after diseases of the nerves and heart that torture the life. *Physical* education has been left to take care of itself, and the result is—instead of securing vigorous minds, we are cursed both with weak minds and weak bodies. Take the life of our students and we find the greatest mental labor is required of them when they are least able to perform it. But the laws which govern our physical and spiritual natures do not clash, and the mental excitement the more matured mind loves, is favorable not only to its own growth but the health and strength of the brain itself. We cannot agree with Mr. Brigham, however, in placing the chief causes of dyspepsia in the brain, physician though he be, for if there be one fact palpable to the most common observer, it is that this most annoying of all diseases is almost universally brought on by bad diet and sedentary habits, rather than overtasking the mind. The nerves are affected, not because the brain, the center of them,

is diseased, but because the stomach, the receptacle of so many of them, has become irritated and inflamed. The stomach is not irregular because the brain has become unsteady, but the brain is disordered because the stomach no longer performs its appropriate functions. The latter acts on the former through the nerves that pass from one to the other.

This little book aims at no display of learning, nor does it weary the reader with long and tedious discussions. Avoiding technicalities, it seeks by the simplest and shortest method to secure the welfare of all. We cannot, in the few lines we devote to it, present half its merits. We can only express our convictions of the truth of its observations and the soundness of its logic. Its value was felt in Scotland, but it is far more important to us who are subject to more constant and higher excitement than any nation on the globe. This very excitement in ourselves and all around us, communicates itself to our systems of instruction and early training, and we task the mind in its first early struggles beyond its feeble powers, and not only disturb its balance but that of the whole physical system. The connection between a healthy state of mind and body, are made apparent by Mr. Brigham to the most unlearned reader. The influence of such works cannot be otherwise than healthful, and it is to them we attribute the change that has taken place within the last few years in public sentiment upon the subject of education.

The chapter devoted to the causes of so much insanity in this country, possesses equal interest with those upon education. We believe that with no more precaution than has heretofore been used, we shall become an anomaly among nations in this respect. The inhabitants of other countries are often subjected to great excitement, but only for a limited period and with long intervals of quiet. But here it begins in childhood and continues till death. It is not caused by the introduction of disturbing elements into our social and political system, but is a necessary part of them.

As head of the State Lunatic Asylum, Mr. Brigham's views of the causes of insanity in our country deserve attention, and we subjoin his summing up of his remarks on this point. The following he gives as the chief causes of insanity in the United States:

"*First.* Too constant and too powerful excitement of the mind, which the strife

for wealth, office, political distinction, and party success produces in this free country.

"*Second.* The predominance given to the nervous system by too early cultivating the mind and exciting the feelings of children.

"*Third.* Neglect of physical education, or the eager and proper development of all the organs of the body.

"*Fourth.* The general and powerful excitement of the female mind. Little attention is given, in the education of females, to the physiological differences of the sexes. Teachers seldom reflect, that in them the nervous system naturally predominates, that they are endowed with quicker sensibility and far more active imagination than men; that their emotions are more intense and their senses alive to more delicate impressions; and they, therefore, require great attention, lest their exquisite sensibility, which, when properly and naturally developed, constitutes the greatest excellence of woman, should either become *excessive* by too strong excitement, or suppressed by misdirected education."

Every one who has reflected on this subject and observed the effect of the constant stimulants our whole system of life furnish to the mind, and the, hitherto, almost utter neglect of physical education, must agree with Mr. Brigham in these remarks. A table is given at the close of the book of the ages of some 500 different literary men of ancient and modern days. Of this large number the two extremes are 50 and 100, making, as it will be perceived, an average nearly if not quite equal to the allowed threescore years and ten, thus showing that mental activity is not adverse to longevity. The connection between the mind and body, and the proper and equal development of both in childhood and youth, are, as yet, but little understood, and we hail the circulation of such works as the one before us with unfeigned pleasure. Prevention is better than cure, and the common sense which shuns evils, is of more practical value than the highest skill in effecting their removal when once incurred.

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*Rome, as seen by a New Yorker.* 1 Vol.  
Wiley and Putnam: New York.

This is the title of a volume written by Mr. Gillespie, of New York, designed as a surface sketch of Rome as it. The book opens with the shout of 'Roma! Roma!' by the postillion, and we find ourselves suddenly passing into the Eternal City. After the enthusiasm of the first moment is pass-

ed, the author takes up Rome in detail, and goes through the several departments of sight-seeing, methodically. He sees everything with his own eyes, and gives us his own impressions of the different objects that crowd with such rapidity on the spectator. St. Peter awakens all his enthusiasm, and he stands and gazes on that great temple with feelings of intense admiration. The Vatican with its wealth of statuary—the churches with their rich architecture and choice paintings—the palaces with their gems of art, come and go with great distinctness as the reader follows Mr. Gillespie in his rambles over the city. The Capitol and ancient Forum—the Palatine and Coliseum, stand out in strong relief in his picture. Art and artists receive also his attention; and Mr. Crawford draws from him a long eulogium on that artist's genius and works. It is well merited, though we cannot agree with Mr. Gillespie in his views of the proper scope of the American artist. We believe no man will obtain abiding fame, who follows merely in the track of the great masters. The modern sculptor cannot embody the form of classic beauty in so great perfection as the classic sculptors. A man of genius should study the works of the old masters, not to rival them, but to use the knowledge and beauty he derives from them to embody the sentiment and spirit of the age he lives in. Genius creates rather than imitates, and, instead of believing that art has exhausted life of its forms or expressions of beauty, feels that it has only opened the portals to the great temple within.

Modern Rome,—its inhabitants—their customs and character, even to their *restaureurs* and dishes, occupy also his attention. The style of the book is easy, finished, and agreeable. If it had less of the guide book arrangement it would please us better. It is not sufficiently impulsive to please the enthusiast, but it is never stupid. It presents, on the whole, an excellent picture of Rome, as one finds it now, *minus*, its fêtes and great religious seremonies. It possesses high value to the traveller, while we know of no work from which a mere reader could get a clearer view of outer Rome. It is got up in a very neat style, such as the contents merit; and no one will rise from its perusal without knowing more of Rome than he knew before.

We would like to make some extracts, exhibiting the style of the author, and the manner the different objects he describes, are presented to the reader, but must deny ourselves the pleasure for want of room.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The world is not in a tread-mill, struggling to keep its place, nor are the nations that move over the earth simply marking time in their efforts to advance. They are forward to some goal, and the rapidity of the movement for the last century, has outstripped the slow progress of the tardy ages that preceded it. There is a law to mutations, and the whole enginery of nature does not strike more orderly than the world of thought and human actions move about us. The difficulty is, we cannot occupy a removed point of view, and graduate and fix their motion. Blended, ourselves, in the action which carries every thing forward, that is to us chaos, which, to a distant observer would be order. We are compelled to look back over the surface of centuries to see whither the race is tending. The line of march and the rate of progress even then are difficult to distinguish. With the two thousand years since the Christian era commenced, for a scale, and whole centuries for degrees, the wisest head is puzzled to report definitely. Yet no one can doubt there is a law of progress working steadily and uniformly. It is equally true that not only every year, but every month, bears a part in the general movement, and were it possible to note distinctly these separate and short steps in our history, and settle as we go every inch we gain, our life would be fuller of excitement and interest, even, than it now is. But this we cannot expect, and the most that can be done is to jot down, on our passage through the year, such things as appear most prominent, which will serve as landmarks as we stand and review the past. We gather up the history of the months as they fly past us, and leave them as fragments for others to use.

Since we took our last monthly view of the different nations, a revolution has been effected in Mexico, and a new government established in place of the old. This can effect but a partial repose, to be disturbed in turn by some new usurper. The South American Republics still present the aspect of nations in their elementary state. They will acquire no fixedness until some military despot rises among them with sufficient power and skill to concentrate around himself the divided energies that now clash against each other, or foreign nations interfere to preserve peace while knowledge can be disseminated among the masses. It is with pleasure we hail the first movement in this latter policy in the union of England, France and Brazil, to put an end to the atrocities perpetrated by the contending factions along the banks of the

Rio de la Plata. Rozas and Oribe have kept the Montevidean government in a state of constant alarm and suffering by the Guerilla war they have carried on, but we may now hope for a state of quietness that will enable that country to develop its vast resources and wheel steadily into the rank of commercial nations.

The last steamer brings nothing from England except the *old* news of general disquiet and agitation. The parliament opened on the 4th inst. which being the day the vessel sailed, the Queen's speech was not delivered in time to be received previous to its departure. The Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed a letter to those under his spiritual supervision, advising the suspension of all proceedings on controverted points respecting the rubrics, declaring that mutual confidence and harmony are more important than the things contended for. Repeal, in Ireland, has encountered a sudden check from a letter received from the Propaganda of Rome, by order of the Pope, admonishing all the ecclesiastics, especially those of Episcopal rank, to abstain from public meetings and dinners, and every thing which may "even lightly excite or agitate the flock committed to them." O'Connell is thunderstruck at this movement on the part of Rome, which threatens with one blow to prostrate his power. A delegation is to be appointed immediately, to lay the case before his Holiness. This movement was doubtless set on foot by the English government, and is a consummate stroke of policy, and unless O'Connell can check it at once, through the influence he can bring to bear on the Pope, his career is ended. If the Pope can be induced to coöperate with the English government in crushing the effort for repeal, the struggle of Ireland for liberty is over for the present. The sagacity and consummate skill with which England has contended against the spirit of republicanism, that for the last half century has been making such steady encroachment on her feudal system, show the wonderful foresight and knowledge of her statesmen. Anti Corn Law leagues, chartist conventions, petitions for suffrage, conspiracies against her exchequer and popular outbreaks, have all been met and struggled against with a decision and moderation exhibited by no other government. She pushes herself to the verge of civil war, and then retires as slow and deliberate as she can without producing an explosion. The violent excitement which a few years ago threatened to overtop every thing in its rapid increase, has subsided, but not perished. Suffering and restrict-

ed rights lie at the bottom of it all, and the mighty feeling they send, wave-like, under the iron frame-work of the feudal system which is stretched over the masses, must sooner or later rend it asunder. England stands foremost in this struggle of the democratic principle against the tyranny that has so long held the world at its feet. To chronicle the progress of this spirit, is to us more important than all other things put together.

France seems now to be troubled most with the contest between the opposition and the existing minority. An effort is made to withdraw the present Cabinet on account of its alleged sympathy with England. The manner in which the Tahiti affair was settled, is the ground of this opposition, and the existence or dissolution of the present ministry, seems to be very nearly a question of peace or war with England. Guizot has announced that England has consented to appoint commissioners to meet those of France, to settle the question of the right of search. The paragraph in the king's speech relating to the Tahiti affair, was proposed in the Chamber of Deputies, and, on a division, the ministry was found to have only the miserable majority of eight. On the announcement of this, Marshal Sout went to the king and tendered his resignation, which was refused. The power of the ministry is to be tested in the Chamber by the introduction of the secret service money bill; the result of which will doubtless seriously affect the present administration of France.

Spain presents no new aspect. Zurbano, the rebel chief, has been taken and shot.

The Cortes of Portugal was opened on the 2d of January, without any speech from the Queen, she being too sick to attend. The country is quiet, and the credit of the government is improving.

Italy presents many features of interest, but it is painful to witness the struggle of the revolutionary spirit in her despotic governments. The Liberty Party will, and can effect nothing, simply from its own rashness and want of harmony. The difficulty of overthrowing these weak despotisms rests not in the strict police regulations so much as in the folly of the oppressed. In Naples, a constant beacon is before the conspirators in the person of Bozzelli, who is pining away his life in the castle of St. Elmo, merely for being mentioned by name, in a letter from one friend to another known to hold constitutional opinions.

Rome is at present agitated by the illness of the Pope. It is probably his last sickness, he being now in his 50th year. As soon as he is buried in state, the bench of Cardinals will be shut up on the Quirina till they agree by a majority of two thirds, on the *two hundred and fifty-eighth* suc-

cessor of the great Apostle. The Cardinals dread this confinement, and there is a great deal of caucusing and electioneering beforehand among the different branches and friends of the princely families of Italy, in order to have the successful candidate taken from their number. Wearied with their long imprisonment, and finding it impossible to reconcile the clashing wishes of the different parties, they frequently, as a last resort, pitch on some unknown, old and feeble man, and elect him by common consent, each hoping that by the next election, circumstances will be more favorable to his friend's success. Thus, the present imbecile Pope was elected. The revenue of the Papal States is almost entirely eaten up by the expense of collecting, and the interest of the public debt. The latter is increasing, so that the credit of his Holiness is getting low in foreign markets, and we fear his successors will be in no more favorable position. The people are taxed to starvation, which in return reduces the value of property, and consequently the amount of revenue. Notwithstanding the vigilance of despotism in the different kingdoms of Italy, the principles of freedom begin to leak out through her literature. Writers have learned wisdom from experience, and instead of boldly owning their principles and expiating their rashness in a dungeon, they attempt to secure their end in a more cautious and indirect way—by baffling the censors of the press, and forcing them to allow their works to circulate, or declare themselves unmitigated tyrants. Thus we find Botta's History has been recently published entire, in Lombardy, under the eye and with the sanction of the Austrian Government. The history of the struggle of the Thirteen States against the oppression of England, is now open to the Italian public. This single fact argues good in two ways—first, that Young Italy, will learn from our example, prudence and caution and harmony, in her attempts to rejuvenate Old Italy—and second, that the Government finds it no longer expedient to strangle literature and thought as it has hitherto done. The only kingdom in Italy where liberal principles are allowed to be discussed in any way, is Tuscany. The Duke is exceedingly popular, and were it not for Austria's iron mandate, would seek to establish a free constitutional government. The consequence is, the public mind is comparatively tranquil, and the elements of revolution are not to be found there, but in Naples, where the poor still remember Massaniello—in Bologna, where they talk of Orioli, still an exile in Corfu—and in Genoa, where they recall the days of Spinola. Thus poor Niccolini has found a refuge in Florence, who, in any other

kingdom of Italy, would have seen the deepest dungeon of a prison. His "Arnold of Brescia," was like a trumpet call to the Italians. It thundered against the oppression of Cesar and Peter in their unholy alliance, with a terror and truth that made the Vatican tremble. It was immediately prohibited throughout the entire peninsula. Tuscany was compelled to join in the prohibition—still, three thousand copies were sold in Florence in a few weeks, while the bold poet lives there in tranquillity, and has just finished and published an edition of his entire works, in three Svo. volumes. Niccolini is an earnest minded and vehement patriot, though, like all of the "Liberty Party," holding narrow and contracted opinions in connection with his free principles, that injure their success. Still, he has a bold speech that finds a responsive echo in many an Italian heart. Thus, he makes Arnold say to Adrian:—

"Tu t'inzanni, Adrian Languie il terrore,  
Dei fulmini de Roma, e la ragione  
Scote la fasce che vorresti eterne."

"Thou art deceived Adrian, the terrors of the thunderbolts of Rome languish, and reason is loosening the bonds thou didst wish to be eternal." And again—

"Assai dal vostro pastoral percossa  
Timida s'arreteo nella sua via,  
Perchè in nome del Cielo l'uomo calpesti  
Ultimo figlio del pensier di Dio?"

"Mankind, smitten by thy shepherd's staff, has been arrested long enough in its course. Wherefore hast thou, in the name of heaven, crushed beneath thy feet, man the last son of the thought of God."

Such language is more startling than the roar of rebel cannon, for it speaks to the mind and heart of a people, and to the conscience and fear of their oppressors. Heaven be thanked that there is one city on the classic ground of Italy, where Niccolini can breathe without inhaling the air of a dungeon. He is now at work on the history of the House of Hohenstauffen, and threatens to let down Raumer a step or two from his eminence.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing in the present history of Italy, is the free circulation of a book called "Delle Speranze d'Italia," (the Hopes of Italy), in the kingdom of Sardinia. Carlo Alberto, the present king of Sardinia, is the most unmitigated despot and complete villain among the crowned heads of Europe. Once enrolled among the conspirators for the restoration of Italy, he betrayed his confederates and gave a list of them to his father, and thus secured a more general massacre and proscription. Now he permits the

circulation of this work, the main design of which is to prove that the only hope of Italy is the expulsion of the Austrians. The writer has the right of it here, for Austria, by her garrison at Ferrara, overawes the Papal States and marches her soldiers down on the first rebel company that organizes itself, keeps Tuscany in subjection, and tramples on Lombardy. The only reason why this Carlo Alberto, this dark hearted and bloody tyrant favors this book, is that it recommends all Italy to be gathered under one prince, and him to be that prince. Balbo is the name of the author, a native of Piedmont. Young Italy has too keen a memory of this Carlo Alberto, whom even his Genoese subjects treat with disdain, to countenance any plan that proposes to place him at the head of their country's regeneration.

There is an association in Italy, called the "Scientific Association of Italy," which meets annually, and is doing much towards awakening a right spirit. They were first introduced by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who is working, in perhaps the only safe way, to regenerate his adopted country. The annual meeting of this association or congress has been held at Milan and passed off rather coldly from the amount of Austrian feeling that governed it. Bonaparte, or the Prince di Canino, as he is called, a man of extensive acquirements, and perhaps the best Zoologist of Europe, gave an address which was received with great applause, though some passages of it relating to free discussion were stricken out by the Censors of the Press before it was allowed to be printed. This association is divided into sections, embracing as many different departments of science. The next meeting is to be held at Naples. The Pope would crush these associations to-morrow if he dared.

The son of Charles Lucien has the private papers of Joseph Bonaparte, which he cannot publish in five years. So we must wait for the revelations that Bonaparte will make of the times in which he lived. Sismondi's history of the Italian Republics cannot be found entire in the city of Genoa, so strict is the censorship of the press; and perhaps of all the petty despotisms of Italy, that of Sardinia is on the firmest foundation. Its police is almost perfect, while its standing army is large and well disciplined. Were it not for Genoa, which remembers the days of her republican glory, Carlo Alberto might sit down in peace on his traitor throne.

Every month brings us tidings of this struggling spirit in different parts of the old empire of the Cæsars. Crossing the Alps into the mountain home and cradle of liberty, we find a spirit in Switzerland, almost as ruinous as that of tyranny—the spirit of faction. The Catholic and Pro-

testant Cantons are arrayed against each other as in former times. The laws that were made allowing freedom of worship to both sects are no longer able to maintain the quiet they created. The violence of feeling continually augments and the latest news informs us that Argovie is preparing to attack Lucerne. The council of Zurich (a Protestant canton) have resolved to send commissioners to Lucerne (a Catholic canton) to insist on their not receiving Jesuits, and to prevent the formation of a free corps by the citizens. At the same time it proclaimed a determination to resist with physical force all interference in its affairs by other cantons. Attempts are made in other parts of the country to form a new confederation, to be called "The Popular Helvétique Association." The Swiss Diet, which meets alternately at Zurich, Lucerne, and Berne, contains too many discordant elements to secure the peace of that country, which has lost its patriotism, morality, and honor together. The probability is, that nothing will arrest their civil dissensions, but the interference of foreign powers, and then the history of the country of Tell and Winkleried, as a separate nation, will be closed.

Austria and Prussia remain quiet by the force of governmental pressure. All the fires there burn under ground, but none the less fierce for that. Austria has had the wisdom to pardon the conspirators condemned in 1840. The fact that all the tyrannical governments of Europe find it *expedient* to pardon criminals, convicted of plottery against their existence, or commuting their punishment, exhibits a *fear* of exasperating the discontented, which argues a transfer of some of the power from the throne to the people. This silent admission of the danger of increasing the popular dislike, is more significant than it at first sight seems to be. This *hesitating* to strike, yet fearing *not* to strike, takes away the oppressor's strongest weapon—terror.

Poor Poland is no longer treated as a nation, yet Russia finds national *feeling* still too much alive. A Polish lady who has had the presumption to paint two pieces descriptive of the Polish Peasantry, in one of which is a mother with two children, and in the other an aged couple with three children—standing amid the smoking fragments of their burned huts, is watched for by the police. These pictures are supposed to have some political reference—to contain some latent rebellion, and so the lady-painter bids fair to become acquainted with a prison. What a comment on the Russian government.

Germany is still expending her energies in science and literature—her great men studying every land under heaven but their own, and working out every problem but

that of their country's regeneration. Suffering under oppression, rent by religious differences, Germany presents the aspect of a nation of thinkers intent on everything but their own emancipation from slavery. Morse's Telegraph has of course attracted the attention of her scientific men, and, strange to say, the honor of its invention is transferred from this country to Germany. Experiments, and successful ones, are declared to have been made in this mode of conveying intelligence, and proof downright is supposed to be furnished that Mr. Morse has no claim to originality. It would be impossible in our limits to give a fair statement of their argument and evidence, but they are, in our mind, insufficient to affect the fame of Mr. Morse. Music has undergone a revolution since the days of Handel, and is now studied, both in Germany and Belgium, with a zeal from which we ought to hope great results. But the difficulty is, music is now a more marketable commodity than formerly, and the great effort seems to be to feed the passion for novelty. In instrumental music, Germany excels all other nations. The artist life there is surrounded by an atmosphere favorable to its highest cultivation. The combination of fancy, learning, taste, and feeling, is more perfect in the "Fatherland" than in Italy or France. Spohr stands at the head of modern composers. Robert Schumann is rapidly gaining a reputation as a quartette composer. Wagner, at the head of the opera at Dresden, seems wavering in his sudden fame. In his new opera of Rienzi, a chorus is sung by men on horseback, which of course is sure to win *transient* applause. Albert Sortzing is succeeding in the comic style, and, like Wagner, composes his own *libretto*, which gives him great advantage in consulting the effect of movement. We cannot give even the list of the new works, that have lately appeared in this nation of authors, on philosophy, astronomy, natural history, philology, belles lettres, and the fine arts.

Russia, the great despotism that is daily strengthening in its feudal system while the other countries of Europe are weakening on their ancient foundation, is pressing down by her power on the south, like an Alpine glacier slowly settling into the valley below. The Cossacks wage a desperate war, but it is the wild struggle of savage life against the slow and steady and resistless encroachments of civilization. Webster's speeches printed in Russian, are read at St. Petersburg with interest, by her great political men, as fine specimens of argumentation and oratory.

The East has nothing new. Turkey exhibits occasional life in her efforts to keep in subjection the Druses and other tribes forming the eastern boundary of her dominions.

## AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1845.

No. IV.

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*N. B.—All persons are warned not to hand any subscriptions, or pay any monies, to Thomas Chrystal, on account of the American Review.*

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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The portrait of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, promised for the May No., has been executed in the most finished manner, and will appear in our next, together with a biographical sketch from a distinguished pen.

That our subscribers may have confidence in the future character of the Review, if they have not already acquired it from what has gone before, we would here state that a body of the Whig Senators, including Messrs. Webster, Berrien, Mangum, Evans, Morehead, Crittenden, Archer, John M. Clayton, and several others, taking a deep interest in the work—as one long needed, capable of exerting a wide and beneficial influence for the advancement of every great interest of the country—voluntarily, a few days before the close of the last session, consulted together respecting its complete and powerful establishment, and pledged themselves to support it by monthly contributions—each engaging his attention for a month assigned. The consultation was earnest, and the public may expect those pledges to be fulfilled.

THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:  
A WHIG JOURNAL  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

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THE LAST CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

We had determined to say nothing of the dead Administration. We had wished that so weak and wicked a career should pass at once and utterly into oblivion, and the nation forget that they had ever made so sad an experiment of being governed by Chance. Forever to bury its memory—this, we felt, would be most desirable to all; for as very few were found to follow it to the grave, so none, we were persuaded, could wish hereafter to know its ghost.

But an Olympiad of guilt and folly is not so easily forgotten. An entire people betrayed, befooled and insulted, for a period of four years, cannot fail to carry with them a bitter remembrance. It can be none the less bitter and abiding, that a universal and profound contempt has long taken the place of indignation; since men had far rather be angry with their government, than blush for it. In view, therefore, of this—that the faith, so sacredly and deeply pledged to the strong necessities of the country, was summarily broken, like a rotten staff; that the great measures of relief for which the People had so sternly struggled, were by him—a leader!—contemptuously snatched from their victorious hands; that all the cherished principles, by proclaiming which he had alone dared to creep into a position to stumble upon power, were one by one blown away, like words spoken upon the wind; that rapidly, beyond all precedent, the floodgates of corruption were thrown open—the Curule Chair surrounded by unblushing claimants for offices not yet empty, quick credence given to every tale that could please the

*man's* ear, men thrust from their seats without fault, to make room for others that came without merit, and power and place everywhere bought and sold, openly, as money in the Jewish Temple;—that his own provident cupidity, meanwhile, grew rich from sales, and contracts, and other public *services*; that—worse than this—the ancient dignity of the Commonwealth was constantly and recklessly violated, and the lustre of the national name began to sully, so that no citizen of this Republic could for years, at home or abroad, speak of its Chief Ruler without a feeling of shame; and—more than all—that he dared to encroach upon the sacred Constitution, and paid his hollow court to a hollow party, only less unprincipled than himself—grasping idly at still larger power, like an infant for added baubles which it has not skill to hold:—in view of these things, and remembering that no keeping of silence can avail to blot them from the Records of History, it seemed well not to appear to other nations and other times insensible, at least, to our disgrace—and with hasty justice, as the public career of this man closed—how differently from its beginning!—we sat down with an indignant pen, and this line from the Great Dramatist before us—

“We are peremptory to destroy this traitorous viper.”

But while our pen yet lingered on the bitter words of our motto, still another mood came over us. We were struck with profound sorrow, that *any man*

should, for any object, so utterly fling away the heritage of a fair fame, and almost every better trait of a once estimable public character. We felt, moreover, a species of apprehension for the future of our country, where such vast means of corruption, such manifold temptations to the corruptible, exist in the appliances of executive patronage; and where the possession of such appliances in a single hand, may, at any time, lead one—too weak to control himself, or too despot to forbear the control of others—into grasping at unlimited power. We were filled, too, with the deepest regret, that the Whig party should ever have been the means, however inadvertently, of raising such a man to so responsible and dangerous a post;—with admiration, also, that in his total abandonment of all faith, and principle, and decent doctrine, he should have found so ready and warm a welcome in the bosom of the Democracy. Towards even the recreant himself, we began to experience a kind of relenting, as for one who had been the peculiar spoiled pet of Circumstances—always tumbling, by some hap-hazard felicitous rap from one or another of them, into some marvellous good fortune, till at last he had fallen upon a position for which he was hopelessly unfit.

With such a blending of feelings, then, do we proceed with a short, unembellished narrative respecting the late Chief Executive. In a simple statement of even a few facts, at such a period, some useful lessons may be learned: certainly we have far other motives than merely to vituperate one who has once been at the head of the nation.

We have no personal animosity to gratify, nor have we a feeling on this subject that is not entertained, to a greater or less degree, by nearly all men of all parties. We do not pray for any interposition of Providence, as a punishment upon the head of an unfaithful servant; on the contrary, we desire him to have “time and space for repentance;” and to refresh his memory, and aid him in this pious undertaking, we design to “set his sins in order before him.”

In the month of December, 1839, there was assembled at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a National Whig Convention, composed of delegates from every Congressional District in the Union, to discharge the important duty of selecting candidates for the office of President and Vice President. There had been no mere-

ly political convention for many years, to the proceedings of which the people looked with greater anxiety. They were the representatives of a constituency numbering a large majority of the American people. The dynasties of Jackson and Van Buren had been grievous and oppressive; the will of the people had been disregarded; the Constitution and the laws had been wantonly violated; all classes had suffered, and men of business looked with dismay at the prospects before them. Corruption and speculation had been suffered to grow into a system, until at length a man of reasonably honest character was looked upon with distrust. In this state of things, the people sought for a change both of men and measures; and this reformation was to be effected by a change in the executive station. The convention was a Whig convention; its political character was decided; its objects and aims were of a positive character; and no man of however mean a capacity could mistake their purposes. For the principles of this party were no secret; from Maine to Georgia they had been proclaimed on the house-tops; there was not an orator or a newspaper by whom, or through which their distinctive doctrines had not been again and again promulgated. Many of the prominent leaders of the Whig party were in attendance as delegates at that convention; many who had grown gray in the public service, and whose commanding abilities and high standing had pointed them out as fit representatives of a great party. Amongst these delegates, and by no means the least vociferous for Whig measures, was John Tyler, of Virginia.

It was here that this gentleman was first brought within the distinct purview of the American people, by the accident of his nomination for Vice-President of this Convention. Prior to that time, it was known to the more intelligent that he had been, at different times, a member of the Virginia House of Delegates and of Congress, Governor of the State, and Senator of the United States. The peculiar circumstances under which the more important of these stations had been conferred on him, and which had won for him a popular notoriety in Virginia as the luckiest of living men, were but imperfectly understood beyond the limits of that State. Many steadfast opponents of Jacksonism,—not remembering that he had been elected to the U. S. Senate by a combina-

tion of all the anti-Jackson force in the Virginia Legislature, with a small portion of the Jackson party, thus securing him a small majority over John Randolph, who then labored under a suspicion of insanity, and a conviction of utter unfitness for the Senatorial dignity—had a grateful recollection of his votes against some of the most exceptionable of Jackson's nominations, and his sturdy resistance, at a late period, to the removal of the deposits. From this time (1834) Mr. Tyler had been generally regarded as a Whig, though indulging vagaries, pardonable only in a Virginian of the 'State Rights' School. It was not known, out of the State, that he, then a Member of the State Legislature, had incurred the just displeasure and forfeited the confidence of the Whigs of Virginia, by consenting to be proposed and supported by their opponents, aided by a few nominal whig Abstractionists, known as 'the Impracticables,' against William C. Rives, the candidate for reelection of nearly the entire Whig force in the Legislature, and who must have been elected but for the conduct of the half dozen 'Impracticables' before mentioned.

But Mr. Tyler appeared in the Harri-  
sburg convention an uncompromising Whig, and an ardent supporter of Mr. Clay as the Whig candidate for President. We are assured, indeed, that it was for this reason he was appointed a delegate by his constituents. The majority of the convention, after some three days deliberation, decided to place General Harrison in nomination. This was a sore decision for the supporters of Mr. Clay, numbering nearly half the convention, comprising a very great preponderance of its most able and eminent\* members, and undoubtedly backed by the feelings and wishes—apart from considerations of prudence and policy—of nine-tenths of the entire majority. Nearly the whole public expected the nomination of Mr. Clay by that body. His eminent services in public life for more than a quarter of a century, his commanding abilities, his liberal and manly views on all the great questions of the day, and the warm attachment felt for him personally in every part of the land, all conduced to render him acceptable as a candidate for the Presidency. But we

do not censure the convention for selecting another in his place; its action was the result of careful and grave deliberation, and an earnestness of purpose moving straight onward to one great object—the relief of the country.

Among those, however, most deeply aggrieved by the preference of General Harrison, was John Tyler, who, by virtue of his being an Ex-Governor, was one of the Vice Presidents for the occasion. The convention adjourned for the night (Thursday) immediately upon the announcement that General Harrison had been nominated for President. It is understood that Mr. Tyler passed a good part of the ensuing night, in weeping over the decision just made, and in counselling with others of like faith, in the hope of discovering some means by which it might be set aside and Mr. Clay still nominated. The project was at length found hopeless, and abandoned.

The selection of a candidate for Vice President to be placed on the same ticket with General Harrison was now an object of deep solicitude. The friends of General Harrison apprehending disaffection, to some extent, among the friends of the great statesman, whose claims to the highest place had been deferred, in obedience to a supposed necessity, insisted that the nomination to the second post should be tendered to and accepted by a known and ardent Clay man. To this end, the Kentucky delegation were asked to permit the nomination of their distinguished compatriot, John J. Crittenden. They declined, having no time to communicate with Mr. Crittenden, and feeling unauthorized to pledge his assent. The North Carolina delegation were then urged to present a fellow citizen for the Vice Presidency, and, on their declining, the names of Governor Dudley and Ex-Governor Owen of their State were successively suggested to them, but to no purpose. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, a name which recalls the noblest days and the noblest men of Virginia, was likewise pressed to accept the nomination, (being present,) but peremptorily declined it. Last of all, John Tyler was proposed, and, on inquiry, it appeared that no consideration of delicacy, growing out of his position as a delegate to the Convention, and a Vice President of that body, would

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\* Among the officers of the Convention were *nine* Ex-Governors of States—the President and eight Vice Presidents, of whom we cannot call to mind but *one* who did not advocate the nomination of Mr. Clay.

bar his acceptance. The proposition was rapidly concurred in, those who had suggested other names withdrew them, and John Tyler was unanimously nominated as the Vice President of the United States.

These facts are here stated to refute the utterly baseless, but incessantly reiterated falsehood, that *Mr. Tyler was selected as the candidate because of his notorious hostility to a United States Bank*. There exists no shadow of foundation for it. True, there was no nomination of Vice President prior to that of Mr. T.—there was no formal tender of the nomination to any other person. Time was precious and events pressing on that fatal morning, when the delegates were required to select a candidate for the second office, to which hardly a thought had been given during the intensely excited canvass of the preceding three days. But had there been grounds for anticipating an acceptance from either of the other Statesmen already named, or John Bell, of Tennessee, who was also suggested, but abandoned because (in the absence of a Tennessee delegation) no one could say that he would not decline the honor, Mr. John Tyler and his anti-Bank notions, if he then entertained any, would never have been put in requisition. None of the statesmen suggested before him was known as an adversary, some of them were prominent advocates, of a Bank. But in truth their opinions on this point were not at all canvassed or considered material. Had the selection of an anti-Bank candidate for Vice President been deemed essential, he would hardly have been looked for in a devoted supporter of Mr. Clay for the Presidency.

General Harrison and Mr. Tyler were chosen President and Vice President by an overwhelming majority. General Harrison died, thirty days after his inauguration, and Mr. Tyler succeeded to the Presidency. He thereupon issued an Address to the People, which was plainly and generally understood to indicate his resolution to unite in such measures with regard to the currency, as the new Whig Congress (which General Harrison had called to meet in extra session, at an early day,) should deem advisable. A variety of circumstances concur to evince that such was at that time his intention.

But the tenor of his Message, on the assembling of Congress, gave indications of a change—or rather of a disposition to hold himself in reserve on this subject, and watch the chances which might turn

up in the course of the inevitable struggle. He spoke of the Sub-Treasury and an old-fashioned Bank, as having been alike condemned by the public voice, and indicated the expediency of adopting some third or intermediate plan, which was very vaguely ‘shadowed forth.’ Plain men were puzzled to divine what was meant by this. Obviously, there were just two principles on which the fiscal affairs of the nation could be conducted—the one, that of the Sub-Treasury, making the Government its own banker, exclusively; the other, that preferred by ninety-nine in every hundred business men, who seek out the best bank within a convenient distance, collect through it, deposit with it, and buy from it. Other modes than these two we do not know; and it would puzzle the subtlety of an Abstractionist to devise another. To any *but* an Abstractionist it must appear evident that a bank of a large capital, chartered by the general government, but managed by the leading business men of the several States, with offices in each, and issuing a currency every where equal to specie, would be far safer, more convenient, more useful as a depository and fiscal agent of that government, than could any number or aggregation of State Banks, limited in their capital and sphere of operations, issuing notes which they would not even receive uniformly of each other, nor of the government, and not amenable to the laws and the supervision of the government, but subject to the capricious legislation and policy of their several States. It was not surprising, therefore, that a decided majority of the new Congress, considering themselves instructed and deputed by the people to take efficient action on the subject of the currency, not merely to repeal the Sub-Treasury act, but to provide a practical substitute, believed that they could in no way so readily and thoroughly effect this important end as by chartering, under some form, a new United States Bank.

But it was not because he differed with the mass of the Whigs on this subject, that Mr. Tyler found it expedient to abandon the party which elected him, and take refuge in the open arms of their deadly antagonists. The Bank rupture was not the cause but the consequence of that change—a plainly foregone conclusion. Had he *desired* to retain the confidence and fellowship of the party to which he owed his election—had he not been tempted by flatterers and time-

servers to indulge a longing for that reelection, which the principles and the affections of the Whigs alike sternly forbade—there would have been no trouble with regard to a Bank. He would have called around him the leading Whigs in Congress, frankly stated to them his difficulty and his anxiety to have it obviated, and a few hours would have served to devise some compromise on which all could have united. But the case was far otherwise. Congress passed one Bank

bill, moulded on its own convictions of the wants of the country, and the duty of the government. Mr. Tyler vetoed it. Having now, as was fairly presumed, a distinct statement, in the Veto Message of the President's ground of objections Congress passed another Bank bill, expressly framed to obviate those objections, and this was in like manner vetoed, although it had been submitted beforehand to Mr. Tyler and amended at his own suggestion,\* so as (it was sup-

\* The conduct of Mr. Tyler on this occasion evinced such incredible weakness as well as want of integrity, that future generations will with difficulty be brought to credit the most sober record of his whiffling, faltering, self-seeking knavery. We deem it advisable, therefore, to fortify our statements by the testimony of eye and ear witnesses, who are widely known as incapable of a departure from the naked truth. We annex, therefore the

*Statement of Senator Berrien.*

“When the bill for the establishment of a fiscal agent, which had been reported by Mr. Clay, had been returned with the Veto of the President, I was requested to unite with Mr. Sergeant in preparing and reporting a bill to establish a Bank on the basis of the *projet* submitted to the Senate of Mr. Ewing, or such other bill, as we believed could become a law. The alternative authority was given expressly with a view to enable us to ascertain, with more precision than was found on the Veto Message, in what particular form the President would feel authorized to approve such a bill; and the whole power was conferred and received in a spirit of conciliation to the Executive, and from an earnest desire on the part of the majority in Congress to co-operate with the President in the adoption of some fiscal agent which should meet the wishes and the wants of the Country. Mr. Sergeant and I waited on the President, and, at my request, Mr. C. Dawson accompanied us.

“It is not proposed to detail the particulars of the conversation at this interview, unless it shall be desired by some one who has the authority of the President for asking it. It suffices to state the result. The President, referring to his Veto Message, expressed himself in favor of a fiscal agent divested of the discounting power, and limited to dealing in bills of Exchange other than those drawn by one citizen of a State upon another citizen of the same State. He declared his determination to confer with his cabinet on the question, whether the assent of the States ought to be required in the establishment of the agencies to be employed by the Corporation, and also, as to the propriety of holding with us that informal communication, promising to inform us of the result by a note to be sent in the course of the day. In the course of the same day, Mr. Webster came to the Capitol, with instructions, as he stated, to communicate to me verbally the determination of the President, he (the President) believing that that mode of communication would be equally acceptable with the written one that had been promised. He proceeded to state, that the President would approve a bill for the establishment of a fiscal agency limited to dealing in foreign bills of Exchange. And to the question whether he would require that the assent of the States should be obtained for the establishment of the agencies to be employed by the Corporation, he answered that he would not. He suggested the expediency of changing the name of the Corporation, which was acquiesced in: and by an arrangement then made with Mr. Webster, I received Mr. Ewing and Mr. Sergeant at my lodgings at five o'clock of the same afternoon. The details of the bill, subsequently introduced by Mr. Sergeant, were then and there agreed upon, in conformity with the views of the President, as communicated to me by Mr. Webster and repeated by Mr. Ewing, whether the President would require the assent of the States to the establishment of the agencies, he, Mr. Ewing, likewise replied in the negative. The sketch thus arranged was committed to Mr. Sergeant, who prepared from it the bill which he subsequently introduced in the House of Representatives, a copy of which was, as I understood, from Mr. Sergeant, before introducing it, sent to Mr. Webster to be by him submitted to the President. This was the same bill which subsequently passed both Houses of Congress, and which was returned by the President with his second Veto.

“J. MACPHERSON BERRIEN.”

posed) to ensure his assent. There was a most anxious desire on the part of the Whigs in Congress, to conform to his views and feelings so far as it was possible to ascertain them. It only failed to do this because nothing less than a second veto would forward Mr. Tyler's design of carrying over a portion of the Whig party to its adversaries, winning the fervent gratitude of those adversaries for his persistent and successful resistance to that great object of their hatred, a National Bank, and thus placing himself at the head of a new combination which would be constrained to support him for re-election\* as, for once, (to use a phrase of the Madisonian,) 'President in his own right.'

This project was successful in its first stages, as treachery mainly is; it failed utterly to secure the coveted reward, in its consummation, as treachery always does. Those who at first were loudest in laudation of the ultra Roman virtue and disinterested patriotism of the Executive, were in due time found among the most fluent and the coarsest in their reproaches of the traitorous simpleton who had idly imagined that he could gain the confidence of his adversaries by an infamous betrayal of his supporters. So long as they were only required to give empty compliments in return for substantial ser-

vice—so long as they were asked but to cavil and to toast the Whig *eleve* who was vetoing Whig measures and proscribing those who had aided his elevation, to give their places to those who had opposed it to the utmost—the price of treachery was paid without stint or scruple. But when the time at length came for the substantial requital of his perfidy—when Mr. Tyler made his appeal to his new allies for their voices and their votes in aid of his re-election, a universal shout of derision gave their only answer. Here and there a solitary *office-holder* or *office-seeker*, was found to set up a faint and hypocritical cry for 'justice to John Tyler!' How utterly hollow, forced and awkward! Two Tyler Democrats, engaged in manufacturing public sympathy or party support for the National Calamity, if by any chance they had been brought to look each other full in the face, must have yielded to a more imperative necessity for laughter than ever constrained two Roman augurs.

At last, when the time came for testing the sincerity of words by deeds, even the empty vanity of lip-service was refused, or very grudgingly given. Mr. Tyler's office-holders and Treasury-fed presses kept up a fussy show of activity and zeal in his cause, which had no other effect than that of proving his utter destitution of the confidence or good will

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*Memorandum by Mr. Sergeant.*

"In compliance with a request to testify what I know of the matter embraced in the above statement by Judge Berrien, I have carefully examined the same, and concur with him in every part of it, excepting only that which details the conversation he had with Mr. Webster. The rest is personally known to me; but not having been present at the interview between Judge Berrien and Mr Webster, I cannot speak of it from any knowledge of my own. I well remember, however, that Judge Berrien told me of what had passed, very soon after he had seen Mr. Webster (I think on the same day) in substance as he had reduced it to writing: so that I never had a doubt of its correctness. This conviction is confirmed by conversations between Mr. Webster and myself, which took place after the meeting with Mr. Ewing referred to by Judge Berrien, and before I moved the proposed bill in the House of Representatives. These conversations were brief, but they were by appointment, and not casual; were earnest and to the point,—so that I do not think there was any error in my understanding of them at the time, nor in my recollection since.

"I desire farther to say, as I can do with unhesitating confidence, that my sole object in the whole proceeding, and, I believe, the object generally of those who took part in it, was, by a candid ascertainment and comparison of individual views and mutual explanations, fairly obtained in perfect good faith, to endeavor to conciliate opinion and agree upon a measure which could become a law and meet the public exigency. So far as I know or believe, there was no other purpose whatever.

JOHN SERGEANT.

"*Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1841.*"

\* On this head, see the explicit testimony of Hon. John M. Botts, and the concurring history of the times. See also the Madisonian, *passim*.

of any part of the American people. History has no parallel for the pungency of this man's rebuke, for the depth of his humiliation. A President in secure and undisputed possession of the patronage and power of the Government, holding and exercising the power to dismiss at pleasure, some twenty or thirty thousand functionaries distributed through every township of the Union, who had abandoned the party which elevated him, and

thrown himself and all he had into the arms of its deadly antagonist, because the former *would not* and the latter *did*\* flatter him with hopes and promises of a reelection, was unable to obtain a *single vote*, for a nomination even, in the National Convention of that party for whose deceitful smiles he had sacrificed truth, fidelity, character, the hope of honorable renown—in short, all that a good man holds dear, and a bad man cannot affect to

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\* It is exceedingly pleasant, and instructive, withal, to contrast the expressed emotions of the kind Democracy, when that party and Mr. Tyler were engaged in mutual courtship, with those significantly uttered, after the deluded man, having squandered his gifts in fostering this new affection, found himself suddenly, as being indeed of no longer use, deserted, despised, free to go any where else:

“Lean, rent and beggared by the strumpet—WIND!”—(*aura populi!*)

In particular, note our honest contemporary, the Democratic Review, which,

—in November, 1842, expresseth great satisfaction in presenting its admiring readers with a daguerrotype face of the man, discoursing thereafter in this fashion: That “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.”

And afterwards, in a labored sketch of his life, it defendeth him in every point at issue between him and the party that put him into power—declaring in the course of it that “the firmness of Mr. Tyler had dispelled the gathering gloom (of the democrats) and the meed 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”!—(an expression implying that all those moveable persons who have *escaped* from civilization into the the wilderness, belong to the ‘*right sort*’—as they undoubtedly *do*.)

And again,—That “Mr. Tyler is now separated from the Federal (meaning the WHIG) party, by an impassable gulph”—and would he only *go on so*, the Democracy would think much of him!

—in 1845, March 1st, is not even able to wait until the unlucky ‘nondescript *tertium quid*,’ as it felicitously styles him, has left his chair of authority, but conscientiously seizes this ‘hybrid novelty’ four days in advance, for the express purpose of riding him (or *it*) summarily on a rail— which it does, to the ‘admiration’, *as before*, of all its readers.

“For even though the hour,” saith the Review, “has not yet arrived, which is to be brightened by the reflection that Tylerism has ceased to exist, in any other than the past tense,” &c.

And afterwards it declareth, “the blaze of a ‘Lone Star’ streaming up over our south-western horizon, alone sheds a certain degree of feebly reflected light on his retiring person, to redeem it from the entire darkness in which it would otherwise have gone down”—refusing to allow that those former ‘fiery passages’ with the Whigs, once so highly estimated, reflect now any light on himself or his antique friends, the Democracy. Also it observes: “Men rarely love a treason so well as to forget to despise the traitor”—which is remarkably true, *for the authority*; only that *Loco-focoism*, in those times, not only did “love the treason,” but *AFFECTED not* to “despise the traitor.”

He pronounceth, too, this “hybrid *tertium quid*” a double traitor, as having originally deserted from their ranks to the Whigs,—then *back again* to them; (Scripture urgeth the same thing against the dog and the sow); and that, also, is most true, as we are happy to recognize; for surely no such man could well have *arisen* anywhere else. As John Tyler was born in the Democratic ranks, so has he naturally returned to die there: it is hard to say whether his political birth or death will do them the more honor.

despise. He had 'filed his mind' to make everything else subservient to this consuming passion for a second term, and his Postmasters, Revenue Officers, Land Officers, and every species of Executive pensioners, had strained or seemed to strain every nerve to secure 'Justice to John Tyler!' Many of the States had chosen their delegates by Congress Districts, so as to afford the most liberal opportunity for the play of intrigue and the force of accident. One must have anticipated that amid the fierce, though subdued, struggles of the friends of Van Buren, Calhoun, Cass, Buchanan, at least *one* Tyler delegate might have been slipped in, by playing off one strong faction against another, and so securing the vote to a man so weak as to be feared by neither, as a sort of compromise or drawn battle. Aaron Burr, in his most obnoxious days, with Mr. Tyler's position and patronage, would have secured a fair show of strength in a Democratic Nominating Convention. But the convention met; the satellites of the Executive also held a convention at the same time and place! They would exert a happy influence by their presence! They would designate by their prompt unanimity the man best calculated to heal the fierce discord which reigned in the camp of the Democracy. All labor lost! The real convention quarreled and struggled for days, unhorsed the old party leaders, and considered the claims of many aspirants to the succession, but never gave a thought to those of John Tyler. Many persons were proposed for President, many voted for, but John Tyler was never among them. From first to last, in calm or in storm, in days when all was hopeless anarchy, and in hours of relative harmony, nobody condescended to throw away a vote on John Tyler. And when the nomination was made, though the name of the candidate was a revelation to most of those who finally supported him, and many were at first disposed to rebel against a choice so strange and unexpected, none of them contemplated the desperate alternative of supporting John Tyler. Yes: after a brief interval had been allowed for the expression of public sentiment, the unwelcome, but indispensable truth overcame even the stubborn infatuation of this man himself. He found that he had no strength, no popularity, no party, not even a faction. Beyond his own office-holding dependents, nobody

talked of supporting him, and these did not mean it. They were even now speculating on the relative chances of the two real candidates, and taking their positions respectively according to their predictions of the result. They alone labored under the necessity of preserving a show of regard for him, and they alone did it. Through the long agony of the succeeding desperate struggle, every man who possessed any power, moral or intellectual, of influencing the opinions or the conduct of men, was eagerly pressed into the arena—was called out by letters, his views solicited, his sayings repeated, his judgment relied on—but who asked, who thought, of the opinions of Mr. Tyler? And when the struggle was over, and the election of Polk proclaimed, there were cheers and congratulations for all the leaders and champions of the victorious host—there was an almost universal and profoundly sincere sympathy for the great statesman, who, by calumny and fraud, by concealment and evasion, by falsehood and misrepresentation, had been overborne in the vehement contest. Thousands of determined adversaries, now that the struggle was over, bore a cheerful and hearty testimony to his loftiness of character, unequaled practical ability, and chivalrous magnanimity of soul. But who congratulated, who consoled with, President Tyler? Who but his valiant trencher-men wished that the fortune of the victor, or the honor of the vanquished, had been his? Who cared whether he grieved or rejoiced at the issue?

The closing scene of his miserable public life—the gradual wasting away of the ravenous crowd which so recently besieged the portals of the Executive Mansion—the shameless transfer of their sycophancy to the prospective dispenser of Treasury manna—the solitude (save when *entertainment* was provided) of those dreary hours of waning, vanishing greatness—why should we attempt to portray? Personally, Mr. Tyler has passed into a fitting obscurity, which his friends must hope may be disturbed by no future accident. Be reflection and penitence the companions of his future years.

The moral of this strange, instructive history is one which cannot be too early or too deeply impressed on the understandings and hearts of our aspiring, eager youth. From the grave of Mr. Tyler's reputation there rises a warn-

ing voice, which says to every attentive soul, "BE TRUE!" Falsehood, unfaithfulness, dissimulation, treachery—these may *seem* to prosper for the moment, but the eternal laws of the Universe are against them and *must* prevail. A brief hour of hollow and tottering triumph is all that the most brilliant and perfect success in ill-doing can hope for.

Had Mr. Tyler been a true man, he could not have overruled and defeated the action of Congress on nearly every important measure, except on the most imperative and powerful convictions of duty. He must have realized that the representatives of the People, (not by accident, but by deliberate selection,) elected either simultaneously or subsequently to the choice of President and Vice President, were far more likely to understand the wants and requirements of the country than he alone could be. He must have felt that the unprecedented manner of his unexpected elevation to the Presidency, instead of the man designated for that post by the People, and who stood publicly pledged\* to unite in perfecting such measures, with regard to the currency, as the wisdom of Congress should devise, furnished a strong additional reason for his forbearing the exercise of the extreme power of the Veto. He must have been tortured by the thought that the act which he meditated was certain to send a pang of disappointment and chagrin to nearly every heart that had beat with joy at the tidings of his election, and be hailed with shouts of exultation and delight by every relentless adversary of that cause which had so honored him, and to which he had professed devotion. He must have known that wherever his Vetoes should reach a rude opening in the wilderness, a saw-mill, or a shingle shanty, the ready instinct of every Whig, however unversed in public affairs or the verbal plausibilities whereby infidelity to lofty trusts may be varnished, would proclaim him a designing traitor. Must not an upright man have shrunk from the confusion of his friends, and the exultation of his adversaries, thus foreshadowed, as more to be dreaded than death? Must he not have sought, if need were, in the resignation of his accidental position an escape from an alternative so full of horror?

But admit that the Veto of the first Bank bill was impelled by Mr. Tyler's cherished convictions—admit that he knew

not what he did, when, in the terror-excited by the first appalling burst of popular indignation, he urged the preparation and dictated the provisions of a Bank bill which he *would* assent to—(and this is to stretch charity beyond the bounds of possibility)—admit that the second Bank Veto may in some way be justified—who *can* attempt to justify his Veto of that most important and patiently elaborated measure, the first Tariff bill of 1842, because it provided for the continuance of the Land distribution to the States? That Land distribution had formed one of the great practical tests of party affinity for the preceding ten years. The Distribution was originated, and ably, untiringly advocated by Mr. Clay, whom Mr. Tyler had professed so zealously to support in 1839; it had been advocated by *Mr. Tyler himself*, in a Report to the Virginia Legislature; in his letter (1840) to Mr. Robinson, jun., of Pittsburg, Pa., and at other times. The Whig party and he were alike committed to that measure; and his letter to Mr. Robinson, rebutting a charge preferred against him of Anti-Tariffism, plainly set forth the entire Whig doctrine on the subject, viz: sufficient Revenue to be raised by means of a Tariff exclusively, and the Land proceeds to be fairly and permanently divided among the States of the Union. And yet this same John Tyler vetoed the great beneficent measure of the Whig Congress, solely on the ground of its providing for this distribution! and Congress was compelled to surrender it, or leave the Government without the means of subsistence. This was the second time that this benign measure of harmony and peace with regard to the Public Lands has been crushed beneath the weight of a Presidential Veto, purely because its author was Henry Clay.

But let us imagine that some mind can be found so peculiarly constructed as to find no difficulty in reconciling with integrity and good faith the whole series of Mr. Tyler's Vetoes—to discover some principle on which he may be justified in accepting a nomination as a Whig, and yet using the power thence resulting to thwart and defeat the Whigs on every important measure on which they had appealed to the country—how shall he, how can he, justify Mr. Tyler's sweeping removal from office of Whigs to make room for their inveterate opponents? The

\* See General Harrison's speech at Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 10th, 1840

Whigs had been rigidly excluded from office during the twelve preceding years; they had labored faithfully with and for Mr. Tyler in the great contest of 1840; they had been appointed to office in part by General Harrison, the remainder by himself. But Mr. Tyler sees fit to differ from the Whig majority of Congress on a most vital administrative measure—crimination and alienation ensue—and he proceeds to remove from office nearly all those who had supported, and put in their places men who had vehemently opposed him, some of whom were the very men *he* had previously supplanted. Was not here a palpable confession on his part, not merely of treachery, but of *conscious* treachery!

The character of Mr. Tyler may be read by every one in his actions; but the following summary, by one of the most able and eloquent political writers of the day, is so pointedly, so tersely, and without so justly written, we present it as the most fit conclusion of all we could wish to say. We quote from the "Defence of the Whigs, by a Member of the twenty-seventh Congress."

"His few partisans in the nation are clamorous in demanding justice to John Tyler. Justice, assuredly, he will obtain from the pen of History.

"It will represent him as a President accidentally brought into power, who, while the sudden honors of his station were yet new, manifested a heart full of gratitude to his friends and replete with good resolutions to serve the great public interests which had combined to place him where he was. It will describe him as vainglorious, weak and accessible to any extravagance of flattery; of a jealously quickly provoked by the ascendancy of superior minds, and nervously sensitive against the suspicion of being under their influence. That, from the fear of such an imputation, he had thrown himself into evil associations, and surrounded himself with private and irresponsible counsellors, who, neither by station nor capacity, were entitled to give him advice, and who fatally drove him into an open rupture with those whom it should have been his pride to call his friends.

"Variable and infirm of purpose, he will be exhibited as ever halting between opposite opinions. Anxious to impress the world with a reputation for inflexibility, he will be shown to be, in fact, without a judgment of his own, and resolute

only in avoiding that obvious road which, with least embarrassment to himself and least difficulty in the selection, it was his plainest duty to pursue. It will be truly said of him, that it cost him more trouble to find the wrong way, than ordinarily perplexes other men to discern the right. That, in seeking excuses to differ from his friends and gratify his enemies, he was perpetually shifting from one awkward and difficult device to another, without the least attention even to the appearance of consistency, until he succeeded, at length, in alienating from his society every man whose support he should have desired; at the same time imbitting the separation with an unhappy distrust of his fidelity to those principles to which he was bound by plighted honor. That, while he was ever changing his ground, conceding, retracting, affirming, denying, his concessions were made without sincerity, his retractions without excuse, and his conduct in all distinguished for its want of dignity. That, with a fair, though moderate reputation for capacity, before he came to the Presidency, he lost this in the first few months of his service; disappointed the hopes of his friends; raised his enemies from the despondency of recent defeat into the highest tone of exultation, and diffused through all ranks of the community an opinion of his want of fitness for the high station to which he had been called. That, emphatically the accident of an accident, without popularity, without a mind to conceive or a heart to execute great undertakings, he had chosen a position of intense responsibility and universal observation, and committed himself to a hazard which even the wisest and boldest might contemplate with apprehension."

"We may say of this President what Milton has said of another unhappy ruler, whose melancholy fate furnishes the most awful example on record of the danger in a Chief Magistrate violating his promises to the people,—“that for the most part, he followed the worsers counsels, and, almost always, of the worsers men.”

Enough. This is a melancholy chapter of history; but it teaches one great lesson, which had better be learned thus early in our national existence—never again to set up for exalted political station any other than *thoroughly upright men*, whose integrity has stood the test of time and temptation.

## THIERS' REVOLUTION.\*

THE horrors of the French Revolution stand out in such terrible relief in the history of that great event, that the mind is often unable to see anything else, and the strong undercurrent is lost sight of. The whole revolution is regarded as the lawless action of an excited mob, which having once grasped the power, hurled every thing into chaos with the incoherence and madness of passion. The king, the aristocracy, and the clergy, are looked upon as silent sufferers, till borne under by this wild power which swept throne, crown, and titles into one bloody grave. We hear the tocsin sounded, the *générale* beat; and see the flying crowds with pikes and lances, swarming around the royal palace, rending the air with shouts and curses, while human heads are rolled by hundreds into the gutters, and this we call "the Revolution." The waking up the human mind from the sleep of ages—the manner in which liberty grew step by step, till Europe shook on her feudal throne at the sudden daylight poured on her oppressions; and the immutable law of retributive justice working amid all those mutations, hold but a secondary place in our contemplations. We forget also to place the blame of the acts of violence and atrocity where it ought to rest, not considering that the agents themselves are not alone guilty, but those also who forced them by pride and tyranny to their execution.

The number of histories written of the French Revolution are legion, and yet we do not remember one which escapes the charge of prejudice or incompleteness. Scott wrote of it with a blindness and recklessness of truth wholly unworthy of him—Alison with a love for the tragic and horrible, and hatred of republicanism, that sunk him below even Sir Walter Scott. The different memoirs given us by those who were actors amid its scenes, or those whose friends suffered in prison or under the guillotine, are necessarily colored by the feelings of the writers. Mignet is perhaps an exception to the great class of authors who have written of this period,

but he is a speculating Frenchman, thinking more of his theories than of facts. Thiers' work is a fair offset to this whole class of histories. The freezing details of crime and ferocity are left out, and he moves straight on through his narrative with his one main object constantly in view, viz: the *progress of the struggle*. To him the wholesale murders and massacres are accidents, while the history of the *Revolution* is a statement of its rise, progress, and termination. The causes leading to each step, and its result in effecting political changes are the main thing—the disasters that accompanied these steps, but secondary matters. He is a statesman, and very naturally contemplates every thing in a business-like spirit. He would follow the government not the mob. Mr. Alison, on the contrary, is a romancer, when he is not a ridiculous philosopher. The great objections to Mr. Thiers' work is, that were it the only one we possessed of that period, we should get no adequate idea of the horrors that were committed in the name of liberty. The matter of fact way he has of stating every thing prevents us from being excited where we should be, and leaves us in darkness respecting many of the details. His descriptive powers are evinced far more in sketching a spirited or riotous debate in the Assembly or National Convention, than in a guillotine scene. He is a cool-blooded man, whose feelings never run away with his judgment.

The editor of the work supplies by frequent notes the details M. Thiers has omitted, and though they are badly arranged, often confusing the reader as he attempts to keep the thread of the narrative, yet we would not do without them. In his long preface he declares the history to exhibit "the adroit, keen, clear-headed man of the world," while at the same time, it is of "an animated, practical, and dramatic character." We rather suspect the word "dramatic" was put in to complete a full period, for it not only contradicts the former part of the sentence, but is untrue in every way. If one seeks a "dramatic" history, let

\* The History of the French Revolution, by M. A. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France. Translated, with Notes and Illustrations, by Frederick Schoberl. Complete in Four Vols., with Engravings. Philadelphia: Cary, Lea, and Hart.

him read Alison. Plain "practical" men of the world, who state things in a "business"-like way, are not usually "dramatic." He says, also, that "it is to be regretted that an author so well versed in the annals of the country as M. Thiers, has not thought it worth his while to enter more into detail on the subject of the numerous secondary causes which helped to bring about the revolution." Now we think it would "be regretted," had he taken that course. If any one wishes to be led blindfold down through the history of France, from the time of Clovis till the revolution, let him read Mr. Alison. If M. Thiers possesses one merit above all others, it is the clearness of his narrative in tracing the great primary and continuing causes of the revolution. We never read a history of that event which conveyed to us so plain and connected an account of the events that crowded so rapidly on each other in that awful drama. Under the smoke and tumult, that to an ordinary observer reduces every thing to chaos, we are made to see clearly the ground-work and plan of the whole. We arise from the perusal of this history with entirely new views of the revolution. Order is seen amid that disorder, and the steady workings of immutable laws traced through all those wild mutations. Nay, we must confess we are compelled to think better of the authors of those atrocities that have forever blackened the pages of human history. Danton, Robespierre, and even Barrère himself, are madmen and murderers, as much from circumstance as nature. In the tremendous struggle, of which they were a part, they found they must tread everything down in their path, or be themselves trodden under foot.

Another great merit of this work is, that it gives us the philosophy of the history of the revolution by the mere consecutiveness of the narrative, and not by obtruding on us, every few pages, a long series of reflections. M. Thiers does not speculate, but puts facts together in such relations that we are forced to draw conclusions as we advance, and form our own philosophy, rather as spectators than listeners. The masterly manner in which he has performed this part of his work, proves him the true philosopher as well as statesman. Holding a firm rein on his imagination and desire to speculate, he loses sight of himself, and moves through his history with his

eye fixed steadily on the great controlling causes, lying at the bottom of that strange confusion and commingling of all good and bad human passions. And in doing this, he occupies, apparently, a neutral point of observation, seeing the evils both of untamed democracy and unbending aristocracy. In this respect the work is of incalculable advantage to the world, and, if rightly studied by the despots of Europe, will enable them to shun the sanguinary scenes of Paris in the revolutions to which they are inevitably tending.

M. Thiers dashes boldly in *medias res*. We have to wait no long prologue; at once he lifts the curtain over Louis XVI. and his distracted kingdom, and the first act promptly commences. There was no need of a long list of secondary causes to show us the state of France at this period. The feudal system had gone on improving on its oppressions till it had reached a point where human endurance ceases. The exchequer was embarrassed, the coffers empty, while the people could not be more heavily taxed. The nobility, instead of submitting to a tax like that laid by Sir Robert Peel upon the aristocracy of England in a similar emergency, steadily refused to relieve the disordered state of finances. There was a weight on the nation. The people had sunk under it till their faces were ground into the earth, and no more could be expected from them. The upper classes refused to sustain it, and hence a convulsion must follow. The following graphic picture by Thiers is sufficient to satisfy any mind of the necessity of a revolution: "The state of France, political and economical, was in truth intolerable. There was nothing but privileges belonging to individual classes, towns, provinces, and to trades themselves; nothing but shackles upon the industry and genius of man. Civil, ecclesiastical, and military dignities were exclusively reserved for certain classes, and in those classes for certain individuals. A man could not embrace a profession unless upon certain titles and certain pecuniary conditions. All was monopolized by a few hands, and the burdens bore upon a certain class. The nobility and clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the landed property. The other third, belonging to the people, paid taxes to the king, a multitude of feudal dues to the nobility, the tithes to the clergy, and was moreover liable to the devastations of noble sportsmen and

their game. The taxes on consumption weighed heavily on the great mass, and consequently on the people. The mode in which they were levied was vexatious; the gentry might be in arrears with impunity; the people, on the other hand, ill-treated and imprisoned, were doomed to suffer in body in default of goods. It subsisted, therefore, by the sweat of the brow; it defended with its blood the upper classes of society, without being able to subsist itself. Justice administered in some of the provinces by the gentry, in the royal jurisdictions by the magistrates, who purchased their offices, was slow, partial, always ruinous, and particularly atrocious in criminal causes. Individual liberty was violated by *lettres de cachet*, and the liberty of the press by royal censors." Added to all this, there came a hail storm, cutting off the crops, so that the winter of 1788-89 brought with it universal and intolerable suffering. Men and women, half naked, roamed over the country crying for bread. Famine stared the people in the face, while those they had enriched looked with a stony eye on their sufferings. The voice of despair rung through the kingdom, and still the infatuated nobility rioted in luxury. Slowly and darkly heaved the storm-cloud above the horizon, yet no one regarded its threatening aspect till the lightning began to fall. The successive thunder-claps that followed succeeded at length in arousing the imbecile monarch.

These were causes sufficient, and we need no long disquisition on the feudal system, to teach us how the evils sprung up and increased till they could be no longer borne. This is the goal tyranny always reaches, and it cannot be helped; England reached it, and but for the spectacle of France just rising from her sea of blood would have plunged into the same vortex. She chose reform, rather than revolution, and it is still to be her choice till her feudal system disappears entirely. There is no help for this, and there can be none under the economy of nature and the providence of God. If a few will appropriate and spend the substance of the land the mass must suffer till despair hurls them on their oppressors. The court and nobility of France had become licentious as well as oppressive, and hence disgusting and imbecile, and quarrelling among themselves.

In the conflict between the parliament, the clergy, and the throne, each called on the nation for aid, and thus enlightened

it on the great principles of human government; and worse than all, respecting their own debaucheries and villanies. Mistresses of nobles decided great political questions, and bribes bought every man from the king down to these masses. Trampled on, starving, and dying, a haughty aristocracy added insult to oppression and treated with contempt the men they defrauded. Suffering makes a people think, and a starving man learns his rights fast.

This was France, while the low rumbling of the coming earthquake swelled prophetically around the throne. Added to all this, philosophers began to speculate on human rights, and while they were busy with theories the starving people thought how they might put them in practice. The sudden rising of a republic on this side of the water, and the declaration of independence made and sustained by a handful of freemen, fell like fire on the hearts of the suffering millions. The days of Greece and Rome were talked of by the philosophers and dreamers—the inalienable rights of *man*, by the people. Thus, every thing conspired to urge the nation towards a revolution. It must come in the shape of a complete and sudden reformation, almost equivalent to a revolution, or utter overthrow. The king and the court were at length roused, and began to look about them for relief, from the pressing dangers and increasing clamor. The king tried successively, through his ministers, Turgot, Necker, Callone, and the archbishop of Toulouse, to relieve the pressure that was every day becoming more alarming. There was but one remedy—to tax the nobility and the clergy. Their consent to this measure was at length wrung from them, and the people shouted their applause. But the promise was broken as soon as made, and anger was added to the former discontent. What next? “the convocation of the States General!” was the cry.

The king determined to assemble the *tiers etat* (third order) as his predecessors had done, in order to check the power of the nobility. But the day had gone by when the deputies from the *tiers etat* would assemble like the retainers of a feudal lord, at his summons to defend their master. Let the intelligent middling classes have a parliament of their own, and they will, in the end, no more tolerate a king than a nobility. After much quarrelling both in court and in parliament re-

specting both the mode of electing, the number, and the powers of this *tiers etat*, it was decided that at least a thousand deputies should represent France in the approaching convention, and that the number should equal that of the other two orders united. In the midst of national suffering, popular outbreaks, and inflamed passions, the election took place. These *tiers etat* comprehended all the useful and enlightened middling class; and hence the deputies represented the real interests of the nation. The election is over, and from every quarter of France these deputies of the people are swarming towards Paris. At length they arrive, and the *people* now stand face to face with their monarch, and their aspect is like anything but that of retainers. The parliaments and the court, both of which thought to win the majority over to their side, begin to suspect they have both miscalculated. The simple-minded Louis alone imagines his embarrassments are over. The States General is opened with solemn pomp. On the 4th of May the king and the three orders repair in grand procession to Notre Dame. Princes, nobles and prelates, clad in purple, and nodding with plumes, are in advance. The deputies of the *tiers etat*, clothed in simple black cloaks, follow behind. The magnificent cathedral receives the imposing procession, and strains of solemn music swell up through the lofty arches. The king—the nobility—the clergy and the people's deputies are offering up their vows together, and the impressive scene awes every breast, and suffuses every eye. Enthusiasm lightens every countenance, and the sudden joy intoxicates the hearts of the multitude.

The next day, May 5th, 1789, the king opened in form, the States General. He was seated on an elevated throne with the queen beside him, and the court around him. On either side were arranged the nobility and clergy, while at the farther end of the hall, on low seats, sat the deputies from the *tiers etat*. Into the midst of this august assemblage, stalked a commanding form, that for an instant sent a thrill through every heart. He paused a moment, while his bushy black hair seemed to stand on end, and with his lip curled in scorn, surveyed with a piercing eye, the nobility to whose rank his birth entitled him, but who had excluded him from their company. Count *Mirabeau* strode across the hall and took his seat with the despised deputies of the people. Burning

with collected passion, he patiently waits the day when he shall hurl defiance and terror into that haughty order. The next day is for business, and here commences the first great struggle between the people and their oppressors. The first thing to be done, before organizing, is the verification of the powers of the members. The nobles and the clergy, unwilling to mingle themselves up in common with plebeians, declare that each order should constitute itself apart. The *tiers etat* required the verification to be in common, steadily refusing to take any step by which they should be regarded as a separate order. This States General was to be a common assembly, sitting on the welfare of France, or nothing at all. The clergy remained in one hall by themselves, having voted not to admit the *tiers etat* into an equal footing with themselves. The nobility had done the same thing, and sent to the deputies to constitute themselves apart, that the States General might proceed to business. The deputies calmly but firmly refused. The nobility stormed and talked of dignity, and rank, and privileges, and rained insults on the people's representatives. The latter, firm in their resolution, bore all with a patience and moderation becoming their high office. Day after day passed away in vain negotiation, each order refusing to yield their prerogatives. Twenty-two days had thus elapsed, and the States General was not yet organized. The throne and the people looked on in silence to see what would come of this struggle. At length *Mirabeau* arose, and said it was time to do something for the public welfare. He proposed sending a deputation to the clergy, to know at once if they would meet the commons or not. The deputation was sent, and marching into the hall of the clergy, addressed them in the following startling language: "*The gentlemen of the commons invite the gentlemen of the clergy, IN THE NAME OF THE GOD OF PEACE, and for the national interest, to meet them in the hall of the assembly, to consult upon the means of effecting the concord so necessary, at this moment, for the public welfare.*" This solemn adjuration fell like a thunderbolt in the midst of the clergy, and had the vote been taken on the spot, they would have acceded to the request. Time was asked and given. The king interfered, and some concessions were made. Still the inexorable deputies of the *tiers etat* would not yield on the question of verification, for to yield

once was to yield throughout, and become a mere cipher in the assembly, and see money and power, hand in hand, crushing down the state, as it hitherto had done. At this critical juncture, they took the bold resolution to seize a portion of the legislative power of the kingdom, and proceed to business. Mirabeau arose and said, "a month is past—it is time to take a decisive step—a deputy of Paris has an important communication to make—let us hear him." An important communication, indeed, bold Mirabeau, and thou art at the bottom of it! Having thus broken the ice, he introduced to the tribune the Abbé Sièyes, who, after stating their true position, proposed to send a last invitation to the other, orders to attend in the common hall. It was sent, and the reply was returned that they would consider of it. At length, on the 16th of June, having been waiting since the 5th of May, the TIERS ETAT solemnly resolved to constitute itself a legislative body, under the name of *National Assembly*. This was one o'clock in the morning, and it was discussed whether the National Assembly should proceed to its organization on the spot, or defer it till the next day. A few, wishing to check this rapid movement, arranged themselves into a party, and commenced the most furious exclamations and outcries, which drowned the voices of the speakers. Amid this tumult, one party called out to put the motion—the other to adjourn. Calm and unmoved, amid the shouts and threats rained around him, the President—the firm, right-minded Bailly—sat, for more than an hour, "motionless and silent." The elements without corresponded to the uproar within, and amid the pauses of the tumult was heard the rush of the storm, as it shook the building that enclosed them, and swept in gusts up the hall in which they were assembled. It was a noble spectacle: the calm and fearless Bailly sitting unmoved amid the turbulence of passion, like a rock amid the waves. At length the brawlers, one by one, dropped away, and the vote was put and the act of organization deferred till next day, when it was irrevocably done, and France had a *National Assembly* ready to legislate for her welfare. The first act of this Assembly, was to legalize the levy of taxes that had been already made by the government. The motive to this was two-fold; First, to show that it did not design to oppose the action of the administration; Second, to assert its newly assumed power. It then announced that it

should immediately investigate the causes of the scarcity of provisions and the public distress. This bold and decided act, sent alarm through the court and higher orders. The nobility rallied around the throne, and implored it to interfere for the protection of their rights and privileges. In the meantime the clergy, frightened into concession, had voted to join the *tiers etat* on common ground in the National Assembly. All was now confusion. The court and nobility proposed energetic measures to the king. Necker, the minister, advised a middle course, which a wise king would have adopted, but which Louis did not. Day after day passed in distracted counsels, till at length the 22d of June was appointed for the royal sitting. In the meantime the hall of the States General was closed by order of the king, and all the sittings adjourned till the 22d of June.

The National Assembly had constituted itself, and passed its first acts on the 19th, and then adjourned till the next day. Disobeying the king's order, the deputies assembled according to adjournment, and finding the hall shut in their faces, and the soldiers of the French guard stationed at the door, repaired tumultuously to the Tennis Court, within the dark, naked walls of which they assembled. There were no seats, and the members were compelled to *stand* and deliberate. An arm-chair was offered to the president, but he refused it, and stood with his companions. In the midst of the excitement without and within, a united oath was taken not to separate till a constitution was established, and placed on a firm basis. With hands outstretched towards the president, Bailly, they all repeated the solemn oath. It was heard outside the building by the breathless crowd, which eagerly waited the action of the people's deputies, and then the shout *vive l'Assemblée! vive le Roi!* rent the air.

This act carried new consternation into the ranks of the nobility, who, now alarmed, sought to make common cause with the king. At length, the royal sitting, which was adjourned till the 23d, took place. The king and the higher orders took possession of the hall, and, in supercilious pride, ordered that the deputies should enter by a side door, to indicate their inferior rank. Without noticing the insult, they proceeded to the appointed entrance, where they were kept waiting a long time in the rain, knocking for admittance. At length the foolish

misguided monarch deigned to let the representatives of the people enter and take such seats as they could find vacant. He then commenced his address, made up of invectives, insults, threats, and the most foolish and absurd declarations. Instead of conciliating, he exasperated; and instead of yielding, maintained over again all the feudal rights, and seemed to think the mere force of words could lay the conflict at once, and send the deputies, like whipped schoolboys, back to their obedience and humility. Lastly, he annulled all the acts of the *tiers etats*, in their capacity of National Assembly, and commanded them to separate again into their original elements. He then strode out of the hall, followed by the nobility and part of the clergy. The majority of the ecclesiastical deputies, and all those of the commons, remained behind, buried in profound silence. Not a sound broke the stillness that succeeded the king's departure. Each seemed to feel they had approached a crisis from which there was no retreating. At length Mirabeau arose, and by his bold and determined manner inspired confidence and resolution. The grand master of ceremonies, returning at that moment, said to the president, "You have heard the orders of the king?" "Yes," replied Bailly, in his quiet, respectful manner, "and I am now going to take those of the Assembly." "Yes, sir!" thundered Mirabeau, "we have heard the intentions that have been suggested, and go and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing but the power of bayonets shall drive us away!"

The Assembly continued its sitting, and in addition to re-affirming its former resolutions, and in order to save itself from violence, passed an act decreeing the inviolability of the person of every deputy.

*This was the first revolution* in France, and generated all the rest. Here let us pause a moment, and inquire who are the guilty persons in this first act of the great drama that has just opened. The working classes of France and the inferior orders, had borne all the burdens of the state, together with those of a corrupt court and aristocracy, till human endurance could go no farther, and famine stared them in the face. The government and privileged classes had wrung out from them the last farthing to squander on their lusts, and national bankruptcy threatened to swell the

amount of evil that already cursed the land. In the meantime, the court and parliaments were quarrelling about their respective rights and powers. In the midst of the agitations, popular outbreaks began to exhibit themselves in various parts of the country. As a last resource, it was resolved to convoke the States General. But scarcely had the Commons of the people assembled, before insults were heaped on them because they refused to be faithless to the trust a suffering people had committed to them. Overlooking the great object of the nation's welfare, the higher orders wasted a whole month in fighting for the privileges of rank. An empty exchequer, a starving population, and a distracted kingdom, were small evils compared to mingling with plebeians, on common ground, to consult for the common good.

For the sake of a mere shadow—to gratify personal pride and uphold the purity of noble blood—they were willing to sacrifice a whole kingdom, and persisted in their blind folly till they opened a breach between themselves and the people, which never could be closed till filled up with their own dead bodies. All the forbearance and all the justice in this first revolution were on the side of the people, all the insult and exasperation and injustice on the side of the crown and aristocracy. The Commons were respectful and moderate, asking only for their rights—the nobility contemptuous and headlong, asking only for their own privileges: patriotism and a stern sense of justice characterized the one—supreme selfishness, pride and tyranny the other. Thus far, the agitations and distress rest not on democracy but on despotism.

At length the nobility, after exhausting threats and plots, were compelled to join the National Assembly. It can be easily imagined what spirit they brought into its counsels, and that nothing could be done for the welfare of the nation while such violent animosity ruled the factions. The first thing proposed by the Assembly was the formation of a Constitution for France, defining the powers and obligations of the different departments of government, and the rights and privileges of the people. This was no easy thing, but the very attempt shows the rapid strides the nation was taking towards liberty. For centuries the people had suffered their feudal lords to think for them and rule without contradiction or inquiry. Now, all at once, they had discovered, that he who

sows the bread and reaps it has a right to eat it, and he who supports the government ought to have a voice in its management. In this juncture, while the Assembly was expending all its energies in self-defence, and hence could give no attention to the state of the country an armed force began to assemble in Paris. The report soon reached the Deputies at Versailles, and it was whispered about, that the bayonet was to be employed in effecting what the royal authority and the overbearing action of the higher orders had been unable to do, viz: the dissolution of the National Assembly. Let it be remembered, this was the first conspiracy in which resort was had to arms. But the people could conspire as well as the aristocracy, and since the latter had had the madness to bring bayonets into the conflict, they could not complain if they were found in other hands besides the soldiers of the guard. Thus we see, that the first legislative revolution in France was brought about by the folly and injustice of the aristocracy, and the first appeal to arms was also made by them in their conflict with the people. It will be well to remember this when we hear the wild *ça ira* sung by the fierce multitude in the midst of massacre and blood.

The troops occupied Paris, while the indignant and excited populace swarmed hither and thither, scarce knowing what it did. Consternation reigned in the Assembly at Versailles, and every thing seemed on the brink of ruin from the excitement caused by the parading of soldiers through the streets of the capital. But, true to itself and true to the nation, the Assembly rose above fear and passion, and passed a resolution requesting the king to withdraw the troops and establish the civic guard, and charging on him and his counsellors the guilt of all the blood and distress that would follow if he refused. The Assembly declared itself permanent, and appointed La Fayette its Vice-President. The night of the 13th and 14th of July passed in fear and dread, for it was known that the next night was the one appointed for an attack by the troops on the Assembly, and the dispersion of the deputies. Towards evening of the fatal night a silent terror reigned in the Assembly, yet still not a member stirred from his seat. Each one was determined to fall at his post. The booming of cannon came at intervals on the ear, shaking the hall where they sat, telling of scenes of violence and blood at Paris. The

Prince de Lembsée was seen spurring by, on a wild gallop, to the king. Twilight deepened over the hall, giving a still more sombre hue to the countenances of the deputies. Another deputation had been sent to the king, and all waited with anxiety the answer. At this moment, two electors, riding in hot haste from Paris, were announced to the Assembly. A solemn and prophetic silence filled the room. Not a voice broke the stillness that was more awful than solitude. Darkness covered the Assembly, that sat like statues, waiting the issue. Those electors came stalking through the gloom, while every footfall was distinctly heard, as they slowly marched up the hall. Their report was brief, but full of terror. The people were in arms, blood had been shed, and the Bastille was attacked. In Paris, all day long, previous to the night appointed by the higher orders for the attack on the city and the National Assembly, fierce cries had rung from the multitude, till "To the Bastille," drowned all other voices, and the living stream poured round the gloomy walls of that stronghold of tyranny. It fell, and at midnight the news reached the Assembly. Their danger was over—the people had triumphed—and the plot laid against their liberty had been sprung upon its authors. The king was astonished, and his counsellors overwhelmed, at this exhibition of boldness by the people. A reconciliation was the consequence; the orders were amalgamated in the National Assembly, and legislation at length began to take place.

But during the three months the higher orders had been attempting to trample on, fetter, then destroy the deputies of the people, nothing had been done to relieve the distress of the country. Suffering had not remained stationary because the National Assembly had. There was a scarcity of provisions in the capital and in the provinces. Men and women wandered about for bread, and the evils that might have been checked if met sooner, were now almost past remedy. The utmost efforts of the government could not supply the demand. Fear reigned on every side, and even the adored Lafayette, now at the head of the National Guard, could not always prevent the violence of the people. Foulon had said the people might eat hay—the people, in return, had seized him, put a "collar of nettles round his neck, a bunch of thistles in his hand,

and a truss of hay on his back," and then hung him at a lamp-post. His head was carried on a pike through the streets. This first public execution pointed significantly to the cause of the evils, and the course the revolution would take. At this point first begins the division in the National Assembly.

The popular party having acquired the power, began to disagree among themselves. The more conservative part, fearing the result of these rapid strides to liberty, thought it was time to stop. The other part looked upon the reformation as just begun. But something must be done immediately, to relieve the deplorable state of France. Money must be raised, and bread furnished; but from whence? The lower orders had been taxed to the utmost, and the money raised all squandered by the Court and aristocracy. Funds must now come from the higher orders or nowhere. Driven to this crisis, the representatives of the people made the first attack on the property and incomes of the clergy and the privileges of the nobility. The writers of this period have usually been subjects of a monarchical government, and hence burst forth into exclamations of horror at this bold encroachment of democracy, as it is called. But will they tell us what else could be done? We will not entrench ourselves here on the principle of right, and declare what is true, that strict justice required the higher orders to impoverish themselves to relieve the country. They had not only lived for centuries in luxury at the expense of the poor man's table, and in sloth by the poor man's sweat, but had made him also support the government at home and abroad, till, reduced to famine, he had no longer anything to give to supply the imperious and every hour more pressing demands of the state. In every emergency he had been called on and forced to administer relief. But now there was no longer anything to force, while a more pressing emergency than had ever before occurred called loudly for aid. Something must be done at once, and strict justice required that the upper classes should disgorge their ill-gotten wealth to save the state—to render back for the common good a part of that they had so long used for their own pleasure. But there was something stronger than justice here—*necessity*. The people *could not* give, and money must be had. The higher orders must furnish it or precipi-

tate a national bankruptcy. But the struggle and delay expected to accompany any action of the Assembly on this subject seemed, to the inexpressible joy of all, suddenly overcome by the voluntary surrender, by each order, of its privilege. The 9th of August had been spent in discussing the famous declaration of rights to be placed at the head of the Constitution. In the evening the question of the popular disturbances, and the means to allay them, came up. The Viscount de Noailles and the Duke d'Anguillon both ascended the tribune, and with a clear-sightedness and justice that, had they been possessed by the rest of the nobility, would have saved the nation, declared that it was foolish to attempt to *force* the people into tranquility, that the best method was to remove the cause of the disturbances:—they proposed to abolish at once all those feudal rights which irritated and oppressed the country people. Following them a landholder took the tribune, and gave a graphic and fearful picture of the effect of the feudal system in the country. A sudden enthusiasm seized the assembly, and one after another rushed forward to renounce his privileges. Each was eager to anticipate and rival the other in the sacrifice he made, and amid the general excitement, the relation of serf, the seigniorial jurisdictions, the game laws, and the redemption of tithes, and sale of offices, were all abolished. Equality of taxes, and the admission of all citizens to civil and military employments, and the suppression of privileges of the towns and provinces, were decreed amid the most unbounded joy. A *Te Deum* was proclaimed, and Louis was to be entitled the Restorer of French liberty. But everything had been passed in a general form, and when the separate points came up for discussion, the higher orders repented their sudden concessions, and began to struggle again for their old privileges, thus destroying the gratitude they had awakened. But it was too late—the minds of the deputies had become enlightened, and the feudal system, with all its power to plunder and oppress, was abolished. But this also came too late, for the act could not at once bring bread to the million starving mouths, or allay the madness of want. France was rocking to the smothered fires that had been kindling into strength for ages, and the shriek for bread was more awful than the thunder of hostile cannon; still the

state was not beyond redemption, were the *spirit* of feudalism dead. But after the form was slain, the soul lived and exhibited itself in plots and resistance, that kept the people fighting for liberty when they should have been seeking for food. The discussion of the Constitution that followed was needed, but flour was still more needed. Men felt for their plundered rights, but they felt still deeper for their empty stomachs. Added to this, the people of Paris took a deep interest in the debates on the Constitution which was to fix the amount of personal freedom. At length the Constitution was ready, and waited, with the bold declaration of rights at its head, the signature of the king. He vacillated and delayed, but the people were rapidly becoming firm on one point—*relief*.

From May till October, had the National representatives struggled to save France. Met at every turn by the court and aristocracy, surrounded with obstacles their enemies had constantly thrown in their path, and compelled to spend months on the plainest principles of human liberty and justice, they had been utterly unable to relieve the public distress. For this they were not to blame, but the selfish, blind, higher orders. Every thing had been compelled to wait but famine. *That* had never wavered nor faltered, but, with ever increasing proportions and frightful mien, had stalked over the land, turning women into tigers, and men into fiends. Suddenly there is a strange and confused uproar on the road from Paris to Versailles. An army of women is on the march for the king's palace. All efforts to disband them have been powerless. Armed with pikes, hatchets, and sticks pointed with iron, they have marched on foot through the drenching rain, measuring the weary leagues with aching limbs, and at length stream around the magnificent palace of Versailles. Wild faces look out from dishevelled hair, and haggard features, more fearful than the swaying pikes, move amid this confusion of sexes and hurricane of passion. With eyes upturned to where their monarch dwells, they suddenly shriek out in wild concord—"BREAD!" God in heaven! what a cry from women to their king! Regardless of the falling rain and approaching night, and their toilsome journey, those strange faces are still turned to him who alone can relieve their distress. At length, twelve are conducted

as deputies, into the presence of the king. One, young and beautiful, overwhelmed at her own boldness, in thus approaching her monarch, could only faintly utter the word "*bread*." Here was wo, here was suffering, sufficient to bring tears from stones.

What distress had been borne, what torture endured, before this multitude could thus unsex themselves and string their feelings to this desperate tone. In the midst of the tumult the Assembly send the Constitution to the king, praying his acceptance. It was given, and the announcement was made to the crowd of women to appease their rage. "Will it give us bread?" they inquired. "Yes," says Mouner, and they retired. Bread was ordered to be distributed, but was not; and the famished multitude wandered about searching in vain for means to alleviate their hunger, till at length they came upon a dead horse and began in savage ferocity to tear out his entrails, and devour his flesh. Tumult is again abroad, and shots are fired from the palace on the crowd, which rush in return up the marble steps, and stream through the royal apartments, demanding blood. But the adored Lafayette is seen moving amid the multitude, and the storm is stayed, and the king is saved. The next morning, the shout, "To Paris!" was heard, and Louis was compelled with his family, to take this wild escort to the capital. The tiger was changed into the fiend. The excitement of the day before—the hunger and murder of the night, and the strange spectacle of the morning had completely unsettled what little reason the rabble had left, and the procession they form for the king—their furious shouts and bacchanal songs, and disorderly movement as they carry a gory head aloft on a pike, making it nod and bow to the multitude in grim salutation, are enough to appal the stoutest heart. Kingship is ended—reverence is gone, and all after-respect and loyalty will be but the spasmodic flame of the dying lamp—*Vive le roi! Vive la nation! Vive La Fayette!* are alike incoherent and trustless. The nobility heretofore so blind, begin at length to see more clearly, and flock in crowds from France. Having helped to bring the king into this inextricable peril, they leave him to fight it out alone, and hereafter the combat is to be between the court and the people.

Thus far we are able still to fix the

guilt. A banquet which the body guard had given, and at which the queen was present, had exasperated the famishing people by its luxury and wastefulness. The rumours of the intended flight of the king had also filled them with consternation, for civil war and all its horrors hung over their heads, while famine turned their fears into ferocity. These things, and these alone, drove Paris on Versailles, scattered the nobility in affright, and forced the king and Assembly to the capital into the very midst of the popular excitement. The appropriation of the property of the clergy at this time by the Assembly, for the use of the state, exasperated still more all the higher orders against the popular movement, and began that struggle which ended in national atheism.

The future course of the revolution from this point, must be plain to every calm thinker. The popular party possessing the power, must move on till a republic is established. One extreme must succeed another. The rate of progress and the degree of violence, must depend on collateral causes. Such commotions as now shook Paris, must bring strange and powerful beings to the surface. The pressure of an artificial system was removed, and the untamed spirit was allowed to go forth in its strength, aroused and excited by the new field opened to its untried powers. From amid the chaos, are dimly seen the forms of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Camille Desmoulins and others, who as yet dream not of the fate before them. Robespierre has been underrated by some, and too highly extolled as a man of intellect by others. He was one of those the Revolution developed. At the outset, ignorant and narrow-minded, and impelled onward only by a low ambition, he was educated into a shrewd politician—a clear-headed reasoner, and a really powerful man amid popular assemblies. Marat was a cold-blooded villain, who acquired power among intelligent men, by terror alone. Danton was ambitious and patriotic at first, afterwards ferocious; but when he saw to what issue the Republic he had hoped to establish was tending, he became disgusted, and attempted to retire from the scene. But these men and their like represent a class which, in the dominance of the popular party, obtain power by forming a *radical* party. Among the clubs, that at this time were organized in Paris, the Jacobin Club was the most powerful, and gradually swallowed up

all the rest, and was the cause of the unparalleled atrocities of the French Revolution. How much Mirabeau could have done, had he lived, after he saw the chaotic tendency of things, and went over to royalty and openly declared war against the violence and mobocracy of the more popular party, it is not easy to say. With his profound knowledge of the human heart—his thrilling eloquence and undaunted firmness, he might have overwhelmed such men as Robespierre, and with his powerful arm on the throne, steadied its overthrow, if not prevented the fall. He was no democrat, and never dreamed of establishing a republic in France. His attacks on monarchy and the nobility, were prompted more by personal feeling than patriotism. Still, he was a strong man, and the party which possessed him had a legion on their side. Yet we doubt whether he could have done much beside such an imbecile king as Louis. He would have striven for a while with his impetuous courage, to force him to some decision and firmness, and when he found it all of no avail, and all his measures defeated by child-like vacillation, he would have left him to his fate, and retired in disgust from his country.

During the period that intervened between the movement of the mob on Versailles and the dethronement of Louis, the Assembly continued to act with vigor, and prosecute the reforms so loudly called for in the state. There were also spasmodic exhibitions of returning loyalty by the people. The anniversary of the overthrow of the Bastille was an exhibition of popular enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of the world; and when, in the vast amphitheatre erected in the Champs de Mars, those three hundred thousand French people on the one hand, and the king with the queen in the background, holding the royal heir in her arms on the other, swore under the open heavens together, to render faithful adherence to the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, the conflicts and miseries of France seemed ended. But the general joy that followed, was of only few days' duration. The quarrels with the ministry, that must be inefficient from the circumstances in which it was placed, and the party spirit of the different factions, and the ambition of separate leaders, soon brought back all the agitation that had only been suspended, not removed. Besides, in taking away the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and

restricting the power of the king, the popular party had gained enough, and the king and higher orders lost enough to render them implacable enemies for ever, and there could be no peace till one or the other was entirely crushed and removed beyond fear. But the popular party was in the ascendancy, and the principles it promulgated soon found way into every part of the kingdom and finally penetrated the army. Bouillé might carry a few devoted hearts in the army with him, but the die was cast and royalty must disappear. Most of the nobility had anticipated this and emigrated. Louis at last also saw it and fled. Arrested and brought back to Paris, he was afterward the mere shadow of power, and his doom hastened to its fulfillment. The spirit of liberty which first exhibited itself in the *tiers etat* in the refusal to verify but in common with the higher orders, and afterwards in the declaration of rights and the constitution, in the abolishment of the feudal system—in the power given to the lower orders—in the disrespect and afterwards contempt of the king, now took a bolder stand and shouted “no king.”

The closing up of the Constituent, or in other words, National Assembly which had now been in session three years, produced a momentary change in the state of affairs. By a motion of Robespierre a resolution was passed, prohibiting the reelection to the new Assembly of any member of the old one. This resolution was introduced through pique, but its passage had a serious effect on France. The deputies that had watched the progress of events for three years, and understood more perfectly than fresh delegates could be supposed to understand, the nature and wants of the new government were thus kept out of the National councils. A new set of men composed the new Legislative Assembly whose election, many of them, had been influenced by the various clubs, that were mere branches of those at Paris. That miserable article in the Constitution making the Assembly to consist of one chamber only, also increased the difficulty. This heterogeneous mass were brought into one body, and amid the tumults of the capital, the frenzy of faction, and violence of passion, were compelled to legislate for the state. Constitutionalists who were conservatives in politics—enthusiastic republicans who dreamed of restoring the palmy days of Greece and Rome—radicals who thought only of retributive justice to aristocrats,

and a middle indifferent class, were thus thrown together to split into two great parties, as patriotism, passion, or interest might lead. The result was, the old Assembly was completely reversed. In that the constitutionalists occupied the left side, and the privileged orders the right. In the new, there was no party of the higher orders, and the constitutionalists or the more conservative party became the right, and the enthusiasts and radicals the left side. The deputies from La Gironde were the ablest men among this motley class, and soon drew around them a large party which were called Girondins. Condorcet as a writer, and Vergniaud as an orator, stood at the head of these. The radicals, seated on the highest benches in the hall, were called the *Mountain*. The Jacobin Club, with the others which, under the old Assembly, only agitated, ruled under the new. At its head stood Robespierre.

The Legislative Assembly, sitting in Paris, did not commence its labors under very favorable auspices, and the veto placed by the king on measures adopted against the clergy, who were stirring up a civil war, together with the plotting of the emigrants in favor of royalty, opened and widened the breach between him and his subjects. The thousand acts and suspicions that must occur, when parties occupy this hostile attitude, increased the irritation, and brought down fresh insults on the king. The pressure of every thing was towards a republic during the winter and spring, until the 20th of June, when a fresh outbreak in Paris exhibited by its contempt of the king, and the insults heaped upon him, to what a mere shadow his power was reduced. A mob of 30,000 persons came streaming into the Assembly, bearing before them the declaration of rights, and above their heads, on a pike, a calf's heart, with the inscription—“Heart of an aristocrat.” Moving from thence around the Tuileries, they insulted the king, and finally penetrated into his apartments. It needed then but one word to turn that palace into a place of massacre. La Fayette, the brave, the spotless La Fayette, when he heard of this disgraceful scene, hastened from his post at the head of the army, to Paris, to interpose the shield of his person before that of the king.

Here, every one who has watched the progress of the Assembly, will say that a republic is inevitable. The writers of this period, educated under a monarchical

government, pause at the point where a republic becomes certain, and date from that moment the horrors of the revolution. That a nation of oppressed and ignorant men cannot pass at once from slavery to independence without violence, and perhaps bloodshed, no thinking man will doubt. But that the wholesale murders and massacres, the scenes of ferocity and fiendish cruelty that characterized the revolution, were a necessary part of this transition state, we unhesitatingly deny. On the contrary, we charge on Louis XVI. himself the horrors of the reign of terror. The soft feelings of his womanish heart are no excuse for his violation of duty. Too weak to rule the turbulent spirits around him, unable to withstand the tumult he should have quelled, and unfit, in every way, for the perilous position in which he was placed, he should have confessed it, and resigned long before, his crown and his throne. What had royal prerogative, and pride of blood and family, and dignity of a king to do with the salvation of a realm? He deserved death, not for the charges preferred against him, but his weakness in refusing to resign his power, while he would not uphold the laws. Resisting, where he ought not to have resisted, the righteous decrees of the Assembly—and yielding in the only place where he ought not to have yielded, when the mob assailed his authority and his person, we lose all respect for his kindness in utter contempt of his character as a king. We say he is chargeable with the atrocities of the reign of terror, for similar scenes will occur in any city where the executors of the law manifest equal vacillation and imbecility. Had those whose duty it was to maintain the laws in the late riots of Philadelphia followed the example of Louis XVI., we should have the scenes of Paris over again. Emboldened by impunity, and made ferocious by blood, mob would have striven with mob, in the absence of law, and the length and fierceness of the struggle would have depended on the comparative strength of the conflicting parties. Had any of the mobs which for the last few years have arisen in London, Birmingham, or Bristol, been suffered to insult and pillage, and trample on the constituted authorities with the same impunity that the Parisian mobs were allowed to, we should have had similar acts of violence; and had this lawless power been suffered to increase

and consolidate, it would have imitated the bloody ferocity of the Jacobins. The transient violence of sudden outbreaks is easily quelled. It is only when the mob power is suffered to become *legislative*, that we have such legislation as Robespierre, Marat, Barrère, and Couthon gave France. The Jacobin club was this consolidated mob-power, and it grew up and strengthened under the very eye of the king. He had not even the excuse of ignorance where ignorance would have been crime, for his best friends told him of it, and not only told him, but begged the privilege of crushing it at once. He not only refused to command the removal of this curse of France, but rejected the earnest entreaty of Lafayette to be permitted to do it on his own responsibility. We are told that Louis could not bear to shoot down his subjects, and chose rather to suffer indignity and personal loss, than shed the blood of others. We have not the least objection to this choice, if he were the only person concerned in it, but he knew that this Jacobin power aimed at the overthrow of every thing stable and just. He could not help knowing it, for their doctrines and determination were both made public. Besides, warning after warning, of no doubtful significance, had reached his ears. The only apology made for Louis here by his friends, is his kindness of heart. Instead of this being an excuse in such circumstances, it is a crime deserving of death. The commander of a nation's army might refuse battle under the same plea, and thus ruin the nation that trusted him. The Mayor of New York might plead his tenderness of feelings for refusing to employ force against a society, whose avowed purpose was to overturn the city government, and spoil the inhabitants. This extreme sensibility on the part of the executive authority is worse than none at all. It is a crime for which a man should be held responsible, as much as for cowardice in battle. There are sins of omission as well as commission, and while the mob stands charged with the latter, Louis XVI. has a heavy account to render for the former.

His want of boldness on the 20th of June, during the last riot to which we referred, ought to have lost him his power forever; and he would have been unworthy of pity had he fallen then on the marble floor of his own palace, trodden down by the infuriated populace. This was not an insurrection of women asking for bread, but of lawless men,

hating authority. One destined to play a fearful part afterwards, in the history of Europe, saw the imbecility of the king at a glance, and could not restrain his indignation. Coming out of a café, he observed the mob streaming towards Versailles—"Let us follow that rabble," said young Bonaparte to Bourienne. When he beheld the insults of the mob, as they spread themselves through the royal apartments, his anger knew no bounds, and when, at length, he saw the meek Louis present himself at the window, with a red cap on his head, put there in obedience to the miserable *sans culotte*, he could restrain himself no longer, and exclaimed "What madness! how could they allow these scoundrels to enter? They ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon. The rest would then have taken to their heels." But Louis, who would struggle long and tenaciously with the National Assembly for a mere prerogative, would let the butchers, scavengers and outlaws of his kingdom spit on him. Bonaparte had occasion to try his principles afterwards, and saved the convention, when half the weakness the king had shown would have left it to the mercy of Jacobinical fury. Lafayette, who had come from the army to arrest this spirit of violence which threatened to overtop all authority, was supported by the National assembly in his bold denunciations of the scenes on the 20th, and thus sustained went to the king and offered himself for his protection. The besotted Louis rejected the offer. Lafayette, intent on saving his country, resolved to take on himself the responsibility of dispersing the Jacobins. But unsupported by the king, he could get but few to aid him. The Jacobins however, hearing of his designs, were seized with sudden fear, and abandoned their club. Had the king then put the National Guard under his control, he would have crushed this viper in its nest, and saved France from the sea of blood in which she afterwards sunk, and from which she eventually so slowly and painfully lifted her head. Lafayette remained a few days longer in Paris, and then set out for the army. From that time on, we see not where France could have been saved. The factions had, in reality, assumed the power, and order and law were soon to be at an end. This last act of the king destroys our remaining sympathy, and we feel that he deserves to die for his weakness, and

we almost wonder how Lafayette could, as he afterwards did, make another effort to save his life. But this too was rendered futile through the infatuation of Louis, and he must hereafter go stumbling on to the scaffold.

The approach of hostile armies on France at this juncture, aroused and alarmed all parties, and accusations were not wanting, that the king was implicated in these attacks on revolutionary France. The 19th of July, 1792, the anniversary of the Federation in the Champ de Mars arrived, and a last feeble attempt was made to keep the appearance of friendship between the king and the people. They assembled as before, but not with the joy and hope of that first great day. The farce could not be kept up, and though the celebration passed off without violence, and *vive le roi* again smote the ear of the king, it was easy to see that another eruption was at hand, destined to sweep royalty, even with its shadow of power, completely away. A new conspiracy was set on foot by the Jacobins, having for its object the dethronement of the king. The insurrectional committee of their club issued orders, as if it composed the municipal authority of Paris. The assembly could do nothing, for Jacobinical influence was there also, and all waited with anxious fear the 10th of August, the day fixed for the insurrection. It came, and with it the overthrow of the throne. The king fled in alarm to the National Assembly—the Tuileries ran blood, and amid the storm and terror of that day, the Bourbon dynasty closed. The executive power of France had disappeared to reappear instantaneously in the *commune* of Paris, under control of the clubs, with the Jacobins at their head. The assembly immediately decreed the dethronement of the king—a plan of education for the prince royal—and the convocation of a national convention. This recognition of the prince royal, shows how confined and unsettled men's minds were on the future course of the revolution, and how difficult it is to eradicate all regard for that power which has for so long a time been the object of reverence. At the dethronement of Louis there were really but two authorities in Paris—the legislative in that of the Assembly, and the municipal in that of the *Commune*.

The first thing to be done, was the creation of some substitute for the exe-

cutive power. The ministers chosen at once, were appointed to represent royalty. But the people were still in uproar, and like the vexed ocean, surged up round the Assembly now the throne had gone down, demanding the *destruction* of royalty. The assembly had voted for suspension, the clubs for dethronement--- and the people were ruled by the clubs. The hatred of the poor against the rich, and all those low passions which turn the lower classes into savages, had been fed by those clubs, till they were ready to be led anywhere to commit any deed.

How rapidly such wild power works. In one day the king had been dethroned---three of his dismissed ministers reinstated, and exercising royal authority. The royal family were prisoners at the Feuillans---Danton, from the member of a second rate club, was minister of justice. Marat, the infamous Marat, was parading Paris, at the head of the brigand Marseillais; and Robespierre, declaiming at the club about the victory, and declaring that the National Assembly should be suspended, and Lafayette impeached.

When the news of this revolution reached the army, it was accompanied with accusations against Dumouriez and Lafayette. To give themselves up to the tribunals at Paris, to be tried, was to abandon themselves to death. Lafayette, therefore, fled to Austria, and was thrown into prison. Dumouriez was reinstated in favor, and attempted to fight for the republic; but eventually, finding anarchy and want of order in the government, took the bold resolution to bring over the army and march it against the revolutionists, that were destroying the very hope of republicans and deluging France in blood. Having failed in this attempt, he, too, fled to Austria, and was received with better favor than Lafayette. We cannot agree with Thiers here, in his condemnation of Dumouriez. That brave general struggled as long as he could, single handed, and then sought the aid

of Austria. But this coalition with a foreign power to march on Paris, and crush the anarchists that were destroying all the good fruits of the revolution, M. Thiers regards as treachery, but we as patriotism. Dumouriez, it is true, would have been compelled to turn his cannon on his countrymen, and wade through the blood of Frenchmen, to the capital; but it would have been a *saving* of blood in the end. The reputation of France, freedom, human life, every thing, was at stake, and Dumouriez knew it, and instead of being branded as a traitor, he should be extolled as a patriot. Any coalition, any measure that would save France from the domination of the cut-throats that had elevated themselves in the place of the throne, was honorable.

But every thing failed; the Jacobins were king, and their club was the National Assembly. Committees of public safety, and of surveillance,\* are but so many forms through which mob law can work. The authors of them know that they must now kill or be killed. Having cut themselves off from all sympathy without, and provoked the hostility of every crowned head of Europe---and knowing they must destroy all their enemies at home, or be swept away themselves---the anarchists set about their preparations to meet the storm with a courage that excites our admiration, but with a ferocity that makes the heart shudder with horror. Danton knew that holdness was the only alternative, and exclaimed in the Assembly "we must *strike terror* to the *royalists*." A shiver ran through the hall, for the language meant extermination.

It is useless to follow the acts of Assembly farther. Legislation was a mere form, and it is to the commune of Paris, the clubs, and the revolutionary tribunal, we are to look for law. The first step in this course of self-protection, called public welfare, was to visit every house in Paris, and apprehend all imputed persons. The barriers are shut for forty-eight hours---

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\* The Committee of the Public Safety was composed of twenty-five members. It was charged with the preparation of all the laws for the safety of the Republic externally. The ministers constituting the executive authority, had to render account to it twice a week, while it reported weekly, of the state of the Republic. The duty of the committee of Surveillance was to seize all suspected persons, and to carry out the decree, that made all of rank or wealth suspected. The Revolutionary tribunal, instituted shortly after, took cognizance of every act and person favoring any plot to re-establish sovereignty, or weaken the power of the people. From its decision there was no appeal. After the fete of the Supreme Being, additional power was given to it, so that all evidence and counsel, and indeed witnesses were dispensed with, or rather accusers were allowed to be witnesses, so that it could destroy without hindrance.

the whole machinery of municipal government arrested—every shop closed, and every inhabitant shut up in his dwelling. The streets are deserted—the promenades are empty—the rattling of carriages is hushed, and the tool of the artisan no longer heard. The noise and hustle of the mighty city are suddenly succeeded by the silence and gloom of death. Pale terror sits by every fireside, and every voice speaks in a whisper. At length, at one o'clock in the morning, the rapid tread of these bloodhounds of the anarchists is heard in every street, and the stroke of their hammer on every door. *Fifteen thousand persons* were seized and committed to prison. The mob had dethroned the king on the 10th of August—the domiciliary visits were made on the 29th, and a new insurrection planned for the 2d of September, three days after. Now let the *générale* beat, and the tocsin send its terrible peal over the city, and the rapid alarm guns make the Sabbath morning of the 2d of September as awful as the day of judgment. The trial and execution of these suspected persons must be as sudden and summary as the arrest. From every quarter the armed multitude come streaming together. Twenty-four priests, on their way from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye, are first seized and butchered. Varennes, trampling over the corpses, and spattering the blood over his shoes, keeps alive, and kindles into tenfold fury, the ferocity he has awakened in the maddened populace. Maillard, the leader of the mob of women that stormed Versailles, shouts “to the Carmelites!”—and “to the Carmelites!” echoes in terrific response from those around him. The turbulent mass rolls toward the church, and the two hundred priests employed in it are butchered in each other's embrace, while their prayers to God are drowned in the shouts of the fiends that stab them around the very altar. The brave Archbishop of Arles receives three cuts of a sword on his face before he falls, and then dies at the foot of the cross of Christ. With a portion of these maddened executioners, Maillard returns to one of the sections of the city, and demands “wine for his brave laborers.” With a shudder, the committee pour them out *twenty-four quarts*, and then the shout is “to the Abbaye.” The brave surviving Swiss are first brought forward and fall pierced by a thousand pikes. The yells of the assassins penetrate the prison walls, announcing to the inmates that their hour is come. The aged Sombreuil,

governor of the Invalides, is brought forth, but just as the bayonet is lifted to strike him, his lovely daughter falls on his neck, and pleads in such piteous accents and distressful tears for her father's life, that he is spared, on the condition she will drink the blood of aristocrats. A goblet of the warm blood is put to her mouth, and she drains it at a draught. Half-naked monsters, bespattered with brains and blood, and making night hideous with frantic yells, shout his pardon. The princess de Lamballe, the friend of the queen, and the beauty of the court, is led forth into the midst of this Saturnalia of hell, and after fainting several times at the horrible spectacle presented to her eyes, a sword stroke opens her head behind. She faints again, and recovering is forced to walk between two fierce ensanguined wretches over a pavement of dead bodies, then speared on a heap of corpses. The raging fiend in their bosoms still unsatisfied, the body is stripped, exposed for two hours to every insult and indecency that human depravity can invent, and finally one leg rent away and thrust into a cannon, which is fired off in honor of this jubilee of demons. The beautiful head, borne aloft on a gory pike, with the auburn tresses clotted with blood and streaming down the staff, is waved over the crowd, and made to salute the fiends that dance in horrid mirth around it. *Ca ira!* Yes, “that will do!” but the hurried beat of the *générale*, and the loud peal of the tocsin, announcing that murder and massacre are abroad, shall be heard too often even for those who ring it. Between this night and the 7th, a thousand were butchered. And yet there were only about three hundred, in all, engaged in this work of blood, while ten thousand of the National Guard remained quietly in their quarters. The Committee of Public Safety avowed these massacres and defended them, and recommended similar sanguinary executions in the different provinces. The taste of blood had whetted the appetite of the mob, and they needed daily victims to gratify it. In the midst of such constant excitement and alarm the election took place for deputies to the National Convention. Being influenced in every part of France by the Jacobins, and in Paris entirely controlled by them, the members of the last assembly were almost universally returned, and the National Convention was formed simply by the Assembly resolving itself into it. It was a change of name, nothing more. The

division of Girondin and Mountain now became more distinct, and, at the condemnation and the execution of Louis which soon followed, permanent and broad. The Girondins from this time forward were accused of favoring the king, and hence became objects of deep hostility to the Mountain and Jacobins, both of whom gradually became one in sympathy and purpose. On the side of the Mountain, we find Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, David Legendre, Collot d'Herbois, and the Duke of Orleans. Marat alone was wanting to make the list complete. On the other side, we find Guadet, Vergniaud, Gensonne, Condorcet, Buzot, the bold and noble hearted Barbaroux, and his devoted friend Rebecqui. These last hating Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their followers, did not cease to denounce them, and were denounced in return. Robespierre was accused, and Marat brought to trial, but were both acquitted. The anarchists, with the factions of Paris, at first in the minority, gradually gained in power, and all efforts of the Girondins to destroy the conspirators of the 10th of August and 2nd of September, were in vain. The revolutionary tribunal was established to expedite the executions and steadily increased in power. The public accuser of it, the infamous Fouquier Tinville, was constantly urged by the Committee of Public Safety to hasten the executions. He needed no such incentive to whet his morbid appetite for blood. To a frame and will of iron, he added a steadiness of purpose and unweariedness of effort, and a hatred of man, that made him the fit agent of such an engine of terror. Cold as marble to every thing but the pleasure of murder, he had no passion but ferocity. Appetite, lust, desire, covetousness, were all unknown to him. The love of human suffering and flowing blood absorbed all other feelings and affections of the man, and he moved amid this chaos like a spirit of darkness, sweeping men by thousands into the grave. Yet even he showed that ferocity has a limit, for, when the Committee of Public Safety ordered him to increase the execution to a hundred and fifty a day, he was so horrified, that he confessed on his trial, that as he returned home the Seine appeared to run blood. While he was thus wasting life in Paris, the guillotine guarded by artillery was travelling over France, reeking with gore, and leaving destruction in its path. All the upper classes were destined to the grave. Danton was the

origin of this infamous revolutionary tribunal, little thinking it would one day take off his own head. It is useless to follow the struggle between the two portions of the convention. One or the other must sooner or later fall. Unions made in moments of enthusiasm, and suspension of hostilities in times of great external danger, only delayed, not prevented, the catastrophe.

Robespierre accused the Girondins of being an under aristocracy and opposed to the interests of the people, and hence carried Paris and the populace with him. The Girondins on the other hand waged constant war on the atrocious measures which the Commune of Paris, and the Jacobins and Mountain constantly proposed and executed. At length the same measure by which the king was dethroned on the 10th of August, 1792, and the prisoners slain on the 2d of Sept. of the same year, was set on foot to overthrow the Girondins in 1793. The spirit of lawless violence, which Louis could and should have quelled had now become too strong for opposition, and although the Girondins endeavored; to stem it manfully to the last, their actions were marked by greater courage than policy. On Sunday again, as if this day were the most favorable to success, the insurrection which was to overthrow the last defenders of true liberty was to take place. All night long had the générale beat, and the tocsin pealed on over the city, driving sleep from every eye and sending terror to every bosom, and at day break the booming of the alarm gun amid the general tumult was heard calling the multitude to arms. The Convention was surrounded, but most of the Girondins were away concealed in their friends' houses. The Mountain and the Jacobins had now unlimited power and the Girondins prosecuted by the Commune of Paris, were ordered to be put under arrest. This crushed the party forever. Part fled into the provinces to stir up a rebellion against the Jacobins, and part remained behind to mount the scaffold. Now, Robespierre and his Jacobins have it all their own way. The Reign of Terror has commenced and order is restored and preserved by the awful power of fear alone. Moderates are regarded as aristocrats, and under the law established in respect to suspected persons no one is safe from accusation. Law is abrogated, legislation ended, and a dictatorship composed of

the revolutionary tribunal, and the Committee of Public Safety are really the only power in France. But the danger was not over. A foreign foe was on the frontier moving towards the capital, while the provinces in arms were also marching thither to avenge the convention. The only weapon to be used against the enemy at home was terror, while the republican armies were to resist the foe from without. In the midst of these excitements, Marat one of the famed triumviri fell before the knife of Charlotte Corday, the first act of retributive justice, which was to be followed by others, till the whole tribe of monsters should sink one after another into the bloody grave in which they had pushed so many before them.

But as there cannot be agitation without parties, so they began to be formed in the convention, Jacobins as they were, although it had just rid itself of the great conservative party of the Girondins. Part, seeing in how dangerous hands the supreme power of France was placed, demanded the revival of the constitutional ministry, to be independant of the legislative power, and hence of the committee of public welfare. There were also among these radicals, some more moderate than others, as there always must be. There is a conservative part to all radicalism, an upper crust to the lowest stratum, which may be cut off again and again—there still is left an upper surface which the lower must remove, submit to, or perish. Radicals forget this great fact when they begin to hew away the upper classes. The *relation* still exists—there always will be those more moderate than others. It was so in the convention. Thus we see two incipient parties springing out of the Mountain itself, and endeavoring to stay the wild revolutionary energy that was sweeping every thing away in its fury.

In the meantime the Jacobins and their friends declared through the convention, the revolution to be in a state of siege, from the foes without and within, and hence adopted revolutionary measures. A revolutionary army, and a revolutionary police were established. The police watched the republic, and the army defended it; and while the latter was struggling against monarchy, working through its armies, the former attempted to subvert all aristocracy, by imprisoning all suspected persons. The energy of this revolutionary government

was astonishing, for, while it challenged the royalty of Europe to the conflict, and “threw down the head of a king as the gage of battle,” it carried out in all its details the severest police regulations that were ever instituted. Revolutionary committees were formed in every part of France, endowed with the power of judging the persons liable to arrest. Paris had forty-eight, and fifty thousand were in operation throughout the kingdom. The result of these revolutionary measures drenched France in blood. At Lyons, the murderous Collot d'Herbois, under sanction of the government, and carrying out its decree—that an army should travel over the provinces, accompanied by artillery and a guillotine—slew by wholesale. Suspected houses were blown up together, and prisoners were arranged in file, with a ditch on either side, to receive the dead bodies; and then mowed down with grape shot. The Rhone ran blood, and its waters became poisoned with the putrid corpses that loaded the stream. Every species of cruelty that depravity could invent was exhibited in these sanguinary scenes. Amidst the groans of the wounded, and shrieks and tears of friends, Collot d'Herbois, and Fouché, and his partisans, rioted with courtézans, and laughed amid the carnage. In five months six thousand were butchered, and double that number driven into exile. At Bordeaux the same sanguinary scenes were enacted, and all the great cities of France felt the vengeance of the Mountain. In Nantes, women and children were mingled up in the massacres in such proportions, that the ordinary modes of execution were unequal to slay the countless victims that were daily offered. Chained together, two and two, they were thrown into the Loire, while soldiers lined the shore with drawn sabres, to despatch those who escaped drowning. Six hundred children perished in this inhuman manner. In another instance five hundred children were led out to be shot;—unaccustomed to fire sufficiently low to hit these innocent children, the soldiers sent their bullets over their heads. Frantic with fear these comparative infants suddenly broke their bonds and rushed in among the soldiers, clinging to their knees, and crying for mercy. But nothing could allay the fiend that had taken possession of the executioners, and the sword hewed down the suppliants by scores. Thirty thous-

sand perished in Nantes alone. The head revolutionary tribunal at Paris, of which all others were but shoots, was in the meantime busy at home. Carts were regularly driven up to the door every morning waiting for its load of human bodies. The accusations made without cause, were followed instantaneously by the trial without justice, and the guillotine ended the farce. Fifty a day would be tried and executed. The rolling of tumbrils going to and from the place of execution, carried constant terror to the prisoners who heard it from their dungeons. Men became reckless of life, and danced and sung on the day of their execution, and went joking to the scaffold. Man had lost his humanity, and a spirit of ferocity unheard of before in the annals of history, animated the bosoms of the murderers who sat as judges. It was more than cold-blooded murder—it was a madness or mania as inexplicable, as it was terrific. At first the people seemed to enjoy the excitement of these scenes of horror, and benches were arranged around the guillotine for their accommodation, on which men and women sat and sang *ga via!* as head after head rolled on the scaffold. Robespierre and his revolutionary tribunal waded in blood, and still the cry was for more. France had lost nearly a million by the revolution; and the blows which had smitten only the upper classes of society began to descend on the lower classes. Then the reaction commenced. Artisans shut up their shops along the street where the carts passed to the guillotine. A solemn feeling, the first indication of returning reason, began to usurp the place of madness. The monsters who sat as gods in the midst of this overthrow of life, were themselves alarmed at the depth to which they had waded in human gore, and looked in vain for some shore to stand on. They could not go back, and it grew wilder as they advanced. The heavens grew dark over head; and they felt the intimations of an approaching storm, that even in its birth-throes betokened a fiercer strength than their own. The wave they had gathered, and sent onward had met its limit and was now balancing for its backward march. Danton, who had sickened of the endless murders, was accused as a moderate, and with Camille Desmoulins cast in prison. The revolutionary tribunal he had put in operation, though awe-struck for a moment by his boldness, and alarmed as it heard his voice of thunder hurling defiance into its midst, soon sent

him and his compeers to the guillotine, that still waited for greater victims.

The dethronement of the Deity and instalment of reason in his place, in the person of a lewd woman, alarmed Robespierre, who trembled to see human passion cut loose from all restraint, and he reënthroned the Supreme Ruler in solemn pomp. His haughty bearing on this day turned him from an object of reverence into one of suspicion. Jealousy also began to show itself between the committee of public welfare and the committee of public safety, and sections of both to distrust Robespierre in his rapid strides to supreme power. People began to say, "Robespierre wills it;" "Robespierre demands it." He was *the* power. This he had sought but wished it without the responsibility. While resentments and jealousies were thus acquiring strength in the different committees, public sympathy began to react against the atrocities to which there seemed no end. In this state of affairs there was wanting only an occasion sufficient to demand boldness of action in the Convention. It was soon furnished in the attack Robespierre made on his old friends, who dared to complain of his arbitrary measures. In a moment of courage Billaud cast off all reserve, and in the midst of the dark hints thrown out in the Convention against Robespierre, accused him abruptly of endeavoring to control the committees, and seeking to be sole master, and lastly of conspiring the day before with the Jacobins to decimate the Convention. The smothered fire had at length burst forth, and the sudden shout, "Down with the tyrant!" shook the hall. Robespierre, livid with rage, attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned in the shouts, "arrest!" "accusation!" "to the vote! to the vote!" A decree against him, St. Just and Couthon, was carried.

In the meantime the Jacobins in the Commons were thunderstruck at the sudden fall of their leader. They had been planning a second insurrection against the convention, and the blow had reached them first. The infamous Henriot galloped, half drunk, through the streets, striving to rouse the people. Having misled the gunners in the Place du Caroussel, they had pointed their artillery on the hall of the National Convention. The deputies prepared themselves for death, but in the meantime passed a decree of outlawry against Henriot which being read to the soldiers they refused to fire. The National Guard sided with the Convention, and it was over with Robespierre

and his conspirators. Though snatched from the hands of the Convention by the mob, and carried to the Hotel de Ville, they were at length secured. Having been outlawed, there was no need of trial, and they were led off to the execution.

What a change a single day had made in the fate of Robespierre. As we see him lying on a table in the hall of the committee of public welfare pale and haggard, the same blue coat he had worn in pomp and pride at the festival of the Supreme Being, spattered with the blood from his wound, which he vainly strives to staunch with the sheath of his pistol, we learn a lesson on tyranny and not on republicanism we can never forget. The guillotine, to which he had sent so many, finally reached him; and the terrific yell he uttered, freezing every heart with horror, as the bandage was torn from his maimed jaw, letting it drop on his breast, was the knell of the Reign of Terror. Joy and exultation filled every bosom when it was announced that he and his accomplices were no more. Here, the revolution stopped and began to retrograde.

The five years we have thus gone over, stand alone in the history of man. In 1789, the National Assembly overthrew the feudal system and took the first great revolutionary step. In 1791, a Constitution had been given to France, but dissatisfied with its action, a few months after the mob stormed the Tuileries and dethroned the king. The revolution had now awakened the hostility of Europe, and amid the foes without and dangers within, it raged with tenfold fury. As these dangers accumulated and obstacles increased, the last degree of exasperation was reached, and it went on destroying with a blind rage that threatened to overwhelm everything in its passage. With the appearance of mighty armies without and the spectres of bloody plots within, it saw no safety but in indiscriminate slaughter. At the end of 1793, the republican armies were crowned with victory, and the excuse of desperate measures no longer existed, and in the waking up of humanity the tyranny of Terror went down. We cannot follow here the future steps of the National Convention. The heads of the Jacobin party had been cut off, but the members remained to make one more desperate effort for power. Famine too, stalked abroad, furnishing food to nothing but agitation and despair. But general order prevailed—the Jacobin

club was closed—the revolutionary tribunal destroyed, and the insurrections in different parts of the kingdom quelled. The insurrection called the insurrection of the 1st of Prairial, was like that which drove the mob of women to Versailles—scarcity of bread. It was more terrific and threatening than that which overthrew or destroyed the Girondins, but the government had learned to use the force at its disposal with firmness and courage, and the tumult which threatened to bring back the horrors of the 2d of Sept., was quelled.

The adoption of a new Constitution now followed, vesting the executive power in the hands of five Directors, and the legislative in two councils—that of the *Five Hundred* and that of the *Ancients*. The council of Five Hundred appointed the Directors, which constituted the famous Directory of France. This Constitution excited the last great insurrection of Paris, called the insurrection of the 13th of Vendemaire, and ended for ever the power of the Jacobins. The *générale* which had so often carried consternation into the hearts of the Parisians, was once more beat and the tocsin sounded, and the lawless power of the mob again on its march, with forty thousand of the National Guard to sustain it. Against this overwhelming force, the Constitution had but five thousand men to defend itself. With half the irresolution of Louis XVI., it would have shared his fate. But fortunately these five thousand were put under the command of that same youth who saw, with inexpressible indignation, Louis XVI. submit to the indignities and insults of the mob in the Tuileries. Young Bonaparte had none of that monarch's womanly weakness or childish fear of shedding human blood. With his trusty band he opened his cannon on the approaching masses of his countrymen, as he had done before on the Austrian columns. His orders to disperse were terrific discharges of grape shot, and the authority with which they were issued, was seen in the falling ranks that reeled to the murderous fire. The lawless bands that had first become powerful through the weakness of the king, saw that the government was now in different hands, and disappeared as suddenly as they had arisen. Peace was restored, the factions for ever broken, and a new era dawned on France. At length, October 26, 1795, the National Convention, after having been in session three years, and passed 8370 decrees, dissolved itself. The Directory immedi-

ately established itself at Luxembourg, and the remainder of the history of the revolution is taken up chiefly with the external wars up to 1799, at the establishment of the Consulate under Napoleon Bonaparte. We will not trace the steps by which Bonaparte rapidly ascended to power. Lodi, and Arcola, with their desperate struggles and victories—the conquests in Italy and on the Rhine—the battles of the Pyramids and the overthrow of Egypt—the brilliant achievements with which he dazzled the French people and prepared them for his domination, are a part of history known to all. Like some mighty spirit rising amid universal chaos, and moulding and commanding the raging elements till they marshal themselves in order around him, so did Bonaparte appear amid the turbulence that had shaken France into fragments, and unsettled a continent from its repose. The strange elements and daring spirits the revolution shook up to the surface, he directed on external foes, and moving himself on before in the path of ambition and military glory, he drew a crowd after him filled with the same courage and lofty chivalry. Binding these to him by affection and reverence, and making himself the soul of the army, supreme power imperceptibly glided into his hands, and the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, by which he obtained the outward insignia of power, and overthrew the Directory, was but the visible expression of what had been already done.

Ten years had elapsed between the calling of the States General, in which the tiers etat made the first feeble attempts at freedom, and the Consulate. Yet, in that time France had overthrown the feudal constitution which had been impregnable for ages; and from a feudal despotism become a limited monarchy with a constitution—from that had suddenly arisen before the astonished world, and in the midst of the despotism of Europe, a free republic, declaring war against all thrones; and throwing down “the head of a king and six thousand prisoners as the gage of battle”—and then passed into the wildest anarchy that ever shook a kingdom; and last of all had risen up into a strong military despotism, startling the world as much by its arms as it had done by its principles. Ten years of such history the world never before saw. All these transitions were, perhaps, inevitable, after the first step was taken, and the first legislative revolution accomplished. All that France experienced

may have been necessary to the transition from deep oppression and utter misery to freedom and comfort, except the Reign of Terror. Popular outbreaks, and the transient rule of the headlong populace are to be expected, but not the steady and systematic legislation of a mob, ruling by terror and acting through the government of the land. The power of the Jacobins spreading itself, till it wrapped the entire government in its folds, is not chargeable on republicanism. Yet, it is not without its uses; by teaching all republics, to remotest time, that their danger consists not in the ascendancy of an aristocracy once overturned, but in the blind fury of factions. No military despotism ever yet grew out of a republic, except through the influence and corruption of factions that were suffered to increase without resistance, till the aid of the populace could be depended on in a struggle against the authority and power of law.

Bloody as was the French revolution, no one can now appreciate the circumstances in which the men of that period were placed. Those alone who have felt the oppression and inhumanity of an unprincipled aristocracy, can know how strong is the feeling of retributive justice, and how terrible the fear of the reascendency of such power, rendered still more fearful by burning hatred. Added to all this, the crowned heads of Europe were moving down on this new, agitated republic, threatening to crush it, in its first incoherent struggles for life. Fear and rage combined, strung the energies of France to their utmost tension, and we look with wonder on the boldness and strength with which she struggled in her distress. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Couthon, Barrère, St. Just and Collot d'Herbois were monsters; yet, perhaps, with the exception of Marat and Couthon, not so much so by nature as by circumstances. After they obtained the power, it was a matter of life and death with them, and having shut their hearts against all compassion, every thing in their own defence seemed alike pardonable. Let them pass as spectres of that mighty revolution. Their reign was short; lasting only about nine months, while the first States General struggled manfully against tyranny for three years.

The Revolution was not so much perhaps to give liberty to France, as to break the spell of tyranny in Europe. If this be true, Buonaparte's career was as much needed as the revolution itself. The iron frame work of the feudal system had

fastened itself so thoroughly, and rusted so long in its place, above the heads of the lower classes, that no slow cessation or steadily wasting effort could affect its firmness. A convulsion that should heave and rend it asunder was needed. It came in the French revolution, but this affected only France. Some power was needed to roll this earthquake under the thrones of Europe, and Bonaparte was the man. Taking the untamed energies this sudden upheaving had cast forth on the bosom of society, he prepared to dispute with Europe the exclusive claim of nobility to power and privilege. A plebeian himself, he made marshals of plebeians. Ney and Murat and Soult and Davoust and Macdonald and Kleber, and a host of others, were base-born men, and he pitted them against princes and dukes and nobles of every degree, and the plebeians proved themselves the better men. Nay, he did more—he shocked and disgusted, and forever disgraced royalty itself, in their estimation, by making kings of plebeians, and finally taking the daughter of one of the haughtiest monarchs of Europe to his plebeian bed. He forced the haughty aristocracy to mingle in blood and companionship with those of his own making, and carried out, to its utmost limit, the just act of the *tiers etat*, when they wished simply to have the orders verify in common with them. He thus broke up this iron system over the continent—drove everything into fragments, and sent thrones, emptied of their kings and all the insignia of royalty, drifting like a floating wreck on the ocean he had set heaving. The strongest pillars of royalty were shattered to their bases—the objects of oldest, deepest reverence treated as baubles, and the spell-word, by which pride and tyranny had conjured so long, made powerless as the tricks of a play-actor. He confounded and confused every thing, and set the crowned heads of Europe in such a tumult and wonderment, that they have not yet recovered their senses. He started every rivet in the chain of despotism, so that it can never be fastened again—and, more than all, waked up the human soul to think for itself, so that the dark ages which preceded his appearance can never more return. The work of reformation may be slow, but it is sure. Man is forever exalted, and he cannot be depressed anew. Reverence and fear are rapidly diminishing, while the dawning light is spreading higher and brighter on the hori-

zon. With Bonaparte's motives we now have nothing to do, but with the effect of his actions alone. His whole imperial reign, though despotism to France, was republicanism to the world. It was the revolution rolled out of France, and working amid the thrones of Europe. In this respect Bonaparte had an important mission to fulfil, and he accomplished it. The elements he so strangely disturbed, slowly settled back towards their original places, but never did, and never can reach them. The solid surface of feudalism has been broken, and can never reunite. Other experiments are to be worked out, and other destinies reached, different from those which have heretofore made up the history of man.

There is another aspect in which the revolution may be regarded. It was like a personal struggle between freedom and tyranny, which must have taken place before man could be benefited, and when it did occur, must, from the very fierceness of the conflict, have been simply a wild and desperate effort for victory—victory alone. The strife was too deadly and awful to admit of any other thought than bare victory, and hence the means employed, and the distress occasioned, were minor considerations. The struggle was necessarily terrible from the very magnitude of the consequences involved in the issue, and the convulsions inevitable from such a struggle. The benefits are yet to be received. We believe the French revolution has settled the question, whether all reform is to be checked by the bayonet. We see, already, its effect on the despotisms of Europe. England might have been the victim of this strife between liberty and tyranny, if France had not. But now she yields rights, one after another, in obedience to the stern voice of the people. Kings speak in an humble tone of their power, and in a more respectful manner of their subjects. Man, simple, untitled Man, is no longer a cipher in government. He is consulted silently, if not openly. The king fears him, as he stands in the might and majesty of truth, more than hostile armies. The French revolution, and Bonaparte afterwards, rent everything to pieces by the vehemence of their action, but left room for truth to perform its silent and greater work. France went back to military despotism, and is now a monarchy—but the world is no longer what it was. Whatever the final goal may be, it has, at least, taken one step forward.

## ROAD SONG OF EARTH'S TRAVELERS.

We are marching on ! we are marching on !  
 The paths our Choice or Lot hath drawn ;  
 With Truth behind and Trust before,  
 And Pain beneath, but Promise o'er.  
 Stern Foes, fair Tempters, on each side,  
 Yet Shield without and Strength within,  
 And faithful Friends, unterrified—  
 Right, wise to rule—Will, brave to win.

We are toiling on ! we are toiling on !  
 To rest with Dark, and start with Dawn—  
 Down smooth green Vales, up Mountains steep,  
 O'er shifting Land and stormy Deep.  
 Though dark the Wave, and sore the Way,  
 'Twill better keep in mind the Goal ;  
 O'er gloomy Night comes brighter Day,  
 From sterner Strife grows stronger Soul.

On to the Tomb ! on to the Tomb !  
 Where all find rest, and still there's room ;  
 We'll bear each other's loads, for we,  
 Neighbors at Death, through Life should be.  
 So shall our Warfare easier hold,  
 More long for Peace, more short for Pain ;  
 Sweet Kindness yields an hundred-fold,  
 By blessings sown and reaped again.

We come no more ! we come no more !  
 We seek our Lost who 're gone before ;  
 When all are found, what need we here,  
 To love in grief and hope in fear !  
 Some better Home must be, to keep  
 Things whispered oft the soul below,  
 Where Souls, rejoined, their promise reap,  
 And every earthly mystery know.

Though near shuts down Life's narrow sky,  
 Broad lands, we know, beyond must lie ;  
 Though dim in cloud—in day's full glare  
 Shine worlds of glory ever there.

PHILALETHES.

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

I see in thousand pictured things  
 Thee, Mary, shaped so tenderly !  
 Yet none, of all, thine image brings  
 As oft my soul hath glimpse of thee.  
 I only feel, the world's unrest—  
 Since *then*—waves o'er me like a dream ;  
 And a Heaven unutterably blest  
 Doth ever in my spirit seem.

PHILALETHES.

## SOME WORDS WITH A MUMMY.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THE symposium of the preceding evening had been a little too much for my nerves. I had a wretched headache, and was desperately drowsy. Instead of going out, therefore, to spend the evening as I had proposed, it occurred to me that I could not do a wiser thing than just eat a mouthful of supper and go immediately to bed.

A *light* supper of course. I am exceedingly fond of Welsh rarebit. More than a pound at once, however, may not be at all times advisable. Still, there can be no material objection to two. And really between two and three, there is merely a single unit of difference. I ventured, perhaps, upon four. My wife will have it five;—but, clearly, she has confounded two very distinct affairs. The abstract number, five, I am willing to admit; but, concretely, it has reference to bottles of Brown Stout, without which, in the way of condiment, Welsh rarebit is to be eschewed.

Having thus concluded a frugal meal, and donned my night-cap with the serene hope of enjoying it until noon the next day, I placed my head upon the pillow, and through the aid of a capital conscience, fell into a profound slumber forthwith.

But when were the hopes of humanity fulfilled? I could not have completed my third snore when there came a furious ringing at the street-door bell, and then an impatient thumping at the knocker, which awakened me at once. In a minute afterward, and while I was still rubbing my eyes, my wife thrust in my face a note from my old friend, Doctor Ponnonner. It ran thus:

“Come to me by all means, my dear good friend, as soon as you receive this. Come and help us to rejoice. At last, by long persevering diplomacy, I have gained the assent of the Directors of the City Museum, to my examination of the Mummy—you know the one I mean. I have permission to unswathe it and open it, if desirable. A few friends only will be present—you, of course. The Mummy is now at my house, and we shall begin to unroll it at eleven to-night. Yours ever,

PONNONNER.”

By the time I had reached the “Ponnonner,” it struck me that I was as wide awake as a man need be. I leaped out of bed in an ecstasy, overthrowing all in my way; dressed myself with a rapidity truly marvellous; and set off, at the top of my speed, for the Doctor’s.

There I found a very eager company assembled. They had been awaiting me with much impatience; the mummy was extended upon the dining-table; and the moment I entered, its examination was commenced.

It was one of a pair brought, several years previously, by Captain Arthur Sabretash, a cousin of Ponnonner’s, from a tomb near Eleithias, in the Lybian Mountains, a considerable distance above Thebes, on the Nile. The grottoes at this point, although less magnificent than the Theban sepulchres, are of higher interest, on account of affording more numerous illustrations of the private life of the Egyptians. The chamber from which our specimen was taken, was said to be very rich in such illustrations; the walls being completely covered with fresco paintings and bas-reliefs, while statues, vases, and Mosaic work of rich patterns, indicated the vast wealth of the deceased.

The treasure had been deposited in the Museum precisely in the condition in which Captain Sabretash had found it;—that is to say, the coffin had not been disturbed. For eight years it had thus stood, subject only externally to public inspection. We had now, therefore, the complete Mummy at our disposal; and to those who are aware how very rarely the unransacked antique reaches our shores, it will be evident, at once, that we had great reason to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune.

Approaching the table, I saw upon it a large box, or case, nearly seven feet long, and perhaps three feet wide, by two feet and a half deep. It was oblong—not coffin-shaped. The material was at first supposed to be the wood of the sycamore (*platanus*), but, upon cutting into it, we found it to be pasteboard, or more properly, *papier maché*, composed of papyrus. It was thickly ornament-

ed with paintings, representing funeral scenes, and other mournful subjects, interspersed among which in every variety of position, were certain series of hieroglyphical characters intended, no doubt, for the name of the departed. By good luck, Mr. Gliddon formed one of our party; and he had no difficulty in translating the letters, which were simply phonetic, and represented the word, *Al-lamistakeo*.

We had some difficulty in getting this case open without injury, but, having at length accomplished the task, we came to a second, coffin-shaped, and very considerably less in size than the exterior one, but resembling it precisely in every other respect. The interval between the two was filled with resin, which had, in some degree, defaced the colors of the interior box.

Upon opening this latter (which we did quite easily,) we arrived at a third case, also coffin-shaped, and varying from the second one in no particular, except in that of its material, which was cedar, and still emitted the peculiar and highly aromatic odor of that wood. Between the second and third case there was no interval; the one fitting accurately within the other.

Removing the third case, we discovered and took out the body itself. We had expected to find it, as usual, enveloped in frequent rolls, or bandages, of linen, but, in place of these, we found a sort of sheath, made of papyrus, and coated with a layer of plaster, thickly gilt and painted. The paintings represented subjects connected with the various supposed duties of the soul, and its presentation to different divinities, with numerous identical human figures, intended, very probably, as portraits of the person embalmed. Extending from head to foot, was a columnar, or perpendicular inscription in phonetic hieroglyphics, giving again his name and titles, and the names and titles of his relations.

Around the neck thus ensheathed, was a collar of cylindrical glass beads, diverse in color, and so arranged as to form images of deities, of the scarabæus, etc., with the winged globe. Around the small of the waist was a similar collar, or belt.

Stripping off the papyrus, we found the flesh in excellent preservation, with no perceptible odor. The color was reddish. The skin was hard, smooth and glossy. The teeth and hair were in good condition. The eyes (it seemed) had been re-

moved, and glass ones substituted, which were very beautiful and wonderfully life-like, with the exception of somewhat too determined a stare. The finger and toe nails were brilliantly gilded.

Mr. Gliddon was of opinion, from the redness of the epidermis, that the embalment had been effected altogether by asphaltum; but, upon scraping the surface with a steel instrument, and throwing into the fire some of the powder thus obtained, the flavor of camphor and other sweet-scented gums became apparent.

We searched the corpse very carefully for the usual openings through which the entrails are extracted, but, to our surprise, we could discover none. No member of the party was at that period aware that entire or unopened mummies are not unfrequently met. The brain it was customary to withdraw through the nose; the intestines through an incision in the side; the body was then shaved, washed, and salted, then laid aside for several weeks, when the operation of embalming, properly so called, began.

As no trace of an opening could be found, Doctor Ponnonner was preparing his instruments for dissection, when I observed that it was then past two o'clock. Hereupon it was agreed to postpone the internal examination until the next evening, and we were about to separate for the present, when some one suggested an experiment or two with the Voltaic pile.

The application of electricity to a mummy some three or four thousand years old at the least, was an idea, if not very sage, still sufficiently original, and we all caught at it at once. About one tenth in earnest and nine tenths in jest, we arranged a battery in the Doctor's study, and conveyed thither the Egyptian.

It was only after much trouble that we succeeded in laying bare some portions of the temporal muscle which appeared of less stony rigidity than other parts of the frame, but which, as we had anticipated, of course, gave no indication of galvanic susceptibility when brought in contact with the wire. This the first trial, indeed, seemed decisive, and with a hearty laugh at our own absurdity we were bidding each other good night, when my eyes, happening to fall upon those of the mummy, were there immediately riveted in amazement. My brief glance, in fact, had sufficed to assure me that the orbs which we had all supposed to be glass, and which were originally noticeable for a certain wild stare, were now

so far covered by the lids that only a small portion of the *tunica albuginea* remained visible.

With a shout I called attention to the fact, and it became immediately obvious to all.

I cannot say that I was *alarmed* at the phenomenon, because "alarmed" is, in my case, not exactly the word. It is possible, however, that, but for the Brown Stout, I might have been a little nervous. As for the rest of the company, they really made no attempt at concealing the downright fright which possessed them. Doctor Ponnonner was a man to be pitied. Mr. Gliddon, by some peculiar process, rendered himself invisible. Mr. Silk Buckingham, I fancy, will scarcely be so bold as to deny that he made his way, upon all fours, under the table.

After the first shock of astonishment, however, we resolved, as a matter of course, upon farther experiment forthwith. Our operations were now directed against the great toe of the right foot. We made an incision over the outside of the exterior *os sesamoideum pollicis pedis*, and thus got at the root of the *abductor* muscle. Re-adjusting the battery, we now applied the fluid to the bisected nerves—when, with a movement of exceeding life-likeness, the mummy first drew up its right knee so as to bring it nearly into contact with the abdomen, and then, straightening the limb with inconceivable force, bestowed a kick upon Doctor Ponnonner which had the effect of discharging that gentleman, like an arrow from a catapult, through a window into the street below.

We rushed out *en masse* to bring in the mangled remains of the victim, but had the happiness to meet him upon the staircase, coming up in an unaccountable hurry, brimfull of the most ardent philosophy, and more than ever impressed with the necessity of prosecuting our experiments with rigor and with zeal.

It was by his advice, accordingly, that we made, upon the spot, a profound incision into the tip of the subject's nose, while the Doctor himself, laying violent hands upon it, pulled it into vehement contact with the wire.

Morally and physically—figuratively and literally—was the effect electric. In the first place, the corpse opened its eyes and winked very rapidly for several minutes, as does Mr. Barnes in the pantomime; in the second place, it sneezed; in the third, it sat upon end; in the fourth,

it shook its fist in Doctor Ponnonner's face; in the fifth, turning to Messieurs Gliddon and Buckingham, it addressed them, in very capital Egyptian, thus:

"I must say, gentlemen, that I am as much surprised as I am mortified, at your behavior. Of Doctor Ponnonner nothing better was to be expected. He is a poor little fat fool who *knows* no better. I pity and forgive him. But you, Mr. Gliddon—and you, Silk—who have traveled and resided in Egypt until one might imagine you to be the manor born—you, I say, who have been so much among us that you speak Egyptian fully as well as you write your mother tongue—you, whom I have been always led to regard as the firm friend of the mummies—I really did anticipate more gentlemanly conduct from *you*. What am I to think of your standing quietly by and seeing me thus unhandsomely used? What am I to suppose by your permitting Tom, Dick and Harry to strip me of my coffins, and my clothes, in this wretchedly cold climate? In what light (to come to the point) am I to regard your aiding and abetting that miserable little villain, Doctor Ponnonner, in pulling me by the nose?"

It will be taken for granted, no doubt, that upon hearing this speech under the circumstances, we all either made for the door, or fell into violent hysterics, or went off in a general swoon. One of these three things was, I say, to be expected. Indeed each and all of these lines of conduct might have been very plausibly pursued. And, upon my word, I am somewhat at a loss to explain how or why it was that we pursued neither the one nor the other. But, perhaps, the true reason is to be sought in the spirit of the age, which proceeds by the rule of contraries altogether, and is now usually admitted as the solution of every thing in the way of paradox and impossibility. Or, perhaps, after all, it was only the mummy's exceedingly natural and matter-of-course air that divested his words of the terrible. However this may be, the facts are clear, and no member of our party betrayed any very particular trepidation, or seemed to consider that any thing had gone very especially wrong.

For my part I was convinced it was all right, and merely stepped aside, out of the range of the Egyptian's fist. Doctor Ponnonner thrust his hands into his breeches' pockets, looked hard at the mummy, and grew excessively red in the

face. Mr. Gliddon stroked his whiskers and drew up the collar of his shirt. Mr. Buckingham hung down his head, and put his right thumb into the left corner of his mouth.

The Egyptian regarded him with a severe countenance for some minutes, and at length, with a sneer, said:

"Why don't you speak, Mr. Buckingham? Did you hear what I asked you, or not? Do take your thumb out of your mouth."

Mr. Buckingham, hereupon, gave a slight start, took his right thumb out of the left corner of his mouth, and, by way of indemnification, inserted the left thumb in the right corner of the aperture above-mentioned.

Not being able to get an answer from Mr. B., the figure turned peevishly to Mr. Gliddon, and, in a pre-emptory tone, demanded in general terms what we all meant.

Mr. Gliddon replied at great length, in phonetics; and but for the deficiency of the American printing-offices in hieroglyphical type, it would afford me much pleasure to record here, in the original, the whole of his very capital speech.

I may as well take this occasion to remark, that all the subsequent conversation in which the mummy took a part, was carried on in the primitive Egyptian, through the medium (so far as concerned myself and the other untravelling members of the company)—through the medium, I say, of Messieurs Gliddon and Buckingham, as interpreters. These gentlemen spoke the mother-tongue of the Mummy with inimitable fluency and grace; but I could not help observing that (owing, no doubt, to the introduction of images entirely modern, and, of course, entirely novel to the stranger,) the two travellers were reduced, occasionally, to the employment of sensible forms for the purpose of conveying a particular meaning. Mr. Gliddon, at one period, for example, could not make the Egyptian comprehend the term "politics," until he sketched upon the wall, with a bit of charcoal, a little carbuncle-nosed gentleman, out at elbows, standing upon a stump, with his left leg drawn back, his right arm thrown forward, with the fist shut, the eyes rolled up toward Heaven, and the mouth open at an angle of ninety degrees. Just in the same way Mr. Buckingham failed to convey the absolutely modern idea, "wig," until, (at Doctor Ponnonner's suggestion,) he grew very pale in

the face, and consented to take off his own.

It will be readily understood that Mr. Gliddon's discourse turned chiefly upon the vast benefits accruing to science from the unrolling and disembowelling of mummies; apologizing, upon this score, for any disturbance that might have been occasioned *him*, in particular, the individual Mummy called Allamistakeo; and concluding with a mere hint, (for it could scarcely be considered more,) that, as these little matters were now explained, it might be as well to proceed with the investigation intended. Here Doctor Ponnonner made ready his instruments.

In regard to the latter suggestions of the orator, it appears that Allamistakeo had certain scruples of conscience, the nature of which I did not distinctly learn; but he expressed himself satisfied with the apologies tendered, and, getting down from the table, shook hands with the company all round.

When this ceremony was at an end, we immediately busied ourselves in repairing the damages which our subject had sustained from the scalpel. We sewed up the wound in his temple, bandaged his foot, and applied a square inch of black plaster to the tip of his nose.

It was now observed that the Count, (this was the title, it seems, of Allamistakeo,) had a slight fit of shivering—no doubt from the cold. The doctor immediately repaired to his wardrobe, and soon returned with a black dress coat, made in Jennings' best manner, a pair of sky-blue plaid pantaloons with straps, a pink gingham *chemise*, a flapped vest of brocade, a white sack overcoat, a walking cane with a hook, a hat with no brim, patent-leather boots, straw-colored kid gloves, an eye-glass, a pair of whiskers, and a waterfall cravat. Owing to the disparity of size between the Count and the doctor, (the proportion being as two to one,) there was some little difficulty in adjusting these habiliments upon the person of the Egyptian; but when all was arranged, he might have been said to be dressed. Mr. Gliddon, therefore, gave him his arm, and led him to a comfortable chair by the fire, while the doctor rang the bell upon the spot and ordered a supply of cigars and wine.

The conversation soon grew animated. Much curiosity was, of course, expressed in regard to the somewhat remarkable fact of Allamistakeo's still remaining alive.

"I should have thought," observed

Mr. Buckingham, "that it is high time you were dead."

"Why," replied the Count, very much astonished, "I am little more than seven hundred years old! My father lived a thousand, and was by no means in his dotage when he died."

Here ensued a brisk series of questions and computations, by means of which it became evident that the antiquity of the mummy had been grossly misjudged. It had been five thousand and fifty years, and some months, since he had been consigned to the catacombs at Eleithias.

"But my remark," resumed Mr. Buckingham, "had no reference to your age at the period of interment; (I am willing to grant, in fact, that you are still a young man), and my allusion was to the immensity of time during which, by your own showing, you must have been done up in asphaltum."

"In what?" said the Count.

"In asphaltum," persisted Mr B.

"Ah, yes; I have some faint notion of what you mean; it might be made to answer, no doubt,—but in my time we employed scarcely anything else than the bichloride of Mercury."

"But what we are especially at a loss to understand," said Doctor Ponnonger, "is how it happens that, having been dead and buried in Egypt five thousand years ago, you are here to-day all alive, and looking so delightfully well."

"Had I been, as you say, *dead*," replied the Count, "it is more than probable that dead I should still be; for I perceive that you are yet in the infancy of Galvanism, and cannot accomplish with it what was a common thing among us in the old days. But the fact is, I fell into catalepsy, and it was considered by my best friends that I was either dead or should be; they accordingly embalmed me at once—I presume you are aware of the chief principle of the embalming process?"

"Why, not altogether."

"Ah, I perceive;—a deplorable condition of ignorance! Well, I cannot enter into details just now; but it is necessary to explain that to embalm, (properly speaking), in Egypt, was to arrest indefinitely *all* the animal functions subjected to the process. I use the word "animal" in its widest sense, as including the physical not more than the moral and *vital* being. I repeat that the leading principle of embalment consisted, with us, in the immediately arresting, and holding

in perpetual *obeyance*, *all* the animal functions subjected to the process. To be brief, in whatever condition the individual was, at the period of embalment, in that condition he remained. Now, as it is my good fortune to be of the blood of the Scarabæus, I was embalmed *alive*, as you see me at present."

"The blood of the Scarabæus!" exclaimed Doctor Ponnonger.

"Yes. The Scarabæus was the *insignium*, on the "arms," of a very distinguished and a very rare patrician family. To be "of the blood of the Scarabæus," is merely to be one of that family of which the Scarabæus is the *insignium*. I speak figuratively."

"But what has this to do with your being alive?"

"Why it is the general custom, in Egypt, to deprive a corpse, before embalment, of its bowels and brains; the race of the Scarabæi alone did not coincide with the custom. Had I not been a Scarabæus, therefore, I should have been without bowels and brains; and without either it is inconvenient to live."

"I perceive that;" said Mr. Buckingham, "and I presume that all the *entire* mummies that come to hand are of the race of Scarabæi."

"Beyond doubt."

"I thought," said Mr. Gliddon very meekly, "that the Scarabæus was one of the Egyptian gods."

"One of the Egyptian *what*?" exclaimed the Mummy, starting to its feet.

"Gods!" repeated the traveler.

"Mr. Gliddon I really am ashamed to hear you talk in this style," said the Count, resuming his chair. "No nation upon the face of the earth has ever acknowledged more than the *one God*. The Scarabæus, the Ibis, etc. were, with us, (as similar creatures have been with others) the symbols, or *media*, through which we offered worship to a Creator too august to be more directly approached."

There was here a pause. At length the colloquy was renewed by Doctor Ponnonger.

"It is not improbable, then, from what you have explained," said he, "that among the catacombs near the Nile, there may exist other mummies of the Scarabæus tribe, in a condition of vitality."

"There can be no question of it," replied the Count; "all the Scarabæi embalmed accidentally while alive, are alive now. Even some of those *purposely* so embalmed, may have been overlooked

by their executors, and still remain in the tombs."

"Will you be kind enough to explain," I said, "what you mean by 'purposely so embalmed?'"

"With great pleasure," answered the Mummy, after surveying me leisurely through his eye-glass—for it was the first time I had ventured to address him a direct question.

"With great pleasure," said he. "The usual duration of man's life, in my time, was about eight hundred years. Few men died, unless by most extraordinary accident, before the age of six hundred; few lived longer than a decade of centuries; but eight were considered the natural term. After the discovery of the embalming principle, as I have already described it to you, it occurred to our philosophers that a laudable curiosity might be gratified, and, at the same time, the interests of science much advanced, by living this natural term in instalments. In the case of history, indeed, experience demonstrated that something of this kind was indispensable. A historian, for example, having attained the age of five hundred, would write a book with great labor and then get himself carefully embalmed; leaving instructions to his executors *pro tem.*, that they should cause him to be revived after the lapse of a certain period—say five or six hundred years. Resuming existence at the expiration of this term, he would invariably find his great work converted into a species of hap-hazard note-book—that is to say, into a kind of literary arena for the conflicting guesses, riddles, and personal squabbles of whole herds of exasperated commentators. These guesses, etc., which passed under the name of annotations or emendations, were found so completely to have enveloped, distorted, and overwhelmed the text, that the author had to go about with a lantern to discover his own book. When discovered, it was never worth the trouble of the search. After re-writing it throughout, it was regarded as the bounden duty of the historian to set himself to work, forthwith, in correcting from his own private knowledge and experience, the traditions of the day concerning the epoch at which he had originally lived. Now this process of re-scription and personal rectification, pursued by various individual sages, from time to time, had the effect of preventing our history from degenerating into absolute fable."

"I beg your pardon," said Doctor Pannonner at this point, laying his hand gently upon the arm of the Egyptian—"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I presume to interrupt you for one moment?"

"By all means, *sir*," replied the Count, drawing up.

"I merely wished to ask you a question," said the Doctor. "You mentioned the historian's personal correction of *traditions* respecting his own epoch. Pray, sir, upon an average, what proportion of these Kabbala were usually found to be right?"

"The Kabbala, as you properly term them, sir, were generally discovered to be precisely on a par with the facts recorded in the un-re-written histories themselves;—that is to say, not one individual iota of either, was ever known, under any circumstances, to be not totally and radically wrong."

"But as it is quite clear," resumed the Doctor, "that at least five thousand years have elapsed since your entombment, I take it for granted that your histories at that period, if not your traditions, were sufficiently explicit on that one topic of universal interest, the Creation, which took place, as I presume you are aware, only about ten centuries before."

"Sir!" said Count Allamistakeo.

The Doctor repeated his remarks, but it was only after much additional explanation, that the foreigner could be made to comprehend them. The latter at length said, hesitatingly:

"The ideas you have suggested are to me, I confess, utterly novel. During my time I never knew any one to entertain so singular a fancy as that the universe (or this world if you will have it so) ever had a beginning at all. I remember, once, and once only, hearing something remotely hinted, by a man of many speculations, concerning the origin *of the human race*; and by this individual the very word *Adam*, (or Red Earth) which you make use of, was employed. He employed it, however, in a general sense, with reference to spontaneous germination from rank soil (just as a thousand of the lower *genera* of creatures are germinated)—the spontaneous germination, I say, of five vast hordes of men simultaneously upspringing in five distinct and nearly equal divisions of the globe."

Here, in general, the company shrugged their shoulders, and one or two of us touched our foreheads with a very significant air. Mr. Silk Buckingham, first

glancing slightly at the occiput and then at the sinciput of Allamistakeo, spoke as follows:—

“The long duration of human life in your time, together with the occasional practice of passing it, as you have explained, in instalments, must have had, indeed, a strong tendency to the general development and conglomeration of knowledge. I presume, therefore, that we are to attribute the marked inferiority of the old Egyptians in all particulars of science, when compared with the moderns, and more especially with the Yankees, altogether to the superior solidity of the Egyptian skull.”

“I confess again,” replied the Count, with much suavity, “that I am somewhat at a loss to comprehend you; pray, to what particulars of science do you allude?”

Here our whole party joining voices, detailed, at great length, the assumptions of phrenology and the marvels of animal magnetism.

Having heard us to an end, the Count proceeded to relate a few anecdotes, which rendered it evident that prototypes of Gall and Spurzheim had flourished and faded in Egypt so long ago as to have been nearly forgotten, and that the manoeuvres of Mesmerism were really very contemptible tricks when put in collocation with the positive miracles of the Theban *savans*, who created lice, and a great many other similar things.

I here asked the Count if his people were able to calculate eclipses. He smiled rather contemptuously, and said they were.

This put me a little out, but I began to make other inquiries in regard to his astronomical knowledge, when a member of the company, who had never as yet opened his mouth, whispered in my ear that, for information on this head, I had better consult Ptolemy, (whoever Ptolemy is) as well as one Plutarch *de facie lune*.

I then questioned the Mummy about burning-glasses and lenses, and, in general, about the manufacture of glass; but I had not made an end of my queries before the silent member again touched me quietly on the elbow, and begged me for God’s sake to take a peep at Diodorus Siculus. As for the Count, he merely asked me, in the way of reply, if we moderns possessed any such microscopes as would enable us to cut cameos in the style of the Egyptians. While I was thinking how I should answer this question, little Doctor Pannonner committed himself in a very extraordinary way.

“Look at our architecture!” he exclaimed, greatly to the indignation of both the travelers, who pinched him black and blue to no purpose.

“Look,” he cried with enthusiasm, “at the Bowling-Green Fountain in New York; or if this be too vast a contemplation, regard for a moment the Capitol at Washington, D. C.!”—and the good little medical man went on to detail very minutely the proportions of the fabric to which he referred. He explained that the portico alone was adorned with no less than four and twenty columns, five feet in diameter, and ten feet apart.

The Count said that he regretted not being able to remember, just at that moment, the precise dimensions of any one of the principal buildings of the city of Aznac, whose foundations were laid in the night of Time, but the ruins of which were still standing, at the epoch of his entombment, in a vast plain of sand to the westward of Thebes. He recollected, however, (talking of porticoes) that one affixed to an inferior palace in a kind of suburb called Carnac, consisted of a hundred and forty-four columns, thirty seven feet each in circumference, and twenty-five feet apart. The approach to this portico, from the Nile, was through an avenue two miles long, composed of sphynxes, statues and obelisks, twenty, sixty, and a hundred feet in height. The palace itself (as well as he could remember) was, in one direction, two miles long, and might have been, altogether, about seven in circuit. Its walls were richly painted all over, within and without, with hieroglyphics. He would not pretend to *assert* that even fifty or sixty of the Doctor’s Capitols might have been built within these walls, but he was by no means sure that two or three hundred of them might not have been squeezed in with some trouble. That palace at Carnac was an insignificant little building, after all. He, (the Count) however, could not conscientiously refuse to admit the ingenuity, magnificence, and superiority of the Fountain at the Bowling-Green, as described by the Doctor. Nothing like it, he was forced to allow, had ever been seen in Egypt or elsewhere.

I here asked the Count what he had to say to our rail-roads.

“Nothing,” he replied, “in particular.” They were rather slight, rather ill conceived, and clumsily put together. They could not be compared, of course, with the vast, level, direct, iron-grooved causeways, upon which the Egyptians con-

veyed entire temples and solid obelisks of a hundred and fifty feet in altitude.

I spoke of our gigantic mechanical forces.

He agreed that we knew something in that way, but inquired how I should have gone to work in getting up the impostos on the lintels of even the little palace at Carnac.

This question I concluded not to hear, and demanded if he had any idea of Artesian wells; but he simply raised his eye-brows; while Mr. Gliddon, winked at me very hard, and said, in a low tone, that one had been recently discovered by the engineers employed to bore for water in the Great Oasis.

I then mentioned our steel; but the foreigner elevated his nose, and asked me if our steel could have executed the sharp carved work seen on the obelisks, and which was wrought altogether by edge-tools of copper.

This disconcerted us so greatly that we thought it advisable to vary the attack to Metaphysics. We sent for a copy of a book called the "Dial", and read out of it a chapter or two about something which is not very clear, but which the Bostonians call the Great Movement or Progress.

The Count merely said that Great Movements were awfully common things in his day, and as for Progress it was quite a nuisance, but it never progressed.

We then spoke of the great beauty and importance of Democracy, and were at much trouble in impressing the Count with a due sense of the advantages we enjoyed in living where there was suffrage *ad libitum*, and no king.

He listened with marked interest, and in fact seemed not a little amused. When we had done, he said that, a great while ago, there had occurred something of a very similar sort. Thirteen Egyptian provinces determined all at once to be free, and so set a magnificent example to the rest of mankind. They assembled their wise men, and concocted the most ingenious constitution it is possible to conceive. For a while they managed remarkably well; only their habit of bragging was prodigious. The thing ended, however, in the consolidation of the thirteen states, with some fifteen or twenty others, into the most odious and insupportable despotism that ever was heard of upon the face of the Earth.

I asked what was the name of the usurping tyrant.

As well as the Count could recollect, it was *Mob*.

Not knowing what to say to this, I raised my voice, and deplored the Egyptian ignorance of steam.

The Count looked at me with much astonishment, but made no answer. The silent gentleman, however, gave me a violent nudge in the ribs with his elbows—told me I had sufficiently exposed myself for once—and demanded if I was really such a fool as not to know that the modern steam engine is derived from the invention of Hero, through Solomon de Caus.

We were now in imminent danger of being discomfited; but, as good luck would have it, Doctor Ponnonner, having rallied, returned to our rescue, and inquired if the people of Egypt would seriously pretend to rival the moderns in the all-important particular of dress.

The Count, at this, glanced downward to the straps of his pantaloons, and then, taking hold of the extreme end of one of his coat-tails, held it up close to his eyes for some minutes. Letting it fall, at last, his mouth extended itself very gradually from ear to ear;—but I don't remember that he said anything in the way of reply.

Hereupon we recovered our spirits, and the Doctor, approaching the Mummy with great dignity, desired it to say candidly, upon its honor as a gentleman, if the Egyptians had comprehended, at *any* period, the manufacture of either Ponnonner's lozenges, or Brandreth's pills.

We looked, with profound anxiety, for an answer;—but in vain. It was not forthcoming. The Egyptian blushed and hung down his head. Never was triumph more consummate; never was defeat borne with so ill a grace. Indeed I could not endure the spectacle of the poor Mummy's mortification. I reached my hat, bowed to him stiffly, and took leave.

Upon getting home I found it past four o'clock, and went immediately to bed. It is now ten, A. M. I have been up since seven, penning these memoranda for the benefit of my family and of mankind. The former I shall behold no more. My wife is a shrew. The truth is, I am heartily sick of this life and of the nineteenth century in general. I am convinced that every thing is going wrong. Besides, I am anxious to know who will be President in 2045. As soon, therefore, as I shave and swallow a cup of coffee, I shall just step over to Ponnonner's and get embalmed for a couple of hundred years.

## ABOUT BIRDS.

THERE is a philosophy, which, taking man for the highest and purest exhibition of the divisible—that type of all being, in which organism is perfected—recognizes him also as linking it with the indivisible, as the penultimate of forms—part of heaven and part of earth. This being accepted, whereto we are greatly inclined, his relations to inferior creatures become beautifully dignified. They constitute, under the sun, a sort of archangelship, drawn by the common ties of common sympathies toward all things that breathe and move, yet holding an awful throne, by right of its spiritual lineage. Then comes he, to their material nature, a “God made visible”—the immediate expression of that mystery and power which are the elements of all supreme rule, whether human or Divine. These earth-mated things are his subjects, and here, at least, his lust of despotism is gratified—for he is ruler and lord above them, for evil as for good. When for evil, how terrible must he be to them with his dread engines and his fierce subtlety! When for good, what yearnings for a better and gentler being must visit them! Was it not so with our race when “there were giants in those days,” and angels trod the earth amidst the sons of Adam? If creation be an unresting tendency, eternally ascending toward the perfect, then is our supposition less a fancy than a truth, and our dominion over the beast of the earth and the fowl of the air becomes a heritage of fearful responsibilities, embracing wide extremes of pleasure and of pain. Duties, then, of startling significance, open to us, and we feel the presence of self-derived majesty expand throughout our ‘principality;’ and in beneficence above immortal subjects. We are no longer tyrants, but right royal masters. We know them not as the insensate objects of a rude caprice, dumb foot-balls to our blind and heady passions, to be chased and torn and worried in our savage glee, but as the creatures of our ‘dedicated love;’ to be guarded gently, nurtured well, and led by easy ways up through serener airs to happier fields. This is the apocalyptic vision of an elder race. Man, ‘the ascender,’ beckoning the flocks and herds—the live ocean-tide

of his inheritance, up the steep—the calm radiance of his merciful brow drawing its flood toward the stars! It is a healthful philosophy, full of lenient and noble teachings. These co-mates, and sharers of the sun with us, are introduced within the circle of our sympathies. We become cursed and harsh with dwelling forever amidst false hopes and care-weighted aspirations, and to get forth into this marvelous outer world, full as it is of loveliness, of quaint and mirth-provoking forms, is a pleasant relief. Here are beings infinitely numerous, who breathe and move by the same laws with us, yet who, in their appareling, their modes and humors, ‘answer mere Nature.’ Just as we love the matron smiling front of her eternal freshness, will we love these, and shed upon them out of our hearts, a wide beneficence. How can we fail to love a keen-eyed wild bird, coming from solitude, burnished and many-hued, as if the air where its surpassing beauty grew held stores of gold, of amethyst, and glittering gems within its depths, and had sifted them in gradual splendor down upon the plummy thing that sat within its stillness. What a pleasant mystery its gay eccentric being is. How we delight to watch its tameless heart, pulsing through every gesture, and to wonder what it *thinks* and feels, and how its moods go. Who has not noticed the joyful amazement lighting up an infant’s eye when you hold a bird before it: or a sleek-furred squirrel, just from its leaf-cradle in the hollow oak. How he screams with the novel joy, as its shrinking fingers feel the strange, soft touch. His first impulse, (the royal patron roused already,) is to fondle, caress and feed the little prisoner, and though the awkward, chubby fist of the young Hercules may strangle his delicate vassal at the first grasp, yet it is not from cruelty, but in the eagerness of the new delight. All children are enthusiastic naturalists so long as the happy time of innocent, free impulse lasts, and that man is the purer and the better for it who has retained that wise enthusiasm all his days. Apart from any philosophy, who has not observed how such tastes ameliorate the asperities of character—how simple-hearted, kindly, and merciful the natu-

ralist is apt to be. Poor Wilson, indeed, with his morose and fitful temper, will always be cited as an exception. Yet, that strong man had bitter woes enough to contend with, in his earlier days, to have grown a gall beneath an angel's heart. The bursts of sunshine and exultation which now and then show through his writings, indicate that his inner self sometimes had fed healthfully withal.

We have often tried to trace as far back as possible into the days of our childhood, the period at which our memory of consciousness first became linked with external things—or, in other words, our memory of life began—and curiously enough, we never have been able to get farther than to a time when we were kicking and screaming in our nurse's arms, with ecstasied and uncontrollable eagerness, to get our hands upon a beautiful Albino hare, which had been purchased as a curiosity by our father, and sent home in a basket. The picture of that snowy creature, with its 'pink eyne,' and long ears laid back, couched and trembling amidst the tow on which it had been placed in its wicker cage, is, to this hour, distinct as a scene of yesterday: it is identified with our first amazed realization of a separate being, and questioning of that mysterious outer world, where such shapes of wondrous beauty grew.

All our pleasantest memories of calm, unmixed delight, from that time up to this day, are somehow associated with those fresh articulations of God's thought in forms. The sunny attic we proudly called *our* room, was a sort of caravan-sary, filled with the travelers of the air and wood. What a happiness it was to familiarize each new prisoner with our presence, and sit and watch in low-breathed quiet all their ways, and laugh out suddenly till the old house rung, at some odd whimsicality of passionate gesture. When the snow came, that was to be a joyful time! When the grey, heavy cloud gathered over night, and a few broad flakes came scattering slowly down through the twilight—then we knew there would be a heavy snow in the morning. What a restless, fidgety fever we were in! We went to bed early that night, that we might get up early, and meanwhile sleep away the suspense—we forgot to say our prayers, for we *did* say them nightly in those sinless days—and lay and tossed in restless visions of traps and snares and dead falls—of monstrous hares, big as our dog

"Milo," swung up by the neck at the end of a pole—of great flocks of quails, with strange, beautiful birds among them, fluttering and peering their heads through the sticks of our traps—of white foxes or black foxes, or a great possum lying with head crushed beneath our dead-falls—or of tracking some creature that left the foot-mark of an elephant on the fresh snow, for miles and miles through the bowed and foreign-looking woods, until it had been 'treed' at last; when after toiling and tugging with sweaty brow, we had drawn it forth from the hollow, and held it in our hand, we saw without the least surprise that it was a soft, little wood-mouse! Ah! delicious fantasies were they! When at cock-crow we bounded out of bed, and ran to the window, how we clapped our hands, and waked everybody with our shouts, "The snow! the snow! A deep snow!" Then what a fussing time—making new traps—stealing clap-boards, and every other sort of boards that were available to be split into "trap-pieces." What a teasing our father for "triggers"—triggers for spring-falls—nooses, partridge-traps and all. How we wondered we couldn't get the old gentleman to understand that we should be ruined!—dead ruined!—if we couldn't get them ready to be set by breakfast time—that all the other boys would have set theirs and taken the best places. Little did we care for the hot coffee and cakes that morning, but with a sup and a bite, shouting for "Milo," and "Pomp" the negro boy, to help us—we were off, discussing eagerly by the way, whether the "sink-hole" in the pasture, the thicket in the cornfield fence-row, or the blackberry patch in the edge of the woods, were the surest place for 'bob whites' (partridges), or 'molly cotton-tails,' (hares.) There was no deciding between them—so, to settle the matter, a trap was set at each place, and one in addition, for larks, and doves, and red birds, by the old wheat stack behind the barn. Pompey carried the spade—the snow was dug away from each sagaciously chosen spot, and the black earth exposed, so that our tempting bait could show afar—the trap placed in the bare spot, and set with careful nicety; and then with many a wistful look behind to see if the birds were not at it already, we went on to the next. When this was got through with, then came hunting hares under the snow. Ah! that was the sport! 'Molly-cotton' would sit still, wherever the snowstorm

overtook her, until it began to cover her over; then she would crowd, and push back and forth, and press the snow to one side, until she had formed a roomy little chamber all about her, while the snow would go on heaping, until a domed arch grew over all, with just one small round hole kept open through its top to let in the air—and there she sat, snug as a Russian Princess in her palace of ice, dreaming of the cabbage-leaves and apple-shoots in a neighboring garden. But Molly's golden visions are as subject to be rudely dispelled, as those of other people. See, Milo's keen nose has marked one of these "breathing holes" on the smooth, glistening surface of the snow—how suddenly he stops with his foot raised—"Steady, boy! steady!" We plunge with long leaps through the snow,—helter skelter, here we come—we, Milo, Pompey, all together tumbling head over heels upon the snowy roof of mistress Molly's palace. There she is—we feel the soft, warm fur—"squeak! squeak!" her plaintive cry rings out! we have her!—Every hour or two the traps are visited. From afar we can see that one is down—our heart jumps—we long sorely to run—Pompey starts off—we call him back. It is necessary we should be dignified, and prove to him and all the world, by our unhurried calmness,

"That our demerits

May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune

As this that has befallen."

We walk slow and stately, feeling exalted by our self-denial—speculating after what manner the fates are about to reward us—thinking of a dozen Partridges, a male Red Bird, or may be, a large fat Grouse, or some new and wondrous creature, as befitting our just claims. We are close at hand—we can see the little tement shake—hear the heavy beat of struggling wings—too much for our stoicism is that sound. With a fluttering pulse, we spring eagerly forward—Bah! It is nothing but a common, thieving Jay. We almost staggered, from the revulsion of our lofty aspirations; while Pompey proceeds to get him out with sundry abusive epithets and threats of neck ringing. "Yah, yah, ole feller! cotch at last! carry sticks to de debbil fur to make fire to burn dis child wid—does you! Da! now carry sticks to de debbil!" Away flutters the poor Jay's headless body, over the bloodied snow! We are not cruel, and

it was a perfect agony for us to see any of our prisoners killed; but the shock of the fall of our high-flown hopes was too severe in this case for our recovery in time to save the poor victim of a superstition universal among the negroes, and to which, were we not ashamed of the confession, we might admit, our having been somewhat inclined ourselves.

Ah! they were a passion within us—those bright and gentle-eyed birds! By the time the snow was gone, our "attic" was populous enough. But when the breezy, gay and glowing spring had come, and the carolling out of doors, and the warm deepening green, and the faint odors of the youngest flowers, were stealing on the air, the prisoners grew so restless, and looked so out of place in their bare wooden cages, that day by day compunctious visitings grew upon us, until one after another, with many a yearning sigh as we looked after them, all were turned loose upon the sunny earth again. We were saddened for days to think of their ingratitude; for no one of them would ever come back to us!

But sorrows never lasted long in those times. The sap run vigorously, and new pleasures soon grew over the old scars. This was the nesting time of birds. What an eye we had for the localities most apt to be selected by our favorites to build their homes in. We were seldom taken by surprise in finding a nest. We could almost tell beforehand the very fork in which the Jay would hide its clumsy house. We knew the limb the Robin meant to build on. We could tell the very stump yonder pair of Blue Birds would select. The thicket where the Thrush would build was known to us, and the very Pear Tree, or the Locust, the Oriole would hang its cradle from, was prophetically foreshadowed. We could tell there was a Tom Tit's populous nursery in the Woodpecker's deserted chamber of yonder dead young Mulberry, before we came to it; as for the Flicker, we knew his ways better than his *better-half*; many a sunshiny morning have we set, and mocked, and laughed at each other. We knew where the Screech Owl hid in that old hollow Beech—where the robber Hawk, and Eagle eyried on the cliff, or sturdy Oak top. It was no mystery to us where the shy Flame, Bird hid its eggs; and even that matchless artist, the Humming Bird, could not deceive us with his moss-cloaked bulb, that looked so like the gradual swell-

ing of a natural knot upon the limb where it was placed. The noisy, cunning Crow could never baffle us, with all his loud-mouthed gammon! Even the weird and subtle Mocking Bird had to give in to our untiring watchfulness. As for the meek and simple-hearted Dove, we especially patronised her; and used daily to visit her, to watch, lest some rude boy, or prowling cat had marked the low and exposed nest the silly thing had placed upon some Apple Tree limb, across the orchard path; and respecting the Wren—'Miss Kitty,' the jade, I believe she would have built in our coat sleeve, had we given her half a chance!

The Blue Martin and we knew each other's faces Spring in and Autumn out; for many a friendly and familiar gossip had we held together from our attic window. But the tyrant Bee Martin would ruffle his vermilion crest at the very sight of us, and dip toward our head with his waspish, querulous twittering. Well he knew we were his mortal foe, and but that he had won our respect by his indomitable 'game,' our hate would verily have been exterminating—for the scamp lived such a life of brawls and rows, that no decent, well-behaved bird could stay in his neighborhood. Many a time—boiling over with indignation to see him buffet and persecute that happiest embodiment of blithe and gushing music, the orchard Oriole—have we seized our gun and sallied forth for new game; but the little warrior would scream his defiance even as he fell, and peck and claw to the very last gasp, and then we stood over him and sorrowed for our hasty wrath!

We were a daring climber in those days. A clean shaft, thirty feet to the limbs, was a mere irritation to us, especially if we had spied a grey Squirrel's summer pavilion swinging in the breeze upon its lofty top. When we had mounted, what a joy it was—rocking from the utmost fork—to look out over the upheaving, rustling ocean of green leaves, and hear its low, solemn murmurings go by! Many a feruling has a bird or squirrel's nest cost us, savagely laid on by a brutal and captious pedagogue. We hate the mean oppressor to this day. We were a scape-grace truant, to be sure; but God made the bright sun and beautiful earth that wooed our lagging steps, and we should not have been scarred and bruised by a base thick-blooded wretch, because we yielded an hour to the holy spell, and could forget, amid scenes of

such enchantment, even the terrors of his gloomy reign! That "Old Field Schoolmaster" will have many grievous sins to answer for in his day of accounts. May the justice which shall be measured unto him be more lenient than any he meted out to us. We fought him at last, tooth and finger nails, with the scornful but futile spite of one of our little warrior King-Birds, caught napping by the claws of a carrion Crow. We ran away to our friends and were protected from his vengeance. Dread was the ire that shook his mighty soul when he saw that the victim was beyond the reach of his tyranny—it rose and expanded into prophecy—and he registered the vow before the fates that "he would live to see us—the worst boy in the county—hanged!" Ha! ha! it might have befallen with us, as with Absalom, to have been hung by the hair in a tree-top, for daily we ran the risk in climbing for bird's nests; but as yet the neck of the "worst boy in the county" is innocent of any unpleasant familiarity with 'hemp;' may the shadow of that ominous prophecy never be less! Ah! boys who loved the green wood better than the Horn-book, saw hard times in our young days! We hope "the school-master abroad" in these latter years, has read Audubon, and is therefore a more pitiful personage!

Audubon! delightful name! Well do we remember what a hold it took upon our young imagination, when we heard the fragmented rumor from afar, that there was a strong man abroad then, who lived in the wilderness with only his dog and gun, and did nothing day by day but follow up the birds—watching everything they might do—keeping in sight of them all the time wherever they went while the light lasted—then sleeping beneath the tree where they perched, to be up and follow them again with the dawn, until he knew every habit and way that belonged to them. That when he was satisfied, he would shoot them some way so as not to tear their plumage, and then sit down on the mossy root of an oak, and, with nobody to connoisseur for him but his wise-looking dog, and the Squirrel, that stamped and scolded at him from the limbs above, he would draw such marvellous pictures as the world never saw of birds before!

Oh, what a happy, happy being that curious man must be, we used to think—and what a brave one too, to sleep out among the panthers and the wild-cats, and

where the Indian's whoop was heard—trusting only to his single arm and his faithful dog. We loved to speculate about that dog—he must be larger than our “Milo,” we thought, and just about as gentle and true, but a *little* more knowing. How we envied him the happiness of such a master and such a life. As for the master, what magical conjurations of a charmed fancy we loved to associate with him. He must be noble and good, and wear such lofty calmness upon his brow. We had an ideal of physical perfection, and below it we could not bear to conceive that so heroic a philosopher could fall. What a martyr spirit his must be, and what a holy enthusiasm leads him on through tangled swamps, where the Cougar yelled, Alligators roared, and hideous Serpents parted, with their wavy, spotted lengths, the green scum of stagnant pools—up difficult mountains, where the rattle-snake sprung its deadly alarm amidst the mossy fissures of the crumbling stones, and the eagle whetted his hooked beak upon the crag-points—or beneath the profound shadows of primeval forests, where the few sunbeams that straggled through at noonday, looked like gold dust scattered over the black earth—down the destructive flood of mighty rivers, or beside crystal lakes set in a columnar rim of giant cypresses—out on the sky-bounded, ocean-heaved prairies, or where the green and glinting icebergs thundered crashingly against the hoar cliffs of “fretted Labrador,” or the ‘tropic gulf’ hurled at the low ‘keys’ its foamy mountains—through, amidst, and over all, his dauntless spirit was passing, led always by the winnowing sound of wings. What a poetical enchantment there was to us in such a life!—what sights of awe and beauty he must see—what images of touching truth—of odd, peculiar humors he must have stored—and that magical power he was said to possess, to tame in colors the very waves upon the leap, and the arrowy Albatross upon the plunge into its beaded crest!—all these were so surprising and miraculous to us, that we wondered, in our simplicity, whether such devotion was not sinful, and such surpassing works would not bring upon their author persecution and imprisonment for necromancy, as the story books told had been the case of old. It seemed to us, too much bliss and too many gifts for a single mortal to enjoy! We felt not envious, but a deep emulation was stirred within us by such thoughts

—we swore in our inmost heart that we would first *see* all these things for *ourselves*, with our own eyes, where and *as* he had seen them—out upon the broad face of the extended world—and then we could look upon his work and know, with an appreciative knowledge, whether he had wrought these miracles or not.

This resolve gave much of its tone to our after life. Many a tie was rent, and much agony endured by our friends, when we became an unreckless wanderer through wild and distant regions. The uttermost arms and channels of our tremendous seaward floods saw us amongst their springs. The salt and tumbling Gulf tossed us upon its southern shore, and broad savannahs swelled in our westward course into undulating plains; and they yet rose, across their wearisome breadth, into tall rounded hills that grew apace with crags upon their heads, until heap upon heap far glinting through the clouds, the pinnacled, sharp rocks climbed upwards, and the vast forest of crags speared its white bloomy tops among the stars. Our restless tread was everywhere—our eager eyes saw all that our great continent could show. The grisly bear and the ‘tropic bird’ were equally known to us. The savage trooper and the Mexican slave had been familiars, as well as the fierce bandit and the stern simple-hearted hunter. Years of our earlier manhood passed in these erratic wanderings. We had grown familiar with all wild, grotesque and lonely creatures that populate those infinite solitudes of nature “that own not man’s dominion.” The visions and the passion of our boyhood still haunted us, and the rustling of free wings by our ear yet awaked all pleasantest images. Now we felt we had a right to know and see, face to face, that remarkable man whose deeds and life had so much occupied our imagination—who had so made a living reality out of what had been to us the poetry of life—aye! a poetry which had been with us stronger

“Than stipulations, duties, reverences,”

and driven us far and wide, an April shadow chased before the fitful winds! Should we ever see him? The eager questioning lived about our heart whenever we heard his name. We returned home ‘the prodigal son,’ our spirit much tamed and chastened; yet the old leaven fermented deep beneath the calmer surface.

Not long had our restless steps been still. We were again a traveler. Our boat landed one morning about daybreak at Pittsburg—that singular city that looks as though it had been built over the very gates of Acheron. Soon as we made our appearance in the raw, foggy air upon the wharf, early as it was, we were surrounded by scores of ‘strikers’ and agents of the different hotels and transportation lines. Amidst the yells and deafening clamors of contending claims on every side, we permitted ourself to be bodily ravished into a coach, and hurried off, bag and baggage, for—the word of the darkie ‘striker’ being accepted—“the most splendiferous hotel in the city”! As it happened to be the one we knew, and had selected beforehand, we were content to take his definition of its superlative excellence. Before we reached our destination, the coach was hailed from a street corner, and a fellow, muffled in Pilot cloth, sprang in and took a seat beside us. To our no little astonishment, he seemed to take the most sudden and peculiar interest in us; and greatly to the exaltation of our inward consciousness of great deserts, prefaced a series of the sharpest questioning as to our whereabouts “when we were at home”—our destination, and above all, our *route*—with the roundest and most voluble protestations as to the affectionate interest he felt in seeing that *all* travelers, specially *such* looking ones as we, were properly warned of the complicated impositions and knaveries practiced habitually upon them, by the many pretended transportation lines in this wicked city; and to wind up this touching exordium, he frankly assured us that the “Stage Route” across the mountains was the cheapest—the most safe—the *gentleest*, and altogether *the* route he would recommend to *such* a gentleman as we! The milk of human kindness was somewhat stirred in our veins, responsive to this gratuitous exhibition of a broad philanthropy—but as it happened that we had determined upon the “Canal Route,” we waived, with the most thankful acknowledgments, any present committal, and gratefully accepted the card he thrust into our hand. But, as it most unfortunately occurred, we found the office of the “Canal Route” for Philadelphia, &c., was next door to our hotel; and we were tempted, weakly enough, no doubt! to go in and book our name “clear through.” Insensate creature that we were! The canal boats

would not start until after dark, so that we spent the hours allotted to day light by the Cathedral clocks, in exploring the streets of this dim Cyclopiian city. The incessant clang of sledge-hammers had become sufficiently monotonous to us, when the evening closed in, and we were glad enough to take coach and be transported to the Canal *Depôt*, where the usual vexations and delay consequent, had to be endured. Finally, however, we got under weigh, with such a cargo of pigs, poultry and humanity, as even canal boats are seldom blessed with. We stood upon tiptoe for the fresh air in the thronged cabin, until the time had actually come when people *must* go to bed. Then that awful personage, the Captain, summoned us all together, and informed us that every man, woman and child aboard, must stow his, her or itself away along the face of the narrow walls, in the succession of their registration during the day. Now it happened, that as gentlemen are not usually up before daybreak, that we stood first upon the list, and were of course entitled to the first choice of hammocks. We panted in the centre of the close-jammed crowd, waiting till the ladies, who always take precedence in America, had been called off. Now, as it happened that this right of choice was finally definitive for the route, and determined whether one should sleep upon a hammock, or the floor, or tables, for several successive nights—it was a matter of no little moment.

It occurred while the ladies were being disposed of, that we heard above the buzz around us the name of Audubon spoken. Our attention was instantly attracted by that magical sound. We listened in breathless eagerness. We heard a gentleman near us say, “Mr. Audubon is last on the list; I fear he will not get a bed, we are so crowded!” We felt our heart leap. “What,” said we, leaning forward quickly, “is it possible Monsieur Audubon can be aboard? We thought he was still on his Rocky Mountain tour!” “We are just returning, sir,” said the gentleman, courteously, half smiling as he observed the excited expression of our face. “But you are joking, are you not?” said we, hardly able to realize so much happiness. “He cannot *really* be in this boat. Where? Which is he?” “He *is* actually in this very cabin,” said he, turning full upon us. “The man of all others in the world I wanted to see most,” we ejaculated, half

inwardly. "Well, there he is," said the gentleman, laughing, as he pointed to a huge pile of green blankets and fur, which we had before observed stretched upon one of the benches and took to be the fat bale of some western trader. "What, that Mr. Audubon?" we exclaimed, *naively*. "Yes; he is taking a nap." At that moment our name was called out by the captain as entitled to the first choice of berths. "I waive my right of choice in favor of Mr. Audubon," was our answer. Now the green bale stirred a little—half turned upon its narrow resting-place, and after a while sat erect, and showed us, to our no small surprise, that there was a man inside of it. A patriarchal beard fell white and wavy down his breast; a pair of hawk-like eyes gleamed sharply out from the fuzzy shroud of cap and collar. We drew near with a thrill of irrepressible curiosity. The moment our eyes took in the noble contour of that Roman face, we felt that it was *he*, and could be no one else. Yes, it was he in this wilderness garb, hale and alert, with sixty winters upon his shoulders, as one of his own "old eagles feathered to the heel,"—fresh from where the floods are cradled amid crag-piled glooms or flowery extended plains. He looked, as we had dreamed the antique Plato must have looked, with that fine classic head and lofty mien! He fully realized the hero of our ideal. With what eager and affectionate admiration we gazed upon him, the valorous and venerable sage!

What a deathless and beautiful dedication his had been to the holy priesthood of nature! We felt that the very 'hem of his garments'—of that rusty and faded 'green blanket' ought to be sacred to all younger devotees of science, and was so to us. What an indomitable flame, that not

"The wreakful siege of battling years"

could quell, must fire that heroic heart! To think, that now, when "Time had delved its parallels upon his brow"—when he had already accomplished the most Herculean labor of the age, in his "Birds of America,"—still unsatisfied, he should undertake a new, and as grand a work, upon the animals, and now he was returning with the trophies of science gathered on his toilsome and dangerous journeyings! Ah! how we venerated him! How we longed to know him, and to be permitted to sit at his feet and learn,

and hear his own lips discourse of those loveable themes which had so absorbed our life. We scarcely slept that night, for our brain was teeming with novel and happy images. We determined to stretch to the utmost the traveler's license and approach him the next morning. Our happy fortune in having been able to make the 'surrender' in his favor perhaps assisted us, or else his quick eye detected at once the sympathy of our tastes; be that as it may, we were soon on good terms. Like all men who have lived much apart with nature, he is not very talkative. His conversation is impulsive and fragmentary:—that, taken together with a mellow Gallic idiom, renders his style pleasingly titillating to a curious listener, as we were—eager to get at his stores of knowledge, and compare our own diffuse but extended observations with his profound accuracy. The hours of that protracted journey glided by as in a dream. We were forever at his side, catching with a delighted eagerness at those characteristic scraps that fell from his lips. We were anxious to obtain an accurate insight of the man—the individual. We found rather more of 'the man of the world' about him than we were inclined to expect, though every inch of him is symmetrical with his character of naturalist, and many inches are there in that, growing through tall cubits into the Titonic girth! He had several new and curious animals along with him, which had been taken in those distant wilds where we ourselves had seen them in their freedom, and now they looked like old acquaintances to us, and we soon got up an intimacy with the Swift Fox, the Snarling Badger and the Rocky Mountain Deer. He exhibited to us, too, some of the original drawings of the splendid work on the Zoology of the Continent, which he is now engaged in bringing out. We recognized in them the miraculous pencil of "the Birds of America;"—but more of that work hereafter. It is with the *ornithologist* we have now to do. But we observed several personal traits that interested us very much, and which we will relate before dismissing this account of our accidental intercourse. The confinement we were subjected to on board the canal boat was very tiresome to his habits of freedom. We used to get ashore and walk for hours along the tow-path ahead of the boat; and I observed with astonishment that, though over sixty, he could walk us down with ease. Now, we are

something of a walker, and are not *very* far advanced in years; and though we do not exactly affect the nimbleness of Cleopatra, who was seen to

“Hop forty paces through the public street,”

yet we pretend to very respectable ambulatory powers. Though we say, we would not enter in a match against Gildersleeve, Col. Stannard, Kit North, John Neal, or any body else who has pedestrianated himself into an Olympic crown; yet, we do set up to be a walker, and we were not a little confounded at seeing this old man leave us, panting, to the leeward. His physical energies seemed to be entirely unimpaired. Another striking evidence of this he gave us. A number of us were standing grouped around him, on the top of the boat, one clear sunshiny morning; we were at the time passing through a broken and very picturesque region; his keen eyes, with an abstracted, intense expression, peculiar to them, were glancing over the scenery we were gliding through, when suddenly he pointed with his finger towards the fence of a field, about two hundred yards off, with the exclamation, “See! yonder is a Fox Squirrel, running along the top rail. It is not often I have seen them in Pennsylvania!” Now his power of vision must have been singularly acute, to have distinguished that it was a Fox Squirrel, at such a distance; for only one other person, of some dozen or two, who were looking in the same direction, detected the creature at all, and he said he could barely distinguish that there was some object moving on the rail. We asked him curiously, if he was sure of its being a Fox Squirrel. He smiled, and flashed his hawk-like glance upon us, as he answered: “Ah, I have an Indian’s eye!” and we only needed to look into it to feel that he had! These are slight, but peculiar traits, in perfect keeping with his general characteristics, as the naturalist and the man! Of course we have not permitted that accidental acquaintance to fall through, and amidst the many and wearisome vicissitudes which have befallen us since, we have retained fresh and unimpaired, the memory of that journey through the mountains, as one of the green places of the past, where the sunlight always lives. But Mr. Audubon has “writ his annals right,”—indeed, much better than we can do it, in his five volumes of “letter press,” and the plates of the “Birds

of America.” Let us look among these immortal registrations for a more intimate introduction to his scientific and personal individuality.

Hear the fine expression of the agonised travail of genius in the production of its mighty works. It is from the introduction to his fifth and concluding volume of the “Ornithological Biography.”

“How often, have I longed to see the day on which my labors should be brought to an end! Many times, when I had laid myself down in the deepest recesses of the Western forests, have I been suddenly awakened by the apparition of dismal prospects that have presented themselves to my mind. Now sickness, methought, had seized me with burning hand, and hurried me away, in spite of all fond wishes, from those wild woods in which I had so long lingered to increase my knowledge of the objects they offered to my view. Poverty too, at times, walked hand in hand with me, and on more than one occasion urged me to cast away my pencils, destroy my drawings, abandon my journals, change my ideas, and return to the world. At other times, the red Indian, erect and bold, tortured my ears with horrible yells, and threatened to put an end to my existence; or, white-skinned murderers aimed their rifles at me. Snakes, loathsome and venomous, entwined my limbs, while vultures, lean and ravenous, looked on with impatience. Once too, I dreamed, when asleep on a sand bar on one of the Florida Keys, that a huge shark had me in his jaws, and was dragging me into the deep.

“But my thoughts were not always of this nature—for, at other times, my dreams presented pleasing images. The sky was serene, the air perfumed, and thousands of melodious notes from birds, all unknown to me, urged me to arise and go in pursuit of those beautiful and happy creatures. Then I would find myself furnished with large and powerful wings, and, leaving the air like an eagle, I would fly off, and by a few joyous bounds overtake the objects of my desire. At other times, I was gladdened by the sight of my beloved family, seated by their cheerful fire, and anticipating the delight which they should experience on my return. The glorious sun would arise, and as its first rays illumined the earth, I would find myself on my feet, and while preparing for the business of the day, I would cheer myself with the pleasing prospect of the happy termination of my labors, and hear in fancy the praises which kind friends would freely accord. Many times, indeed, have such thoughts enlivened my spirits; and now, the task is accomplished. In health and in sickness, in adversity and prosperity, in summer and

winter, amidst the cheers of friends and the scowls of foes, I have depicted the Birds of America, and studied their habits as they roamed at large in their peculiar haunts."

That concluding passage is far nobler than the "*veni, vidi, vici!*" as the simple expression of a proud triumphant consciousness, for instead of the intense egotism which renders that repulsive as it is celebrated, this is modest and severely classic. What a day that was, when he could say, "I find my journeys all finished, my anxieties vanished, my mission accomplished." What a magnificent perspective could he look back through down the past, more glorious than all royalties, than any heritage of earthly princes—and all his own! How restless and insatiable of good must that genius be, that resting but a little while at "*ultima thule,*" pushes off its bark anew beneath the cloud of years, to explore and found another empire.

We may gather from his generous exhortation to younger naturalists to take the field, interesting features of what may be supposed to have been his own method of conducting his investigations when abroad with nature—something of the sort of training by which his remarkable character was formed, and the modes and circumstances under which his works grew. After saying that the list of new species had been nearly doubled since the time of Alexander Wilson's work, and that he felt confident very many species remain to be added by future observers, who shall traverse the vast wastes extending northward and westward from the Canadas, and along the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, from Nootka to California; indeed, that he looks upon the whole range of those magnificent mountains as being yet unexplored—he addresses the young enthusiast:—

"Therefore, I would strongly advise you to make up your mind, shoulder your gun, muster all your spirits, and start in search of the interesting unknown, of which I greatly regret I cannot more go in pursuit—not for want of will, but of the vigor and elasticity necessary for so arduous an enterprise. Should you agree to undertake the task, and prove fortunate enough to return full of knowledge, laden with objects new and rare, be pleased when you publish your work, to place my name in the list of subscribers, and be assured that I will not "leave you in the lurch."

"Now supposing that you are full of ardor, and ready to proceed; allow me to

offer you a little advice. Leave nothing to memory, but note down all your observations with *ink*, not with a black-lead pencil, and keep in mind that the *more* particulars you write at the time, the *more* you will afterwards recollect. Work not at night, but anticipate the morning dawn, and never think, for an instant, about the difficulties of ransacking the woods, the shores, or the barren grounds, nor be vexed when you have traversed a few hundred miles of country without finding a single new species. It may, indeed it not unfrequently does happen, that after days, or even weeks of fruitless search, one enters a grove, or comes upon a pond, or forces his way through the tall grass of a prairie, and suddenly meets with several objects, all new, all beautiful, and, perhaps, all suited to the palate. Then how delightful will be your feelings, and how marvelously all fatigue will vanish. Think, for instance, that you are on one of the declivities of the Rocky Mountains, with shaggy and abrupt banks on each side of you, while the naked cliffs tower high overhead, as if with the wish to reach the sky. Your trusty gun has brought to the ground a most splendid "American Pheasant," weighing fully two pounds! What a treat! You have been surprised at the length of its tail; you have taken the precise measurement of all its parts, and given a brief description of it. Have you read this twice, and corrected errors and deficiencies? "Yes," you say. Very well; now you have begun your drawing of this precious bird. Ah! you have finished it. Now then, you skin the beautiful creature, and are pleased to find it plump and fat. You have, I find, studied comparative anatomy under my friend, Macgillivray, and at least, have finished your examination of the œsophagus, gizzard, coeca, trachea and bronchi. On the ignited, dry castings of a buffalo you have laid the body, and it is now almost ready to satisfy the longings of your stomach, as it hisses in its odorous sap. The brook at your feet affords the very best drink that nature can supply, and I need not wish you better fare than that before you. Next morning you find yourself refreshed and re-invigorated, more ardent than ever, for success fails not to excite the desire of those who have entered upon the study of nature. You have packed your bird's skin flat in your box, rolled up your drawing round those previously made, and now day after day, you push through thick and thin, sometimes with success, and sometimes without; but you at last return with such a load on your shoulders as I have often carried on mine. Having once more reached the settlements, you relieve your tired limbs by mounting a horse, and at length gaining one of the cities, find means of publishing the results of your journey."

It requires very little exertion of fancy to see in this a felicitous sketch of his own mode of "ransacking the woods, the shores, and the barren grounds." What would we not have given to have come suddenly upon *such* a naturalist as he, out in 'the waste places' of the earth, seated over that 'fat pheasant,' 'hissing in its odorous sap!' Verily, that quaint 'Metre Monger' of the olden time, who said:

"A fig for your housewife stews!  
Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,  
Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the  
fresh spring  
Bubble beside my napkin, and the free birds  
Twittering and chirping, hop from bough  
to bough  
To claim the crumbs I leave for perqui-  
sites,"

was a naturalist after Mr. Audubon's own heart. Even the disembodied ghost of one, who, in the flesh, could talk in this "chirping," pleasant way, might have been endured as one of "we three," in the supposition that we had met for an epicurean feast over that pheasant. Whether his "insubstantial essence" would have been much the better of that "odorous sap," we leave for future times to settle. Certain it is, the young student is fairly warned by Mr. Audubon's manful estimate of what his out-door life *should* be—that he is not to expect, as Timon would have spoken it—

"The bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm!"

These are the hardy and healthful teaching of that truer "stuff of dreams, whereof sublime realities can be made." He gives us, too, a pleasant exhibition of those traits of eager enthusiasm, which constitute the sustaining body and life of genius, in his article on the "Bird of Washington;" the naming and discovery of which are original with him. He says, that "it was in February of 1814, that I obtained the first sight of this noble bird, and never shall I forget the delight which it gave me—not even Herschel, when he discovered the planet which bears his name, could have experienced more rapturous feelings." The bird flew over his head during a trading voyage on the Upper Mississippi, so that he had only a sufficient glimpse of it to perceive that it was unknown to naturalists. We ourselves, can testify of the vast flocks of waterfowl mentioned in this connection, which are forever in sight upon

that most beautiful of rivers during the latter winter, and early spring months. Remember, it is of the *upper* Mississippi we speak, for, of a verity, it must be the spirit of desolation herself, who is the naiad of the Lower Flood, from the time the junction of the turgid and turbulent Missouri occurs. Before this unhappy marriage it might be one of the rivers of Paradise, with its waters clear as the cloudless summer air, "stilly creeping" amidst its thousand isles, green, sloping to its rim, through the low banks of grassy, waving, boundless plains, over the knotted roots of gloomy, tangled forests, or beneath the rough-lined shadows of abrupt, tremendous cliffs. Beautiful river! We remember well, and felt profoundly, the spell of that wild loveliness he describes—and the stir of countless wings that filled the air, and flushed each quiet eddy and dim retreating nook full of startling colors, shifting incessantly their strange and restless hues, lives yet in our senses.

But we have forgotten the Bird of Washington, (what a happily selected name!) in our disjointed rhapsody. He met with it again amidst the cliffs of Green River, Kentucky. The passage is too fine not to be given entire:—

"The river is there bordered by a range of high cliffs, which, for some distance follow its windings. I observed on the rocks, which at that place are nearly perpendicular, a quantity of white ordure, which I attributed to owls that might have resorted thither. I mentioned the circumstance to my companions, when one of them, who lived within a mile and a half of the place, told me it was from the nest of the brown eagle, meaning the white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*), in its immature state. I assured him this could not be, and remarked that neither the old or the young birds of that species ever build in such places, but always in trees. Although he could not answer my objection, he stoutly maintained that a brown eagle of some kind, above the usual size, had built there; and added, that he had espied the nest some days before, and had seen one of the old birds dive and catch a fish. This he thought strange, having till then always observed that both brown eagles and bald eagles procured this kind of food by robbing the fish-hawks. He said, that if I felt particularly anxious to know what nest it was, I might soon satisfy myself, as the old birds would come and feed their young with fish, for he had seen them do so before.

"In high expectation, I seated myself about a hundred yards from the foot of the rock—never did time pass more slowly—I could not help betraying the most impatient curiosity, for my hopes whispered it was a Sea-Eagle's nest. Two long hours had elapsed before the old bird made his appearance, which was announced to us by the loud hissings of the two young ones, which crawled to the extremity of the hole to receive a fine fish. I had a perfect view of this noble bird as he held himself to the edging rock, hanging like the Barn, Bank, or Social Swallow, his tail spread, and his wings partly so. I trembled lest a word should escape from my companions. The slightest murmur had been treason from them. They entered into my feelings, and though little interested gazed with me. In a few minutes the other parent joined her mate; and from the difference in size (the female of rapacious birds being much larger), we knew this to be the mother bird. She also had brought a fish; but more cautious than her mate, she glanced her quick and piercing eye around, and instantly perceived that her abode had been discovered. She dropped her prey, with a loud shriek communicated the alarm to the male, and hovering with him over our heads, kept up a growling cry to intimidate us from our suspected design. This watchful solicitude I have ever found peculiar to the female:—must I be understood to speak only of birds?"

"The young having concealed themselves we went and picked up the fish which the mother had let fall. It was a white perch, weighing about five and a half pounds. The upper part of the head was broken in, and the back torn by the talons of the eagle. We had plainly seen her bearing it in the manner of a fish-hawk.

"This day's sport being at an end, as we journeyed homewards, we agreed to return the next morning, with the view of obtaining both the old and young birds; but rainy and tempestuous weather setting in, it became necessary to defer the expedition till the third day following, when, with guns and men all in readiness we reached the rock—some posted themselves at the foot, others upon it, but in vain. We passed the entire day without either seeing or hearing an eagle; the sagacious birds no doubt having anticipated an invasion, and removed their young to new quarters."

But after all, the joyful fruition came.—

"I came at last to the day which I had so often and so ardently desired. Two years had gone by since the discovery of the nest in fruitless excursions; but my wishes were no longer to remain ungratified. In returning from the little village of Henderson to the house of Dr. Rankin, about a

mile distant, I saw an eagle rise from a small enclosure not a hundred yards before me, where the Dr. had a few days before slaughtered some hogs, and alight upon a low tree branching over the road. I prepared my double-barrelled piece, which I constantly carry, and went slowly and cautiously towards him. Quite fearlessly he awaited my approach, looking upon me with undaunted eye—I fired, and he fell. Before I reached him he was dead. With what delight did I survey the magnificent bird! Had the finest salmon ever pleased him as he did me?—never. I ran and presented him to my friends with a pride which they alone can feel, who like me have devoted themselves from earliest childhood to such pursuits, and who have derived from them their first pleasures. To others I must seem to "prattle out of fashion." The Dr., who was an experienced hunter examined the bird with much satisfaction, and frankly acknowledged he had never before seen or heard of it."

That phrase, "prattling out of fashion," is, in our estimation, singularly felicitous;—it precisely expresses that peculiar and excited vernacular which belongs equally to children and philosophers, as contrasted with the dull, lapsing see-saw of commonplace. Take a "minion of the mud," who has set up for worldly wisdom, and he will dole you, measured by the foot-rule, putrescing fragments of stale conventionalities, until the mortal stench, rank in your complaining nostrils, offends your very life; but your singing birds prattle out of fashion, to lull the dewy eye-lids of the eve;—so do blithe young girls and angels, if we may judge—as for the morning stars that "sang together" long ago, no doubt they did it out of all "rule and precedent." Would that there were more of this prattling out of fashion, to battle with the monster "monotone of Boredom." But hear him plead like an old priest of Brahma, for mercy! Mercy, in God's name to all his innocent creatures! but specially for that quaint citizen, "*Corvus Americanus*"—"the gentleman in black!"

"The Crow is an extremely shy bird, having found familiarity with man no way to his advantage. He is also cunning—at least, he is so called, because he takes care of himself and his brood. The state of anxiety, I may say of terror, in which he is constantly kept, would be enough to spoil the temper of any creature. Almost every person has an antipathy to him, and scarcely one of his race would be left in the land, did he not employ all his in-

genuity, and take advantage of all his experience, in counteracting the evil machinations of his enemies. I think I see him perched on the highest branch of a tree, watching every object around. He observes a man on horseback, traveling towards him; he marks his movements in silence. No gun does the rider carry—no, that is clear; but perhaps he has pistols in the holsters of his saddle! of that the Crow is not quite sure, as he cannot either see them, or ‘smell powder.’ He beats the points of his wings, jerks his tail once or twice, bows his head, and merrily sounds the joy which he feels at the moment. Another man he spies walking across the field towards his stand, but he has only a stick. Yonder comes a boy, shouldering a musket loaded with large shot, for the express purpose of killing Crows! The bird immediately sounds the alarm; he repeats his cries, increasing their vehemence the nearer his enemy advances—all the Crows, within half a mile round, are seen flying off, each repeating the well-known notes of the trusty watchman who, just as the young gunner is about to take aim, betakes himself to flight. But, alas! he chances, unwittingly, to pass over a sportsman, whose dexterity is greater; the mischievous prowler aims his piece, fires; down toward the earth, broken-winged, falls the luckless bird, in an instant. “It is nothing but a Crow!” quoth the sportsman, who proceeds in search of game, and leaves the poor creature to die in the most excruciating agonies.”

Sharp fellows they are, and hard to be fooled—those crows! We have often thought, that with his dark plumes and ready wit, he must be on the other side of “Styx,” the Plutonian Mercury. Some of the funniest things we have seen him do, that would have made the frosty, antique Zeno laugh like a Bacchanal. He is “exclusively up to snuff,” in all his wiles and ways of this wicked world—catch a crow napping, or lure him within “point blank” if you can, unless you meanly take advantage of his passions or of his social feelings. We saw a vile, but comical trick practiced upon him once “out West.”

A fellow had caught a large owl in a hollow tree. He took him out into an open field much frequented by crows, and tied him on the top of a low stake within gunshot of a stack, where he concealed himself. In a little while the crows, who are inveterate in their hatred of such twilight enemies, came thronging clamorously from all quarters about the owl, and commenced buffeting him heartily. The fellow shot and killed

several of them before they took warning in the blindness of their wrath; but just as they were commencing to sheer off, an accidental shot brought down one merely winged. He came out from his hiding-place and caught it, while the brawling flock scattered to a respectful distance. He then, in a singular whim, took the owl and pinned it with a piece of twine and pegs firmly to the earth on its back, and held the struggling crow within reach of its claws, when it was instantly gripped with a death-hold. Such a rueful squalling as the poor wretch set up may be conceived by those who know the power of their lungs. The genius did not think it necessary to hide himself this time, but coolly stood off some thirty or forty paces to wait the result. The cries of their suffering brother brought not only every crow in the field around him at once to the rescue, but the deafening hurrah of their united voices spread the alarm far and wide, till the whole district was aroused, and in a little while the very sky was darkened with their black wings and ringing with their clamors. All the terrors of gunpowder were forgotten, and they were almost piled over the owl and his victim, screaming and battling for his release, regardless, in their valorous sympathy of the deadly hail which was crashing amongst them. With a relentless gusto, the fellow continued to play ramrod and trigger, until the ground was strewed like a battle-field with the dead or fluttering wounded. That “practical humorist” deserved to have been hung with his head down, till the buzzards picked his eyes out! This was worse than what Mr. Audubon indignantly terms—“the base artifice of laying poisoned grain along the fields to tempt these poor birds!” Hear his merciful eloquence reason with bigotted ignorance in behalf of this sadly persecuted, but interesting and useful, bird:

“The Crow devours myriads of grubs every day of the year, that might lay waste the farmer’s fields; it destroys quadrupeds innumerable, every one of which is an enemy to his poultry and his flocks. Why, then, should the farmer be so ungrateful, when he sees such services rendered to him by his providential friend, as to persecute that friend even to the death? Unless he plead ignorance, surely he ought to be found guilty at the bar of common sense. Were the soil of the United States like that of some other countries, nearly exhausted

by long continued cultivation, human selfishness in such a matter might be excused, and our people might look on our Crows as other people look on theirs; but every individual in the land is aware of the superabundance of food that exists among us, and of which a portion may well be spared for the feathered beings that tend to enhance our pleasures, by the sweetness of their song—the innocence of their lives—or their curious habits. Did not every American open his door and his heart to the wearied traveler, and afford him food, comfort and rest, I would at once give up the argument; but when I know by experience, the generosity of the people, I cannot but wish that they would reflect a little, and become more indulgent toward our poor, humble, harmless, and even most serviceable bird—the Crow!”

A Crow-roost is one of the most singular places that ever mortal found himself in. Mr. Audubon speaks of their roosting by the “margins of ponds, lakes and rivers, upon the rank weeds or cat tails,” but we met with them while hunting among the hills of the Green River country, Kentucky, roosting in a very different manner. We saw them streaming over our head, in great numbers, one evening, and hearing a most unusual noise in the direction they all seemed to pursue, our

curiosity induced us to follow on, and see what it meant. As we advanced, the sound grew in volume, until at last, as we rounded the abrupt angle of a hillside covered with a tall growth of young black oaks, it burst upon us with a commingled roar of barking notes and beating wings, that was positively stunning. All around, for the space of half an acre, the cracking trees were bent beneath multiplied thousands of Crows, shifting and flapping, with unceasing movement; every one screaming his vociferous caw in boisterous emulation. It resembled a Pigeon roost very closely, except that it was not so extensive or grand; and it differed, futhermore, in the fact, that by the time dark had set in, they were all quiet—sitting, black and still, in heaped cones, as they were defined against the dim sky; while in a Pigeon roost the heavy thundering of restless myriad wings continues to roll on, without interval, till just before day. This interesting fact, in relation to the habitudes of the Crow, seems not to have fallen within the wide range of Mr. Audubon's observation—though the discovery that the “*Corvus Americanus*” is not identical with the Carrion Crow of England, as it was supposed to be, is original with him.

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## WALTONIANA.

No life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, there we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Doctor Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless he never did;" and so, (if I might be judge,) God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling.—*Isaak Walton*.

As, greatly to the gratification of all pleasant minded men, the gentle season of fishing is at hand, we are moved in spirit to indite a few pages upon that quaint and good old man, who was styled by Langbaine the common father of all anglers.

Walton was born at Stafford, near London, in the year 1593, and a great portion of his life was spent in the latter city, where he followed the humble business of shopkeeper or sempster. He was a very dutiful son of the Church of England, and lived on terms of intimacy with the most gifted of churchmen, and poets of his age; and his Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert, are among the gems of biographical literature. Of these productions it is not our purpose to speak; they merit the applause of abler pens, and they do not throw as much light upon the character of their author, as does the most unique, but least read of his works—the *Complete Angler*, on which we would now proceed to write a loving commentary, with ample quotations, and kindred observations, for the benefit of such as are fond of angling, and cannot gain access to the volume itself, which is very rare.

The *Complete Angler*, or *Contemplative Man's Recreation*, was first published in 1653, illustrated with beautiful engravings by Lombart. It was the first systematic treatise on Angling, and with the second part added to it by Cotton, is yet without an equal in any of the modern languages, whether we consider the elegant simplicity of its style, the ease and unaffected humor of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates. The motto to the first edition was as follows, from the Bible—"Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee;" but in the

succeeding editions, Walton thought proper to omit it, which was undoubtedly a right conclusion. The book is not one that would interest the mere matter of fact fisherman, but will always delight the contemplative angler. Though it contains some fanciful ideas respecting fish and fishing, or what in our day would be called "rich fish stories," yet, from its internal evidences of judgment and veracity, has ever been considered by the learned as a work of merit.

The skeleton upon which the *Complete Angler* is built, is that of familiar dialogue, and the principal characters are Piscator, an angler, Venator, a hunter, and Auceps, a falconer. They are introduced to us on a quiet country road, in the county of Hertford, on a fine fresh May morning. They happen to be walking the same way and for some distance, and the natural consequence is, they become acquainted with each other, and fall into a conversation on their respective recreations. It is agreed that each one shall make a defence of his own, and after Venator and Auceps are done, Piscator commences in the following strain:

"Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation—calm and quiet. We seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him, or pray to him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue of what I mean to say."

From this paragraph we perceive that Walton was a lover of philosophic ease,

opposed to the mean and ungentlemanly habit of using profane language, and in the most liberal sense of the term, a charitable man. Of itself alone, it is enough to refute the contemptible libel of Byron, who, for his own credit, ought to have been the very last man to accuse another of unworthy conduct. But to continue with our author.

“And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; it is the chief ingredient in the creation; many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.”

He continues in this quaint manner—now asserting that water is more productive than the earth, for the latter hath no fruitfulness without showers and dews; now telling us that Moses appointed fish to be the chief diet “for the best commonwealth that ever yet was;”—and that the Romans, in the height of their glory, made sturgeons, lampreys and mullets, the mistresses of their entertainments; now, that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; and that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. At this point of the discourse, Aupeps finds it necessary to take his leave, while the other two continue on. Venator becomes greatly interested in the conversation of his companion, and after he is requested to do so, Piscator promises to tell him, “not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy of the knowledge and practice of a wise man.” From this time to the close of the chapter, Piscator has nearly all the talking to himself, and as it is without much method, and an interesting portion of the book, we think it will very well answer for us to cull therefrom the following passages,

which are but average specimens of the whole chapter.

How beautifully he speaks of the qualifications of his art. “Angling,” saith he, “is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so; I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant—that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.”

After showing its antiquity, and telling us that there were anglers in the times of the prophets Amos and Job, he enters upon the subject of rivers, where he speaks of some of the wonders reported of them—which are unquestionably fabulous. The following passage gives us an idea of his own credulity, and through him, of the age in which he lived. “As, namely, of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters, being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some, laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod, or wand, to stone! and our Camden mentions the like in England and Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the Elusina, that dances at the noise of music; for with music it bubbles, dances and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases; but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day; and also of a river in Surrey, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea, that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.”

—Following this queer medley, are seve-

ral pages of "fish stories," still more queer, which purport to be testified by Aristotle, Pliny, Gesner, and other old geniuses, which our author looks upon as fit for the contemplation of the "most pious man." And then, in proof of the respectability of his vocation, he tells us, "that when our blessed Saviour went up into the Mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that these were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by Jesus, after his resurrection." He also tells us, "that the prophets Moses and Amos were both anglers, as any one might know, from the peculiar *style of their writings*." Now, these and the like assertions are more amusing than true, which indeed is a criticism applicable to a great proportion of the complete angler. But it is not on that account a less readable book. Besides, there is a deal of truth inculcated, in his rambling quaint way, throughout the work. An occasional gleam of a philippic, like the following, shines in—possessing decidedly more truth than they receive obedience: "The taking of fish in spawning time," he exclaims, "may be said to be against nature; it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young—a sin so against nature that Almighty God hath made a law against it." So is the following a very sufficient reason for disliking a man: "Most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty; for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter." If only the truths herein inculcated were to influence the conduct of all men, doubtless the world were better off.

On commencing the second chapter of the Complete Angler, we find that Venator has been induced to spend a few days with Piscator as his pupil. During this excursion, they have rare sport, and Walton reveals his stock of information respecting fish and fishing, which is contained in the twenty following chapters. Nearly all the varieties of fish which he introduces are found in the waters of the United States; but those which are the most valuable, and afford the angler the most sport, are the trout, the pike, and the perch. Of these it is our purpose

to let Walton speak, to whose observations we will add a few of our own, respecting the same kinds of fish, which it has often been our own privilege to capture. Of the trout, Walton thus writes, whom we quote in detached passages:

"The Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish; a fish that is so like the Buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the Stag and Buck. Gesner says his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedence and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedence to him." "Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the Spring and Summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation." "The Trout is usually caught with a worm, or a minnow, or with a fly." "And before you begin to angle for him, cast to have the wind on your back, and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself and rod too, will be least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take a great care." "In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout, or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the Palmer worms; these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly angling." "You are to notice, that of the wind, the south wind is said to be the best. One observes that—

— when the wind is south  
It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best; and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which is the best in the third degree; and yet, (as Solomon observes,) that "he that considers the wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his head too much about

them, if the weather be not made extremely cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious; for as it is observed by some, that "there is no good horse of a bad color," so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind set in what corner it will, and do its worst, I heed it not." "And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm, and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water, but your fly only, and be still moving your fly upon the water." "You are to note them in night as well as day fishing for a Trout; and that in the night the best Trout come out of their holes. For you are to know, that the great old Trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trouts feed very boldly."

Of Walton's remarks concerning the varieties of English trout, and his mixture of blarney and good sense on the subject of worms, flies, and the mode of dressing fish, we have nothing to say, for "our ambition does not run that way." But of our own trouts we would remark as follows:—The most important species that we have in this country, as an article of food, is the Salmon Trout, which abounds in the great western lakes, in those of the interior of New York, Lake George, and Moosehead Lake. A variety, only found near Mackinaw, in Michigan, grow to the weight of forty pounds, and afford the most pleasure in catching. You jump into a birchen canoe, paddle to where the water is fifty feet deep, bait your hook with a minnow, sink it to the bottom, when, owing to the clearness of the water, you will see the beautiful dwellers of the deep congregating directly under you. We have been so delighted with these dear creatures, that we have often spent a whole afternoon, bending over the sides of our canoe watching their various movements as we threw them food. This fish is getting to be quite an article of commerce; but their flavor is not quite equal to that of the Lake George trout. These are much smaller than those of the Great Lakes, and are seldom found weighing over ten pounds. In the early spring they are

caught by trolling, and in the summer in deep water, pieces of almost any kind of fish being good bait. In Lake Ontario, they catch the salmon trout with set lines, a mile or two from shore in deep water; the mode being to attach the lines, about a hundred feet apart, on a cord extending half a mile along the surface of the lake. The trout in the smaller lakes of New York, viz: Long Lake, Lake Pleasant, Cayuga, Canandaigua, and Skaneateles, are generally like those of Lake George, only not so sweet and rich in flavor. In Moosehead Lake, they are probably found in the greatest abundance; but as its bed is muddy, the trout are rather coarse to the taste. There, you can catch them from the shore with a simple rod and line.

But the angler's favorite is the common trout, which are very abundant throughout all the northern States of our Union. To these, are the passages we have quoted from Walton more particularly applicable. In addition to his information, we would mention, that this trout delights in small purling rivers and brooks, with a swift current and gravelly bottoms. His summer haunts are an eddy, behind a stone or log, or under a projecting bank. In the spring, you will generally find him on the shallows; and in the autumn, in the deep still pools, where he leads a quiet philosophic life. With us he spawns about the first of October, and does not recover till March. During May and June he is in his prime; and according to our experience, the best bait for him then is the common worm; but for July and August, we prefer the fly. Sometimes, however, a minnow is preferable to either. The great charm of fly-fishing is derived from the fact, that you then see the movement of your fish, and if you are not an expert hand, the chances are that you will capture but one out of the hundred that may rise to your hook. You can seldom save a trout unless you strike the very instant that he leaps. But even after this, a deal of care is required to land him in safety. If he is a half-pounder, you may pull him out directly; but if larger than that, after fairly hooking him, you should play him with your whole line, which, when well done, is a feat full of poetry. The swiftness with which a trout can dart from his hiding-place after a fly is truly astonishing; and we never see one perform this operation without feeling an indescribable thrill

quivering through our frame. As to night-fishing, one instance of our luck will tell the true story. Once, towards the close of a June day, and after a tramp among the Catskills, we found ourself at a solitary dwelling near a mill-pond on Schoharie Creek. We were to spend the night there, and asked our host whether there were any trout in the pond? He answered us, no; but added, that they were plenty farther up the stream. Resolving, at any rate, to try our luck with set lines, we engaged a boy to catch us a lot of minnow, with which we baited some thirty hooks, hitching our lines to the timbers of an old bridge and to the stumps of trees standing in the water. In the morning, we had caught nineteen trout, and not one of them weighed less than a pound.

A few words with regard to the streams most abounding in trout. The pleasantest of our rivers to fish in is the Hudson, where, from Glenn's Falls to its head waters, we have caught a great many trout, weighing from one to three pounds, and they are sometimes found much larger. Next to this may be ranked the upper part of the Kennebeck, next to this the Androscoggin, to this the Soco, to this the Merrimack, then the upper Connecticut, then the head waters of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Alleghany, the Esopus and Schoharie, of New York, which is unquestionably the greatest region in the world for trout fishing. In the smaller tributaries of all these streams, and those exquisite ones emptying into Lake George, a small variety of trout are found in great abundance. These we consider the most delicious to eat, but it does an angler more good to catch a 'pounder,' than it would a hundred of the little fry. The brooks and ponds of Long Island abound in a trout that weigh from one to two pounds. The Patchaug, in Connecticut, which is somewhat between a river and a brook, is also a 'crack' stream for the number and size of its trout. We never had better luck than there, and never spent more delightful days, than when wandering among its scenery. Running for the most part through a cultivated country, it has always seemed to us a perfect echo of those streams immortalized by Izaak Walton. Ah! how we cherish its manifold associations, not only of scenery and fishing, but of wild legends, strange characters, bright skies, poetic conceptions and soul-instructing lessons from the lips of nature. Yes,

and the secret of our attachment to all the above mentioned streams, may be found in the character of these very associations. What intense enjoyment would not old Walton have derived from their wild and superb scenery! The streams of England are mostly famous for the bloody battles and sieges which they witnessed for many centuries, and the turreted castles which they have only tell us a strange eventful story of a race of earth-born kings. But the streams of our country, in times past, have watered a virgin wilderness, whose only human denizens were the poor but noble Indian tribes, who lived and loved and died in their peaceful valleys; and the unshorn forests, with the luxuriantly magnificent mountains, sang a perpetual hymn of praise to One, who is "greater than kings."

The next fish which we would mention is the pike, upon whose character Walton thus discourses:

"Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life and Death*, observes, the pike to be the longest lived of any fresh water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years; and yet Gesner mentions a pike taken in Swedeland, in 1446, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before. But of this no more: (and well he may,) but that it is observed, that the old or very great pikes have in them more of state than goodness—the middle-sized pike being, by the choicest palates, observed to be the best meat." \* \* "All pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or fresh water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, that, as Gesner relates, a man going to a pond, (where it seems a pike had devoured all the fish,) to water his mule, had a pike bite his mule by the lips, to which the pike hung so fast that the mule drew him out of the water, and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the pike." \* \* "The pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish; melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals; and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of

any body." \* \* "His feeding is usually of fish and frogs, and sometimes a weed of his own, called pickerel weed."

To the above, we would add the following from personal observation. The pike loves a still, shady water, in river or pond, and usually lies in the vicinity of flags, bulrushes, water-lilies or reeds, though he will sometimes shoot out into the clear stream. In the summer he is caught at the top and in the middle, but in winter at the bottom. His time of spawning is the beginning of March, and he is in season ten months or more in the year. Live fish are the best baits, though the leg of a frog is good, and in winter a piece of pork, but nothing can be better than a shiner, a little trout, or a perch.

Pike are a fish which call forth a deal of patience, and must be humored, for they will sometimes scorn the handsomest bait, out of mere obstinacy, as it were; but the surest time to succeed with them is when the sky is cloudy, and there is a southerly breeze. In point of flavor, a jack, or small pike, is, to our taste, equal to a trout. We have fished for them in every way, (*excepting with a mule*) and our favorite mode is with a hand line. For example, we take a line some seventy feet long, and after anchoring on the ground, and baiting our hook with a small fish, we throw out, and pull in; and when a pike takes hold, we let him have the bait (while he goes to the bottom to swallow it) for about a minute, when, so soon as he "makes off," we begin to pull him in, landing him in our boat in such a manner as would have delighted even father Walton himself. Though the pike is often found in running streams, their favorite haunts are in lakes and mill-ponds. The largest we have ever seen were taken in the St. Joseph and Raisin rivers of Michigan, and Lake Champlain. They grow to be some forty pounds in weight, but the largest we have ever caught ourself, weighed eight pounds and a half, and the home of his nativity was the mouth of the Wenooska, in Vermont. A large pike is also found in Winnepisiockee, as we have been told while travelling in that vicinity of New Hampshire. The smaller lakes and ponds of Connecticut abound in pike of moderate size, which vary from one to five pounds in weight. Gardner's Lake, and Preston Lake, near Norwich, have been our favorite waters for this kind of fishing. Their shores are surrounded with pleasant wood-crowned hills, teeming with par-

tridge and woodcock, and the Sabbath stillness which reigns about them is seldom broken, but by the dipping oar, or the laugh of a light-hearted fisherman. Ah! do we not cherish the memory of the happy days we have spent upon those beautiful lakes! May they, for a thousand years, have nothing to do but mirror the glories of Heaven, and be ever visited by those only who are anglers, and who never look upon Nature without a prayer of thanksgiving to her God!

As with the trout, there is a mode of catching the pike at night—not with the hook, however, but with the spear, by torchlight. For what reason, we know not, but it is customary for this fish, during the autumn, to spend the dark hours lying as near the shore as possible, as if for the very purpose of tempting the dexterity of those that love him. Although somewhat out of the pale of the regular angler's sporting, torch-light fishing is exceedingly interesting and poetical. How could it be otherwise, when we consider the picturesque effect of a boat and lighted torch, gliding along the wild shores of a lake on a still, dark night, with one figure noiselessly plying an oar, and the animated attitude of another relieved against the fire-light, and looking into the water, like Orpheus looking into hell! And there, too, the thousand inhabitants of the liquid element, that we see and fancy animated with a human sympathy—the eel, the dace, the roach, the perch, the sucker, the sheep's head, the sunfish, the trout, the rock bass, the catfish, the mullet, the pickerel, and sometimes the sturgeon, (particularly at the west,) as well as the pike! What a pleasure to behold these various creatures, leading

"A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in  
round waves,  
Quicken'd with touches of transporting  
fear,"

as Leigh Hunt has so exquisitely written. We must affirm that we dearly love this kind of fishing, but, at the same time, must acknowledge that it is not quite so humane as the more legitimate mode. To spear the black bass and trout, as they do in Lake George, is outrageous, because those fish can be speared only when they are spawning; but it is not so with the pike, which spawns in the spring, and is speared only in the autumn. But sufficient excuse for spearing him, we fancy, may be found in the fact that the pike is the tyrant of all fresh water fish. Upon

that we will let the matter rest, and pass on to the next fish we have to mention, and of which Walton has thus written :—

“The perch is a very good, and a very bold biting fish. He is one of the fishes of prey, that, like the pike and trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large, and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked, or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed, or covered over with thick, dry, hard scales, and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, and you may, therefore, easily believe him to be a bold biter.” \* \* \* “The perch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus, and especially the least, are esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the perch and pike above the trout, or any fresh water fish. He says, the Germans have this proverb: ‘More wholesome than a perch of the Rhine.’” \* \* \* “The perch grows slowly, yet it will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me such an one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, who yet lives, and I wish he may. This was a deep bodied fish, and, doubtless, durst have devoured a pike of half his own length. To affright the pike, and save himself, the perch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.” \* \* \* “And he hath been observed by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past in the spring; for, when the mulberry tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observation of the perch’s biting. But bite the perch will, and that very boldly. And, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty, or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all caught, one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of this world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. They love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.”

The perch spawns in March, and does not recover till the middle of June. Early in the morning, or late in the afternoon, on a cloudy, windy day, are the best times to angle for him. Excepting for the largest size, for which you should have a minnow, the best bait for him, in our country, is the common worm. He delights in clear rivers or lakes with pebbly bottoms, though sometimes found on a sandy, or clayey soil; he loves a mode-

ately deep water, and frequents holes at the mouth of small streams, or the hollows under banks. As an article of food, he is exceedingly rich, and there are times when we prefer him either to a trout or pike. His chief drawback is in the number of his bones, which are numerous, and very hard and sharp, wherein he differs materially from the others mentioned. There is hardly a river or lake, in our country, where they may not be found, and, in many places, they are the most numerous of the finny tribes. Those of Lake George are invariably the smallest, but the best flavored we have ever seen; in many of the smaller lakes of Massachusetts and Connecticut, however, they are occasionally caught weighing two or three pounds. He is too *simple-hearted* a fish to be greatly valued by the scientific angler, but a good one to “break in” a novice in the gentle art.

The Salmon, which is a favorite among English anglers, is seldom fished for with a hook in this country. But that he can be so captured here, we know, from personal experience, and the waters of the Kennebeck might testify to it. The only *first-rate* fresh water fish that Walton knew not, but which we have in abundance, are two species of bass, viz: the Black Bass, and the White Bass. The former is found in Lake George, Champlain, and the Great Lakes; and the latter we have never heard of but in Lake Erie. They are in their prime in the summer; and for the one, you use a minnow as bait, and for the other, a piece of red flannel—but for both a trolling line. Of the famous darlings of the ocean we would, but cannot, now discourse; but they may depend upon our devoted *friendship*. As to the more common fry of rivers, lakes and ocean, we verily hope that the ghosts of those that *are not*, on our account, will not rise up and accuse us of ingratitude. The tribes of the water, are like the human dwellers of the earth; and for the whole we have a general regard and love, but for a few, a strong and undying attachment. And with this polite flourish, we would return to father Walton and his Complete Angler.

A chief attraction of this book, as before intimated, is derived from the poetry which it contains. A great proportion of it is quoted from Watton, Waller, Fletcher, Donne, Drayton and Herbert, and a few specimens are by Walton himself. His best poem is entitled *The Angler’s Song*, and runneth as follows:

“As inward love breeds outward talk,  
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;  
Some, better pleased with private sport,  
Use tennis, some a mistress court;  
But these delights I neither wish  
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

“Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;  
Who hawks, lives oft both far and wide;  
Who uses games, shall often prove  
A loser; but who falls in love,  
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare;  
My angle breeds me no such care.

“Of recreation, there is none  
So free as fishing is alone;  
All other pastimes do no less  
Than mind and body both possess;  
My hands alone my work can do,  
So I can fish and study too.

“I care not, I, to fish in seas,  
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,  
Whose sweet, calm course I contemplate,  
And seek in life to imitate:  
In civil bounds I fain would keep,  
And for my past offences weep.

Such was Walton's manner of “lipping in numbers.” One brief passage more will conclude our quotations; it is what we should call a very beautiful specimen of poetic prose. Piscator, with his companion, have been drawn by a shower to the shelter of a honeysuckle hedge, where the former breaks out with the following:—“Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath expressed it—

‘I was for that time, lifted above earth;  
And possess'd joys not promised in my birth.’

“And when the timorous Trout I wait  
To take, and he devours my bait,  
How poor a thing sometimes I find  
Will captivate a greedy mind;  
And when none bite, I praise the wise  
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

“But yet, though while I fish I fast,  
I make good fortune my repast;  
And there unto my friend invite,  
In whom I more than that delight;  
Who is more welcome to my dish,  
Than to my angle was my fish.

“As well content no prize to take,  
As use of taken prize to make:  
For so our Lord was pleased, when  
He fishers made fishers of men;  
Where (which is in no other game),  
A man may fish and praise his name,

“The first men that our Saviour dear  
Did choose to wait upon him here,  
Blessed fishers were, and fish the last  
Food was that he on earth did taste;  
I therefore, strive to follow those  
Whom he to follow him hath chose.”

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me;—'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: the voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age.”

Now, that we have looked through the complete Angler, what are the impressions left upon our minds respecting the character of its author? Though familiar with every thing translated into English, he was not what we call a scholar, as his many classical allusions might lead one to suppose; but, that he was a deep thinker and a clear writer, there can be no doubt. He was an industrious and frugal tradesman, as well as an industrious collector of historical facts, connected with men or systems, which had enlisted his feelings. He was

well versed in the study of the Bible, and the writings of the most eminent divines of his time; was well acquainted with ecclesiastical, civil, and natural history; and possessed a correct judgment respecting poetry. The simplicity and natural elegance of his style of writing, have been, and ever will be more admired than successfully imitated. He was a devout

lover of nature, and ever listened to her teachings with the humbleness of a child; he was a good man, and lived with his eye of faith fixed upon heaven; and was also the most worthy master and father of that art about which he has written a most delightful book, and for which all true anglers will forever honor and revere his name.

## THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

*Once* it smiled a silent dell  
 Where the people did not dwell;  
 They had gone unto the wars,  
 Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
 Nightly, from their azure towers,  
 To keep watch above the flowers  
 In the midst of which all day  
 The red sun-light lazily lay.  
*Now* each visiter shall confess  
 The sad valley's restlessness.  
 Nothing there is motionless—  
 Nothing save the airs that brood  
 Over the magic solitude.  
 Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
 That palpitate like the chill seas  
 Around the misty Hebrides!  
 Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
 That rustles through the unquiet Heaven  
 Unceasingly, from morn till even,  
 Over the violets there that lie  
 In myriad types of the human eye—  
 Over the lilies there that wave  
 And weep above a nameless grave!  
 They wave:—from out their fragrant tops  
 Eternal dews come down in drops.  
 They weep:—from off their delicate stems  
 Perennial tears descend in gems.  
 They wave; they weep; and the tears, as they well  
 From the depth of each pallid lily-bell,  
 Give a trickle and a tinkle and a knell.

## THE CITY IN THE SEA.

## A PROPHECY.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
 In a strange city lying alone  
 Far off in a region unblest,  
 Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
 Have gone to their eternal rest.  
 There shrines and palaces and towers  
 (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
 Resemble nothing that is ours.  
 Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
 Resignedly beneath the sky  
 The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy Heaven come down  
 On the long night-time of that town;  
 But light from out the lurid sea  
 Streams up the turrets silently—  
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
 Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
 Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—  
 Up many and many a marvelous shrine  
 Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine  
 The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
 Around the mournful waters lie.  
 So blend the turrets and shadows there  
 That all seem pendulous in air.  
 No murmuring ripples curl, alas!  
 Along that wilderness of glass—  
 No swellings tell that winds may be  
 Upon a far-off happier sea—  
 No heavings hint that winds have been  
 On oceans not so sad-serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
 The wave—there is a movement there!  
 As if the towers had thrust aside,  
 In slightly sinking, the dull tide—  
 As if their tops had feebly given  
 A void within the filmy Heaven.—  
 The waves have now a redder glow—  
 The Hours are breathing faint and low—  
 And when, amid no earthly moans,  
 Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
 Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
 Shall do it reverence.

## CASTES AND OCCUPATIONS OF INDIA.

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

BEFORE the conquest of India by the Moslems, that part of Asia which lies south of the Himmaleh, or Snowy Chain, was occupied by the aboriginal Hindoos, the descendants of that ancient people, who are celebrated by the Greek historians as the wisest of mankind. The followers of Alexander, who passed with him out of Bactriana across the Indus, to the borders of the kingdom of Delhi, were astonished at the courage, and intelligence of these remote nations; and in a panic of fear, suddenly turned back from conquest, and descending the Indus, returned to Syria, by the borders of the ocean. The expedition of Alexander happened in the fourth century before Christ; and although India, since that period, has been overrun, and repeatedly disturbed and dismembered by conquest, and many of its millions converted to Islam, the mass of its population retain the customs and worship of their fathers, and are pictured by the moderns, as they were described by the followers of Alexander. All that is peculiar to them as a nation seems to have had its origin in their institution of Castes, by which they are separated into four principal, and a great number of subordinate classes. The Castes are forbidden to intermarry, or associate in private, and hold together as a nation, by necessity only, because of the division of employments. The caste of Soudras cultivate the soil, and perform every thing menial or laborious. That of Voiskyas, are merchants, traders and usurers. The Chastrias were soldiers, landholders and governors from their origin; when civil employments, the priesthood, and all occupations of learning and intelligence, were given to the Brahmins, and are held by that order, even to this day.

There is proof that the castes of India were instituted before the tenth century, B. C.; and reasonable conjecture makes their original at least three centuries older; for castes are made the basis of the ancient Hindoo code, a law which was in force throughout India before the origin of the sect of Buddhists, (1014,

B. C.); but if they were established at that period as the law of the land, they must long have been instituted at the epoch of Buddha.

But the division of society into classes, according to their occupations began in Egypt, at least thirty centuries before Christ; for the chronicle of that country declares, that its first king, Menes, was of the military order; but that before his time, (B. C. 2750,) Egypt was governed by the gods.\*

Caste, therefore, had existed in Egypt for at least a thousand years before the conquest of India by Sesostris.

The Egyptian soldiery were already, by their nation's law, prohibited intermarriage with the daughters of their priests, when they landed on the shores of India; and being the conquerors, they must have been the possessors of the soil:—It is a safe and probable conjecture, that they were the founders of the military caste in India.

One third of the cultivated land in Egypt was set apart for the gods, and divided among the orders of priests; and the same would happen in India, to that colony of priests which, according to Egyptian custom, must have accompanied the army of Sesostris; and these Egyptians were, as probably, the ancestors of the modern Brahmins; for there is no other conjecture that explains the similarity of Indian and Egyptian institutions.

But the expeditions of Egyptian monarchs, and those particularly of Sesostris, were undertaken in part for the opening of new channels of commerce; and for the establishment of temples, to be used as places of deposit for property left in desert and dangerous regions. An order of merchants would thence arise, of Egyptian or Phœnician blood, authorized to trade as king's servants; and by virtue of their importance to the nation, and the dangers they underwent, second, only in rank, to those of the military order who protected and shared their wealth.

The fourth caste would be composed

\* *I. e.*, Hierarchies, or dynasties of the priests, of different gods.

of the conquered aborigines of India, reduced to the condition of political slaves, without right of property, the common servants of the priests and rulers; and such, at this moment, is in some degree the condition of the Soudras of Hindostan.

That the ancient Hindoos and Egyptians were imperfectly civilized, is evident from the absence among them of a fifth caste, devoted to civil offices, and to the advancement of legal and liberal knowledge. Their science and superstitions were always intimately blended, and every effort of speculative intelligence made accessory to despotism and priestcraft.

Another proof of their barbarism is in the degradation of their merchants below their soldiers, as in the feudal nations of Europe. All profitable employments are at this time seized upon by the Brahmins, who have become capitalists and landholders, to the ruin of the ancient mercantile order; and now, over all Hindostan, a civil, as well as social separation has taken place between the sacerdotal and military classes; the soldiery inhabiting the sterile and mountainous parts of the interior, and living in the pay of robber chiefs and Moslems; so that a few only, are left in the more populous and fertile parts, and of these, a few only of the pure blood; but the Brahmins profess to have maintained their ancient purity of caste.

The Hindoos are a dark-complexioned and rather feeble race, with features nearly of the European type. Those of military rank are often well formed, active and courageous; and under good discipline, become excellent soldiers. The Brahmins resemble Europeans, but for their dark skins; and are said to be the shrewdest and most imaginative people in existence. Since their privileges of commerce and usury have been appropriated by Brahmins, the mercantile order cease to be ranked above the better classes of Soudras. These latter compose the body of the people, and their numbers, compared with those of Brahmins, are as a thousand to one. They occupy the valleys and plains of the great rivers, an abject crowd, living in the extreme of poverty and oppression; stripped of their surplus earnings by priests and soldiers, and so spiritless and indolent, their voluntary labor is only sufficient to supply Hindostan with the necessaries of life. The separation of employments, in India

and Egypt, have made these countries a prey to every conqueror; for the mass of the inhabitants, preyed upon by the priests, and looking for protection to a military caste, were left defenceless, whenever that caste were made indolent by the indulgence of a long peace. And these nations are a proof that the division of occupations, carried to a system, may utterly ruin and debase the noblest nation.

Each of the four castes is sub-divided into a multitude of others, numbering near a hundred in all. And these lesser castes have each an employment given them, and hold precedence of their inferiors in social rank with as great jealousy as those of high rank. Tinkers will not intermarry with cobblers; nor these with menial laborers; nor these with such as bury the dead. And in the sub-castes of Brahmins there are the same distinctions, and the same jealousies, to an excess of observance, that passes belief. An Hindoo must not sit upon the same mat, or take food, or smoke with one of inferior rank, though it be his own son; for, if he has chosen to marry a wife inferior to himself, the children of that marriage cannot claim the rank of their father.

The knowledge of rank and pedigree is a profession of itself, in India; and, like the feudal heraldry, has its own literature and precedents. Persons named Gatakas, who may be of various rank, and, are very numerous, make a study of this knowledge, for the sake of negotiating marriages. They penetrate the private affairs of families, and know every taint of blood, or injury of caste; and by these means becoming dangerous, as a kind of secret agents, for the protection or ruin of reputations; and these reputations depend in no sort upon actual worth, but on the strictness of prayers, bathings, abstinences, sacrifices, avoidances of taking food or clothes from unclean hands; and upon the care of the citizen to use only those occupations which are proper to his rank. With a thousand of such bars, the life of a Hindoo becomes a long deceit, his religion an endless slight penance. A lie is expiated by washing; violence by prayer; to commit murder is death to reputation, in a Brahmin; but the pure conscience may suggest another to it, and feel no blame. Forgery is reckoned among venial faults, and to be concerned for the multitude is a blameable, if not a criminal weakness.

The Brahmin, says their ancient law-

giver, issued from the mouth of Brahma, (the Creator,) and partakes of his divinity; he is an object of worship, and at death, if pure, is reabsorbed into the divine essence. The Chastrias came from the hands of Brahma, and have his power; they are the defenders of society. The merchants came from his thighs; and it is their duty to provide for the sustenance of men. Soudras are the offspring of Brahma's feet; they are laborers, and their duty is humbly to serve the upper castes, without reluctance and without expectation of reward in this life; their recompense, if pure, will be the new birth of their souls into the body of a soldier or Brahmin.\* Such is at this day the doctrine, and, as far as nature will permit, the practice of Brahminical India. But under their Moslem and European masters the stricter laws of caste cannot be enforced, and the punishment of their non-obedience, has become a mere social outlawry; but this, even, is sufficiently terrible.

The Vedas, (their sacred books,) and the Institutes of Menu, teem with curses upon all who violate a title of the law of caste, or omit any observance of worship and penance. They name and describe a series of hells, deep below deep, ending in unquenchable fire; but these punishments are not eternal, and a gradation is appointed. He, for example, who gives consecrated food to a Soudra, though the sufferer be his own child, and perishing of hunger, will enter the body of a muck-worm, after death; but by a series of transmigration will again pass into a human form.

There was anciently an exact division of occupations among the castes of Soudras; but by the example of their Moslem and English masters, the Hindoos of Bengal are learning to neglect them; notwithstanding the authority of their sacred books.

Soudras are the body of the people in purely Hindoo districts. They are herdsmen, farm laborers, artisans and shopkeepers; but not actual slaves. Under the ancient law they were incapable of property in land, but their ancient religious sovereigns appropriated certain districts, in charity, to their use. The sacred books command them to enslave themselves to pious Brahmins as an act of penance, for sins committed, not in this

life, but in a previous existence; and every misfortune or sickness that may afflict them, must be expiated by a prayer or a penance, as if it were the sign of guilt incurred by the soul in another body. This ancient superstition has so far lost its force, that Soudras will no longer serve without wages. But even now, their hope is, by penance and self-torture to enter finally the body of a Brahmin. The prayer and aspiration of a pious Brahmin, on the other hand, is, to escape the body and be again united with the Soul of the World.

On certain occasions, the Soudra worships the Brahmin, raising the joined hands in token of adoration; but the Brahmin extends his hand a little space, by only bending the elbow, and the sins of the Soudra pass into it, and are consumed, as in a fire of expiation.

The better castes of Soudras have some education, and are strict religionists, repeating frequent prayers for transgression, and bathing twice or thrice, in a pool or sacred river, to wash sin away. To this they add the worship of a little image of clay, before which the devotee makes prayers, with kneeling, bowing and various motions and grimaces, to symbolize a mystical relation between the parts of his body and the gods and elements. Household godst are set up in a room of every dwelling; and a pious Hindoo will eat no food that has not first been set before the idol. The most sacred of the household gods is named Shalgrama, and is a hollow stone of ferruginous clay, containing a loose nucleus that can be shaken, like the kernel of a filbert. The Shalgrama is sacred to Vishnu, (the preserving deity,) and is made the subject of a strange legend. Stones of this figure are brought from the foot of a spur of Himmaleh, where, it is said, Vishnu hid himself while at war with the gods of the mountain, and made these stones for hiding places; but the wonder is, that although millions of hollow stones were made in the body of the mountain, Vishnu was alike present in all. All the castes have books of prayer and ceremony proper to themselves, and it is esteemed a grievous sin for one of low caste to use a prayer or ceremony proper to a Brahmin.

A Soudra cannot sacrifice, of himself; but, if he slays a victim, or throws rice upon the sacred fire, in monthly offering

\* Laws of Menu, translated by Sir William Jones.

† Penates.

to the manes of his ancestors, a Brahmin must be near, and give his sanction and aid; nor must the offering be given to any but the priests, on pain of torture in the world to come. By these, and other contributions, a thousand Soudras, though miserably poor themselves, will support one Brahmin in affluence. Certain of the Shastras, or religious books, which contain prayers, mythological histories, and the adventures and exploits of incarnate deities; are set apart for the use of inferior castes, and are assiduously read by them.

The wisest of the Brahmins affirm, that there are now no Soudras of the caste that sprung from the feet of Brahma; but that all inferior Hindoos are only degenerate Brahmins. Whole families, and even villages, lose caste, from time to time, by some crime or inadvertency; and the majority of the priestly order, marry women of inferior rank, by whom their children become inferior to themselves; and from these causes, the process of degeneration goes on continually over all India, and has gone on for thousands of years; so that every meanest Hindoo is remotely of Brahminical extraction. The rise of any family, or individual, to a rank above its origin, is the rarest of events in India, and happens only by favor of the priests; a condition which checks all social ambition, and turns the attention of all classes upon sensual enjoyment, or the acquisition of wealth, as a means of luxury.

The highest class of Soudras claim to be physicians. Medicine, among the Egyptians, was practiced by a division of the sacred caste; and many of that caste, in India, profess to effect cures, but chiefly by incantations and magical rites. But the healing art is certainly less reputable in India than it was in Egypt. Hindoo physicians make use of powerful medicines, such as arsenic and opium, and with frequent success; but their practice is traditional, only, and they have no science, but mingle superstition with observation.

Many of this, and of other educated castes of Soudras, cultivate poetry and logic. They have a great number of fictitious and speculative books, composed in modern dialects, and the more learned of them, forbidden access to the sacred writings, incline, on the one side, to pagan grossness, or, on the other, to godless scepticism.

Medicines are prepared by alchemical processes, but the Brahmins make no

advance in chemistry. They know the periods of fevers, and for this knowledge, Hippocrates may have been indebted to them, or to their teachers, the Egyptians. A whole volume of the Vedas is devoted to a kind of physiological mysticism, which enumerates every part and function of the body, connecting each with the elements of the world, and the powers of those gods which are only personified elements.

The second caste of Soudras are merchants, shop-keepers, farmers, and the like; but in Bengal, there are fewer of these than of Brahmins. A third caste deal in drugs and spices; they learn reading and writing, and to keep accounts. A fourth order work in brass, and other metals. The fifth class make shell bracelets and armlets, which are worn in profusion by the women of Hindostan, though forbidden by the Vedas. These classes read mythological poems, and other fictitious works, in which the literature of India abounds. Such are the Mahabarata and the Kamayana; epics of indifferent execution, but imaginative in the extreme, abounding in mysteries, and composed in an exquisitely melodious and expressive language. The poem called Bhogavah, is a collection of mystical narratives, interspersed with theological and philosophical dialogues, and defaced with the grossest obscenities—a common fault of Hindoo literature. It is used as a first book for boys, and by exciting impure fancies, prepares the way for universal impurity of manners. Women of good reputation are not taught either to read or write, and the character of Indian literature would forbid it.

The sixth class are husbandmen; not the owners of the soil, but miserable tenants, racked by Zemindars, or by the priest. These landlords oppress and impoverish their tenants, wresting from them, under pretext of gifts and taxes, everything but the necessities of life.

Because of such oppressions, endured by indolence and cowardice, the agricultural population are uniformly poor, except in districts cultivated by Brahmins who direct their own farms. Nor are they the less thriftless and extravagant, spending all surplus in sensual pleasure. They make wedding feasts, to which friends, priests, and gatakas are invited, to eat up quantities of sweetmeats and spices. The people are consequently subject to famines, and perish in years of scarcity, by myriads. All classes live

principally, and the lower castes entirely, on vegetables. To a dish of rice, a little milk and butter, with spices and sweetmeats, make a luxurious addition. The houses of the poor consist of four mud walls, sun dried, and thatched with straw. These are built irregularly in close villages, surrounded by a broad common. In the dry season they are often burned, either purposely or accidentally, and then renewed at the cost of a little labor. The rich live in houses of brick, which have flat roofs, and are built, (after the Egyptian fashion) with a body and two advancing wings, about three sides of a small court, or area. The fourth side of each court, upon the street, is shut in by a high wall, having a doorway in the middle. These houses are from two to three stories in height, and have a balcony of baked earthen ware about the roof. The inhabitants sit at evening upon the house top, and even sleep there, in a little chamber set apart. A few mats to sleep and squat upon, earthen and brazen dishes, a smoking apparatus, and a shelf for books, are all the furniture of a poor native of the better class. The rich indulge in every luxury, as well of their own country as of Persia and Europe.

Cities in Northern India, are built near the great rivers, and resemble a close line of villages, gathered for miles along their banks. They are composed, in great part, of the huts of artisans and traders, confusedly mingled with the palaces of wealthy rayas and the splendor of mosques and temples. At the annual inundation of the Ganges, the streets of its cities, hardly wider than foot-paths, and choked with every species of filth, are overflowed, and defiled by carcasses of men and animals that have perished in the flood, or were cast dead into the stream. By the multitude of carcasses, the cities become pestilential in the season of rains; but in the dry months, fires sweep over them, and render their sites again habitable.

The cities of the Ganges are only vast encampments for the purposes of traffic, and superstition, and grow rapidly, or are deserted with the fluctuations of trade, the change of a seat of government, or the popularity, or decline of a famous temple, or place of baptism. A close and thorny vegetation soon converts a deserted city into a habitation of tigers and serpents.

Every species of grain and vegetable is cultivated in India. The agriculture

of the Hindoos, and, indeed, of all Asiatic nations, though excellent in practice, is founded on mere tradition.

The seventh class of Soudras are barbers; an employment of much consequence in a country where custom requires that several parts of the body shall be submitted to the razor. The better classes shave the head, leaving only a tuft behind; unlike their teachers, the Egyptians, who shaved the whole head, and wore a peruke; but an Hindoo would think himself defiled by only touching the hair of a dead person. The caste of barbers are shrewd and intelligent, and have a smattering of literature and languages. They meddle in surgery, like the barbers of Europe, three centuries ago. The barber's wife performs offices of neatness for the women, while her husband shaves the men. Hindoo women stain their teeth red, and the edges of the eyelids black, and have figures in red painted on the sides of their feet.

The eighth class are confectioners. They make a variety of preparations with rice and sugar, of which the Hindoos consume a vast quantity, to the injury of health and fortune. In a market of an hundred shops, twelve or fifteen are confectioners. This caste have some education, and read tales and poems.

The ninth class are potters and plasterers, and make clay idols. They use the potter's wheel. Cooking utensils in India, are of coarse earthenware. This caste dig wells, and line them with baked earthenware cylinders. The Hindoos know nothing of pumps, or water-wheels, or of any complicated machinery.

The tenth class are weavers. Their loom is the same in principle, with the ancient Egyptian, and the European hand loom. Women of all castes spin thread from a distaff. The under dress of a Hindoo is cloth folded about the loins, and depending to the heels; over this a cloak is thrown, by which the neck and arms are covered or left bare, at pleasure. The rich wear pointed slippers, ornamented with gold and silver thread. The poorer classes have only a slip of cloth to hide their nakedness. Hindoo women wear a single white robe, depending low from the loins, and brought from behind over the head, like a cloak hood. To this a profusion of ornament is added. They fix rings in the ears and nose, and robbers frequently enter houses with the purpose of twitching off these ornaments, which they do without any remorse.

Hindoo women of rich families marry while they are mere children, and are then treated with great tenderness, and live almost unrestrained in their desires. Some householders have a room called *kroodagara*, the room of sulks. If a woman is discontented, she shuts herself in *kroodagara*, until the master hearing of it, comes to ask her wish; this is usually some trivial matter, either a trinket or a bit of luxury from the market. The dress worn by widows is pure white; that of married women has a colored border.

Among other castes of Hindoo Soudras are the goldsmiths, noted for their most remarkable dexterity in theft and coining, (a proficiency which no wise diminishes, but, in the opinion of a Hindoo, rather increases their respectability;) and the Chaudalas, whose duty it is to take away and burn the corpses of men and animals. These latter are the most degraded of all, because of their contact with the dead; and are required by the law to live a vagrant life about the suburbs of cities. The code of Menu commands the Chaudala to use broken vessels in the preparation of food as a token of his low condition. To touch a Chaudala is defilement to one of better caste. Last and lowest, the Hindoos place their European masters, and all who are not of their own race and religion, associating them in rank with those gangs of miserable outcasts who haunt the roads, and by reason of defilement dare not approach the traveler of whom they ask an alms, but make signs to him that he may leave it in the way and pass on.

Thus, by the barbarous institution of caste, nine-tenths of the people of Hindostan are fixed in hopeless degradation, and in a poverty which leaves them on the verge of famine. The classes abhor each other: if a Soudra enters the kitchen of the poorest Brahmin, every earthen vessel is defiled, and must be broken and thrown away; nor can a Brahmin receive a cup of water from his own child, if that child be of inferior rank, without loss of caste in this life, and of heaven in the next. But nature revolts against such laws, and in private they are perpetually violated; causing an unlimited deceit and hypocrisy to prevail among all classes to a degree unimagined in other nations. All trades and occupa-

tions deceive their employers to the utmost, and every man is driven to be the secret enemy of society and of his neighbor. A smooth and cringing politeness to superiors, rivalling, courtly polish, in the educated Hindoos, compensates for the extremest insolence to inferiors and dependants. Their genius for deceit appears even at the instant of death, and enables them to endure torture without a groan. Hindoo malefactors ask mercy on the plea that theft and robbery is the privilege of their caste; their fathers were thieves before them, and their religion allows it. The law of Egypt recognized a caste of thieves, but punished every discovered theft; and the same happens in India.

No advantage to the perfection of a trade, seems to have been gained, by limiting its use to a caste; for the Hindoo carpenters and blacksmiths, though bungling workmen at first, become expert and diligent, under the guidance of European masters of their craft; a proof that excellence in the meanest occupation can be sustained only by keeping it in close alliance with character and intelligence.

A person who forfeits rank by any overt or accidental act, such as eating food cooked by some one of a different religion, becomes an outcast; a misfortune which sometimes befalls whole villages at once: and the lost rank can be regained only by bribing the Priests. The outcast becomes an exile from his father's house, and his own mother even, must not speak with him, unless at night, and by stealth. In 1801, three Brahmins, having at night and secretly, performed a sacrifice for another Brahmin who had lost caste, were discovered by the head priests, and in despair drowned themselves in the Ganges. Some years ago, Rama, a Brahmin of Trivancee, having by mistake married his son to a girl of the Peëralée caste, was abandoned by his friends and died of grief.\*

Sometimes, all the principal persons of a village assemble to decide upon the conduct of an individual; if his caste is declared forfeit, (a result which he may prevent by profuse bribery,) no one of his friends will eat with him; but when a whole village, or neighborhood, suffers at once, they do not feel it as much, and are contented to step a degree downward in the scale.

Next in rank are the caste of merchants

\* Ward on the Hindoos, vol. iv., p. 129.

named VOISHYAS; who, although forbidden to read the holy books, and accounted Soudras, by the priests, assume the *poita*, or cord of sanctity, and regard themselves as regenerate, or "twice born." The *poita* is a twisted cord, worn over the left and under the right arm, like a sword belt reversed; it is put upon the young Brahmin, and upon the Voishya and Chastria, at the time of his initiation, when he is figuratively born into his order; and hence, all classes who assume the *poita*, are styled in the holy books twice born, or regenerate classes.

Boys are regularly initiated between the ages of nine and fifteen; the ceremony is tedious and frivolous, although sanctioned by the prayers of priests, and a number of mystical observances; by which, the child is devoted to all the elements, to the gods, and to his order. Initiation begins and concludes with festivities, during which, the friends and relations, and a crowd of Brahmins are entertained with sweatmeats and music. The *poita*, assumed at initiation, is the external badge of caste.

CHASTRIAS, or Ketris, descendants of the ancient military order, claim to be regenerate, and have their ceremony of initiation. Though they must not read the most sacred of the Vedas, they may repeat a certain prayer called *gagatri*, supposed to be essential to second birth, and which none but the initiated, twice born, are permitted to hear. This prayer they name their spiritual mother; and he who administers the sacrament of initiation, and repeats the *gagatri*, is their spiritual father. Ketris, and merchants, have many grades in their own castes, which they observe with great strictness. Some of these are permitted to associate and eat together; but always under restrictions. The Chastrias are a vigorous race, superior to any caste of Soudras, and, in intellect, inferior only to the Brahmins; but those of the pure blood are few in number. Anciently, all Rajas and soldiers were of this order. They maintain their rank, and those who are not employed in military and civil offices, occupy the central parts of Hindostan.

The historians of Alexander speak of certain free tribes, which opposed that conqueror in his retreat through Moultan. They describe them as a powerful and courageous people, living in walled towers, as a free military democracy. They were probably a remnant of the ancient Chastrias.

The BRAHMINS, if not the contrivers, have been the firm supporters of this system of caste, so advantageous, in appearance, to themselves, and so ruinous, in truth, to all.

So sacred is the priestly order, vast numbers of Soudras purposely drink the water in which the feet of Brahmins have been washed. Other Soudras frequent assemblies, and collect and eat the dust of their shoes, esteeming it to be a sovereign sanctifier and heal-all. A Soudra will fall upon his knees before a Brahmin, clasping his hands, and exclaiming "You are my God."

Only Brahmins are permitted to read the Vedas, the sacred sources of all law and of all belief. When the dignity of the order is at stake, a Soudra cannot obtain justice against a Brahmin. No religious ceremony is of any avail, unless a priest be present and receives a perquisite. A feast, a sacrifice to the manes, a marriage, an investiture, a birth, a name-giving; the consecration of temples, hearths, tools, nets, gardens, and fisheries; any piece of good or ill fortune; all suggest a gift to the priest. Brahmins are feasted by the rich as an act of merit, and to shorten the purgatorial pains of their ancestors. In one instance of the present century, one hundred thousand Brahmins were invited and feasted by a Hindoo governor, at a sacrifice of the manes to his ancestors; and assemblies of thousands on such occasions are not unusual. The temples have each a sacred territory appropriated to them, which supports a number of priests. Brahmins fill all the civil offices, and preside in the courts and councils of the native Rajas. They are also the advisers and functionaries of Moslem and European magistrates. They are theologians, writers, teachers, merchants and usurers, and fill every situation that requires intelligence or learning. They are the rich men of Hindostan, and hold all the landed estates that are not in the hands of foreigners, or of the military order. The importance and power of their caste may be judged by the number and profit of their occupations, but their power is diminished of its ancient splendor, and they are not now what they were before their subjugation by the Moslem, when the military and priestly orders were a mutual support to each other. Nor is their dignity descended to them from the days of Vicramaditya, when the literature of India was producing its perfect fruit; when the Vedas were read

and understood, and penance and pious mysticism withdrew multitudes of votaries from the tumult of life into forests and sacred groves, where they indulged in intellectual reveries, or alternated the hymns of Vishnu, with the incantations of Siva.

Every epoch in the life of a Brahmin is marked by ceremonies and festivals, and his memory is followed for several generations by prayers and offerings for the deliverance of his soul. The principal festivals are those at birth, naming, a second naming, investiture and marriage; besides feasts and offerings in his favor, to a number of gods; but all require the presence of a priest. The ceremony of investiture occupies several days, and is a curious tissue of mysticism and absurdity; but all to the one purpose of investing the idea of second birth with an adequate solemnity. On the fourth or fifth day previous, the body of the young candidate is anointed with tumeric, (a yellow stain,) yellow being the color of the middle region, and of life. He is then feasted from house to house by all his friends. The day before investiture, all the female friends in the neighborhood are feasted at his father's house. They are there perfumed, anointed and painted, and dismissed with a present of oil. Then follows an evening feast of Brahmins, at which their foreheads are stained red, and wreaths of flowers put upon their necks close the day. The guests are entertained with music, sweatmeats, tobacco and betel, and with abundance of food that has been offered to the household gods. At two in the morning, the women go with lights in their hands from the house of one Brahmin to another, giving oil, and receiving water in their pitchers; and returning feasted together, for the last time, with the young Brahmin; for an invested Brahmin must not take food with a woman. The ceremony of investiture is conducted under an awning adorned with sacred branches, under which a large company are seated and entertained. The candidate is then anointed and shaved, leaving a tuft, only, upon the back of the head. (In Egypt, the tuft was left at the side of the head, and hung in a curl.) Four distinct sacrifices are made by the father, who also touches the forehead of his son with a variety of things, intending some

mystical allusion. Every step of the ceremony is sanctified by prayers repeated from the Vedas; and by that prayer of prayers, named *Gayatri*, which the priest whispers in the ear of the candidate, while he invests him with the *poita*. His head is then veiled, and holding a staff and a branch of the vilwa tree, with a satchel on his arm, he proceeds a mendicant, fulfilling the requisitions of the ancient law. Coming first to his mother, he begs and receives from her, and then from each of his relations, a piece of money. Then, as though about to leave them, in the condition of a mendicant priest, he presses toward the gate, but is held back by his father, who promises for him, that he shall become a secular Brahmin and return to the business of the world. Other ceremonies follow. For twelve days the neophyte must sleep upon a bed of cusa grass, (which is singularly sacred,) under a blanket of deer-skin—eating but once a day, and bathing many times in the river, with prayers and idol worship. During all this time, no Soudra must hear his prayers or see his face, or be seen by him; but if one of inferior caste, with whom his father has a relation of friendship, chances to meet him, he must fall at the feet of the young Brahmin, and receiving a small alms must promise to be his friend for ever.

Next in importance, is the ceremony of marriage. It resembles that of investiture, but is more magnificent, and attended with an hundred odd observances.\* Marriages being negotiated and arranged by the Gatakas, a multitude of this profession are always invited to weddings, where they are feasted and receive presents. Girls become wives in their ninth and eleventh year; boys, husbands at twelve or fifteen. A Brahmin may take as many wives as he pleases, but he usually takes but one home to be his housekeeper. With every wife of an inferior rank, a Brahmin of the better class receives rich dowry.

The Kooleenas, who are the highest caste of Brahmins, must marry at least one wife of their own class, that they may have children equal in rank to themselves. But Brahmins of lower order ambitiously offer their daughters to the Kooleenas, with a rich present, for the honor of their alliance. The ceremony takes place at the bride's home, and her

\* Upon a certain occasion, the women make puddles of mud behind the house, and, squatting in these, bespatter each other.

husband leaves her there, and need visit her only once or twice a year. The result of this system, notwithstanding the severity of ancient laws, is seen in an utter dissoluteness of morals in the higher, as well as in the lower castes.

It is usual for a rich householder to keep his children to the second generation under his own roof; so that families of one household have sometimes one hundred members, each contributing to the common stock.

Household matters and cooking, are done by the married women; for a Brahmin must not eat food from the hands of a slave. In their division of the day, the Brahmins are superstitiously regular. Thrice they bathe and cleanse themselves, worshipping the *lingam*, a little idol which they make upon the instant, out of clay taken from the bank of the river, and, for the greater merit, endeavor to shape it with one hand. Before this idol they kneel at the noon bathing, and tell their beads, a prayer for each. The manner of bathing and worship is minutely prescribed in the Shastras. A bit of clay must be placed upon the head of the *lingam*, lest the spirits and demons of the air may worship it, and thus steal its efficacy; and after bathing, it must be thrown as an offering into the river. By an act of contemplation, stopping the breath and fixing attention, the worshipper conjures a god into the *lingam*, and worships it as a real presence. After each ablution, the devout bather must mark his forehead and other parts, with mud, in the sign of his patron deity; and various sects, in this spirit, brand themselves with the mark of their god.\*

Every motion in the process of bathing and cleansing, even to the use of a green stick for the teeth, and the snapping and contorting of the fingers and limbs in several difficult ways, is laid down in the Shastras; but the worshipper performs them easily, because habitually. A portion of each day is given to business, and the remainder to the sacred duties of hospitality (reckoned among sacraments,) and to reading, smoking and chewing the betel-nut. A large quantity of rice is eaten at each meal, and a portion of meat after sacrifices. The householder scatters a handful of rice before each meal to the winds and waves, and pours a libation of water, as of old. Reading in the Vedas is highly meritorious, even when the an-

cient dialect of those holy books is unintelligible to the reader. By reading and committing them to memory, all sin may be expiated. But, at this day, the ancient piety declines, and with it the old respect for ceremonies and sacred books. A modern Brahmin hurries irreverently through his devotions, forgetting to make expiation for daily and hourly violations of the law. A few only remain entangled in so close a net of superstition, every motion entangles them in a penance, and their days are wholly consumed in prayers and ablutions. But the escape from ancient superstition, leaves the Hindoo fitter for the disregard of all morality.

It is asserted in their histories, that originally all Brahmins were of one order, and were equally pure; but that by loss of caste, the greater part have sunk in honor, until the lowest are on a level with Soudras. The Priests of India, unlike those of Egypt, have no philosophical mysteries, or grades of initiation, ending in a knowledge of the one God, and of the one state. If such a system was at any time established in India, it was probably done away with, or lost, at the epoch of Buddha; after whom the kings of Delhi were Buddhists for many generations. Brahminical theology declined from its ancient purity, under that form of materialism, nor did it seem to profit by the many philosophical sects which originated during the Buddhist controversy; but these, like their probable offspring, the philosophy of Greece, rather weakened the religion they were invented to defend. Since that period, and perhaps for centuries previous, the Brahminical order has been divided into a number of sects and opinions, according to the Idea they worship, or the philosophy they avow. These have often persecuted each other with wars of extermination, and to this day discover a perfect hatred for each others' gods. Siva's worshippers, a murderous and bloody sect, delight in blood and self-torture; and in their rites and orgies, resemble the ancient Bacchanals. The votaries of Vishnu compensate in indecency for what they want in cruelty; they are the prevailing sect, and their immoralities defile the nation. Their temples are described as brothels, and their priests as capable of any wickedness. These priests are not of the higher caste, and there is a

\* "The mark of the Beast," mentioned in Revelations?

marked distinction between them and the more learned and respectable Brahmins. The wiser among them, it is said, confess and deplore the ruin of their nation; but their peculiar subtlety and learning renders them almost inaccessible to arguments against the ancient system.

That honesty and purity are esteemed among them, may be guessed by the qualifications of a Kooleena Brahmin, established by king Ballasana, the founder of their order; these were, dutiful observance, meekness, learning in the law and scripture, character, the disposition to holy pilgrimages, aversion from the gifts of the impure, honesty, austerity and liberality.

*Funeral ceremonies* in India are those of burning and interment, practiced by different sects; or the bodies of men, and of sacred animals, are cast into rivers. The Hindoos associate the idea of death with the passage of a river, and worship water and rivers, as a peculiar presence of divinity. The holiest places are those included by a bend of the Ganges, or by its junctions with other streams. Myriads of persons resort to these places to die; and the waters become putrid with the multitude of floating human corpses. A Hindoo at the point of death, is hurried by his relatives to the river side, and immersed to his waist, that his soul may enjoy the sacred influence of the stream. The death of old and wealthy persons is often hastened in this manner by their heirs, under pretext of piety. In some districts widows are burned, and in others buried, with their husbands; but this is rare, and was never universal. Burials are attended with songs and music, in honor of Crishna, and the name of that god is written upon the forehead of the corpse. Burning is a very solemn ceremony in honor of the soul, and is connected with a belief that fire brings about a speedier union of the soul with its creator.

The *superstition* of this people is in nothing more evident, than in the sacredness which they attribute to cows, monkeys, serpents and other animals. The Thibetans, who are Buddhists, and probably received their civilization from India, declare their origin from the marriage of a monkey with a demon, as though man were midway in nature between demon and brute; and the Hindoos, though they trace their ancestry to Brahma, believe the soul of man to be of a brutish nature, and subject to inhabit plants and animals

before it animates a human body. The apes that cling about the banyan trees, and on the roofs of temples in Benares, are peculiarly sacred; and serpents, with a singular propriety, are classed for sanctity among Brahmins. To destroy any animal, except for sacrifice, is a sin, and requires expiation. Prayers and offerings are appointed in the Vedas for the inadvertent destruction of insects and small animals. The lives of cattle are reckoned as sacred as those of Brahmins, and to slay them, except for sacrifice, or to mutilate them in the least, or even to dress and prepare leather of their skins, is a defilement that requires extreme penance, and is punished by loss of caste, or by a penance worse than death. Every part of a cow is sacred, and the housewives of India are not ashamed, for the sake of purification, to smear their thresholds with the sacred dung. The statue of a sacred bull may be seen in the grotto temple of Ellora; and one of the incarnations of Siva was in the body of a bull. That a superstition of this character should have originated among pastoral tribes, seems impossible, nor is it entertained by other nations of Asia; and the probability is, that the Egyptians brought it with them into India; for the worship of animals prevailed in Egypt, before the building of the Pyramids.

The *manners* of this people are described as bland and social in the extreme. Notwithstanding caste, leagues of amity are made between superior and inferior, with a view to mutual benefit; a compact greatly needed in a society so broken and limited. Friendships between equals seem less interested, and the friends call each other by endearing diminutives. In this, as in other traits, the Hindoos resemble a nation of children, for simplicity and naughtiness. Friends testify regard by trifling gifts. To remove a doubt of his sincerity, an aggrieved friend will lay a burning coal upon his hand, and suffer it there until the other begs him to take it off.

They are quarrelsome, and excessively litigious. If blows are given, the injured party touches the feet of the bystanders, saying, "You are my witness"; and their common courts are crowded with plaintiffs in petty suits.

They are as dexterous in trade as in theft, and he is a shrewd customer who escapes them with a fair bargain.

Their markets are great fairs, about the shrine of an idol, where myriads con-

gregate for traffic and for worship: the uproar of their trafficking may be heard afar off. At certain times they go in crowds to the famous idol sites, making the long pilgrimage an occasion of gain. Here are sold animals for the monthly sacrifice; and products of the soil are given in exchange for trinkets and foreign merchandize.

Coins were very anciently used in India; and by a shell called cowrie, Hindoo dealers divide the value of a mite into copper into several parts.

At these fairs, the Indian Jugglers exhibit their astonishing feats, and in thaumaturgy, as in subtlety of doctrine, the Hindoos excel all nations. In all things they discover cunning, and the finest perceptions; qualities that do not jar with sensuality or faithlessness.

The women of India, "until their thirtieth year, are stout and vigorous; but after that period decline faster than the women of Europe. Early marriage, labor, and diseases, exhaust their constitutions. They are lively, active and tractable; acute, and fond of conversation; using florid expressions, and a phraseology abundant in images. They deliberate much, and are inquisitive, but modest, in discourse; but their disposition is fickle and inconstant, and though full of promises, they easily break them." "They are importunate, but ungrateful,

cringing to superiors and insolent to dependents; and assuming an air of calmness and composure under injury, wait a time for a more thorough revenge."

Family quarrels are very frequent, especially between the wives of one husband, and the children of different wives; and the first wife is commonly hated by the others when, according to custom, she takes precedence of them, in the management of the household. These quarrels engender suits at law concerning the division of estates, by which great numbers are impoverished.

Hindoo notions of beauty are agreeable to the constitution of the race. The face of a handsome man is compared in Hindoo poetry to a full moon: the forehead broad and prominent, the eyes mild and lively, with a nose slightly aquiline, and a sensually moulded mouth; a very dark complexion, straight black hair, glossy skin, and soft, rounded, and slender limbs, are the marks of the Bengalee; but many of the Rohillas and Afghans have a noble and powerful form.

The women of Bengal are admired for a rolling gait, and a body glittering with ornaments. Their poets describe them with a waist as slender as a lion's, taper limbs, and a face radiant with smiles, that discover teeth as ruddy as the seeds of the pomegranate.

#### SONG OF A COUNTRY TO A CITY BIRD.

Come, my love, for the flowers are springing;  
Come, for the birds are sweetly singing;  
Come, for the fount its spray is flinging;  
Come, my love, away.

Hither, my love, for the grass is growing;  
Hither, for the gentle gales are blowing;  
Hither, for the loosened streams are flowing;  
Hither, my love, away.

Come, my love, for the spring is returning;  
Come, for the great broad sun is burning;  
Come, for the earth is no longer mourning;  
Come, my love, away.

Hither, my love, for green is the willow;  
Hither, for peaceful and calm is the billow;  
Hither, for soft is the grassy pillow;  
Hither, my love, away.

## "I AM SIR ORACLE."

— "I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark."

SHALL we create or criticise? Shall we be the biters, or the bitten? Shall we carp, or be carped at? The latter, certainly! The death of a martyr is more honorable than the life of a tyrant. We are determined not to be a dog by the wayside, barking at authors, or authorlings, to scare them back in their road to the 'Shining Pinnacles.' We have already become quite expert in the business of 'conveyancing,' and need no farther lessons in that furbishing and disguising art, which, in the hands of industrious workmen,

"Gars auld clothes look amaist as weel as new."

So long as we have a good supply of work, we shall make no remarks on the quality of the materials, or the style of workmanship, visible in the productions of our brethren-in-trade—the literary tailors. So long as our honesty remains unimpeached, we shall never, unless compelled by the necessity of idleness, peep into *their* gardens, or inquire whether they raise their own *cabbage*. But if any of the thievish fraternity indict us for light-fingering, it shall go hard; but we will turn state's-evidence. At all events, 'Greek will meet Greek,' and like the Kilkenny cats—we forbear to be original in comparisons.

We confess we are a little afraid to criticise. Our reason is, that we never know when we are right. We have a thousand and one conflicting tastes of our own; how, then, can we lay down a uniform law to regulate the tastes of others? In reference to very many subjects, most men, and we preëminently, are as Young said, and Byron after him,

"A pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

We could never tell for our lives whether we preferred tragedy or comedy, solitude or society, marriage or celibacy, industry or indolence, books or oratory, eating or sleeping, hope, memory, or fruition. On all these matters we either hang in quiescent indifference, or swing from side to side in frequent and fitful oscillations. We are glad we were never placed under

the embarrassing responsibilities of a juror; we never could have made up our mind, and should have proposed to draw lots for our verdict. As regards literature, we find something to please and something to displease us in every work, from the *Iliad* down to the *Farmer's Almanac* for 1845. We find it impossible to decide the respective merits of the various worthies of the pen. The exact opposite of what we admire in one author, excites our admiration in another. We praise the simplicity, the brevity, the strength of Demosthenes or Webster: we praise the embellishment, the amplification, the richness of Cicero or Chalmers. We commend the easy style of Addison, and the chaste severity of Hume: we commend, also, the balanced, folding-door sentences of Johnson, and the elaborately-melodious periods of Gibbon. We admit the validity of the rhetorical statute that language should always be definite and perspicuous: yet we zealously admire the dark expressions of Shakspeare:

"To lie in *cold obstruction*, and to rot,  
This *sensible, warm motion* to become  
A kneaded clod," etc.

language, which can be analysed and interpreted only by the feelings. We fully agree with the critics, that ideas ought to be expressed briefly, rapidly, and simply; yet, after reading some pages in the writings of John Quincy Adams, and still more of Chalmers and Burke, we find that force of thought does not always consist in brevity of style, and that ideas, presented under all their various phases with comprehensive amplitude, may sometimes leave a clear, and powerful, and permanent impression.

But if we find it difficult to digest our own opinions into a code of critical doctrine at once catholic and true, still harder is it to frame one corresponding to the myriad sentiments of others. The tastes of men are as different as their natures, or rather, they are none other than the active developments of their original constitution, modified by education, accident and habit. It were, therefore, absurd to wonder that all do not, or to expect that

all should similarly and equally appreciate the beautiful and the ugly, the seemly and the unseemly, whether in the material or the moral world, whether in life or in books. Were our minds, like our eyes and ears, all constituted on the same fixed principles, we should all, in like circumstances, think and feel, and act alike. The construction of the healthy eye is always the same; the rays of light fall similarly refracted on its faithful mirror; and, by consequence, the impressions received in respect to color, form, and dimension, are alike in all. But the moment those organs become the *media* of any moral or intellectual impression, how different are their office and operation—how unlike the tale they tell! In the sweet face of Nature the hopeful boy sees mirrored the heaven of the future—the regretful man the heaven of his boyhood. Two individuals look forth on the sunrise of a calm June morning—the one, innocent and happy, from his own window; the other, a blood-stained wretch, self-ruined, from the bars of a felon's cell. The one greets the birth of a new day, crying in the ebullient gladness of his heart—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first-born!"

The other gazes on the splendid pageant, that shines for others, and cries with the gnashing teeth of rage, and the staring eyeballs of despair—

"To thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
Oh, Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams!"

To the quiet farmer how delightful is the aspect of a country smiling beneath a cloudless sky! To the fiery son of Mars this is all insipid; *his* eyes long for the smoke of cannon and the din of battle—the shock, the tumult, the terror, the despair! To the delicate nursling of luxury, a life amid the wild fastnesses of nature presents a scene of horror, while to the hardy mountaineer it is a perennial well-spring of health, and peace, and self-renewing joy. To him, whose spirit has always been absorbed in money, refinement and feeling are a non-existence. To the bare mathematician poetry is a dead letter. It *proves* nothing. His *numbers* are of a different nature, and his *figures* of a more literal complexion. The only *tangent* to his feelings is the tangent of a circle, and all the 'signs of the times'

are nothing compared with the *sine* of an angle. An ancient castle has no charms for him except trigonometrically. It is, perhaps, pentagonal, and he finds by calculation that the old tower is ninety feet and five inches in height! The botanist would not give a new species of thistle for the Alexandrian library; and the entomologist would scarce exchange a new variety of moschetto for all the roses of 'biferous Paestum.' For the grammarian, Homer and Virgil are heretics, save in so far as they give him to talk of middle and dependent verbs, digammas, heteroclitite, expletives, ellipses, and enclitics. For the metaphysician, Shakspeare is a witling; Moore is excommunicate; and thus it goes just according to nature, education, and habit. All are, in some sense, right in their tastes; for there *is* pleasure in everything. It is delightful to attach the affections to any object. It is grand to dine with Locke—it is grand to soar with Milton. It is pleasing to study the laws of language, and of the mind which made and employs it. It is charming to investigate the principles of nature, and the history of man. It is delightful to behold, still more delightful to possess, the beautiful—and everything is beautiful for him whose habits have led him to observe and love it. It is beautiful to make money—it is more so to expend it. Women and wit, wine and war, storms and stars, land and ocean, midnight and midday, are all beautiful. Opposites are beautiful in the eyes even of one and the same person, aye, at one and the same time. Thus the whole round of life, and the entire furniture of the world become 'all things to all men.' How, then, can criticism be erected into a science, when its very foundations are laid in the fickle and conflicting judgments of men? We certainly shall not attempt it—unless we change our mind.

It is better to be a poor author than a bad critic. The former makes humble pretensions. He writes and publishes in the simplicity of his heart. Mistaking, perhaps, a desire for an ability to write, and thinking the thoughts, which shine so brightly for him, will also dazzle the eyes of others, he prints, and if he fail, he had not measured his strength—he has erred, not sinned. But the false critic is chargeable not only with vanity in overrating his powers, but with impertinence, in meddling with what he knew nothing of, and with petty malice in attempting to detract from his superiors. How contemptible a figure is an

Aristarchus with his accidence in his hand, applying his stupid rules to the divine lines of a Homer! The irregularities, at which he barks, are, for all his bleared eyes can discern, transcendent beauties. It is true, the father of poets sometimes nods, like all his children, and parts of his immortal epic are but the stertorous breathings of his uneasy slumbers. But if he sometimes nods, his commentator always sleeps. His faculties are saturated with a 'sleepy drench,' which benumbs all perception. Such men resemble Sterne's critic, who measured the excellence of a work by its length and breadth. Encumbered by a host of scholastic familiarities, they can only judge of what is, by what has been, and all that transcends the established bounds is 'heresy and schism.' An argument which does not proceed by regular syllogisms—the 'barbara celarent' of logic—proves nothing for them. If the famous quibble, 'It either *does* rain, or it *does not* rain: but it *does not* rain; therefore, it *does* rain,' should prove to be an argument constructed according to logic, they will readily swallow the conclusion. If a tragedy surpass the absurd unities of time and place prescribed by the French critics, it is assigned to purgatory. It may be replete with all the glories of mind; it may impress a pathos to force tears from tyrants: no matter—it has violated the laws, and is worthy of condemnation. Send it to the 'Gehenna' of tormented plays. Poor fools! How should one of obtuse and narrow faculties, who fashions his judgment only by inflexible rules and forms, be able to decide on the works of those who are a rule unto themselves. The statutes of poetry, for instance, are drawn from the works of great masters, and when another great master arises, and develops a new shaft in the inexhaustible mine, common spirits are amazed and shocked at the audacity of one who dares forsake the ways of his poetical forefathers.

Such critics are apes themselves, and are fitted to criticise only the labors of their brother apes. But how different are the outpourings of a true genius from the dull discharges of an imitator. The former gush forth with all the purity and fresh abundance and playful life of a dew-faded spring high up among the mountains, the latter run slowly and heavily, as from a low-land reservoir, loaded with slime and discolored by stagnant vapors. Or the former are the fierce, mercurial fusions

of nature's laboratory; the latter, dull and toilsome distillations in the workshop of the chemist. The ape reads Pope, and having formed his ear to that artificial, though exquisite versification, and to the finished consonance of sounds, he begins to hammer out *his* verses, lame enough at first, but finally elaborated into something like smoothness and harmony. They are, indeed grateful to the ear, at least till their sameness renders them wearisome. But as the fox said of the decorated mask: "How beautiful! what a pity it has no brains!" Yet the critical ape applauds him. Read now the pages of natural genius, polished, however, by midnight toil, and amended by the curtailments of unsparring judgment. Let it be Virgil, or Horace, or Pope, or Gray, or Goldsmith. There you will find delicious harmony, but not delicious harmony alone. You will also find a 'curious felicity' of language—words exquisitely chosen, to convey chaste and elegant ideas. The ape reads Byron, and, borne away by the wonderful genius of the man, he mistakes the wicked for the witty, the strange for the original, and the frantic for the passionate. The *merits* of his idol are beyond his reach; but his *faults* are imitable, and he resolves to write a poem, which shall be Byron Redivivus—a new edition, with numberless improvements. Inspired by his 'fount of Castalie,' the fumes of gin-and-water, he sends his imagination into Cloudland, there to revel among incongruous metaphors, frightfully unnatural passions, and a 'rabble rout' of wild, chaotic horrors. After four weeks' painful incubation, the poor goose hatches his cantos—littie, tawny, rickety monsters, limping along with their raw, rough feet; gabbling like the goslings of Babel, or hissing with unearthly sibilations. The critic-ape feeds the little starvelings on *puffs* and *soft-soap*; swears they are young eagles; and quotes the lines, which *he has heard* are very fine—

"Behold young Genius wing his eagle-flight,  
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes  
of light."

Now turn to the wild-wood notes of Nature's poet. Let it be Collins, or Burns, or Byron. Perhaps the *rhymes* are not always perfect: but the lines are overflowing with melody, and march and wind along with exquisite grace, and inimitable ease. And then the rhythmic thought, the strong, bright soul, that inspires and illuminates the whole. "Ah!

but there is a false line," says Aristarchus. A false line! It is a note stolen from the morning song of the 'young-eyed cherubim.' "And here is an unpardonable hyperbole," cries Zoilus. Soulless whipper-in of genius! It is the language of a heart swollen with emotions too big for common utterance. "And here is a violation of the unities," quoth Aristotle Secundus, and a yelping train of 'petit-maitre' critics assent in snarling chorus. Your pardon, old systematizer: you are, in the main, a very sensible man; but Nature, the great mistress, is not always so precise to have correlative actions occur at one place, and within a given time. Nor are we quite convinced that a tragedy of four or six acts, and an epic of thirteen or twenty-six books, might not be of unequalled power, albeit those numbers are heterodox, and find no countenance in the writings of the literary fathers.

We have a friend—a great stickler for *literality* in literature—to whom we were one day remarking the exceeding force and picturesque beauty of that line, in the corsair, we believe—

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

"Why, I hardly know," said he: "I don't see how a ship can be said to 'walk the waters,' since it has no *legs*, nor any thing resembling them. It would be much more proper to say *swims*!" On another occasion we inquired his opinion of Goldsmith's Poems, which we had found lying on his table. "A very sweet, fine poet, sir," was his reply; "but he has fallen into some shocking, unpardonable blunders." "Blunders in Goldsmith!" said we: "why, he is ranked among the most correct of poets." "Well, Sir, what do you think of such a line as this?

'When every rood of ground maintained its man.'

"Now, Sir, if you will recollect that four roods make an acre, and 640 acres make a square mile: that consequently there are 2560 roods in a square mile; and that the most dense population ever found in any country does not exceed 300 inhabitants per square mile; you will at once perceive the enormous extravagance of Goldsmith's statement of the former population of England." "Certainly," we replied: "the table of square measure, and the statistics of nations confirm your criticism." "Well, Sir,"

returned he, "I am glad to find you siding with my judgment, which, I flatter myself, is very correct in regard to poetry!" We once requested him to read Milton, and if he did not like it, to read it again, and yet again; for it would assuredly prove at last the grandest intellectual banquet of which he had ever partaken. He consented, purchased the Paradise Lost, and read it over and over of Sundays for a number of months. The conversation one day turning on the subject, he said, "As for your famous John Milton, I think him vastly overrated. In the first place, the whole tale is extremely improbable, excepting those few facts, of which we have Scriptural proof. Secondly, I have marked above three hundred verbal inaccuracies or contradictions." He then showed us his Milton, blackened with pencil-marks from beginning to end—two or three of them pointing out positive improprieties of grammar or sense, which had escaped us in our admiration; but mostly the hypercriticisms of a stickler for facts and figures. For instance, he had placed in his "Index Expurgatorius," the following strong and beautiful expressions—'darkness visible;' 'honor dishonorable;' 'fall'n;' such a pernicious height;' 'and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.' "For," said the *soi-disant* Longinus, "how can 'darkness' be 'visible,' where there is no light to see it with? how can 'honor' be its own opposite? how can the devil himself manage to 'fall a height,' that is, to fall *upward*, and how can the 'height' be called 'pernicious,' when that quality belonged to the *fall*? Or how can the moon 'throw her mantle over the dark, when, at the very moment the moon rises, there is no longer any darkness for her to throw her mantle over?!!" Thus far our excellent merchant-friend, who is a very sensible man, but much better fitted to judge of beef, tobacco, and bank notes, than to pass sentence on poets or poetry.

The great Dr. Johnson seems to have possessed much of this hypercritical spirit. He partly received it from his own blunt and bearish nature, and partly, perhaps, acquired it from his lexicographical labors, where the habit of fixing the *exact* and unalterable meanings of all words, may have formalized and starchy his literary taste, incapacitating him to *appreciate*, because he could not *define*, that delicate and uninterpretable sense, which poets sometimes infuse into their language. Then too, his stiff, stilted,

and grandiloquent character could not endure anything beneath his own unbending dignity. For instance, in his *critique* on that famous passage in *Macbeth*, where the incipient murderer soliloquizes, holding dubious parley with his own darkening heart, he carps at the use of the words, 'dun,' and 'knife,' as low and inappropriate, befitting a butcher rather than a tragedian. But it *was* a 'knife,' and beside, in Shakspeare's time, before the Sheffield forges had made knives as 'plenty as blackberries,' it is probable the word was as dignified as the term 'sword' now is. As for the expression 'dun,' it is pure Saxon, sanctioned by Milton and the best poetical usage, and if it must be dropped because it enters likewise into the vocabulary of the butcher, so must we also disuse the words 'sheep' and 'ox,' because they have experienced the same desecration. So also of the word 'blanket,' it is quite as good as 'mantle,' or 'curtain,' or any other substitute, which happens *now* to be more fashionable; though it must be confessed, that the entire conception of "heaven peeping through" a hole in the darkness, is very puerile on so awful an occasion.

But it is where the Doctor's political prejudices biased his literary judgment, that his critical faculties were most blunted, and his cathedraic decisions the most palpably unjust. Never without indignation and disgust can we recall the groundless condemnation passed by so eminent an authority on Milton's *Lycidas*—a poem, which with the exception of some ten or twelve inappropriate and tasteless lines, is surely, of all pastorals, the most "entire and perfect chrysolite;" the most replete with noble pathos and sweet sublimity; the most radiant with the beams of genius shining through the tears of bereaved affection. The whole 'gist' of the Doctor's censure lies in the supposition that it is unnatural, preposterous, to imagine a plain shepherd speaking on subjects so lofty in a strain so grand. Well, if it comes to that, was it *natural* for the heroes of Homer to converse so finely, and that in *poetry*? Is it supposable that the characters in any tragedy ever spoke *rhyme*, or in *rhythm*? Does not the Doctor's objection upset the merits of his own *Ione*, and every other poem ever written? For, when or where have men *talked poetry*? And leaving aside the mere *poetic form*, when or where have men in conversation sustained

the *poetic spirit*, the high and noble sentiments contained in any fine epic or eclogue? The doctor greatly admired, (as who can avoid it?) the masterly *Bucolics* of Virgil. Did he ever say, with a cynic growl, that rough, illiterate herdsmen in the plains of Mantua, could not be supposed to have entertained such polished sentiments, or to have expressed them in language so exquisitely chosen? Alas for the 'obliquity of human judgment! Virgil and Johnson were both Tories. They both upheld Church Establishments, and the "Divine Right of Kings." 'Hinc illæ *laudes*.' John Milton was a stern, brave Puritan, who wrote, as he would have fought, for the rights of universal man, and who, in blindness and poverty, still sang aloud,

"With voice unchanged,  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil  
days,  
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed  
round,  
And solitude."

'Hinc illæ *lacrymæ*.'

A very diverting species of criticism is that, whereby certain 'nobodies,' whether in conversation or in print, plaster every thing beyond their comprehension with indiscriminate praise, or blacken it with undistinguishing censure. This is a much safer course, than that of alternate approval and condemnation. The latter requires some slight degree of perception to avoid blunders palpable to all; the former may pass with the 'groundlings' for the *dicta* of 'one who knows' Others, a little more cunning, first endeavor to ascertain the opinion of reputed judges, and then echo the decision with a wise shake of the head, or with vociferous volubility. It was our fortune to meet with a unique and ludicrous sample of this last *species* of the *genus* Critic, last summer on a trip to Washington, D. C. It was a luscious day. In walking up Pennsylvania Avenue, we encountered a northern clergyman, a ripe scholar and a finished *connoisseur*, with whom we had formerly made a brief and delightful acquaintance. On his arm hung a piece of his, whom he was accompanying on a tour for the restoration of her wasting health. It made our heart ache to view that sweet, young face, so lovely and so sad—that soft cheek, where the hectic flush, death's sure precursor, had already raised its

scarlet banner—that full-orbed eye, which, instead of the laughing light of healthful maidenhood, shone with the peculiar resplendence of the consumptive invalid—an intensely spiritual gaze, bright with the dreamy lustre of life's expiring flame. We proffered our arm to the fair and fading girl, whom we had not seen since she was a little budding flower of scarce seven summers, and wended our way to the Capitol with slow and gentle steps. We endeavored, by playful speeches, to beguile our sad companion from the thoughts that seemed to hover, like a chilling shadow, over all her being. It was in vain. She replied kindly, but briefly, and again was silent. We remarked to the uncle that this appeared a literal representation of those charming lines of Horace:—

—“Dum Capitolum  
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine Pontifex.”

He cast on his niece a glance of anxious fondness, while she with a smile more sorrowful than tears, replied “Forgive me, Sir, for my brief speech, and seeming insensibility. I am flying from the Mighty Archer, and ever while I fly, as with the wounded deer in Virgil, his arrow is ranking in my side—‘heret lateri lethalis arundo.’”—(The old clergyman had taught her Latin in her girlhood.)—“My thoughts will go down to the ‘dark valley’ and the ‘wormy bed,’ where I so soon must follow them. But it is not on *death* alone they dwell: to *me*, in dying, there is a cup far bitterer than death.” Her uncle seemed exceedingly distressed, and we forbore, believing she alluded to one of those terrible partings “such as press the life from out young hearts.”

At the Rotunda we paused to admire the painting of “Pocahontas.” Our clerical friend pointed out many beauties and several blemishes, which our inartistic eye would never have detected. He had just bestowed an eloquent eulogy on the execution of one of the Indian figures, when he was interrupted by a voice near us—“Don’t you think, now, that that ‘ere paintin’ is uncommonly splendid?” “Very fine, Sir, with two or three exceptions,” replied the clergyman, looking round at the querist, who was a thick-set man of some thirty-five years, with a narrow forehead, a little, twinkling eye, and features expressive, at once, of vapid curiosity and timorous conceit. His dress was very fine, and very ill assorted, and his words and tones betrayed the thorough-bred Yankee, modified by a lit-

tle reading and some travelling through the South and West. “Jest as you say, Sir,” returned he; “there *is* some exceptions, to be sure; but in general, and takin’ it by and large, it is a splendid paintin’, very splendid, *very* splendid, indeed, Sir! Wonder what it cost?” “I am not able to say, Sir,” said the clergyman with a covert smile, and a look at us, which we interpreted as a hint to draw our critic out. He then continued with mischievous gravity, remarking that he thought the artist had excessively *foreshortened* the dress of some one of the figures—we forget which.

“Ah! you’re right there, exactly right,” said our critical Zeuxis: “I never *did* like to see dresses *too short before*,—nor *behind*, neither, for that matter; not even when it was the *height* of the fashion. I used to tell my cousins down in Boston, that it wasn’t entirely proper. And I don’t see why ‘tisn’t jest equally as bad in paintin’s. Now, there was the famous paintin’ of ‘Adam and Eve,’ where the painter *foreshortened* the dresses all to nothin’; and I always said ‘twas shameful, totally—and disregardless of every thing that’s jest as it order be.”

The clergyman bit his lip to repress his audible laughter, and even the sad young lady, ‘with the arrow in her side,’ smiled less mournfully: but Nosmetipsi received the decision with a grave bow of acquiescence. “It appears to me,” said we, looking solemnly through our eye-glass, “that the painting does not possess a skillful relief of light and shade; but perhaps it proceeds from the situation in which it hangs.” “Yes, Sir,” said Zeuxis, peering with his twinkling eye through a circle formed by his thumb and forefinger: “you are quite right; it’s the fault of the place.” “Could it not be arranged, so that the light might fall in a more checkered manner on this painting which you justly call a splendid one?” said Nosmetipsi. “I think it might,” quoth our connoisseur. “Congress ought to stop up every other winder-pane up there in the Dome.” “I hope, sir,” replied Nosmetipsi, “that your valuable suggestion will be represented to the proper committee.” “It seems that you are quite a judge of paintings,” continued we. “Wall—I *ought* to be,” he replied, “for I guess I’ve seen about every picture-gallery in the United States, and some *genuine* ‘Raphels,’ and, ‘Courages,’ and ‘Dominics’ among ‘em.” “You, then, Sir,” said Nosmetipsi, “are the very person, of whom I would like to inquire

how it happens, that we never see in marriage-pieces, that peculiar expression of countenance sometimes witnessed in the face of a delicate and loving bride—an expression, mingled of fearful hope and shrinking tenderness; of regret at the severance of ties as old and dear as life, and timid rapture at the formation of a new one, dearer in anticipation, and more powerful than them all. I have never seen that expression faithfully transferred to the canvas. Have you, Sir?" "Wall,—no,—I don't think I have." "We may, perhaps, sometimes see it," said we, "in the works of very great masters." "Yes, sometimes, as you say: very seldom, though, and only in the splendidest kind of paintin's. The fact is jest as you state it, and I've often been perfectly astonished jest to think on't." "I am glad to hear you say so," returned Nosmetipsi. "Now, in this painting, the face of Pocahontas is very sweet, serious, and pathetic: still, I miss in the features a nameless something, a 'je ne sais quoi,' as the French say, made up of grief and hope, of fear and modesty and love." "You are right, Sir; perfectly right," said Zeuxis; there certainly is somethin' out o' the way in the face; but," he asked doubtfully, "a'int the French wrong in sayin' there ought to be any thing of the 'Gennessee squaw' in it? I always thought Pocahontas was from *Virginny*." This was excessive. Our clerical friend laughed heartily. As for Nosmetipsi, he assumed an air of mortified confusion, and said stammeringly, and with a prodigious effort to blush, "you do right, my friend to laugh at me. I stand corrected, stranger, and am ashamed, to think that even the French, much more an American, like myself, could have blundered so grossly on so plain a point of our Colonial History." Zeuxis, who had at first looked disconcerted was now reassured, and said with an exulting smile, "Ah! I thought I couldnt be wrong; for I've read Goodrich's History of the United States through a dozen times, I guess." The clergyman smiled again, but, glancing at his niece, her eyes were filled with tears, and her lips quivering with anguish. Our remarks on a young and happy bride, had touched 'the arrow' in her heart. We assisted the poor girl into a hack, and parted from uncle and niece with a brief and sad farewell. Of her, we will only say that she died soon afterwards among her friends,—one of them dearer than a brother—and, that

if we *could* write a tale as touching as that face, or that fate, we *would*.

After lounging a while in the Library, we walked into the grounds west of the Capitol, and reclined on one of the grassy slopes, with the main avenue of the city of "magnificent potentialities" extending broad and beautiful before us. While we lay there, gazing half-dreamingly through the warm and hazy air on that lovely hemisphere, whose plane was the sweet, green earth, and its dome the sweet, blue sky, our Zeuxis of the Rotunda walked near us, smoking and smiling contentedly. "Ah! how are you now? Take a cigar!" Of course we accepted—who can refuse a soft brown Havana from any body? The critic lay down on the fresh, clean turf near us, and there we smoked and criticised, and criticised and smoked. The rich burlesque of the scene was heightened by his exceedingly deliberate emphasis of voice, and a frequent glance, directed furtively to Nosmetipsi, to ascertain what *he* thought. Nosmetipsi, however, remained as grave as one of the regicide Roundheads. We forget much of the conversation; but the following specimens are strictly faithful in their leading elements:—

Nosmetipsi. "How many great orators and statesmen have made the echoes of those halls eloquent with their voices!" Critic. "Yes, sir. A great many great statesmen—very great—*very* great, indeed, sir!" N. "There is Webster, with his iron-linked argument, and that tremendous sarcasm, that rives and scathes like a thunderbolt. What do you think of *him*?" C. "Why, sir, I've always thought his argument and his sarcasm was splendid, very splendid, *very* splendid, indeed, sir!" N. "Well, what do you think of the great Henry Clay?" C. "Why, sir, he's another great, *very* great man." N. "You're right, he is. But is he greater than Webster?" C. "Wall, now, that's hard to say. I think, tho', they're 'pretty much of a muchness.' What do *you* think?" N. "Why, we can't measure great men like elephants. But I think Clay is great universally—symmetrical and perfect like a circle—while Webster, in perhaps a narrower sphere, is unapproachable by Henry Clay, or any living man." C. "Jest precisely what I always said. *You've* hit it! There's Calhoun, too. Now ain't *he* a great man?" N. "A great man, certainly. But as an orator, he is not quite *figurative* enough." C

"No, not *quite* enough; but he cuts a *figure*, though, now, mind, I tell ye." N. "He does indeed, particularly as Secretary. One of his late State-papers is almost as full of *figures* as the Census." C. "So I said, when I read it. The world rubs its eyes, I guess, when *he* writes,—don't it now?" N. "Oh, certainly, and would be glad to close them again. But his figures, though very bold and strong—far *too* strong, indeed, for the *facts*,—were very dark—negro figures, altogether." C. "Wall, now, I *did* notice that his figures was a little *niggerified*; but any how, as you say, they're *very* strong indeed." N. "Well, don't you think Crittenden, Rives, Preston, and Buchanan are strong men?" C. "I guess they *are*! Ain't it fun to hear them great speakers?" N. "Oh, capital! There's Colonel Benton, too, a great man, and a great egotist." C. "Yes, sir; he's great *any* how." N. "He's the great author of the 'Gold Humbug.'" C. "So he is—a great author, *very* great, indeed." N. "But there's *another* Colonel, who has run for Lieutenant-General in the Loco army, but who is willing to serve as kettle-drum Major, or even to march in the 'rank and file.' *He* is a great man; and, like a true soldier, has shown a deep attachment to the *colors*." C. "Yes, he likes the colors, I tell ye, and he'll die by 'em." N. "But don't you think Wright, and Van Buren, and Tyler, and Polk are great men?" C. "Yes, sir, all of 'em; *very* great men." N. "The first, is the Great Magician; the second, the Little Magician; the third, the Great Traitor; the fourth, the Great Unknown." C. "Jest what I've often said, sir." N. "It seems to me, that we have more great men than we need. Isn't it a pity some three or four of them—for instance, Calhoun, Benton, and Van Buren—had not been born in other countries, to diffuse the blessings of 'progressive democracy?'" C. "I think it is now, a very great pity, *very* great, indeed. We could supply the world with Presidents, not to mention Vice-Presidents and Governors." N. "Yes, indeed. What a pity, too, that here and there one of our great men indulges too freely in unnatural excitements, instead of remaining strictly 'aqueæ potator!' You understand me?" "Oh, yes," said he, with great gravity, but eyeing us very closely. "Oh, certainly. Though I can't say I like to see men such *very* 'queer potatoes.' The greatest men, though, are always a *lectle* queer. But, queer or not, the men

we've named ain't *small* potatoes, are they?" N. "No, sir, I consider them all to be large ones." C. "That they are, the thumpin'est kind of big ones, or else I don't know nothing about it." After a pause of about a minute, with a violent, but invisible and noiseless inward cachination, we said, "From your very remarkable taste and knowledge, I should hope you are a Loco—that is—a Democrat." C. "I ain't nothin' else, I guess." N. "That shows your judgment. All great men are Locos, 'except six.'" C. "So I think. I s'pose *you're* a Loco, of course?" N. "I'm almost afraid to say, for fear you'd tell on me, if we should be beaten." C. "Indeed, I wouldn't, friend. I'm dark as a wolf's mouth." N. "Well, now, don't mention it. I'm a Whig, sir—a Whig now and always, here and everywhere." C. "The d—l, you are! Now, who'd have thought it? Wall, 'many men of many minds.' I'm not a *very* strong Democrat, myself. Henry Clay's a great man, very great, *very* great, indeed." N. "Yes, sir, too great for us to criticise, or for his country to appreciate. Good day, sir." C. "Why, now you ain't a-going a'ready? Take another cigar." N. "I thank you sir. I have had sufficient enjoyment in 'smoking' the *biped*." And thus we parted,—he apparently pondering over the occult meaning of our last remark; and we thoroughly diverted at the *ex cathedrâ* decisions of the fellow, who found his bliss not in his real ignorance, but in the dubious conceit that he was wise.

And oftimes since that comical display of stolid presumption—while sitting in our *studio*, absorbed by grave books, or sorrowful reflections; or when in the deep midnight, we have gazed through the wavering light on the face of the carved angel, and counted the footsteps of the minutes by the tickings of the ancient clock, wondering whether they have any mode of computing the golden years of Heaven, and if the faces of the angels, 'that see God alway,' have not some faint antetype in the loveliest imaginings of earth—the twinkling eyes and vapid face of the pseudo-critic have inexplicably risen up before us, awaking uncalled for laughter—yet only to carry us still farther back to the sad fair girl—how fair! how mournful!—who passed into the earth—nay, not there, but into Heaven—so early—because,

'Whom the gods love, die young.'

## HOW SHALL LIFE BE MADE THE MOST OF?

IN our country, individual success and eminence, and social improvement, have been to an indefinite degree retarded by two bad habits prevalent in all classes of society. One is the habit of entering upon an avocation or profession without a competent preliminary education; the other, that of changing professions at pleasure, so that a man of seventy years of age will often have pursued from two to five or six different callings at different periods of his life. To these wasteful habits, there is a tendency to add a third, derived from the earliest and most barbarous ages, that of combining several professions in the same person at the same time. Believing that these habits, and the notions on which they are based, are false in theory, and radically bad in practice, we design, in the present article, to maintain in opposition to them the following propositions:—1. Every man ought to be thoroughly educated for his profession or calling, whatever it be. 2. A man ought to continue through life in the same profession. 3. No man should stately exercise more than one calling at a time. These propositions may seem obvious; yet our readers will see, we think, in the sequel, that they need reiteration and enforcement.

*I. Every man ought to be thoroughly educated for his profession or calling, whatever it be.*

We might make a general division of the different callings exercised in a community into mechanical and liberal, or those which are exercised chiefly by hand-labor, and those which are exercised mainly by mental labor, the results of which are made available by the voice and the pen—both classes equally necessary and honorable, both equally needing and rewarding mental energy and attainments, but differing from each other in their processes. For these callings there is, or ought to be, a preliminary education both general and particular; and both are with sad frequency neglected or slighted.

For professions exercised by hand-labor, the general education is furnished by our common schools; and they are very far from furnishing the kind of education which the farmer or mechanic needs. The common system of education is worthy of the schoolmen of the Middle

Ages, who deemed words, not ideas or facts, the prime objects of knowledge. A great part of the time spent at school is spent in the acquisition by rote of words without meaning,—a process, in which no faculty of mind, except the memory, is exercised. For years, often, the scholar is made to recite daily from the Dictionary a series of definitions, frequently less intelligible than the words defined,—not unfrequently wholly void of meaning to the pupil, while he well knows the signification of the words defined. For instance, every child knows the meaning of the word *network*; but not one gray-haired man in a hundred could deduce any possible signification from Johnson's accurate definition of it: "Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with intercesses between the intersections." This example will show how much connection there is between the *studying of definitions* (so called) and learning the meaning of words.

Another inordinate and unjustifiable waste of time in common schools, results from what is called the study of Grammar, which a boy, six years old, is often obliged to commence, in which he has a weary exercise every subsequent day of his school life, and at length leaves school with no more idea of the purpose, for which his Grammar was written, than if it had been in Chinese or Sanscrit. The exercise is, at first, the committing to memory of a technical jargon, entirely beyond his power of comprehension; and, afterwards, the mechanical repetition of certain stereotyped formulas, concerning the separate words in Young's Night Thoughts, or Pope's Essay on Man, (commonly called *parsing*;) whereas a fourth part of the time spent in conversation with his teacher, or in reading, or trying to write good English, would give him ten times the knowledge of his mother tongue, which he thus attains. Practical grammar is best acquired by the eye and ear—may be imbibed, without express study, by familiarity with good speakers and writers, and fixed in the mind without pain or weariness; but the theory of grammar cannot be attained by him who is conversant with one language only. Grammar is, no less than physiology, a comparative science, and the principles and laws of one's own

language can be understood and accounted for only by him who has studied other languages in connection with it, and has thus formed an idea of what is essential to all languages and what is peculiar to his own.

For this acquisition of hard, and to him unmeaning words, let us now see what the future farmer or mechanic foregoes. In the first place, he is generally taught nothing of natural history, or science. He is to earn his livelihood by directing the vital energies, or the mechanical or chemical forces of nature. Soils, earths, metals, woods, alkalies, acids—these are the materials on which, or with which, or to produce which, the labors of his future life are to be spent. Yet, in most cases, he is suffered to leave school, without having been put in possession of a single fact or principle in geology, chemistry, or natural philosophy; without any knowledge of the structure of his own planet, or of any of its component elements; without the slightest comprehension of any of the laws or processes which nature lends to art, and by which alone the soil can be made productive, or handicraft successful. No wonder that our farmers so often dress and sow their land at haphazard, change crops at a venture, and transmit effete and sterile acres to their posterity. No wonder that, in American manufactures, colors so often fade, and cements part, and fabrics shrink. No wonder that the ill-made bears so alarming a proportion to the well-made, and that the honesty and good faith of the manufacturer are often no guarantee for the excellence of his wares.

Another necessary element of education for the future farmer or mechanic is almost excluded from our common schools, namely—geometry, the science of measure and proportion, essential to educate the eye, to guide the labors of the hand, and to give symmetry, tastefulness and elegance to the planning and finishing of innumerable products of industry,—essential also, in many departments of labor, to a contractor's preliminary calculations, that he may defraud neither himself nor his employer. In the Prussian Common School system, both the departments of knowledge now named, are deemed no less indispensable, than reading and writing; and we trust that the time will soon arrive, when no District School in our own country will graduate its pupils without them.

Another enormous deficiency in most

of our common schools is, that they make no provision for instructing and exercising their pupils in English composition. This is indeed unnecessary for one who is willing to be a mere drudge of the farm or the workshop. But no young man should regard this as his destiny. Every one should expect to rise, by degrees, into the higher walks of his profession, to conduct its more extended operations, and to take his well-earned place among citizens of merit, standing and influence. But every man, who occupies such a position as this, must write,—he must write business letters, if nothing else; and, if incapable of making a respectable appearance on paper, he may meet with countless drawbacks and embarrassments, may lose opportunities for improving his condition, and may be permanently kept back in the rear ranks of his calling or profession. But a well-indited letter is always a letter of recommendation for the writer, and has, in many instances, been the proximate cause of eminent success and good fortune.

While, in these and other respects, those who are to exercise agricultural and mechanical callings ought to be well educated, let them also regard a prolonged and thorough apprenticeship to the future business of life as essential to ultimate success and respectability. In some of the countries of Europe, no man can establish himself in his trade, without having gone through a prescribed period and mode of apprenticeship; and, in Germany and Belgium, it was formerly the universal custom, (and it is still frequently done,) for a young man, when he has learned his trade so far as his master could teach it, to visit the several places where his trade is best understood, and to work as a journeyman for a few weeks or months at each, so as to get an insight into whatever might facilitate the processes, or improve the manufactures, in which he was engaged. With us, on the other hand, the old rules and habits of apprenticeship are almost broken up. The seven years' novitiate has dwindled into four, three, and two. Nay, we sometimes hear of a young man's learning as much of a trade as he can in a still less period, and then establishing himself in business, with this fragmentary stock of knowledge and skill. Now there is no doubt, that the principal operations of every trade may be learned in a few months, and that, after a very short apprenticeship, one may *seem* to work suffi-

ciently well to be his own master. But there are a thousand little things, such as care in the choice and seasoning of materials, slight touches, delicate finishings, which can be learned only by one's laboring long under the eye of a man of experience and skill. They are things, which a master could not call to mind, so as to tell or show them to those under his instruction at any particular time, but into the knowledge of which the apprentice would grow gradually and almost imperceptibly. And these little things often constitute nearly half the value of a well-made article. To take the item of cabinet furniture for an illustration, the actual value, as determined by their durability, of equally well looking articles, is nearly or quite doubled by the application of care and skill to minute details, which would be thought of only by a thoroughly trained workman. Every gentleman knows too, that a coat, made by a tailor who thoroughly understands his business, will wear and look well nearly twice as long, as one made by an awkward and inexperienced tailor. It is chiefly on account of difference in the thoroughness of previous training, that some mechanics are crowded with work, while others can get very little to do. These last have been found out. They are never employed a second time by the same person, whereas, two or three years more of boyhood devoted to the acquisition of their trades, would have made them prosperous for life.

In agriculture, the sons of farmers commonly learn, during their minority, as much as their fathers can teach them; but the general establishment of agricultural schools, with competent professors of natural science and its various practical applications, with model fields and experimental gardens, would be of inestimable value in raising the profession, both in an economical and intellectual point of view. It is no doubt known to many of our readers, that the most munificent provision has been made for the establishment of an agricultural school, on the plan of the celebrated Fellenberg Institution, in Switzerland, under the auspices of Harvard University, by the will of the late Benjamin Bussey, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. We are fully authorized by the statistics of English agriculture in saying, that, by the application of scientific principles and the use of improved modes of tillage, the cultivated lands of our Atlantic states, might, on an average, at less than twice the present annual out-

lay, be made to yield ten times their present annual revenue.

We have thus spoken of the least education, which a farmer or mechanic ought to have. Let it not be supposed, however, that we regard the highest possible intellectual culture as misplaced, sunk or wasted in these professions. A thorough classical or literary education might not indeed enable one to increase his crops or to manufacture a better style of goods; but it would contribute vastly to his personal happiness, to his social influence, and to the intelligent discharge of the various duties and trusts that devolve on him as a parent, friend, neighbor and citizen. We heartily wish that many of the graduates of our colleges, instead of swelling the already crowded ranks of the (so called) liberal professions, would turn their attention to the class of professions now under consideration, and do everything possible to exhibit sound and various learning as the accomplishment of the individual man, and not simply as a prescribed routine of preparation for a particular walk in life. Should such instances hereafter become frequent, they would have a direct and irresistible influence in eradicating the absurd and anti-republican idea, imported from the artificial state of society in the old world, that a man's respectability depends in anywise on what he does, and not on what he is.

We pass now to the education of candidates for what are called the learned professions, which number, no doubt, as many ignorant and unqualified pretenders, as they do fit and worthy members. For these we would place the standard of general education very high; and, as we must make a selection from among the many topics that present themselves, we propose to speak particularly of the importance of a thorough classical education to the members of these professions. We choose this topic the rather, because we apprehend that the current of general feeling is setting strongly against classical studies. As an index of this, we might adduce the fact, that the oldest and best endowed literary institution in the county now suffers its pupils to suspend Latin and Greek, if they choose, after a single year's study. Our age is utilitarian in the most grovelling sense of the word; and the community at large can see no use in the consumption of months and years of study upon dead languages, and the literature of nations long since extinct.

Let us then see what these languages

and their literature can do for the clergyman and the lawyer. They are to be both writers and speakers, and as such, should be accomplished in the arts of persuasion. To this end, they must be well acquainted with the structure, powers and resources of their native tongue, which no man can be, who is not conversant with other languages than his own, and, especially, who is not conversant with those classic tongues, whence the English has derived so many of its words and idioms. These languages, too, though doubtless, no less than our own, derived from various and unlike sources, were fused by glowing ages of eloquence and song, into entire congruity of form and feature; and, by being, in the popular phrase, dead languages, are endowed with an unchanging life, and therefore are more capable of rigorous analysis, and afford better illustrations of the laws of universal grammar, than the modern tongues, which still bear conspicuous marks of their miscellaneous origin, and which are varying their rules and idioms from year to year. Then, too, the public speaker needs a diction, at once concise and flexible, full of vigor, nerve and point, and at the same time adapting itself with ease to every class of subjects, occasions or audiences; and how can he better acquire such a diction than by familiarity with those noble ancient tongues—the one bearing in every word the signature of a severe, majestic simplicity—the other, many voiced, yet never losing its identity, shaping its elastic idioms to every conceivable mode of grandeur and beauty? Then again, as to rules and models in oratory, we know not how one who would rise above mediocrity, can dispense with the study of those old orators, who could hold in check, and sway, at will, the fierce, multitudinous democracies of Greece and Rome; nor can the public speaker find, anywhere among modern writers, the minute, exhausting analysis of the kinds, modes, instruments, sources and topics of argument and appeal, which Cicero and Quintilian furnish, so that it is hardly too much to term their rhetorical works essential parts of the training of those, who, by speech or writing, are to mould the decisions, sentiments and characters of the few or the many.

Again: Man should be the constant study both of the lawyer and the preacher. They both need a familiar acquaintance with the human condition and character, with the existing elements of civilization and progress, with the springs of public

and individual sentiment and action. The preacher must know men as they are, to give aim to his endeavors to make them what they should be; while it is only by the same kind of knowledge, that the lawyer can adapt his style and topics of illustration and argument to the stupidity which he must penetrate, the prejudices which he must remove, or the sound sense and wakeful intellect which he must convince or persuade. Now, as each individual is the aggregate or result of all that he has been, so does the whole past enter into the present condition of the race. Nothing is so truly living as the past. It gives shape, and hue and breath to the present. Thought, once uttered, written or acted, never dies. The past, which is finished, interprets the present, which is unfinished. The present exhibits phenomena, the past shows whence they come and why they are. He then, who omits from his familiar knowledge, any extensive or emphatic chapter of the past, fails to comprehend the present. But the history and culture of Greece and Rome, next to those of Judea, do form the most extensive and emphatic chapters of the whole past. The Greek, the Roman mind, each has left traces of itself, too deeply engraven for time or change to obliterate them. We must study their records, that we may identify in our own age, their ideas and sentiments, the effects of their institutions, the fruits of their culture.

There are peculiar reasons, why the teacher of religion should be a classical scholar. He is the interpreter of God to man; and all God's Scriptures should be his familiar study. God writes all history. Every chapter, every phasis of human condition, every political revolution, every form of culture, bears not only the impress of human wisdom or folly, virtue or guilt, but also the venerable handwriting of Divine Providence. In the condition and destinies of nations and of races there is as clear and full a revelation of the attributes of the Almighty, as there is in the vast and glorious works of nature. Thus, for religious teaching, the past holds to the present a torch kindled by the same breath that inspired prophets and apostles. Viewed in this aspect, the finished records of Greek and Roman civilization, arts, science, domestic and social life, spanning as they do the most brilliant and eventful centuries of the world's history, furnish an exhaustless repertory of religious counsel and wisdom—an expanded commentary upon Divine revelation—a vast,

illuminated, authentic display of the eternal principles on which God governs the world.

Again: there is an important sense, in which classical literature is in itself eminently religious. It is indeed full of darkness and of error, on the great themes of God, of human nature and the unexplored future; and many of its pages consecrate vice, deify brutal passion, and minister to unholy appetite. But we look in vain through the classics for that religious indifference, for that entire exclusion of all reference to the higher relations and destiny of man, which marks so much of the literature of modern Christendom. We do not believe that, in times and lands characterized by secular civilization and refinement, without the light of revelation, religious indifference is a possible thing. There must needs be, in such a state of society, an earnest craving and yearning for spiritual truth,—a longing to penetrate the veil of sense and the darkness of the grave—to answer the questions, which cultivated man cannot help asking, “Whence am I, and whither? Am I the creature of chance, and the plaything of irresponsible fate, or the child of a Supreme Intelligence, and the heir of a higher destiny?” These inquiries have been answered by an express mission from the throne of the Eternal; and vast numbers now fold their hands in easy indifference, content to know the path of immortality without treading it. But of such questionings, the classic writers are full. Even the most licentious of them express a longing for light and truth, for a supreme law of duty, for a voice to break the eternal silence, and to reveal the vast unseen and unknown. Even those of them that are termed sceptical, have only outgrown the rude, gross forms of popular idolatry, and are endeavoring to construct out of the chaos of exploded superstitions and philosophies, some more rational and coherent exposition of the great mysteries of life and nature.

Now it is to these writers, not to modern unbelievers, who have borrowed light from that Sun of righteousness, which they would quench,—it is to the classics, that we must go, to learn what the religion of nature is. We find it written out in detail in their history, their philosophy, their poetry; and every item of it is pointed with an interrogation mark. It is, throughout, a religion of questionings, of yearnings,—a “feeling

after God, if haply they may find him,” a “longing after immortality,” an earnest desire for light upon the path of duty, nay, in some striking and beautiful instances, a confession of darkness, and a humble prayer that some guide for benighted man may come forth from the Eternal Throne. Now Christianity, which is a religion of answers, every item of it pointed with a full stop, was given man as a counterpart to the interrogative religion of nature, to answer his questionings, to solve his doubts, to satisfy his longings. We can then hardly have a better guide in our study of the records of revelation, than the anatomy of the human heart in its days of darkness and of need. We learn from this anatomy precisely what man’s wants were, how various, how complex, how deep. We gain an accurate knowledge of the needs and demands, which revelation was designed and adapted to meet,—of the ground which it was to cover. And, as human nature is the same in all ages, though its inmost structure is no longer laid bare to our view by its moral destitution and neediness, we may learn from this study what Christianity has done and is now doing for the soul of man, yea, even for the unthankful and rebellious, though a hundred fold more for the believing and obedient.

In the study of theology, we attach little value to set and formal theological treatises; none whatever to *bodies* of divinity—aptly so called from their lack of soul. There are certain works of philology and archaeology, which are essential aids in the critical study of the Scriptures; but the next place to these on the clergyman’s table, we would assign to Horace, Cicero and Seneca. Not that they will be, in any sense or degree, his authoritative instructors in truth or duty; but they will constantly suggest questions, which he will go to the Bible to have answered. They will reveal states of mind, doubts, difficulties, for which he must seek the solution in the records of inspiration. They will enlarge to his eye the scope of revelation. They will make him feel the folly of any system of baptized rationalism or naturalism. They will impress upon his mind the truth, to sound philosophy, of a simple, childlike faith in prophecy and miracle. They will echo in his ear the voice that came from heaven, “This is my beloved son,—hear ye him.” They will draw from his own heart the echo of the apos-

tle's words, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

The lawyer too, for special reasons, needs this same classical training. Of many maxims, principles and rules of law, he can trace the history, only by going back to the laws of Solon, Lycurgus, or the Twelve Tables. The common law of England, the basis of our own legal precedents, though usually deemed of Anglo-Saxon origin, with accretions of Norman growth, bears not a few traces of Roman jurisprudence, and must date back its rude beginnings to the age when Britain was a Roman province. Then too, the *civil law*, which forms the basis of the jurisprudence of one of our States, and portions of which are fast working their way into the statute law of others, cannot be studied or understood by merely reading the Pandects of Justinian. Law is never written or enacted; it is only compiled. The law of a nation is an epitome of its history. There was not a revolution of the Roman state, not a faction of the early republic, not a Latin epic poem, tragedy or comedy, not a phasis of Roman culture or refinement, which formed not a constituent factor of Justinian's code. No man, then, can understand the civil law, except by entering into intimate communion with the mighty Roman mind in the days of its vigor and its glory.

For the physician also, a similar classical training should be deemed indispensable. His profession has its technical phraseology, which he can understand only by converseance with the ancient languages. It has also its authentic history, which abuts upon—its semi-fabulous yet instructive history, which spans—the classic ages. The physician's business too, is with man, and not with man as a mere animal, but equally with the living spirit, with the unceasing mutual intersection of mind and body with the soul's mysterious maladies; and whatever reveals man to his better knowledge, must therefore form an essential portion of his culture. Then too, the physician's position in society, the intimate and delicate relation in which he stands to individuals and families of the highest purity of taste and refinement of character, the power, which, for good or evil, he may in ways without number exert by his speech and manners; the necessity for his successful practice, that he should be confided in as an intelligent and cultivated man,—these considera-

tions, and many others, point out for him a standard of general education not one whit below the highest. Indeed, if there be a class of men, on whom we have a right to look with contempt, those, who have enjoyed the professional services of physicians of large mind, and liberal tastes, and whole, warm hearts, can hardly fail to regard with scorn the too numerous class of mere adroit medical practitioners, who can blister, bleed and purge, but could not minister to a mind diseased,—who make their profession a mere handicraft, and intrude themselves with the speech and manners of an un-nurtured boor upon scenes, where every utterance, gesture, thought and feeling should be gentle as the breath of heaven.

From these remarks, it may be inferred, that we would place very far along in the course of a liberal education the point at which candidates for the learned professions shall diverge from each other, to commence special preparation for the business of their coming lives. Let the established and required course of professional studies be also prolonged, exact and thorough. The very nature and rank of these professions demand this. The clerical profession has for its text-book a volume, which claims and rewards the profoundest study of the longest life; and, though its more obvious and essential doctrines and precepts may be promptly apprehended even by the unlettered, the teacher of religion should be able to interpret its dark passages, to defend its truths and its records from cavil and scepticism, and to hold them up for the adoring admiration of the indifferent and the scoffer. There are indeed many ignorant religious teachers, who seem to do great good; but they do harm also. They degrade, in the eyes of some, the religion which they make precious to others. Their rude rhetoric and lame logic put gibes into the mouth of the scoffer. Their feeble defenses and unauthentic statements, while they satisfy the credulous and submissive intellect, drive those of keener vision into doubt and unbelief. "True it is," writes a quaint old divine, "God stands in no need of any man's parts or abilities; much less does he stand in need of any man's ignorance, incapacity, self-conceit and vanity; nor has he anywhere encouraged the use of these latter qualities in the business of religious instruction, now that miracles have ceased, though he was once pleased by miracle to give elocution

to a stupid quadruped, to rebuke the madness of a wicked prophet." The study of the law also covers a vast extent, and in its practice involves, not only the highest earthly well-being of the individual, but the permanence and sacredness of all social rights and obligations. The sources too, of the physician's education are exhaustless and infinitely varied, while his personal life is full of emergencies, demanding all the available apparatus of scientific knowledge, and of the treasured experience and skill of those who have preceded him.

But we must suspend our remarks on these professions; nor have we space to speak in detail of mercantile education, which, both general and specific, cannot be too extensive or too thorough. Commerce, conducted by merchants worthy of the name, is, in the best sense of the words, a liberal profession, and has adorned itself in our cities by illustrious examples of intelligence, uprightness and princely generosity, while, when its escutcheon has been stained, it has generally been by intrusive members of the profession, who have embarked in it, with no fitness, either mental, educational or moral, to conduct its operations, or to subdue and scorn its temptations.

There are three numerous and unlike professions, in which we, in this country, are sadly in need of suitable preliminary education for the incumbents. Under one of these we would group the various classes of persons employed in steam navigation. It is universally conceded, that, in the application of science to steam navigation, our country is second to none; and yet appalling and fatal accidents from steam occur among us with startling frequency, while on board of French and English steam-vessels they are extremely rare. This difference is not to be ascribed to the different characters of those to whom the management of this fearful agent is entrusted. In England and France, the qualifications of engineers, pilots, and commanders, are submitted to the severest and most searching tests, while, in this country, such tests are nowhere employed; nor are there any means for enforcing their employment; and, though on our Eastern routes of steam navigation, care is generally taken to select competent persons for the more important offices, if report speaks the truth, there is a vast amount of reckless and guilty negligence in this matter on our Western waters. Of the fitness

of engineers or pilots, we can judge only from report; but of western captains we have had opportunities of personal observation. We have stood on the deck of a huge and crowded steamboat, with its freight of hundreds of precious lives pouring over the gangway, the furnace fires glowing and roaring, the steam fuming, snorting, and hissing, shaking its prison walls, storming every valve and orifice, like a maniac giant in a wicker cage—and, when we have made diligent inquiry for the chief keeper, whose word, whose every look should control every under-keeper, and check every movement of the prisoner's fiery pulse, we have seen him the most insignificant man on board, of stolid countenance and slouching gait, his whole bearing and manner pointing him out as fit to be but a mere wood-heaver, or man of all work, fore and aft. With such a commander, we have felt that the lack of one controlling voice and mind, might, of itself, tell the whole shameful story, should scattered limbs and bleeding corpses follow the first roll of the engine. In a profession involving such tremendous risks, the most peremptory legislation ought to scourge ignorance, incapacity and stupidity, from every place of trust and control, and to put there only those who can count and calculate every throb in the giant's veins, as the skillful physician does the pulses of his patient.

Another very different profession, of which we have almost no properly educated members, is, that of the statesman and legislator. The Athenians chose their generals from the mass of the people by popular election; and a shrewd philosopher once proposed that they should vote their *asses horses*, so easy did they find it to transform *men* by their vote. We make statesman and law-givers out of anything, and everything; and seem to think, that because a man has been successful and eminent in any profession whatever, he is therefore, fit to make or administer our laws, and to adjust the most complex international relations. "He has made glass, or cotton goods," we say,—“he has sailed ships,—he has pleaded causes,—he has treated patients,—he has slaughtered Indians,—with eminent success; therefore, let us send him to Congress, or make him Governor or President, Secretary of State, or a Foreign Envoy.” In point of fact, a man's eminence in any one profession, is proof positive that he has so concen-

trated his energies on that one, as to be well fitted for that alone. Even the successful lawyer, as such, is no statesman. Because he can interpret, he is not therefore capable of originating laws. Because he can manage the interests of a simple client, he is not therefore fit to guide the state. Because he can convince a jury of plain, sober, honest Yankees, it does not follow that he can play at fast and loose with the practised diplomatists of St. James and St. Cloud. It is because our statesmen are made as the Athenian generals were, that we have such reckless tampering with laws and vested rights,—such ceaseless vacillation in the management of our public affairs,—such daubing with untempered mortar of every seam and cranny in the ship of state. We have not the faith of a hackneyed partisan in the total depravity of this or that political party. But we have unlimited faith in the incompetency of public agents, chosen without reference to their attainments in political history and science. On the floor of Congress, there are gravely debated, every session, points in political economy which have been deemed settled beyond dispute, among those versed in the science of government, ever since the days of Adam Smith. The law-maker, the statesman, the diplomatist, ought to be acquainted with the history of governments and of theories of government, with the principles and the postulates of international law, with the whole science of political economy, and with the legislative action of former times and other nations. Were our people once to demand such men for the places in their gift, the demand would create the supply. The same men, who now leave no stone, on which they can climb into power, not upturned, would then seek place and its emoluments, not, as now, by canvassing votes and swelling the breeze of popular clamor, but in the seclusion of libraries,—in tranquilizing, elevating communion with the mighty dead, and with the illustrious living—by dignified communications through the press, in which the wisdom of the past and the present would be solicited to solve the knotty points at issue between contending parties, to balance precedents, and to establish the right and the true. However solicitous to rise, they would then bide their time, and wait, perforce, to be sought ought, and to have office tendered them as the due meed of patient self-culture and well attested merit.

For my third instance, I would class, as belonging to one profession, the various subordinate public functionaries connected with the collection and disbursement of our revenue. To make their offices a party football, is to put them, with every change of administration, into less and less faithful and competent hands: for all who can live by their skill or talents, will soon find out that the prize is not worth the game. We charge the greatly increased losses of government, of late years, through mismanagement and default, not upon the profligacy of one or the other political party, but upon the introduction into these branches of the public administration, by one of the great political parties, of a system under which no party can be well served. It is fit, indeed, that the leading and responsible places near the executive chair be filled by those who sympathize with the Chief Magistrate in his political theories. It is fit, also, that those connected with the various branches of revenue, and thus brought into contact with all classes of citizens, should not be obtrusive, or brawling politicians. But there is no need that they think alike on mooted points of national administration. These points have no connection with their specific duties—but they ought to be men of approved business education and habits, careful and accurate accountants, prompt and intelligent in the interpretation and application of the rules of their respective departments, and honest, trustworthy men in private relations and duties. These qualities, (the last alone excepted) can be ensured only by the education of public functionaries for their offices. And they might be educated by clerkships, or placed, by way of probation, at less important posts, and promoted as they were found fit for promotion. Were the tenure of such offices for good behavior, they would not lack annual recruits from among the choicest youth of the country; nor can any other system but this redeem our financial administration from the inroads of growing profligacy and corruption.

But we have dwelt so long on our first proposition, as to leave but little space for the discussion of the other two. Nor do they need much; for they are virtually included in the first. We shall not, therefore, trespass far on the patience of our readers, in the separate remarks which they seem to demand.

II. Our second proposition was, that a man ought to continue through life in

the same profession. By this we do not mean to say, that a man should not rise in the world. We would have him aim constantly at the highest places in his profession, and assume them as fast as he is fitted for them; but we would have him rise in his calling, and raise that along with himself.

Why do men leave their professions? Chiefly for four reasons.

1. On account of incompetency, growing almost always out of defective education. They find themselves unfit for what they have undertaken. They cannot command patronage or satisfy employers. Such men generally have recourse to some position in which incompetency can be veiled from sight. They often betake themselves, not to commerce, (for that needs both ability and previous training,) but to buying and selling on a petty scale. A very large proportion of the keepers of little huckster shops, fruit stalls and tipping houses in all our towns and cities, are occupying these paltry places, simply because for lack of training they are fit for nothing else, nor yet could they keep shops worthy of the name. Many, too, seek to hide their incompetency in public offices, where any lack of skill or tact or intelligence is easily atoned for by a double measure of partisan zeal.

2. Many men change their professions for the sake of ease, and generally from the mistaken idea, that where the hands are not employed there is no labor or fatigue. Now, in point of fact, no vital and useful member of society leads an easy life. One may indeed occupy a sinecure, but that is only a living burial, and no man, who respects himself, will commit self-annihilation for the sake of ease. But every man, who occupies an actual place among living men, must pay its price by diligent, arduous labor. There is no profession in which a respectable standing can be attained and kept without toil. Nor is there, as regards bodily ease, any essential difference between head-work and hand-work; or if there be, it is in favor of the latter; for the fatigue of a laboring man, which a sound night's sleep will carry off, bears no proportion to the derangement of nerves and the chronic lassitude that result from an overtasked brain. Those who change professions for the sake of ease are almost always disappointed. They find that an increase of risk, care and accountability a larger draft upon the functions of the brain, and a less entire relaxation of

mind during hours of repose, are more than an offset for the release from hand-labor.

3. Another class change professions from false notions of respectability. True respectability, not only in the eye of heaven, but in the esteem of every man of common sense, consists not in the place one holds, but in his fitness for it, and his fidelity in it. It is not the place that makes the man, but the man that makes the place, great; and no being in the universe holds a higher rank, than he who fills with conscientious industry and usefulness one of the least conspicuous stations in society.

“ His sphere, though humble, if that humble sphere  
Shine with his fair example, and, though small

His influence, if that influence all be spent  
In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,  
In aiding helpless indigence, in works  
From which at least a grateful few derive  
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe,—  
Then let the supercilious great confess,  
He serves his country, recompenses well  
The state, beneath the shadow of whose  
vine

He sits secure, and in the scale of life  
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.”

On the other hand, a man, by changing his profession, frequently sinks while he thinks he is rising; for there is no object more grotesque and ridiculous than a person occupying a situation out of keeping with his talents, education and habits. If a certain small and narrow-minded portion of society, if here and there a silly girl or a brainless fopling does see fit to stigmatize some honest and useful professions as less respectable than others, even this is in great part chargeable upon the readiness of so many to forsake what are termed the humbler callings. But if men will only remain where Providence has placed them, there is indefinite room for the elevation, mental, moral and social, of every lawful avocation; and each will take rank in the esteem of the community, in proportion to the fidelity and uprightness of its members. If a man be actually a genius, a great man, he may show himself great, without forsaking his calling. He may bring the resources of his genius to bear upon that calling, either in mechanical or economical improvements, or in intellectual impulses transmitted from his mind through a constantly widening circle of commanding influence. Dr. Franklin continued a hard-working mechanic long

after he was second in reputation to no man in America, or in the scientific world. Where are the names more honored than those of Arkwright and Fulton, whose greatness was achieved in paths of enterprise and skill, that lie open to every mechanic and artisan.

4. Yet another class of men change their professions in the hope of increasing their usefulness. But usefulness has no more connection, than respectability, with the place which one occupies. In what are called the humblest spheres, the richest and most spreading harvest of duty and benevolence is often reaped; and results are frequently the greater for the obscurity of the agent's situation. You can no more suppress the outflow of a good example and a salutary influence, than you can smother fire with linen garments. The story of the Dairyman's Daughter has been translated into *nineteen* different languages, and more than *four million* copies of it have been circulated, making her simple faith and piety the means of the highest spiritual benefit to thousands of her fellow-mortals. Had that girl forsaken her father's cottage to seek a more commanding sphere, she would probably have failed to fill it, and her life would have been a blank and a waste. From the nature of its functions, the clerical profession is made to suffer most seriously from the false notions of usefulness now under discussion. Its great bane in this country has been the intrusion into it of truly good men from other walks of life, with hardly any qualification, except sincere piety and an earnest desire to be useful—men of the humblest powers, the feeblest presence, the dullest speech, who yet might have done much good in their original spheres of duty, by example and private influence, as teachers of their own families, as guardians of the moral well-being of their respective neighborhoods and social circles. But they have been accustomed to identify preaching and doing good, and therefore were resolved upon preaching, no matter how stupidly, ignorantly or foolishly. There died in Portsmouth, England, some four or five years ago, at the age of *seventy-three*, John Pounds, by profession a mender of shoes, who exercised his calling for half a century or more, in a little shop *eighteen* feet by *six*. He was one of the greatest philanthropists of the day, and his name will go down to posterity with those of Howard and Oberlin. Had he, when in middle

life he first felt his mission to be useful, left his shop for the pulpit, it is hardly possible that, at his age and with his scanty education, he could have made himself a burning and shining light in the church. But he did what he could, instead of assuming an office for which he was unfit. He gathered in poor children by scores from the lanes and the wharves of the city, taught them the elements of human learning and of religious knowledge, gave them good principles and habits, sought employment for them at a [suitable age, and, by pursuing this course for many years, rescued hundreds of children from hopeless degradation and ruin. He, by remaining in his profession, has given the world a most glorious demonstration, that the power of eminent usefulness is not limited to a few favored walks in life, but that the true and loving heart can do good anywhere and everywhere.

The above are the principal grounds, on which men change their professions; and we trust that our readers are prepared to acquiesce with us in the application to secular pursuits of the good old rule of St. Paul, "Let every man abide in the same calling, wherein he is called." Where this rule is followed, one has a steady and uniform growth in intelligence and influence. His standpoint remaining the same, his mental horizon is constantly enlarging itself, and new objects readily adjust themselves to his mind by their bearings and relations to long familiar objects. But the horizon, often changed, never expands. The influence also of him, who abides in his first calling, gains with every year accumulated power, in the same circle, in the same directions, for the same ends; whereas one cannot carry with him into a new walk of life and among new people, the weight of character and influence which he previously possessed, but must build up for himself a new character and reputation.

III. But we leave this point, to say a few words in defence of our last proposition, namely, that *no man should steadily occupy more than one profession at a time*. Nor do we care how minutely the principle of the division of labor is carried out, whether in the mechanical or the liberal professions. It is admitted on all hands, that the division of labor is justified by its economical results—that more and better work is done in consequence of this arrangement. A man loses time by chang-

ing works, nor can a person be so well skilled in several operations as in one. One man, says Adan Smith, could hardly make *twenty* pins a day, while *ten* men, engaged in as many different parts of the work, can make *forty-eight thousand* in a day, which would be equivalent to *forty-eight hundred* for one man. But, says SAY, "To have never done anything but make the tenth part of a pin, is a sorry account for a human being to give of his existence." We would reply, By no means, if, while making the tenth part of a pin, he has lived as an intellectual, moral and accountable being ought to live. That the minute division of labor, and the consequent confinement of individuals to single mechanical processes, have in the old world been connected with mental and moral degradation, we admit; but we deny that the connection is a necessary one. The degradation of which we speak has resulted from the fact, *First*, that the operatives have been destitute of education, and, *Secondly*, that they have been overworked. But educate a man well at the outset, and then so arrange his hours of labor, that he shall daily have seasons of leisure for reading, study, reflection or social intercourse; and he may, in a life of the merest routine, still be a constantly improving man, and may work out the highest ends of his intellectual and moral being. The growth of a man's mind does not depend on the extent of terrestrial surface, or the number of outward objects, with which he is conversant. The most contracted sphere of life has enough within it, to call forth and satisfy centuries of mental activity. Said an eminent naturalist, putting his hand upon the ground, "I would contentedly pass my life in the study of what my hand now covers." The common objects, the familiar scenes, the daily events of life, are sufficient educators of the mind which has once received a stimulus to self-improvement.

In the mercantile and liberal professions, it will be readily admitted that the subdivision of research, practice and

enterprise still leaves those engaged in the respective branches, sufficient scope for the exercise of the best powers of mind. In the mechanical professions, what a man does, either demands the constant exercise of ingenuity or skill, or else is a work of mere routine. If the former, there is in his very business a direct opportunity for the practical application of whatever mental power he may have; and he may also reap its outward rewards, in fame and money, as an inventor, or discoverer of improved modes or processes. If the latter, let him only bring to the routine of labor a well furnished intellect; and his mind may be active in digesting and arranging its accumulated treasures, his heart may be awake, his sympathies and affections warm, and the inner man may be daily renewed, and carried onward in the path of eternal progress.

Indeed, for mental and moral growth, it is of prime importance that a man have a fixed center of thought and of activity. Then, an infinite number of concentric circles of constantly growing diameter will mark the symmetrical and uniform progress of his intellect; and all his past acquisitions will be included within his present mental orbit. But if he has, in three, or four, or half a dozen different professions, as many different centers of mental action and expansion, the circles perpetually intersect each other, and the mind is driven round in a confused and tortuous path, in perpetual ignorance of its bearings and its distances.

But it is time that we bring these remarks to a close. One chief object that we have had in view in penning them, is to represent all labor as honorable,—to ennoble and dignify toil. Let the ban of society go forth against the drone, whether in broadcloth or in rags. But let industry, diligence, thrift, give every true laborer, whether with head or hand, an honored place as a vital, worthy, precious member of the body politic, living in harmony with the law of God, and in the only condition of spiritual well-being, dignity and progress.

## COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH EASTERN ASIA.

THE comparatively recent transactions between Great Britain and China, and the subsequent well-conducted and successful mission of Mr. Cushing, have, as based on the intrinsic importance of the interests involved, awakened unwonted attention to the means of intercourse between the two great theatres of civilisation. In numerous public prints, dissertations have appeared, discussing the relative facilities afforded by nature along the different routes already in use, or that may be opened to accomplish an intercourse, forming now, and from the days of Solomon—and no doubt ages before that merchant king sent ships to Tarshish—one of the great branches of human policy. Among many other obser-

uations, we may cite the following:—“The journey from New York to Canton, by way of St. Louis, the Missouri, the Columbia and thence across the Northern Pacific, is shorter than any road the European Powers can possibly find.”\* In order, however, to more clearly estimate the value of the data upon which must rest the decision of this question, we have arranged the subjoined Geographical Notes. The positions on the sphere of the three principal places, were taken from the Tables of Latitudes and Longitudes in Black’s Edinburgh Atlas. Calculated on the principles of Mercator’s Projection, the relative positions of the three cities yield the following courses and *direct* distances:

|                      |                                                        |
|----------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Washington City,     | N. Lat. 35° 52', Long. W. London, 77° 05'.             |
| London,              | N. Lat. 51° 31', Long. E. W. C., 77° 05'.              |
| Canton,              | N. Lat. 23° 03', Long. E. London, 113° 20'.            |
| Canton,              | do. do. Long. W. W. City, 169° 32'.                    |
| Washington to Lond., | N. 76° 49' E., 3320 Geographic, or 3530 Statute miles. |
| London to Canton,    | S. 72° 05' E., 5555 Geographic, or 6400 Statute miles. |
| W. C. to Canton,     | S. 53° 36' W., 5522 Geographic, or 9830 Statute miles. |

Thus we see, that in regard to mere relative direct distance, the United States Capital stands something more than one-third farther from Canton than does London, but respective distances on the sphere are only one element to be brought into use in deciding the question at issue. Direct distance, indeed, in one essential respect, claims preëminence, as it cannot be changed by human power; but various obstacles exist, creating important deviations in all long courses, and the removal or obviating of these, is of course left to the enterprise and ingenuity of men.†

It is our endeavor, to be pursued as often as opportunity shall offer, to impress upon this community clear views

of the advantages offered to civilized man by the zone of North America, comprised between N. latitudes 30 and 50 degrees; that is, the zone which we occupy. We desire to awaken the public to the mission this nation has to fulfil, and which, though unconsciously, every member of our society is in reality employed in fulfilling—a consummation progressing with steady and accelerated motion.

“It is only the all-seeing Eye,” says one of the most penetrating of modern writers, “who can trace the threads of the intricate web of history;” and then adds: “The canvas which I have sketched, may discover to the view of an en-

\* This must be understood as to the facility of reaching South-Eastern Asia; that if we allow the whole zone that is spoken of in this article, to be peopled to the Pacific Ocean, then the practicable route from the various portions of North America to that portion of Asia will be shorter in regard to time, though not so in point of distance.

† The rail-road proposed by Mr. Whitney, and which will be more particularly noticed in the sequel of the present article, is intended to extend from Lake Michigan westward, and pass the Rocky Mountains about latitude 42°, and thence to the Pacific Ocean by such route as may appear most suitable. Such a work, if completed, will be one of the most efficacious of all means in the removal of obstacles as to the accomplishment of the design of reaching South-Eastern Asia from the continent of North America, and also from Europe, as it is impossible to pass to China by land across Europe and Africa in as short a distance as across the American continent; and a voyage around either of the Capes is not less than 17,000 miles.

lightened observer, a perspective of a more grand and glorious futurity, by enabling him to perceive in the propagation of European civilization, already gone beyond the seas into the most distant regions, the elements of a more vast and more powerful political system, no longer limited to a single part of the world, but embracing the entire universe.”\*

Of the modern colonies of Europe, one already stands in every element of power superior; and it is that colony, or more correctly, congeries of colonies, now a confederated nation, spreading over the zone to which we have alluded, and irresistibly advancing in the development of the most stupendous revolution which has ever, and durably, influenced the destiny of mankind. Under all the circumstances which attend the progress of individuals or nations, the present is only the child of the past, and the youth of futurity. As it is with individuals, so is it, and so must it ever be, with nations, whatever may be their physical power; the character of the parent must to a great extent form and modify that of the progeny. It is from the force of this eternal law that we must derive all sane legislation, and hence the absolute necessity of consulting history, or we may say, of listening to the voice of the past.

In brief, the philosophy of history is only the spirit of past time, embodied and speaking truth to present generations; and on no other part of earth does this embodiment express to the living generation, in tones so energetic, or in words so fresh and so true, the ever enduring lessons of experience, as it now does to the increasing millions of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America. It is not to indulge warm poetic anticipations of futurity that our pen is now employed, but, on the contrary, to sustain inductions on what that future must produce by using an element bestowed on us by past time—an imperishable element—experience. In our operations, of whatever nature. Time must be consulted, and his advice obeyed, or if not, he will indignantly point back to what he has enabled us to accomplish, and punish the neglect of his counsels by crushing our airy fabrics in the dust. On the other side, the records of the past have shown us, that all that is enduring stands as demonstrative proof of the connection between cause and effect, and afford us

full assurance that our confidence may be safely placed on the results of a series of sequences flowing from a known and ample cause. Therefore when we establish the existence of a progress, and clearly ascertain the laws of its advance, we can then estimate, for all moral purposes or general policy, with adequate exactness, what will be from what has been; and, in fine, with a certainty only short of mathematical. On the second day of January, in the current year, a table of the past, and present, and what we may expect to be the future population of the United States, to the year 1900, was published in the *National Intelligencer*. This table was compiled rigidly from the documents afforded by the five enumerations already made, and for clearness of statement, we shall make some reference to the table in the course of the present article. Having been for some years engaged in various investigations, to the end mainly of affording a clear view of the Anglo Saxon increase in number and power on the Middle Zone of North America, we propose in the following remarks to present some of the results at which we have arrived. To give that view in its broadest light, however, a description of the great peculiar natural features and relative extent of that zone must precede any detail as regards its inhabitants. Minute detail, alike incompatible with the brevity of an essay, and unnecessary in the present case, will therefore be supplied by general sketches of a space destined to sustain a most influential section of the human family.

Before entering on the proposed survey, I may premise, that in the United States there has been too often manifested a disposition to exaggerate the magnitude and extent of natural objects in our territory, and especially in regard to the Mississippi river. Natural limits of rivers speak for themselves, and neither swell nor contract to suit human fancy. The Mississippi has been, in innumerable instances, pronounced the greatest river of the earth. It is really true, that in some highly important respects, this great river basin, as I shall endeavor to shew in the sequel, does really offer to civilized man advantages beyond what any other river basin of the earth can afford; but in regard to surface drained, it is probably equalled by that of the Plata of South America, as each drains about 1,200,000 square miles,

\* Vide Heeren, in his Preface to his *Historical Manual of the States of Europe and their Colonies*.

whilst the Amazon, not including the Tocantinas, drains full 2,600,000 square miles, and thus contains in its basin alone, an area exceeding those of the two former united. But to assume our survey, we proceed by lines of latitude.

Advancing from South to North, we set out on the curve of  $30^{\circ}$  N. This latitude intersects the North American Atlantic coast, a short distance to the north of the city of St. Augustine, crosses Florida to the Apalachicola Bay, and thence, skirting the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico 360 miles, passes over the city of New Orleans, and thence, over Louisiana and Texas, 600 miles, to the Rio Grande, leaving Houston in the latter country a little to the southward. This curve traverses the Rio Grande at its great bend, and thence, over the imperfectly known Chihuahua and Sonora, to the Gulf of California, which it reaches a little to the north of the Island of Tiburón—then passes that inland sea, and northern part of the peninsula of the same name, to the Pacific Ocean, at, or near Cape Gonzalo, having an entire range over the Continent of 35 degrees of longitude, which, in that latitude, very nearly equals 2100 statute miles, of which the mid-distance is about the western border of Texas, and about two-thirds west of Sabine River.

N. lat.  $35^{\circ}$  intersects the Continent very near Ocracock Inlet, and a few miles southward of Cape Hatteras, and passing over the southern side of North Carolina and the northern of South Carolina, thence leaving Tennessee to the northward, constitutes the northern boundaries of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, to the Mississippi River, in an entire distance from the Atlantic Ocean of 750 statute miles. Thence traversing the State of Arkansas, nearly centrally, and leaving that State, up the valley of Arkansas River, by the minor valley of the Canadian River to its sources; thence over the narrow valley of the Rio Grande, crossing that stream about 100 miles below and southwardly of Santa Fé of New Mexico, and 850 miles from the Mississippi, or 1600 from the Atlantic Ocean. Thence, from Rio Grande over the spine of the Rocky Mountains, and entering on regions very imperfectly known, this line crosses the Colorado of the Gulf of California, and reaches the Pacific Ocean near Cape Gaudaloupe, having an entire range of lat. over the continent of 46 degrees of long. : which,

in that latitude, is equal to 2,542 statute miles. The mid-distance of this curve is very near its place of crossing Canadian River, and upwards of 400 miles westward of the River Mississippi, and nearly 200 miles westward of the western border of the State of Arkansas.

N. lat.  $40^{\circ}$  over North America, is there, as it is in all its circle round the earth, the most important of all lat. curves. It enters on the Continent of North America a little distance northwards of Tom's River, Monmouth county, New Jersey, crosses that State and Delaware River, almost touching the city of Philadelphia; thence over Pennsylvania, passing near the towns of Lancaster, York, Bedford, Union and Washington, in that State: Wheeling, in Virginia, Zanesville, Columbus and Troy in Ohio; crosses Wabash River, in Indiana, a short distance above Westport, as it does the Mississippi a little above Quincy, in Illinois, and thence over the northern part of the State of Missouri, reaches the Missouri River near the mouth of the Great Namehaw River; having thus far over the already organized States of the United States, a traverse of 1100 statute miles. Leaving the Mississippi River, N. lat.  $40^{\circ}$ , ranges westward up the different branches of Kansas and Platte rivers 600 miles, to the 30th degree of long. W. of W. C., amongst the chains of the Rocky Mountains, and to that truly remarkable region, which gives their most remote fountains to the rivers of Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Colorado of the Gulf of California, and Columbia or Oregon; thence, over about 1000 miles of a country but little known, reaches the Pacific Ocean, at, or very near Cape Mendocino. Thus we find that N. lat.  $40^{\circ}$  has a range over North America from long.  $3^{\circ}$  E. to 48 W. W. C. or through  $51^{\circ}$  of long., and within a small fraction of 2700 statute miles. The middle point very near where it crosses the Republican branch of Kansas River, or nearly 200 miles westward of the State of Missouri.

North latitude  $45^{\circ}$ , advancing westward, leaves the Atlantic Ocean at long. 15 E. W. C. near the mouth of the small river St. Mary's, Nova Scotia, traverses that peninsula obliquely, crosses the Bay of Fundy, and leaving it by the minor Bay of Passamaquoddy, enters and divides the state of Maine nearly centrally, passes over the extreme northern point of New Hampshire, and thence to the

St. Lawrence River, serves as the common boundary between Vermont and New York, to the South, and Lower Canada to the North. Crossing St. Lawrence, N. lat.  $45^{\circ}$ , it enters Upper Canada, near its extreme Eastern point; thence over that Province to Lake Huron; thence over that Lake to the northern part of the Peninsula of Michigan, and northern part of Lake Michigan, having a traverse of very nearly 1200 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. Leaving the western shore of Lake Michigan, N. lat.  $45^{\circ}$ , it passes over Wisconsin to the Mississippi River, near St. Anthony's Falls, and mouth of St. Peter's River, and almost on long. 16, W. of W. C., and about 300 miles westward of Lake Michigan. In another stretch of 300 miles this latitude reaches the Missouri, near mid-distance between the influx of the Chayenne, and Sawarcama rivers. Thence over the southern confluent of the Yellow Stone river, and thence again, over the higher branches of the Missouri, to the gorges of the Chippewyan or Rocky Mountains, in the regions from which flow the extreme sources of the Missouri and some of those of the Oregon or Columbia; in an entire distance of 500 miles from the crossing of the Main Missouri, with the Rocky Mountains, commences the great Western slope of the Continent, down which, N. lat.  $45^{\circ}$ , ranges about 750 miles to the Pacific Ocean, which it reaches one hundred miles southward of the mouth of Columbia River, and also nearly on long.  $48^{\circ}$  W., W. C., having a range over the Continent a little more than three thousand miles. The mid-distance on this latitude, from Ocean to Ocean, falls between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

In two essential respects, N. lat.  $50^{\circ}$ , demands particular attention, from the statit, geographer, and statesman. In the first place, this curve bounds, to the

northward, with some partial exceptions, that part of North America, which, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, will ever admit considerable density of population. Secondly, with the exception of isolated, and thinly inhabited spots, it already limits Anglo-Saxon, indeed, civilized population in North America. Limiting our views, however, in the present instance, to its mere geography, we find N. lat.  $50^{\circ}$ , intersecting North America at Cape St. John of Newfoundland, and thence, passing over the northern part of that island, and northern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence up that Gulf, between the coast of Labrador, and island of Anticosti, reaches the main continent at the Bay of Seven Islands, or long.  $5^{\circ}$ , E. W. C., in a distance from the Atlantic Ocean of 450 miles. Thence leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence, N. lat.  $50^{\circ}$ , passes to the westward about 300 miles over the northern confluent of the St. Lawrence river; and thence to the Rocky Mountains, through  $42^{\circ}$  of long., or a fraction above 1850 statute miles, passing in this wide distance over the slope down which flow numerous confluent of Hudson's Bay. Thence crossing the main mountain spine of N. A., and the northern confluent of the Columbia, and other streams still less known, to the Gulf of Georgia, and over that Gulf or Strait, and Quadra or Vancouver's Island to the Pacific Ocean, having a range to the westward of the Rocky Mountains of 650 miles. The entire range of this curve over the continent, extends from long.  $20^{\circ}$  E., to  $50^{\circ}$  W. W. C., or through 70 degrees, or in round numbers, 3100 statute miles: the middle point falling about 250 miles northward of the western bay of Lake Superior, and very nearly on long.  $15^{\circ}$  W., W. C.

Calculated by the Rhombs on the best Maps, the results are :

|                                                 |                                    |           |         |
|-------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------|---------|
| Between N. lat. $30^{\circ}$ and $40^{\circ}$ , | area 1,555,000 square stat. miles. |           |         |
| do. do. $40^{\circ}$ and $50^{\circ}$ ,         | do. 1,736,000 do.                  |           |         |
| Amount,                                         | .                                  | 3,291,000 | do. do. |
| Deduct for water, &c.,                          | .                                  | 100,000   | do. do. |
| Nett area,                                      | .                                  | 3,191,000 | do. do. |

The practical uses to be derived from these geographical data, are, to give distinct ideas of the great extent of surface,

comparative breadth of the continent at different and distant points and lines, and the great area or theatre on which Anglo-

Saxon colonization has been established permanently, and must in all future ages rest. Let it be here distinctly understood, that we include not only the people of the United States, but also those of the British Colonies and Texas.

To render the view comparative, without which, indeed, the conclusions must be incomplete, we bring before us the corresponding zone on the opposite side of the Atlantic Ocean.

N. lat. 30° on the Eastern side of the Atlantic Ocean, advancing from West to East, reaches the coast of Africa in the southern part of Morocco, a little to the southward of Cape de Geer, and after passing the southwestern spurs of the Atlas mountains, skirts the Great Desert, and thence over Lower Egypt, leaving the city of Grand Cairo about 5 miles to the northward; reaches the northern extreme of the Red Sea, at Suez, having a range over Africa of 42 degrees of longitude, or 2500 statute miles. Eastward of the Red Sea again, North lat. 30, in some degree skirts the Desert of Arabia over 15 deg. of longitude, or 900 statute miles to the influx of the Euphrates into the Persian Gulf, having had an entire range of 3400 miles from the Atlantic Ocean to the mouth of the Euphrates, near Bassora. As already observed, North latitude 30° through the space designated, with very limited exceptions, skirted the northern side of the Great Deserts; and we may more particularly notice that consequently, this curve serves as a general limit, both in Africa and Asia, between the productive tracts to the North, and the sandy regions to the South.

North lat. 40°, it may be here repeated, is on the Eastern Continent, as it is round the earth, as far as civilized man is concerned, very far the most important of all geographical curves. Advancing eastward, this latitude reaches the Eastern Continent about 15 statute miles to the southward of Cape Mondego in Portugal, traverses the Spanish peninsula, passing between Toledo and Aranjuez, and leaving Cuença a little to the North, reaches the Mediterranean between Castellán de la Plana and Oropesa, leaving most of the Balearic group of islands to the South, crosses Minorca and Sardinia, and both of the southern capes of Italy; traverses European Turkey, the Gulf of Saloniki, and the Archipelago, reaches Asia exactly at the mouth of the Hellespont, having a range of 30 degrees of longitude, or 1585 statute miles. Enter-

ing on Asia, North lat. 40°, traverses the northern part of Asia Minor, leaving Tocat a little to the North, and Erzeroom to the South, crosses Mount Ararat, leaving Erivan in southern Russia, a little to the North, and reaches the Caspian Sea, about 40 statute miles to the southward of Cape Abcharon: having traversed Asia through 23 degrees of longitude, or about 1200 statute miles, and very nearly 2800 from the Atlantic to the Caspian.

Advancing from the West, North lat. 50, first passes over land by merely touching the Lizard Point, or the extreme southern cape of England, and thus leaving the whole group of British islands to the North, and thence passing through six and a half degrees of longitude obliquely up the British Channel, reaches the coast of France near Eu, in the department of the Seine, and thence over northern France, leaving Amiens and Peronne to the South, traverses the Duchies of Luxembourg and Lower Rhine, reaches the river Rhine near but below the mouth of the river Mayne, and city of Mayentz. Thence over Germany, leaving Bamberg in Bavaria to the South; passes over Bohemia, leaving Prague about four miles to the North of Austran Poland, leaving Lomberg to the South, reaches Russian Poland, over which this curve traverses the great slope of Southern Russia, touching the city of Khaïkoff and crossing the Wolga near Kamychin, reaches the Ural river; having had a range over Europe from the Lizard Point, of 55 degrees of longitude, equal to a fraction over 2400 statute miles.

Calculated on the same principles adopted in determining the area of the American zone, that of the Eastern Continent, embraced in similar lines of latitude, comprises 3,822,000 square miles; but within the outlines includes part of the British Channel, a small portion of the Atlantic Ocean northwest of Africa, and the whole surface of the Mediterranean and Euxine or Black, with their minor seas of Venice, Marmora, and Azoph; which, taken together, cover 1,275,000 square miles, and deducted from 3,822,000, leaves a nett land surface of 2,137,000 square miles.

The Eastern zone between North latitudes 30° and 50° includes the far greater part of habitable Northern Africa, all Western Asia between those two latitudes, and westward of the Persian Gulf and Caspian Seas, and in Europe the three Southern Peninsulas of Spain, Italy, and Greece; the far greater part of France,

at least four-tenths of Germany, all Switzerland, most part of the Empire of Austria, with all Southern Russia and European Turkey, and all the islands in the Euxine, Marmora, Mediterranean, and their connecting seas. It embraces the theatres, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, of a very large part of all history, ancient and modern, and now comprises at the very lowest estimate which our best data will warrant, two hundred millions of people, of whom whole nations are among the most powerful and civilized. Yet, when we come to compare surface with surface, the American zone is the most extensive, and in so large a proportion as three to two. No person who has connected statistical data to historical, will admit for a moment that the Eastern zone, taken as a whole, is peopled to any near approach to the capabilities of population it affords; and still, were the American zone as well stocked with inhabitants, it would sustain two hundred and seventy millions. To all this may be added, safely, that comparatively with extent of surface, the American zone, in regard to climate, soil, and such natural features of rivers, seas, and lakes, as contribute to superinduce and sustain population, by affording means of commercial and social intercourse, on so large a surface, stands altogether pre-eminent. It contains the one-fourteenth part of all the land surface, and full one-tenth of all the land of our planet, on which any considerable density of population can ever exist.

We now proceed to take a few general views of the whole American zone, which from the hand of Nature is divided into three physical sections—the Eastern, or Atlantic Slope, Central Basin, and Western or Pacific Slope.

Under any change within the grasp of human foresight, the Atlantic Slope must sustain its comparative importance amongst the large land sections of the earth. Let the increase and spread of population be quadrupling on the whole zone in each cycle of fifty years, for at least the three following half centuries, the Atlantic border, occupying the intermediate position between the two immense civilized masses to the East and West of the Atlantic Ocean, must, under any conceivable change, continue to enjoy, with accumulating means, the peculiar advantages of its relative situation. Every facility afforded by roads of any kind—but rail-roads in particular—from

ocean to ocean, must enhance the wealth and power of the people who inhabit the Atlantic border of North America.

When taken in its utmost extent, the Atlantic slope stretches from the southern point of Florida to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about 1800 miles. The breadth is narrow, when compared with length and area fully estimated at 300,000 square miles. There are few other coasts, if there are any other, of so great continuous length, containing such a succession of harbors.

The Central Basin comprises two sub-basins, that of St. Lawrence, and that of Mississippi. The St. Lawrence Basin, properly speaking, belongs to the Atlantic Slope, but from relative position and very peculiar features, is naturally connected with the central portion. Here we must notice one essential and peculiar feature of North America, which presents an entire contrast with Asia. The latter continent rises from the Pacific Ocean, through thirty degrees of longitude, or at least a mean of 1800 statute miles, to an immense table land, which, so far from depressing beyond the sources of the rivers, rather rises, independent of mountains, and spreads over the most elevated and extensive waste, from which no river flows, which exists on our planet. The Plateau, indeed, of Mongolia, between the sources of the rivers of China and those flowing from the Beloor mountains towards the Aral Sea, has a breadth as great as the whole Continent of North America, on latitude 30°. Our continent rises from the Atlantic Ocean by a narrow border of less than a mean of three hundred miles, and thence depresses in the central part. The same observation applies again to the Pacific side, where the ocean border or slope is rather more than twice the breadth of that on the East. But from the Rocky or Chippewayan ranges, the slope inwards towards the centre of the continent bears waters that commingle with those from the Appalachian spine, and are thence discharged southerly by the Mississippi, and north-eastwardly by the St. Lawrence. So deep, indeed, is the central depression, that an oceanic elevation of from 700 to 800 feet would insulate the whole Appalachian region, and produce an inland sea from the Gulf of Mexico to that of St. Lawrence.

The Canadian basin, as it exists at present, if taken in the fullest extent, spreads over 600,000 square miles, from which

deduct one-fifth for water surface, and the land area will be 500,000 square miles.

Of the principal section of the great central basin, named from its principal river the Mississippi, and in which we may include the very minor streams entering the Gulf of Mexico to the east and west of the estuary of the main river, measuring the whole carefully by the rhombs, we find the combined area about 1,500,000 square miles.

The western or Pacific slope, or that part between North latitude 30° and 50°, has a general length of 1400 miles, with a mean width of about 600, and area of 840,000 square miles. The aggregate of the sections amount to 3,240,000 square miles, a discrepancy arising from the greater difficulty of measuring the sections separately. But the dissonances amount to so little comparatively, that we may with confidence of sufficient accuracy, assume the space under review as about equal to all Europe. And to repeat what has already been premised, the American zone, in every facility of human habitation and support, is fully equal to any other, and far superior to most regions of continuous extent on the earth.

In addition, however, to the internal advantages it presents, the temperate regions of North America stand utterly the superior vantage ground. The mean breadth of the Continent between latitude 30° and 50° north, is about 2500 miles, which is the breadth very nearly on north latitude 35°. Of this distance upwards of 1400 miles are over the central valley, or nearly six-tenths of the entire distance. On any line which can be traced within the limits under review, great diversity of soil and climate will be found, but the stern desert character of Africa or Arabia will no where appear. Far the greater part will admit a very dense population, while others less naturally productive, must be more thinly populated; but the whole space admits connected settlement from ocean to ocean—a consummation in most rapid advance. In order to give some idea of this advance, we here bring before us a synopsis of the progress of population on the theatre before us, since 1790. In the outset of presenting this tabular view, we may remark, that by the census returns of 1790, there were not represented three hundred thousand persons, under the United States government westward of the mountains, or in the central basin, even including what num-

ber could be then estimated for Louisiana. The numbers from 1790 to 1840 inclusive, are from the census returns, and from 1850 to 1900 inclusive, are raised by using the decennial ratio of 33 1-3 per cent.

|      |   |   |   |   |             |
|------|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| 1790 | . | . | . | . | 3,929,326   |
| 1800 | . | . | . | . | 5,306,925   |
| 1810 | . | . | . | . | 7,239,903   |
| 1820 | . | . | . | . | 9,638,131   |
| 1830 | . | . | . | . | 12,556,403  |
| 1840 | . | . | . | . | 17,063,538  |
| 1850 | . | . | . | . | 23,027,694  |
| 1860 | . | . | . | . | 31,596,562  |
| 1870 | . | . | . | . | 41,839,588  |
| 1880 | . | . | . | . | 55,822,519  |
| 1890 | . | . | . | . | 73,977,990  |
| 1900 | . | . | . | . | 102,840,200 |

All the data which we have collated on the subject of the increase of our population since 1821, to this moment, have concurred to sustain the result of an aggregate at the end of this century, not much over or under one hundred millions. Again, though the data on which these tables have been constructed, were confined to the United States, it ought to be borne in mind, that another Anglo-Saxon mass exists in the Canadian provinces, and are also increasing, by not a slow, though probably on a lower ratio, than that of the United States. Let it be further observed also, that in our geographical survey, only the space which lies between north latitudes 30° and 50° were included, yet—as the climate on the Pacific slope of the Continent is milder, as is the case with the same relative parts of the Eastern Continent, than on the eastern side—therefore, human settlements will no doubt extend much farther northwards, and be far more dense on the Pacific than on the Atlantic sides, other facilities to human support being supposed equal.

Under all these considerations and correspondences of data, we may, with perfect confidence anticipate, that, in the period of fifty-five years from this time, in that part of North America under review, on a continuous area of 3,300,000 square miles, there will exist above 100,000,000 of human beings. These conclusions being admitted and adopted, as our bases of reasoning on the future, the startling question arises, in the mind of every reflecting person, what will be the state of distribution of this great mass. If we make ample allowance for water surface, mountainous tracts, and some parts now regarded as deserts, we cannot restrict the really habitable surface to

less than 3,000,000 of square miles N. of lat. 30°; which, with 100,000,000 of inhabitants, gives only 33½ to the square mile. Here, we must perceive at once, that even with the amount of population we have deduced, the distributive population will still be thinly scattered, were all parts equally inhabited in proportion to surface, a state of things which, it is safe to say, cannot exist; and that all causes of unabated increase, as far as surface is concerned, will continue their force and effects at the close of the current century. But to advance on safe ground, and to be rather below, than even equal to what our data would sustain, let us allow, that through the next century the quadrupling of the population will be made not in fifty, but in the entire hundred years, then the aggregate on the opening of A. D. 2000 would be *four hundred millions*. Many, indeed most persons, at first glance, will regard expectations of such results as altogether illusory, and yet, the calculations of a solar, or lunar eclipse, do not rest on much more certain principles. When in 1827, the original elements of these tabular views were published in Philadelphia, the results were scouted, but two centennial enumerations have sustained their accuracy.

From another point of view, this subject appears in a striking light. At the census of 1790, the annual increment was about 118,000, in 1840 it was 516,000, and now, 1845, it is within an inconsiderable fraction of 600,000. If it demands 60,000 white persons residing on a given surface, to legally demand their incorporation as a State, the actual increment of the current year, would, with every due deduction for colored persons, be adequate to form seven or eight independent states. These are elements too few reflect on. It is true that the far greater number of the people of the United States are unaware of their extent, and, of course, regardless of their consequences. They are elements which render all legislation opposed to their force, either nugatory or injurious. They are elements fundamental in our social condition, and beyond all comparison, the most important part of our political history, and, in fact, of all history now in action. In the close of this paper, I trust to show that under the uncontrollable effects of these elements, the Anglo-Saxon population of North America is rapidly advancing towards an entire and

irreversible change of the history of the world.

By the returns of the census of 1840, the aggregate population of the United States was, we may assume, in round numbers, seventeen millions. By the tables it appears that of this mass, nine millions existed on the Atlantic slope, and eight millions on the Central Basin. From numerous calculations, based on the census returns, we have found that the population of the Central Basin has doubled in every seventeen years, and that with a uniformity, at every succeeding period, which few persons, if any, would suspect, without that pains which very few will ever incur—actual resort to an analysis of the element. Extending the limits on which the population of the United States existed in 1840, to the space included in the then organized States and Territories, or to about 1,100,000 square miles, the respective spaces East and West of the Mountains would be 300,000 East and 800,000 West. These elements shew the respective distributive population to be to the square mile, thirty on the East and eight on the West. But when we extend the interior surface to the Pacific, or over 1,900,000 square miles, the distributive population in 1840, would appear to exceed, by only a very small fraction, four to the square mile.

Let us turn to an examination of what must be the results at the end of the current century, commencing our view in 1840, and allowing reduplication West of the mountains in every twenty years.

|                 |            |
|-----------------|------------|
| 1840, . . . . . | 8,000,000  |
| 1860, . . . . . | 16,000,000 |
| 1880, . . . . . | 32,000,000 |
| 1900, . . . . . | 64,000,000 |

Or to yield, to the Atlantic borders, in 1900, an aggregate of forty millions, and to the interior and extreme West, sixty millions; the respective masses being as 2 to 3, whilst the distribution would be to the square mile, 133.6 East and 31.6 West. Thus the western surface exceeding the eastern more than 6 to 1, and the density of population reverse 4.4 to 1. In other terms, the price of land more than four-fold higher on the Atlantic border, than in the great interior and West. To those persons who are startled at the sound of so many millions, let us observe, that on 3,200,000 square miles the distributive population would very little exceed thirty to the square

mile. We have been more minute in regard to density of population, and to a more definite idea of the surface, in order to call public attention more directly to the greatest, though silent, revolution of modern ages: to place before the present generation the certain growth of those of coming time. In brief, to shew that more than one hundred and fifty years will be passed away, before any surplus population can very sensibly produce diminution of increase.

In the National Intelligencer, of the 6th instant, we have read Mr. Whitney's memorial, stating a project of a National Road, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, presented Jan. 28th current year, to the House of Representatives, by the Hon. Zadoc Pratt.

In 1781, we were removed by our parents to Western Pennsylvania, where also removed, and now rest, the mother, sister and brother of Robert Fulton. Well do we remember when "*Fulton's Project*" was made public—it became every witling's jest! We were sitting in company with Mrs. David Morris, the sister of Robert Fulton, when she received the first book which announced his project; "a project" which has changed the commercial world. The name then so humble, and when pronounced, pronounced in ridicule, is now immortalized.

Time went on, and Fulton went from an ungrateful world. But, before leaving those he so immensely served, he shared with another of those benefactors of his race, "De Witt Clinton," in the scoffs of the vulgar, and the enduring fame of the great Western Canal. In the latter case we were an actor—a very humble one, it is true, but sincere and resolute.

It might seem that we state these facts as a warning; but such is neither our intention nor wish. With feelings we have no language to express, we honor such men; indeed, too much, to say one word to stay them in their course. We have no more of doubt but that Mr. Whitney's project will be realized, than we have that steam is now amongst the great agents of human power, or that Clinton's Canals are now among the great highways of our country.

In fine, we have lived to hear street-corner wits amusing themselves on the folly of Railroads; but, though we cannot hope to enjoy such a jaunt, many, we make no doubt, are the children now in life, who will pass on Railroads from the tide-margin of the Atlantic, to the

tide-margin of the Pacific. There is a natural disposition in man to regard as impossible, what is beyond his comprehension. On the subjects now before us, very few persons have exercised their reflection in any way, and the projectors have at the outset, the most serious of all the difficulties in the way of success to remove; that is, the obstinate resistance of unreflective prejudice. And who are they who probably will oppose, most pertinaciously, Mr. Whitney's design? Those of the Atlantic border, who, when the work is completed, will most largely share in its fruits. Who will most warmly support the plan? The men of the great heart of the country, who must, in the share of usufruct, be the least benefited. The people on the Atlantic slope are, in substance, interested to improve the internal means of intercommunication, for the very same reasons on which they are stimulated to foster every facility in their trans-Atlantic connections. The admirable position, on the earth, of the Atlantic slope, we have already pointed out, and may here only add, that unless blind to not only remote consequences, but to immediate and inevitable evils, they will give profound attention to the plans of Mr. Whitney, or to some plan which may put us into speedy connection with the Pacific. The following anticipation of futurity, is too important for either neglect or levity:

"Your memorialist believes that the time is not far distant, when Oregon must become a State of such magnitude and importance as, unless this rapid mode of intercommunication shall be employed in preserving the Union, to compel the establishment of a separate government—a separate nation, which will have its cities, ports, and harbors," &c.

Yes, we may add, and all this will be realized in one quarter of a century hence, or by 1870, when as many inhabitants will exist on the central and western regions of our zone as now exist in the entire Union. By wise foresight and true statesmanlike principles of action, trusting less to force than to the steady and inevitable triumphs of Time, the *ne plus ultra* of our Union may, safely, be the Pacific shore. A narrow policy may fix our western boundary on a far less distant limit. To use to advantage, Anglo-Saxon increasing numbers, demands only the exercise of wisdom and justice; but to stay that increase, is beyond all human power.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Eöthen, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East.* New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

In the flood of light publications we are glad to note the occasional appearance of a book, or series of books, promising some estimable benefit to the public. The series now announced by Wiley and Putnam, to consist of reprints and original works with careful editorial revision, of which *Eöthen*, *The Amber Witch*, and two or three of *Fouqué's* exquisite fictions, have already appeared, bids fair, both in the character of the works and the style of execution, to surpass any that have yet been issued. They need not be considered as 'done with' when their smooth paper covers become crumpled and tarnished; rebound, they will make a fit addition to a library, that is 'expected to be used.'

The marked excellence of *Eöthen* is, that on old and much trodden ground he contrives to be original. This comes from the author's giving his own impressions, not those of others; what he *felt*, not what he *ought* to have felt. Respecting old associations, places of 'eternal interest,' he is apt to be somewhat heretical. On ancient battle-fields, sites of ruined cities, shores of classic renown, he is sometimes deeply affected, sometimes not—just as his stomach happens to be, or any slight circumstance. He found that fleas in Jerusalem destroyed much of the poetry of that place, to say nothing of the holiness. Thus *Eöthen* is true as regards the individual, whatever it may be in regard to the scenes it wanders through. And such it ought to be. To see the individual, is a chief element of interest in any narrative; and as to scenes described, why read the book except to look at them through the eyes of the traveller? Doubtless this book is light enough. There is rarely any deep strain of thought; nor is the traveller as full, as we would wish him to be, on many localities, which his evident talent and happy style would invest with new interest. But of this he forewarns us. "I have endeavored to discard from it all valuable matter derived from the works of others, and it appears to me that my efforts in this direction have been attended with great success; I believe I may truly acknowledge, that from all details of geographical discovery, or antiquarian research; from all display of 'sound learning, and religious knowledge;' from all historical and scientific illustrations, from all useful statistics, from all political disquisitions,

and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free."

With all this, however, *Eöthen*, besides being exceedingly vigorous, lively, and brilliant, as readable, in short, as anything we have seen for months, undoubtedly gives us more nearly the impressions which we ourselves would receive from Eastern scenes, on the spot, than we can gather from many more elaborate works. Some extracts, instead of further comment, will give an idea of the grace and rapidity of the author's style, and the elegance of his fancy, dashed, as it is, with a vein of humor.

Entering the Turk's dominions, where the dark fortress of "historic Belgrade" frowns over the Danube, the author gives us at once, having crossed but a single river, a perfect picture from Oriental Life.

"The Pasha received us with the smooth, kind, gentle manner that belongs to well-bred Osmanlees; then he lightly clapped his hands, and instantly the sound filled all the lower end of the room with slaves; a syllable dropped from his lips which bowed all heads, and conjured away the attendants like ghosts (their coming and their going was thus swift and quiet, because their feet were bare, and they passed through no door, but only by the yielding folds of a purder.) Soon the coffee bearers appeared, every man carrying separately his tiny cup in a small metal stand, and presently to each of us there came a pipe-bearer, who first rested the bowl of the tchibouque at a measured distance on the floor, and then, on this axis, wheeled round the long cherry stick, and gracefully presented it on half-bended knee; already the well-kindled fire was glowing secure in the bowl, and so, when I pressed the amber lip to mine, there was no coyness to conquer; the willing fume came up, and answered my slightest sigh, and followed softly every breath inspired, till it touched me with some faint sense and understanding of Asiatic contentment."

Passing entirely through the wild heart of the Ottoman Empire, he feasts his eyes with the pomp and beauty of Stamboul, the gleaming minarets, the crowded waters, and cemeteries of mourning Cypresses; but a chance glimpse one day of the "Mysia Olympus," shining far off, awaken memories of the 'Land of Ilium.' Nothing, to one who loves everything that relates to Greece and Grecian genius, can be finer than the passage that follows. The author has been wandering through that region made immortal by the story of 'Achilles' wrath.'

"We took to our horses again, and went southward towards the very plain between Troy and the tents of the Greeks, but we rode by a line at some distance from the shore. Whether it was that the lay of the ground hindered my view towards the sea, or that I was all intent upon Ida, or whether my mind was in vacancy, or whether, as is most like, I had strayed from the Dardan plains, all back to gentle England, there is now no knowing, nor caring, but it was—not quite suddenly indeed, but rather as it were, in the swelling and falling of a single wave, that the reality of that very sea-view, which had bounded the sight of the Greeks, now visibly acceded to me, and rolled full in upon my brain. Conceive how deeply that eternal coast-line—that fixed horizon—those island rocks must have graven their images upon the minds of the Grecian warriors by the time that they had reached the ninth year of the siege! conceive the strength, and the fanciful beauty, of the speeches with which a whole army of imagining men must have told their weariness, and how the sauntering chiefs must have whelmed that daily, daily scene with their deep Ionian curses!

"And now it was that my eyes were greeted with a delightful surprise. Whilst we were at Constantinople, Methley and I had pored over the map together; we agreed that whatever may have been the exact site of Troy, the Grecian camp must have been nearly opposite to the space betwixt the islands of Imbros and Tenedos:

Μεσσηγυρ Γενεδουοι και Ιμβρον παιπαλοεσσης:

but Methley reminded me of a passage in the Iliad in which Jove is represented as looking at the scene of action before Ilion from above the Island of Samothrace. Now, Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, which is a larger island, stretching its length right athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the eagle-eye of Jove might have seen the strife even from his own Olympus, I still felt that if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, old Homer, so material in his ways of thought, so averse from all haziness and over-reaching, would have meant to give the Thunderer a station within the reach of men's eyes from the plains of Troy. I think that this testing of the poet's words by map and compass, may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well, now I had come; there to the south was Tenedos, and here at my side was Imbros, all right, and according to the map, but aloft over Imbros—aloft in a far-away Heaven was Samothrace, the watch-tower of Jove!

"So Homer had appointed it, and so it was; the map was correct enough, but could not, like Homer, convey *the whole truth*. Thus vain and false are the mere human surmises and doubts which clash with Homeric writ!

"Nobody, whose mind had not been reduced to the most deplorably logical condition, could look upon this beautiful congruity betwixt the Iliad and the material world, and yet bear to suppose that the poet may have learned the features of the coast from mere hearsay; now then, I believed—now I knew that Homer had *passed along here*—that this vision of Samothrace over-towering the nearer island was common to him and to me."

Sailing from Smyrna with a pause at Beautiful Cyprus, the flower-crowned, the beloved of Aphrodëtie. the author enters the sacred land of Palestine,—which, after all, is covered and filled with a more touching and thrilling interest than belongs to any other country in the world.

Here, by good rights, he should have been wrapped up in profound historic associations. A passage or two show the peculiar contrarieties of his feelings.

"The course of the Jordan is from the north to the south, and in that direction, with very little of devious winding, it carries the shining waters of Galilee straight down into the solitudes of the Dead Sea. Speaking roughly, the river in that meridian is a boundary between the people living under roofs, and the tented tribes that wander on the farther side. And so, as I went down in my way from Tiberias towards Jerusalem, along the western bank of the stream, my thinking all propended to the ancient world of herdsmen, and warriors, that lay so close over my bridle arm.

If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a natural Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society; a time for not liking tamed people; a time for not dancing quadrilles; not sitting in pews; a time for pretending that Milton, and Shelley, and all sorts of mere dead people, were greater in death than the first living Lord of the Treasury; a time in short for scoffing and railing; for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen, to two or three and twenty perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains; climbing the dizzy crags; exulting in the fellowship of mists and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the mettle of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs,

because that you feel so congenially with the yet unparcelled earth. A little while you are free, and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass; but civilization is coming, and coming; you, and your much loved waste lands will be surely inclosed, and sooner, or later, you will be brought down to a state of utter usefulness; the ground will be curiously sliced into acres, and roods, and perches, and you, for all you sit so smartly in your saddle, you will be caught; you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tried, and matched, and run. All this in time, but first come continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel; the downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger stride you burst away from these slips and patches of free land—you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last on the banks of Jordan, you joyfully know that you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the river (you can swim it with one arm), there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for *not* being a vagrant, for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed, and houseless. There is comfort in that; health, comfort, and strength to one who is dying from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and pains-taking governess Europe.”

He gives us afterwards a vivid glimpse of the Dead Sea; brief, but capable of making it, to one even who has never seen its dismal waters, a memory forever.

“I went on, and came to those waters of death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever, the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead a deep stillness—no grass grew from the earth; no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched, and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long, silent years.”

We have never seen so striking a description of a day in the DESERT.

“As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you

pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while and a long while you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending Sun has compassed the Heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your land shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side. Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice.”

“When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground, and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus, and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

“My tent was spared to the last, but

when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant, upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner, who had waited, and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in."

Compare the powerful impression here with the delicious sensation that steal over us in dwelling on the description of 'Blessed Damascus.' The reference to the garden of a deserted English mansion is exceedingly beautiful.

"For a part of two days I wound under the base of the snow-crowned Djibel el Sheik, and then entered upon a vast and desolated plain, rarely pierced at intervals by some sort of withered stem. The earth in its length and its breadth, and all the deep universe of sky, was steeped in light and heat. On I rode through the fire, but long before evening came, there were straining eyes that saw and joyful voices that announced the sight of Shaum Sheereef—the "Holy," the "Blessed" Damascus.

But that which at last I reached with my longing eyes, was not a speck in the horizon, gradually expanding to a group of roofs and walls, but a long, low line of blackest green that ran right across in the distance from East to West. And this, as I approached, grew deeper—grew wavy in its outline; soon forest trees shot up before my eyes and robbed their broad shoulders so freshly that all the throngs of olives as they rose into view looked sad in their proper dimness. There were even now no houses to see, but only the minarets peered out from the midst of shade into the glowing sky and bravely touching the Sun. There seemed to be here no mere city, but rather a province, wide and rich, that bounded the torrid waste."

"But its gardens are the delight—the delight and pride of Damascus; they are not the formal parterres which you might expect from the Oriental taste; they rather bring back to your mind the memory of some dark old shrubbery in our northern isle, that has been charmingly "un-kept up" for many and many a day. When you see a rich wilderness of wood in decent England, it is like enough that you see it with some soft regrets. The puzzled old woman at the lodge can give small account of "The family." She thinks it is "Italy" that has made the whole circle of her world so gloomy and sad. You avoid the house in lively dread of a lone house-keeper, but you make your way on by the stables; you remember that gable with all its neatly nailed trophies of fitches, and hawks, and owls, now slowly falling to

pieces; you remember that stable, and that, but the doors are all fastened that used to be standing ajar; the paint of things painted is blistered and cracked; grass grows in the yard; just there, in October mornings, the keeper would wait with the dogs and the guns---no keeper now---you hurry away, and gain the small wicket that used to open to the touch of a lightsome hand; it is fastened with a padlock (the only new-looking thing), and is stained with thick, green damp; you climb it, and bury yourself in the deep shade, and strive but lazily with the tangling briars, and stop for long minutes to judge and determine whether you will creep beneath the long boughs, and make them your archway, or whether perhaps you will lift your heel, and tread them down under foot. Long doubt, and scarcely to be ended, till you wake from the memory of those days when the path was clear, and chase that phantom of a muslin sleeve that once weighed warm upon your arm.

"Wild as that highest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous garden of Damascus. Forest trees, tall and stately enough if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a bustling life of it below with their branches struggling against strong numbers of bushes and wilful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night. High above your head and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. There are no other flowers. Here and there, there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else are left free to the wayward ways of Nature, and bear rank weeds, moist-looking and cool to your eyes, and freshening the sense with their earthy and bitter fragrance. There is a lane opened through the thicket, so broad in some places that you can pass along side by side; in some so narrow (the shrubs are for ever encroaching) that you ought, if you can, to go on the first and hold back the bough of the rose tree. And through this wilderness there tumbles a loud rushing stream, which is halted at last in the lowest corner of the garden, and there tossed up in a fountain by the side of the simple alcove. This is all.

Never, for an instant, will the people of Damascus attempt to separate the idea of bliss from these wild gardens and rushing waters."

Steamboats puffing, hissing and blowing off on all the old rivers—rivers hallowed by the rise and ruin of empires, are a sacrilege; but our author finds himself able to

give a powerful chapter on ground so fairly beaten out as every part of Egypt has been of late. He was at Cairo during the terrible plague that some years since swept over all that region of the world. His description, though dashed with a strange vein of lightness, has something of the fearful distinctness of the pestilence-narratives of Boccacio and De Foe. Meanwhile he has a word to say about the Sphinx.

“ Laugh, and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent, for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian Kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the careless misery of the Egyptian race—upon the keen-eyed travelers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all, and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched, like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to behold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx !”

*Autumn Flowers, and other Poems.* By MRS. SOUTHEY, (Late Caroline Bowles.) Boston, Saxton, Pierce, & Co. New York, Saxton & Miles.

We have received several small vols. of Poems from Messrs. Saxton & Co., neatly printed and bound, to be easily slipped into a narrow pocket, or were they gifts to some lady, which is their fitting destination, they might be carried in her bosom. This is one of the redeeming traits about this system of cheap, *very* cheap publishing, of late so much in vogue; that choice short efforts of the Muse and the Graces, chance gatherings in the by-ways of literature, fragments of brief and eloquent prose, are folded up, and come to us in these delicate shapes.

The time has passed when the picture of a pale-faced boy, lugging up the garret stairs some folio volume heavier than his grand-

father, is put for an emblem of an early thirst for knowledge; but the curly-headed child, carrying these little treasures in the first pocket his mother makes him, may now steal away into the green woods, or by solitary pasture-brooks, and drink in, unknown to his sisters and father (but his *mother* will find it out!)—enough to begin in him a life-time of wisdom and poetic thought. Of the little volumes before us, one is a collection of various sacred lyrics; another of the beautiful melodies of Byron, Moore, and Hebre. Another contains some poems of Mrs. Southey, under the title of “Autumn Flowers.”

The verses of this lady, if not marked with much originality or power, are yet graceful and delicate.

#### AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale Autumn flowers !

How beautiful they are !

Than all that went before,

Than all the Summer store,

How lovelier far !

And why ? They are the *last*

The last ! the last ! the last !

O, by that little word

How many thoughts are stirred !

That sister of the past !

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE THREE FRIENDS.

*Stanzas accompanying a picture.*

We three were loving friends ! a lowly life  
Of humble peace, obscure, content we  
led ;

Stealing away, withouten noise or strife,  
Like some small streamlet in its mossy  
bed.

We had our joys in common ; wisdom, wit,  
And learned lore, had little share in  
those :

*Thus*, by the winter fire we used to sit,  
Or in the summer evening's warm re-  
pose,

At our sweet bowery window, opening down  
To the green grass, beneath the flowering  
lime,

When the deep curfew from the distant town  
Came mellowed, like the voice of olden  
time ;

And our grave neighbor, from the barn  
hard by,

The great gray owl, sailed out on sound-  
less wings,

And the pale stars, like beams of memory,  
Brightened as twilight veiled all earthly  
things.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many books have been sent to us, which we have not as yet found space to notice. Among them is Miss Fuller's “Woman in the 19th century,” which we believe has reached the third edition. We shall dispose of them in the next Number or two.

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

WE said in the Foreign Miscellany of our last number, that it would be one great effort with us, in giving to our readers a monthly summary, to trace the progress of the spirit of liberty over the world. Beyond contradiction, the great moral struggle that is now silently going on over Europe, is the most momentous and interesting of all subjects whatsoever. The ebbing away of the waves of that terrible revolution in France, allowed the despots of the world a short breathing time, but not permanent rest. Physical power was met by physical power, and the question settled, whether the people or the throne was the strongest. The next step was to decide where the *moral* force rested, in the longer and more silent conflict of principles. The explosion in France was not a mere earthquake, burying a few thrones and palaces and then closing up as before. It was the great piercing cry of suffering humanity, which, when the sudden agony was over still lived in the ears of men. We are always looking for effects from *outward examples* of greatness or prosperity, and not from the simple utterance of *truths* that have not found expression before. The rapidity with which the *French* revolution moved was doubtless owing in a great measure to the *principles* that had been established in *ours*. Its famous declaration of rights was simply another wording of our Declaration of Independence. So also our influence on the world at present is entirely a moral one. The declaimers on the Anniversary of our National Independence are constantly telling of the glory of our country, making us the envy of all others; but the truth is, our whole influence, as felt at this moment, lies in the principles contained in our Declaration of Independence. It is *those* that disquiet monarchies. It needs but their utterance, to secure a full and thrilling response from the common people. It is soul speaking to soul, and not commerce to commerce, or government to government, that makes Europe so uneasy on her feudal throne.

In our last, we spoke of this struggling spirit in Italy, and of the more hopeful aspect it began to assume, from the fact that bayonets and bloody conspiracies were less thought of as means of deliverance, and the *literature* of the country taken in their stead. The censorship of the press may be ever so strict, it cannot keep freedom out of letters. We wish to speak further of this same spirit, and its progress in some of the other countries of Europe. The agitation in Switzerland caused by the unjust actions of the Jesuits, promises to result

in something else than a conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism. The fire of liberty, which ever since the French invasion has seemed to be smothered in that land, is now suddenly bursting forth. The effort to enslave the mass, instead of crushing them deeper, has roused them to put forth still greater efforts for their ancient liberty. It is now proposed, and the question is profoundly agitating that ancient republic, to form an entirely new Constitution, allowing in the General Diet a representation more on our principle, than formerly. In other words to establish a democratic form of government, like our own, which shall bind all the Cantons together into one federation, allowing just and equal rights to each. This proposition which is gaining ground every day, has awakened the anxious suspicions of the neighboring governments, and diplomatists are traversing the land in every direction, and hovering on its borders in the greatest perplexity, endeavoring to check this effort for freedom in its birth-throes. What the result will be we cannot tell, but the great fear among the crowned heads of Europe, is, that a republic, not in name, but in spirit and action, shall spring up in their midst, forming as it were a focus from which to radiate influence over the Continent. The cry of France in her bitterest calamities, was "give us a Constitution!" They felt the need of something to define and secure their rights. The Swiss from their mountain home, are also calling for a Constitution. If they get it Austria will lose her portion of Switzerland, on the south, while its northern boundary will most certainly be enlarged. But were there nothing more than the simple demand for a Constitution, it would send alarm through all the neighboring monarchies. This asking for a Constitution and a national representation is the plainest justice imaginable, and it is hard to stop it with bayonets in the present state of the world. Yet to grant the request is certain, though it may be slow destruction to feudalism. Whether Switzerland has strength enough in her to carry out the effort she has commenced, remains to be seen, but the agitation itself is an omen of good.

But the most startling news is brought from Prussia. That entire kingdom is at this moment agitated in every part of it with the question of a Constitution, and a National Congress. Public meetings are held in almost every province, and petitions poured into the central government to grant these two destructive things to tyranny. At Elbefeld and Dusseldorf, the meetings have been crowded, and characterized by

the most intense feeling, yet the greatest sobriety and moderation. And what is stranger than all, the king dare not apply physical force to quell this agitation. The soldiers sympathise with the people, and it is feared to bring them in open contact, lest there should be plainer demonstrations of that sympathy. This is a perilous position for the government; unable to check the progress of the excitement by moral means it is afraid to use the physical force that *seems* at its disposal. The origin of this, or perhaps it might be said the first apparent step in this movement, seems to have been a mere pamphlet written by a Mr. Jacoby, a lawyer. He published a small book of forty or fifty pages, entitled "FIER FRAGEN" (or "Four Questions") answered by a Prussian." It was published anonymously, but the author was discovered and sentenced to two years imprisonment for his boldness. These four questions are very simple and plain:

"What did the people wish?"

"What had they a right to expect?"

"What answer was given to them?"

"What remains for them to do?"

"Let every Prussian read and prove our answer:"

These questions refer to the time when the father of the present King of Prussia promised a national representation to the people, but never gave it. In 1815, when Bonaparte had infused a new spirit into every nation on the Continent, this boon was asked, and the consent of the government obtained. But the provincial legislatures, or rather legislative committees, allowed in every province to legislate for their own welfare, were considered a good substitute, and the national representation fell through. But every act of these provincial legislatures, or rather committees, being subject to the veto of the king, their only effect was to save him the trouble of appointing men to superintend mere local matters. His unlimited veto power checked all freedom of action, or at least all the results that might spring from it. These questions refer to that promise. The direct, clear, and succinct manner in which everything is stated gives the book its great value; while, instead of proposing any revolutionary measures, it simply discusses a past promise; the expectations it raised and the manner they were treated. In answer to the first question, "what did the people wish?" he gives the simple and short answer, "the just part of independent citizens in the affairs of the state."

In discussing the subject, he takes for his motto, *Facta Loquuntur*. "Let facts speak." After referring to the promise made on the 22d of May, 1815, he starts with the bold declaration, that in every country, despotic as well as all others, the people be a portion of the public burdens; and hints plainly, that this is acknowledged

in time of war; and asserts, that it *should* be in time of peace; and asks "shall the king and his ministers, take the whole government into their own hands. "Oder soll gesetzlich auch der selbständigen Burgern, wahrhafte Einsicht und Theilnahme Zustehen?" "or shall they carefully permit, also, to the independent citizens, a proper and discriminate share in it?" To prove that the Prussians, as well as the inhabitants of France or England, are worthy of this confidence from their King, as well entitled to it by right, he refers to the high state of literature and the arts in the nation, and declares that Prussia with her seven Universities, and 20,085 Schools, (Schulen,) will stand comparison with either or both of those countries. "But" he continues, "what part in the government has this people, standing so high in intelligence and culture. "Errothend müssen wie gestehen, kaum den allegeringsten," "blushing with shame, we must confess scarcely none at all."

He then states in what way the people can participate in the government: "by the press and through a national Congress." But alas, "censorship of the press, and the mere appearance of a legislation, govern everything in Prussia." King William III., does him good service here, by the good principles he was accustomed to utter, but never put in practice. He makes him substantiate everything he brings forward. He declares that to a Congress alone ought to be referred those questions that are now left to censors, ministers, etc. He then lashes the mere mockery of provisional legislatures, which the government gave in place of a national Congress.

In answer to the second question.

"Was berechtigte die Stände zu solchen Verlange?" he says they had a right to expect a Congress. "It has often been declared," he continues, "that, Prussians Bestimmung sei die Früchte der französischen Revolution auf *friedlichem*, Wege sich anzueignen," "in a *peaceable* way Prussia might appropriate to herself the fruits of the French Revolution." A bold speech, followed by the still bolder one that, "according to the old German declaration of rights, there can be no law without the consent of the people's representatives." In proof that the people had a right to expect a national Congress, to meet at Berlin, he gives the decree of King William, in 1815, sanctioning it, and describing its nature, powers, &c. This ordinance is quoted, and commences,

Sec. 1. Es soll eine Representation des Volkes gebildet werden."

Sec. 2. Zu diesem Zwecke sind die provinzialstände," &c.

Here it is, "there shall be a representation of the people," and the provincial committees are created to secure this end. But thirty years have passed away without

these provincial nonentities effecting anything. If anything can prove that the people had a right to expect this National Congress, this does; for, to use his own language, "this is not a mere *promise* given to us but it is the King's own decree, which is—*LAW*." After nailing his argument here, and declaring that it was not only right and just to demand, and expect, a national representation, he adds "it is a *duty* we owe both to the King and the fatherland."

The third question: "what answer was given to this expectation?" is met as briefly and frankly as the others. "A recognition of your good behaviour, a refusal of the decreed national representation, and a vague, indefinite hint of some future compensation." He then goes on, contrasting in a searching manner what the people really received, with what the published decree of King William openly promised, and he makes it out clear as noon day, by facts and not by theories, that the present king is an open *law breaker*, in that he has not carried out the ordinance of his father. He has robbed the people of what they had a right to expect, not only as a matter of justice but on the faith in the royal decree. The mere provincial committees, which were said to be designed as the first steps towards a Congress, are shown so conclusively to be the merest mockery on the part of the government—simply, a bandage over the people's eyes—an apology for the violation of a kingly edict that the government appears in a most miserable light to the nation. Its falsehood, and deceit, and trickery; the low arts it has practised on the nation to cheat them into quietness, are exposed so clearly, that the most ignorant can see them. His words are like blows, and every sentence is a text, from which a whole discourse will be thought out by every Prussian reader. His earnest tone and sincere language and clear perceptions give to his statements immense power, and we do not wonder that they fell like live coals on the nation's heart. Indeed one of the *charges* in his trial declaring him to be worthy of persecution, was, that his language was too clear and plain, and his style too attractive to the common people. He goes also into the judicial administration and shows how likely injustice is to be done; nay, how inevitable it is in the present mode of action. "All men," says he, "can err—the king as well as the philosopher—and both perhaps are more apt to be wrong in common things, because they stand so high above the crowd of objects that sweep past them, that they cannot discern clearly, or mete out justly. Not by mere *forms* of justice is justice secured." He closes up his argument by a rapid re-survey of its scope, and declares that the edict of King William stands good, even after the thirty years in-

difference to it, and that the present king is bound, not merely by the principles of common justice, but by the highest law of the land, the edict of his father, to grant immediately a National Congress, and a Constitution.

The answer to the fourth question is like a cannon shot. "*What remains to be done?*" The only reply to this is, "*to demand as a right that which has heretofore been asked as a boon.*" This question, and this short answer constitute a *whole chapter*, and concludes the argument and the volume. No one can appreciate its effect who has not read the entire book. After his array of facts and exposure of the treachery of the government, and appeal to the common sense and spirit of the people, this bold advice with which he sums up the whole, has a power to startle that can not be resisted. The king and his ministers felt it, and tried and condemned Jacoby. But he published the *trial*, and showed that the injustice which had been practised upon the people had also been meted out to him. This condemnation only increased the difficulty and the excitement, and the people are now following out his advice, and "demanding as a right what they heretofore besought as a favor." This cry for a Constitution, is the most fearful sound that can smite the ears of a despot, for the fate of Louis XVI. begins to swim before his eyes as he hears it. The long struggle of that ill-fated monarch, with the national representation respecting the nature of the constitution—the power which rapidly passed into the hands of the people during the discussion, and the final sinking of the throne in a sea of blood, come in terrible distinctness to his remembrance. "A Constitution!" shouted France, and a Constitution she had, though her representatives legislated in the midst of famine, popular outbreaks, and open massacres. "A Constitution!" is now the exclamation of Prussia, and we do not well see how the government can refuse it. In France, the great difficulty with the higher orders was, they could not command the cordial co-operation of the soldiers. This too is the great difficulty in Prussia; the sympathies of the commonsoldiers are with the people. If the king of Prussia, cannot or dare not prevent public opinion from becoming consolidated and strengthened through public meetings and organized bodies, he cannot prevent a Constitution and a National Congress. The power to repress these dangerous energies of the people, must start sooner or not at all; and we should like to see the effect on Austria, of a Prussian Congress, sitting at Berlin, and discussing a "declaration of rights." Let the "*tiers etat*," of Prussia have a National Assembly, and they will meddle with more things than the king wots of.

We have something in these aspects to say, in our next, of France and Germany.

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AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. I.

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No. V.

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No. V.

## THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

A PASSAGE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS, ILLUSTRATED BY A VIEW OF METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.

THE MYSTERIES of political history, occasioned by the imperfect presentation of the facts which are the essential causes of great public movements and events, are always numerous, not only in the annals of the past, but in the cotemporaneous records of the present. The journals of the day furnish little more than the actual results; of the secret causes and agencies they give little information. In European history, this more valuable instruction is generally given in the "secret memoirs" of the various courts, and in the private correspondence of statesmen, princes, courtiers and intriguers. In the American Republic, this field is to be occupied by facts from sources less accessible. It is a department which may yet be filled. For the present, a single chapter may suffice, on one branch of the subject.

THE MACHINERY OF ELECTION FRAUDS in the city of New York, is a matter so important to the fate and history of the republican system, and yet so remote from the knowledge of even the most intelligent politicians, as to be worthy of special and elaborate notice in an "AMERICAN Review," on whose pages may be sought, in other times, portions of the history of the age, as evidences of the success or failure of this first experiment in practical democracy—actual popular self-government. That such frauds exist has long been notorious. No New York politician would risk his reputation for veracity and intelligence so far as to deny it. But of the details, the system, the extent of these operations, much remains to be communicated, even to those best informed and most active in the political movements of the last few years. The subject, however, is one not easily investigated. The success of these frauds was of course insured only by profound secrecy, and by subordination and obedience among the inferior agents, excluding each from a knowledge of any more than his own

guilty part. Those who alone know all, or enough to show the extent and character of the operation, are so prominent in position and in the profits of the iniquity, as to be above the reach of ordinary inducements to betray the facts of which they themselves were the chief authors.

The investigation is, therefore, beset with difficulties, tending to produce despair of success on the part of any who, believing the general fact, seek the particulars and the proofs. It requires singular gifts,—courage, energy and pertinacity, of a peculiar order, sustained by enthusiastic devotion to the cause of truth and justice, and by the hope and prospect of results mighty beyond prudent expectation. It demands, also, an exclusive appropriation of time, study, patience, observation and reflection, and forces the encounter of many annoyances and dangers, incurred by the necessary association with abandoned and desperate men, in whose experience the truth is contained. MONEY, too, as well as costly time and labor, is wanted, in amount beyond ordinary means, for uses which are

essential to the main purpose. Other requirements, all that can be imagined, are included in the conditions of success or even progress.

Guarded by these difficulties against the perils of inquiry and detection, the authors of these frauds have hardened in confidence, cool determination and impunity. After an election, the defeated partisans soon forget the inquiry into causes; and it is impossible to arouse them to the painful labor of searching for the mode and means of their own irretrievable calamity. The fruitless contest once fully past, disappointment vents itself in vain curses; and wrath soon evaporates in threats as idle as the wind. The combination of force kept up in hope of success, vanishes in defeat; and the recently associated agents of the defeated party meet again only as strangers, until a new movement inspires new hope in another contest—while the victorious leaders of faction divide the spoils, with a security which can tolerate no feeling towards their baffled foes but indifference or contempt.

The great and manifold difficulties thus shown, as besetting such an investigation, have, in this instance, been met, by the possession of the means and qualifications enumerated, to an extent which can be better demonstrated by the results attained than by preliminary statements, which might seem prematurely boastful or egotistical. It is enough now to say, that the unremitting labor of many months has been given to this task, in total exclusion of all other interests and occupations; and the facts are therefore presented, from the outset, with a confidence in the full mastery of the whole subject and its necessary proofs, which will be shared by all, as the development progresses.

THE TIME selected for this revelation is peculiarly adapted to the accomplishment of its best purposes, and to the acquirement of the public confidence in its truth, and its independence of personal or temporary advantages. The great contest on which so many public and private interests depended, and which bore so many away from the control of moral principle by its powerful excitements—is now closed; and its momentous, irreversible result has been registered. Not even a local object now remains to be promoted, either in the shape of a Charter Election, with its corporation patronage in view of the contestants, or a State election, with its higher gifts and dignities, with its guber-

natorial and Congressional honors and its influence on the National mind. The period between this and any future important action by popular suffrage will be so long, that no "effect" or temporary excitement could be produced, and no successful perversion or permanent misrepresentation of facts hoped for. Whatever may be put forth seeming to any worthy of denial, confutation or condemnation, the date and circumstances "leave ample room and verge enough" to enlighten and correct public opinion, and vindicate all claiming a hearing or redress, before the judgment of the people has been pronounced in its only effective form—  
THE BALLOT.

Equally is discarded every pretense of impressing the public mind anywhere with the sense of implied injustice done to any individual candidate or party or cause, by a decision wrongfully obtained or erroneously recorded. For the vindication either of the man or the people, such a demonstration would be valueless. Both are already placed on higher grounds. The character and principles of those who by their votes maintained the right, are enough, and are well enough known by all Christendom, to vindicate them beyond suspicion—and to maintain them in as much honor as ever accrued to wronged patriotism.

This investigation, its purposes, its possible consequences, have no designed relation to the advantage or prospects of any person. It is no appeal, no writ of error against the judgment of that tribunal which, right or wrong, renders the last and highest of human decisions. The whole inquiry is simply a *post-mortem* examination, with the purpose of ascertaining the cause of death and the manner and instrument of the crime, for the instruction and security of all who shall come after, that those who distrust the people's sense and despair of justice from the public judgment, may derive encouragement from these evidences of a fraud in the mere means of declaring and manifesting that judgment.

As a contribution to the history of man, it will be valuable; and its worst developments will but elevate the character of the great whole, while they display the abominations of a few. Men of this and other countries, enslaved or free, will be the wiser for this unfolding of truths. All that was desired by the patriotic, the wise, the good, as to the MORAL SIGNIFICANCE of the late great trial of principles

and men, will be obtained in the fruits of this inquiry; and it will place in history a lesson of renewed hope and fortitude to republican faith. With these facts established, the friends of liberty may yet rely on the just judgment of a free people, as to the best exercise of their power.

THE CAUSE, THE MANNER AND THE INSTRUMENT of the result cannot be credibly made known, until the nature of these agencies is developed, by an exhibition of the character of a peculiar and hitherto undescribed portion of the population of "THE GREAT CITY." The resources of political crime are found in the social elements and combinations of the metropolitan community. The seat of actual power in this true democracy has long been the subject of a problem, yet unsolved. With the source of new principles and dogmas, *origination* of purposes, this question has nothing to do. But to ascertain the means of their accomplishment by the ballot, is an object at once momentous in interest and practicable in effect.

Within a circle of three miles' radius, on and around the Island of Manhattan, may now be found nearly half a million of people. Very few of these know anything of the characters, pursuits or relations of their fellow-citizens. Society is here completely divided into classes, arranged generally according to occupations, separated from each other by distinctions of property, of employment, of association and habit. BUSINESS is the one great word which fully expresses the main object and leading idea of the community. It characterizes the mass, and gives the city all its greatness, fame, wealth and power. Absorbed in the pursuit of gain, the vast majority of the people are ever sedulously practicing the familiar precept, that "every man should mind his own business, and let others mind theirs." The comparatively few who are devoted to pleasure and fashion exclusively, to mere expenditure without acquisition, constitute no distinct class here, and give character to no class in society. As far as wealth furnishes title to distinction, and justifies high claims to rank and influence, it is from resources increasing by thrift, not stationary by free use, or diminishing by extravagance. The richest here are still laboriously accumulating new riches by active "business." No withdrawal from the pursuits in which their property was obtained could add to their dignity or share of public respect,

any more than it could to their happiness. The few idlers who "live upon their means" are but tolerated, not honored, among their more active associates, who rejoice in daily augmentation of affluence.

From the jurist, the professor, the divine, the banker, and the lord of a square mile of buildings, or of a score of floating palaces, to the industrious day laborer, whose hand hews or places the materials of the structures of wealth and pride, all conditions of men are here alike in purpose, and regard none as ranking above them because exempt from the wish or need of gain. Such are the mass of society—such in simplicity and unity of purpose, in patient, hopeful industry, in devotion to business, and in harmony of feeling and action. They are a very large majority of the permanent residents of the city, and, by natural right, and true democratic republican principle, should rule it and direct its power and influence in the government of the State and Union. But it happens that though they are many, THEY ARE NOT ALL.

There is a class remote in aim and character from these, alien from their sympathies, and indifferent or hostile to their prosperity,—disdaining their objects and pursuits, or despairing of success in them. Though the beneficent influences of protective republican legislation thus far make them few, they are formidable by their very smallness of number, and their consequent monopoly of the mighty resources of lawless adventure, fraud, violence and crime. In every great city, gathers a throng of men, desperate from various causes, of which want is the predominant one. With some, it is want of the absolute necessities of life; with many, it is merely the want of the abundant means of the gratification of vicious impulses and extravagant fancies. Most of them have, at one time or another, made attempts to acquire a livelihood or a fortune by honest, regular means, but failing of success, either by error or calamity, have concluded that those who secure comfort or wealth by lawful pursuits, do it only by knavery, carefully disguised in external respectability. The unhappiness induced by misfortune, takes the form of a peculiar misanthropy. They declare and believe that no man is truly honest, and that those who are reputed virtuous and high-principled, only seem so. This contempt of others, and others' pursuits, relieves their pangs of discontent, envy, or despair, by raising

their self-respect, as they compare themselves with the distorted images of society which they have formed. Having decided that "there is no virtue extant," they resolve that they are better than others in pretending to none—that they are peculiarly honorable, because they frankly and truly avow their dishonesty.

The principles thus formed, suggest and direct a life of adventure, recklessness, frequent dishonesty, vicious indulgence, and unlawful art. They become gamblers, gambling-house keepers, writers and publishers of obscene and licentious books and papers, sham-brokers, "Tombs-lawyers," "straw-bail" men, "skimmers," "touchers," professional perjurers, police decoy-ducks and "stool-pigeons," receivers of stolen goods, sharpers, impostors, prize-fighters, mock-auctioneers, watch-stuffers, pocket-book droppers, brothel-owners and bullies, cock-fighters, dog-stealers, street beggars, and so on through innumerable grades and inventions of roguery, down to counterfeiters, pickpockets, incendiaries, highway robbers, and burglars. The English language, originally too poor to express all these abominations, has been enriched by the addition of new terms, coined or compounded to represent the novelties of crime in the American metropolis.

All these designated occupations, and more, not here specified, exist in New York, though unknown, even by name, to a large portion of the population. Various as are these forms of villany, they all harmonize in principle and purpose. The actors in these crimes, strong in the consciousness of their numbers and common sympathies, constitute a distinct community, with rules and resources which make them formidable in every relation to the commonwealth, but especially in their power and influence in party politics. To understand their agencies in these movements, it must be noted that there are ranks and classes among them, distinguished from each other by the ordinary varieties of pursuits, associations, means, intelligence, manners, dress, and style of living. Though of one accord in principle, all seeking their own good by the injury of others, they vary in the means of accomplishing their radically evil purposes. The better portion of them (the better because pretending to less of worldly honor) seek their bare livelihood in avowed violation of the law of the land, which has its own means of efficient vindication. The worst

and most dangerous portion neither steal nor murder "within the statute." Their crimes are moral, not technical. They take, without rendering an equivalent, their thousands, while the common thief but pilfers in units. The vulgar criminal walks in rags, while they shine in costly apparel and jewelry. The mere pick-pocket meets swift and just retribution, and finds a felon's punishment and infamy, and a felon's dishonored grave; but they triumph in wholesale crime, and flaunt their splendid livery of guilt among the noblest and proudest of the great republic. They even sit on the very throne of justice, and dispense its dread revenge on their meaner and more unfortunate associates, who are doomed to evince the terrors of an imperfect law by the sufferings of the prison, the manacle or the gallows. The children of misfortune, who alone are reached by vindictive human justice, are but the creatures, the tools of the children of extravagance and pride, whose more dangerous vices constitute the patronage and countenance of vulgar crime.

The whole class, thus characterized, numbers thousands of citizens of New York—all voters. It has hardly occurred, as yet, to those curious in moral and political statistics, to enumerate this *unregistered* portion of society. Their numbers, their names, their occupations, have no place in the "business directory" of New York, though their political and social action is felt everywhere. At the head of this great league and community of wickedness, and especially directing the action of the whole in politics, is a body of men commonly known by the term "sporting characters," constituting the aristocracy of roguery. This higher class of adventurers are often found partially disguised under the nominal profession of honorable callings, such as those of brokers, lawyers, occasionally merchants and shopkeepers; and some of them are proprietors, where they have managed their various unlawful gains with prudence. But all are gamblers, and derive their real profits from the resources of that infamous pursuit. In dress, manners, equipage, and all the externals of life, they are ambitious and ostentatious, often seeking to intrude themselves among the respectable classes of society. They keep fine horses, famous for speed and performances on the "Avenues" and the "Island," driving them in elegantly modeled light vehicles, and compete with

wealthy country gentlemen and sportsmen in the breed of their dogs, in the finish of their guns, and the various apparatus of the sports of the field. Their tastes, amusements, occupations and characters, differ little from those of the profligate, gambling, sporting aristocracy of Britain, the members of the fashionable clubs of the West End of the British metropolis, constituting a large portion of the nobility and gentry, who, placed by hereditary wealth and distinction above the necessity of useful occupation, devote their lives to a laborious competition with coachmen, jockeys, dog-fanciers, blacklegs, prize-fighters, huntsmen and gamekeepers. Proud of this association of character and identity of pursuit, the American "sporting aristocracy" look down upon the honorable portion of their fellow-citizens engaged in the successful, though laborious occupations of the professions, trades, arts and commerce, with very much the same feeling as do the profligate lordlings across the water on the substantial merchants and mechanics of the city of London, and with quite as much real cause for their assumed superiority in the scale of being.

In the gambling houses of Park-Place, Vesey street, Broadway, &c., on all the great race-courses, often at the fashionable watering-places and summer resorts, at the concourse of political adventurers around the great seats of legislation, these characters are to be found exercising their gifts, and gratifying their fancies for pleasure or display—entraping their victims, the heirs of great estates, or weak men, suddenly raised by speculation or other accident, to the possession of wealth. But these occupations, parades and pastimes, are secondary to their main business, and merely serve to fill the intervals of a more important series of engagements. To these gambling gentry, the great game is POLITICS. In its splendid combination of chances and boundless facilities for cheating, imposture and trickery, they see a worthy field for the exercise of their peculiar arts; and they enter it with a cool confidence in their own possession of the needful qualifications for success in it, which places them beyond the competition of those less versed and experienced in corrupt human nature, less familiar with the agencies of fraud and crime, or less unscrupulous about their employment for such purposes.

The larger portion of this class of men, hardened and chilled by their manner of life—with native sympathies and generous impulses destroyed, and with passions schooled into conformity to the most effectual means of their own gratification—regard the ordinary contests of political parties with as little interest in the pending issues, as they would feel in the ultimate prosperity of any corporation in whose stock they might speculate for a time, merely to transfer it to some incautious purchaser who might be induced to take it at more than its true value. Such, in the abstract, would always be their view of partisan strifes, holding themselves supremely indifferent to any circumstance but the chance of securing large gains by heavy odds in their favor on the results. BETTING ON ELECTIONS is with them a study, or trade, or craft, the most important branch of their regular business; and the mode of securing gain to themselves is the same as in those manipulations of cards and dice which to the dupe only are games of chance, while to the practiced cheat they truly are games of SKILL. Thus they play in politics, where the ballot is the die, and the voter is the card. They play at this game also with "loaded dice" and "MARKED cards." And whenever they enter into the business of elections with money staked upon the result, they proceed with as much confidence in the production of the majorities on which their winnings depend, as they do in their gambling-houses, where all the *supposed* chances of the faro-table, the roulette, the *rouge et noir*, the dice-box, the cut, the shuffle and the deal, are converted, by their knavish arts, and secret marks, and mechanical contrivances, into positive certainties of fraudulent gain.

The recent developments of Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, in his various public lectures and communications on this subject, have made these illustrations sufficiently intelligible, and furnish abundant evidence of the universal dishonesty of the whole gamester-craft and profession.

Yet these men are not so artificial and impartial as to be totally without opinions and preferences in politics. The political bias of the whole class is instinctive towards that party which seeks power by patronizing crime, encouraging and defending lawlessness, violence and fraud, and which abuses the possession of power to reward, patronize and promote the

evil agencies which secure its success,—the party which appeals continually to the envy and prejudice of the poor against the rich,—which wars against the interests of “business men,” and against that policy of credit and protection by which are secured the rewards of enterprise, honesty, thrift and industry. Did every man in that community of crime act according to the principles and instincts of his caste, there would not be an exception to the universal application of the rule by which their associations in party politics are determined. But there are among them some, who, though identified with them in disregard of public opinion and the moral sense of respectable society, in irregular and adventurous lives and in depraved and sensual tastes, have yet some remains of an originally better nature about them, some dash of the heroic in their perverted spirit, some sentiment of true manly honor among those artificial notions of it which they share with desperadoes and outlaws. There are a few such, who, however degraded in principle and darkened in moral perception, refuse to follow the bent of their order in politics, and who, though indifferent on ordinary party questions, do occasionally act with those that seek to honor the honorable, and discard fraud and falsehood from their schemes and policy.

Though there is not one in a hundred of “the sporting class” who can claim this exemption, yet it should be regarded in a statement designed as this is to be exact in every particular. There are not known to be ten—it is hardly possible that there are twenty—of the gambling fraternity who differ from their associates in their political sentiments; and these are consequently excluded from familiarity with the details of their political action.

There are also many hangers-on, occasional associates, dupes or pupils of the tribe, sons of respectable or wealthy people, falsely ambitious and dashing young “business men,” who frequent gambling-houses and similar dens of roguery and vice, but have neither experience, sense nor desperation to make them anything more than “honorary” members of the order, or to admit them to the mysteries of the craft. There are many thriving merchants, brokers, professional men, shipmasters and others of various respectable pursuits, including some from the country, occasionally here mingling with

these licentious banditti,—ambitious and even vain of association with them, but alien from their sympathies, and elevated above them in opportunities of gain without the plea of *necessity* for lawless adventure and infamous occupation. Totally independent of all these *volunteers*, both in counsel and action, are the class before described. Occasional but rare personal sympathies of character and habit render permanent their connection with these incidental associates; but, in general, these are but their subjects and victims.

The characteristics of these different social classes embody the hidden elements of political principle and power—the secret of American political history. In the class of the adventurous, the vicious, the desperate, the lawless, the criminal—is found a unity of feeling and purpose, which pervades the whole in their moral association, without reference to accidental and often temporary and transient differences in rank, situation, and means of comfort, pleasure or display. Through all these widely-variant grades of villany, —from the aristocratic gambler and faro-banker in Park Place or Vesey street, down to the copper-tossing ragged vagrant of Corlaer’s Hook, the occasional inmate of Blackwell’s Island and the brothel-bully and “toucher” of the Five Points or West Broadway, there extends a wondrous social sympathy, a conscious harmony of purpose and electric unity of action, not more fearful in aspect than woful in experiment to the honest, industrious, peaceful portion of society. Strong in this Masonic fellowship and secret mutual aid in violation of the public laws and morals, they fear not to attempt any crime, however startling to the popular apprehension, and however audacious in its defiance of municipal agencies of justice. The murder of the wretched Corlies on the most frequented corner of Broadway at the most stirring hour of the evening, only two years ago, was not effected without the deliberate premeditation and coöperation of a large body of this very class of men, who did not hesitate afterwards publicly to avow their approval of the crime and their resolution to screen the perpetrators at all hazards. Similar impunity has been enjoyed in other cases even more shocking to the public mind. Who does not know of the horrible case of the murder of Mary Rogers? Her fate was and is NO MYSTERY to some. The author of that hideous, horrible, unnatural butchery of a young

and beautiful female was known then to some officers of justice, and is known now. Hundreds of criminals of that and minor grades are sheltered by the same awful combination of criminal agencies, and are discharged from actual arrest and imprisonment, often without form of trial, by collusions of judicial as well as executive agents in league with the secret community of blood and fraud. They stand to one purpose, and stand by each other in its accomplishment.

With such traits, connections and powers, this class become, in political movements, the lords of the land, the controllers of government, the arbiters of the commonwealth's destiny. That they can be such is evident—that they have been and are such, will soon be shown.

"BUSINESS MEN" continually assure active politicians who solicit their co-operation, that they "have no time to attend to politics," that they "can take no part in it, because it injures business." Those who have been herein described hear this and rejoice; on this current declaration they base their action. They *have* time for it, and they attend to it *for* the business men. It will not injure *their* business.

Thus have the industrial and intellectual orders of this community prostrated themselves and their country before the mammon of unrighteousness. Thus have they forgotten and disowned their most sacred rights and duties, and left them to the off-scouring and scum of civilized society. Thus by them "the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away in the midst of the battle." Thus, the interests of the people, unfortunately entrusted to the enterprising and respectable portion of the community, were by them betrayed in the hour of the commonwealth's greatest need, the crisis of peace or war, of order or lawlessness, of the protection or abandonment of the interests of the governed by the government. YES! that very class—the self-righteous, self-wise, who most frequently exclaim against the imagined evils of universal suffrage, who so often lament the admission of the poor, the uneducated, the foreign-born, the vicious, and the criminal, to the elective franchise, and who would be glad to see that franchise restricted to themselves,—they, and "nobody else," have proved themselves unworthy of a freeman's birthright, and incapable of their share of the responsibilities of a republican government. The poor man always

votes. The prosperous man basely and indolently neglects this great duty in multiplied instances; and even when he pretends to perform it, often makes it of no good effect, by a variable and equivocating ballot, thrown sometimes for one set of principles and sometimes for another.

Noting these facts and their practical bearing, with an acuteness cultivated by long experience, the adventurous and dissolute establish and defend their position in politics by an unanswerable reference to them. "Why permit the policy of the government to be directed for the benefit or protection of those who will neither act for themselves in politics nor second or support those who act and labor for them? Rich and prosperous men, and those devoted to the pursuit of regular traffic, are almost universally selfish, narrow-minded, ungrateful, uncharitable. By the possession of these very traits they acquire their wealth or competence. They are glad to have the less fortunate work for them *gratis*. They never pay for service rendered, except in cases where the law can compel them. In buying and selling, in employing and paying the laborer, it is their rule to 'take every advantage,' to get as much more for their merchandise and money than its real value as possible, by misrepresentation, exaction, or the necessities of those who deal with them or labor for them. Men do not grow rich or remain so by generosity, truthfulness, patriotism, or high-minded consideration of the good of others and the common benefit of society. We, however, denounced by them as immoral and dishonest, and excluded from 'good society,' are free from many of 'the vices of trade,' though in our way we may often be less careful to keep 'within the statute.' We may cheat the world and violate the law of the land, but we never cheat one another as they do, and we never break our own laws nor disregard our rules and pledges of honor among ourselves. We esteem ourselves better gentlemen and better men. The higher classes, the privileged orders, the would-be aristocracy of wealth, would wheedle us and use us the day before election, and spurn us the day after."

This is the common sentiment of this desperado class, and is often repeated in language almost identical with this. With these bitter things in their hearts and on their tongues, they take their position and movement in politics, assuming the pow-

er abandoned to them by those whose injury and humiliation they seek. In their war on what is sometimes regarded as the patrician order, they are joined and often led by many who, like the betrayers of liberty in Rome, descend from their originally higher associations to obtain power by pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant, base, and vicious. The very language which Publius Clodius and Julius Cæsar, and Marcus Antonius addressed to the populace of Rome, and the artful appeals to envy and prejudice, by which they defeated CICERO, CATO, BRUTUS and CASSIUS, are here faithfully translated day after day, and repeated year after year—with the same effect,—by those who, in republican America renew the woful experience of republican Rome, and with literal exactness represent the purposes of those who then and thus secured, at the same instant, the triumph and the death of democracy, converting the people's power to the people's ruin. This striking analogy is not confined to the leaders of these movements, their arts of deceit, their language, and their purposes. THE MATERIALS, the INSTRUMENTS, with which the American Clodii work are identical in character and origin with those possessed by their Roman prototypes, who, in the name of "the largest liberty to all men," and with the pretense of "enlarging the area of freedom" by conquest and fraud, enslaved the people, cheated them of their liberties, and deluged half the world with innocent blood.

The Rome which Julius Cæsar ruled numbered not within its walls more human beings than are found on the shores of the great estuaries which surround the Rome of the New World. It had not a tith of the wealth of New York, even when enriched by the spoils of the conquered Orient. Had that American intellect and enterprise which has here concentrated its mighty energies in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, trade, and useful art, but been directed by other influences in the path of war, by this time the Atlantic republic might have ruled by the sword, that half of the world which it now pervades with its traffic, its inventions in art, its moral influence, and its Christian charities. To the characteristics of its origin does it owe the difference of its destiny. The song of the angels when they descended to announce to men the advent of God incarnate, at the period of the census of the Roman empire in the acme of the second imperial Cæsar's

triumph and power, was "Peace on earth, good will to men." However imperfectly embodied here the spirit of that revelation, no man can reasonably doubt that its influences have been felt, not only in the foundation of the American commonwealth, but in the general direction of the wonderful power which it has here developed in the enterprises of peace. Yet, as has already been shown, the vices of peace have grown and flourished in this nominally Christian community, with a luxuriance equaling, probably surpassing, the vilest forms of depravity under the full influences of ancient heathenism. In the disregard of human life, and the insecurity of the rights of property, in the contempt of a solemn oath, in falsehood, deceit, and hypocrisy, and in numerous other immoralities, republican heathen Rome never gave examples of so abominable a character as New York. The dissolute classes with whom Catiline, Clodius and Antony associated, and whose support they secured in their political movements, in their conspiracies and riots, are reproduced with aggravated characteristics, in the dens of vice and crime which are found throughout this and several other American cities. The vivid pictures of those licentious and dangerous portions of the population of Rome and of their haunts, which are given by Sallust and Cicero, will strongly impress the considerate American reader with the sense of the dangers of like effects from like causes here.

THE MODE and MEANS of the political action of these connected orders of crime in New York City, remain to be detailed. The present law of the State of New York regulating elections furnishes the basis and directs the manner of fraud. In 1840, the Legislature passed an Act relating to the Elections and the Elective Franchise, limited in operation to this city alone, by which the annual State Election in November was confined to one day instead of three, and the various Wards were divided into election-districts, each containing not more than five hundred voters, all being registered as qualified citizens at a fixed period before each election. The public registration of electors in such small sections furnished abundant safeguards against fraud, by giving opportunity and time for a rigid investigation of the legality of every vote by all political parties. The reduction of the time from three days to one, served under the registry also to diminish

greatly the facilities for illegal voting. The actual registration was, however, the vital characteristic of the law, and was essential to the purity of the ballot. Without it, the multiplication of the places of voting could only increase the means and opportunities of fraud. In 1842, the registration was abolished by act of Legislature; but the provision creating small election-districts was retained, or re-enacted, and subsequently extended to the whole State. The one-day clause was also continued and made general; but this, while in one respect it seemed to hinder fraud by preventing the transfer of illegal voters from one section to another at great distance, did, on the other hand, withdraw many checks by inducing the suspension of all inquiry into such crimes except on a single day. It is a well-known fact, that no party organization can maintain any vigilance, or make any successful inquisition into election-frauds, for the mere purpose of vengeance or of asserting the law. The moment the polls are closed, attention is totally absorbed in curiosity as to the result; and when that is known, all interest in politics ceases. The victorious party do not care for the frauds which their adversaries have committed unsuccessfully against them; and the defeated cannot be rallied to an inquiry so difficult and disagreeable. If the election continued three days, vigilance would be maintained throughout to the last. Nearly all the lawful votes would be deposited on the first day, which would of course keep the whole force of each party in the field, active and watchful. During the remainder of the time, when non-resident voters would naturally make their attempts at repeated voting, every effort would be made to impress them with a sense of the danger, by arrests and imprisonments, a few instances of which at the beginning would be enough to deter all volunteer cheating. The anxiety and interest prevailing to the final close of the polls would secure an unintermitted watchfulness which could not be frustrated except by violence and riot. Without a registration of voters, therefore, it would be better to allow three days for every important election, and to have the balloting places as few and as distant from each other as possible.

Thus when the registration was abolished, the multiplied election districts were retained. WHY? The answer will be easily furnished from the statements

following. But upon the very face of these modifications of originally honest legislation, is evident the fact that they made the facilities of fraud boundless, and gave to perjury perfect impunity, by rendering detection impossible.

THE FIRST division of the various forms of fraud, requiring notice in this memorial, is what may be denominated the irregular, SPONTANEOUS illegal voting, always occurring among the vicious, corrupt, and reckless of every party, and sometimes done by thoughtless men, ignorant of the moral character of the offense, and unacquainted with the penalty affixed by the statute which punishes not only the successful act, but even the *attempt* to deposit an unauthorized ballot. In this way, young men less than twenty-one years of age are often induced to offer their votes. Foreigners not yet naturalized, after having merely received a certificate that they have registered notice of their intention to become citizens at the end of five years, are frequently assured by individuals that they have already acquired a right to vote, and are brought up to the polls, informed on the highest legal authority, that they cannot be compelled to produce their naturalization papers, but may, without showing them, demand the oath of citizenship, and thus are made to commit unintentional perjury. Many American citizens who have not yet acquired a legal residence in the State (one year) or in the County (six months) in times of high excitement, are so far carried away from the recollection of the law and of moral principle, as to vote, either with or without urging—sometimes under oath, but generally only when they pass unsuspected and unchallenged. Legal voters, also who have deposited their ballots at the proper place, and are afterwards wandering about at random, from one district to another, sometimes will, of their own unaided suggestion, offer their votes at various polls, and if successful either with or without the oath, will consider the act as a mere joke, a smart thing of no heinously wicked character, and not perilous as to legal penalties. In all these forms of unadvised fraud, the recklessness and moral obtuseness created by the free use of intoxicating liquors at the time, is frequently an incitement and cause extensively mischievous.

These, and other varieties of illegal voting are such as arise simply from

*individual* impulse and action, without system, direction, instruction or pecuniary motive, and without the aid and security of any combination to prevent detection or punishment. They are, therefore, to be carefully distinguished from those which are the product of associated action, preconcerted arrangement, general plan, and partisan organization. They are practiced almost everywhere, but even in the city are quite insignificant in amount, and seldom effect any change in the grand result. Here they probably seldom exceed a few hundreds or a thousand, including all parties. They are also easily prevented by care, determination, and fidelity in the inspectors and challengers. Though of itself an evil of abstract importance, and giving painful evidence of corruption and want of principle, requiring remedy, yet this voluntary unsystematic crime vanishes from deliberate notice when presented by the side of the stupendous system of crime elsewhere displayed.

THE SECOND division of frauds on the ballot includes the whole scheme of unlawful action on the elective power, by party organization or by general direction or plan of any description. In this portion of the subject, however, occurs an essential distinction, and a classification, practical in its character, historical in designation. This is—the distinction between the OLD PLAN and the NEW PLAN of fraud,—which are the terms familiarly applied to them in the secret councils of their authors and agents.

THE OLD PLAN consists of a variety of measures regularly put in operation at every important election before the passage of the Registry law—checked and partially suspended during the brief continuance of that Act, and resumed with great extensions, upon its repeal. Many of the contrivances are of very early origin and long-tried experiment, the date of their invention indeed being at this period a matter of merely traditional knowledge, having come down from “a time to which the memory of” politicians “runneth not contrary.”

The *first* measure adopted under this plan is to bring to the polls every man in the city at the time, who can be induced to vote their ticket, without possessing the legal qualifications of residence, citizenship, age, &c. All the legal voters of that party invariably present themselves with their ballots on election-day, without any necessity for effort to bring

out their legitimate force. The *second* is to bring in persons from other counties and States, for the express purpose of giving illegal votes at a particular election, returning to their own homes immediately afterwards. The *third* is the fraudulent naturalization of foreigners under the instigation and management of a regularly constituted Committee or Association of the party, by whose contrivance many foreigners, ignorant of the requirements of the law and sometimes even of the language of the country, are brought into the courts and are made to testify and swear—they know not what, in a great number of instances—all fees and charges being paid by those who direct the fraud. To bring to the polls all who can be induced to vote under oath upon a mere certificate of having given notice of intentions to be naturalized at the future completion of the legal five years' residence, is another form of this measure. The *fourth* measure is to procure and hire persons to go from one election district to another and deposit their illegal ballots as many times as possible in the course of the day, “swearing them in” whenever challenged. The great number of voting-places established in the city under the new law, (SEVENTY-NINE in all,) has rendered totally unnecessary an expedient used when there was but one in each Ward, (amounting to only SEVENTEEN in the whole city,) when systematic disguises were adopted and men were sedulously trained to assume with a variety of dresses, a corresponding change of look, voice, action, walk and manner, to enable them to vote many different times in one day at the same place, without risk of detection or suspicion. The retention of the increased number of the election districts, when the vital clauses of the Registry law were repealed, was therefore a great saving of expense, labor and care on the part of those who managed this business. Disguises are still sometimes assumed, but generally rather from taste than from any necessity in order to avoid risk.

These measures, it will be observed, were all directed to the increase of the vote of the party directing them. Another important measure, productive often of very great effect on the result, was the diminution of the vote of the opposing party by various means. Whenever they had the power of locating the polls, they studiously placed them, in every possible instance, in the most disagreeable and

inaccessible situations, where the vicinity furnished the greatest facilities for riot and disturbance, and for creating annoyances which were likely to disgust the more respectable or aged voters so far as to keep many of them away from the ballot-boxes. Organized bands of notorious ruffians and pugilists were also, in many districts, employed by them to obstruct the polls, to create tumults, to alarm the timid and bully the peaceable, and often to molest, insult and assault unoffending voters of opposite sentiments. By these and many other annoyances, many hundreds of lawful votes were often kept out of the ballot-boxes.

By all these agencies of fraud, imposition and violence, an enormous difference in the vote was uniformly created; and in the great majority of instances, this was done with success, through a long course of years, completely reversing the veritable decision of the people at many elections, and rendering futile and null the whole principle of the republican system,—the actual majority being subjugated and governed by a minority composed of the most ignorant, vicious and desperate portion of society, constituting the basest tyranny ever known to the civilized world. The registry law, though presenting many obstacles to the successful and easy operation of this system of iniquity, still was far from an absolute prevention of the evil. THAT LAW COULD NOT EXECUTE ITSELF. It only created the means and the necessity of action against fraud—action not merely on the part of the authorized agents of the law, but also on the part of good citizens generally. Without the continual exercise of determined vigilance and energy by hundreds of active, experienced politicians, the register of electors was continually liable to be loaded with thousands of spurious names, and with those of obscure non-residents who could crowd their pretended places of abode in the populous filthy sections of the city on the eve of an election, and disappear as soon as their appointed work was done. There was hardly one variety of fraud that could not still be freely perpetrated under that law, unless the most rigid inspection and purgation of the list was constantly secured by organized action. It was but an accession to the preëxisting resources of the voluntary system of prevention. This was often neglected during the existence of the registration. The stringent arrangements for watching and

guarding the polls which should have been still enforced, were relaxed; and the old system of fraud, acquiring new and ingenious modifications by the exercise of invention to evade the statute, was enlarged and strengthened in consequence.

Of all these statements, a most intelligible proof, a vivid illustration and a practical exemplification can be summarily exhibited, by a reference to the statistics of the second charter election which was held here after the repeal of the Registry Law.

In April, 1843, the annual contest for the local government of the City of New York was renewed, with no more than ordinary interest and activity. The party then in possession of the actual power of the Corporation, though not of the Mayoralty, presented as their candidate for the chief office, “a man of the people,” an intelligent, well-informed, upright, prosperous mechanic, then representing the city in the State legislature, and previously nominated by his party for high and responsible offices, and an incumbent of several of them. The mechanical class, or a portion of them, made a special effort to elect him, as a representative of their peculiar political claims and interests. The opposing candidate, at that time the incumbent, had the unanimous support of his own party, and was also favored by many who were wholly indifferent to politics, and by a few actually pretending to be of the other party, on the ground of supposed qualifications as a vigorous and vigilant magistrate; though he was a specially odious and obnoxious politician, a most unscrupulous and desperate partisan, recklessly abusing power and perverting justice for factious ends, and neglecting duty when the enforcement of the law would have secured the just protection of those whose rights were above all party claims.

Between these two candidates and those severally associated with them, the contest might have been a close one, if limited to the lawful votes of those who came to the polls. The abandonment of duty by a large portion of one party, from dissatisfaction with their position in national politics, and the open desertion of another portion to the enemy, was partly compensated by the rally of the mechanical orders around their own peculiar accepted candidate. But the variation of losses and gains left both parties unusually near an equipoise. Not sufficiently informed as to the effect and

extent of certain feelings between various classes and employments, suddenly invoked from a quarter whence such calls were unusual, the party of organized fraud brought all their resources of crime to bear on that contest, and with results startling and even appalling to the most hardened among their experienced directors of imposition. The repeal of the Registry Law, retaining the multiplication of election districts (79 instead of 17) had given facility to long smothered devices of fraud, and security to new forms of crime, beyond the conception of many who had grown old and respectable in these violations of the laws of God and man. The sudden removal of all obstacles to fraud had given an impulse to villany which the masters of that art could not appreciate. Fraud and perjury acquired in a few hours an impetus which, unchecked by the pretense of opposition, could not be restrained or moderated even by friendly interference.

The plans of those who ordered the movements of the party on that horrid day, were undoubtedly limited to the expected exigency. The entire force of their opponents might be reasonably estimated (after all subtractions for national and local schisms,) at about 20,000. In this case, mere success, not ostentation of supposed force, was the object; and a majority of 1,000 was considered sufficient for all practical purposes, if so distributed among the several Wards as to secure the command of both Boards of the Common Council. Surplus majorities are no part of their policy. The expense is a matter of some consideration; and a small majority is wisely deemed better in general than one which arouses suspicion and indignant denunciation of fraud.

In this particular case, the result outran these prudential considerations, partly from an over-estimate of the opposing force, and partly from the ease and security with which the subordinate agents found themselves gliding along in their movements of fraud. Few or no obstacles were presented. Challengers were few, or unfaithful and negligent, or were overawed and silenced by displays of violence. In the fifth district of the Sixteenth Ward, and in the second district of the Twelfth Ward, organized and paid bands of rioters, made brutal and bloody assaults upon peaceable voters, and afterwards upon the police when they attempted to preserve order. Many un-

offending persons were seriously wounded, and two almost murdered. The Common Council, discrediting warnings previously given, had made no efficient provision for maintaining the peace of the city and preventing fraud. The result was an apparent majority of 6,000, obtained by these means—including more than 7,000 deliberate false oaths. The darkest day that ever rose on Gomorrah never set on so much heaven-daring crime against God and man, as made up the dread account of this Christian city within those few hours.

The fact was conceded by those who committed it—by a few with boasting,—by some with jesting, but by many with confessed alarm. There was no triumph—no shouting for the victory—no parade of trophies. The processions, ensigns, peals of ordnance, with which that party were invariably wont to announce their sense of their success, were omitted in silence. A subdued and fearful tone pervaded all the organs of the victors; and the wrath of the vanquished was deprecated as though the power of reversing the result were yet theirs. A public investigation and exposure would have justified a revolution in defence of the rights of the electoral body against a minority coming into power by means so subversive of republican government. Individual inquiry was made, and facts were ascertained, exceeding previous suspicion. Apathy, jealousy, and viler motives prevented the co-operation necessary to complete success. The whole mass of the beaten party returned to their usual indifference to politics, in a few hours after the result of the election was announced—caring nothing for the particulars of the mode in which their defeat was effected. But there were a faithful, watchful few, who shuddered at the products of their search into those causes and means—whose foreboding hearts felt in those discoveries the awful portents of similar results in another and more eventful strife, when the destiny of the nation, the age, the world, should depend on the ballot of this one city. Unaided, derided, and abandoned by those who had the knowledge of the crime and the power of detecting it—unable to sympathize with the guilty indifference and contempt which thus abetted the treason, they could only reserve and store the facts obtained, for the prevention of the same outrages in coming contests, momentous and universal in interest.

The republican of the ages of classic heathenism, in horror of such crimes against that universal sanction of human testimony and law, the solemn adoration of the powers invisible and eternal, perverted by hideous conspiracy to the destruction of the sacred safeguards of liberty and justice, would have imprecated on the perjured betrayers of his country, the wrath of its tutelary deities, and would, by the sable offering and mystic rite, have evoked the INFERNAL JOVE, avenger of violated oaths, with the merciless Eumenides, and all the Stygian train. The Christian freeman,

helplessly beholding the dreadful prodigies of modern crime, could but stand still, and wait in faith to see the judgments of the people's Eternal King and Divine Protector, who "will not hold him guiltless THAT TAKETH HIS NAME IN VAIN;" commending the perjurers and their silent, indolent, indifferent abettors—alike and together, to the slow but certain justice of GOD THE AVENGER.

[The details of the New Plan of fraud, and its operations and effects in the Elections of 1844, will be given in the next number of the American Review.]

*See p. 5-6/1*

## A LETTER TO MADELINE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Pure as a passion felt for stars ;  
 Deep as a thought to seraphs known ;  
 Yet sad as bird confined to bars,  
 Oh, Madeline ! my love hath grown—  
 Taking a mild and solemn tone.  
 Yes,—still by thee my soul is stirred  
 With music ; from the Past it swells,  
 Sweet as a wave's low murmur heard  
 In some old sea-remembering shells.

The misty mountains tower aloft ;  
 Thine infant feet their summits trod ;  
 And in yon quiet vallies oft  
 Thy little fingers from the sod  
 Plucked jewels which a pitying God  
 Scattered around in leaf and flower,  
 As if to tell each sorrowing shore,  
 That He who walked through Eden's bower,  
 Was yet the dim earth hovering o'er.

And yonder sings the silver stream—  
 Dancing adown the listening hill,  
 That wears its mantle from the beam,  
 And learns its music from the rill :  
 'Tis murmuring o'er its legends still.  
 While musing lonely by the scene—  
 My spirit dark with grief's eclipse—  
 I took new heart—for Madeline  
 That rill had hallowed with her lips !

Though black with Winter's shadow lies  
 The land, and black with wo my soul ;  
 Though round me here from men and skies  
 Clouds ghost-like stalk or shadowy roll,  
 And *such* appears the Pilgrim's goal !—  
 Let but a scene which thou didst know,  
 A moment meet my saddened view,  
 And instantly it wears a glow  
 Unpressed by thee it never knew :—

Skies smile with unaccustomed spheres,  
 Lit by thy memory into birth—  
 And fade away the doubts and fears  
 That palled my heart: the very earth,  
 So dark before, trembles with mirth ;  
 While through her everlasting plains  
 The rivers broad triumphing roll,  
 As if they warmed her swelling veins,  
 And thought she owned a living soul.

Thus hourly do I feel a chain,  
 Whose links are wreathed with flowers and light,  
 Is doomed for ever to remain  
 Between the world and me :—Thy plight,  
 The beautiful star-gush of a night,  
 Whose dusk wings rustle sadly round—  
 Thy love—a pure flame lit about,  
 Which must in Nature's Vase\* be found,  
 To bring its loviest colors out.

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\* The vase was of pure alabaster, whose best figures only appeared when a lamp was kindled inside.—*Eastern Travels*.

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## THIERS' CONSULATE AND EMPIRE.\*

While these things were in progress at Genoa, the efforts of the First Consul to bring relief, and at the same time to annihilate the Austrian power in Italy, were incessant. With admirable foresight he had provided at every point what was necessary to ensure the successful issue of the bold and singular enterprise he had conceived. It will be recollected that the forces of the Imperialists were now spread over the plains of Piedmont, having the line of the Swiss Alps in their rear, and being cut off from communication with the army on the Danube by the operations of Moreau, already explained. The Alps, extending eastward from Mont Cénis, are traversed by several passes, the easiest and most beaten of which, is that which crosses the latter mountain, and which débouche on the city of Turin, the capital of Piedmont. Next to this is the defile of the Little St. Bernard, and after it the pass of the Great St. Bernard, which descends upon Aosta. These are succeeded by the passes of St. Gothard and the Simplon. The plan of operations arranged by Napoleon, was to conduct the main body of his army into Italy by the Great St. Bernard, the detachment drawn from the army of the Rhine being left for the passes of St. Gothard and the Simplon, while a smaller body, forming the extreme right, should cross by Mont Cénis, and the Little St. Bernard. The chief difficulty of the enterprise, was, of course, to be encountered on the Great St. Bernard, under Napoleon himself. On the sixth of May, in the morning, before daybreak, Napoleon left Paris, taking with him his aide-camp, Duroc, and his Secretary, Monsieur de Bourienne. On the 13th he arrived at Lausanne, where he met General Marescot, of the Engineers, who had been employed to reconnoitre the passes of the Alps, and who gave his opinion in favor of that of the Great St. Bernard, but pronounced the undertaking to be one which offered most formidable difficulties. "Difficult it may be," replied Bonaparte, "but is it possible?" "I believe," replied the General, "that with the

most extraordinary efforts it may be possible." "Then," said the First Consul, "Let us go on."

Immense stores of provisions had been sent by the Lake of Geneva to Villeneuve and thence to the foot of the pass. Considerable chests of specie were also sent forward as the best means of securing the coöperation of the population of the mountains; by these means, all the cars of the country, all the mules, and all the peasants were collected round the foot of the pass, allured by the promise of high payment. Bread, biscuit, forage, wine and brandy, with an immense stock of live cattle, were collected at the little village of St. Pierre, being the highest point of the mountain to which wheel carriages would run. A company of mechanics was established to dismount the pieces of artillery, to divide the gun carriages into numbered fragments of sufficient size and weight to be transported on the backs of mules. The guns themselves, too ponderous for this mode of transport, were embedded in large beams of timber and dragged by men, each gun requiring a hundred men. A sum of money had been sent to the monastery, near the summit of the mountain, to provide rations and wine, to be delivered to the men on their arrival at that point. An hospital was established at St. Pierre for the relief of those who might suffer by accident or sickness in the ascent. The corresponding point on the Italian side, where in the descent wheel carriages could first be used, is the village of St. Remy. Here similar preparations were made. A troop of mechanics was provided ready to reconstruct the guns, reconstruct the carriages and wagons, and restore the materiel of the army to its usual condition.

Matters being thus prepared, the First Consul established himself in a convent of Bernardine monks at Martigny, intending to remain on the Swiss side of the Alps to correspond as long as possible with the government at Paris and to expedite the movement across the mountain in person. Berthier was sent to the

\* Continued from page 314.

Italian side to receive and organize the army and its materiel as it should arrive. Lannes, in the night between the 14th and 15th May, commenced the ascent with six regiments; they started immediately after midnight, in order to complete their march before that hour at which the heat of the sun melting the snow, causes destructive avalanches to fall on the traveller who passes these frightful gorges. It was calculated that eight hours would be necessary to reach the summit and two to descend to St. Remy. They might expect, therefore, to accomplish this before noon; the soldiers, though laden each with sufficient biscuit for several days besides a quantity of cartridge and the usual amount of arms and clothing, faced the difficulties of the road with alacrity; they scaled these craggy paths chanting their national airs among the precipices, and pondering on the victories which awaited them in the fertile and sunny plains of Italy. They were sustained by a noble foresight of the deathless glory with which their future achievements would surround them. The most difficult and dangerous task was reserved for the cavalry, each soldier was obliged to walk before his horse, leading it by the bridle. In the ascent this was easy, but in the descent the path being too narrow to allow the soldier to walk beside the horse; and, being so rugged as to produce frequent stumbling, the soldier, with his horse, was often liable to be precipitated headlong into the abyss below. Some horses and a few riders perished in this way. Towards morning they arrived at the Monastery, where each soldier received a ration of bread, cheese, and wine, after which they continued their route, and arrived without serious accident, at St. Rémy.

In this manner, a division of the army each day crossed the mountain. The artillery and baggage were, for a time, dragged or carried by the aid of mules; but these means of transport were soon exhausted, the mules began to fail, and their drivers were worn out with fatigue; a price as high as a thousand francs was offered to the neighboring peasants, for dragging a gun from St. Pierre to St. Rémy. One hundred men were required for one cannon, one day to bring it up, and another to let it down. Several hundred peasants presented themselves, and under the direction of the engineers transported a few pieces; but, not even

the allurements of money could induce them to maintain this work—they quickly disappeared; and although officers were sent out, lavishing money to induce their return, it was in vain. It became necessary to ask the soldiers of the several divisions, to drag their own artillery. The money which the peasants would no longer earn, was offered them as a stimulus, but they refused it to a man,—exclaiming, that it was a point of honor for all troops to save their cannon. Parties of a hundred men accordingly dragged them in turn; the bands struck up lively tunes to cheer their labors, and in the most difficult passes they were animated still more effectively by the trumpeters sounding the charge. Strange and unthought of spectacle, to behold amidst the snows and clouds of the Alpine summits glittering bands of armed men, breaking into the solitudes of the St. Bernard—and the distant chamois on the mountains above startled by apparitions so strange, bounding away to the regions of desolation, and pausing in its course on each successive summit of the inaccessible cliffs, to gaze on the columns which wound round their feet; at length this unparalleled enterprise was successfully accomplished, and the army was collected and organized at the foot of the Alps, overhanging the plain of Piedmont. Bonaparte now determined on joining it in person. On the 20th of May, before daylight, accompanied by Duroc and Bourienne, he started on his journey. The arts, says Monsieur Thiers, have represented him bounding across the snowy Alps, on a fiery charger; but here is the truth unvarnished,—he ascended Mount St. Bernard mounted on a mule, obtained at the Convent, at Martigny, dressed in the grey surtout coat which he always wore, and conducted by a guide of the country. The high enterprise which lay before him did not detach his thoughts from the objects with which he was immediately surrounded. He discoursed with the officers whom he met here and there on the road. But his especial pleasure seemed to be to draw from the young peasant, who conducted his mule, the story of his life, and the narrative of his troubles, embarrassments, and hopes. This young peasant, ignorant of the distinguished person to whom he spoke, related with ingenuous simplicity, the events of his life; and, above all, enlarged upon the grief he suffered at the want of a little

money, which prevented him from wedding one of the maidens of the valley to whom he had been long attached. When Bonaparte had arrived at the monastery on the summit of the mountain, at the moment of dismissing his guide, he gave him a note, addressed to the administrator of the army, who had remained at the foot of the defile, which afterwards proved to be an order for what enabled him to unite himself to the object of his love, and to live in competence for the remainder of his life. This mountaineer died recently in his own country, proprietor of the field which had been given him by the conqueror of Europe.

Having rested for a few minutes with the Monks, and made them a suitable acknowledgment for their benevolent care of his soldiers, he made the descent rapidly, according to the custom, by letting himself slide down the snow, and arrived the same evening at Etroubles.

After having successfully accomplished the passage of the Alps, and at a moment when the rich plains of Italy seemed to stretch before them, the army encountered an unexpected obstacle, which seemed, for a moment to render all their previous toils abortive, and even menaced to defeat the objects of the expedition. At Bard, the road passing through the village, and the only one apparently by which the army could issue from the defile, was commanded by a fort, erected on an eminence above the town. This fort was deemed impregnable, or nearly so, and the garrison manifested a fixed determination to resist. The guns, pointed directly on the road, rendered it impossible for the troops to pass without utter destruction. This brought the army to a stand until Bonaparte arrived. An attack was made on the fort without success. Finally, the Albaredo mountains, which formed one side of the defile, was examined, and a difficult and dangerous path was discovered, presenting obstacles as formidable as those of the great St. Bernard itself, by which, however, it was possible that the army might cross without passing through the town or under the guns of the fort. But it was not practicable to transport by this route the artillery and baggage. What then was to be done? Berthier, in the utmost alarm at this unforeseen obstacle, instantly counter-ordered all the columns as they successively came up; and suspended the march of the troops along

the entire line, in order to prevent them from involving themselves farther should it be necessary after all to retreat. An instant panic spread to the rear, while courier after courier was despatched to the First Consul to inform him of this untoward state of things.

Such was the condition of the enterprise when Bonaparte arrived at Bard. It was immediately decided that the army should cross the Albaredo as they had crossed the St. Bernard. The infantry defiled, man by man, and the cavalry walked, leading their horses. The Austrian commandant of the fort, seeing the columns thus march past, without the power of obstructing them, sent a message to De Mélas, informing him that he had seen a whole army pass without the power of preventing them, but pledged his head that they should arrive without a single piece of cannon. The invention of the French engineers, however, did not fail them in this emergency. It was first attempted to pass the cannon under the obscurity of night. This was defeated, however, by the commandant of the fort, aroused by the noise of the carriages, throwing a shower of artificial light, so that the objects passing along the road were as plainly visible as in broad day-light. He was thus enabled to sweep the road with a continual shower of destructive missiles. Out of thirteen gunners, who had run the risk of taking the first piece forward, seven were killed or wounded. This bold attempt was consequently abandoned. It was now arranged, that after nightfall the road should be strewn with straw and litter. Tow was fastened round the wheels of the cannon, and packed between all the looser parts, to prevent the resonance of those huge metallic masses on their carriages. The horses were taken out, and the artillery men, with their own hands, dragged these muffled guns and carriages under the very walls of the batteries, along the street of Bard. This device succeeded perfectly. The horses, which were sent round by the mountain, found the pieces ready beyond the town and fort, and being re-yoked, the army proceeded on its march.

Thus, within the short period of thirteen days, was the loftiest mountain range on the European continent traversed successfully by the French army, with its artillery, baggage, and complete materiel. While the main body, consisting of 40,000 men, crossed the Great St.

Bernard under Bonaparte, other lesser divisions were effecting the passage at other points, and ready to pour down on the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont. A division of 5000 had crossed the lesser St. Bernard; another of 4000, under general Thurreau, issued from the defiles of Mont Cénis upon Turin; a third detachment passed the Simplon, and descended on Milan; and finally, 15,000 men, detached from the army of the Rhine, under general Moncey, were coming down from the St. Gothard. These divisions being re-united, would form a combined army 60,000 strong. Master of all the passes of the Alps, Bonaparte had a choice of retreats, in case of defeat, while his adversary was hemmed in between the attacking army and a hostile frontier, leaving, moreover, the army of the Maritime Alps in his rear. Defeat, in his situation, was therefore irretrievable ruin.

The plan of operations traced by Bonaparte, now required that he should gain possession of the country which would be in his rear when he should attack Mélas, and also that he should gain time to concentrate his forces which were scattered along the line of the Alps, which, as has been said, they crossed at different points, and in separate divisions. For this purpose, he decided on advancing into Lombardy, taking possession of Milan, and dispersing the scattered forces of Mélas, which occupied the principal places in that part of the country. Bonaparte, therefore, moved upon the Ticino, on the banks of which he arrived on the 31st of May, where the Austrians were defeated, and finally the French entered Milan on the 2d of June, where they were welcomed by the acclamations of the people.

Since the recovery of Upper Italy by the Austrians, all who were known to favor liberal forms of government had become objects of persecution, and the French, and especially the so much talked of army of reserve, formed a fruitful subject of ridicule. It was even circulated among the people, that general Bonaparte, so well known in Italy, had died in Egypt; that, like another Pharaoh, he had been drowned in the Red Sea, and that the person whose name was then figuring in Paris was one of his brothers. The astonishment of the Italians can therefore be imagined, when it was suddenly announced that an army had crossed the Alps with Bonaparte at its head, that

the Austrians were flying before it, and that it was in full march on Milan. On the 2d June, the whole population of that city poured forth to meet it, saluting the illustrious chief, whom they had so often seen within their walls, and hailing him as their saviour. On entering Milan, Bonaparte liberated all prisoners confined for their political opinions, and established a provisional administration, composed of the most respectable men of the city, stipulating, however, that those Italians who had taken the opposite side, during the sway of the Austrians, should not be molested.

The main body of the Austrians, under De Mélas, was meanwhile dispersed through the country between the upper Po, its tributaries, and the range of the Appenines and Maritime Alps, with the army under Suchet in their rear. Bonaparte now, without further delay, proceeded to dispose his forces so as to intercept, at every point, the escape of the Imperialists towards Lombardy. His movements might have been more rapid, had it been possible for him to have attacked the enemy before the surrender of Genoa, so as to have averted that event. This, however, having proved to be impracticable, he now determined to adopt that course which might appear best calculated to ensure the final success of the campaign.

The points upon which the Austrian general had decided on concentrating the main body of his forces, were Alexandria and Piacenza, and accordingly the several divisions marched, those from Turin and its neighborhood on the former place, and those from Genoa on the latter. Bonaparte, on the other hand, marching his army from Milan towards the same points. Lannes had instructions to pass the Po at Belgiojoso, a little above the point where the Ticino discharges itself into that river; Murat advanced to Piacenza, and Duhesme to Cremona. These divisions presented themselves at these several points on the 6th of June.

Being unable to leave Milan until the 9th, Bonaparte, foreseeing every thing and providing for all contingencies, wrote to Berthier, Lannes and Murat, the following instructions: — "Concentrate yourselves," said he, "at Stradella. On the 8th or 9th, at the latest, you will have upon your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians, coming from Genoa. Meet them and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies the less on our

hands on the day of the decisive battle which we are to expect with the entire army of M. de Mélas." In strict accordance with this prediction, the Imperialists presented themselves to Lannes on the morning of the 9th June, and on that day was fought the memorable Battle of Montebello, which, at a later period, gave to the family of that gallant soldier the title they now enjoy.

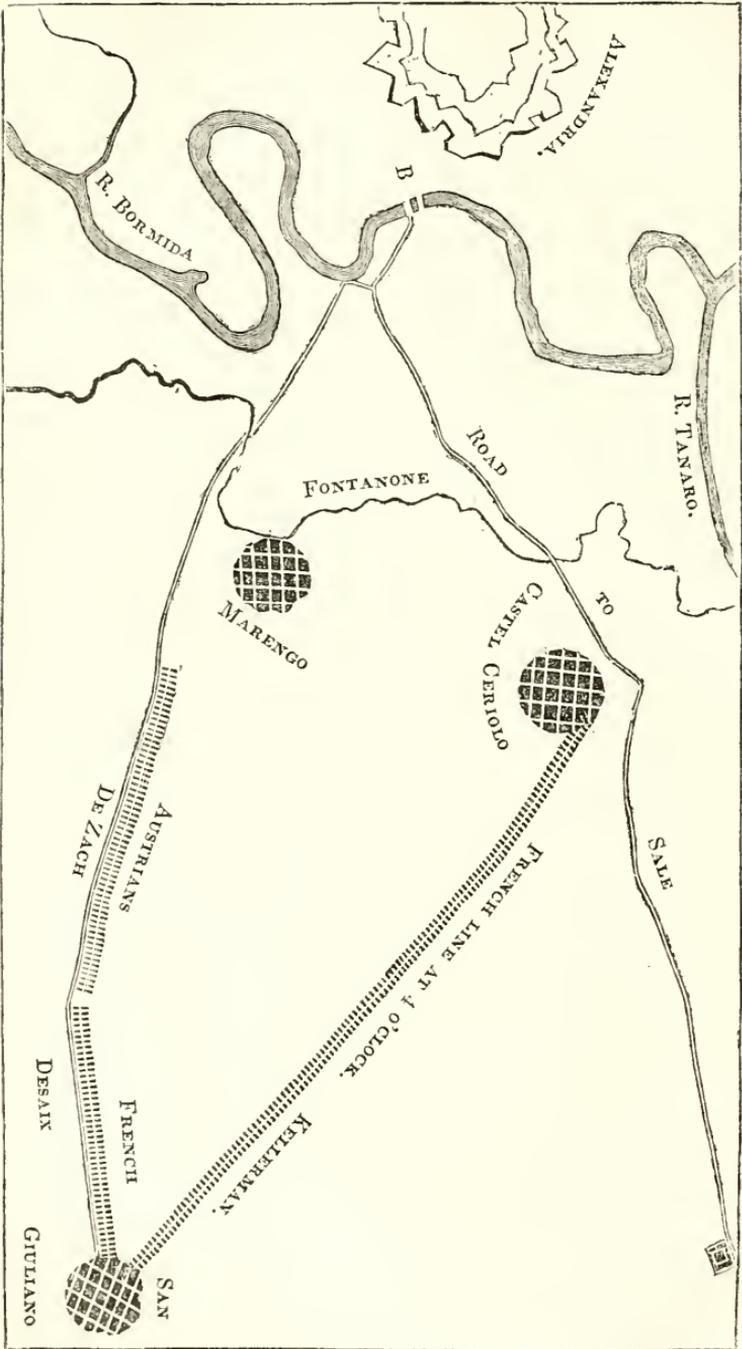
The fight of Montebello lasted from eleven in the morning until eight in the evening. The struggle during the day was one of unexampled severity, and on both sides displayed the most signal bravery. The field of battle was a tract on the right bank of the Po, expressly selected for the purpose by Bonaparte, and extended from Stradella, where the French line rested its wings on the one side of the river, and on the other on a spur of the Appenines, to the villages of Casteggio and Montebello. Confiding in his troops, Lannes pushed his advanced guard farther towards the latter places than was strictly prudent, and thereby exposed his flank. This confidence was, however, not misplaced. Towards evening the Austrians, repulsed at every point, fled to Montebello, leaving in the hands of the victor a large number of prisoners. The First Consul arrived just at the termination of the battle, the time and place of which he had so distinctly foretold, and found Lannes covered with blood, but exulting in the result of the day. In this combat, 12,000 French were opposed to 18,000 Austrians, of which the latter lost 4,000 prisoners, and 3,000 killed and wounded, being more than one-third of their entire number. This was one of the most desperate and bloody actions which occurred during the war. In describing the carnage to Bourienne, Lannes says, that "the bones in his division cracked like glass in a hail-storm."

After waiting three days to rest the troops after their forced marches, and to re-organize the artillery, and having appointed Desaix, who had just arrived from Egypt, to the command of a division of the army, Bonaparte, not finding the main body of the Austrians make their appearance as he expected they would, advanced with his whole army, and on the 13th débouché upon the extensive plain lying between the Scrivia and the Bormida, which has since become celebrated as the plain of MARENGO.

As this place was destined on the following day to be the theatre of a catas-

trophe which produced an immediate and important influence on the political condition of all Europe, and in its ultimate result, placed the Imperial Diadem on the brow of Bonaparte, it will be well worth while here to render its more prominent features clearly intelligible to the reader, so that the movements of the armies, on which so much depended, may be the more readily comprehended. The river Bormida having descended from the Appenines, here follows a tortuous course from south to north, and forms the western boundary of the plain. (*See the Map*) It flows into the Tanaro, a tributary of the Po, at the north-western angle of the plain. The latter river, after receiving the waters of the Bormida, follows a course nearly from west to east. Thus these two rivers form a right angle, within which the plain is included. In the angle formed by these rivers, is the village of CASTEL CERIOLO. The high road leading to Tortona forms the southern limit of the plain. This road passes through another village called SAN GIULIANO, which occupies the south-eastern corner of the plain. A shallow, muddy stream, called the *Fontanone*, runs at a short distance within the *Bormida*, nearly parallel to the right bank of that river, holding a similar winding course from south to north, and finally discharging its waters into the Tanaro. On the left bank of the Bormida, and on a tract included between that river and the course of the Tanaro above their junction, stands the Fortress of ALEXANDRIA. This Fortress communicates with the plain by two bridges (B, on the map,) placed so close together as to have a common *tête du pont*. On the right bank of the Fontanone, and near the centre of the great plain which formed the battle-field, stands the village of MARENGO. A road connects this with San Giuliano, the distance between the places being about two miles, and another connects Marengo with Castel Ceriolo, the distance being about a mile and a half. The plain was in general level and open, being very favorable for the operation of cavalry.

Such was the field upon which a portion of the French army, led by Bonaparte, Berthier and Lannes, débouché on the morning of the 13th June, 1800, flushed with the trophies of Montebello, and impatient for that general engagement the result of which must determine the issue of the campaign.



Adopting the supposition, which appeared to be the most natural and probable, that the Austrian commander would attempt to force his way to Mantua by the main road through Tortona, knowing a general engagement to be inevitable, and having the selection of the ground for it, he would undoubtedly have halted on this plain, which presented him with advantages so striking and obvious for the effective operations of his vast artillery and splendid cavalry. But of this, probable as it seemed to be, there was no visible indication. The plain was scoured in every direction, but no trace of the Austrian army was discovered. Towards the evening the division of Victor, with the corps of Gandanne and Chambarlhac, advanced from San Giuliano to Marengo, where they found a detachment of cavalry who, after a slight resistance, retreated across the Bormida.

Under these circumstances, Bonaparte no longer doubted that the Austrian had escaped him, and was about to attempt a passage either by the Ticino or upon the lower Po, and officers were despatched to these and other points to make the necessary inquiries. He might have retreated upon Genoa, on the other hand, relying on the aid of the British Squadron which blockaded that harbor. To meet this possibility, Desaix was detached in the evening with the division of Boudet, on the road to Novi. On the night of the 13th, all hope of a general battle having been thus relinquished, Victor's corps was left in occupation of Marengo and the adjoining ground; Lannes' division occupied the plain between Marengo and San Giuliano, and Murat and Kellerman, with divisions of cavalry, were stationed on either side of Marengo. Bonaparte retained with himself, in reserve at head quarters, the second division of Desaix's corps under Monnier, taking them with him on the evening of the 13th, to a small place called *Torre de Garofolo*, where he fixed his head quarters that night, instead of Voghera at the other side of the Scrivia, which had been previously selected for that purpose, but which fortunately, as it proved, was rendered inaccessible at the moment by reason of the swollen condition of the river.

The scattered condition of the French army was now quite the reverse of that state of concentration which, in the tactics of Napoleon, was always assumed as an essential condition of success in a

general engagement. A few corps were collected at Marengo; a reserve of one division and the Consular Guard, were with Bonaparte at *Torre de Garofolo*, another division was on the road to Novi; and other forces spread upon the upper and lower Po, the Ticino and the Adda. The division of the army under Thurreau, was intercepted from present communication in the direction of Mont Cénis. These were unfortunate circumstances, but were the inevitable results of the previous movements. Bonaparte had calculated on having time to produce a sufficient concentration as soon as he should discover the point at which he would have to dispute the passage of the Austrian forces. The event proved that he was deceived in this, and that he was destined to be surprised by the advance of the enemy, without having the time he expected for concentration.

While Bonaparte was sending his divisions here and there in fruitless search of De Mélas, that commander was in fact on the spot, shut up in the fortress of Alexandria. How he could be there on the 13th, with the main body of his forces, without the fact being discovered by the French, whose battalions were scouring the plain beyond the river not a mile distant, and who, solicitous to discover the enemy, availed themselves of all the usual sources of information, appears incomprehensible. Nevertheless, so it seems to have been. Within Alexandria, during these curious efforts of the French to discover him, Mélas and his army were in confusion and despair. On the day of the 13th, a council of war was held there by the Austrian General, at which various projects of escape were discussed. One point of deliberation was, whether they should retreat upon the upper Po and the Ticino, or shut themselves up in Genoa. To this the generals replied, that for eighteen months they had been fighting like brave men; that they had reconquered Italy; that they were marching upon the frontiers of France, whither they were directed by orders from Vienna; that such orders had been repeated so late as the very day before: that they ought to have been informed of the danger in their rear, instead of which they had been lulled into a false and fatal security; that all means which presented themselves of avoiding an encounter with the French were complicated and difficult, and questionable, with regard to honor; that there was one, and but one,

simple, straight forward and honorable course, which was to cut their way through their opponents; that they would therefore, on the morrow, open to themselves a path to Piacenza and Mantua, though it were at the price of their blood; and that if any disasters should befall them, the responsibility would rest on those who thus left them in such fatal ignorance of the peril which was gathering round them. The resolution was therefore formed, to move from Alexandria the following morning, and force a passage through the French lines.

A surprise was as far from the designs of the Austrian commander, as a general engagement was unexpected by the French. Yet a surprise was produced which had resulted in the utter discomfiture and defeat of the French, but for a combination of fortuitous events, and some rare instances of promptitude and vigor on the part of Bonaparte's lieutenants.

At day-break, on the morning of the 14th June, the Austrian army issued from Alexandria and crossed the Bormida by the bridges. (B.) This operation was slow, the two bridges having, as has been explained, a common *tête du pont*. The Austrians divided on passing the river—one part, preceded by the cavalry under Oreilly, directing its march upon Marengo, and the other moving upon Castel Ceriolo. The French, who had occupied the ground in advance of Marengo, between the Fontanone and the Bormida, now retired and occupied the village and the bank of the stream, so as to oppose the passage of the Imperialists. When the French were thus taken by surprise, they had only the two corps of Victor and Lannes in line, amounting in all to 15,000 or 16,000, opposed to 36,000. The corps of Lannes, which was extended from Marengo to Castel Ceriolo, formed the right of the French line. The left of the Austrians, under General Ott, passed Castel Ceriolo and out-flanked Lannes. At the same time the right of the Imperialists made a desperate attempt to ford the Fontanone at and above Marengo, and scale the right bank of that stream. In this they were supported by a desperate fire of their artillery, planted on the opposite bank. At length, after a terrible carnage and unheard-of struggle, the French line was out-flanked on both wings, driven from Marengo, and compelled to retreat into the open plain, exposed, without shelter, to the fire of an

artillery consisting of not less than two hundred pieces of cannon.

The battle had now raged for above three hours. The French had yielded at every point to the overpowering numbers of their opponents. Couriers had been despatched, on the first appearance of the Austrians, to the head-quarters of Bonaparte at Torre de Garofolo. Aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp was sent in pursuit of Desaix, who had been detached towards Novi the preceding evening. Reinforcements were, in short, summoned from every quarter. It was now ten o'clock. Bonaparte arrived, galloping at the head of the mounted Consular Guard, and followed by the division of Momnier which, though forming part of Desaix's corps, was fortunately not sent with that General to Novi. The appearance of the Guard, the finest troops in the service—but above all, the presence of the First Consul, revived the spirit of the army and arrested their retreat. Bonaparte glancing his eye over the field, with the rapidity of thought made his dispositions. He formed the troops into line, with the right resting on Castel Ceriolo, and so that he could execute a pivot movement on that point so as to give the line an oblique direction, extending from Castel Ceriolo to San Giuliano. This position would enable him to act on the flank of the Austrians, who must of necessity take the road from Marengo to San Giuliano, and a retreat to the Po would be secured by the road from Alexandria to Salé, in his rear.

The battle was now renewed with fresh fury. The infantry resisted the repeated and terrible charges of the splendid cavalry of Mélas by throwing themselves into squares. The flying troops of Victor were rallied under the protection of Murat's cavalry, and brought back into position. The gardens and cottages of Castel Ceriolo were occupied, and the pivot established. But the Austrians, impelled by the courage of despair, and sustained by an overwhelming majority of numbers, at length prevailed. Nothing could withstand them. They issued in an irresistible torrent from Marengo, driving the French in confusion before them. Great and memorable were the efforts of Lannes at this moment. Under the murderous fire of eighty pieces of cannon, which ejected showers of round and grape upon him, he presented his four demi-brigades to oppose the advance of the Austrians, and protracted a retreat

over the short distance of a mile and an half, for two hours. When pressed hard by the pursuing Austrians, he turned and charged them with the bayonet. Having lost his heavier artillery, he had harnessed some light pieces to the best horses, which he even ventured to present in battery from time to time to cover the retreat. The Consular Guard had stood in square, like a living citadel, in the midst of the plain, on which no charge of cavalry could make any impression. The Austrians, as a last resort, planted against it a battery of cannon. It suffered fearful loss, recoiled—but recoiled unbroken. In every direction the plain displayed one vast heap of carnage, the horror of which was increased by the explosion of the ammunition-waggons, which Lannes ordered to be blown up, being unable to take them off the field. The whole French line, in fine, retreated in more or less confusion, still keeping hold, however, on Castel Ceriolo, and attempting to preserve the oblique position extending between that place and San Giuliano, already mentioned.

It was now two o'clock, and the battle was lost. De Mélas, who had two horses shot under him, and had undergone great fatigue during the day, left the charge of pursuing the flying enemy to the chief of his staff, De Zach, and withdrew to Alexandria to write his despatches conveying the intelligence of the victory, and the dispersion of the French army, which were accordingly forwarded without delay, by couriers, to Vienna and other parts of Europe.

De Zach now formed the Imperial forces into columns of march, placing at the head the infantry which were followed by Latterman's grenadiers and the baggage. The cavalry under generals O'Reilly, Haddick, and Kaim were placed on the flanks. In this order they directed their march on the road from Alexandria through Marengo, to San Giuliano, without the slightest apprehension of farther opposition. It was now three o'clock.

At an early hour of the day Desaix, on his march towards Genoa, heard the distant booming of cannon in the direction of Marengo. He halted to listen. The sound was continued, so as to leave no doubt that an engagement had commenced. He sent forward his aid-de-camp, Savary, to Novi with a few hundred horsemen, to make a last search for the enemy. No trace of them could be found. Desaix now no longer hesitated. He

gave the order to march back to Marengo, sending in advance his aid-de-camp to announce his approach. Never was more happy instinct displayed, never was nobler service rendered by a lieutenant. On his returning march he met the aid-de-camps of Bonaparte conveying to him those orders which, with so felicitous an inspiration, he had already anticipated. The heads of Desaix's most welcome columns shewed themselves issuing upon the plain behind San Giuliano at three o'clock, when the battle had been, to all appearance, irretrievably lost, and dispositions were made for a retreat upon Pavia by the road to Salé.

Desaix galloped forward to Bonaparte, and they were immediately surrounded by Berthier, Lannes and the other generals, in anxious consultation as to the measures to be taken in an emergency apparently so fatal and so desperate. Bonaparte and Desaix alone, were of opinion, that it was practicable to recover the day—all the other generals advised the continuance of the retreat which had been commenced. Nor was such an opinion unsupported by strong grounds. A retreat would throw back the shattered remnant of the disastrous day, which was then drawing to a close, upon the extensive reserves composed of the fresh troops which had just descended into the Italian plains from the more eastern passes of the Alps—by a junction with these, the Austrians might be again opposed with every prospect of success.

Bonaparte, however, was too deeply conscious of the importance of the prestige which surrounded his name, and of the great moral effect of the report of a victory on the part of the Austrians—which certainly would lose none of its splendor in its transmission and diffusion throughout Europe—willingly to abandon the field. Desaix, confident in his own skill and valor, and the courage and efficiency of the troops which he led, and burning, moreover, to avenge himself for some personal slights which had recently been put upon him by the Allies, was naturally eager to seize the earliest opportunity of attacking them. When consulted by Napoleon and his lieutenants, and taking a view of the confusion of the field which lay before him, he looked at his watch, and observed that the battle was certainly lost, but that it was still only three o'clock, and that a sufficient number of hours of the day remained to gain another. Upon this Bonaparte hesitated

no longer, and sent orders along the line to stop the retreat. Desaix with his division of six thousand fresh troops, formed in front of the village of San Giuliano, under the cover of a rising ground which intersected the road from that place to Marengo. All that remained of the artillery from the disasters of the morning were twelve pieces. These Marmont placed as a masked battery in front of Desaix's columns, in such a position as to sweep the Marengo road and adjacent ground. The shattered remnants of Victor's division being restored to something like order, were brought into line, and extended from the right wing of Desaix's corps towards Castel Ceriolo, and to the right of these again was the corps of Carra St. Cyr, extending to the outskirts of that village. The French thus formed an oblique line, looking partially towards the road between Marengo and San Giuliano, in such a position as to be capable of falling on the flank of the Austrians advancing along that road. (*See the Map.*)

While these dispositions were made on the part of the French, the Austrians believing the victory to have been gained, and expecting nothing to obstruct their advance from Alexandria, had formed in column of march along the road from Marengo to San Giuliano. The foremost body was led by Zach himself, these were followed by the centre, partially deployed into line, after which came the baggage.

The decisive and critical moment having now arrived, Bonaparte rode along the lines, and harangued the soldiers in his peculiar style, concluding by reminding them that his custom was to sleep upon the field of battle, that they had now retreated far enough, and must advance to victory. His address, as usual, was received with shouts of applause.

When the head of the Austrian columns, led by Zach, arrived within pistol shot of the French position, Marmont suddenly unmasked his battery of twelve pieces, and poured upon them an overwhelming shower of grape. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Austrians at this unexpected event, but they were not permitted to recover from their surprise, when Desaix, on horseback, leading his brigade over the slight eminence which had concealed him from their view, gave a murderous discharge of musketry upon them at point blank distance, followed by a charge of the bayonet. The volley which answered this from the Austrian columns, carried with it the fate of De-

saix, who fell, pierced by a bullet, according to some in the shoulder, but according to Thiers, in the breast. It was said that at the moment of his death he was cheering on his men to the charge, and had consequently turned himself in his saddle, looking backwards at the troops which he led. On receiving his death wound, he turned to General Boudet, who was his Chief of Division, and requested that his death might be concealed, lest it should discourage the men, desiring him to assure Bonaparte that his only regret in dying was to have fallen before having achieved enough to be remembered by posterity. This event, however, instead of damping the ardor of the soldiers, roused them to a state of perfect fury.

We now come to an epoch in this memorable day, on which we have before us conflicting testimony. Thiers states that immediately the troops led by Boudet, after pouring another destructive volley upon the enemy, formed into column, and charged with irresistible effect upon the Austrians. Before this attack, the two first regiments of the Imperialists quailed, were thrown into confusion, and falling back upon the second line, disappeared among its ranks, and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued between the Austrian grenadiers under Latterman and the division of Boudet, now supported by the troops which had rallied under Victor. Other authorities, however, state that the Imperialists, after the first attack, recovered from their surprise, that the Grenadiers charged the French with vigor, who hesitated, and were broken, and that the day was rendered again doubtful. In support of the latter statement, Alison quotes the works of Generals Jomini, Dumas, and Savary, but as Thiers never, in any case, gives authority for his statements, we are left in complete ignorance of the sources from which he derives his information.

In the disposition of the French troops, made previously to the re-commencement of the engagement, on the arrival of Desaix, general Kellerman, with a division of cavalry, had been stationed on the right of San Giuliano, and a little in the rear, in a position which was screened by the festoons of a vineyard. Just at the moment which we have now referred to, when the struggle between the charging troops on the Marengo road, was, to say the least of it, doubtful and desperate, Kellerman suddenly led his division of cavalry forward at full gallop, and emerg-

ing from the cover of the vines, poured them like a tempest upon the middle of the flank of the Austrians. Never was charge executed with more extraordinary vigor, nor attended with more signal success. In an instant, the Austrian column was cut in two,—right and left, Kellerman's dragoons fell on the unfortunate grenadiers, and sabred them in every direction. In a few minutes, two thousand threw down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners. General Zach gave up his sword, and that army, which an hour before was on its victorious march, was left without a leader: for De Mélas, it will be remembered, considering the victory gained, had, long before, returned to Alexandria. But Kellerman's achievements were not limited here. After the surrender of the infantry and grenadiers, he dashed upon the dragoons of Lichtenstein, and broke them.

They recoiled in confusion, and falling back upon the centre of the Austrians, which was just then forming in the plain to oppose Lannes, threw it into disorder. The whole French line now advanced vigorously to the attack. Lannes fell upon the centre, while the Consular Guard bore down upon Castel Ceriolo. Intoxicated with joy and enthusiasm at seeing before them a victory so unexpected, the French pressed on at every point with a vigor that nothing could resist. Surprise and dismay seized the enemy; the panic spread like an electric shock throughout the whole Austrian line. The cavalry set off at full gallop, shouting "to the bridges!" "to the bridges!" In a moment all became confusion, and the troops ran pell mell across the Fontanone towards the two bridges, (B) which were the only means of escape to Alexandria. The struggle became who should reach them first. Vain were the efforts of the Austrian officers to preserve anything like order. Two or three fruitless attempts were made to cover the retreat of the flying soldiers by some of the best disciplined divisions of the Austrian grenadiers and cavalry; but these attempts were defeated by the mounted grenadiers of the Consular Guard, under Bessières and young Beauharnais. The confusion on the bridges increased every moment. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, rushed in one promiscuous mass to that point. The bridges were insufficient to receive the press, and numbers threw themselves into the river. An artillery driver attempted to ford the river with a

piece which he had in charge, and succeeded. The whole body of artillery hastened to follow his example, when a large portion stuck fast in the bed of the river. The French, furiously rushing on the heels of the fugitives, captured men, horses, cannon and baggage. The unfortunate Baron de Mélas, who two hours before had retired from his victorious army, now roused by the noise of this disaster, hastened from the town, and on arriving on the banks of the river, could not credit the evidence of his senses, on beholding the spectacle which was presented to him.

Such was the result of this memorable day. It gave a temporary peace to the French nation, and filled its enemies with astonishment, admiration, and dismay. The power of France was re-established in Northern Italy. The Austrian army, by the clemency of its conqueror, was permitted to retire behind the line of the Muncio; and twelve fortresses, mounted with fifteen hundred pieces of cannon, together with all the artillery made at the Italian foundries, were surrendered. But the moral effects of this victory were incomparably greater than any advantages of a strictly military kind attending it. The power of Bonaparte was placed by it on a foundation unassailable by the parties opposed to his elevation, and at no distant period, this brilliant achievement placed the imperial diadem on his brow.

Regarded merely as a military event, the battle of Marengo has been severely criticised, and if it be viewed as an insulated exploit, separated from the series of profoundly conceived measures which led to it, it certainly is not the victory which has most contributed to the fame of Napoleon as a commander. In the morning his sagacity failed him in an unaccountable manner. His enemy, with an army of from thirty to forty thousand men, was within half a mile of the field, and escaped his notice. Yet the presence of that enemy was expected—was looked for. The French army was surprised, attacked and repulsed by eleven o'clock, when Napoleon came up with a reinforcement. It was routed by three o'clock, and in full retreat, notwithstanding the magic of Napoleon's presence. The catastrophe which followed was one of the most extraordinary to be found in the entire history of modern warfare. According to every authority, including several officers present on the field, the attack led

on by Desaix was at first unsuccessful. The sharp shooters which headed the Austrian columns, recoiled, it is true, before the bayonets of Desaix's division, but the firm ranks of the Hungarian grenadiers and the murderous fire which issued from them, arrested the advance of the French reinforcement, and threw them into momentary confusion. At this instant the fate of the day trembled in the balance. It was decided by the impetuous flank charge of Kellerman with his eight hundred dragoons. To this charge, and to this alone, must be ascribed the unlooked for success which followed. This charge, as Kellerman himself said, placed a crown on the head of Napoleon.

To whom then is the glory of this celebrated victory to be given? to Napoleon? or to Kellerman? If we limit our views to the battle field alone, Kellerman undoubtedly achieved the conquest which has registered the name of Marengo in the annals of the human race. That officer, by the skillful management of a handful of armed horsemen, "changed the face of the world." But if we take a larger and more philosophic view of the question, it must be admitted that the exploit of the 14th of June, was only an incident in a series of measures of the most profound military and national policy, conceived, matured and executed by Bonaparte alone, and that even had the night of that day seen the retreat of the French army before their victorious opponents, the morrow must have seen them fall back on the extensive reserves which he had wisely provided in his rear, and although the event of the campaign might not have flashed upon the world with the same dazzling splendor, it would still in its ultimate result have ended in success.

Those who read history with purposes higher than those of mere amusement, and regard the annals of nations with sentiments different from those excited by a romance, must frequently feel regret that Thiers has uniformly omitted to give any authority for his narrative of events. He has even done so in cases where his own narrative differs, in important particulars, from those of contemporary writers, and even of eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses themselves. Although nothing can repress the avidity with which these volumes will be read for the present, it cannot be doubted that this omission will seriously deteriorate from the value to be set upon them by future generations. If the limits of this review allowed us,

we could point out many cases in which the absence of reference to authorities utterly destroys all confidence in the work.

Thiers combats the impression that the victory of Marengo was due to Kellerman, and if the circumstances stated by him are capable of proof, this impression has been undoubtedly erroneous. He says that when Desaix was about to lead the attack in front of San Giuliano, he sent his *aid-de-camp*, Savary, to Bonaparte to desire that he might be supported by the cavalry; that in consequence of this Bonaparte ordered Kellerman to advance on the flank of the Austrian column, and charge them with his cavalry. If this be true, no further merit is due to Kellerman than promptitude and vigor in obedience to the orders received from his superiors in command.

But Kellerman himself gives a very different version of the matter. He tells us that the charge was the spontaneous impulse of his own mind; one of those happy inspirations by which inferiors in command sometimes achieve victories. "The attack had commenced," says he (see Dumas, Vol. v., p. 361,) "and Desaix had driven back the enemy's sharp shooters on their main body, but the sight of that formidable body of six thousand Hungarian grenadiers made our troops halt. I was facing on their flank, concealed by the festoons of a vineyard. A terrific discharge of musketry was poured upon our line—it wavered—broke—and fled, pursued by the Austrians in all the confusion and security of victory. I seized that moment, and was in an instant in the midst of them. In a shorter time that it has taken me to write these six lines, they lay down their arms, and with their commander, de Zach, surrender themselves prisoners."

On the same evening, Bonaparte observed to Bourrienne, his secretary, while preparing the bulletin, "little Kellerman made a happy charge. He struck in at the critical moment. We are much indebted to him. On what trifles do victories depend!"—(See *Bourrienne*, Vol. v., p. 124.)

It may freely be asked whether Bonaparte would have noticed the manœuvre of Kellerman in these terms if he had ordered it himself? Perhaps great stress should not be laid on statements made in works of the class of that published by the Duchess of Abrantes; but we have ourselves more than once heard it repeated at the house of that lady, that

Napoleon's generals had often there discussed the circumstances attending this battle, and that they uniformly ascribed the victory to Kellerman's charge.

If, however, Thiers does injustice to the memory of Kellerman, other writers do no less injustice to that of Napoleon, in reference to this event. The American translator of Thiers says that, "Kellerman was the real winner of the battle of Marengo, for which Napoleon never forgave him; that he *did not recompense* Kellerman; that no other officer of his distinction but was made marshal of France far earlier than he." Now what is the fact? Kellerman expected to be made general of division on the field. It was not Bonaparte's habit at that time to make these promotions *on the field*. But Kellerman was made general of division soon after his return to Paris. The first creation of marshals was on Napoleon's elevation to the Imperial throne. Kellerman received that distinction together with Berthier, Murat, Soult, Masséna, and the other distinguished generals on that occasion. Thus, *no general was raised to the rank of marshal before Kellerman.*

In the face of these facts, which were of course easily and certainly ascertainable, we find a writer so generally diligent in the search of authority for his facts as Alison, writing as follows:

"United with Napoleon's great qualities was a selfish thirst for glory, and consequent jealousy of any one who had either effectually thwarted his designs, or rendered him such services as might diminish the lustre of his own exploits. His undying jealousy of Wellington was an indication of the first weakness; his oblivion of

Kellerman's inappreciable service an instance of the second. When this young officer was brought into the presence of the First Consul, after the battle, he coolly said, "You made a good charge this evening," and immediately turning to Bessières added, "the Guard has covered itself with glory." The obligation was too great to be forgiven. Kellerman was not promoted like the other generals, and never afterwards enjoyed the favor of the chief on whose brows he placed the diadem."

Not only is this passage of Alison false, as to the subsequent conduct of Napoleon towards Kellerman, who *was* promoted *at the same time* and to the *same rank* (that is to say, the highest possible military rank), as the other distinguished generals, but a color of want of generosity is thrown over it, by insinuating that the First Consul abstained from patting this "young officer" on the head, and encouraging his future exertions. This "young officer," however, happened to be a grey-haired general of sixty-five, who had served throughout all the campaigns of the revolution!

Kellerman was one of the oldest generals of the revolution then in active service, and became, in fact, superannuated after the campaign of Marengo. Bonaparte not only raised him to the rank of General of Division, and immediately on ascending the Imperial throne, Marshal of France, but had still earlier conferred on him the dignity of Senator, a position of great civil distinction, well suited to his age, and liberally endowed. In a word, there is not even the shadow of a foundation for the charges made against Napoleon, of neglecting the services of this officer.

## P E T R A R C H.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THE traveler between Rome and Florence, by the Perugia road, usually makes a noon-halt at Arezzo; and the ragged urchins of that decayed town, press eagerly around him and vociferously contend for the honor of being his guide to the house of Petrarch. In a few moments he stands before a homely, grey building, in a narrow and rude thoroughfare, upon the front of which is a marble tablet that proclaims it to be the humble dwelling where the poet was born, July 20th, 1304. An incident like this is apt to give an almost magical impulse to the wanderer's thoughts. As he proceeds on his way through a lonely country, over which broods the mellow atmosphere of the South, he is long haunted by the tale of human love thus vividly recalled to his memory. He muses, perhaps, with delight and wonder, upon the celestial power of genius which can thus preserve for the reverence and sympathy of after generations, one among the countless experiences of the heart. Literature has performed no more holy or delightful tasks than those dedicated to Affection. The minds are few that can bring home to themselves, with any cordial or benign effect, either the lessons of history or the maxims of philosophical wisdom. Uncommon clearness and strength of intellect are necessary in order to appropriate such teachings. But the heart, with its ardent impulses and divine instincts—its pleadings for sympathy, its tender regrets, its insatiable desires, its infinite capacity for devotedness and self-denial—the heart is the grand interpreter of its own rich memorials. This it is which renders Petrarch so near to us in feeling, although removed by centuries from this our actual era. This it is which makes the transatlantic pilgrim gaze with emotion upon the spot of his nativity, and feel akin to him in being chartered with a similar, though perhaps undeveloped power and “strong necessity of loving.” It is not like a dry antiquarian research to summon his person and character before us. As a man of civic and social responsibilities, he belongs to the thirteenth century; as a lover, he is a citi-

zen of all time and a brother of all living men who find their chief joy, trial and inspiration in the exercise and interchange of sentiment.

“They keep his dust in Arqua where he died;

The mountain-village where his latter days  
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their  
pride—

An honest pride, and let it be their praise,  
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain  
And venerably simple, such as raise  
A feeling more accordant with his strain,  
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental  
fane.”

It is not our intention to discuss the literary merits of Petrarch. This has been done too well and often already. It is to the spirit which dictated and which has long been embalmed in his Sonnets, that we desire to call attention. Frequent doubts have, indeed, been cast upon the sincerity of these effusions. This, we imagine, results from the vain attempt to catch their legitimate meaning by a consecutive perusal. Devoted as they are to one subject, and cast in the same verbal form, a monotonous and artificial impression is the natural consequence of reading one after another, like the stanzas of a long poem. To be enjoyed and appreciated, they should be separately considered. Each sonnet was the expression of a particular state of feeling; and it was not until after the poet's death that they were collected. Written at various times and in different moods, but always to give utterance to some particular thought or fantasy having reference to his love, there is necessarily more or less sameness pervading the whole. It is undeniable that many of the conceits are frigid, and betray the ingenuity of fancy rather than the ardor of passion; but these arose from the habit of “thinking too precisely”—a characteristic of all meditative beings, and which is so admirably illustrated in Hamlet's speculations. It should also be borne in mind that Petrarch's inducement thus elaborately to depict the varied effects of love upon his nature, was to give vent to emotions

which were denied any other channel of escape :

“La vive voci m' erano interditti,  
Ond' io gridai con carta e con inchiostro.”  
(The living voice was denied me, hence I sought utterance in writing.)

It is evident that he wrote chiefly from retrospection, and failed in the command of his mind, when under the immediate influence of deep tenderness or baffled desire :

“Piu volte incominciai di scriver versi,  
Ma la penna e la mano e' l'intelletto  
Rimaser vinti nel primier assalto.”

(Often I began to write verses, but the pen, the hand and the mind were overcome at the first attempt.)

This sufficiently proves the genuineness of his inspiration. His allusions to the laurel-tree in reference to the name of his beloved, to the window at which he had seen her seated, to the waters beside which she had reposed, to the places in which he encountered her, and to her dress and the color of her eyes and hair, her gait, her salutations, her smile, and her glances, are but the native overflowings of an ardent mind. It is the effect of ideality not only to exalt the actual into infinite possibility, but to reveal in detail every circumstance and association which Love has made sacred. Even those who can scarcely be deemed imaginative, are sensible of the magic agency of sounds, perfumes and the most ordinary visible objects connected, in their memories, with persons or localities singularly endeared. It is only requisite to extend this familiar principle to understand why Petrar<sup>ch</sup> dwells with such fondness on the most trivial associations. They helped him to recal the past, to bring more distinctly before him the image of Laura, and to realize more completely the delicious though tyrannical sway of Love. The same explanation may be given of his constant appeals to Nature. The heart is thrown upon itself in love as in grief. Few, if any, fellow-beings, however near and dear, are fitted to share the confidence of our inmost affections. They have a sacredness, a delicacy, an individuality which makes us shrink from exposing them even to friendly observation :

“Not easily forgiven

Are those, who, setting wide the doors that bar

The secret bridal-chambers of the heart,  
Let in the day.”

The poet needed relief when denied sympathy, and therefore he apostrophised Nature, whose silent beauty wins but never betrays. It is worthy of remark that Petrar<sup>ch</sup> was a skeptic in regard to love, as an enduring and deep principle of the human soul, until his own experience converted him so effectually to the faith.

“e quel che in me non era,  
Mi pareva un miracolo in altrui.”

Many live and die knowing nothing of love except through their intellect. Their ideas on the subject are fanciful, because it has never been revealed by consciousness. Yet it were to question the benignity of God, to believe that an element of our being so operative and subtle, and one that abounds chiefly in the good and the gifted, is of light import or not susceptible of being explained by reason, justified by conscience, and hallowed by religion, and thus made to bear a harvest not only of delight but of virtue. Love, Petrar<sup>ch</sup> maintains, is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good. It is a blessing or a bane, a weakness or a strength, a fearful or a glorious experience, according to the soul in which it is engendered. Let us endeavor to define its action and vindicate its worth, as set forth in the Sonnets of Petrar<sup>ch</sup>.

All noble beings live in their affections. While this important fact has been ever illustrated by poets, it is seldom fully recognized in moral systems or popular theology. Yet, if we would truly discern the free, genuine elements of character, the history of the heart affords the only authentic ground of judgment. Love has been, and is, so mightily abused, that in the view of superficial reasoners it becomes identified rather with feebleness than strength. Yet, in point of fact, its highest significance can alone be realized by natures of singular depth and exaltation. To the unpurged soul, instead of a pastime it is a discipline. Once elevated from a blind instinct to a conscious principle, it is the mighty tide which sways all that is solemn and eternal in life. To love, in one sense, is, indeed, little more than an animal necessity ; but to love nobly, profoundly—to love, as Ma-

dame de Stael expresses it, "at once with the mind and with the heart," to dedicate to another mature sympathies, is the noblest function of a human being. The fever of passion, the ignoble motives, the casual impulses which belong to our nature, blend, it is true, with the exercise of all affection, but love, in its deepest and genuine import, is the highest and most profound interest of existence. This is a truth but imperfectly understood; but there are few spirits so utterly bereft of celestial affinities as not to respond more or less cordially, to every sincere appeal to a capacity so divine. All the folly of vain imaginations, all the coarseness of vulgar sensuality, all the scorn of mental hardihood, while they profane the name, can never violate the sacred realities of love. There have been, and there ever will be earnest and uncompromising hearts, who bravely vindicate a faith too native and actuating ever to be eradicated. Such natures can only realize themselves through love, and in proportion to their integrity will be their consciousness of the glory of this attribute. They intuitively anticipate its pervading influence upon their character and happiness. They feel that within it lies the vital points of their destiny, and through it their access to truth. The world may long present but glimpses of what they ever watch to descry. Life may seem barren of a good never absent from their inward sense. At times, from very weariness, they may be half inclined to believe that the love for which they pray, is but a poetic invention, having no actual type. Witnessing so much apparent renunciation, they may, at last, regard themselves as vain dreamers, and look back, with bitter regret upon years of self-delusion. But the great want, the haunting vision, the prophetic need, assert themselves still; and when, through self-denial and fervent trust, the dawn glimmers upon their souls, the lonely vigil and restless fears of the night are forgotten in "a peace which the world can neither give nor take away." To some minds it may appear sacrilegious thus to identify love with religion, but the sentiments rightly understood, are too intimately allied to be easily divided. It is through the outward universe that natural theology points us to a Supreme Intelligence; and it is through the creature that spirits of lofty mould most nearly approach the Creator. Coleridge describes love as the absorption of self in

an idea dearer than self. This is doubtless the only process by which the problem of human life is solved to exalted natures. It is in vain that you bid them find content, either in the pleasures of sense or the abstractions of wisdom, however keen their perceptions, or ardent their passions. They know themselves born to find completion through another. A subtle and pleading expectancy foretells the advent of a Messiah. They seek not, but wait. It is no romantic vision, no extravagant desire, but a clear and deep conviction that speaks in their bosoms. This is the germ of the sweetest flower that shall adorn their being; this is their innate pledge of immortality, and ceaselessly invokes them to self-respect and glory.

There is something essentially shallow in the play of character, until deep feeling gives it shape and intensity. The office of love is to induce a strong and permanent motive, and it is this process which concentrates all the faculties of the soul. Hence the satisfaction which follows;—a condition wholly different from what was previously regarded as enjoyment. Through vanity and the senses, partial delight may have been obtained; but it was a graft upon, rather than a product of the heart. The blessedness of true love springs from the soul itself, and is felt to be its legitimate and holiest fruit. Thus, and thus alone, is human nature richly developed, and the best interests of life wisely embraced. Shadows give way to substance, vague wishes to permanent aims, indifferent moods to enduring associations, and vain desire to a "hope full of immortality." Man is for the first time revealed to himself, and absolutely known to another; for entire sympathy, not friendly observation, is the key to our individual natures; and when this has fairly opened the sacred portal, we are alone no more forever!

Petrarch affords a good illustration of this subject, because he has bequeathed a record of his experience, which fame has rendered classical. In him, as in every one, the influence of the sentiment was modified by particular traits of character. It is not requisite that we regard him as the most unexceptionable example of a lover, in order to avail ourselves of the autobiography of the heart which he left behind him. It is enough to acknowledge the fact that his career was mainly swayed by a feeling which, in most men, exerts but a temporary and casual agency;

and that the most genial outpourings of his soul have exclusive reference to its phases. It is not pretended that he is faultless; but the good taste of ages has hallowed his effusions, and, on this account, they furnish an authoritative exposition. In order to estimate aright these revelations, let us glance at their author as a man.

He was, then, in relation to society, one of the most important personages of his time. With many his name is merely associated with the idle dreams of a minstrel, and his existence is recalled as that of an imaginative devotee, who lived chiefly to indulge his private tastes. That the case was far otherwise is indisputable. Few prominent men of that era so richly deserve the title of patriot. His love of country was fervent and wise, and his efforts in her behalf unremitted. The frequent and momentous political embassies to which he was appointed, and the cheerful zeal with which they were fulfilled, is proof enough of his political talent and noble enterprise. The high consideration he enjoyed, both with princes and people, his steady friendship with individuals of high rank and influence, the interest he manifested in Rienzi's unsuccessful efforts to restore Italy to freedom, his voluminous correspondence on questions relating to the public weal, evince, among other facts, that he enacted no useless or ignoble part on the world's broad arena. Nor is this all. If Petrarch excelled the mass of every age in the refinement and earnestness of his affections, he was also far beyond his own in knowledge and liberality. We can trace in his writings the slumbering embers of the flame afterwards kindled by Luther, and the same devotion to liberty, which in the progress of time, found scope and realization on this continent. The great principles of free government and religious inquiry, that in our day have become actual experiments, are discoverable in the ardent speculations and elevated desires of the bard of Laura. He was the uncompromising advocate of civil and ecclesiastical reform, and threw all the weight of his literary reputation into the scale of progress. This end he promoted more signally by learned researches and the circulation of ancient manuscripts, so as to become identified with the revival of letters. These objects were methodically pursued throughout his life. They formed no small portion of that external activity, which is so often wasted upon selfish

objects, and this is in itself sufficient gloriously to vindicate his life from the charge of inutility.

In estimating his moral traits, it should be remembered that the sunshine of fame made him conspicuous, and subjected his behavior to a keener scrutiny than is the lot of the obscure. We may safely deem the judgment of cotemporaries critical and searching, especially as it is the usual fate of superior gifts to attract a large share of envy as well as admiration. The biographers of Petrarch have gleaned but two authentic charges, which can, even in the view of more recent and enlightened moralists, sully the pervading brightness of his character. He was the father of two illegitimate children—for whose temporal and spiritual welfare he amply provided. Such a fact, in those times, was not only regarded as venial from the license of manners that prevailed, but considered especially excusable in churchmen, on account of their obligation to celibacy. All testimonies concur in representing his habitual course as remarkably exemplary, and the disgust and indignation he evidently feels at the dissolute manners of the papal court, as well as long years of pure and devoted love and studious retirement, assure us that Petrarch's soul was far above the baseness of habitual dissipation. He may have lapsed from strict virtue, but he never lost for her either his allegiance or sympathy. In an age famous for libertinism and courtly adulation, he preserved to an extraordinary degree, his self-respect and purity of heart. His native instincts rendered the pursuit of wisdom, communion with the great and good of past times, the society of the learned and gifted, and the study of nature infinitely more attractive than any less ennobling pleasures. Compared with those around him, his example was worthy of all praise, and a sincere vein of conscientious sensibility and repentant musing, mingles with and lends pathos and dignity to his strains of love. The other charge which has been preferred against him is vanity. This, however, seems from his own confession and the opinion of others, to have been a youthful weakness, chiefly manifested by a fondness for dress, which disappeared as soon as his mind and heart became interested. He is described as quite indifferent to wealth, and of a singularly reserved and meek demeanor. He was by nature and habit a severe student, and delighted to meditate in the open air.

and alternately lead the life of a recluse and a traveler, filling his mind with knowledge and reflection, and his heart with thoughts of love and piety.

Such was the man who on the morning of Good Friday, at the church of Santa Clara at Avignon, met Laura; their eyes encountered, and from that moment the destiny of his affections was sealed. The very idea suggested by this fact,—that of love at first sight, doubtless appears to the majority of readers, particularly those of northern origin, a piece of absurd romance. Yet, let us endeavor to regard it calmly and thoughtfully, and discover if there be no actual foundation for such an experience. Truthful human beings, whom the world has not perverted, express in their looks and manners, their genuine souls. Where there is depth of feeling, and pride of character, this natural language is still more direct and impressive. Such individuals, indeed, habitually conceal their moods and sentiments under a veil of passionless reserve, or animal gayety; and when this is drawn aside, their tones and features only speak with more eloquent significance from the previous restraint. No medium is more true and earnest in thus conveying the heart's language than the eye. The cold and worldly may have deadened its beams by selfishness and cunning, and the sensualist can only summon thither an earthly and base fire; but they of child-like frankness and undimmed enthusiasm, may utter by a glance more than words could unfold. It is then not a mere vagary of imagination, but a rational and perfectly credible thing, that the meeting of the eyes of two candid, noble beings should reveal them essentially to each other; and such, we doubt not, was the case with Petrarch and Laura. A very important principle is involved in such an incident. It proves that Love, in its highest sense, is properly *Recognition*. Any man of winning address and knowledge of the world, may by appeals to the passions, the interests or the unappropriated tenderness of a guileless, confiding woman, win her to himself. But let him not imagine that such an outrage to the majesty of Love, will secure to him its richest fruits. His pride may be gratified by the dependence of a fair and gentle being, and her endearments may afford a delightful solace in his listless hours. Over her person, her time, her actions, he may exercise a permanent control. If she be infirm of

purpose, she may become a domestic slave, the creature, or, at least, the honored pet of her liege lord. The mass of women may, and probably do not feel conscious that their dearest rights have been thus invaded; and men, in general, doubtless think that their disinterestedness is sufficiently indicated by providing all the external sources of comfort for the objects of their choice. There is but a limited degree of conscious wrong on either side. When no deep affections, no intense sympathies crave gratification, society gains much, and the individual loses nothing by conventional alliances. But in questions of this nature, it must be ever remembered, that there are here and there, scattered among the multitude of human beings, souls that do not slumber, hearts that have burst the chrysalis of vegetative life, and feel the tides of individual desires, hopes, and aspirations fearfully sway their pulses. Sacred are the pure instincts, holy before God, if not before man, the spiritual necessities of such as these. If self-knowledge has come too late, if their outward fate is sealed before their inward wants have been revealed to their own consciousness, then to religion and self-control must they look to enable them to fulfil the letter of the bond. Yet, in so doing, if they possess any true depth of character, they will never compromise their highest privilege; they will never profane the sentiment of love by hypocrisy; they will recognize and rejoice in their ideal when once encountered. In the solemn privacy of their bosoms, will be cherished the being to whom their hearts went instinctively forth. For the sake of this pure and deep sentiment, they will be faithful to outward duty, calm and trusting, and maintain self-respect and hope unstained. Tennyson has drawn a portrait bitterly true to experience, of the influence of uncongenial bonds upon a large class of women, in "Locksley Hall." But all of the sex are not the mere passive victims of habit and circumstance. A few peerless exceptions really live,—women, who through remarkable spirituality of character, or firm will, united to fine moral perceptions, prove superior to outward fate, and never permit the temple of their hearts to be crossed, save by the one, who, from affinity of soul, is an authorized and welcome guest. There is a grandeur in such vindication of rights, too holy for human law to pro-

fect, but, at the same time, too ennobling and heavenly for virtue to abandon.—

“Patience, quiet, toil, denial,—  
These though hard, are good for man;  
And the martyred spirit’s trial  
Gains it more than passion can.”

It is on these principles that we account for the conduct of Laura—a subject of endless discussion among the critics of Petrarch. The idea, that his love was wholly unreciprocated, is contradicted by the very nature of things. The truth is, a degree of mutual sentiment is absolutely necessary to keep affection alive for a great length of time. It is true we hear of instances that seem, at a superficial view, to justify a different conclusion; but, generally speaking, the martyrs to such vain devotion at last discover that their passion originated in the imagination, not the heart. There are evidences enough in the Sonnets of Petrarch, that his love was returned; and we can scarcely conceive that a feeling of this kind, toward such a man, if once excited, should be lukewarm or ill-defined. He speaks of Laura’s “*amoroso sguardo*,” (loving glance) and of her turning pale at hearing of his intended absence. The very complaints he breathes of her pride, coldness, and reserve, betray a consciousness, on her part, more gratifying as proofs of interest, from such a woman, than the sweetest blandishments of the less sustained and magnanimous of the sex. It is probable that the conscientious behavior of her husband, gave Laura no just ground for breaking a contract into which she had voluntarily, though perhaps blindly, entered. Her children, too, had claims which were paramount and sacred. Being, as her lover describes her, of a high nature, with a clear sense of right, and a rare degree of self-control, she regulated her conduct by the strictest law of propriety. She was too generous to follow out her inclinations, even if she felt them perfectly justifiable, at the expense of others. But while in outward act she was thus scrupulous, how easy it is for us to imagine the inner life of her heart! There she was free. The world’s cold maxims had no authority within her innocent bosom. She could brood with the tenderest devotion in her hours of solitude, over the gifts and graces of her lover. She could cherish every token of his regard. In society, in her walks, wherever they met, she

was at liberty for the time, to realize in her soul, that he was her spirit’s mate, the chosen, the beloved, the one in whose presence she alone found content; whose love was the richest flower in her life’s chaplet, and the dearest hope that reconciled her to death. In this and a world of similar emotions, there was no infidelity. From the hour she knew, by experience, the meaning of Love, it is impossible, with a conscience so delicate, she could have ever professed it for her husband. Her obligations to him were those of duty, and, as far as he deserved it, respect. Perhaps he never made a claim upon her sentiment; perhaps he had not the soul to know its meaning. And here let us notice a beautiful trait of what many deem a weak passion, when it is awakened in superior natures. The very characteristics which induced Laura to preserve her decorum and to fulfil her duties—and which her lover often deemed cold and unkind—were those that won and kept his heart. Such a man would have wearied of a weak woman, living only in herself. His nature was too lofty to take advantage of feebleness. The same aspiring spirit that made him a patriot and a bard, exalted his character as a lover. Even in his affections he revered the divine principles of truth and equality. His chosen was a woman who understood herself, who had an intelligent, not a slavish need of him; who, in the frank nobleness of womanhood, was his genial friend, whose pure and strong heart spontaneously responded unto his. Some of his most common allusions to her personal traits, and points of character, enable us readily to infer the nature of the charm that won and kept the poet’s heart. He says, “*non era l’andar cosa mortale*,” (her movements were not mortal.) How much this expresses to the mind of one aware of the moral significance of a woman’s air and gait! *L’angelica sembianza umile e piana*; (her angelic semblance meek and affable,) combined with *Il lampeggiar dell’angelico riso*, (the flash of her heavenly smile,) give the most vivid idea of that union of ardor of soul with lofty principle, which is the perfection of the sex. Such phrases as *l’umilita superba*, (proud humility), *il bel tacere*, (beautiful silence), *dolci sdegni* (sweet disdain), *in aspetto pensoso anima lieta*, (a glad soul beneath a thoughtful aspect,) *l’atto che parla con silenzio*, (the act which speaks silently),

*in alto intelletto un puro cuore*, (a pure heart blended with a high mind)—all convey the image of a woman endowed with fine perception, child-like tenderness, and moral courage—a union of qualities eminently fitted to create not merely love, but a love partaking of reverence, such a love as justifies itself, and cannot but produce, not only mutual delight, but mutual goodness.

If Laura had been less of a character, she could not have so long and deeply interested Petrarch; and if he had been equally self-sustained, she would have been more indulgent. The habits of the age, the presence of a licentious court, and the personal fame of her lover, threw more than ordinary impediments in the way of their intimate association, and rendered prudence singularly necessary. These causes sufficiently explain the behavior of Laura, who, as one of her biographers remarks, “always seems to think that modesty and her own esteem are the most beautiful ornaments of a woman.” It is evident that she preserved composure because his temperament was so excitable; and through all the years of their attachment, it was her legitimate part continually to watch over the citadel of love, which his impatience would otherwise have betrayed. She was serene, modest, and self-possessed; he, variable and impassioned. Hence they loved. Each supplied the deficient elements of character to the other; and found a secret and intimate joy, of which the voluptuary or worldly-wise never dream, in thus realizing the purest depths and sweetest capacities of their natures.

The ennobling influence of Petrarch's attachment is variously manifested. It raised him above the thralldom of sensuality,—

*Da lei ti vien l'amoroso pensiero  
Che, mentre 'l seguì al sommo Ben t' in via,  
Poco prezzando quel ch' ogni uom desia.*

(From thee comes the loving thought, following which, I am led to the supreme good, little prizing that which all men desire.)

It confirmed his faith in immortality. After Laua's death, he assures us that he lived only to praise her. To this event he alludes with beautiful pathos:

*Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.  
(When she seemed to close her eyes, they opened.)*

Then the vanity of the world became a thing of solemn conviction, and he

turned to God with a singleness of faith never before experienced. It was his only comfort to imagine her in heaven; and his great hope there to be reunited. He lived upon the memory of her graces, and was encouraged by her angel visits. He speaks of her, even while living, as associated with the idea of death:

*Chiamando Morte e lei sola per nome.  
(Calling thee and death by one name.)*

This is true to the passion in its exalted form. There is no range infinite enough for deep sentiment but one which includes the perspective of a boundless future. Hence the melancholy of all great emotion. “Mio bene” (my good) is a simple but significant epithet which the poet habitually applies to the object of his affections; and

*Pace tranquilla, senza alcun affano,  
(Tranquil peace, without a single sigh,)*

is the state of feeling that he declares is induced merely by her glance. He blesses the day, the month, the year, the season, the moment, the country, and the very spot of their first meeting:

*Benedetto sia 'l giorno e' l mese l'anno  
E la stagione e' l tempo e l'ora e l' punto  
E 'l bel paese e' l loco ov'io fui giunto  
Da duo begli occhi che legato m'hanno.*

He recognizes this overmastering sentiment as at once the highest blessing and the great discipline of his life; and speaks of Love as his adversary as well as his delight.

*Sempre convien che combattendo vivo.  
(It is necessary that I always live fighting.)*

He is painfully sensible of the chains he wears, but feels such captivity superior to freedom:

*Il giogo e le catene e i ceppi  
Eran piu dolce che l'andar sciolto.  
(The yoke, the chains, and the bonds were more sweet than to go free.)*

In a word, all that is permanently beautiful in the harvest of his existence, he ascribes to his love:

*Onde s' alcun bel frutto  
Nasce di me, da voi vien prima il seme,  
Io per me son quasi un terreno asciutto  
Culto da voi; et 'l pregio e' vostro in tutto.*

(Hence, if any beautiful fruit grows in me, from thee came its seed. Of myself, I am, as it were, a barren soil, cultivated by thee, and all the product is thine.)

}; Petrarch's constancy has been a sub-

ject of astonishment to those whose vivacity of feeling is infinitely greater than its depth. To such it is not love that the heart requires, so much as excitement. They have only a French perception of sentiment, and *affaire du cœur* is the flip-pant term that best describes their idea of the part which the affections occupy in the scheme of happiness. A temporary indulgence of amatory feeling resorted to like equestrian exercises, or a cup of coffee, as an agreeable stimulant, an antidote for *ennui*, an available method of producing a sensation, to stir the vapid atmosphere of routine—such is love to those who marvel at constancy. Let them not take the holy name on their lips, at least, not the honest English word, but make use of the Gallic synonyme—a term equally applicable to the experiences of the libertine and the fop. To a true human heart, there is no sadder necessity in life than that of inconstancy; for to such a one it can be occasioned but by one cause—the discovery of unworthiness. Has life a more bitter cup than this? Time may dissipate one illusion after another, but yet the good and brave can look on calmly and hopefully, assured that

“Better than the seen lies hid.”

But let distrust of the truth, the nobleness, the loyalty, the affection, the high and earnest qualities of a beloved being, once enter the soul, and a withering blight falls on its purest energies. Imagination may deceive, circumstances overpower judgment, false blandishments captivate the senses, but the heart of the noble and ardent goes not permanently forth except to qualities kindred to itself. Around these, as embodied in and associated with a fair and attractive being, the sympathies entwine, and only the canker-worm of depravity can sever their tendrils. Repose is the natural state of the affections. Time deepens all true love. Its joys are richer as, day by day, mutual revelations open vistas of character before unknown. The very good sought in affection is permanence—the essential idea is to secure one congenial object of enduring delight, to which in despondency the heart can revert for consolation, in pleasure, for sympathy. It is to have the blissful consciousness amid every day scenes of barren toil or heartless mirth, that we are independent of the crowd, and “have bread to eat which they know not of.” Enforced constancy

is indeed no virtue. When there is not a lasting basis for love, for truth's sake, let it die out. No hot-bed means can nourish the richest flower of earth; better that it should perish than have no original vitality. Yet, the lover is untrue to his vocation, if, when his best feelings are elicited and reciprocated, when his yearning heart has found its twin, his weary head the bosom that is the pillow of its happy repose, his overflowing tenderness the being who drinks in new life and profound content from his nurture—if, when these high and exacting conditions are satisfied, he do not *will* with all the energy of his moral nature, to avoid every temptation, even to casual infidelity. To the high and warm soul, there is no bond on earth like that of sentiment. And why? It is the free choice, the unshackled desire, the spontaneous self-dedication. The absence of outward chains only makes the inward consecration more absolute, even as the dictate of honor is more imperative with a high-toned man than all the authority of law or custom. Indeed we suggest one undeniable fact to the scoffers at human nature—to those who believe not in its infinite capacities and divine instincts, and account for all its phenomena on material principles—and that is, that sentiment controls passion. When a human being of the strongest animal propensities, loves, (that is, becomes intensely conscious of thorough sympathy with, and peculiar devotion for another,) the body itself acquires a sacredness. It is regarded as the shrine of a hallowing affection, which the touch of an alien would desecrate. It is sentiment only that raises human appetites above those of the brute; and to the unperverted, the only real pleasures of sense are those in which the soul intimately blends. Yet, another rational inducement to constancy obtains. Hemmed in by external obligations from infancy, with social laws forever checking our personal action, and forcing the stream of natural feeling into formal channels, it is a glory and a joy, peculiar and almost supernal, to have one altar reared by our own hands, one worship sacred to us alone, one secret fountain which our instinct has discovered in the wilderness of life, where we drink those sweet waters that alone can allay the thirst of the heart. Whoever sees any intrinsic difficulty in constant affection, or abandons any true sentiment, except from the unfitness of its

object, is not only ignorant of love, but independent of it. The heart that has really felt privation alone will appreciate abundance; and can no more fail to maintain and cherish the greatest blessing of existence, when once it is absolutely realized, than the stars can renounce their orbits.

Petrarch was true to Love, and developed its elements more richly through solitude. It is evident that his various journeyings and political embassies, as well as his literary and social activity, were occasioned by a sense of duty, and the healthful claims of his mental powers for scope and enterprise, rather than by ambition or any personal views. The reason devotedness and consistency are so rare in the world, is that people usually choose to dissipate instead of concentrating their feelings. Amusement is the very food of being to the majority of those who are not compelled by necessity to daily toil. To triumph in the circles of fashion, skim good-naturedly along the surface of existence, think as little as possible, and avoid all self-communion and earnestness of aim, is the philosophy of life to the multitude. Some adopt this course because they actually do not feel the need of any thing deeper or more sincere; their natures are essentially shallow and capricious, and their joys and sufferings alike superficial. But others, and, alas, how many capable of better things! are, as it were, driven from their true position by circumstances. They feel themselves above the ephemeral pleasures of society, and in point of fact realize no satisfaction in the indulgence of minor tastes and light emotions. They have profound sympathies and magnanimous hearts. Sometimes the poet's word or the orator's appeal, a breeze of spring, an outbreak of genuine sentiment in another—some gleam or echo from a true soul—touches the latent chords in their bosoms. They become, for a moment, conscious of the real ends of their being. Actual life seems mean and shadowy. They have glimpses of reality, and perhaps retire to their chambers to weep and pray. At such times comes the vision of Love.

Then it is seen how blest and happy is the heart that is absorbed in a worthy object, and lives wholly in its affections. It is by communion with itself that love grows strong. The process of adaptation which is so familiar to women, gradually robs feeling of all depth and intensity. If very elevated in tone of mind or very energetic in purpose, their freshness of heart may indeed survive long habits of this kind. We sometimes encounter, even in the circles of gay life, a woman who has been idolized for years as beautiful or accomplished, who has long borne the name both of wife and mother; but in her whole person, in the depths of her eyes, in the more earnest tones of her voice, we recognize a virgin soul. Such beings have been kept from perversion by strength of will, clear perception of right or rare purity of mind; but one good has been denied them, one destiny they have as yet failed to achieve—their hearts are undeveloped. The legitimate object of their affections has not appeared. The richest phase of their existence has not dawned. They have known marriage, admiration, conquest—but not love. Thus we feel it to have been with Laura when she met the poet. But few thus preserve their sympathies. It is characteristic of those who truly love, to seek in meditation nurture for their sentiment. Only by reflection can we realize any great emotion; and it is by thought that feeling shapes itself into permanent and well defined vigor. The devotion of a man of meditative pursuits, other things being equal, is therefore infinitely more real and pervading than his whose heart is divided by schemes of fame or gain, and rendered frivolous by common-place associations. Accordingly Petrarch nourished his passion by musing. As to all true lovers, other interests were wholly secondary and external to him, compared with the prevailing feeling of his heart. To enjoy, ay, and to suffer this—it was requisite to be alone, and the name of *Vaucluse* is forever associated with vigils of the love, which found such enduring and graceful expression in his poetry.

## O L D.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone  
 Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing ;  
 Oft I marked him sitting there alone,  
 All the landscape like a page perusing ;  
 Poor, unknown,—  
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,  
 Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,  
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,  
 Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,  
 There he sat !  
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
 No one sympathising, no one heeding,  
 None to love him for his thin grey hair,  
 And the furrows all so mutely pleading,  
 Age, and care :  
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,  
 Dapper country lads, and little maidens,  
 Taught the motto of the “Dunce’s Stool,”—  
 Its grave import still my fancy ladens,—  
 “HERE’S A FOOL !”  
 It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,  
 Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,  
 I remember well,—too well !—that day,—  
 Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,—  
 Would not stay !  
 When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—  
 Ah ! to me her name was always heaven !—  
 She besought him all his grief to tell,—  
 (I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)  
 ISABEL !  
 One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old ;  
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,  
 Yet, why sit I here thou shalt be told,—  
 Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,—  
 Down it rolled !—  
 Angel, said he, sadly, I am old !

I have tottered here to look once more  
 On the pleasant scene where I delighted  
 In the careless, happy days of yore,  
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted :—  
 To the core !  
 I have tottered here to look once more !

All the picture now to me how dear !

E'en this grey old rock where I am seated,  
Is a jewel worth my journey here ;—

Ah, that such a scene must be completed  
With a tear !

All the picture now to me how dear !

Old stone School-House !—it is still the same !

There's the very step so oft I mounted ;

There's the window creaking in its frame,

And the notches that I cut and counted  
For the game ;

Old stone School-House !—it is still the same !

In the cottage, yonder, I was born ;—

Long my happy home—that humble dwelling ;—

There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,

There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling ;  
Ah, Forlorn !—

In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,

Then were planted, just so far asunder

That long well-pole from the path to free,

And the wagon to pass safely under ;—  
*Ninety-three !*

Those two gate-way sycamores you see !

There's the orchard where we used to climb

When my mates and I were boys together,

Thinking nothing of the flight of time,

Fearing naught but work and rainy weather ;  
Past its prime !

There's the orchard where we used to climb !

There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails,

Round the pasture where the cows were grazing,

Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails

In the crops of buckwheat we were raising,—  
Traps and trails,—

There, the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain ;

Pond, and river still serenely flowing ;

Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,

Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—  
MARY JANE !

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain !

There's the gate on which I used to swing,

Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ;

But alas ! no more the morn shall bring

That dear group around my father's table ;—  
Taken wing !—

There's the gate on which I used to swing !

I am fleeing !—all I loved are fled ;

Yon green meadow was our place for playing ;

That old tree can tell of sweet things said,

When around it Jane and I were straying :—  
She is dead !

I am fleeing !—all I loved are fled !

Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,  
 Tracing silently life's changeful story—  
 So familiar to my dim old eye,  
 Points me to seven that are now in glory  
 There on high !  
 Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky !

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,  
 Guided thither by an angel mother ;  
 Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,—  
 Sire and sisters, and my little brother—  
 Gone to God !  
 Oft the aisle of that old church we trod !

There my Mary blest me with her hand,  
 When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,  
 Ere we wandered to that distant land—  
 Now, alas ! her gentle bosom pressing ;—  
 There I stand !  
 There my Mary blest me with her hand !

Angel, said he sadly, I am old !  
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;—  
 Now, why sit I here thou hast been told :—  
 In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—  
 Down it rolled !  
 Angel, said he, sadly, I am old !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;  
 Still I marked him, sitting there alone,  
 All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;  
 Poor, unknown,  
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone !

### THE BOY-LOVER.

LISTEN, and the old will speak a chronicle for the ears of the young ! It is a brave thing to call up the memory of fires long burnt out—at least we withered folk believe so—and delight so to act.

Ah, youth ! thou art one day coming to be old, too ! And let me tell thee how thou mayest get a useful lesson. For an hour, *dream thyself old*. Realize, in thy thoughts and consciousness, that vigor and strength are subdued in thy sinews—that the color of the shroud is likened in thy very hairs—that all those leaping desires, luxurious hopes, beautiful aspirations, and proud confidences, of thy younger life, have long been buried, (a funeral for the better part of thee) in that grave which must soon close over thy tottering limbs. Look back, then, over the long track of the past years. How

has it been with thee ? Are there bright beacons of happiness enjoyed, and of good done by the way ? Glimmer gentle rays of what was scattered from a holy heart ? Have benevolence, and love, and undeviating honesty left tokens on which thy eyes can rest sweetly ? Is it well with thee, thus ? Answerest thou, It is ? Or answerest thou, I see nothing but gloom and shattered hours, and the wreck of good resolves, and a broken heart, filled with sickness, and troubled among its ruined chambers, with the phantoms of many follies ?

O, youth ! youth ! this dream will one day be a *reality*—a reality, either of heavenly peace, or agonizing sorrow.

And yet not for all is it decreed to attain the neighborhood of the three-score and ten years—the span of human life.

I am to speak of one who died young. Very awkward was his childhood!—but most fragile and sensitive! So delicate a nature may exist in a rough, unnoticed plant! Let the boy rest;—he was not beautiful, and drooped away betimes. But for the cause—it is a singular story, to which let crusted worldlings pay the tribute of a light laugh—light and empty as their own hollow hearts.

The sway of love over the mind—though the old subject of flippant remarks from those who are too coarse to appreciate its delicate ascendancy—is a strange and beautiful thing. And in your dream of age, young man, which I have charged you to dream, sad and desolate will that trodden path appear, over which have not been shed the rose tints of this Light of Life.

Love! the mighty passion which, ever since the world began, has been conquering the great, and subduing the humble—bending princes, and mighty warriors, and the famous men of all nations, to the ground before it. Love! the delirious hope of youth, and the fond memory of old age. Love! which, with its canker-seed of decay within, has sent young men and maidens to a longed-for, but too premature burial. Love! the child-monarch that Death itself cannot conquer; that has its tokens on slabs at the head of grass-covered tombs—tokens more visible to the eye of the stranger, yet not so deeply graven as the face and the remembrances cut upon the heart of the living. Love! the sweet, the pure, the innocent; yet the causer of fierce hate, of wishes for deadly revenge, of bloody deeds, and madness, and the horrors of hell. Love! that wanders over battle-fields, turning up mangled human trunks, and parting back the hair from gory faces, and daring the points of swords and the thunder of artillery, without a fear or a thought of danger.

Words! words! I begin to see I am, indeed, an old man, and garrulous! Let me go back—yes, I see it must be many years!

It was at the close of the last century. I was at that time studying law, the profession my father followed. One of his clients, was a widow, an elderly Swiss woman, who kept a little ale-house, on the banks of the North River, at about two miles from what is now the centre of the city. *Then*, the spot was quite out of town, and surrounded by fields and green trees. The widow often in-

vited me to come out and pay her a visit, when I had a leisure afternoon—including also in the invitation, my brother, and two other students who were in my father's office. Matthew, the brother I mention, was a boy of sixteen; he was troubled with an inward illness—though it had no power over his temper, which ever retained the most admirable placidity and gentleness. He was cheerful, but never boisterous, and every body loved him; his mind seemed more developed than is usual for his age, though his personal appearance was exceedingly plain. Wheaton and Brown, the names of the other students, were spirited, clever young fellows, with most of the traits that those in their position of life generally possess. The first was as generous and brave as any man I ever knew. He was very passionate, too, but the whirlwind soon blew over, and left everything quiet again. Frank Brown was slim, graceful and handsome. He professed to be fond of sentiment, and used to fall regularly in love once a month.

The half of every Wednesday we four youths had to ourselves, and were in the habit of taking a sail, a ride, or a walk together. One of these afternoons, of a pleasant day in April, the sun shining and the air clear, I bethought myself of the widow and her beer—about which latter article I had made inquiries, and heard it spoken of in terms of high commendation. I mentioned the matter to Matthew and to my fellow-students, and we agreed to fill up our holiday by a jaunt to the ale-house. Accordingly, we set forth, and, after a fine walk, arrived in glorious spirits, at our destination.

Ah! how shall I describe the quiet beauties of the spot, with its long low piazza looking out upon the river, and its clean homely tables, and the tankards of real silver in which the ale was given us, and the flavor of that excellent liquor itself. There was the widow; and there was a sober, stately old woman, half companion, half servant, Margery by name; and there was (good God! my fingers quiver yet as I write the word!) young Ninon, the daughter of the widow!

O, through the years that live no more, my memory strays back, and that whole scene comes up before me once again—and the brightest part of the picture is the strange ethereal beauty of that young girl! She was apparently about the age of my brother Matthew, and the most fascinating, artless creature I had ever

beheld. She had blue eyes, and light hair, and an expression of childish simplicity, which was charming to behold. I have no doubt that ere half an hour had elapsed from the time we entered the tavern, and saw Ninon, every one of the four of us loved the girl to the very depth of passion.

We neither spent so much money, nor drank as much beer, as we had intended before starting from home. The widow was very civil, being pleased to see us, and Margery served our wants with a deal of politeness—but it was to Ninon that the afternoon's pleasure was attributable; for though we were strangers, we became acquainted at once—the manners of the girl, merry as she was, putting entirely out of view the most distant imputation of indecorum—and the presence of the widow and Margery, (for we were all in the common room together, there being no other company,) serving to make us all disembarrassed and at ease.

It was not until quite a while after sunset, that we started on our return to the city. We made several attempts to revive the mirth and lively talk that usually signalized our rambles, but they seemed forced and discordant, like laughter in a sick room. My brother was the only one who preserved his usual tenor of temper and conduct.

I need hardly say that thenceforward every Wednesday afternoon was spent at the widow's tavern. Strangely, neither Matthew, or my two friends, or myself, spoke to each other, of the sentiment that filled us, in reference to Ninon. Yet we all knew the thoughts and feelings of the others; and each, perhaps, felt confident that his love alone was unsuspected by his companions.

The story of the widow was a touching yet simple one. She was by birth a Swiss. In one of the cantons of her native land, she had grown up, and married, and lived for a time in happy comfort. A son was born to her, and a daughter, the beautiful Ninon. By some reverse of fortune, the father and head of the family had the greater portion of his possessions swept from him. He struggled for a time against the evil influence, but it pressed upon him harder and harder. He had heard of a people in the western world—a new and swarming land—where the stranger was welcomed, and peace and the protection of the strong arm thrown around him. He had not heart to stay and struggle amid the scenes of his former

prosperity, and he determined to go and make his home in that distant republic of the west. So with his wife and children, and the proceeds of what little property was left, he took passage for New York. He was never to reach his journey's end. Either the cares that weighed upon his mind, or some other cause consigned him to a sick hammock, from which he only found relief through the Great Dismissal. He was buried in the sea; and in due time, his family arrived at the American emporium. But there, the son, too, sickened—died, ere long, and was buried likewise. They would not bury him in the city, but away—by the solitary banks of the Hudson; on which the widow soon afterwards took up her abode, near by him.

Ninon was too young to feel much grief at these sad occurrences; and the mother, whatever she might have suffered inwardly, had a good deal of phlegm and patience, and set about making herself and her remaining child as comfortable as might be. They had still a respectable sum in cash, and after due deliberation, the widow purchased the little quiet tavern, not far from the grave of her boy; and of Sundays and holidays she took in considerable money—enough to make a decent support for them in their humble way of living. French and Germans visited the house frequently, and quite a number of young Americans too. Probably the greatest attraction to the latter was the sweet face of Ninon.

Spring passed, and summer crept in and wasted away, and autumn had arrived. Every New Yorker knows what delicious weather we have, in these regions, of the early October days; how calm, clear, and divested of sultriness, is the air, and how decently Nature seems preparing for her winter sleep.

Thus it was of the last Wednesday we started on our accustomed excursion.—Six months had elapsed since our first visit, and, as then, we were full of the exuberance of young and joyful hearts. Frequent and hearty were our jokes, by no means particular about the theme or the method, and long and loud the peals of laughter that rang over the fields, or along the shore.

We took our seats round the same clean, white table, and received our favorite beverage in the same bright tankards. They were set before us by the sober Margery, no one else being visible. As frequently happened, we were the

only company. Walking, and breathing the keen fine air, had made us dry, and we soon drained the foaming vessels, and called for more. I remember well an animated chat we had about some poems that had just made their appearance from a great British author, and were creating quite a public stir. There was one, a tale of passion and despair, which Wheaton had read, and of which he gave us a transcript. It seemed a wild, startling, dreamy thing, and perhaps it threw over our minds its peculiar cast.

An hour moved off, and we began to think it strange that neither Ninon or the widow came into the room. One of us gave a hint to that effect to Margery; but she made no answer, and went on in her usual way as before.

"The grim old thing," said Wheaton, "if she were in Spain, they'd make her a premier duenna!"

I asked the woman about Ninon and the widow. She seemed disturbed, I thought; but making no reply to the first part of my question, said that her mistress was in another part of the house, and did not wish to be with company.

"Then be kind enough, Mrs. Vinegar," resumed Wheaton good-naturedly, "be kind enough to go and ask the widow if we can see Ninon."

Our attendant's face turned as pale as ashes, and she precipitately left the apartment. We laughed at her agitation, which Frank Brown assigned to our merry ridicule.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before Margery's return. When she appeared, she told us briefly that the widow had bidden her obey our behest, and now, if we desired, she would conduct us to the daughter's presence. There was a singular expression in the woman's eyes, and the whole affair began to strike us as somewhat odd; but we arose, and taking our caps, followed her as she stepped through the door.

Back of the house were some fields, and a path leading into clumps of trees. At some thirty rods distant from the tavern, nigh one of those clumps, the larger tree whereof was a willow, Margery stopped, and pausing a minute, while we came up, spoke in tones calm and low:

"Ninon is there!"

She pointed downward with her finger. Great God! There was a *grave*, new-made, and with the sods loosely joined, and a rough brown stone at each ex-

trinity! Some earth yet lay upon the grass near by—and amid the whole scene our eyes took in nothing but that horrible covering of death—the oven-shaped mound! My sight seemed to waver, my head felt dizzy, and a feeling of deadly sickness came over me. I heard a stifled exclamation, and looking round saw Frank Brown leaning against the nearest tree, great sweat upon his forehead, and his cheeks bloodless as chalk.

Wheaton gave way to his agony more fully than ever I had known a man before; he had fallen down upon the grass—sobbing like a child, and wringing his hands. It is impossible to describe that spectacle—the suddenness and fearfulness of the sickening truth that came upon us like a stroke of thunder!

Of all of us, my brother Matthew neither shed tears, or turned pale, or fainted, or exposed any other evidence of inward depth of pain. His quiet pleasant voice was indeed a tone lower, but it was that which recalled us, after the lapse of many long minutes, to ourselves.

So the girl had died and been buried. We were told of an illness that had seized her the very day after our last preceding visit; but we inquired not into the particulars.

And now come I to the conclusion of my story, and to the most singular part of it. The evening of the third day afterward, Wheaton, who had wept scalding tears, and Brown, whose cheeks had recovered their color, and myself, that for an hour thought my heart would never rebound again from the fearful shock—that evening, I say, we three were seated around a table in another tavern, drinking other beer, and laughing but a little less cheerfully, and as though we had never known the widow or her daughter—neither of whom, I venture to affirm, came into our minds once the whole night, or but to be dismissed again, carelessly, like the remembrance of faces seen in a crowd.

Strange are the contradictions of the things of life! The seventh day after that dreadful visit saw my brother Matthew—the delicate one, who, while bold men writhed in torture, had kept the same placid face, and the same untrembling fingers—him that seventh day saw a clay-cold corpse, shrouded in white linen, and carried to the repose of the churchyard. The shaft, rankling far down and within, wrought a poison too great for show, and the youth died.

## THOUGHTS ON READING.

For several ages, the three questions most difficult of practical solution seem to have been, what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and, what shall I put on? for man was originally made an eating and drinking being, and, as we all know, he soon fell into a clothes-wearing being. In solving these problems, the energies of men, both physical and spiritual, were drawn out, to some extent, in united, harmonious development. The meeting of their lower wants required the exertion of their higher faculties. The book, out of which they were obliged to read a livelihood, necessitated the birth, and growth, and constant exercise of thought. Fortunately, however, or unfortunately, for a considerable portion of mankind, modern invention has nearly or quite obviated this necessity. By the ingenuity of a few, the elements have been caught and tamed into our service. We have but to produce a little stamped paper, and say to some one or more of the three great natural agents, fire, wind, and water, here, spin me this weed into clothes, or turn me this soil into food—carry me to the other side of creation, or bring the other side of creation to me,—and they forthwith do it; so that little or nothing is now left for our bodies to do, but eat, and sleep, and digest.

The mind, then, being no longer called upon to provide food for the body, has but to keep the body in a condition to masticate and assimilate the food already provided. The three questions, therefore, which were once so hard of solution, are now answered at our hands; and the question, what shall I read? is taking their place. An accurate and adequate solution of this latter question is truly becoming difficult enough. Happily, however, most people, having their taste chiefly in the mouth, and their intellect chiefly in the stomach, and their conscience chiefly in the purse, find the solution of this question, also, abundantly easy. For the lightest and frothiest books of course float at the top, so that most people probably cannot suit themselves better than by shutting their eyes, and taking the first they come at. Being no longer required to act as commissary for the stomach, the mind

has only to dose; and literature, urged on by need, and greed, and vainglory, is busy, turning wind into help for the mind in this arduous labor.

Perhaps the two most prominent features in human nature are, love of sloth and dread of vacancy. These two things, so opposite and seemingly incompatible, the fashionable literature of the day is especially designed and fitted to reconcile. Our most popular books and booklets consist, for most part, of nothing but stimulants for the sensibility and soporifics for the intellect. Doubtless all are aware that our bodies, at certain intervals of time, are capable of certain agreeable sensations. What we most especially need, therefore, is something to help us kill the intervening periods of time. To help us over this difficulty; to ease the pangs of vacancy without marring the repose of sloth, literature comes in, and annihilates these intervals of time for us, with its "sweet, oblivious antidotes" of thought. It seems manufactured on purpose to keep ennui away from disturbing the sleep of indolence. Its sovereign grace and glory are, that it can be read and understood in a state of intellectual yawning. Thus does the genius of popular literature, balancing itself on the two wings of frivolity and sentimentality, stand ready in every emergency, to waft our sleeping spirits sweetly and smoothly over from one agreeable sensation to another.

But perhaps the virtues of this literature may be best seen in the social, or rather, gregarious intercourse of its students. Their ideal of sociality seems to be, a Mr. Doublet-and-hose, bowing, and smiling, and rattling his tongue at a Miss Scarf-and-pettycoat. A gentleman who can call the names and tell the additions of those present, describe the costume of the last novel, and, screwing his lips into sentimental shape, ejaculate, Ah, indeed! indeed, Ah! is the very pink of social perfection; people will almost run over each other to touch but the hem of his garment. Fashionable gallantry is little, if anything, but a complimentary flippancy to a pretty face, a fine fortune, a distinguished name, or a fashionable, animated dress. Nay, gentlemen of this

sort often appear to think society better adapted to their wants than reading. These walking digesters, and clothes-frames may sometimes be heard intimating, plainly enough, that they can kill time rather more effectually in the company of ladies, than in the company of books. With their hearts full of themselves, and their heads full of nothing, they may well afford to honor others with such compliments.

In this state of things, a few words on the subject of reading cannot be regarded as out of place. All honest and judicious efforts to remand people to the well-nigh forgotten springs of intellectual life are surely deserving of indulgence, if not of encouragement. How to demean ourselves, and how to select our friends, in the world of thinking and thoughtless, of faithful and faithless beings called books, are no very easy or trifling questions. To these questions, however, we shall now address ourselves to the best of our ability.

Milton nobly says, "A good book is the life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." It is, indeed, a treasury of the inextinguishable light and the inexpugnable strength of a human soul—the earthly immortality of God's image, human reason. It is the eye, tongue, sword, which some hero and high priest of humanity hath bequeathed to us; a portion of the indestructible patrimony which the Present inherits of the Past. There are none of us so poor, but

"Books are ours,

Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
Preserved from age to age; more precious far

Than that accumulated store of gold  
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,  
The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs."

When wearied and disgusted with the vanities and frivolities of the giddy and trifling world; when cheated and wounded in our heart's holiest affections by the hollowness and heartlessness of worldly society; there are none of us but may rejoice to know that

"Books,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

In this so hollow, but solid-seeming world, good books are almost the only

friends we can safely trust; the only friends that are such, simply because they have the power to make us wiser, and better, and happier by their society. Books, moreover, we mean genuine books, not mere shams, vanities, and vacua in books' clothing, are about the only friends that will tell us the truth without either flattery or personality; and with whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning; so that, if they seem different at different times, we may know the change is in ourselves. True it is, such friends

"Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them

The future cannot contradict the past;  
Mortality's last exercise and proof  
Is undergone; the transit made, that shows  
The very soul."

Themselves translations from "that infinite, mysterious volume, whose author and writer is God," we may always find in them a supply of what we ought most to desire, and a refuge from what we ought most to fear.

But such books obviously are not the things to dream, or doze, or yawn over. In reading them, if our object be a worthy one, energy and vigilance of faculty are quite indispensable. A thing which we can read and comprehend, lying on our backs, in an intellectual snooze or snore, plainly has no use for us. Such things we call not books, but vacua in book's clothing. To read them, is worse even than a waste of time; for it generates at once the habit of wasting it, and the inability to save it. If a book have anything to be understood, let us read to understand it, and be instructed by it; if it have not, then it is no book, and belongs only to the fire or the paper-mill. If we must dream, let us at least be original about it; let us go to sleep, and dream dreams of our own, and not merely doze, to re-dream the dreams of others.

We are apt, indeed, to prize a book according to the *ease* with which it is read. Scott, says one, is certainly an invaluable author; he gives one so much without any effort. Why, I can read from cover to cover, and understand the whole perfectly, without the slightest labor! Now, if this be not to "darn with faint praise," we should like to know what is. Says another, Coleridge must be an egregious dunce! Why, to save my life, I can't understand him. What, has he no idea of what a book ought to be? Yes, in-

deed, he has; but he has no idea of writing such a thing as *you* call a book. He wrote to make you wiser, not to make you lazier, or himself richer. That he wrote to make you think, not to divert you from thinking, is the very thing that makes him worth your reading, and the only thing that makes anyone worth your reading. For it is not the idleness with which we read, but the very intensity of labor which our reading calls forth, that does us good. We are benefited not so much by the attainment, as by the earnest pursuit of truth. To *think* ourselves into error, is far better than to *sleep* ourselves into truth. If the Lord had designed we should be wise and happy without thought, he would have made us brutes, and done with it. The easy picking-up and pocketing of an author's thoughts, is good for nothing but to help us along in intellectual foppery. It is the severe labor of thinking, producing a development or expansion of the faculties, that makes the worth of reading. An author enriches us, not so much by giving us his ideas, as by unfolding in us the same powers that originated them. Reading, in short, if it be truly such, and not a mere imparted mental drowsiness, involves a development of the same activities, and a voluntary reproduction of the same states of mind, of which the author was subject in writing. The divine light reading, which is deified so much, can serve no earthly purpose, but to make us light-headed; the more we take of it, the emptier shall we assuredly become. Flour may indeed be baked and eaten without much labor, but will not grow; and seed-wheat will produce nothing without patient toil and tillage. Knowest, thou not, that the bread which thou eatest without the sweat of thy brow, can be no bread to thee? Why, it will turn into poison, and kill you with the gout, or the apoplexy, or some such disease. Would exercise be good for anything unless it exercised us? Most assuredly all good reading is hard work; nay it is good chiefly *because* it is hard, plucking our laziness by the nose, in order to give us health and strength. If an author do anything but revive our old thoughts in a new dress, assuredly we must work to follow him; and if that be all he does, why not let him alone and cultivate a few sprouts of our own? That the literature in question is utterly worthless, is proven by the fact, that it keeps people constantly

eating, without ever feeding them.— While their hunger and thirst of soul remain unsatisfied, they keep crying, give, give, ignorant that they are starving from a defect in the quality, not in the quantity of their food. They ask for bread and literature gives them wind; nevertheless, they down with whatever comes to them, thinking their hunger continues because they have not enough, not because they have mere wind. They may cry, peace, peace, as much as they please; but there is no peace for them, till they have some work. Such, at least, is our hope. He who truly reads a few genuine books, a few "books that are books," will spend much of his time in thinking; he who is too lazy to think at all, will probably spend all of his time in reading. We can digest wind much easier than bacon.

But reading without thought, bad as it is, is little if any worse than reading with too much thought. People often defeat their own efforts, by reading to give rather than get instruction. In the words of Goethe, they undertake to oversee an author, before they get to see him. Sterne very naturally wished for a reader who, yielding up the reins of his faculties into the hands of his author, would be content to be pleased, he knew not why and cared not wherefore. A compliance with this wish would no doubt be as beneficial to readers, as satisfactory to authors. For the only good reason for reading an author is, that he knows more of what he is writing about than we do. If an author be truly worth the reading, it will be long enough before we get to see him; and when we get competent to oversee him, it would really seem hardly worth our while to trouble our heads about him. All true books are but spectacles to read nature with; and all true readers employ these, to look *through*, not to look *at*. If we cannot look through them, then they are not spectacles to us, but only gewgaws; and what is the use of playing with them, and looking at them, and criticizing them? Moreover, it is not by speaking this truth or that truth, our truth or your truth, but by simply speaking truth, what is true to him, that a man shames the devil. The devil himself sometimes tells truth; but he does it hypocritically, and therefore is only the more devilish for telling it. It is an author's business to give us his thoughts and feelings, not to reflect our own; to be our teacher, not our looking-glass. The genuineness of his writings consists in their truth to Na-

ture as she appears to him; and should he attempt to look through our eyes, and speak with our tongues, he would do nothing but lie. All those authors and politicians who speak only to please the people, who are always listening to catch the popular breeze, and trying to look through the people's eyes, and make themselves the weathercocks of public opinion, are nothing but literary and political liars. If an author's vision serve to correct or extend our own, let us use it, and trust it, and be thankful for it; if it do not, let us throw it away, and use our own, or seek one that will. Whether he reports truly of things as they appear from his point of view, can be known, only by placing ourselves in the same point; and a disposition to quarrel with him affords presumptive evidence that we are viewing them from another point.

But perhaps a still greater difficulty with many people, in reading, is, a redundancy of conscience. They seem afflicted with a shrinking moral apprehensiveness, which is always multiplying and magnifying the objects of moral censure, and blinding them to every thing but the sources of moral danger. It is as if one, from fear of drowning, should avoid the water until he had learnt to swim. One would really think it were better to be drowned, and done with it, than thus to die of hydrophobia. Now, a good conscience is undoubtedly the brightest jewel in the crown of our humanity; but a good quality and a great quantity of conscience are by no means convertible terms. We have sometimes known, and often heard of people who seemed constantly struggling to become all conscience; and whose moral censures were so abundant, that one had need to transform himself altogether into a pair of moral ears, to keep pace with them. This, then, is what we mean by redundancy of conscience. Consciences have been found so large, and so afflicted with a sort of prurient anxiety to frown, that they were perpetually converting innocent trifles into huge vices, that they might have objects enough to frown upon; and which, in the absence of other objects, would spend whole years in frowning upon abstract ideas. As might be expected, people of such consciences usually think very much of their own virtue. So choice of it are they, indeed, that they seldom go out without wrapping it up in their great conscience-blanket, against the follies and vices they expect

to find. They seem aware, in snort, that their virtue is of the more delicate, fragile kind, and very naturally regard a sort of conscience-crust as its only adequate protection from the inclemencies of the moral atmospheres around them. But this is not all. A great conscience naturally values itself, and seeks to be valued chiefly for its abundance, its display; a good conscience does not value itself or seek to be valued at all. Moreover, a very small conscience, if it be of good quality, is plainly enough to cognize and correct one's own faults; but one obviously needs a very large conscience to cognize and correct the faults of all about him. And besides, unless a man be altogether hollow, it must perforce take much more to cover than to line him; an outward conscience, therefore, must be much larger than an inward one. Hence it is, doubtless, that the sort and size, the quality and the quantity of any given conscience, are so generally found to be in inverse proportion to each other.

But seriously: it is a great mistake, to suppose that the growth and health of our virtue are best promoted by encasing it in a conscience-crust. It were surely a poor remedy for a disease or weakness of the lungs, to confine the patient under an exhausted receiver. On the whole, breathing machines may as well be dispensed with, when they get to stopping the breath. One would really think our virtue hardly worth the saving, if "to prevent its taking cold, we must always keep it wrapped up in a great-coat of precaution against the sunshine and the breeze." We had best give it an occasional airing, even though we thereby run a little risk of exposure. A morality without eyes may, indeed, be exempt from the allurements of the eye; but then it must also lose the divine splendors that exist for its vision. Moreover, a disposition to pass moral judgment on every thing we see, is far from indicating a sound and vigorous morality. It rather indicates a species of moral coxombry, that is always trying to find or make occasions to display itself. To forget, occasionally, that we are moral beings, is, after all, the best proof that we are so. It is far better to strengthen the moral sense by keeping it within its natural sphere, than to waste its energies by multiplying and magnifying its objects. If we expend it too freely on all occasions, perhaps we may not have enough left for occasions that really require it. We once knew a good deacon who, riding home

from meeting one day, encountered a man lying drunk in the road. Upon the man's desiring to get up into the wagon, and ride to some house, the good deacon bawled out, so loud the neighbors might hear him, that he would not defile his wagon with such a creature. We thought the deacon must be a saint, sure enough, then; but we have since compared his conduct with that of a certain rough-voiced old gentleman who, finding a wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the street, forgetting every thing but her present distress, took her up in his arms, carried her into his house, and nursed her into health. Even virtue and vice themselves should not always be contemplated through conscientious eyes; we need to view them not with the conscience only, but with the whole mind and heart; for vice is mean as well as wrong, and virtue is beautiful as well as right; and we may be so engrossed in viewing them simply as right or wrong, as to see no meanness in vice to scorn, and no beauty in virtue to love. But above all, if we would have a good conscience and a pure, we must not think to wear it on the outside for the benefit of others, but keep it within for the benefit of ourselves; and we may be assured, that the more it is worth to ourselves, the less shall we be disposed to show it to others. Let us not imagine, then, that we can transfer it to the outside, and convert it into an outlooking, argus-eyed envelopment, without spoiling it; for it will thereby become mere cloth, and hide our outward, only to betray our inward, nakedness.

Doubtless many of our readers are aware, that in the Greek Mythology, Hercules was the impersonation of moral energy. The fable of his life and adventures is replete with the finest illustration of the growth and development of moral heroism. Perhaps nothing can surpass the truth and beauty of the fiction which represents him as strangling, in his cradle, the serpents that came to destroy him. It is even so with us all. Serpents come to us in our cradles, and we must destroy them there, or be destroyed by them. We should be taught in our youth to fear nothing but doing wrong; to face down evil, not to flee from it; to crush the serpents, not to run from them; and to possess our safety in ourselves, not in our condition. If nothing less than Hercules, the boy, could have strangled serpents in the cradle, nothing less than the strangling of them there

could have made Hercules, the man. The truth is, there is neither safety nor sense in bandaging our eyes and corking our ears, to the shows and persuasions of vice and falsehood. We must be taught to know both good and evil; to meet them both, face to face; to see into, and see through them both; to recognize and cleave to the former in spite of all her severities and self-denials; and to detect and detest the latter, in spite of all her blandishments and captivations. We do not, we cannot become truly virtuous, except by disciplining ourselves into that force, and purity, and perspicacity of soul, in whose presence vice and falsehood lose all their attractions, and sink into impotence and insignificance before the immortal and irresistible beauty of truth and virtue—as the false Florimel, of Spenser's Fairy Queen, faded and vanished into nothing, beside that heavenly Beauty whose form and features she had stolen, to deceive and betray. It is true, we are taught to pray, "lead us not into temptation;" but we are not taught to pray, lead us away from temptation: and it would seem the dictate of common sense, that, if we would learn to swim, it were best neither to shun the water altogether, nor to plunge into the torrent of Niagara. In short, our truest benefactor is, not he who keeps us entirely away from temptation, or keeps temptation entirely away from us; but he who, amid temptation, gives us strength to resist and overcome it. A Shakespeare, who, carrying us through scenes of vice, still keeps our feelings and judgment on the side of virtue, is a far better teacher of morals, than one who, with fastidious precaution, leaves no room for feeling or judgment of any kind whatever.

Of the proper materials of reading, much might be said; far more, indeed, than we have time or strength to say, or our readers have patience or need to hear. On the immense, chaotic wilderness of books, of course, but general remarks can be made; and the defect of such remarks is, that they necessarily leave out of view the wants and capacities of individual minds. As there are many books fit for none, so there are few books fit for all. What will create in one place, may destroy in another; what were a crushing burden to this mind, may be but healthful exercise to that; what were a healthful exercise to that may be but enfeebling indolence to a third; and there

are truly few books that will impart life and strength to all; for it is alike useless to read what is above and what is below the vigorous exercise of our powers. Some general remarks, however, we will try to give; the choice of particular books, must, of course, be left to individual readers. And with a worthy object in view, and with a firm conviction that "light which leads astray can not be light from heaven," readers may be safely enough left to themselves. Without these, indeed, the most studied and judicious selection would be made in vain.

But there is a preliminary consideration, to which, both for its difficulty and its importance, we would first invite especial attention. It is this: that different books are often the production of different faculties, or different combinations of faculties, and therefore addressed to different powers. In the poetry of Byron, for example, one activity may be predominant; in that of Wordsworth, another; in that of Southey, a third. If then, we find in Wordsworth neither beauty nor meaning, it follows, not that he is a dunce, nor that we are a dunce, but simply that the activity, to which he speaks, is yet undeveloped within us. It is not, perhaps, that we want the *degree*, but that we want the *kind*, of development necessary to understand and enjoy him. Again: two authors, Webster and Burke, for example, may have certain qualities in common; nay, in Webster these qualities may exist in much the greater degree; but with these common qualities Burke may join other qualities, different, and even superior, in kind. If, then, a man have faculties developed only for these common qualities, he will, of course, prefer Webster to Burke; if he have faculties developed for all Burke's qualities, he may greatly prefer him to Webster; and if he have faculties only for Burke's peculiar qualities, he may take him with enthusiasm and reject Webster altogether. Once more; take Coleridge and Dr. Paley, authors having scarce a single quality in common. Now, we may understand, and may therefore greatly prefer Coleridge; another man may understand, and greatly prefer Dr. Paley. But does this prove that we are superior to him? By no means; it proves neither that we are superior, nor that we are inferior to him, but only that we are different from him. Nay, he may greatly surpass us in degree of development, only he lacks the particular kind of development required

by the work in question; and hence, though, perhaps, inferior to him, on the whole, we may be able to understand what he does not and cannot understand. Now, to say nothing of want of modesty, it would really seem uncourteous and uncandid for him to call our author a dunce for being unintelligible to him, and us unfortunate dupes for loving him. Nevertheless, he sneeringly says to us, Sir, I don't understand this passage: come, explain; tell me what the author means. Sir, say we, he means what he says. You ask us to tell you in what other form you already know his meaning; but the truth is, you do not know it at all, in this, or any other form whatever. You ask us to teach you through one faculty what is addressed to an altogether different faculty; a faculty yet undeveloped within you; develope yourself, sir, and then, perhaps, you will not need an explanation. But the fact is, some minds, by confining themselves to a certain round of ideas, contract so fixed a bias, become so hardened into a particular shape, that it seems impossible to develope them into any other shape at all. The growth of some faculties becomes so large, as to prevent the vegetation of other faculties. The understanding, for example, comes to cast so broad and thick a shade, that imagination is forced to slumber on in the germ.

But, says our worthy friend, I understand and admire Shakspeare; and you admit him to be far above Coleridge? Certainly, we do; but we have a word more to say, touching this thing. Now, in Shakspeare, all the faculties appear, working harmoniously and simultaneously together, freely interchanging their functions and provinces. In the words of Hazlitt, "he was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men." His mind, as hath been said, was the very sphere of humanity; ubiquity and omniformity were its distinctive attributes. None of us can speak at all, without using some portion of his language; and therefore whenever he speaks, we are obliged to understand something of what he says. With an understanding that traverses the earth, he joins an imagination that traverses the heavens. With a gentleness that echoes the tenderest note of affection, he unites a strength that might have governed the mightiest states. He speaks alike to all the faculties; hence all, who have any faculties whatever, understand

enough to enjoy him. Touching all the strings of humanity, our bosoms, unless they be entirely stringless, must perforce vibrate to some of his sounds. Hence it is, that so many relish, without beginning to appreciate him. He brings us flowers and fragrances from every forest and garden in creation; so that if we have ever been in forest or garden at all, we cannot but recognize some among his flowers, that have been wont to breathe and smile on ourselves. All, of course, know and love the specimens from their own fields and gardens; but that boundless collection, from climes they have never visited, they know not, nor do they stop to examine. The apt figures, fine sentiments, pithy aphorisms, and graceful expressions, which he has in common with many others, they understand well enough; but these are only the dress and drapery which he throws over excellencies of a far deeper and rarer kind. He is, indeed, a good intellectual tailor; but Sir Walter Scott is nearly, or quite as good a tailor as he: and the chief difference between them, in the words of Carlyle, is, "that Shakspeare begins at the heart of a subject, and works outwards towards the surface; while Scott begins at the surface, and works inwards, but never gets at the heart of it at all. Many others, indeed, have made nearly as good surfaces as Shakspeare; and those who are fond of fine clothes, and never look any deeper than dress, though unable to see any such wonderful difference between him and others, will doubtless find something in him to admire. Hence it is, that many people, with a profusion of Shakspeare's words, and figures, and phrases on their tongues, fancy they know all about him; while, in fact, they have not the first idea, either of his individual conceptions or of his dramatic combinations of character; and yet, it is on these very points that he is most distinguished from and above all other men that have ever written."

To return; it is not of individual books, but only of classes of books, that we shall attempt to speak. And the first classification that we shall propose is, into works of genius, and works of talent. The distinction between these two forms of mind, though readily enough admitted by the common sense of mankind, is by no means easily explained. The difference between their productions is, indeed, too great and too obvious, not to be im-

mediately felt, and is seen to be inexplicable, except by supposing a corresponding difference in the productive powers. But to analyze these powers; to ascertain their respective elements; and to draw a mutually exclusive line of distinction between them;—is a task which few have the ability or the inclination to perform. Great and obvious, however, as is this distinction, we have often heard it treated with derision, backed up by a sort of triumphant call for its explanation. The truth is, there are some people, whose faith is only in things that are seen, and to whom a clear and complete explanation is the only rational ground of belief. Now, we freely confess ourselves unable to give such an explanation. To such people, therefore, we have nothing to say. So small, in fact, is the amount of our demonstrative knowledge, that we are strongly inclined to make up the deficiency, in part, by believing some things which we cannot fully prove. We do freely acknowledge, that the things which we see force upon us a belief in something unseen; and we are so credulous as to admit the reality of many things which we cannot explain. If others, by denying the existence of anything beyond the scope of their vision, have convinced themselves that they know everything, they are certainly quite welcome to enjoy their conviction. But, for ourselves, though we can assert, with some confidence, the reality of what we see, we cannot so confidently deny the reality of many things which we have not seen, but of which we have been assured by those whose eyes seem quite as good as our own. Nor can we think that we lose anything thereby; for, presuming there are some things which we do not know, but are desirous to learn, we have yet room for improvement; and we must think that an effort to learn them is better than to console ourselves with the assurance that they do not exist.

But how difficult soever it may be to explain the distinction between the powers of Milton and Locke, for example, it were surely absurd to refer *Paradise Lost* and *Essay on the Understanding* to the agency of the same power. To class the logical concatenations of the one with the living, breathing pages of the other, were nearly or quite as unphilosophical as to refer the actions of a man and a brute to the same constitution of nature. Such an attempt, however plausible in

theory, would at once be defeated by that surest test of all our theories, the common sense and common feeling of mankind. For if few can explain the difference between those powers, none can account for such different results from the same power; and to refer a given production to an inexplicable origin, is far more philosophical than to refer such different productions to the same origin; for if the one be, frankly to confess our ignorance, the other were, boldly to maintain an absurdity. But hard of explanation as is this difference in respect of the powers themselves, it is easily discerned and traced in their respective works; and it is probably by tracing it there, that the superiority of works of genius, for all the higher ends of reading, may be best shown.

What, then, it may be asked, is it that has given Bunyan and Burns, untaught and unlearned as they were, such a resistless influence over the minds of men? an influence which Locke and Read, with all their learning and speculative subtilty, could never hope to attain. They approach us with but a whisper, a tale, or a song; and yet, in one minute, they finish a work which a whole host of logical artillerymen, with the labor of years, could not begin. Why is it that our "gentle Shakspeare," with the least stroke of his pen, awakens a chord within us which all the learning and logic in the world could never reach? He comes to us, not as our sovereign, to exact our allegiance, but as our smiling brother; and yet he seats himself on the throne of our souls, and holds our hearts in willing and cheerful submission to his power. Undisciplined and uninstructed as he was, the least sound of his voice teaches us a lesson which Johnson, with all his erudition, his logical acumen, and grandiloquent diction, might have labored forever in vain to teach. Why is it that the rapt Milton, with one sweep of his awful lyre, or one motion of his singing robes, raises us to a height which all the scientific and argumentative ladder-makers in creation could never enable us to reach? or that the calm, pensive Wordsworth, with one note of his Orphean harp, or one breath of his moral minstrelsy, moves us to a purity and intensity of thought, which whole libraries of ethical reasoning could never awaken?

We answer, it is the possession of a mysterious something, which others have not, and cannot obtain; whose power

and excellence we can all feel, but whose nature we cannot explain. This mysterious something, which works within us with such secret, but resistless energy, like some spiritual electricity or magnetism, has been baptized into the name of Genius; and is no other than, "the vision and the faculty divine;" the power to

"Add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

It is not to be had for study, nor for price; a man may be familiar with all science, as with household words, and yet not have this unacquirable and incommunicable knowledge; he may sport with all languages, as with his mother-tongue, and yet know nothing of this universal language, which reaches every mind, and leads captive every heart. Take all the men of mere learning and talent the world has ever seen, and melt them down into one intellectual mountain-building, star-grasping giant, and still it is not in him. He may open upon us his batteries of logic and argument in vain: he may carry all the outposts and spike all the guns of the understanding, by storm; but he cannot move the heart or the will; and yet but a whisper from one of these marvellous soul-touchers, in whom dwells a portion of this wonderful gift, and he leads us whithersoever he lists.

One important distinction between talent and genius is, that talent gives us information of the objects and agencies that exist and act around us; genius calls up and draws out what is within us; gives life and reality to the slumbering possibilities of our being. The man of genius does not try to tell us wherein life, and thought, and feeling, and action consist, but causes us to live, and think, and feel, and act. He does not tell us how, or why, or what to sing and feel, but puts a song into our mouths, and a feeling into our hearts. He does not speak *of* our nature, but *to* our nature; and it is his triumph so to speak that the answer cannot be withheld. Instead of doing up our thinking and feeling for us, he simply sets us to thinking and feeling for ourselves.—The man of talent triumphs over us in the superiority of his own power; the man of genius causes us to triumph in the new power he awakens within us. The mere reasoning moralist may convince us, by the force of his logic, of the duty or advantage of kindness and

brotherly love; but this is all he can do. Meanwhile, there comes along a Wordsworth or a Burns, and, with "one touch of nature, makes the whole world kin." Talent, in short, informs, genius inspires us; the former speaks to us *about* truth, the latter speaks truth *into* us, and makes truth speak out of us. It is the striking peculiarity of genius, that, for the time, it finds or creates itself in all who come within its reach. The man of talent can only impart us his knowledge; he cannot impart us his power, or himself; he may act upon us as an external force, but can call up *nothing* within. But the man of genius transforms us, for the time, into what he is himself; there is enchantment in his words,—a spell-like power, that makes the listener to become a genius too. While he is speaking, we ourselves can speak as well as he; but the moment he leaves us, why, "Richard is himself again." What he teaches us seems but a revival of what we have always known—as if we had learned it in a previous state of being; and we wonder that truths once so familiar, and now so precious, should have been so long forgotten.

But there are other points of distinction equally decisive. Talent proves; genius reveals: the former speaks to the inductive, the latter to the intuitive faculties. Talent only marshals what it finds without into the service and support of a given proposition; it brings all its evidence from external sources. Genius needs no evidence to authenticate its words, but what it *creates* in the tribunal to which it appeals. The message it has to deliver but sleeps within us, and starts up at the sound of its voice. It gives only what it finds in us, but what we could never find without its help. Talent, then, is like a mirror, which only collects and transfers the light it receives from other sources; genius is like the sun, which pours forth light as from a fountain, at once revealing itself and the objects on which it shines. With talent, moreover, the mind works in but one of its faculties or activities at once. The head and heart will not beat time together; one of them is always pulling the other under; the subject stops feeling as soon as he begins to think, or stops thinking as soon as he begins to feel; so that, to borrow a figure, he is either like the moon, all light and no heat, or like a stove, all heat and no light. But with genius the head and the heart are always acting in

concert and reciprocity. The perceptive, reflective, creative, and sensitive faculties interpenetrate each other, so that all work in each, and each works in all. The subject, therefore, gives us truth, beauty, thought, passion, all in a state of interfusion. Every word he utters is the result of his whole mind, and brings contributions from its inmost depths; as every leaf or blossom is the product and expression of all the powers and elements that enter into the tree. In short, talent is like a prism, to break and scatter the rays of truth into cold, elementary colors; genius is like a lens, to gather and concentrate them all into a colorless, burning whole.

Again: talent combines; genius creates. The utmost that mere talent can reach, is, a mechanical adjustment of parts for a given purpose. To arrange and modify the materials it already has, and adapt them to specific ends, is all it can do; it cannot add a single new element to what it has received. Its processes and results are altogether mechanical; with vital powers it has nothing to do: and lifeless mechanism, more or less perfect, is the highest production in its power. The productions of genius, on the contrary, are organic. It works, not as a skillful mechanic, in the combination and arrangement of parts, but as nature works in the evolution and embodiment of vital, animating principles. Talent may bring matter, and color, and form together into an artificial flower, or thoughts, images, and numbers together into verse; but with genius, the germ sprouts forth, and buds, and blossoms out into a breathing flower, or thoughts, images and numbers *grow up* together into poetry. Talent may arrange the form, compact the joints, and adjust the cords, and yet it gives us but a lifeless automaton; the living principle is wanting—an element which the mere combining power can never supply; it is, indeed, a mere machine, incapable of life or motion, except by the application of external force. Genius proceeds by a natural growth, from a living germ; it begins with a vital principle which, by virtue of its innate assimilative power, shapes itself a body from surrounding materials, and clothes it with beauty and life. The human body, for example, is obviously but a combination of materials that have always existed; it is but old matter organized into a new form: but the invisible builder and inhabitant of this form is an absolute creation—a per-

fectly original existence, from whose individuality the very idea of combination is necessarily excluded. It is in this sense that genius creates. Its productions are to those of talent, what a genuine living tree is to the manufactured appearance of a tree. In the visible form both may, indeed, be alike; but the one is nothing but form; it has no life, and therefore can *do*, can *produce* nothing; in short, it is nothing, but only *seems*: the other contains a living, creative power, which produces leaves, and blossoms, and fruits, and finally reproduces itself in the seeds which it drops; for every seed is a perfect tree mysteriously slumbering in the rudiments, and, if it find a fit soil, will spring up, and produce like its parent tree. It is in this sense, too, that genius is truly said not only to be creative, but to give forth creative ideas; for its ideas are perfect germs, containing in miniature all the elements of the mind from which they sprung; and, if they fall in a genial soil, will vegetate, and grow up into the beauty and fruitfulness of the parent mind. Nor is it, on this ground, at all difficult to account for the variety of forms in which genius manifests itself. For while genius is inexhaustible in vital powers, nature is also inexhaustible in the materials for their embodiment. Whether, then, genius appears, as in Shakspeare, "passing, like a protean spirit, into all the forms of character and passion;" or, as in Milton, "drawing all things into itself, and melting them down into the unity of its own ideal;" or, as in Burns, "sighing over the rathe primrose that forsaken dies," and "changing the vulgar wind, as it passes, into articulate melody;" or, as in Wordsworth, diffusing through all things the breath of a sensitive moral existence, and penetrating them with its own warmth and radiance:—it is still the same divinity of intellect, enshrined in various forms, for the instruction and up-building of our common humanity.

But again; with talent the ends are always apart from and beyond the means. It reaches its objects only by the indirect, roundabout process of logic and contrivance. But with genius, the ends and means, though distinct in idea, are not separate or separable in reality. It unites them both in one and the same process, so that the attainment of the end is always involved in the use of the means. Genius is to truth and beauty, what true piety is to religion. Those who only perform the visible and audible service

of religion, to secure a certain reward, are not truly pious. They but employ religion as a means to compass the ends of self-love. They are lovers of salvation, not lovers of the Saviour. They do not so much serve Religion, as serve themselves of her. But with the truly pious man, religion is both the means and the end of his service; his object is, not the reward of religion, but simply the life of religion itself. It is not the prospective offers of religion, but the *being religious*, that makes his heaven. True piety is not the *road* to happiness; it is happiness. Going to heaven implies, not a change of place, but a change of mind and heart; so that we get into heaven just as fast and as far as we get heaven into us. With genius, in like manner, truth and beauty are at once the means and the end of its action; at once the light that reveals and the object revealed. The process of genial production is, for the time, 'a' continued adoration of the Beautiful and the True. Genius does not *pursue* truth and beauty, as external objects to be reached by intermediate means, but lives, and moves, and has its being in them; and its productions are but the expression, the very pulse and breath of that life.

And finally; genius works not logically, but imaginatively; not by calculation, but by inspiration. The man of genius does not govern his subject, but is governed by it; he does not lay hold of it, to move and direct its development, but so thinks himself into it, or thinks it into himself, that it comes to move and direct him. So far, therefore, as genius acts in accordance with its nature, it works not from the pressure or solicitation of any outward calls, but from a vital impulse within; it acts simply because activity is the element of its existence, the very utterance of its life. It produces, simply because, when wedded to this goodly universe in love and holy passion, it is its *nature* to produce. The cup of its emotions runneth over of its own accord; and the contents lose all their virtue the moment it attempts to *pour* them out for pudding, or for praise. Its music, springing up unbidden within itself, is not *drawn* forth as the price of gain or applause, but simply exhaled as the breath of its soul; is not brought out, but warbles itself out, into expression, because it cannot keep still. In short, genius is, so to speak, a mysteriously-constructed harp, whose strings are so instinct with

life, and so redundant of melody, that they tremble into eloquence of their own accord, without waiting for the fingers of outward motives to play them into vibration; it is the spirit within, not any influence without, that moves them to utterance.

There are two living authors, both excellent, indeed, in their kind, but with scarce a single quality in common, who offer so apt an illustration of the difference between talent and genius, that we probably cannot do better than refer to them. They are best known by several volumes of critical and biographical Essays. As might be expected, the greater of them is the least popular of the two. We allude to Thomas B. Macauley, and Thomas Carlyle; the former a man of consummate talent, the latter a man of high, though not the highest, genius. Both are eminently original; Macauley in the dress and form of his works, Carlyle in the soul and substance of them. Macauley's Essays are like finished pieces of furniture, elegant but lifeless; Carlyle's are like crooked, scraggy trees, ugly, but full of life. The former gives the reader his thoughts in the most polished style; the latter sets the reader a-thinking any way he can. Macauley always means just what meets the ear. His pages are illuminated by a perfect blaze of light; so much so, indeed, that they sometimes rather dazzle than assist the vision. Illustration after illustration comes pouring in upon us from the four corners of creation, all equally pertinent, all equally perspicuous. No one can possibly miss, or mistake, his meaning. Every sentence is understood and exhausted as soon as its words are uttered. Periods hurry on and hurry off in breathless succession. One of his Essays, in short, is like a fine Macadam turnpike, perfectly straight and perfectly smooth, so that the reader rushes through from beginning to end in a perfect intellectual gallop. Carlyle, on the other hand, always means much more than meets the ear. His pages are deep, sometimes mysterious, inexhaustible. Often, however, amid surrounding darkness, some winged word unseals a fountain of light in the reader's mind, which kindles the page before him into more than noonday brightness. Often he simply gives his reader the clue to a labyrinth of meaning, and then leaves him to trace its windings, and explore its riches at his leisure. In short, one of his Essays is like a natural road, winding

through vallies and among mountains; sometimes passing in sight of magnificent groves and grottoes, where the traveler cannot choose but turn aside, and linger, and forget both journey and guide in the wonderful beauty and strangeness of the scenery about him.—Macauley's flowers are all culled, and picked, and tied into finished bunches with inimitable art; their very sweetness is increased by the crushing of their innocent lives, and the coming on of untimely decay; and the beholder's thoughts stop at the perfection of their ordering, or the surprising skill that ordered them thus. Carlyle's flowers appear scattered here and there, smiling out from the place of their birth, and enjoying the air they breathe, as they nestle in their mother's warm bosom; and draw the beholder's thoughts away from their forms down to the divinely-mysterious agency that wrought their purity, and loveliness, and happiness from the senseless soil at their feet.—Macauley takes the reader out into some precise, definite field of thought, and leads him round, and shows him its riches, one by one, and tells him their names, and unfolds their properties, that he may lay them up on some shelf in his memory, and keep them for use, as occasion may require. Carlyle, by some strange motion of his spirit, opens the door into a boundless prospect, stretching away through clouds and sunshine, into dimness and invisibility,—a perfect wilderness of thought, ever widening upon the beholder's view, and even where the horizon bounds his vision, inviting his imagination to traverse the infinite regions that lie beyond. With Macauley, therefore, we are benefitted only by what we receive; with Carlyle, we are benefitted chiefly by what we give: and that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is quite as true in intellect as it is in morals.

The stamp, then, of decided genius, is the highest intellectual recommendation that a book can bring. But there are other circumstances which may do much to guide us in the choice of books. As a general thing, age may be safely pronounced a decisive proof of excellence. The longer a book has lived, the more evidence it brings of having been born for immortality. And besides, the world, we suspect, has known periods more favorable than the present to the growth of excellence. Men once wrote because they had something which they wanted to say; men now seek for something to say, be-

cause they want to write. We cannot wait for our brains to grow, because of our haste to coin them into books. Moreover, men once wrote for immortality, and therefore wrote to the wise and good, knowing that they alone had immortality to bestow; but, now-a-days, men write chiefly for money, and they know well enough, that knaves and dunces have money to give quite as often as any others. Human life, too, was once a serious piece of work, and people could afford time for no reading but such as would tend to make them wiser and better; and hence authors crowded as much matter into as little space as possible. But now, since human life has become but an idle jest or farce, and people read only, to have their brains tickled and time killed, or because they cannot sleep, authors of course spread as little matter over as much space as possible. And finally, men were sometime content to cast their gifts silently into the ocean of time, hoping, perhaps, that they might return after many days to elevate and bless a future age. Writing for all coming time, they of course sought to dip their pens in the colors of eternal truth, and baptise their offspring in the spirit of eternal beauty. Their works, therefore, appeal to the universal mind and heart of man, and are, in a greater or less degree, transcripts of universal humanity. But now it is rare for a man to cast his gifts into any other than some puddle of popular favor, that they may quickly return to flatter or feed himself. Writing only for the pudding or puffery of the time, he of course adopts the language of the time, and shapes his wares to suit the dullness of those whose custom he seeks. His writings, therefore, are but a transcript of the fashions and follies of the age; they are truly nothing, like their originals, and speedily sink, along with those originals, into their essential nonentity; while the vapor-bag, upon which he sits at noon, perched aloft in conspicuous littleness, collapses, perchance, into a winding sheet for him, as soon as the cool of evening visits it. But does any one say, he dare trust his own judgment, and follow his own taste? Most assuredly, then, neither his taste nor his judgment is worth a straw; for if it were, it would tell him at once that time is a far better test of excellence, than any faculties *he* can possess. Moreover, it is only what is superficial, what is on a level with ourselves, that immediately takes our ap-

proval, and marches off with our purse. A shallow, pretentious man, touching but the surface of the mind, acts quickly and noisily, but effects nothing; a genuine thinker, striking at the depths of the mind, acts slowly and silently, but does up the work. He, who would raise us, must first get above us, himself; and before he can exalt us to a just appreciation and remuneration of his gifts, he will have gone to a richer and purer reward than we can bestow. The visits of the gods, we read, were never known till after their departure. While they are with us, our "eyes are holden," that we cannot see them; and when they have opened our eyes their mission to us is discharged. He who has any true culture at all, cannot but know there is a height which he hath not reached; a glory which he hath not seen; a beauty which he hath not felt; and he will choose rather to visit the light, even though his ignorance should be put to shame, than to skulk in the dark, and fatten his pride by "sucking the paws of his own self-importance."

But there are other weighty reasons for cultivating an acquaintance with the literature of the past. If the present be the element in which we must live, and the material with which we must work, it would seem quite indispensable that we should know the present. But we can truly know the present only by studying the past; for "the present was born of the past." It was there that its infancy was nursed; that the foundations of its being were laid; and it is there, and there alone, that we can trace its pedigree and test its legitimacy—that we can study its actual developments in their rudiments and first principles. Now, the literature of an age unquestionably reveals its highest law, and affords the truest exponent of its manifold impulses and activities; it is, indeed, the very abstract and epitome of its many-colored, thousand-souled being. Every great author is, to some extent, a synoptical expression of his age; his mind is the concentrated essence of the innumerable minds that make up its character. He is, therefore, its true spiritual plenipotentiary—the heaven-selected organ, through whom it gets its fullest and faithful representation. Most people seem to think it the business of history to teach us all that can or need be known of the past; but the truth is, history could not do it, if she would; for what is history,

what can she be, but one age speaking about another age? But the literature of an age is the age itself, speaking for itself, and telling the tale of its own life; it is therefore a genuine autobiography of the age—an autobiography, too, that is always authentic, even when it lies; for it thereby discloses at least the fact of its own mendacity. If, then, we would truly know the present, we must study it through the past; and if we would truly know the past, we must study it in its literature. Edmund Spenser and rare old Ben Jonson will undoubtedly give us more real insight into the Elizabethan age, than all the Humes that ever have written, or ever will write.

Of the manifold attractions, too, that cluster around old authors, we cannot choose but say a few words. It is constantly manifest that they wrote, not from mere memory or hearsay, but from inspection and actual vision. It is from the very mines they have themselves labored in, that they bring their contributions; and their intensity of thought has penetrated their gifts with the effluence of their own souls. It is this ineffable charm of sincerity, this spirit-stirring earnestness of mind—a quality so rare, and yet so priceless—that forms their crowning beauty and worth. This quality is especially characteristic of the old English poets, imparting a manly vigor and truthfulness to their pages. They seem always trying how much truth they can speak, not how finely and elegantly they can write; and therefore give us something better than mere lip-blossoms and ruffle-bosoms. From most of modern poems, we should naturally infer poetry to be but a sort of unspoken and unspeakable language done into verse; it would hardly occur to us that anything deeper than a finished euphonious tongue could be concerned in its production. Finding but the tritest meaning, or the vapidest no-meaning, disguised in the most far-fetched words and figures, and thus embroidered out into seeming dignity, we get to think that profound and original thought has no fellowship with poetry. But in the elder poets we everywhere meet with the most original, sometimes even far-fetched thoughts, clothed in the simplest and commonest language; and we find, to our surprise perhaps, that poetry may be most deeply and beautifully true, without ceasing to be most truly and beautifully poetical. They had not

learned to drive verse-making as a trade—those old poets—heaven bless them! With them poetry was the noblest utterance of humanity, and for the noblest ends; not the mere urging of a craft. Full of freshness, simplicity, and sincerity, they seem to have written from the irrepressible strugglings of thought and feeling within them. No windy mouthings, no counterfeits of emotion, no apings of passion, no maudlin sentimentalities, no starched and crimped frivolities, no vapid truisms wrapped up in bombastic novelty, are here; they had thought deeply and felt strongly, and their poetry is the simple and natural expression of what had sprung up within them; nay, they seem to have written poetry because they could not help it, and because that is the form into which deep feeling and deep thought spontaneously shape themselves. They had communed deeply and silently with the divine beauty and soul of things; and their poetry seems to have risen up insensibly, like the fragrance of dew-sprinkled flowers, or like “new-born music from the fields of sleep.” They had studied the great permanent features of the human heart; they had conversed with nature in her loveliest and sublimest forms, and their minds mirrored forth, with all the traces of individual distinctness, the enduring spirit of her respirations. If they were wild and irregular, it was because nature is so; if they were regardless of the forms and etiquette of art, it was because they saw and felt the deeper worth and power of truth; and they understood too well the harmony between the enduring features of nature and the universal laws of mind, to trick out and embellish the former to suit the accidental phases of the latter. Hence the simplicity and truthfulness of their poetry, as if it flowed spontaneous from the heart of nature; it is redolent as with the breath of morning; “a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in it.” Their delineations of character are not mere combinations of fragments, gleaned here and there by observation, and dovetailed together in the workshop of fancy, but living unities, with qualities of their own, expanded into life by their innate vitality, and traced in all their characteristic features to their full development. In a word, they are not aggregations, but creations; not descriptions, but representations. Nor are their poems mere collections of picked-

up accidents and far-sought particulars, bundled into some definite shape, and tied together with a string of art, but enduring principles and truths, embodied in expressive forms, and speaking an appropriate language. Instead of hollow abstractions, animated costumes, walking clothes-screens, and personifications of popular passion, they introduce us to real flesh and blood—living and breathing specimens of humanity, with its tears and smiles, its hopes and fears, its grovelings and aspirings: and we sympathize with their emotions, as the offspring of real individual bosoms.

One more paragraph, and we have done. Good people often seem laboring under a great mistake in regard to works of fiction. They appear to think of truth as synonymous with matters of fact, and of fiction as synonymous with falsehood. Now, there is probably nothing that lies so frequently or so abominably as narratives of facts. Why, if a man wants to make any falsehood go down, he always sweetens it with some "fact which came under his own observation." Facts, indeed, we know to be the readiest vehicle of lies in the world; and whenever one undertakes to inflict them on us, we take for granted that there is no truth in him; or that, if there be, it is not coming out this time. On the other hand, as some one has said, the purest fictions often contain more of truth than many histories and scientific theories. In a Spenser or Cervantes, for example, perhaps you shall not find a single falsehood, or a single fact; in a Gibbon or a Paley, you shall scarcely find a single fiction or a single truth. In the former all shall be true but the names; in the latter all but the names shall be false. Take, for example, Addison's Cato and Sancho Panza. Now, Cato is unquestionably a real name; nobody doubts the existence of such a man; or that he was a genuine old, eating, breathing, thinking and speaking Roman, of the staunchest and noblest make. But Addison's Cato is one of the sheerest falsehoods that ever was perpetrated; such a being never did exist, and never could exist; all the principles of human nature must be changed before his existence were possible. Sancho Panza, on the contrary, is doubtless a fictitious name; nobody pretends that a real man ever bore that

name; but the character is a perfect form of truth; is as real as the old Roman Cato himself was, whom Addison meant to give us, but could not; wants, in short, all that Addison's Cato has, and has all that Addison's Cato wants. And thus it is, that, in the hands of an artist, a fiction becomes the truest of realities, while, in the hands of a bungler, a fact becomes the emptiest of falsehoods. Again; take Spenser's Una and Johnson's Milton. Now, Una is a mere personification of truth—one of the purest abstractions which the mind can frame, and with which, as such, we could no more sympathize, than with a triangle or an octagon. And yet, in Spenser's hands, it has turned out a fair humanity, breathing and blushing before us, like life itself. Uniting all the purity of an abstraction, with the flesh-and-blood reality of an actual person, we at once revere her as truth, and feel for her as the real subject of sympathies and affections answering to our own. Here, then, is a genuine character; a pure abstraction has come out a living person; a perfect fiction has become a perfect truth. This is the miracle that genius performs. Milton, on the contrary, is an actual person; nay, he has stamped his individuality, as a full length portrait, on every page of his works, so that he who runs may read, provided he have eyes. In Johnson's hands, however, he becomes a mere abstraction; no longer *he*, but *it*; or rather, a bundle of the most inconsistent and irreconcilable abstractions. You could no more mould such elements into the same living character, than you could mix fire and water, without destroying either. Here is a genuine fact turned into a perfect falsehood. This is the miracle that genius does not perform. We could multiply instances beyond either our time or the reader's patience. It is truth, in this sense, that forms the substance and the soul of all true books; and we care not what form you give it, or into what name you christen it, it is as genuine and as indestructible as the eye of God.

But we must close this article, already longer than we intended, and longer, we fear, than our readers have wished. The subject, indeed, is a long one; and should we ever finish it, it will probably be at some future time.

## THE MOCKING BIRD—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY CHARLES WINTERFIELD.

“And still accepted king of all Earth’s choir,  
The elfish Mocker swells  
In clear, melodious spells,  
Its notes, that cling around the brain like fire.”

READER, do you know the Mocking Bird? I warrant, if he is a familiar of your childhood, you have a thousand times wondered at the strange, malignant intelligence which characterizes his tyrannical supremacy over all the feathered singers. Not only is he “accepted king of song,” but he is the pest and terror of the groves and meadows. Spiteful and subtle, he conquers in battle, or by manœuvre, all in reach of him; and you may easily detect his favorite haunts, by the incessant din and chatter of wrath and fear he keeps up by his malicious mockery among his neighbors. From my earliest boyhood, I can remember having been singularly impressed by the weird and curious humors of this creature. Since those times of innocent wonder, I have been a wide wanderer. The prepossessions of my fancy were irresistibly attracted by the wild legend I give below. It was told to me by an old Wako warrior. On a hill-side, above an ancient village of his tribe, while we were stretched upon the grass beneath a moss-hung live-oak, he related it. The moon was out, gilding with silver alchemy the shrub-crowned crests of prairie undulations—piled, as we may conceive the waves of Ocean would be—stilled by a word from heaven, while on the leap before a tempest. It was a fitting scene for such a story. Out from the dark gorges on every side around us ascended the night-song of the Mocking-Bird. The old man had listened to the rapid, gushing symphonies for some time in deep silence—then drawing a long breath, he remarked, “That is an evil bird!” I begged him for an explanation, and he proceeded.

Those peculiarities, indeed, of the Indian’s phraseology—those broken, pointed expressions, so condensed and meaning, and eked out continually by significant gestures—I could hardly hope to set before the reader, were I fully able to remember them; but the wild, strange fancies of the Indian mind, believing what it

dwells upon, yet half conscious that it is dreaming, will be recognized in the legend, though conveyed under forms of expression altogether different.

“Yahshan—the Sun”—said the old chief, pausing reverently as he uttered the name—“in his great wigwam beyond the big waters, made the first Wako! He laid him in his fire-canoe, and oared his way up through the thick mists that hung everywhere. When his arm grew tired of pulling, he took him out and stretched him on his back upon a wide, dark bank, and then rowed on his path and left him. The Wako lay like the stem of an oak, still and cold. Before Yahshan entered his night-lodge in the West, a dim, hazy light had hung over him, but it only made his broad couch look blacker, for nothing that had form was to be seen. Yahshu, the Moon, and the pale squaw of Yahshan, came forth when he had gone in, and rowed her silver bark through the ugly shadows above the Wako, to watch lest the spirits that hated Yahshan should do harm to his work, which had taken him many long ages to finish. He was very proud of it, and evil spirits hated him that he had made a thing so goodly to look upon; and they drifted hideous phantom shapes across the way of Yahshu, and tried to overwhelm her light canoe, but its keen, shining prow cut through them all, and left them torn and ragged behind her. At last, they fled; for while her eye was on the mute form of the Wako, they feared to do it harm. When all were gone, and nothing that looked like mischief was to be seen, she too went in. And then they, flocking out from the deep places where they had been hid, gathered with hot fingers and red eyes about the quiet Wako. He did not stir, for his senses had not yet been waked. Quick they pried open his clenched teeth, and poured a green smoking fluid down his throat. Just then, the prow of the fire-canoe appeared parting the eastern mists, and they all fled.

Yahshan came on. He looked upon

his work and smiled—for he did not know that evil had been wrought—and came now in glory, riding on golden billows, scattering the chill mists that clung around the icy form—for it was time to wake it up with life. He rolled the yellow pregnant flood upon it and the figure shivered;—again the glowing waves pass over it—the figure was convulsed—tossed its limbs about, and rolled to and fro. Its eyes were open but it saw not, its ears were open but it heard not; it was tasteless and dumb; it smelt not, nor did it feel. Life had gone into it, and the heart beat, the pulses throbbed, the blood coursed fast, and it was wondrous strong. But what was this? Being, self-fed and self-consumed, hung upon the void of midnight, hurried and driven by its own still gathering impulse through a chaos of crude matter. That green liquid of the Evil One now seethed in burning currents through the veins, and it dashed away, crawling, leaping, tumbling, like a mad torrent, over piled up rocks, across the dark plain, striking against hard formless things, and rebounding to rush on more swiftly, till it had left the fire-canoe and Yahshan, all astounded, far behind, and the terror of darkness was beneath and above it. But what was this to it? On! on!—the green fire still burned within and it must go—chasms and cliffs with jagged rocks—into them, over them all. What were rough points and bruises and crashing-down steep, and midnight, to it? There was no feeling, yet the heart leaped, the blood careered, the limbs must follow. Motion, blind motion—no control, no guide—but through and over everything, move it must! The bad spirits thronged after it, grating and clanging their scaly pinions against each other, and croaking their pleasant gibes, when suddenly there was no footing, and the headlong form pitched down, downward, whirling through the empty gloom, while all the herd of ill things laughed and flapped themselves in the prone wake behind it.

At once, with a sigh of wings, like a sharp moan of tree-harps, a shape of light shot arrowy down amidst them. They scattered, howling with affright.—It bore up the falling Wako on strong shining vans an instant, then stretching them out, subsided slowly down and laid him on a soft dark couch again. This was Ah-i-wee-o, the soul of harmonies, the good spirit of sweet sounds. She is the great queen of Spirit-Land; Yahshan

and Yahshu are her slaves; and all the lesser fire-canoes that skim in Yahshu's train obey her. She gives all life its outer being—to know and feel beyond itself;—without her, life is only motion. There is no form, no law, no existence beside; for she holds and grants them each sense, and in them reveals all these. Yahshan could give life, but not content with this, he was ambitious. The formless chaos his fire-canoe sailed over must be a world of beauty! A soul dwelt in it, but that soul was passionless and barren. Yahshan had given life to many shapes, but the cold spirit had scorned them all; and yet she must be wooed to wed herself to life, that out of the glow of that embrace might spring the eternal round of thoughts made vital, clothed out of shapeless matter with symmetry. He planned an impious scheme. He would not pray the good Ah-i-wee-o for aid, but would act alone and be the great Medicine Spirit. He would frame a creature from out the subtlest elements within this chaos, so exquisite that when it came to live, confusion would be harmonized in it, and the order of its being go forth the law of beauty, and of form to all. Then that coy spirit of desolation would be won at last, and passing into its life, a royal lineage would spring forth, and procreation wake insensate matter in myriad living things, gorgeous ideals, harmoniously wrought and self-producing forever. All these should be his subjects, and he would rule with Yahshu this most excellent show himself! So he labored on in the deep chambers of his night-lodge through many cycles. The work was finished. It lay in state within his golden wigwam at the East, that Yahshu and her glittering train might look upon it and wonder. Then he carried it forth; but evil spirits are wise, and though it was a mighty work, they knew it was too daring, and that Ah-i-wee-o would punish its presumption, and would not let the senses wake with life; so they poured that fearful fluid in, that fires the blood, and makes life slay itself.—They say the white man has dealt with them and learned the spell of that bad magic and makes his "fire water" by it!—So when Yahshan waked up life, its power waked too; for he knew not of the craft, and it tore the glorious work from out his hands, while they flew behind and mocked him.

Ah-i-wee-o bent over the swooning Wako, for the life that had been so tu-

multuous, scarcely now stirred his pulse. She was a thing of beams—silvery and clear:—a warm, lustrous light clung around her limbs, and showed their delicate outline. She floated on the air, her wings and figure waving with its eddies, like the shadow of a Lec-ka-loo bird on the sea; her eyes, deep as the fathomless blue heaven, looked down on him with pity and gentleness unutterable. It was a marvellous work the over-daring Yahshan had accomplished. Beautiful, exceedingly, was that mute form, and rarely exquisitely its finish! Must that glorious mechanism be destroyed, and all the noble purpose of its framing lost? No! she moves her tiny pearl-like hand above it, and every blotch and all the bruises disappear, and it was fair to view, and perfect as when Yahshan had given it the last touch. Now she stooped beside and touched him—white sparks flew up, and she sang a low song; at the first note, the dark, formless masses round them quivered and rocked. The Wako smiled, for feeling now first thrilled along his nerves. The song rose—the dumb things shook and stirred the more. She touched his nostrils and his lips—the sparks played between her small fingers, and danced up. Yet a louder note swelled out, and the thick mists swayed and curled, and a cool wind rushed through them and dashed a stream of odors on his face. He drew long breaths, and sighed with the burden of delight, and moved his lips to inarticulate joy. And now that wondrous song pealed out clear, ringing bursts, that shook the blue arch, and swung the fire-boats cadent with its gushes; and through the dim mists great shapes, like rocks and trees, leaped to the measure, marshaling in lines and order. Now she pressed his eyelids with her fingers—the silver sparks sprung in exulting showers, snapping and bursting with sweet smells.—Once more, pealing triumphant, a keen, shining flood, that symphony poured wilder forth; his eyes fly open, and that heavy mist, like a great curtain, slowly rises. First, the green grass and the flowers, bending beneath the gentle breeze, turn their deep eyes and spotted cups towards him in salutation, and all the creeping things and birds that love the low herbs, dew-besprent, are there; and as the mist goes up majestically slow, other forms of bird and beast are seen; and dark trunks of mighty trees and great stems beside them, looking like trees, until his eye has trac-

ed them up to the great Moose, the Big-horned Stag, the Grizzly Bear and the vast, moving Mammoth. But then it has drunk in the harmony of grades; for all are there; and side by side he marks how from the crawler every step ascends in beautiful gradation; the last linked to the first in one all-perfect chain. Then came the knotted limbs, with their burden of green leaves, and, underneath, the round yellow fruits, or purple-flushing of rich clusters and gay forms that flutter through them on wings of amethyst, or flame, or gold, their every movement a music note, though all were dumb to him as yet. Still higher the mist-curtain goes, and the grey cliffs with shining peaks, and a proud, fierce-eyed bird perched on them, meet his gaze, and then the mists float far away and scatter into clouds, and all the splendor and the pomp of the thronged earth, is spread a gorgeous but voiceless revelation to his new being. With every touch of the Enchantress, Ah-i-wee-o, the soul of chaos had passed into a sense; and all the pleasant harmonies the Wako felt, and all the scented harmonies the Wako tasted and inhaled—all the thoughts of harmony in grand or graceful forms the Wako saw—that blissful interpenetration gave conception to, and the magic of that powerful song brought forth! One more act, and his high marriage to Eternity is consummated; ecstasy has found a voice, and all these harmonies articulation! Yet his ears were sealed, and though music flowed in through every other sense, his dumb lips strove in vain to wake its language.

But this was the supremest gift of all. This was the charm that had drawn beauty out of chaos—the magic by which Ah-i-wee-o ruled in Spirit Land, and chained the powers of evil. It was death to spirits less than she, to hear the fierce crashing of those awful symphonies she knew. His nature could not bear the revelation. Besides, what had he to do with that celestial minstrelsy which led the heaven-fires on their rounds. There was ambition, full enough, up there; and Yahshan had been playing far too rashly on those burning keys. She would not curse this perfect being with a gift too high, and add another daring rebel to her realm. No! He must be ruler here, as she ruled every thing. From all these harmonies he must extract the tone, and on it weave his song of power to lead them captive. This divine music is the voice of all the beautiful, the higher language of every

sense ; and not until the soul is brimmed to overflowing with sparkling draughts of it, drank in through each of them, will the beamy current run, as streams do in the skies. He must lead the choir of all this being—yet this infinite sense would overbear his nature, suddenly revealed ; it can only wake in other creatures as its birth matures in him—and he shall go forth into silence—every living thing shall be mute—and from the low pre-luding of the waters and the winds, the first notes of his exulting pæans shall be learned, and they shall learn of him

“ Until all the air  
Is one melody—  
All breath takes music on ;  
And echoes up-bear  
The full-voiced glee,  
Till fainter, more faint, its flood is gone !”

She touched his ears—the sparks leaped up—she pressed his lips with one entrancing kiss, and sprang away. The quick moan of her pinions, cleaving the air, is the first sound that steals on the new sense, and stirs the dead vast of silence that had weighed upon his being. And now myriad soft wavelets of the infinite ocean, follow, breaking gently over him—the whisper of quivering leaves to the caressing zephyr, the low tremble of the forest chords, and the deep booming of great waves afar, the ring and dash of cascades nearer, the tinkling of drops in caves, the gush and ripple of cold springs, the heat of pulses, the purr of breathings, and the hum of wings in gentlest ravishment, possess his soul—for now is the bridal of his immortality consummated in a delirium of bliss, and lulled upon its couch, he sweetly sinks into the first sleep.

The Wako is roused next morning by a warm flood from the fire canoe, for Yahshan had come forth right royally, and though Ah-i-wee-o had lumbled his presumption and would not permit him to be sole lord, as he had hoped, yet all he had dared attempt had been accomplished, and he believed it to be, in full, his own work, and he wore all his panoply of splendor, in honor of his glorious creation. The Wako rose, and lo ! around him as far as the eye could reach, a mighty multitude of all the animals of earth was rising too. They waited for their king, and it was he. They came flocking around him to caress him, a gentle, eager throng. The panther rubbed his sleek, glossy fur against his legs, and

rolled and gambolled like a kitten at his feet. The great Bear of the North rubbed his jaws against his hand, and begged to be caressed. Big-Mountain (the Mammoth) thrust his huge tusks in for a touch ; and the wide-horned Stag bowed his smooth neck, and pleaded with meek black eyes for notice. All the huge, grotesque things pressed around, and the smaller creatures, pied, and flecked, and dotted, crowded beneath their heavy limbs, unhurt—all full of confidence and love, gracefully sporting to win one glance. Above him, the air was thick with wings, and the whirr and winnowing of soft plumes made pleasant music, and the play of brilliant hues was like a thousand rainbows, arched and waving over him, and the little flame-like things would flutter near his face, and gleam their sharp, bright eyes into his, and strive in vain to warble out their joy, for their sweet pipes were not yet tuned. All were there, great and small ; and the great eagle came from his high perch and circled round his head, and brushed his strong wings, with light caressing, through his hair. He went with them to the forest, groaning with rich fruits, and ate, and shook the clusters down for them. Then he went forth to look upon the land—the first shepherd, with that countless flock, thronging round his steps. It was a lovely land ! Here a rolling meadow, there a heavy wood ; the trees all bearing fruits, or hung with vines and bloom—a deep, still river doubled the sky and trees in its clear mirror, and he gazed in a half-waking wonder when the ripples the swan-trains made, shivered it to wrecks. But wander which way he might, he came to tall, grey bluffs, with small streams that pitched from their cloudy summits, and bounding off the rough crags below filled all the valley with cool spray. He found his lovely world was fenced about with square, towering rocks, that nothing without wings could scale. But there was room enough for them, and profuse plenty the fruitful earth supplied. At noon he went beneath a grove of sycamores, where a great spring gushed out, and laid him down beside its brink, with his subjects stretched and perched around him in the shade, to rest. His sleep was broken by strange new melodies. He opened his eyes—near him were two maidens, and all the birds and beasts were gathered round them, and they were singing gay, delicious airs, teaching the birds to warble.

One of them was fair, white as the milk-white Fawn that licked her hand, and gazed up at her musical lips. But her hair was dark, and a strong light gleamed in her small black eyes. This was Ki-ke-wee; she sung and laughed, and kissed the song-bird's bill that perched upon her finger, and when he tried to follow her wild carol, she mocked his blunders, and stamped her tiny foot, and frowned, and laughed, and warbled yet a wilder symphony, to puzzle him the more. The other was a darker maiden, with large gentle eyes. This was Mnemoia;—her voice was soft and low, and she sung sweet songs, and looked full of love and patience. The Wako half rose, in joy and wonder. They bounded towards him, sang a rapturous roundelay to a giddy, whirling dance, then threw their arms about his neck and kissed him. They became his squaws, and Yahshu smiled upon them as she sailed by that night.

The Wako was very happy, and Ki-ke-wee was his favorite. She was very lovely, but full of curious whims, that each day became more odd. She loved the Blue Jay most among the birds, and taught him all his antics; and the Magpie was a pet; and the passionate, bright Hummer lived about her lips. As yet, nothing but sounds and scenes of love were in that little world; and the strong, terrible brutes knew not they had passions or the taste for blood; but Ki-ke-wee would stand before the Grizzly Bear and pull his jaws, and switch his fierce eyeballs, until he learned to growl with pain, and then she would mock him; and when he growled louder, she would mock him still, until at last he raved with rage, and leaped upon the Panther—for he feared Ki-ke-wee's eye—and the Panther tasted blood, and sprang to the battle fiercely. And now the tempest broke, and every thing with claws and fangs howled in the savage discord. Ki-ke-wee clapped her hands and laughed. Mnemoia raised the enchantment of her song above it all, and it was stilled. Then Ki-ke-wee would tease the Eagle, and mock him till he screamed and dashed at the Black Vulture in his rage; and she would dance and shout for joy; and Mnemoia would

quell it, then go aside to weep. The Wako loved the beautiful witch, and when he plead with her she would mock even him; and every day, and every hour, this mocking elf stirred some new passion, until at last even Mnemoia's song had lost its charm, and the Bear sulked in the deep thickets, and shook them with his growl, and the Panther moaned from out the forest, and the gaunt wolves snapped their white teeth and howled; and all the timid things fled away from these fierce voices; and battle, and blood, and death were rife where love and peace had been. The birds scattered in affright, and sung their new songs by snatches only, and hateful sounds of deadly passions, and the screams and wails of fear, resounded everywhere.

Ki-ke-wee made a bow, and poisoned the barbed arrow, and mocked the death-bleat of the milk-white Fawn, when the Wako shot it at her tempting. This was too much! Ah-i-wee-o cursed her, and she fell. The Wako knelt over her, and wept; and when the dissolving spasm seemed upon her, he covered his face with his hands, and wailed aloud. A voice just above him wailed too! He looked up, surprised;—a strange bird, with graceful form and sharp, black, spiteful eyes, was mocking him! He looked down—Ki-ke-wee was gone; and the strange bird gaped its long bill, hissing at him; and when it spread its wings, to bound up from the twig, in an ecstasy of passion, he knew, by the broad white stripe across them, that it was Ki-ke-wee!

He found the neglected Mnemoia weeping in the forest; and, soon after, they scaled the cliffs, and fled from that fair land, to hide from Ki-ke-wee. But she has followed, and mocks their children yet; and we dare not slay her, for the wise men think she was a daughter of the evil spirits that poured the green fluid in the Wako's throat, and the same bad fire burns yet in our veins. Our hunters, chasing the mountain goat, sometimes look from the bluffs into that lovely vale that lies in the bosom of the Rocky Mountain chain, but they never venture to go down!

## PAST AND PRESENT OF THE INDIAN TRIBES.

Picture to yourself a race, in their *physique* magnificent, affording breathing models for the sculptor, of severe and noble beauty, with faces instinct with the light man only exhibits in a state of personal as well as civil liberty, stately and dignified, not bent down with the burdens of labor, but with all the faculties kindled and kept alive by habits of perpetual exercise. Picture to yourself such a race, possessing one of the most beautiful countries upon which the sun ever looked—vast prairies, undulating and fertile, interspersed with groves, and divided by clear, deep streams—and you will have formed a not inapt idea of the character and condition of the present remoter tribes of the North American Indians, as well as of those that centuries ago possessed the entire continent. The prairies they inhabit are filled with deer, and bisected by the annual route of the buffalo, from the sierras of California to the vast plains that give birth to the rivers emptying into Hudson's Bay, and back again, with the winter, to the sunny plains of Texas and Soñora. The antelope and the elk are found in the level lands, and the beaver inhabits the clear, cold streams among the hills. Herds of wild horses, compared to which the famed droves of Tartary are small, bound over the unlimited and unclaimed fields.

To imagine that a people so situated should have a complex policy, would be contrary to the dictate of reason; for, accustomed as they are, at the promptings of fancy, to wander off from the body of the tribe and bury themselves among the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, they are of course impatient, on their return, of the restraints of society; and as their habit of wandering is not, as with us, the exception but the universal rule, the laws of their unwritten code are adapted to it. Simple, indeed, is this code. To come to the council when it is convened, and attend to its deliberations with austere dignity—to follow and obey the chief in war, and to receive implicitly the customs of their fathers before them—constitute all its requirements. Offences against the persons of their brethren are the only ones known to them, and are always punished by the *lex talionis*. If murder is committed, the kinsmen of the

sufferer decide upon the atonement, and may either entirely remit or modify it. All other offences are as simply decided upon. Of religion, as a system, they are ignorant; believing in a great and good Spirit who rules all things for the good of man. Each one, upon this fundamental idea, builds up a religion for himself; and in the stillness of the quiet woods and prairies, and by the rivers and solemn lakes, pours out his voiceless orisons to the Beneficence which made the happy hunting grounds, where deer are plentiful as kine in the lands of the pale-faces, where wild vines cover the uncultured soil with fruit, and honey is laid up for them in the clefts of the trees. They are not, however, without a positive worship, for the writer of this has seen, more than once, members of the wild tribes lying in the tall grass, wet with dew and drooping above them, singing their own simple and uncouth, yet heart-felt hymns, in tones an Indian alone can utter.

Simple in their habits and wants, the skins of the deer and elk supply their moccasin, and the soft robe of the buffalo, their garb of luxury. Pigments obtained from the veins of colored clay, left bare by the torrents, and from the juices of the wood berries, constitute all the refinements of their toilet; and the belt of wampum and gaudy beads, or pieces of shell and stone pierced with patient skill, the jewels of their gala dress. From the horn of the elk and a wood peculiar to the country they inhabit, bearing a fruit like the apples of the Dead Sea, are fashioned their bows, and from the cane which is the growth of the low-lands upon their streams, the lance and arrow, deadly in their hands as the rifle's ball.

They have not, as we have said, the laws of a complex civilisation, because they need them not. Having nothing to tempt the cupidity of their neighbors, theft is rarely known among them, for it is as easy to obtain the bow and quiver from the forest amid which they dwell, as from the wigwam of their fellows; and there could be no natural depravity deep enough to induce them surreptitiously to obtain the means of life in a country abounding with all their simplicity of living makes desirable. They

know little of the sweet influences of domestic life, because women, with them, are in a manner slaves, and the warrior thinks not of telling his troubles to his wife, or of conversing with her upon anything that interests him. For these reasons society with the Indians, without this most attaching cord, is but a rope of sand, and an Indian nation always assumes the appearance of a fortuitous assemblage gathered by interest, as vultures are by the scent of prey, or the weaker members of the animal kingdom, by the necessity of defence. As we see a troop of the wild prairie horse governing their motions by the example of the most powerful stallion among them, the Indians, in their hours of danger, have ever obeyed the motions of some superior man, who, placing himself at their head, entirely superceded, for the time at least, their hereditary chiefs, and has been obeyed, *they* knew not why, by right of the power which mind exerts over grosser organizations, until a new emergency should call forth a new hero. Thus it is easy enough to find an exemplification, that in each man who is obeyed in dangerous conjunctures, there resides the *kenning* or *cunning*, or capacity which is the only right divine to power, and which is acknowledged always in every community—and that even in the heroes of savage tribes, there is a truth and reality which they partake with the great men who have modified the events of whatever has become history, and fashioned creeds which will be the rule of action somewhere long after their names are forgotten.

They have priests, and medicine-men, and sooth-sayers, quite as much given to mummery and deceit as any who have been the mode in the most civilized communities. In some respects, their medicine-men are better than ours—they take no fees, and their drugs are not very noisome. The bark and root of the sassafras and the seneca, and some mucilaginous plant—the bark, perhaps, of the *Ornus Fraxinus*—constitute the most of their pharmacopœia; add to these an exorcism, to cure the wind, and an invocation to Manito, to expel the shaking spirit from one stricken with the ague.

A mode of writing, too, they have, very graphically described by Dr. Robertson, and simple as the rest of their arts. Three blows with a hatchet, and the bark of the *Populus Americanus*, or

*Tulip Tree*, is loosened and stripped off, and figures traced here and there—pictures without light and shade—chronicle the valiant emprizes, and preserve the memory of good blows struck by famous Sachems, until the bark has grown over the wounded trunk again. There will stand the tree, and for two hundred years, perhaps, its scars show that it commemorates something. The obelisks and pyramids of the Pharaohs can do nothing more distinct, and quite long enough they preserve the clear story—some three years; for the Duke of Wellington, in but little more than that time after the battle of Waterloo, was pelted by the mob of London.

Of civilization, these prairie tribes know but little, and that little they have learned from two sources. The first was from the monks of the Society of Jesus, not a few of whom had been in other days soldiers, carbonari, men of adventurous lives, who had sighed away their youth unavailingly in hopes for the redemption of their own land, and now, grown hopeless for that, had become enthusiastic for the ultimate salvation of the red wanderers of the New World. Had the Indians no other tutors than such as these, their course would be onward. But other pale-faces, men of the *huckster* genus, who would sell the bones of their fathers if they could find a purchaser, have insinuated themselves among them, and dealing out deadly poison, sow physical and moral death around all who traffic with them, and make useless the labor of the *old soldier*, turned herald of the cross. Show us an Indian hamlet of fifty houses, or tents, and we will show you a trader, who purchases from its inhabitants the produce of their hunt for a trifle, and, in spite of non-intercourse laws, pays for it in whisky, or, as the Indian calls it, *fire-water*.

Such are the wild tribes now; good haters, therefore good lovers, with a fair capacity for being made true men of—for as well might we call the babe in swaddling-clothes a man, as give the name to a being undeveloped in his mental faculties. Such, however, thus slightly sketched, are those tribes now; and such *were* another portion of the red race, whose present condition we seek briefly to lay before the public

Tall and stalwart, perhaps, as their brethren in the prairie, are the remnant of the once mighty tribes whose homes on each side of the Alleghany have been

usurped by the white man. Seemingly exemplifying the truth of the innate depravity of man, they have adopted all the vices of the pale-face, and have not profited by the blessings his civilization confers. The most wretched of the wretched hamlets of our cultivated land becomes a metropolis, compared with the best of the villages of the most civilized of the tribes on the line. Situated near the whites, they have continual recourse to the *groceries*, where few groceries but rum are sold; and, continuing from day to day, the imbibing of poisonous spirits, acquire the hebetate air of stupidity or recklessness, which gives too often the foundation of the idea which most persons, who have merely looked into the Indian's country, entertain of his character. It is utterly in vain to labor to retrieve him from his fallen state, until this all-powerful influence be removed.

The worm of the still must be crushed, or civilization can do but little for him but to teach him its own peculiar vices, to drown his own savage virtues, and stifle the promptings of an erroneous, perhaps, but noble creed, whose teachings instructed them to more wisdom than multitudes have received into their minds, from all the doctrines of a high Christianity. Dearly have they learned the weight of the white man's power. We remember, not many years ago, to have heard one of the best of their speakers, a Choctaw warrior and orator, thus express himself in his own musical and deep accents, when appealed to, to sign a treaty by which he would have relinquished the last foothold upon the home of his fathers. "The red man loves not to write. The Great Spirit speaks: we hear his voice in the wailing of the winds, in the rushing of the mighty waters. He never writes.

"We will not write; we stand beside the graves of our fathers, and they speak to us. Could their voices have been heard by the white man ten suns ago, when their hearth-sides were sold, they would not now have been beyond the Father of waters, but would all have died where their sires did."

They learned to look upon the agent of the government of the United States as one sent to overreach them, and have therefore turned to the refugee whites, who, lost to the companionship of their own race, exert a baleful influence upon the people that have sheltered them. When will the government be awakened

to the voice of truth and justice, and drive from the vicinity of the Indian, where it has power to act, the living instrument of the destruction of those whom with no little arrogance it terms *its children*? Clad in tatters, like Tom of Bedlam in King Lear, with the garments of either race indiscriminately worn, they present pictures to harrow the hearts of those who have seen them in the wild prairie, and remember the glorious descriptions of them by the Spaniards, Mariana and Bernal Diez, or the true poetry of our own knight errant, Smith.

In those days, they were Homeric; and looking back at the traditions of their eloquence, of the scenes of daring presented constantly by their history, we recall such harangues as an Ulysses might have made to his Islanders, and such bold feats as inspired Arminius with his eloquence. A recent writer (Mr. Brown, in his history of Illinois,) has attempted to throw some discredit on the genuineness of the harangues handed down to us from Logan and others, by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Erskine, and on those of Tecumseh and Red Jacket. That a phrase or two may have been added and a prurience lopped away, all familiar with the mysteries of reporting can well understand; but that the winged thoughts remain as they were uttered is beyond a doubt. The white man has not in his bosom a well of such deep emotions as that to which they constantly give utterance. To support this, one has but to stand in the midst of an Indian council, with a competent interpreter, and listen how all subjects, however trivial, become dignified; how the glorious images gathered from the scenery of their mighty forests and endless plains, come rolling forth, unforced, uncalled for, like the streams of the great rivers whose torrents are among the first objects they look upon. Such beings are yet the most degenerate of the broken bands along our frontier. They come always to the council grand and dignified: those who on the day before were prostrate and degraded in the filth of a drinking hut, there assume and wear the port of bronzed Apollos. Certainly, the Indian has many elements of a noble being. Unlike the white man, or the negro, he never grovels—a redeeming trait; a memory of what he was ever exists in his mind, and the fine passage in Erskine's speech, at Hasting's trial, if false as regards mankind, was altogether true as far as the people from whom he drew his

observation, are concerned.\* The race, that in memory of two generations, produced a Pontiac and a Logan, a Tecumseh, a McIntosh and a Black-Hawk, not to speak of earlier names in their history, was, we cannot but hope, notwithstanding all the melancholy past, formed for brighter and better days.

But whatever of good is to arise for them, must come from their connection with the white race on this continent. We propose to consider the manner in which our government has acted towards them.

Of the conduct of the early colonists it is, of course, somewhat aside from our present field of remark—as all that occurred before the United States were a nation. It may be well, however, as it certainly is just, to observe that the whole course of events on the American continent previous to the revolution, if it afford no satisfactory apology for our own conduct, is at least a bar to extreme censure from other nations.

The country on the Atlantic, at the time of the discovery, was not densely populated. The eastern declivity of the Alleghanies did not contain over one person to three square miles. The cold winds from the ocean were not congenial to them, and the population of the continent having proceeded from some point on its western coast, the regions first visited by the white man may be considered the *ultima thule* for the inhabitants of the centre of the continent, and not fair enough to tempt them to leave the fertile valleys and broad plains of which they were already possessed. The English found, therefore, but abridgments from the larger tribes—scattered, naked and poor—and were under no necessity to begin the usurpation of their hunting grounds, much less so sorrowful an extermination. That the transactions, however, of nearly all the colonial governments were little else than this, will be made but too apparent, we fear, on the pages of history. Much, undoubtedly, is due to those lawless men, whom the disturbances of the English revolution, the wars of the reformation, and the various other conflicts that convulsed for a series of years the heart of Europe, flung in such numbers upon the shores of the New World. Straggling always to the borders of savage life, these vagrants, heartless and grasping, were ready, for

gain, to commit any act of violence. Still, it was the duty of the British authorities to interpose a speedy and thorough check to such ceaseless aggressions.

Having possessed themselves of the country bordering upon the sea-shore, and driven back those they found there into the narrow regions, which constituted a kind of debateable land between them and the larger tribes, the English then commenced the system of extending their agencies and trading houses far into the interior of the continent, corrupting, and thereby enfeebling all that came within their influence. England and France were, indeed, but renewing their old-world jealousies in the unexplored depths of the new, both pressing on to compass the empire of the wilderness; and they used the original lords of the river and forest only as serviceable instruments.

The events we are now beholding are the inevitable consequences of the course thus early begun by British cupidity. That no greater progress was made in actual occupation, was only owing to the fact, that under the royal government emigration was counted by scores, instead of the thousands now arriving monthly at our ports from every thoroughfare of Europe. The royal government was more peaceable than our own, because it had not equal capacity to be offensive, nor equal interest in such a policy, as the value of the Indian fur-trade was then of tenfold the annual worth of their territories.

At the very commencement of the revolutionary war, a system of acquisition was commenced at Kaskaskia, whose radiations had already reached the heart of the Potawatamies, and prepared the way for that proneness to be controlled by British influence, which has not yet disappeared. During the Revolution the various tribes, with the exception, perhaps, of the Lenupé and Choctaw, seem to have fought for that power which, only till then, they had known.

The war had closed—the Cherokees and Muscogees who, under the wise government of Washington had learned to love the new Republic, remained peaceful, and the Shawnees and Potawatamies, among whom British influence yet preserved alive the embers of war, by the continued though sometimes unsuccessful efforts of Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne, were reduced to terms. In the

\* Brown's History of Illinois, p. 26.

meantime, the Alleghanies could not restrain the increasing population. Men who had left their hearth-sides in old England would not be content with meaner homesteads, and in the Edens of the West sought something to recompense them for the loss of their domestic possessions. Then the bitter fruits sown by the parent government, began to ripen. The early colonists had in New England looked upon the Indians as peculiarly liege servants of Beelzebub, to be destroyed, of course, by the children of the Lord; in New York and Pennsylvania, as simple people not really in possession of their wild lands, since they knew not their value; and in the southern colonies, yet tintured with the spirit of chivalry, as heathen and pagans whom it was an honor to slay. Thus actuated from the Atlantic to the Spanish borders, they began to conduct in such a manner as to call forth from Washington the following remark in a letter to Col. Humphreys: "I must confess, I cannot see much prospect of living in tranquillity with these people, *so long as the spirit of land-jobbing prevails, and our frontier sufferers consider it no crime to murder an Indian.*"

This state of things prevailed everywhere, but was carried to the extremest limit perhaps in Kentucky, where Boone and his coadventurers canonized themselves by the slaughter of their foes, and by winning for their adopted country the name of the "dark and bloody ground." Is it then singular, says Mr. Wirt, that the Indian should be implacable, since "*they have been driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years rolled back, nation upon nation, till they have found themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country;—and look forward to the time when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars—driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid—the condition of slaves?*" And when awakened to this necessity, when forced to fly like beasts of prey into the wilderness, what has been our course? Followed up to their very lairs, when crouching like Van Amburgh's lions at the foot of the civilized man, even then we have not left them what the subdued beast has in sovereignty, his cage; but we have forced them to move here and there, at the call of each new comer, to lick the hand which subdued them, to submit to the control of a

race they scorn—or one other choice, to fly yet farther into the desert; or, sacrificing nationality, to amalgamate with the hereditary enemies of their race. This last has been the sad lot of a people from whom most of our instances will be drawn, the Cherokee.

Peculiar in their language, or, at least, differing from the tribes which surrounded them, in this respect, their kindred races must probably be sought for among the relics of the first inhabitants we know of, in the West Indian Archipelago, and the main land of South America. The fact of their looking upon the sun with peculiar veneration, if not worship, may also lead us to such a conjecture. They were powerful at the first coming of the white man, extending over the greater part of Georgia, Tennessee, with portions of Virginia, and the Carolinas; to speak concisely, occupying, with the Creeks, the whole country south of the Ohio, and west of the confederacy of Onasahuncanok—or Powhatan. The whites for a long time forbore to interfere with them, and those who lived in their vicinity, far from molesting, esteemed themselves happy that their fate was cast in the neighborhood of a people, so well disposed to be friendly. One of the first steps taken by the Government during the revolution was to send an agent among them to win their silence, and prevent so formidable a people from becoming hostile. Had they not succeeded—had the weight of the Cherokee people been made a *point d'appui* for the Tories of the Carolinas and Georgia, throwing the whole force of the terrible warriors of the southern tribes among the scattered homes of the planters, who can say how much more severe would have been the struggle for our independence!

Their forbearance, however, and general good faith, did not avail for their security, beyond that which other powerful and more hostile tribes had found. Many incidental events, indeed, helped to prepare the way for the difficulties that followed. The acquisition of Louisiana was peculiarly fatal to them. The cities of New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Louis had formed around them already the nucleus of thriving population, and the filling up of the old States placed them, as it were, within the midst of the country, though not of it; and a cry was raised, that they obstructed the march of civilization, and threw obstacles in the way of the execution of the laws of the country. Alarmed by this cry, a portion of the nation, in

1818, or about that time, set out, as Caesar represents the Gauls of old to have done, *novas quærere sedes*, and marched onwards, until the fertile plains, near the present *port of Arkansas*, between the *fork* of the Arkansas and White rivers, induced them to pause in their course. But the emigrants were not more prosperous than those whom they left behind. The country was too beautiful not to have attracted the cupidity of the white as well as of the red man—and ere long they found themselves closely enclosed on the banks of the western rivers as they had been in the depth of the Alleghany mountains. They moved higher up the river to the site occupied by their tribe at present, and where the government has shown a disposition to protect them against the frequent clamors of the people. It is still disposed to do so, but if Texas is annexed to the Union, will it be able to preserve, to a feeble race comparatively, the sovereignty of so narrow a strip of territory, as that now guaranteed to them, and which is already looked forward to by the idlers who infest every frontier city of our land as the *ELDORADO*, the possession of which is to realize the dreams of their vagabond cupidity?

Those, meanwhile, whom they had left behind them, as sentinels near the graves of their ancestors, had not stood still in the march of civilization, but taught in the rough school of the world, that the devil must be fought with fire, had learned to cheat, lie, and steal as dexterously, as if the knowledge they had acquired were an heir-loom. All things seemed to tend to the ruin of the Cherokee. The discovery of mineral wealth—which, under a truly paternal government such as ours over the Indians professes to be, would have rendered them wealthy and prosperous—but added to their danger, by holding forth a new temptation to the unprincipled men whom the rumor of gold mines, in all ages, has sufficed to entice from their settled homes. And the aggressors not only injured the Cherokee, by possessing themselves ultimately of their land, but they injured the morals of the nation, by their influence over the women, who strangely enough learned to prefer the most ordinary and illiterate White to a Cherokee, whatever might be his fortune, and though his education should qualify him to take a high position among the gentlemen of any land. This state of things continued; the anxiety which had originated among

the lower classes of the counties immediately upon their border was communicated to the better orders, in their vicinity, and from them to the whole state. The popular clamor increased, till at length the State of Georgia decreed the extension of their laws over the Indians within their limits, whose sires had been the hosts of their fathers.

They appealed to the United States, pledged by long treaties, by honor, by all that dignified humanity, to preserve inviolate the Cherokee nationality. If they did so, let the records of the United States show. It is true the legal functionaries did their duty, but the executive of the land failed in executing that command which it was pledged and sworn to enforce. Public opinion—at least, that which is worth consideration—the opinion of good men, which we are still fain to hope in a free country, always must prevail; sympathy, the talent and education of the land—all were united to sustain them. The eloquence of Wirt, the bitter sarcasm of Randolph, the polished and earnest reasoning of Everett, all were thrown into the scale of justice and honor; the learned and lofty Marshal was there to vouch for the correctness of each act; yet the executive shrunk from the discharge of his duty—and henceforth existed that accusation abroad, so hard to be borne—yet supported, we fear, by too many like results since then—that the power of the United States, for unbending adherence to Law and the Right, is but a reed before the headstrong will of any party of recusants that may choose to rise up and dispute its authority.

There was indeed, in this case, an unforeseen difficulty in the way of abiding by covenant. The Government was undoubtedly in an apparent dilemma. It was pledged to the Cherokee to do one thing; it *seemed* pledged to Georgia to effect the reverse. There are not wanting candid men who think the predicament constitutional. We shall not argue the point. Out of these conflicting obligations, the one or the other was to be got rid of. It could not long hesitate; the Cherokees were to go by the board. Yet some nicety of tactics was to be displayed. They still mustered some thousand warriors, who, both by the side of, and against our own troops, had shown what they could do. A treaty was to be made—chiefs were to be bribed—the nation to be corrupted—and no small

tact was necessary to do this effectively. An agent was to be provided. Treaties, till then, had always been made with the Indian tribes by the officers of the army. They were not now to be thought of. It is to their credit that they could not be expected to pander to the cupidity of either a party or the nation. The senators of the land—her eminent men—were passed by, and a wretch found, whose name should not be written, lest he attain the fame of him who fired the temple of Diana. Even he seemed anxious to act honestly if possible, and proposed to the nation to sell or exchange their lands. They refused indignantly, and it became necessary to use the force of guile.

It is due to John Howard Payne, who had been one of the most powerful advocates of their cause, and to the capacity with which God had endowed various of the chiefs and principal men of the nation, that the vile plot was not unknown, and at first met with small success. The laws of Georgia, it is true, had been extended over them technically; but the sheriff would have been a bold man who would have dared to execute a legal process within the Cherokee lands. They grew, however, less powerful daily in comparison with the whites; and to avoid the frequent discrepancies of testimony which occurred in their courts whenever a Cherokee was implicated by a white man, or *vice versa*, the Indian was placed upon the footing of a free negro, and his testimony rejected. All drawback upon the villainy of the frontier desperado was thus removed; and thenceforward a white man might rob, steal, and murder with impunity; for the testimony of the whole Cherokee people, unsupported by that of a white, would have infringed as little on a white man's impunity as the blowing of the wind.

It was then that Boudinot, the great benefactor of the people, and editor and controller of their public press, forgetful of his duty to his nation, and of the obligation of a law of which he himself was the proposer, awarding the penalty of death to whomsoever should, in council, advocate the sale of one foot of Cherokee land, suffered himself to be deluded, and signed, or induced others to sign, a treaty. The treaty was invalid of course, because they who did so were entirely without authority from their countrymen; but it afforded a pretext to the

Government to remove them by force. The decree was carried into speedy execution, and one of the noblest of the native tribes of the continent were driven from their homes and ancestral graves, by the descendants of those to whom, but two centuries before, few and unprotected, their fathers had extended, in peace and war, the simple hand of Indian friendship.

The Cherokees were no longer savages, having more of the luxuries of life around them than the common people of Ireland, Spain, or Scotland ever possessed, with large mills, orchards and farms, and many good mechanics of their own, and reaping constantly the benefits of education. The sight was peculiar and touching—grandsires, fathers and children, moved in the same procession—the one sad with the memories of the past, the other sorrowful for the loss of the present, and the aged ones hopeless for the future. They yet seemed to nerve themselves for the struggle; and, led on by the hope, that in their new home they would at least find the part of their nation which, in a day of comparative prosperity, had preceded them, *eclaireurs* of the wilderness, as it were, they showed at least a new feature of good in the red man's character.

The shattered nation arrived at the settlements of their brethren; but they were not received, they thought, with the kindness they expected. Twenty years frequently work great changes, and the old emigrants had forgotten those whom they left behind them. Much had occurred to distract their attention from the past. They had striven against a climate to which they were unused; they had fought with the Osage and predatory tribes of the prairie, unassisted, and ceased to look upon themselves as a colony, but as a separate people. Contention and what Sallust so expressively terms *vixæ*, occurred; yet, after some time passing, and the death of Boudinot and other chiefs, they succeeded in establishing a government upon the basis of a constitution similar to our own, with a well regulated police and school system.

Under the care of Ross, their principal chief, they are progressing in power and population, and the appreciation of personal comfort. With the exception of a band known as the North Carolina Indians, established in a spur of the Ozark mountains, they have ceased to be characterized by the traits of savage life. It

is not unusual to see upon the table of the better classes, the last new book and the daily papers of the eastern cities; and the writer has heard the young daughter of a Cherokee chief laugh at a visit she had received from a storekeeper of some wealth, who lived near the line of the United States, because the vulgar man did not know how to use a silver fork. Such are they at present. If unmolested, their friendship cultivated, and a fixed confidence established, their condition may still improve; they may become the supporters of civilization, and have rank among the nations of the earth. But very much remains to be done before such a consummation—as we shall briefly point out.

One of the first necessities of good government is, that the people should have confidence in the laws, and their ministration; that they should believe, not only that the laws are, in themselves, just, but that they will be certain in their execution—no extraneous power intervening to set aside their solemn sanction, and render nugatory the ancestral right and the codified tradition of their race. For Indians, especially, there should be a firm and regular government, fashioned according to their native institutions. The commands of the chief should be enforced; he should have control over the soil of his tribe, as the territory of the United States is obedient to the Constitution. He should have cognizance of all offences committed thereon, and the executive or military power should no more interfere to screen or save from punishment, any one obnoxious to the requirements of their law, than in the United States they should dare to anticipate or correct the decisions of judicial authority.

Now, if a Cherokee commits an offence, he is not left to their own law; if guilty, he is not punished, because, it may be, some meddling commanding officer, not content with tyrannizing over the officers and men under his control, is ambitious to govern a nation, and to show his power by setting at defiance their lawfully constituted authorities. Lately, an officer of the United States army shot down a Cherokee citizen, in cold blood, it is said, and certainly with most culpable carelessness; yet he, by a system of connivance and false certificates, was allowed to escape, not only from charges which might properly have been taken cognizance of by the military court, but from the higher penalty to be laid on such as anywhere de-

stroy God's image. Now this cannot but have a bad effect. The Cherokee knows that, technically, the laws of the United States protect *him*, when within their boundaries; and when he sees the manner in which these laws are enforced, he necessarily feels himself wronged; and it is not to be wondered at if the bitter animosity, for which they have had always but too much cause, but which has been made to smoulder in the ashes, begins to burn again with redoubled violence. For the white man, on the other hand, beyond the line of the United States, there is no law—as the Buccaneers admitted no peace south of the equator. If offences are punished among the Cherokees and other tribes, when committed by one red man against another, it is because they are a law-fearing people, and their chiefs men of justice and intellect. An *imperium in imperio* cannot exist. The Cherokee law and courts either should be annihilated or be made supreme. The first of these alternatives the stipulations of solemn treaties forbid; and the other becomes the only means of escape from the renewal of a state of savage warfare and retrogression to a worse state of barbarity than the Red Man existed in before the landing of Raleigh and the adventurers who followed him.

The next necessity of the well-being of a people, is that they should be satisfied with their laws. It is idle to expect so complex a piece of machinery, as the polity of a people, to work well without that consent which alone can take off the friction of their contact and pressure. To ensure this, they should be allowed to frame the whole superstructure of their government themselves. The expediency of interference by the United States, even to keep the peace, may be doubted, except in case of war among the tribes; for armed interventions terminate mostly in the destruction of the party for whose preservation the first steps were taken. If they are to walk or run with a strong step, they must learn to rise by their own efforts. For a people, self education is the only kind that can shape out a prosperous and permanent existence. The experience of the world strengthens the position we have assumed. Every great nation has arrived at abiding strength by the cumbersome and difficult steps of a first progress. The object is to civilize the Cherokee and other Indians in the broadest signification of the term. We have but to leave them alone, and time, the great

improver and soother of evils, will enable them to look upwards, in spite of the mighty weight imposed upon them.

Let the Indian make his own laws. They may at first be bad ones, but so were all the externals of his life; he has improved the one—he may equally improve the other. Suffer no interference with them; let men be sent to watch over them, to foster them, but not to govern. It is especially necessary to do away with the present Indian agency, which embraces in one person, the multiform capacity of soldier, governor, ambassador, and trader. Let these persons be forbidden to be any thing but guardians of the rights of the white man, and agents of communication between the tribes among which they shall respectively be located, and the government of the United States—standing somewhat in the capacity of our Consuls abroad.

Has it ever been conceived as possible, that an Indian Agent, with a salary of \$750 per annum, is the repository of the dangerous power of making an Indian Chief? of granting away the power of life and death over a people? Such is the case. Some years since, so great a violence was committed upon the OROES; a people who, at that time, were in a perilous condition, especially requiring that their Chief should be possessed, if possible, of their fullest confidence, and

not only the objective but subjective affection of his tribe. Was it ever imagined, that an Indian Agent should dictate to the tribe to which he was commissioned, what treaty they should make with the power from whom he was commissioned? Yet, that such a wrong has been suffered, is witnessed by the treaties recently made with the POTAWATAMIES of the Lakes, with the Seminoles, and others. Must not this be reformed? Shall it continue a reproach to the Government, that it farms out its subject states, as the Roman emperors did their provinces—a reward for political partizanship and corruption? Will it not now, by thus reforming this method of communicating with the native tribes, reform all their abuses? Will it not raise to the dignity of true manhood a people surely worthy of some higher destiny, than that to which the fatality of their race, and the course of circumstances over which they could have no control, seem hopelessly committing them? Let these things be considered with the attention and generous bearing, which an enlightened and powerful nation should hold towards one broken and feeble, but struggling to redeem themselves from the depths of a savage existence, nor yet able to forget that they are of the ancient inheritors of the land.

## THE LAWS OF MENU.\*

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

MENU, the legislator of the Hindoos, and, in their belief, the grandson of Brahma, is said to have lived at the beginning of the world, and to have given laws for all the ages. The antiquity of the dialect in which the code of Menu is composed, makes it probable, that his laws were promulgated as early as the thirteenth century, *v. c.*

The word *menu*, is supposed to be the same in origin with the Latin *mens*, and the English *mind*, and so nearly resembles *Menai*, the name of the first king and lawgiver of Egypt, it is easy to conjecture that Menu and Menai are the same person.

Vyasa, the ancient compiler and commentator of Hindoo scripture, classes the books of Menu among writings that cannot be impugned by an authority merely human. So sacred are they, none but the 'twice-born' may read them; and the neglect of their perusal, to the third generation, is punished by loss of caste.

Of this code, the sage Vrihaspati (who is supposed to be at this time the regent of the planet Jupiter,) declares, that it is the most perfect in the world, because it expresses the whole spirit of the Vedas.

The body of the law is named, in Sanscrit, *dherma-shastra*; *dherma*, like the

\* Institutes of Menu, translated by Sir William Jones.

† Ibid. (*Preface*.)

Latin term, meaning law, or limit; and *shastra*, any inspired work.

The most learned and respectable of the Brahmins, who filled the civil and judicial offices, were anciently devoted to the study of the law and its commentaries; but at this day, the original code is known only to the few, and is becoming obsolete.

It is said to have been communicated by the divine lawgiver to certain of the celestial sages; who, in their turn, gave it by inspiration to Bhrigu, a learned Brahmin. This first communication was the ancient and original law, of which portions are quoted in the Vedas; and from which the present code was compiled and modified.

The divine sages, wishing to learn of Menu the origin of law and of the world, approached him while he sat absorbed in the contemplation of Supreme Good; and with every testimony of respect, made known their desire. Menu, in compliance, began with a history of creation, and of the institution of caste.

Creation, as it is described by Menu, was a work of Brahma, who is the principal person of the three that emanated from Brehm, the Vast, ineffable, One. Brahma, the first of created gods, gave origin to the world by conceiving it in his thought. While he wakes, all things exist; his sleep is their dissolution, and is periodic; and, during its continuance, all things are dissolved and reabsorbed; being forms only, of which his thought is the substance.

The first thought of Brahma was, to produce the world like an egg, in the ocean of Being. *But he was in the egg, and resolved himself therein; producing the male and female principle: but these were at the first confused and mingled together.* By other efforts of thought, Brahma originated the forms of things, in succession, ending with Man.

*Matter is of a feminine, form of a masculine, nature: their conjunction gives origin to Maia, or Nature; who is Delusion (appearance).*

The cosmogony of Menu bears only a remote resemblance to that of Moses, and is debased by many puerilities and barbarisms. Although an easy conjecture may derive it from the books of Hermes,

it has a character and method that is unlike anything Egyptian: and the description of the four castes, which are declared, by Menu, to have sprung from the mouth, the arm, the thigh, and the foot, of Brahma, carries the difference of orders to a height unimagined by the Egyptians; for that people regarded all castes (if we may believe Diodorus,) as equal before God. Nor is there anything of puerility or formality, equal to this derivation of castes, in what is left to us of Egyptian mythology; but, in all, a certain antique grandeur and simplicity, though defaced by many grossnesses.

Menu, continuing his conversation with the sages, describes the duties that were allotted to the four classes, and dwells upon the sacredness of Brahmins, affirming, that their very birth is an incarnation of Dherma, the Spirit of Justice, for that the priest is born to promote justice; and, by right of primogeniture, (being first created,) is the virtual sovereign and possessor of the world.

Menu takes especial care to impress the sacredness of custom; declaring that it is transcendent law, and commanding all twice-born persons (as they them,) to observe it with the utmost reverence.

The twice-born classes are commanded by the lawgiver, to dwell in the region of the Ganges and its tributaries; as in the only region, suitable for sacrifice and ablutition; but a soudra may dwell where he best can; and it is evident, the Hindoo lawgiver regards him as but little elevated above brutes, and esteems his salvation to be of no greater moment than that of a bull or a serpent.

Anciently, when the laws of Menu were first promulgated, the young Brahmin, after initiation, became a mendicant; begging food, from door to door, for the sustenance of his preceptor and himself.

Menu commands him to beg first of his relations, beginning with the nearest; and, growing bolder, to ask food of any respectable person; taking care to betray no shame, but to beg as though it was lawful, and his right: and accordingly, nothing is more impudent than one of these sacred vagabonds.

The preceptor, becoming a kind of

\* Man, according to Menu, has a three-fold life; the organic soul of the body, which is transmigratory; the passion, intelligence and affection; and that Divine Spirit, which is the source of Justice, and one with God.

chief of beggars, and supported by his student's earnings, is commanded, in his turn, to observe a thousand austerities and ceremonies.

The duties prescribed to a pupil, are a mixture of dietetics and mysticism, ingeniously adapted to preserve health, while they enslave the imagination. If he desires long life, he must take food, while looking toward the east; if fame, toward the south; if prosperity, toward the west; if truth and its reward, toward the north: "and let him honor his food," says Menu, "and eat it without contempt; for food, eaten with respect, gives health and force; but taken irreverently, destroys both."

With the greatest ingenuity, rules for cleanliness and worship are so blended as to produce an impression on the superstitious mind; making daily necessities received of religious duty, and religious duty compel to the care of health.

It is apparent that this code had not justice for its aim, nor the good of the people, nor the common weal of the nation; but only to uphold and continue unimpaired, the power and number of the priestly order.

Girls, of the sacred caste, are subjected to a very strict and careful regimen; but are forbidden the Vedas, and limited to the duties of a wife and mother.

Great care is taken, lest the preceptor abuse his pupil; and the student is forbidden to perform for him any gross or personal offices. At the beginning and close of each reading in the Veda, he must reverently embrace the feet of his preceptor; and the preceptor must pronounce silently the mysterious O'M, the initials of the unknown name; for, it is added, unless that syllable be said, at the beginning and end of each reading, the remembrance of what was read will slip away from the reader's mind.

Nothing is more earnestly inculcated than the repetition of prayers; they are to be said at food, and before and after bathing; at sunrise and sunset, and on all occasions, where any pretext will serve to introduce them. The prayer of prayers is the Gayatri; whose repetition is alone sufficient to expiate all sin, and secure immortal bliss.

The student must suppress his breath, and with a subdued mind, silently adore the Supreme. "The act," says Menu, "of repeating His holy name is ten times better than the appointed sacrifice; an hundred times, when no man hears it;

and a thousand, when it is purely mental."

All sensualities are forbidden to the young Brahmin who is a student of the Vedas; only, at certain times, he may hear music, and wear a chaplet of flowers.

The greatest humility is commanded toward superiors;—"For," says Menu, "the vital spirits of a young man mount upward, to depart from him, when an elder approaches; but, by rising and salutation, he recovers them."

*Salutations* must be suitable to the rank of the person who is saluted; and women, (especially when they are near relations,) must receive the kindest and the most respectful of all. The conduct of the preceptor is guarded with no less care. He must do nothing to the degradation or injury of his pupil; his gesture and behavior must be such as may ensure respect. Among the multitude, silence is enjoined upon him; and his knowledge and advice must be given to those only who need and ask it.

The whole duty of veneration seems to be exhausted in this law; nor is it easy to conceive a code that should enforce it better. "Wealth, kindred, eye, moral conduct, and divine knowledge," says the legislator, "entitle men to respect, but the last, most;" and, in rank, the youngest initiated Brahmin is held to be more venerable than the oldest soldier.

He commands all persons, of whatever condition, to observe open civilities, and to grade them with the nicest attention. Hindoo courtesy is easy and prompt, unincumbered by such formalities as are used in China. The traveler must not force a woman, or a very old man, to turn from the path; and must give way to one afflicted with disease, or carrying a burden; to a prince, a bridegroom, a priest, or one borne upon a wheeled car.

It is remarked of this people, that none are more polite in intercourse with strangers; and that in the streets of their cities, they glide easily along without jostling or crowding.

Menu enforces obedience to parents; declaring, that, by honoring his mother, a young man gains happiness in the present life; but that by obeying his father, he secures an ethereal, and by his preceptor, a celestial beatitude.

Above all, the pupil must learn goodness, and study to imitate the excellence he sees in others. "A believer in scripture," says the lawgiver, "may receive

a lesson of the highest virtue even from the meanest of men; from poison, nectar may be taken; from gross matters, gold; from a foe, prudence; and from a child, gentleness of speech."

The third chapter of the code of Menu, treats of marriage. Eight kinds are mentioned, of which two are illicit. The holiest wedlock, is by the gift of a daughter to a learned Brahmin, by the intervention of a pious priest. The bride must be clad only in a white robe, divested of all ornament. In the inferior forms less ceremony is observed, and the bride may be gaily adorned. The relations make gifts to the bride, which are her dowry and paraphernalia. But gifts are often given by the bridegroom, to serve as a kind of purchase; though Menu forbids the purchase of a wife, condemning the custom as barbarous and unlawful.

A young Brahmin, with the consent of his preceptor, may marry as soon as he has committed a portion of each of the four Vedas; but this condition is no longer enforced. Marriages, in India, are now made by the parents, between very young children. Marriages must not be contracted, within the sixth degree of consanguinity; nor must the Bramin take to wife a girl who is deformed, or subject to any loathsome, or fatal disease; nor one who has an inauspicious or barbarous name. The young man is commanded to choose a girl of good family, who is delicate, and well formed; and to avoid one of a family in which all the children are daughters.

For the violation of these laws, Menu apportions penances of every degree; and threatens torments, in the world to come. Every unexpiated offence has its punishment appointed in the future state; and the degree of purgatorial pain is fitted to the enormity of the sin.

The idea of the Hindoo purgatory may be traced to the Egyptian doctrine of transmigration. At an uncertain period, or immediately after death, the *animal soul*,\* (upon which the punishment of sin was believed to fall,) must enter another body, that it may suffer torment. As the degree and number of offences is infinite, the gradations of punishment must be fitted to these degrees: Since that existence itself is painful, and a kind

of imprisonment of the soul: and that there are believed to be many existences, both in inferior and superior worlds; making an unbroken scale, from demons in the lower deep, to vehicles of ether inhabited by blessed spirits;—all conditions of life, (even among gods,) are regarded by the Vedas, as probationary, and subject to pain. Where there is existence, says Menu, there is pain and desire: and every state from fire to ether, is a state of change and strife: the soul struggles to ascend, inhabiting all bodies in turn from devils to Brahmins; and thence to genii and deities, until it is lost again in the Ineffable.

The redemption of souls out of purgatory, is supposed to be effected by the prayers of their children. Hence in the ancient poetry of India, Woman is named the giver of heaven;† for, by her, the son is born, whose prayers and offerings shall redeem the soul. The son of a wife by the most sacred form of marriage, is able, by the monthly offering, to redeem the souls of six generations of his ancestors; and a Brahmin by force of piety alone, in this life, may rescue ten of his descendants from the pains of hell.

A portion of the third chapter of Menu's institutes is devoted to conjectures that even now exercise the ingenuity of physiologists. The husband is commanded to indulge his wife in every innocent gratification, "for if she be not elegantly attired," says Menu, "she will not please her husband; but if the wife is beautifully adorned, the whole house is embellished."

A householder, if he be religious, must observe *five* sacraments; to atone for the death of small animals and insects, which he destroys unguardedly in his house. These sacraments are, the reading of scripture; the offering of cakes and water to the manes of ancestors; the offering to fire, which is a sacrament of gods; giving food to animals, which is a sacrament of spirits; and the entertaining guests, the sacrament of men. "He who fails of these, lives not, though he breathes."

The rules of each sacrament are minutely given. A daily sacrifice to the spirits and sages must be made in the house; that to deities, in the open air.

\* Or vital spirit, (supposed to be "a spark from the Eternal.")

† Colebrooke, As. Res.

“To all the gods, let him throw up an oblation of food; by day, to the spirits that walk in light, and by night, to those that walk in darkness.”

He must throw a portion behind him for the good of living things, and cast what remains toward the south, in honor of the great ancestors of all.

Daily hospitality is enjoined. “Let the entertainer, inquire the ancestry of his venerated guest;” that he may do him honor; for even in hospitality rank must be observed.

Of these sacraments, the most important is the *sraddha*, a monthly offering to the manes of ancestors. *Menu* commands, that they be worshipped as gods. “The divine manes are pleased with an offering in empty glades, on the banks of rivers, and in solitary places.” Here, the Brahmin must consecrate a circle upon the turf, by smearing it with dung of cows. Many Brahmins must be assembled as guests, and must share the offering with gods and manes. But those, only, who are of repute for piety and learning may partake of the oblation; and *Menu* even enumerates the particular torments and transmigrations, that shall be suffered by the householder who gives consecrated rice to unclean, ignorant or inferior persons.

A fire having been kindled in the consecrated circle, and the guests in attendance crowned with perfumed garlands, an offering of food is cast upon the flame. Walking from east to south, the sacrificer casts in a portion for the gods, and another for the manes; and sprinkles water upon the earth from his right hand. The ceremony is tedious in description, and but for the dainty feast it brings, must be equally so, in practice, for the guests within the consecrated circle. Every kind of food and condiment, permitted by the law, may be offered to the manes; and the guests being witnesses, the piety of the householder is estimated by the richness of the oblation.

“Let the dressed food,” says *Menu*, “be very hot, and let the Brahmins eat it in silence.” The minds of the sacrificer and his guests, must be free of care and full of contentment. “A tear sends the offering to restless ghosts; anger to foes; falsehood, to the dogs;” &c.

One of the three cakes offered to the manes may be eaten by a lawful and dutiful wife; but if he gives any part of

it to a *soudra*, the household shall be cast headlong into the hell called *Calasutra*.

Nothing must be offered to the manes by night, for the night is infested by demons. The consecrations of the circle is to prevent the intrusion of evil spirits, who are perpetually on the watch to interrupt and divert the offices and effects of piety.

Devout Brahmins must keep a sacred fire perpetually burning in their house. They are commanded to make the *sraddha* on that day of the moon’s dark fortnight when she is in conjunction with the sun. At the close of this chapter, *Menu* commands, “that the manes be revered as gods;” adding, that “the *Veda* commands it;” but in Egypt, the manes were not looked upon as deities.\* Another proof, that the worship, and apotheosis of human souls, is a substitution of Japetian, or at least of Indian origin, averse from the prejudice of Syrian and Egyptian nations.

The fourth chapter of *Menu*, treats of economics and private morality. A Brahmin under pressure of poverty is permitted to gain a livelihood by any honest occupation, except service for hire. But the holy saint, who lives upon the offerings of the pious, is preferred above all others. The devout Brahmin must live in a manner, and with a decency, in every particular conformable to his age. He must avoid all luxury, and with equal care, eschew parsimony and meanness. He must solicitously avoid impurity, and observe neatness and cleanliness of dress and person.

He may not hold intercourse with crafty or unjust persons; nor do the least thing that is derogatory to his family or reputation.

A multitude of inauspicious acts are enumerated, which the devout Brahmin must avoid. Such are—to behold the sun, or to see his own image in water; to step over the string by which a calf is tied, or to run when it rains; to go by on the left side of a pot of butter; or, to look upon or stand by anything unclean.

So numerous are these particulars with their penances by prayer and bathings, it would seem almost the business of a life to observe them. The Brahmin must not eat with his wife, nor see her adorning or dressing herself: he must not bathe quite naked; nor defile water. He must

\* Wilkinson’s Egypt.

not wear the clothes of another; nor bite his own nails; nor must he read in a sacred book, when anything has happened that may discompose his mind, or dispose it to indifference.

Among violations of law the "*giving of food to a worshipper of images*," is expressly mentioned; a proof if such were needed, that the Brahmins were not, at first, idolatrous; but only tolerated image worship, as it was tolerated in Egypt, to gratify the inclination of the lower classes, and to maintain over them a more absolute authority.

A Brahmin must never be in rage or terror; nor must he shed the blood of a Brahmin. "As many particles of dust," says Menu, "as the blood so shed shall roll up, for so many years shall he be mangled by animals in another life."

"Let him," concludes the sage, "observe the speedy overthrow of the workers of iniquity;" "yes, evil once committed, fails not of its fruit; if not in himself, yet in his children to the second generation." For whatever purpose he bestows a gift, or in whatever hope he makes a sacrifice, he shall receive a similar reward. "Giving pain to no living thing, let him gather virtue by degrees, to be a companion in the next world. Single is each man borne; by himself, he dies; alone he takes his reward." "When he leaves his body, like a lump of clay, upon the earth—his kindred retire with averted faces; but his virtue accompanies his soul. With virtue for his guide, he will traverse a gloom now hard to be traversed!"

The fifth chapter is of diet, purification, and women; and in a number of particulars, resembles the Levitical law.\* Garlics, leeks, and onions, beside all forced vegetables, are forbidden, (as in Egypt,) to be used as food by a person of the sacred caste. "Many kinds of animals are enumerated as unclean, and the use of flesh meats is, in general, condemned. "The man who forsakes not the law, and eats not flesh meat, like a blood-thirsty demon, shall attain good in this world, and shall not be afflicted with disease." By the touch of impure or decaying substances, impurity, says the lawgiver, is conveyed to the whole person, and must be removed by ablution. Land is to be cleansed, by smearing it with cow-dung, or by letting a cow pass over it. "A thing nibbled by a

bird, or sneered on, or otherwise defiled, is purified by sprinkling earth upon it." "Every thing is pure which a Brahmin has either praised or sprinkled with water." "The hand of an artist in his work is always pure." So is "the mouth of a woman;" and so are gnats; sprinklings "from the lips of a speaker;" "a horse, a cow, a shadow; dust, sunbeams, earth, air, and fire."

Married women are commanded to be of a cheerful temper, and, for the hope of paradise, to honor their husbands.

The sixth chapter treats of devotion, and of the life of a hermit. A householder, weary of the world, who has faithfully performed its duties, may retire into the forest, and practice various degrees of fasting and penance, with the intention of subduing all desires and affections, that he may obtain absorption at the instant of death. Such are the Sanyassies and Yogies, who practice extraordinary penance. Their food is roots and herbs, and the wild rice. They endeavor, by gradations of self-denial, to touch the verge of famine, without actually dying. The most remarkable of these are the Yogies; *yoga* meaning beatitude, or absorption into the divine Essence. In the Sacontala of Colidos, a Yogi is described, sitting in the sacred mountain of Indra; his body covered with an ant's nest, and the flesh of his neck perforated by the arms of shrubs, that had grown about him. The sitting Yogies were once numerous about the sacred sources of the Ganges, and were supported by the contributions of pilgrims. But asceticism is less practiced than formerly, there being, in all India, a general decline of the severer heathenism.

The modes of self-torment to be used by the devotee, are minutely described by Menu. "Let him slide backwards and forwards upon the ground; or, let him stand the whole day on tiptoe; or let him continue in motion, rising and sitting alternately." "Let him sit exposed, in the hot season, between four fires, and in the sun," &c.

A Brahmin who has performed all his duties as a student and housekeeper, may become an anchorite in the house of his son, giving his whole mind to meditation and prayer. Religious suicide, (by penance,) is commanded; and to die under torment, is a surety for paradise.

\* For the parallel, consult Ward on the Hindoos, *passim*.

The seventh chapter is the most important of the whole book, being a summary of public and civil law; but the mind of the lawgiver is evidently more impressed with religious, than with civil duties. Kings must be held sacred, and treated with respect, even in childhood. "He must be, indeed, the perfect essence of majesty, by whose favor comes abundance; by whose valor, conquest; and by whose anger, death." The king is named the "punisher," and "punishment" declared to be the true governor; a proof that the composers of this code did not regard the law as established for protection only, and not for punishment. The code of Menu, like all others that have emanated from an ascetical or fanatical legislation, aims rather to control and punish the individual, than to protect him in his civil and moral freedom. A just legislation, assuming no jurisdiction over conscience, dares not assume the office of a punisher; and aims only to protect one against another.

Menu is full of wisdom in his advice to kings. After dwelling upon the necessity for a single head, to be the arbiter of right and the punisher of wrong, he commends humility in the sovereign, accounting it the greatest of virtues, more especially when exercised toward Brahmins. To Brahmins, the sovereign must make many and splendid gifts, to secure his happiness in this and in a future world. He must be brave and merciful, protecting the weak and suppressing the strong. He is commanded to enlarge his empire, and to subdue neighboring nations; as though the rule of more than one despot, were an anomaly in nature.

The soldier is instructed to forbear injuring a sleeping foe, or one who has broken his weapon; with many other precepts of generosity and valor; nor are the free tribes of India unworthy of such admonition; the best of them are described as possessed of many chivalrous traits. The richest spoils, in battle, must be reserved for the king. The thoughts of the monarch must be wholly occupied with war. "Like the heron," says Menu, "let him muse on gaining advantages; like a wolf, let him steal upon his prey; like a lion, let him put forth his strength; like a hare, let him double to secure retreat."

To win by presents, to create divisions, and to gain by force, are reckoned as the lawful means of conquest.

The civil duties of the sovereign are much less insisted on, excepting that he must assiduously cultivate the good will of Brahmins, and be always guided by their advice. Taxes must be as light as possible, and justice suddenly and cruelly inflicted. Thieves are to be discovered, by tempting them to commit theft; and to that end, skillful persons must be employed as spies and bailiffs. The king's private conduct is carefully regulated, and many politic rules suggested for the quiet of the nation and the advancement of the priests. The king is advised to employ a number of informers, to whom he must devote a portion of each day. He is commanded to retire early, and be up betimes, to meet his council in the morning.

The eighth chapter is of the judicature. All causes are to be decided by the rayah, or king, in his council of priests, unless he chooses to appoint a Brahmin as his substitute. The ordinary crimes are enumerated, and various punishments, of a cruel nature, appointed for them. Mutilation and whipping, are the most usual. Indeed, the Hindoo notions of justice are described as singularly false and imperfect; though in this chapter the metaphysical idea of it is clearly expressed. "The only firm friend," says Menu, "who follows men even after death, is justice. Being destroyed it will destroy, being observed it will preserve."

Eighteen titles of law are enumerated, which are declared by Menu to be the ground of all judicial procedure, but nothing is said of the statutes, or of equity; the religious and civil ordinances of the law, interpreted by the judge, being deemed sufficient to meet any case. Advocates and attorneys are very numerous in the Hindoo courts, and find abundant employment; for all ranks of this people are exceedingly litigious. False swearing is a very common and trivial offence among them; and for a trifling sum, any number of witnesses may be suborned: nor do they esteem forgery a crime, but count it among venial offences. The judge, says Menu, must learn to read the thoughts of offenders, "since the motions of the body discover the internal workings of the mind. The king must inquire into the usages of towns and neighborhoods, and establish them as law. The foundation of law in usage is clearly recognized by Menu; "All men, who mind their own

customary ways of living, and are fixed in the discharge of their several duties, become united with the people at large, even though they dwell far asunder."

Custom, among all nations, whether barbarous or civilized, is known to have the force of law; but with none more than with this people, whose every action and opinion is modified by immemorial custom; and to this trait, as to the same in the Egyptians, may be ascribed the wonderful duration of their governments. Though they seem to have sense of political nationality, their sociality, by caste and sect, preserves the lesser portions of society, and the power of their foreign masters holds them together as a nation.

The customs and rules of Hindoo courts are complicated and exact, particularly in regard to testimony; for in the days of Menu, (as at present,) it seems to have been a point of difficulty to secure true testimony. Punishments of perjury are threatened with visitation in the future life, and Menu prescribes the following admonition for a witness. "The soul itself is its own witness; offend not thy conscious soul: The sinful have said in their hearts, 'none see us;' Yes, the gods distinctly see them, and so does the spirit within their breasts." The judge must admonish the witness, thus: "O, friend to virtue, that supreme Spirit,\* which thou believest to be one and the same with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness, and of thy wickedness."

When true evidence may cause the death of a man who has not been a grievous offender, Menu advises the witness to speak falsely, in order to save his life from the unjust severity of the law, or of the king. Such witnesses must make expiation for perjury with cakes of rice and milk, to Saraswati, the goddess of speech; for thus, says Menu, "they shall expiate the venial sin of benevolent falsehood." Most remarkable of all is the provision, that if any sickness or misfortune happens to a witness within seven days after the giving of his testimony, in a case of debt, he must pay the litigated demand, and costs of court; the sickness or misfortune being looked upon as a warning against him from the gods.

Oaths, says Menu, must not be taken

lightly; "let no man of sense take an oath in vain, for the man who takes an oath in vain, shall be punished in this life and in the next." Lovers' oaths, and light asseverations, are specified as venial and inoffensive. A soldier must swear by his weapons, a priest by his veracity, a merchant by his gold. "On great occasions, let the judge cause the party to hold fire, or dive under water, or severally to touch the heads of his wife and children: He whom fire burns not, whom the water soon forces not up, or who meets with no speedy misfortune, must be held to be veracious." Regulations for the interest of money are minute; and a larger per centage is allowed, when the adventure is hazardous. Things lent, must not, do not, by length of time, or use, become the property of the user or borrower. *Compound* interest is expressly forbidden, nor can the total of interest demanded, ever exceed the principal.

"On failure of witnesses to a debt," says the law-giver, "let the judge actually deposite gold, or precious things, with the defendant, by the artful contrivance of spies whose persons are engaging. Should the defendant restore that deposite, in the manner and shape in which it was entrusted to him by the spies, there is nothing in his hands for which others can justly accuse him;" but if the defendant, thus tempted, fails to restore the deposit, he must pay both that and the debt in suit."

"Written titles, and not occupation, though for the longest period, are essential to support of claims."

Very minute directions are given for the wages of servants. The hired soudra, whose wages are paid in milk, may milk the best cow in ten.

Menu commands, that commons for pasture shall be left, of sufficient breadth, about the skirt of every village. For the preservation of boundaries, secret landmarks are to be buried in the earth.

Slander is severely punished. "If a soudra contumeliously mentions a Brahmin, an iron style, ten fingers long, shall be thrust, red hot, into his mouth." "A man who reproaches another with blindness or deformity, must be punished, though he speak truth."

"A blow given to cattle, or to a human being, must be punished with a pain inflicted, equal to the pain given." It is

\* Not the soul, nor the life subject to transmigration, but the infusion or emanation of Brehm, the *One*.

forbidden to beat a pupil, or a child, upon any noble part of the body, on pain of fine; to be inflicted upon the guardian or preceptor.

For stealing men, the penalty is capital. For a theft of small value, the judge must exact twice the worth of the thing stolen. But the taking of roots, or fruit, from a large tree, a forest, or an unenclosed field, is not to be accounted theft. If any person injures another, in body or limb, he must bear the cost of a perfect cure of the injury. Adultery must be punished, in the woman, by being torn to pieces by dogs; and the adulterer, by roasting upon an iron bed: but the frequency of the crime and the severity of the punishment combine to frustrate the law-giver's intention.

The various possibilities of impurity are specified by Menu, and severe inflictions appointed against each. The desertion of parents by their children, or of children by their parents, is made punishable by fine. Social insults are classed among offences; "A priest who gives an entertainment to twenty respectable persons, without inviting his worthy neighbor, shall be fined one pana of silver." The laws of trade are exact and severe. *Smuggling*, subjects the offender to confiscation. Weights and measures must be known, and examined, twice a year, by the king's officer. Slavery is made legal; and a soudra, or a prisoner of war, may be bought or sold. Menu enumerates several classes of slaves, namely: those taken in battle, bond servants, the children of slaves, and persons enslaved because of inability to pay a fine. Slaves cannot have property of their own; "a Brahmin," says the law-giver, "if he be distressed for subsistence, may seize without hesitation, the goods of his soudra slave; for that slave can have no property of his own."

The ninth chapter is on judicature, social and criminal law, and the duties of relatives and classes.

Concerning women, Menu decrees, that they be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. "Their fathers protect them in childhood, their husbands in youth, their sons in age; a woman is never fit for independence." Learned women, in India, are usually of bad reputation, and connected with a sect, or temple: they are employed to draw votaries.

"The husband," says Menu, "must vigilantly guard his wife, and keep her

employed in the collection and expenditure of wealth, in the preparation of food, and the duties of the house." "But those women are truly secure, who are guarded by their own good inclinations." Drinking, bad company, gadding, unseasonable sleep, and living in the house of another, are enumerated among the faults that bring infamy upon a woman.

She must purify herself and expiate her errors by stated ceremonies, prayers, and offerings.

The good conduct of a woman is supposed to confer happiness upon the manes of her own and her husband's ancestors. "Then only," says Menu, "is a man perfect, when he consists of three persons united—his wife, himself, and his son." "the husband is even one person with the wife; and, neither by sale, nor by desertion, can a wife be released from her husband."

The limits of consanguinity, appointed by the lawgiver, within which marriage may be contracted, are such as are established among civilized nations, agreeably to the law of nature.

A husband is commanded to bear with a vicious wife, for one year; after which she may be repudiated. A wife, whose children are all daughters, may be superseded by another, after the tenth or eleventh year; but she must be treated with tenderness. "She who is afflicted with incurable illness, but is beloved and virtuous, must never be disgraced, though, with her own consent, she may be superseded by another."

Girls may marry in their ninth year. They must wait three years to be chosen; and if none offers, they may then choose for themselves; but the choice is always made by the parents. "Let mutual fidelity," says the legislator, "continue till death; this is the supreme law."

The remainder of this chapter is occupied with the duties of family and caste. Gambling, and the use of *spirituous liquors*, are enumerated among grievous offences. For a priest to drink spirituous liquor, is accounted by Menu, a crime nearly equal in enormity to the murder of a Brahmin. "Dancers and singers, revilers of Scripture, open heretics, men who perform not the duties of their several classes, and *sellors of spirituous liquor*, let the king instantly banish from the town; these wretches, lurking like unseen thieves in the dominions of a prince, continually harass his good

subjects with their vicious conduct." If a priest or soldier is detected in the use of spiritous liquor, he must be branded with the mark of a vintner's flag, and becomes an outcast.

The king is commanded to keep up an efficient police, and to watch every nook and hidden recess, of his province. The enumeration of royal duties makes it apparent, that the king was regarded by Menu as the sole source and depositary of power and of justice: he is at once judge, king and legislator. He represents the four ages of time; "when asleep he is the Cali," or age of earth, (*cal* signifying the decay and change of all things by time;) "waking he is the Dwapara," or age of violence, (corresponding with the iron age of the Greek Mythology;) "in action, he is the Treta; and doing virtuously, the Satya," (or golden—the age of fruition.) His functions are compared to those of Deity; but Menu gives him a caution against offending Brahmins. "*Who, without perishing, could provoke those holy men, by whose ancestors the all-devouring fire was created?*"

The tenth chapter is occupied with an enumeration of the pure and mixed castes, and of their duties. The eleventh treats of penance and purification. The means of purification are, bathing, prayer and reading in the Vedas. Penance is by fasting and the repetition of prayers. Confession is equivalent to expiation, and to confess publicly is a great merit.

Revenge is approved; and Menu reminds the priest that he need not complain to his sovereign of any grievous injury; since his own power, which depends on himself, is mightier than that of the king, which depends on other men. This power consists in curses and incantations against enemies; the holiest of the Vedas contains a great number of these weapons in the form of prayers.

The penances for all offences are carefully appointed. The same offence may be expiated by walking on a tedious pilgrimage, or by fasting, or a little food, or by repeating the whole Veda. The accidental death of a cow must be atoned for, by following a herd of cows, for several years; serving them, and inhaling the dust of their sacred feet. But to slay a cow, or a bull, intentionally, is the greatest of crimes, and must be expi-

ated by a voluntary death, (the method of which is prescribed.)

The least insult to a Brahmin, is met with a severe penance.

The method of self-mortification, for the attainment of beatitude, is described in this chapter with the greatest circumstance. "He, who, for a whole month, eats no more than thrice eighty mouth-fuls of wild rice, as he happens to find them, keeping all his appetites in subjection, shall attain the same abode with the regent of the moon," &c. Saints and demigods are supposed to have attained their present elevation by penance. Almsgiving is another appointed means of expiation, but none are more effectual than open confession; "He who truly and voluntarily confesses his sin, is disengaged from it, as a snake from its slough. As his heart loathes the evil deed, so far shall his spirit be freed from the taint of it."

But no penance is comparable, for power, with the repetition of the Vedas. "A priest, who should retain in his memory the whole Rig-Veda, would be absolved from guilt, though he had slain the inhabitants of the three worlds,\* and had eaten food from the foulest hands." "As a clod of earth, cast into a great lake, sinks into it, so is every sinful act submerged in the triple Veda." The following is the concluding verse of the chapter. "The primary tri-literal syllable O'M", (or A, U, M,) "in which the sense of the three Vedas" (*i. e.* the Unity of the Divine Being,) "is comprised, must be kept secret, like another triple Veda: he knows the Veda, who distinctly knows the sense of that word." A knowledge carefully concealed from the people, for whom it was esteemed fit that they remain idolaters, unconscious of the Divine Essence. So, in Egypt, the knowledge of the One God was hidden from the people, and they remained idolaters. The priest only saw in the sacred idol or animal, a symbol, and not a presence, of divinity.

The twelfth and last chapter of these Institutes contains the whole doctrine of transmigration, and of the final absorption of the soul.†

Actions, says Menu, bear fruit according to their spirit, whether good or evil; and from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations. Bad thoughts

\* These are, the world of serpents and hydras, the world of men, and the world of spirits.—See KAMAYANA OF VALMECKI, (*trans. by Carey and Marshman*), p. 4, v. 1

† "And the Spirit shall return to God who gave it."—*Eccles.*

are held equivalent to bad actions. "For sinful acts of the body, a man shall assume a vegetable or mineral form," &c. Sins of the mind are punished in other degrees.

Three souls inspire every human being:—"the vital spirit, which gives motion to the body, and an internal spirit, named *Mahat*, or the Great Soul," (the *Anima Mundi*, Intellect and Passion.) "These two, the vital spirit and the reasonable soul, are closely connected with the Supreme Spirit, or Divine soul, which pervades all beings, high and low." "From the substance of that Supreme Spirit, are diffused, like sparks from fire, innumerable vital spirits" (souls subject to transmigration, *species*.) which perpetually give motion to creatures." "By the vital spirits of those men who have committed crimes, another body, composed of nerves (that it may feel torture,) shall be assumed after death." After a certain period of suffering, "it approaches again those two most effulgent essences, the intellectual soul (*Mahat*) and the divine spirit." This latter is conceived to be one and the same in all human beings, as if that spirit of man from which virtue comes, were one with the divine Spirit. If the vital spirit has practiced virtue, it shall enjoy an ethereal body hereafter, and be capable of happiness.

The three qualities of the mind are,— "a tendency to goodness, and to passion, and to darkness." Calmness of mind and virtuous inclinations, flow from the divine, passion and restless desire from the intellectual, (or *Mahat*), sensuality from the vital spirit. "To the quality of goodness, belongs every act by which he (the man) hopes to acquire divine knowledge,—which he is never ashamed of doing,—and which brings placid joy to his conscience."

"Souls endued with goodness," (*i.e.* with the divine spirit), "attain always the state of deities; those filled with ambitious passions," (*Mahat*; intellect and passion), "pass into the bodies of men; and those immersed in darkness," (*i.e.* instigated by the vital spirit alone), "into those of beasts." Mean and sensual persons are declared to be actuated by the tendency to darkness; kings, soldiers, ambitious and contentious persons, generally, by *Mahat*; holy sages, and hermits, and the genii who are wafted in airy cars, by the divine spirit. Finally, a pure mortal, or a demi-god, may aspire to be united with Brahma, or

with his immediate emanation; but at the end of time, Brahma and the gods, are to become one with *Brahm*, the vast One, in whom all is lost.

Sinners in the first degree, having passed through millenia of torture in fire, are to be born again into living bodies. "A priest who has drunk spiritous liquor, shall migrate into the form of a larger worm, or of a fly breeding in ordure." "Should a Brahmin omit his peculiar duty, he shall become a demon called *Uleamuca*, (or, 'with a firebrand mouth,') who devours what has been vomited." "Sensualists shall suffer agony in *Tamisra*, or utter darkness; or in *Asipatravana*, the sword-leaved forest," and in other seats of horror: "they shall be torn and mangled, or baked like the vessels of the potter."

Brighu, who is supposed to communicate the law, as he received it from the holy sages, declares, that the *Veda*, or Divine Word, is one with the Preserving Power, (who is the first born of Brahma.) "All creatures are sustained by the primeval *Veda*, which the wise hold to be supreme." "He who completely knows the sense of the *Vedas*, while he remains in any of the castes, approaches the divine nature."

Two classes of duties are described,— those which are interested, whose aim is worldly prosperity and a paradise hereafter; and those which are disinterested, for attaining purity of soul and union with *Brahm*.

Menu commands, that disputed questions, in theology and morals, shall be solved by a council of learned Brahmins. Three of the council must be skilled in the *Vedas*; one, in the *Nyaya*, or logical philosophy, and one in the *Vedanta*, or mystical: others must be present, who are learned in the law; and three who are universal scholars. The opinion of one priest, learned in the Scripture, is declared to be more powerful than the voice of all the people.

The book concludes with an enunciation of the esoteric doctrine of the Brahmins; which may be communicated to those only who are twice-born. "All nature must be considered as existing in the divine spirit; for, when he (the priest), contemplates all nature as existing in the divine spirit, he cannot give his heart to iniquity." "The divine spirit alone is the assemblage of gods, and doubtless produces the connected series of acts performed by embodied

souls." "He (the Brahmin), may contemplate the subtle ether in the cavities of his body," (animal spirits), "the air in his muscular motion and sensitive nerves; the supreme solar and igneous light in his digestive heat and his visual organs; in his corporeal fluids, water; in his flesh, earth; in his heart, the moon; in his auditory nerves, (the genii, or) guardians of the eight regions of the world:" "in his progressive motion, Vishnu," (the preserving deity), &c. "But he must consider the supreme omnipresent Intelligence as the sovereign lord of them all; *by whose energy alone,*" (adds Culluca,\* the learned commentator), "*they exist.*" Then follows a passage, which is doubtless the key of all heathen mystery. "HIM, some adore, as transcendently present in elementary fire; others, in Menu, lord of creatures;" (who is affirmed to be the intermediate agent in creation): "Some, as more distinctly present in Indra;" (Zeus, Diespiter, the clouds and atmosphere, kingly wisdom), "others in pure air; others as the most high eternal Spirit." "It is he, who, pervading all beings in five elemental forms"—(earth, water, air, fire, and ether),—"causes them, by the gradations of birth, growth, and dissolution to revolve in this world like the wheels of a

car," (passing the round of transmigrations, becoming absorbed, and again projected into the world.

"Thus, the man who perceives in his own soul that Supreme Soul, which is present in all creatures, acquires equanimity toward them all, and shall be absorbed at last into the highest essence, even that of" the Vast One "himself." Here ended the sacred instructor; and every twice-born man, who attentively reading this Manava Sastra," (holy writ of Menu), "promulgated by Brighu, shall become habitually virtuous, will attain the beatitude which he seeks."

Thus ends the law of Menu; recognizing the one God, but reserving that knowledge for a class, elected from the beginning, to be saints and sages; coniving at idolatry, and perpetuating the degradation of the weak and ignorant. It secured the permanency of its institutions by founding them in the grossness of the many and the pride of the few. By occupying the imagination with superstitious terrors, it made itself necessary to one half the human race: while by the wise admixture of philosophy and morals, it secured the admiration and veneration of the ancient world.

#### "BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."†

WE have entered this somewhat imposing array of names at the head of this article, because they constitute the series thus far issued by Wiley and Putnam, in their "Library of Choice Reading." We regard the starting of this series, in the cheap yet beautiful form in which they are issued, as a new era in our publishing history. Publishers are *school teachers*, and the books they print and circulate, the lessons they teach. We have been amazed at the stupidity of our countrymen on this topic. Give us the exclusive control of the literature of the country, and we could undermine half the churches of the land, and render half the statutes

of our courts nugatory. Books educate the people, and publishers are responsible for the mental and moral training they impart. To make money is not to be the sole motive of the publisher, and the reckless profusion with which *cheap* works and doubtful morality have been sent abroad, will meet with its reward. What is true of books of immoral tendency, is also true of those written in bad taste, and ministering to our lower feelings. The entire taste of a people may be changed, in a short time, by the kind of books furnished them, and we venture to say, that the tens of thousands miserably written, and worsely printed novels, that have

\* Culluca, a learned Hindoo of recent times, whose gloss and commentary are incorporated with the text of the translation.

† "Eöthen," "Undine," and "Sintram," Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," "Amber Witch," "Lady Willoughby," Hazlitt's "Table Talk," "The Indicator."—"Books which are Books."

been floating, in pamphlet form, thick as autumn leaves over the country, have done more than all other causes combined to corrupt our taste, and degenerate our literature. After the passions and love of the intensely exciting and tragic have been fed sufficiently long, a good book, appealing to our intellect, and higher tastes and better sympathies, is the stupidest of all things. The effect of literature on a country is greater than any one is conscious of, because its influence is silent and unobtrusive. The ten thousand copies of a cheap edition of a corrupt romance, bring back no report of their mission, yet they have one to make, in the character and taste they form. Even in despotic countries they feel the influence of letters, and censors of the press are indispensable to a tyrant's throne. Alfieri, through literature, reformed the whole Italian stage, and it is through her literature alone that Italy now has hope. France, before she began to heave on the volcanic bosom of the revolution, became enlightened in the great principles of freedom through her literature. Jacoby, by a single book, is now shaking Prussia to her centre, and making her cry out for a constitution and Congress, so earnest and strong, that we cannot see how that kingdom can well escape a limited monarchy. A single national song may create a revolution, and yet the character of *our* literature is thought to be a thing that will take care of itself. The press is involved in the guilt of this thoughtlessness. It is the only censorship of books we have, and it has too often betrayed its trust.

There is a class of books, neither antiquated nor dull, that a good taste and wide knowledge of English literature can bring to our firesides, whose power to entertain is equalled only by their tendency to elevate and improve. Classic and true minds have written as agreeable and intensely exciting books, as the morbid and vulgar, and we want them—not in the costly form they have heretofore been furnished for the libraries of the wealthy—but in a cheap, yet tasteful dress, for the *people*. This, Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are doing, in their new series, and we hail their project with no ordinary pleasure. "Eöthen," which opens this series, has already been noticed in a preceding number of this magazine. Its rapid and racy style, and spirited manner, have won a place for it already. It is simply an independent, intellectual and good-hearted man, talking to himself as he goes, while

some one near by puts down his natural rapid soliloquies, so that the narrative is constantly telling us two things at the same time—the scenes through which it moves, and the feelings and character of the narrator himself, while the narrator is evidently well worth knowing.

Next comes the "Amber Witch;" as beautiful a witch story as ever was told, while it was not written merely for its interest as a tale, but to confound one form of German infidelity. Some German neologists declared the Scriptures false, on the ground that they were opposed to consciousness itself. They affirmed that every narrative carried with it the proof of its own truth, and that it was impossible to deceive them with regard to any book. A poor clergyman wrote this pure fiction as a pretended narrative of facts that occurred in olden time. The simplicity and naturalness with which everything is told, completely blinded the German philosophers, and the book was pronounced, without hesitation, a true history. So much for infallible consciousness. Strauss & Co., whose spiritual eyes, so accustomed to truth, that, as the jeweler can detect the genuine diamond soon as it touches his hand, so they could discover the *myth* in whatever dress it appeared. There are wit, humor and pathos, mixed up in endless variety, and often before the tears of mirth are dried from our cheeks, the tears of sympathy are blended with them. We hardly know which to admire most, the genius that could create such a fiction, or the art that could give it the simplicity and truthfulness of nature. The good Dr. Meinhold has as much nature as genius in him, and though the German philosophers, who were caught by his *ruse*, may condemn his deception, we admire his skill and success.

"Undine" and "Sintram" next appear, with their strange and beautiful stories. Most novels that wish to succeed, often devote whole chapters to very moral reflections, which shall counterbalance the bad influence conveyed by the fictitious narrative itself. This rather doubtful way of preventing evil, by exciting our passions in the story, and correcting them by wholesome counsel afterwards, is not the mode pursued by the authors of these works. They carry their moral with them as they proceed, and we have nature speaking to us in her best and noblest accents.

"Sintram" is, perhaps, less known—and, indeed, we suspect, quite new to

most American readers; yet, it richly merits universal and repeated perusal. It is not quite equal to "Undine," as a mere work of art; yet fully equal to it in tendency and spirit; not, perhaps, so fine and aerial a poetic picture, yet invested with an atmosphere of perfect purity and the truest sentiment. There is no weakness in the feeling, nor extravagance in the imagination of Fouqué's fictions; but the sure, clear, unsullied light of genius shines through them all—a light both brilliant and divine. Fouqué is the German Scott, with a higher sense of the Ideal, a finer feeling of the beautiful, and a greater delicacy of execution. He is, unquestionably, a prose poet. With him, the Christian knight, all-accomplished, magnanimous, brave, gentle, religious, and pure, is the perfect man—a noble model, and worthy of his genius.

"Fancy and Imagination," by Leigh Hunt, has an essay in the commencement, containing an answer to the question, "What is poetry?" worth three times the price of the volume. We are not as great admirers of Leigh Hunt as some. He has all the heart, and taste, and intellect to make him interesting, but he lacks the fire, the impulsiveness and naturalness that constitute the charms of a poet to us. Much more do we doubt the great success of such a work as this in a cheap form. It will do far better for a *library* book than a reading book. It possesses none of the elements of popularity, and can be appreciated only by the scholar and cultivated man. Besides, we have no *penchant* for the beauties of authors illustrated with comments. We like much to have a distinguished author run his pencil-mark round the lines he admires—or turn them into italics if he likes—but to stop every now and then, and tell us *why* he put this interrogation point here, and that exclamation point there—why, in short, he wished us to pause and admire in one place more than another, annoys, more than it pleases us. But the book is full of nice discrimination, and those delicate touches of thought and expression peculiar to the writer; and such are needed to give variety to the verses, and meet the tastes of, not a large, but a very intellectual class of readers. And here we would remark, that *taste* is not to be the criterion on which books are to be selected or rejected for this series, but taste and judgment combined. An artist is not to paint

or describe so that *he* can see what he represents, but so that *the world* can see it—that is, he must look through other eyes as well as his own. In making up such a library of choice reading as this, one must combine the taste of the whole public with its own.

"Diary of Lady Willoughby" is another pure fiction which one can hardly believe to be so, abounding as it does in touches of nature. The work personates a lady of the seventeenth century, and the style and orthography both are made to correspond to that age. It gives simply a picture of the first fourteen years of married life, with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments, its suspense, ecstasies and agonies. Though the time of civil war is chosen, we find none of the ravages or terrors of battle described. Domestic life, with its quiet scenes and deep, silent enjoyments, is here painted in the master-strokes of nature. A pure and a pious heart lays open to us its struggles, its fears, its conquests, and its griefs. A *mother* is constantly before us, with all her intense feelings, and strong endurance, and fervent prayer.

But perhaps the most piquant thing of the whole is Hazlitt's "Table-talk." Full of wit and truth, direct and pithy in style, and natural in expression, it treats the driest topics in a way that imparts to them the freshness and charm of novelty. This same Hazlitt is a plain-spoken man, and witty withal. Speaking of old age among artists, he says:

"Artists in general, (poor devils!) I am afraid, are not a long-lived race. They break up commonly about forty, their spirits giving way with the disappointment of their hopes of excellence, or the want of encouragement for that which they have attained, their plans disconcerted, and their affairs irretrievable; and in this state of mortification and embarrassment (more or less prolonged and aggravated) they are either starved or else drink themselves to death. But your Academician is quite a different person. He 'bears a charmed life, that must not yield' to duns, or critics, or patrons. He is free of Parnassus, and claims all the immunities of fame in his life-time. He has but to paint (as the sun has but to shine) to baffle envious maligners. He has but to send his pictures to the Exhibition at Somerset-House, in order to have them hung up: he has but to dine once a year with the Academy, the Nobility, the Cabinet-Ministers, and the Members of the Royal Family, in order not to

want a dinner all the rest of the year. Shall hunger come near the man that has feasted with princes—shall a bailiff tap the shoulder on which a Marquis has familiarly leaned, that has been dubbed with knighthood? No, even 'the fell Sergeant Death' stands as it were aloof; and he enjoys a kind of premature immortality in recorded honors and endless labors. Oh! what golden hours are his! In the short days of winter he husbands time; the long evenings of summer still find him employed! He paints on, and takes no thought for tomorrow. All is right in that respect. His bills are regularly paid; his drafts are duly honored. He has exercise for his body, employment for his mind in his profession, and without ever stirring out of his painting-room. He studies as much of other things as he pleases. He goes into the best company, or talks with his sitters—attends at the Academy Meetings, and enters into their intrigues and cabals, or stays at home, and enjoys the *otium cum dignitate*. If he is fond of reputation, Fame watches him at work, and weaves a woof, like Iris, over his head—if he is fond of money, Plutus digs a mine under his feet. Whatever he touches becomes gold. He is paid half-price before he begins; and commissions pour in upon commissions. His portraits are like, and his historical pieces fine; for to question the talents or success of a Royal Academician is to betray your own want of taste. Or if his pictures are not quite approved, he is an agreeable man, and converses well. Or he is a person of elegant accomplishments, dresses well, and is an ornament to a private circle. A man is not an Academician for nothing. 'His life spins round on its soft axle,' and in the lapse of uninterrupted thoughts and pleasing avocations, without any of the *wear and tear* of the world or of business, there seems no reason why it should not run smoothly on to its last sand!"

Again speaking of "royal characters," and of the "divinity that doth hedge a king," and the awe they inspire in those about them, he relates the following anecdotes that are severer than any satire:

"As kings have the sagacity of pride, courtiers have the cunning of fear. They watch their own behavior and that of others with breathless apprehension, and move amidst the artificial forms of court-etiquette, as if the least error must be fatal to them. Their sense of personal propriety is heightened by servility: every faculty is wound up to flatter the vanity and prejudices of their superiors. When Coates painted a portrait in crayon of Queen Charlotte on her first arrival in this country, the King, followed by a train of attendants, went to look at it. The trembling artist stood by,

'Well, what do you think?' said the King to those in waiting. Not a word in reply. 'Do you think it like?' Still all was hushed as death. 'Why, yes,' (he added,) 'I think it is like, very like.' A buzz of admiration instantly filled the room; and the old Duchess of Northumberland, going up to the artist, and tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, said, 'Remember, Mr. Coates, I am to have the first copy!' On another occasion, when the Queen had sat for her portrait, one of the maids of honor coming into the room curtsied to the reflection in the glass, affecting to mistake it for the Queen. The picture was, you may be sure, a flattering likeness. In the *Memoirs of Count Grammont*, it is related of Louis XIV. that having a dispute at chess with one of his courtiers, no one present would give an opinion. 'Oh,' said he, 'here comes Count Hamilton, he shall decide which of us is in the right.' 'Your Majesty is in the wrong,' replied the Count, without looking at the board. On which the King remonstrating with him on the impossibility of his judging till he saw the state of the game, he answered, 'Does your Majesty suppose that if you were in the right, all these Noblemen would stand by and say nothing?' A King was once curious to know, which was the tallest, himself or a certain courtier. 'Let us measure,' said the King. The King stood up to be measured first; but when the person who was fixed upon to take their height came to measure the Nobleman, he found it quite impossible, as he first rose on tip-toe, then crouched down, now shrugged up his shoulders to the right, then twisted his body to the left. Afterwards his friend asking him the reason of these unaccountable gesticulations, he replied, 'I could not tell whether the King wished me to be taller or shorter than himself; and all the time I was making those odd movements, I was watching his countenance to see what I ought to do.' If such is the exquisite pliability of the inmates of a court in trifles like these, what must be their independence of spirit and disinterested integrity in questions of peace and war, that involve the rights of Sovereigns or the liberties of the people?"

And again; nothing can be better put, or more caustic, than the following paragraph:

"When we see a poor creature like Ferdinand VII., who can hardly gabble out his words like a human being, more imbecile than a woman, more hypocritical than a priest, decked and dandled in the long robes and swaddling clothes of Legitimacy, lulled to rest with the dreams of superstition, drunk with the patriot-blood of his country, and launching the thunders of his coward-arm against the rising liberties of a

new world, while he claims the style and title of Image of the Divinity, we may laugh or weep, but there is nothing to wonder at. Tyrants forego all respect for humanity in proportion as they are sunk beneath it:—taught to believe themselves of a different species, they really become so; lose their participation with the kind; and in mimicking the God, dwindle into the brute! Blind with prejudices as a mole, stung with truth as with scorpions, sore all over with wounded pride like a boil, their minds a morbid heap of proud flesh and bloated humors, a disease and gangrene in the State, instead of its life-blood and vital principle;—foreign despots claim mankind as their property, ‘independently of their

conduct or merits,’ and there is one Englishman found base enough to echo the foul calumny against his country and his kind.”

“The Indicator,” by Leigh Hunt, the last of the series yet issued, we find we have not room now to notice. Each of the books we have merely named, scarcely more, deserves a much longer article than is here given to all. Wiley & Putnam deserve well for this cheap, and choice, and beautiful series; and if the numbers already issued, are a pledge of what they will continue to do, this library will be the *marked* thing of our present literature.

## VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.\*

“Nulli est Naturæ obediens aut subjectus Deus.”—CICERO.

THE spirit of infidelity is as malignant as ever, but it has lost the boldness and openness which formerly characterized its attacks upon revelation. Hume, Voltaire, Volney, and Paine, never disguised the object of their hostility. It was the Bible, professedly, and by name, which they assailed, and they fearlessly avowed their purpose to rid the world of what they styled a superstitious reverence for its authority. The sneers of Gibbon were not intended to deceive, and his ironical sarcasms never passed, and were never designed to pass, even for the appearance of friendship. If it was most odious and malignant even with this redeeming trait of comparative fairness and frankness in its mode of attack, in what strong terms are we justified in expressing our deepest indignation and abhorrence at its present method of warfare. None but the lowest class of vulgar infidels now assail the Bible openly. Its enemies have changed their tactics wholly. The Scriptures are to be treated with a bland respect, the more hollow and insulting, as it is often made the ground of the most insidious attempts to undermine their authority. ‘The Bible was not given to teach us moral truth; it is not its province to meddle with natural science.’ This is the present cry, and then under this latter term is

brought any theory which the assailant chooses to exempt from jurisdiction of revelation, until the natural becomes everything; the moral, the spiritual, and the religious, are either wholly overlooked, or crowded within whatever narrow limits the claims of physical science may seek to confine them. The Scriptural account of the Creation is first attacked, as something with which revelation has nothing to do; so that if science, or whatever chooses to call itself by that name, sees fit to pronounce the world eternal, he who suggests that this subject has moral bearings, and is most intimately connected with certain elementary theological truths, or should refer to the Bible in proof that the “worlds were made by the word of God,” is immediately denounced as encroaching on the domains of natural science. Should any one be so unscientific as to feel a moral dislike at speculations which utterly deny a particular providence, and, of consequence, a moral government, or that resolve all things into a vast system of machinery, of which the power, which this naturalist chooses to style God, forms but the dynamic element, he is told that with all this the Bible has nothing to do; that such speculations are perfectly consistent with a rational scheme of interpretation,

\* Wiley & Putnam: New York.

and then comes on again that most profound and convenient declaration—the *Scriptures were not given to teach us natural, but moral science*. If complaint is made that theories denying the unity of the race, the immediate creation of man by the special act of God, and the impartation to him of a principle of life direct from the Deity himself, do really conflict with high spiritual truths, or what the Bible declares to be such—truths most intimately connected with the great doctrines of a fall and of the redemption of the race in any sense in which these terms can be taken, still the same old stereotyped reply—the *Bible was not given to teach us natural, but moral science*—only varied occasionally by those equally profound and original *petitiones principii*, that all truths must be consistent with each other, and that revelation must contain nothing contrary to true science and right reason. Those who would thus confine the Bible to its appropriate jurisdiction, are declared to be its truest friends. Its mistaken advocates are told to read the Sermon on the Mount, to “do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God;” they are reminded of the story of Galileo, and advised to be more modest in setting up the uncertain dogmas of theology against the decisions of the exact sciences.

Now against all this there should be, and there can be, but one feeling of righteous, irrepressible indignation, on the part of all serious minded men, who, without the least intention or wish to derogate from the just claims of natural science, are firmly convinced, on higher grounds, that there is a system of moral and religious truth, which gives to natural knowledge all its value; and without which, geology, and cosmology, and even astronomy, are but a science of shadows, destitute of any true interest for the rational soul, and of no more real comparative importance, than the speculations of the Ephemeron, who may be supposed to frame a science of the leaf on which he spends his brief existence of a day.

Our language is not too strong when we bear in mind how, at the present day, every sciolist, every itinerant lecturer, adopts this mode of treating them so sacred, because so important to the highest good and highest hopes of the race both here and hereafter. Especially must this feeling be awakened in all its strength, when it is understood, how utterly ignorant many of these men of science

are of the first principles of that great domain of moral and religious truth, into which they propose to make such fearful incursions, and with what arrogance, ignorance, unfairness, and corresponding flippancy the controversy is waged with those who cannot digest all their unproved assumptions, or surrender the most precious truths, even the very science of sciences, at the demand of every smatterer whose knowledge, perhaps, does not extend beyond Lyell's, or Lardner's lectures, or Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens. Almost every one must be familiar with cases which would furnish perfect illustrations of these remarks. An itinerant lecturer, for example, undertakes to prove that mankind are from separate and distinct origins. He goes on without seeming to know or care whether he is in conflict with the Scriptures or not; and, in reply to a suggestion to that effect, makes the very original answer, that the *Bible was not given to teach us natural science*; all this time, too, in his great simplicity, as ignorant as an infant, of any propositions of a moral or religious kind having any connection with the positions assailed. This man, however, would most strenuously disclaim the name of infidel. Not he: he has the most profound respect for our *holy religion*; he honors the Scriptures, and bows to them with the most reverent condescension, provided always they are kept within their own proper province, *the teaching of moral truth*. He does not assail the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the Book of Proverbs, or any of those purely moral precepts for which “our holy religion” is so distinguished above all heathen systems, and, why then should he be required to confine his speculations within the narrow dogmas of such as persecuted Galileo, and have ever shown themselves the enemies of the progress of science.

It is time for us to take up the work which has occasioned these remarks. It stands in the front rank of the class we have described, holding this station, not by its superior science, but by its possessing, in a supereminent degree, all those traits of impudence, arrogance, and profound ignorance of Revelation, that characterize the whole genus. We mean to deal plainly with it, and without further introduction. In so doing, however, we shall give special attention to its theological and philosophical bear-

ings, without dwelling much on what claims to be purely scientific, and in which it has made no advance at all beyond several late popular works belonging to the same class. To style this book infidel, would be pronouncing upon it too mild a condemnation. No man could become thoroughly imbued with the spirit which dwells in every page, and retain any higher reverence for the Bible than he might feel for any other venerable monument of an ancient, unscientific age. But we go farther than this, and assert what may be sustained by the most conclusive proofs. The doctrine of the book is atheism,—blank atheism, cold, cheerless, heartless, atheism. The author, it is true, does not deny the existence of a God in express terms. He seems to acknowledge such a power in every chapter, and sometimes even to glow with a sort of sentimental piety in the indulgence of those views of the Divine Greatness, by which he would fain believe that he excels the crowd of vulgar religionists; but yet, we again repeat it, the doctrine of the book is atheism, and the author is an atheist. His God, if he insist upon the name, is the hearer of no prayer; he is the administrator of no particular providence; he has no love for right, and no burning indignation against wrong; he has no positive or penal statutes aside from physical laws, no retributive justice, no moral government in any sense of these terms, as they have ever been sanctioned in the universal language of mankind. This deity never wrought a miracle, never created a world in time by any special act aside from necessarily eternal influences, never was the author of any new state of things, or ever brought to a special end any old dispensation; he never originated a new and distinct species of animals; he was not “the former of our bodies, or the father of our spirits;” he has, in fact, no existence except as a law, or rather a nature, with which from the very necessity of his being he is eternally identified. We defy any admirer of the author to point out a single fundamental difference between his God and the *φύσις*, or nature of the ancient atheists, who were far more honest, and who also reasoned more consecutively, although without any of that great parade of science for which their modern imitator seeks to be distinguished. We cannot, after the most careful examination, discover wherein

his system differs from that of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius; we mean, in its fundamental principles. The scientific details of course vary, although even here, it may well be doubted whether there is not as much real science in the atoms of the old atheist as in the nebular star-dust of the modern. There is in both schemes the same utter denial of any thing like a particular Providence, the same exclusion of all rational grounds on which could be placed the propriety of prayer, the belief in any moral government, in any law except the ancient maxim, *vivere secundum naturam*, or in any recognition and punishment of sin, except under the misnomer of physical evil and physical consequences. The eternally moving atoms of the one, dispersed through all space, condensing and combining into worlds and systems, strongly call to mind the nebular star-dust of the other. We have been accustomed, when speaking of these old systems, to talk of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, but the fact is, that Lucretius holds as strongly, and as consistently as the author of this book, to an eternal law, nature, or principle of adaptation, which, after a sufficient time—and eternity is a most convenient season for all such speculations—brought all things into their present state, and will carry them on to higher and still higher developments. The ancient Epicurean sets out with his two *primordia*, something and nothing, or matter and inanity—

Omnis, ut est, igitur, per se, natura  
duabus  
Constitit in rebus, nam corpora sunt et  
inane—  
Præterea nihil est.

Our modern philosopher, it is true, etherializes matter and makes it in the beginning, that is, at the other end of Eternity, only an inconceivable shade above inanity, but he equally with his ancient masters ascribes to its inherent properties, and to its eternal cooling and condensation, all the phenomena of organic, vegetable, animal, and finally, rational life.

Democritus and Leucippus did not trouble themselves about any deity; they clearly enough saw that in their system of eternal progression from the lower to the higher, if a God, or some superhuman being, ever existed at all, it must be as the last work in the ascending scale of *φύσις*. They had acuteness and

philosophy enough to discover that a system of consistent theism must be directly the reverse of this, and commence with the idea of the perfect, from which all imperfection must be regarded as a departure in the scale of being. Epicurus and Lucretius, on the other hand, bowed, like our author, to the religion of the day, and by a slight concession recognized the existence of gods, whilst at the same time they assigned them a seat *extra mundum*,

Semoti ab rebus nostris longaque se juncti,

entirely released from the onerous administration of a world perfectly capable of taking care of itself—by the aid alone of its own laws and developments.

Now we would ask, on a review both of the ancient and the modern system, what is such a belief in such a Deity worth? Wherein, as to all moral and religious purposes, does it differ from atheism? Is not, in fact, such a deceptive scientific theism by far the worst and most pernicious of the two? Blank and avowed atheism may leave behind it a painful void which the soul cannot well endure. The very horror at the thought of the last plunge may frighten it back to firmer ground and a more tenacious grasp of the great truth which it fears to quit forever. Even some who have the deepest moral interest in banishing the belief in a God, cannot bear the desolation of the thought, and unconsciously endeavor to recall the idea in their unmeaning personifications of Fortune, Fate, or Destiny; but a speculative belief in a power or intelligence which it styles God whilst it denies him any moral attributes, puts the soul at rest, and at the same time takes away all the interest and all the fears to be derived from any moral sanctions. In these respects the characteristics of the work before us may be best tested by a direct appeal to the moral and religious sense of its readers. No man, we believe, can read it and feel for a moment that the writer has the least faith in prayer and Providence, the only grounds on which any religious belief worthy of the name can ever repose. We say worthy of the name, because we are aware that there is a species of Spinozism which is in perfect harmony with the theology of this book, and which in its "*ave of the infinite*," and its "*adoration of the Eternal*" affects a piety far above the commonplace religion of the vulgar.

We cannot give a better view of the work in question than by stating, first the common belief of all those serious and sober believers in revelation who have been the farthest removed from all fanatical extravagance, and then contrasting it with the theory against which we are contending. The very lowest elements of a religious Christian creed must be regarded as embracing these positions, namely: that the Deity originally created from nothing, or rather called from a state of previous non-existence, the matter of which our earth and all the worlds is composed,—that this, although it may have been at a period most remote, was yet when certain bounds of time, capable, if revealed to us, of being computed and assigned by the power of numbers—that at some subsequent period, and that not many thousand years ago, there was a fashioning, a construction, or if some choose thus to call it, a reconstruction or refitting up of our own globe and the other members of the solar system, which construction is generally regarded as being that described by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis. With the length of its previous existence this belief does not meddle, nor with its previous history, epochs, dispensations, or transformations, but leaves to geology, as wide an extent as it may choose, within which to amuse itself by blowing up and exploding as many theoretical bubbles as it pleases. In respect also to the time supposed to be occupied in this construction or reconstruction, it allows a liberal and charitable latitude of interpretation, permitting those, who are thus inclined, to believe that it was the work of longer periods than the present natural day of twenty-four hours, provided that such interpretation is fairly made on pure philological grounds, unwarped by any belief in any inherent necessities aside from the moral designs of God which may have required such long periods, or by any deference to the arrogant assumptions of the geologist, any farther than as they may clearly coincide with such unforced interpretation. The next article in this common belief of all who would claim to be regarded as having any religious creed at all, would be that God, who created all things, subsequently exercises a moral and physical government (the latter, however, entirely subservient to the former) carried on, in the main, by general and uniform modes of proceeding, commonly styled laws;

which laws, however, are as much the direct creation of the Deity as the world itself, and made, not for his aid and in order to relieve himself by machinery from so burdensome a charge, but for the sake of his rational creatures, that in the study of nature, or, in other words, the Divine operations, they might have certain *indicia* or signs by which to regulate their present conduct, and to some extent, and as far as for their good, to vaticinate the future; thus making nature the ordinary language through which God speaks to man, and true natural science synonymous with faith in the regularity and uniformity of the divine proceedings in the physical world. It also maintains that these laws instead of being immutable may at any time be suspended by the same power that made, or rather appointed them, and that on occasions worthy of such a procedure they have been thus visibly and miraculously suspended in the presence of men. It likewise holds, that in perfect consistency with these methods of a general providence, there is also a special or particular providence, conducted by a supernatural power which ever sits behind this law of nature to direct them to this or that special result, which, without such invisible interventions they would not have effected; thus giving rise to what are called special interpositions, yet in a sense short of the miracle or open suspension, and furnishing the ground for the belief in the rationality of special prayer for special blessings. Now without specifying any other truths of revelation, we venture to affirm that no one can believe the Scriptures in any, even the lowest sense, and on the lowest scheme of interpretation, without admitting that, to this extent at least, these doctrines of creation, providence and prayer, are found therein, and that without these elements no scheme of moral government, in any consistent sense of the word moral, could be maintained.

The book we are examining, is at war with every one of these positions. The author would doubtless claim to be regarded as a theist, and we will therefore, in the first place, endeavor to state with all fairness the extent of his right to such an appellation. He acknowledges, then, it is admitted, a power, or principle which he styles, sometimes, The First Cause, sometimes, The Eternal, and sometimes, A God. The most rigorous analysis, however, of his idea must fail to discover

anything more than a vital power, which, an eternity ago, *developed* itself into a law; this law being the expression of all the phenomena which have ever taken place, which are yet taking place, and in all time to come will take place in the visible universe. The writer, when inclined to ascribe a little more personality to this First Cause, or principle, sometimes speaks of this single development which requires an eternity within which to unfold itself, as the expression of the Divine will; but this is clearly a misnomer, since, in other places, he treats this law or this development as belonging to the very necessities of things; the first origination being in fact as necessary (by which we mean, and he means, physically necessary,) as any subsequent phenomena. Indeed, so strongly does he set forth his views on these points, that his occasional theistical language can no more counter-veil them than the mere fact that he has commenced the names to which we allude in capital letters. If we should grant that he allows matter, at some immensely remote period, to have proceeded from a state of non-existence at the command of God, still the position is at war with all his subsequent reasoning, which is grounded upon its possessing *necessary, inherent* properties of motion, attraction, &c.; and which reasoning, therefore, if consistently carried out, would make matter itself a necessary substance, and consequently eternal. From this point, however, there is no room for mistaking the writer's meaning. Subsequently to the origination of matter, at a period as nearly coeval with eternity as the author dares venture to make it without an open avowal of atheism, and which a consistent regard to his own principles would have made absolutely eternal—from this period, we say, according to this theory, God has had nothing more to do with the universe than the extra-mundane deities of Epicurus and Lucretius: he has created no new worlds, he has originated no new forms of life, he has never stepped from his hiding place to suspend any law of nature. All has been carried on by a machinery which has entirely superseded and will for ever supersede any intervention of his own; for this apparatus, be it remembered, is a necessary part of the nature of things,—necessary, not for our convenience and knowledge, but for the Deity himself. We would remark here, that this feeling which prompts some

writers to carry all the Divine agency so far back into the most remote ages of Eternity, is easily understood by any one who has studied human nature in the light of the Bible. To suppose that any supernatural event has taken place within six thousand years of our own time, is bringing the Deity quite too near. To some minds there is something terrible in the very thought that God's presence has actually been manifested within fifty or sixty centuries of our own day. But why, then, does this irrational and most anthropomorphic prejudice hesitate on this side of an absolute eternity? To whatever period short of that they may assign the commencement of things, the universe must at some one time have been just five thousand years old, and every objection of this kind that applies to any one date, applies with equal force to every other.

Before proceeding to examine the absurdities and inconsistencies of this scheme, we appeal again to the moral sense. In what possible way could such a theism, if it must have the name, operate in checking a wicked action, or in changing a depraved disposition? If it be said that we have in this scheme the "awe of the Infinite," and the adoration of the Eternal, when, we would ask, has the moral power of such an appeal been ever felt in turning the sinner from the error of his ways? Has not atheism, too, its awe and its dreadful, desolating gloom? May there not be minds so fond of dark imaginings, that, like Shelley, they might find a fearful and gloomy sublimity in the thought of a universe without God? producing a feeling which such souls might easily mistake for a moral emotion as pure as any that was ever felt by the most mystic transcendentalist? We ask again, what is there in this creed, as we have fairly stated it—and for its correctness we appeal to all the readers of the book—to which Abner Kneeland would not have assented, provided he had been allowed to give his own name to this primordial development thus continued in unchanging physical laws, and to have called it nature, gravitation, galvanism, or anything else which might be found most in accordance with his own poor smattering of science and philosophy?

The author occasionally indulges in admiration of the divine Intelligence, as manifested in the development of this primal idea, and the workings of this eter-

nal nature. But here again, what great advantage has he over the avowed atheist. The latter certainly must admit, and does admit, that there is *reason, intelligence, science*, call it what you will, in the heavens. Scientific atheists certainly know that the exact or even proximate determination of the celestial motions, requires the highest powers of their highest calculus. They well know that there is intelligence there, but they can as readily and consistently believe it a result or property of matter, as that their own intelligence is the mere effect of the position of the particles of the brain; for materialism in respect to man, is identical with atheism in regard to the universe. They well know, too, that there is the highest degree of mathematical science in the cell of the bee, but in neither case do they feel themselves compelled to acknowledge anything more than what arises from the adaptations of a nature, which, during an eternity, has been wending its way from the lower to the higher, and thus ever approaching that *truth of things* which exists, as they would maintain, in itself, and has no relation to a personal eternal Mind. *Things*, said the ancient atheists, must have been older than *knowledge of things*, and therefore matter and its laws must have been older than mind. If the foundation laid by our author be sound, they reasoned correctly. Their eternal plastic *φύσις*, with its infinite, yet unconscious and impersonal skill in working, was only another name for the Deity of this book. In fact, the mind never forms the right notion of a personal God, while it rests in the inferior attributes of power and intelligence. It is only when to these, as subordinates, are superadded those moral attributes which are associated with thoughts of moral law and moral government, that we rise to the true idea. All below this, is of no moral value, and produces no moral interest, whether it take the form of a scientific theism, a vulgar atheism, or a philosophical pantheism. In these respects, they are all alike, and there is no reason why the more odious name should be applied to one more than to the other.

We would remark here, in passing, that there are two words, which, in their varied use, may be said to constitute the very soul of this work; if such a production can, with any propriety of language, be said to have a soul. They are the terms *law* and *development*. Remove them from the book, and its philosophy, its profound-

ity, and its science are all gone. The author, however, takes good care to define neither. The very awkward phrase *law-creation*, is frequently employed, to denote the opposite of that common view which acknowledges the direct act of God; but all that we can ascertain in reference to its meaning is this—Law is the order in which events take place, and whatever that order may be, that is law. Again, whatever is, is, and whatever is, is necessary, and, therefore, everything takes place by law, because law is the expression of this eternal development. After great show of statement and argument, as is often the case with those unskillful mathematicians who are ignorant how many identical propositions are contained in their hypothesis, the algebraic process returns to the original formula, or finally comes out,  $x = x$ .

The whole scheme may be represented something after the following manner:—Law and development, which are the substitutes for providence and creation, may be compared to an immense machine, which was originally constructed by, or rather developed out of the First Cause. This machine contains in itself all subsequent developments. Nothing is external to it; nothing *has* happened, nothing *is* happening, and nothing *can* happen, which is not *now* provided for in it, and which has not made a part of its complicated structure *from the beginning*. It has great wheels for great events, and small wheels for small events. The bursting of a planet, the eruption of a volcano, the rustle of a leaf, and the motion of the almost invisible particle of dust as it floats in the air, have each had, from all eternity, some part assigned for their future production. Some little spring or cog, which for ages has revolved in some great wheel, invisible and without effect, has been so adjusted as to strike in its appointed place and time, thus producing a new development, having the appearance, indeed, of a new creation, and yet, in fact, from all eternity contained in the infinitely numerous wheels of this most complex apparatus of law and development.

It may be seen from this, that the author is prepared for anything. However puzzling, when viewed in connection with its immediate antecedents and consequents, any event may be, there is no need of bringing in the idea of any creating power, or of any special Divine intervention. All that is required, is to suppose some secret wheel or spring be-

longing to the machine, and so adjusted, in its original construction, as to act at the proper time and place, and the work is done. "When I formed this idea," says the author in a note, page 154, "I was not aware of one which seems faintly to foreshadow it—namely, Socrates' doctrine, afterwards dilated on by Plato, that previous to the existence of the world there existed certain archetypes, the embodiment (if we may use such a word,) of general ideas, and that these archetypes were models in imitation of which all particular things were created." It must have been exceedingly painful and mortifying to the writer to find that his brilliant scheme had been anticipated so many ages before, but he may certainly set his mind at ease on that point. The glory is all his own. Socrates, were he now upon the earth, would never attempt to deprive him of the credit of this discovery, nor ever dream that there was the least resemblance between his own glorious doctrine of eternal truths which have no relation to matter, time or space, and the dynamical machine of the world before us. Nothing but the most superficial acquaintance with the real doctrine of ideas, could have led any one to think, for a moment, that there was the slightest coincidence between the two systems. With far more propriety may it be compared to the apparatus of the Ptolemaic astronomers. In its most profound and original method of explaining every event by supposing it to have happened in obedience to some hidden law or development, it is strikingly similar to the course pursued by these most rigid and consistent Baconians, who, although they lived before Bacon's time, furnished far better illustrations of some of his favorite positions, than the world has ever witnessed since. When these most strict experimentalists and accurate observers of Nature discovered a new celestial motion, they immediately, in perfect consistency with their philosophy, and with the most scientific induction from observed facts, applied a new cycle, or epicycle, and the harmony of the system remained unimpaired—it could account for anything.

In a similar manner, this machine of our author's is evidently capable of most immense expansion to suit any purpose, and to explain any phenomena. It is even capable of being reconciled with any system of religion, even with the most rigid orthodoxy, if there should be any special occasion for such a proceeding.

It is true, he most expressly denies the Mosaic account of the Creation, and thinks it altogether out of place "to *ad-duce it in support, or in objection to any natural hypothesis.*" It is true, that he has gone a step or two beyond any other naturalist, at least of modern times, in asserting that man himself has been developed out of some inferior species of animal, and remotely from the lowest forms of matter, instead of having been created by a special act of God; yet still the machine affords a prompt mode of reconciling and explaining all this. Homines, simiæ, mammalia, ichtyosauri, polypi and fungi, were all contained in this original development of the primal vital power and the primal Intelligence, and are therefore as much the work of the First Cause on this hypothesis, as on that of Moses. Here also is ample room for a special Providence and for special prayer. Even the latter may be regarded as adjusted by a preëstablished harmony to a connection with the event which is the object of the petition. Miracles likewise, may thus have place in the scheme; only they are no longer miracles, but hidden developments of higher laws; and all our old theology, although in rather a questionable shape, comes back again. But then, wherein will the system differ from the vulgar belief? where will be its profundity, its philosophy, its science? All gone, notwithstanding the labor and ingenuity bestowed on the apparatus. After all the eliminations and equations the algebraic process, instead of discovering the unknown quantity, comes out again,  $x=x$ .

A few years ago the whole scientific world was astonished by the announcement, that a new species of animal life had been produced by the action of a voltaic battery. Our author takes sides with the experimenter, and undertakes to explain the phenomenon, although almost all scientific men have regarded the processes in that case as utterly defective, and the results as by no means sustaining the hypotheses they were brought to support. This mode of reasoning furnishes one of the best illustrations that can be brought, of the remarks we have just made. The production of a new species of life has ever been regarded as so peculiar a prerogative of the Divine power, and all arguments for the existence of a Deity are so utterly destroyed by supposing it to be, in any way, an *inherent property of matter*, that the writer

had some reason to fear the charge of impiety, even for defending the hypothesis, and he therefore labors with great earnestness to protect himself, and his friend, Mr Cross, the insect maker, against it. "*The supposition of impiety,*" says he, "*arises from an entire misconception of what is implied by the oboriginal creation of insects. The experimentalist could never be considered as the author of the existence of these creatures, except by the most unreasoning ignorance.*" We would simply remark on this, that no one ever condemned the hypothesis, simply because it made Mr. Cross the real or seeming author of the animals—that was a matter of perfect indifference. The startling impiety was the assumption that life could be an inherent property of matter in itself—and under any circumstances. But we proceed with the quotation. "The utmost," says our author, "that can be claimed for Mr. Cross, is, that he arranged the natural conditions under which the true creative energy was pleased to work in that instance. On the hypothesis here brought forward, the *acarus Crossii* was a type of being arranged from the beginning, and destined to be realized under certain physical conditions. The production of the insect, therefore, was as clearly an act of the Almighty himself, as if he had fashioned it with hands." There is a little of the Jews' language here mixed up with the dialect of Ashdod, but translate it into the proper phraseology of the system, and it would mean, that in this eternal development of law which he sometimes is inclined to deify, this little insect of Mr. Cross' manufacturing was as much provided for as the solar system. In the great machine of the universe, some secret spring, representing Mr. Cross and his voltaic battery, had been contained from all eternity, until the working of the other parts brought them in such a position as "to produce the natural conditions under which the true creative energy was pleased to work in that instance." (See page 143.) There would be but little in this worth noticing, were it not for the more important consideration, that according to this theory, man also was, in a similar way, a type of being developed by the fortunate combination of those "conditions under which the vital power could act," and the sublime account which Moses gives us of the origin of our race, is to be set aside as a mythical legend, only adapted to the

infancy of the human intellect, before it was capable of understanding this most profound scheme of law and development.

Another favorite term of which this writer makes great use, and which forms no inconsiderable item in his work, is anthropomorphism. He cannot bear the thought of anything derogatory to the Divine honor, and has no patience with those narrow souls that can believe that God is personally engaged in the minute operations of nature. "To a reasonable mind," he says, "the Divine attributes must appear not diminished by supposing a *creation* by law. It is the narrowest of all views of the Deity, and characteristic of a *humble class of intellects* to suppose him acting in particular ways for particular occasions. It lowers him to the level of our own minds. Much more worthy of him, surely, is it, to suppose that all things have been commissioned by him from the first; *though neither is he absent from the current of affairs, seeing the whole system is continually supported by his providence.*" We are strongly tempted to examine the force of these last words, which we have italicised in the above extract, and ascertain what they can possibly mean in such a system, but a regard to our limits requires us to contend only with the main and more prominent positions of the scheme. A similar specimen of the writer's abhorrence of anthropomorphism, may be found on page 116. "It may now," says he, "be inquired—In what way was the creation of animated beings effected? The ordinary notion may, I think, be not unjustly described as this:—that the Almighty Author produced the progenitors of all existing species by some sort of personal or immediate exertion. But how can we suppose an immediate exertion of this creative power at one time to produce zoophytes, another time to add a few marine mollusks, another to bring in one or two conchifers, again to produce crustaceous fishes, again perfect fishes, and so on to the end. This would surely be to take a very mean view of the Creative power—to, in short, *anthropomorphize* it, or reduce it to some such character as that borne by the ordinary proceedings of mankind." Again, he says: "How can we suppose that the august Being who brought all these worlds into power by the simple establishment of a natural principle, was to interfere, personally, on every occasion, when a new fish or rep-

tile was to be ushered into existence on one of these worlds. Surely, *this idea is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment.*" Again, in a subsequent passage, but on the same subject, he says: "Keeping this in view, the words, '*God formed man in his own image,*' cannot well be understood as implying any more than what was implied before, namely, that man was produced *in consequence* of an expression of the Divine Will to that effect. Thus the Scriptural objection quickly vanishes, and the prevalent ideas about the organic creation appear only a mistaken inference from the text, formed at a time when man's ignorance prevented him from drawing therefrom a just conclusion." The author, however, cannot stand his own exegesis. He is evidently ashamed of the miserable distortion he has been compelled to put upon the Scripture record, and he therefore proceeds with more boldness. "At the same time *I freely own,*"—it seems he is conscious that he had been doing something which can only be purged by a confession—"at the same time I freely own that I do not think it right to adduce the Mosaic record, either in objection to, or in support of any *natural hypothesis.*"—Again—for we wish to bring in here all the most important quotations which have reference to this head—we are told, page 122, that "the commencements of species would have been an inconceivably paltry exercise for an immediately creative power."

Now, in respect to all this, we charge upon the author himself, the grossest anthropomorphism. His arguments, if they deserve the name at all, are not addressed to the reason, but to the imagination, or the feelings. They are directly liable to the very charge he makes against that humble class of intellects who believe that the Deity is daily providing for their least wants, and displeased with their least sins. He contends that it is a narrow view to suppose God personally acting in the more minute operations of the universe, or even in those more important agencies that are concerned in the origination of new species of life.

Now here, we repeat it, is the grossest anthropomorphism, to use the writer's own phrase, although anthropopathy would have been more correct. It is emphatically judging the Almighty by our own low standards. "Ye thought that I was altogether such a one as yourselves." Human care and human provi-

dence towards particular objects, are necessarily diminished in proportion to the enlargement of the field on which they are to be exercised. The one must always be in an inverse ratio to the other. This results from that most distinguishing difference which exists between the Divine and the human, the Infinite and the finite. Thought, knowledge, and ideas, are present to our minds by succession. With him "who filleth all things" it is directly the reverse. His care for any one object, and his personal agency in the production of any one result, cannot be at all diminished by his attention at the same moment to millions of similar objects, and similar agencies. It is therefore one of the most rigid conclusions of reason, flowing directly and irresistibly from the *à priori* idea of infinite perfection, that the most special Divine care of any, even the smallest, *part* of his works, is not in the least affected, diminished, or rendered incredible by the extent of the *whole*. In other words, if a certain exercise of a minute and particular providence, or moral legislation, toward our world would be perfectly credible, on the supposition that that one world was the whole of God's dominions; or to present the case in a still stronger light,—if a very high degree of the special care of the Deity towards one individual man, and of intense interest in his moral state and conduct, would be perfectly credible, on the supposition that that individual was alone with his Maker, the only subject of his natural and moral kingdom—then we say, that that credibility is not in the smallest particle diminished, and that care, and that special providence, and that moral superintendence would be none the less, when millions of other beings, and millions of other worlds and systems, with all their inhabitants, are discovered to be under the same government. What would be worthy of belief in the one case remains equally worthy of belief in the other, and is not in an infinitesimal degree varied by the new and more enlarged aspect of the Divine Providence. This is as rigid and as irresistible a conclusion of right reason as any to be found in the mathematical sciences, and as long as reason alone is consulted the mind is steady, and no difficulty is felt.

Far different, however, is it when the matter is transferred from the reason to the imagination. It is then truly that

we anthropomorphize. We turn our telescopes to the heavens and our microscopes to the earth. And as, in either extreme, worlds of life crowd into our dilated angle of vision, this weak faculty of the soul is overpowered, becomes astonished, and faints and staggers under the boundless prospect. In its feebleness, however, it assumes the airs of philosophy, arrays itself in the robes of its strong brother, Reason, and wonders at the narrow views of those who can believe that the Deity is personally engaged in such "paltry exercises" as the direct origination of the lower forms of animal life.

Now, notwithstanding all his parade of reason and science, it is to this weak and lower faculty of the soul that the author actually, although perhaps unconsciously, addresses himself. "How can we suppose," says this man of enlarged and elevated views, "an immediate exertion of this creative power to produce zoophytes, &c.?" In another place, he has a like difficulty in respect to the hydatid (which, for the sake of our unscientific readers, may be explained as meaning the small animated vesicle that produces the measles in swine), and he asks with all earnestness, and as though the inquiry could not fail effectually to gravel every obstinate opponent, Whence came this hydatid? He is in the same distress about the tinææ and the *pymelodes Cyclopum*. To regard the original production of any of these inferior beings as proceeding from any immediate act, would be "taking a very mean view of creative power." But why? Let us examine the author's own hypothesis, and see if he is consistent even with himself.

These zoophytes and hydatids and tinææ must each have had something representing them in this vast and complicated system of media, some little cog or spring in some little wheel concealed for ages in some greater wheel,—some hidden apparatus, which, although actually existing, remains outwardly inert, until the time comes and the conditions are brought about for the production of these new species of life. All this time, we say, the zoophytes and hydatid must have been in the machine as much as the earth or the sun. If this is simply the result of the inherent, necessary, and eternal laws of matter, without any higher agency, let the author say so, and be consistent. But if thereis this higher

or Divine agency, then it follows that provision must have been made by it for these cases in the originating act or development. Besides all this, there is required an additional agency in preserving these hidden and inoperative parts until the conditions are fulfilled for their outward action; for the author says that "the Divine power is never absent from a particle of the current of affairs, but that the whole system is continually supported by his providence;" and we must be so charitable as to suppose that he means something by this, however much we may be puzzled to understand what possible place this presence, or this providence, can have in his theory of eternal developments. Now, where is the economy of means produced by this labor-saving machine? If God did not directly make the hydatid he made the media which were to produce that result, and that, too, in such a way, that for every effect, and every part of every effect; there must have been something corresponding in the cause. Away back, then, at the very commencement of eternity, there must have been made, in the originating development, the same provision for the zoophyte and tinea, as though the Deity, according to "the conception of those humble intellects" worked in particular ways for particular occasions. Surely it is no more "a paltry exercise of creative power" to make hydatids directly than to create archetypes of hydatids; to make use of the term employed by our author in his absurd misconception of the philosophy of Plato. Surely those who thus reason must imagine the Deity "altogether such an one as themselves."

This whole doctrine of machinery comes from the grossest anthropomorphism. We mean, when it is regarded as a necessary medium and essential *in itself* to the Divine operations. We all admit—the most humble Sabbath scholar knows as well as our author, that God does use general methods styled laws or media; but, as we have stated before, the view which regards them as used for our sakes and for the sake of other rational beings, as indicia of the Divine operations, for the regulation of human conduct, for the purpose of furnishing to us the grounds of practical science, and as having a moral end in view even when suspended—in short, as something wholly subordinate to a moral system, and which the Deity has at times laid aside and

can lay aside whenever he pleases,—this view, we say, presents a very different doctrine from the one with which we are contending. The hypothesis of our author regards them as necessary to God himself and as required for the preservation of his dignity. Now this we charge as being the very lowest form of anthropomorphism. We ourselves, it is true, perform many operations much more easily by machinery than by direct personal exertion: but in such cases nothing can be more evident than that we employ means external to ourselves and prepared to our hands. When we make use of wind, or water, or steam, or gravitation, or mechanical power, we do nothing else than commit ourselves to the Divine agencies, and thus, *to us*, Nature becomes a labor-saving machine; but how low that view, and "how unreasoning that mind" which is led to conclude that such a process of external media is necessary for the Divine ease or essential to the Divine dignity. Most truly and forcibly does the declaration of Scripture continually come to mind in the contemplation of all such speculations—"Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." In respect to the Deity, too, machinery cannot, as with us, be external to himself. Whether a material or an immaterial agency it must be created, or rather, on this system, developed out of his own nature. It must be, likewise, a machinery containing the most minute provisions for every event which is to form a part of the great series of developments, and for every part of that event, and for all its collaterals, and for all things leading to it, and for all their collaterals, as particularly and specifically as though each part were formed just at the very time when it was required to be brought into being. If, instead of employing the natural media furnished to our hand, we had to create and keep in existence the force of water, air, and steam, it would soon be found that the direct exertion of our own muscular strength would be the simplest, easiest, and most labor-saving process we could employ.

We cannot help adverting, in this connection, to a very singular statement which the author makes, page 150. "After what we have seen," he says, "the idea of a separate exertion for each (form of life) must appear totally inadmissible. The single fact of *abortive* or *rudimentary* organs condemns it; for these, on such a

supposition, could be regarded in no other light than as blemishes or blunders—the thing, of all others, most irreconcilable with the idea of Almighty perfection. On the other hand, when the organic creation is admitted to have been effected by a general law, we see nothing in these abortive parts, but *harmless* peculiarities of development, and interesting evidences of the manner in which the divine author has been pleased to work.” Now can any thing be more absurd than this? What must we think of the commendations which have every where been bestowed upon the logic of one who reasons in this manner? Can anything be more intuitively certain than that every physical effect, and every part of every physical effect, must find an exact correspondent in its immediate cause, and that cause, in like manner, in its own antecedent, and so on, as long as the chain of agency continues? Without, therefore, stopping to discuss the question whether there are any physical blemishes in the universe, or any apparent physical disorders which God did not design for some higher moral end, and which are, therefore, not disorders, we ask whether a blemish in the effect does not necessarily imply a blemish somewhere in the cause, until we ascend to the first originating development; and how, in the name of common sense, can there be any difference, in this case, whether the agency be mediate or immediate, since it must certainly be immediate in some stage of the process? Has the architect of a machine any right to excuse himself by attributing a blemish or bungle in its work to an imperfect wheel, or to a defective spring, or a misplaced cog? Can we justify the printer, by imputing the blame of a mistake to a wrong position of the types, or a defect in the press? How much more justly, then, if there are physical blemishes in the creation—by which we mean real mistakes, and not apparent evils, actually designed in reference to moral ends—must they be charged upon the power which not simply employs, but has actually created, or, if you please, developed all the materials, energies and qualities of the very machinery through which the blemish is produced.

But we would dwell no longer on this. All that we style the laws of nature must either be necessary and inherent properties of matter—or they must be something immaterial, yet apart from a Deity who employs them, and can give them a substantive existence separate from himself—

or they must be invisible spiritual agencies—or they are only convenient names for the direct yet regular action of Divine power in every case. The first is unqualified atheism. The second is incomprehensible. The two last are both properly consistent with a moral government, and with the declarations of the Scripture. But the doctrine of machinery, as machinery, necessary for the Divine operations in themselves, and essential to the Divine dignity, is the sheerest anthropomorphism, into which a pretended philosophy, in its insane attempt to avoid the recognition of a personal God, has ever fallen.

Let us lay the Scriptures entirely out of the question, and confine ourselves to the most rigid induction from present and known phenomena. Let this induction be carried on according to the strictest Baconian rules. We believe that on such a process, almost all sober scientific men, who are really such, would arrive at one and the same conclusion. The only theory which would *embrace all the facts*, and account for all the phenomena, would be this—namely, that our earth had been the theatre of two distinct kinds of causes, and of two distinct agencies. The one would be a series of regular, gradual, long continued influences, between which an apparent mutual dependence and interdependence could be traced, like links in a chain. The other would present features, no less manifest, of sudden, violent, disconnected, and apparently irregular agencies, breaking up abruptly the continuity of the former, ending old epochs that had been marked by long periods of these slow, uniform progressions, and introducing other dispensations and other forms of life destined to fall again under that same connected chain of gradual workings, which, from the regularity of sequence, we call law, cause and effect. Now, if we style the first class of agencies *natural*, which is a very good name, the most appropriate title for the other would be supernatural—indicating a power above nature, breaking up, or changing, or suspending natural laws for higher purposes, at the close of old and the introduction of new dispensations; one of which higher purposes may be to prevent rational beings from falling into an atheistical habit of thinking, and to startle them back again into the almost vanished belief that there is a God behind the screen of nature. Now if any man will be so perverse as to call this class of phenomena by the

same name with the first, and to consider them all alike as the results of hidden laws; if he will envelope everything in that unmeaning word *development*; if he will use the terms First Cause, originating vital power, &c., for God, and employ the word *law* for all the Divine operations of every kind, be they ordinary or extraordinary; if he will thus confound all language, the office of which is to distinguish things that differ; if he will by such a course utterly annihilate true science, notwithstanding the exclusive claims he advances to its possession—all that we can say is, that such a one should not complain if the ruling principle of his life is suspected to be an utter aversion to the recognition of a personal God, nor think himself unjustly treated when his system is declared to be atheism, sheer atheism, dark, chilly, soulless atheism.

While on this part of the work, we cannot help devoting a short space to another egregious fallacy for which the author brings the support of Mr. Babbage in one of the Bridgewater Treatises—a series of works, by the way, which we verily believe have made more infidels than they have ever cured. If we understand him aright, he would illustrate his doctrine of developments by the following supposition. An arithmetical machine is imagined, so constructed, that a wheel revolving round an axis presents successively to the eye a series of numbers engraved on its divided circumference. "Let the figures thus seen," says Mr. Babbage, "be the series, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c." How long, (he asks,) would the operation be witnessed before the observer would think he recognized the existence of a law, by virtue of which each succeeding number exceeds the one preceding by unity? This process is supposed to go on until we reach 100,000,000. "True to this vast induction," says the contriver of this machine, "the next number will be 100,000,001; but the next presented by the rim of the wheel, instead of being 100,000,002, is 100,010,002, at which point the law seems to change, and every succeeding number exceeds its predecessor by ten thousand." "The principle which seems at first to govern," says the author, "fails at the one hundred million and second term, and a new order takes its place." "If now," he proceeds, "we continue to observe the numbers presented, we shall find that for a hundred or even a thou-

sand terms, they continue to follow the new law; but after watching them for 2761 terms, we find that it fails in the case of the two thousand seven hundred sixty-second. Then comes a new law continuing through about 1430 terms, when it gives place to another, &c. &c. &c." (See page 157, 158.) On first reading this, we were for some time puzzled to know what application could possibly be made of it. Any one can see, at a glance, that as far as the construction of the machine is concerned, the whole process is entirely arbitrary. After presenting numbers increasing by unity up to 100,000,001, the next presented is suddenly 100,010,002, simply because it was placed next on the rim of the machine. As far as the idea of law is concerned, (we mean the law of the machine irrespective of any laws of numbers, which are in all cases necessary laws,) it might as well have been kept in the hands of the maker, and dropped into its proper place at the very time it was wanted, and so of all the other changes, or developments, as the author would style them. We discover nothing here like law, which always implies some relations of antecedent and consequents, and where, of course, something of the effect must be seen in the cause to make the links continuous. But it cannot be pretended that any of these sudden changes are in any way to be regarded as regular functions of any of the preceding terms, or combinations of terms.

We are asked to take this as a good illustration of this theory of developments, or what are styled sudden transitions to higher states of being. For example, a certain species of vegetation, after having for one hundred million and one times produced its like, is by virtue of a hidden law contained in its organization, but all this time concealed and inert, suddenly developed into a new species in the first stage of animal life;—"a process by which," says our author, "*the whole train of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are to be regarded as a series of advances of this principle of development.*" In this way the plant becomes an animal, the reptile a fish, the fish an inhabitant of the dry ground, and terrestrial animals rise in the ascending scale, until the *development* reaches the Simia tribe. From this the machine goes on, age after age, apes begetting apes, each one in his own likeness and after his own kind, until at

last some one revolution of the wheel brings everything into that state in which the "conditions are fulfilled;"—the hidden spring is touched; the monkey loses his tail, and man comes out No. 2762. Oh, shade of Moses! We cannot help apostrophising thy meek spirit, thou ancient man of God! Is it for this that we are called upon, in the nineteenth century, to reject that sublime account, the superhuman grandeur and simplicity of which furnish evidence that thou couldst have derived it only from the voice of inspiration?—*And God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them; and God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.* Now, we ask again, what is gained by all this? The vegetable, reptile, fish, monkey, and man, must have been all in the primal development, and they must have each required a special provision corresponding to every variety and change of their being. The numbers must all have been placed on the circumference of the revolving wheel so as to come out in the actual order. Each subsequent form of life must have been particularly represented in each prior development; and then again, what is saved on the score of economy of means? Why not the man directly without the monkey? The only answer is, that there is a spurious philosophy, whose chief element is a most hearty and yet, it may be, unconscious dislike of the idea of a personal Deity. If it cannot bear the name of atheism, it at least wishes a God afar off;—anything but an ever-present, ever-energizing, ever-watchful moral governor.

What makes all this most odious to those acquainted with the history of philosophy, is the fact, that it is one of the oldest of errors dressed up in the guise of modern science. The ancient atheists were full of it as far as its elementary principles are concerned, although differing in immaterial details. It forms the very substance of the philosophy of Epicurus, and the Latin atheist Lucretius abounds with it *ad nauseam*.

Man our author regards as but the *initial* of a grand crowning type. The present race is only performing the office of the simia or monkey tribe in the development of some nobler species. We must expect that there will be higher varieties of the being *homo*, as well as of the hydatid and tinea. This is what the

writer calls a *startling idea*,—a phrase which is a great favorite with this whole class of thaumaturgic, or wonder-making sciologists. The reader might indeed be startled by this, and regard it as springing from a desire to make atonement, by the hopes of future greatness, for the disparagement cast upon our origin. It looks something like the doctrine of future existence, and may possibly recognize the humble claim of the Scriptures to teach something on this head, without violating the higher prerogatives of natural science. But no—he means no such thing. Be quiet, *individual* reader! You are altogether too small and too insignificant to indulge in any such lofty aspirations. Let us read farther. "It is clear," says our author, page 181—"it is clear, moreover, from the whole scope of the natural laws, that the individual, as far as the present sphere of being is concerned, is to the Author of nature a consideration of inferior moment. Everywhere we see the arrangements for the species perfect; the individual is left, as it were, to take his chance amidst the *mêlée* of the various laws affecting him. If ill befalls him, there was at least no partiality against him. "The system has the fairness of a lottery, in which every one has the like chance of drawing a prize." In the above extract the author uses the qualifying words, "as far as the present state of being is concerned," but nothing can be clearer than that they are inconsistent with the entire argument. No reason can be assigned why this system of law and developments should not be carried throughout all existence. In such a scheme the individual must everywhere be comparatively of no importance. The parts are all for the whole, and the whole in no sense for the parts; whereas in a true system of philosophy, this second position would be recognized as strongly as the first, and both maintained in harmonious consistency. We must give way simply because higher species need the space we occupy. We must die, not for the reason which the Scriptures assign, but that future geologists of a superior order may find in our decayed fossil remains the grounds of a higher science, and evidences of a farther progress in this infinite series of developments. What strange aversion to an individual future state, and to a personal God, must be at the bottom of a philosophy so utterly repulsive as this, and which sends such a chill of death over

every warm feeling of the soul. The *immortality of the race*, and that, too, in ever-varying forms of life, is all that it presents as a consolation for the miseries which here the individual must suffer whilst nature is grinding out some higher development.

Irrespective of its direct collision with the plainest teachings of the Scriptures, this doctrine is, in itself, utterly unphilosophical and inconsistent with every rational view of the true ends of being. It is a philosophy of *means* without *ends*. There is nothing final about it. The *ἄπειρον*, has no place in the scheme. It is all *media*—eternal cause and effect—eternal, never-resting development,—eternal physical progress, and, of course, eternal imperfection. We say this, because each stage is relatively as unfinished as the one before, and is imperatively, and in endless succession, required to give way to something which, in comparison with succeeding developments, is itself equally imperfect, and must therefore share the same fate: thus forever leaving behind it zoophytes, and hydatids, and tineaæ, and simiæ, and the species homo, in undistinguished insignificance. And thus the law goes on, forever and forever, aiming only at that unmeaning abstraction, *the whole*, (unmeaning, we say, in a scheme which makes so little or no account of a moral system) whilst the individuals, without which these wholes have no reality, are regarded as of no importance, or, in our author's language, "left to take their chance amidst the *mêlée* of the various laws affecting them, with the fairness of a lottery in which every one has the like *chance* of drawing a prize."—page 281. O, how alien is all this, both to the language and the spirit of Jesus,—"*For I say unto you that the very hairs of your head are all numbered.*" How infinitely superior is the philosophy of the Bible. The Scriptures reveal a system of *ends*, of moral purposes, to which the physical in all its departments is the mere temporary scaffolding. The Bible has something final. It reveals a *fixed* state, in which perhaps it may be found that science and philosophy are secondary things, but small matters, compared with that moral perfection which awaits the soul, to which the whole machinery of the physical is intended to be subservient, and for the sake of which, perhaps, when it hath performed its office, it is to be removed forever. Let us hear one of the

ancient Hebrew school of philosophy. Aside from its exceeding sublimity, the passage has something which, we would fain hope, may not be unworthy the attention of even our author's class of "lofty intellects."—"Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath you; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wear old like a garment, but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness (that is my moral government) shall never fail."

This doctrine of eternal physical progress, which is so great a favorite with so many of our natural men, furnishes in itself no security for the realization of the bright visions which it presents respecting the destinies of the world we inhabit. It assumes that the course of things has been an eternal progression from the lower to the higher, from the more imperfect to the less imperfect. Matter, it tells us, has been for everlasting ages advancing from a state so rare as to be almost inanity, or infinite diffusion, to a more solid condition; and in its course progressively giving rise to vegetable, animal, and rational life. Now take away the Bible, from which we derive all our knowledge of what is final in the scheme of the universe, and what security have we in science against the probability of any conjectures in regard to the destiny and duration of our earth. We say, in science,—for whenever we find ourselves resorting to moral considerations, and reposing on certain moral attributes, we are at once building on a different foundation, and unconsciously resting on the Scriptures. If we will take induction as our only guide, it cannot be denied that there have been, and therefore may be again, retrograde periods in the history of our little earth. Yes,—but says the progressionist, there has been, on the whole, an advance. Still, individual men and individual nations, and even races have suffered and perished in those backward cycles which the scheme admits to be necessary to the general progress; and why should we stop here and not embrace worlds themselves in the same startling view? Setting out from this very nebular hypothesis, it may be shown with almost mathematical certainty, that such retrogradations, and on a most immense scale, and for most immense periods, must be the inevitable result. In the progress of the visible celestial system to condensation, solidity, regular form, and life, the great means,

according to this theory, as most fully stated in the book itself, consists in the loss of heat, or a gradual cooling which goes on through a length of time, defying calculation. Now the heat that thus radiates must make its escape to some other part of the infinite universè, (for all space is supposed to be occupied) and there perform the contrary work, and with a contrary effect. Of course other parts which come within this great reflux of the universal fluid, must have more than their due proportion of caloric, and, as a necessary consequence, there must be a process of rarefaction, expansion, disorganization, dissolution of parts, and loss of life, the very opposite of that which prevails in our, at present, more favored quarter of the universe; until, in this immensely long and inverted progress from life to death, all things finally return again to that rudimentary state from which our own system is supposed to set out. Here, then, to say nothing of partial deteriorations, there must be retrograde cycles on a most immense scale, and during their continuance the most frightful and destructive changes may take place. This is a most rigid and sober conclusion from a wild hypothesis, and all its array of science, if it reject the Bible, can offer no security against the realizing of the gloomy prospects which are legitimately to be deduced from it.

But, without viewing the matter on so large a scale, we may say, that, if science alone be consulted, all this is more than possible of our individual world. Some backward cycle, which is a necessary link in the general advance, may require that we should all perish, zoophytes, homines, world and all. A vacuum may be wanted in the space which we now occupy. The Bible, although it does not fix the precise dates, yet, in the general details which it gives us of the plans and purposes of God's moral system, furnishes satisfactory grounds on which faith can rest; but in this philosophy of developments, what security have we that before the lapse of twenty-four hours, our continent, which, it is fondly imagined, is going to be the theatre of so many brilliant achievements in science and philosophy, may not be submerged by the upheaving of the ocean, or our world itself dashed into ten million fragments? And all in consequence of some law, or some hidden wheel, which, for ages, has been nearing the spring des-

tinued to produce the catastrophe and thus subserve the evolution of some other development. Will any one, unless he clings to the Scriptures, dare to say that the supposition is incredible, or even extravagant? What is our position, with infinite space all around us, and two infinite eternities before and behind us, and an infinite law embracing us whose infinitesimal link is infinitely beyond our means of determining its true relations?—What, we would ask again, is there in our position, which can enable us to decide whether we are physically nearer our ascending or descending node—whether we are marching on in the advance of the great whole, or destined, like other parts, to be crushed by the retrograding wheels of a relentless nature—whether we are in the ebb or flood of the universal tide of life—whether we are yet cooling and condensing, or have passed the minimum point and commenced the reverse period of rarefaction and dissolution—whether our system is rising upwards from death to life, or sinking down in the scale from life to death,—whether the floating nebular star-dust, which our telescopes bring to view, and of which so much is made in the present work, is really the rudimentary *semen* of future growing systems, or the rarefied remains of evanescent and worn out worlds, just ready to vanish away into their primitive inanity.

As well might the fly on the dome of St. Peter's speculate on the origin, history, and final destiny of that magnificent structure, from the almost invisible strata which her microscopic eyes have traced in a few inches of the marble on which she sits. In defence of these views, how easy is it to turn against our author a supposition which he himself makes, for another purpose, on the 159th page of his work. "Suppose," says he, "that an Ephemeron, hovering over a pool for its one April day of life, were capable of observing the fry of the frog in the water below. If its aged afternoon, having seen no change upon it for such a length of time, it would be little qualified to conceive that the external branchiæ of these creatures were to decay, and to be replaced by lungs, that feet were to be developed, the tail erased, and the animal then to become a denizen of the land." Now, to make a statement in the rule of proportion, just as that ephemeron would be to the frog-fry and the pool of water, so is our author to the purpose and des-

tiny of that universe of whose progression he talks so flippantly. Since, however, he has furnished the comparison, we will imagine a parallel case, which may be introduced here, although a little out of the course of our present remarks. Suppose that an ephemeral philosopher, who knew nothing, and had heard nothing, of the production of the human fœtus, and of the rapid infant growth, should closely observe the almost imperceptible enlargement of the teeth and bones of one who was just attaining the period of perfect manhood. Suppose him to study this natural phenomenon according to the strictest rules of experimental induction, proceeding solely by facts and appearances, and assuming that the laws of growth and change, as they now appear to him in the human body, have ever been the same, both in the manner and rapidity of their action. Suppose that after having thus carefully observed all the maxims of the most rigid Baconianism, he should deduce the irrefutable conclusion, that the individual aforesaid must have occupied about 700,000 years in coming to his present condition and magnitude. In what respect, we ask, would the speculations of such an ephemeral philosopher differ from some of the hypotheses which have been put forth respecting the age of the present dispensation of our globe?

In no part of this work have we been more amused, if it is not too light a term, than with the author's attempts, on his hypothesis, to reconcile men to the physical evils they are forced to suffer. He evidently feels, that to beings situated as we are, there is but cold comfort in the glory of being subservient to the Great Whole. Of a moral scheme, except as confounded with the physical after the style of Combe and Spurzheim, he seems to have no conception. Still, notwithstanding all progress and developments, he has to confess that men are afflicted with disease, and that the world is full of misery and death. In his great perplexity, he turns ever and anon to the consoling position, that the Deity must proceed by fixed laws, and that their operation is *generally* useful. Gravitation was not intended to injure legs, but to keep things stable upon the earth,—still, those who will break it, (just as though a man really could break the law of gravitation) must suffer the consequences. "If the rash boy lose his hold of the branch, it will unrelentingly pull him down; and yet

it was not a primary object of this great law of gravitation to hurt boys—the evil is, therefore, only a casual exception from something in the main good." And so he goes on, selecting his own easy examples, carefully avoiding all real difficulties, and sometimes, when he finds himself hard pushed, talking very piously, but in a style utterly inconsistent with the boasting and confident tone of other parts, of "the little we know of the designs of Providence."

This method is pursued until he comes to the place where we would expect him to grapple with the difficult subjects of disease and death. Even in treating of the first, he exhibits evidence that he is entirely beyond his depth, and that, do what he will, the theme is ever bearing him nearer and nearer the confines of a true moral system which he ever wishes to avoid. But when we expect him to bring the light of his philosophy to bear upon the grave, when we are anxious to see how far its feeble beams can penetrate the dread gloom of the sepulchre, we find only a silent and unanswering void. He evidently shrinks from the conflict. The awful theme brings him too near those troublesome ideas of penalty, or retribution for sin, which no babble about physical laws, and physical consequences can keep off. He therefore preserves an ominous yet most significant silence in relation to the whole subject, and winds up this most feeble chapter "on the purpose of the animated creation," with that sentimental drivel to which we have already alluded, respecting the subserviency of the individual to the interests of the whole. "If the individual be found inferiorly endowed, or ill befalls him, there was at least no partiality against him: the system has the fairness of a lottery in which every one has the like chance of drawing a prize!"

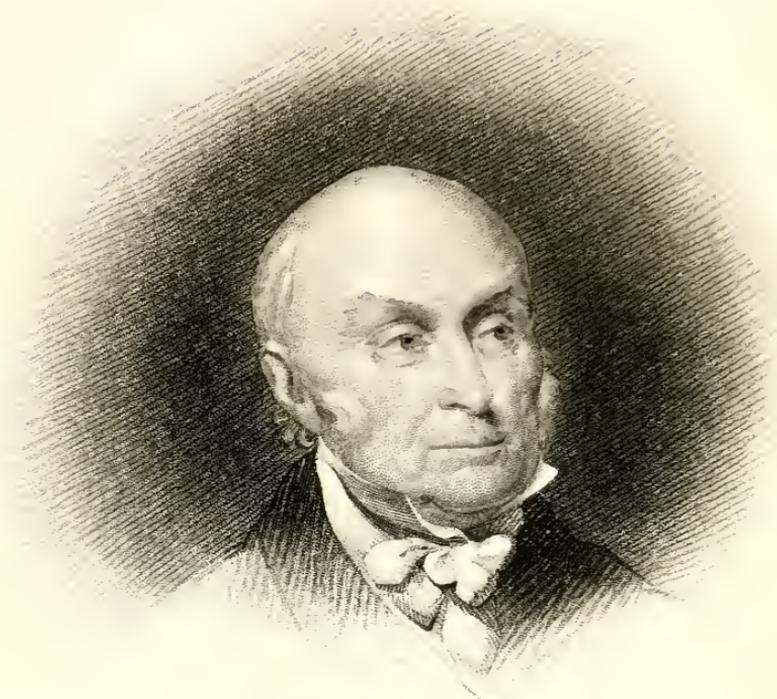
The difficulties encountered in this chapter seem to have had some effect, and to have brought about a faint recognition of something higher than the natural. In this concession, however, there is one declaration so remarkable, that we cannot pass it by without special remark. "*It may be,*" he observes, "*it may be,* that whilst we are committed to take our chance in a natural system, &c., there is a system of grace and mercy behind the screen." And this is the language of one who would repel the name of infidel, and who professes respect for the Scriptures. A religious friend, who, in some strange

way, had become a great admirer of this book, pointed out this passage as conclusive evidence that the author was not an infidel, and did not deserve the censures with which religionists might be inclined to visit him. Now, of all the sentences in the book, this one furnishes the strongest evidence that the author is what we have called him, an infidel, a disingenuous, unmanly infidel. "There *may*, perhaps, be a system of grace and mercy behind the screen of nature!" and all this said with as much simplicity, as though just such a system of grace and mercy was not the subject which occupies the whole Bible from its commencement to its close.

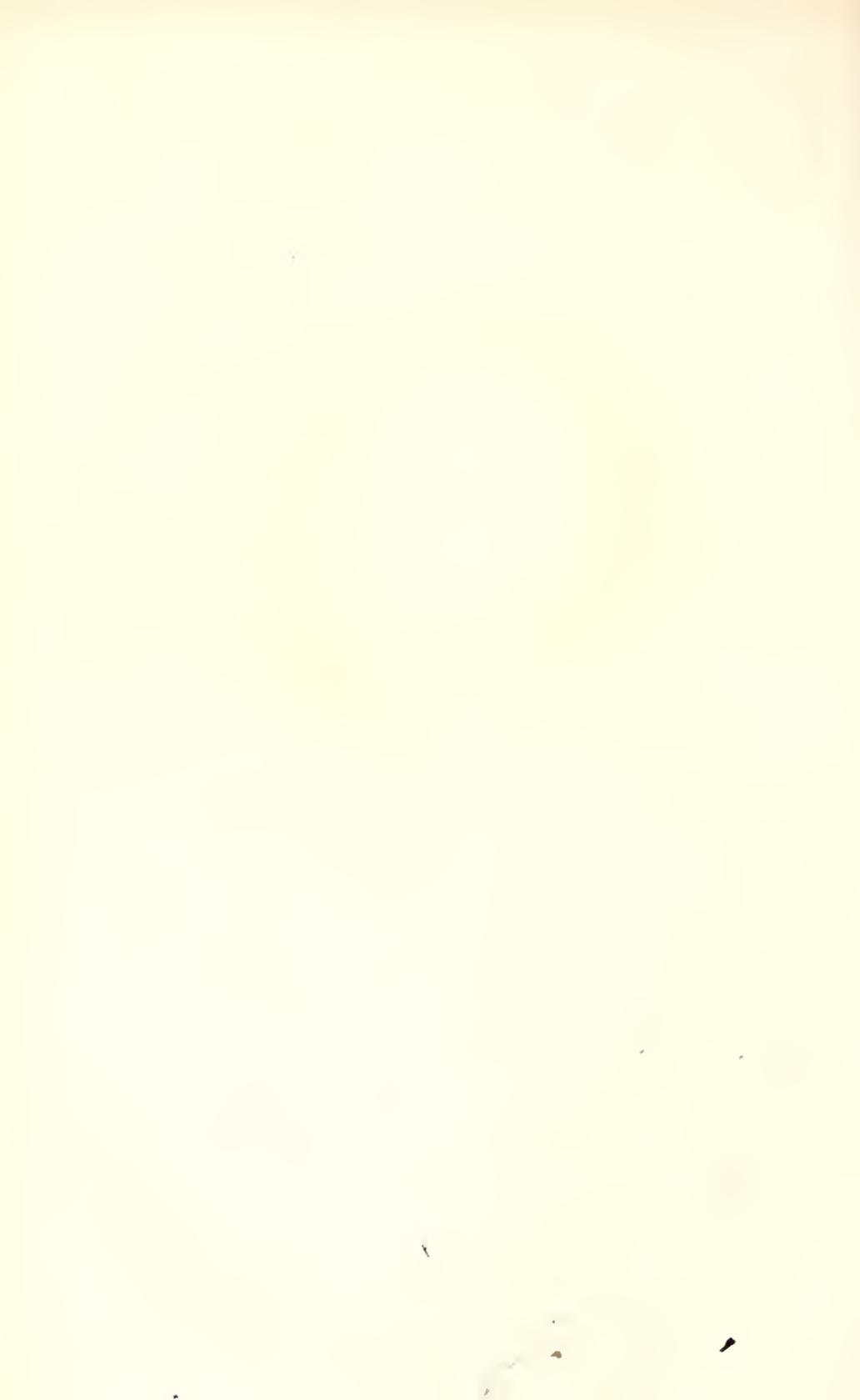
We had intended to have said something more particularly respecting the scientific merits of this nebular hypothesis, if our limits had not prevented. We believe the whole theory to be false, and that it has received but little countenance from any men of real science. Whatever may be its merits, it is absolutely incapable of verification. It is said, in page 18, that M. Comte, of Paris, has made some approach to a mathematical demonstration. We, however, more than doubt its correctness. Although not inclined to speak dogmatically on a question of science, still we venture to affirm, that there are too many hypothetical data to be assumed and taken into the account, to allow us to attach any weight to calculations grounded upon them. Its hypothesis of condensation by the radiation of caloric to other parts of the universe, and the consequent alternation of immense periods marked by the predominance respectively of heat and cold, is an old thing under the sun. It resembles very much some of the ancient systems of dualism, and does not differ in its principle from the poetical Ἐραός and Ἐπίς, or the contracting and separating powers of Empedocles. Such dualistic views, under various names, were very common in the ancient world, even at a very early date, and their reappearance at the present day furnishes a most striking proof of the truth of Aristotle's remark in his *Meteorologica*, Lib. 1, c. 3—"Thus must we say that not once, or twice, or a few times, but with almost infinite repetitions the same opinions come round in a circle among men."

A few words in regard to the style of this book, and we have done with it. We would venture to designate it by a name that is not to be found in Blair's

classification. It may be called the puffy or bladder style. There is a continual inflation, utterly inconsistent with the modesty of true science,—a continual attempt at thaumaturgic display. The reader is everlastingly called upon to wonder at something, and sometimes statements seem made for no other purpose, and without much, if any, regard to scientific correctness. To combine two favorite expressions of the author which occur in almost every page, it is full of *startling developments*. It is very much in the manner of a certain lecturer, who has often enlightened the inhabitants of this city, and who, when he has occasion to state the sober fact of science that light moves at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, prefers to *startle* his hearers by telling them that a stream of rays *two hundred thousand miles long* enters the eye and passes up the optic nerve every time we wink. The author improves upon this statement, and attempts to render it still more *startling*. He applies it to a calculation of the rapidity of *mental action*, and to the measurement of the time during which the electric fluid, which constitutes will, passes from the brain into the limb to be moved. "If mental action," says he, "is electric, the proverbial quickness of thought—that is the quickness of the transmission of sensation and will—may be presumed to have been brought to an *exact* measurement. The speed of light has long been known to be about 192,000 miles per second, and the experiments of Wheatstone have shown, that the electric agent travels (if I may so speak,) at the same rate; thus showing a likelihood that one law rules the movement of all the imponderable bodies. *Mental action may accordingly be presumed to have a rapidity equal to one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second.*" Tausend Millionen—says the philosophical king, in Tieck's comedy of Puss in Boots—Millionen Trillionen—Ich mag auf der Welt nichts lieber hören, als so grose Nummern—"Millions, trillions, nothing in the world would I rather hear than these big numbers; how the very mention of them makes the soul swell and grow." Had we known physical science only from such works and such lectures as these, one might well suppose that the name was not derived from φύσις (nature) as is commonly supposed, but from φουσίω *to puff, to inflate, to blow up like a bladder*, and that it was the very knowledge



J. Q. Adams.



which Paul describes by this term, 1 Corinthians viii. 1. The whole amount of real science contained in the work is very small; just about as much as any man might have picked up from attending a course of Dr. Lardner's lectures. Even a less quantity would have enabled any one to have written this book, so far as the scientific statements are concerned. The author's name is not attached, but

we are certain it is not the production of a Davy, a Draper, or a Herschell. True science ever loves a chaste and simple style. We venture to predict that the present popularity of the work we have reviewed will be as transient as its amount of real science is small, and that Moses will be revered long after it has passed into its merited oblivion.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.)

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is one of those men whose history is so marked and signalized by the events that crowd into their lives, and the variety and greatness of the services they have rendered, that no mere language of eulogy can be compared in impressiveness with the simplest narrative of their actions. We may dismiss the entire vocabulary of superlatives, and set aside all the terms that are used to describe the qualities of objects, and in the plainest possible language, mention, in order, the posts he has occupied, and the public labors he has performed, and the reader will rise from the bare record with an appreciating sense of his usefulness and greatness, such as no high-flown general panegyric could possibly produce.

No American has had the opportunities and privileges he has enjoyed; and no one, it is probable, ever will. He was the child of parents, so great and so good, that it would have been strange, indeed, if his character had not received a deep and permanent impression from their examples and influence. It was his singular privilege to receive the most precious boon of a benignant Providence, in the original constitution and innate ingredients of his mental and spiritual nature—a full measure of the excellent qualities of both his father and his mother. In the strength of his intellect, in the largeness of his political views, and the fervent energy of his impulses, we behold the traits of that character which made John Adams a master-spirit of the American revolution; and whoever reads the letters, or retains in his memory an image of his mother, will trace the influence of that admirable woman in many of the finer features of the mind and spirit of her son. It was his privilege

to receive, in his earliest youth, lessons of piety, morality and patriotism from the lips of parents whose lives enforced their precepts, and presented bright and noble examples of the virtues they inculcated.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born in Braintree, in Massachusetts, in that part of the town which has since been set off and incorporated by the name of Quincy, on Saturday, July 11th, 1767. He was named "John Quincy," from the following circumstances. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Wm. Smith, pastor of the Congregational church, in the neighboring town of Weymouth. The wife of Mr. Smith, the maternal grandmother of the subject of this memoir, was Elizabeth Quincy, daughter of John Quincy, who is mentioned by Hutchinson as the owner of Mount Wollaston, had shared largely in the civil and military distinctions of his time and country, and in honor of him the present town of Quincy received its name. When Quincy was on his death-bed, and expired a few hours after the birth of his great grandchild—at the special request of the grandmother the name of her father, then lying dead, was given to the new-born infant, who was baptized the next day, in the Congregational church of the Free Parish of Braintree.

Mr. Adams has been favored in the period which his life has covered, as well as in the influences under which it commenced. His history runs back to the beginning of the revolution, embraces its trying and stimulating experiences, and includes the entire range of wonderful events which have been accumulated within the last seventy years.

The earlier years of most men that have become eminent in after life are not found

to have been remarkable for any great variety of adventure or extraordinary positions in society. But the youth of Mr. Adams, dating even into his childhood, was certainly marked by very many circumstances as unusual and memorable as the long and eminent career of his public life since has proved a fitting sequence to them. Towards the close of the year 1777, John Adams was appointed Joint Commissioner, with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, to the Court of Versailles. The boy, John Quincy, then in the eleventh year of his age, accompanied his father to France. They sailed from Boston in February, 1778, and arrived at Bordeaux, early in April. During the period of their stay in France, which was about eighteen months, young Adams was kept in a French school, studying the native language, with the usual classical exercises, which were nowhere better taught, at that time, than in the institutions of Paris. The diplomatic arrangements with the French Government having been brought to a fortunate close, they returned to America, in the French *La Sensible*, and in company with the Chevalier de la Luzerne, who had been despatched by the government as minister to the United States. They arrived in Boston on the 1st of August, 1779; but the great talents and prosperous services of John Adams, as manifested on both sides of the water, and the perilous circumstances of the country—for it was really one of the darkest periods of the Revolutionary struggle—still turned the eyes of the National Council upon him. Within three months after his return he was again despatched to Europe by Congress. Resolving to educate his son not more by books than an early familiarity with important scenes and events, and a full comprehension of the characters and positions of different nations, he took his son with him on this second voyage. The frigate they sailed in was commanded by the celebrated naval character, Commodore Tucker. The ocean was covered with the fleets of the enemy; and the whole passage was a succession of hazardous adventures and narrow escapes, as well from hostile squadrons as the severity of tempests. They were frequently pursued by enemies of vastly superior force, and once or twice were on the very point of capture. The commander had determined to yield to no force, however great, without a struggle, and as the pursuing vessel approached, all hands were

beat to quarters, and the frigate cleared for action. It was on this occasion that John Adams, impatient of inaction, threw off the ambassador and hurrying up from his cabin, placed himself with the sailors at the side of a cannon—a moment for the young son to gather that enthusiasm, that intrepid patriotism and personal courage that belonged to descendants of the Puritans, and which have characterized his history at all subsequent periods of his life.

Certainly, no person in this country was ever favored with such an education as fortunate circumstances gave to the youth of John Quincy Adams. The voyages and residences with his father in Europe were precisely adapted to nurture and bring into a vigorous and comprehensive development, all the desirable qualities and attainments of mind and heart of one destined to act a great and patriotic part in the history of his country. He witnessed the private and familiar intercourse of his learned and accomplished father with all the great dignitaries of foreign courts, and with the most eminent and celebrated scholars and philosophers of that age. He often listened also to the sober and solemn discussions of the great champions and friends of the liberty and independence of his country, in that trying time. Franklin and Lee, and other leading Americans, were frequently at his father's lodgings, and the intelligent and ardent boy entered into the spirit of the anxious debates in which they were absorbed, in reference to the prospects of America, and the vibrating issue of the fearful and most momentous conflict in which she was engaged. His mind and heart were wrought upon most deeply by the "dread uncertainty" that hung over the destinies of his distant country, and by these influences the sources were early deepened and purified of that patriotism which is a passion in his breast, and, in its solemnity and fervor, rises frequently, in his writings and speeches, to the elevation of a religious sentiment.

He had the advantage, too, of becoming familiar—as he could not otherwise have become, while so young—with the history, resources, interests, and prospects of America. It was his father's business to secure favor and aid from the governments of Europe, for the American States, in the unequal contest with the power of Britain—a business which he accomplished with a success and efficiency that entitles him to be considered as the preserver and saviour of the inde-

pendence of his country. Without foreign aid, the colonies could not have triumphed—that foreign aid John Adams was the great instrument in securing. His diplomatic services, in this regard, have never been fully appreciated. Bravery, skill, fortitude and patriotism did all that they could do, on the battlefield and in council, here in America; but, without supplies of money and munitions from abroad, so that

“War might, best upheld,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and  
gold,  
In all her equipage”—

without these, the cause would have been lost. Young Adams was, doubtless, often a witness and listener to the earnest appeals, and convincing statements, and minute exhibitions of the means, and extent, and natural resources of the revolted colonies, by which his father persuaded cabinets and capitalists that the revolution was not a chimerical, and visionary, and impracticable struggle, but a movement in pursuit of independence by a country worthy of their respect and of their aid, and which, if seasonably and sufficiently aided and encouraged, would soon vindicate her right to demand admission into the family of nations. A better school for a young statesman cannot be imagined, than his experience while with his father on his mission to foreign courts.

In the meanwhile the lessons of virtue and religion were reiterated to his mind and heart in the letters of his mother. The strains in which that noble woman addressed him, have often been presented to the public; a single passage here is sufficient:—“It is your lot, my son, to own your existence among a people who have made a glorious defence of their invaded liberties, and who, aided by a generous and powerful ally, with the blessing of heaven, will transmit this inheritance to ages yet unborn; nor ought it to be one of the least of your excitements towards exerting every power and faculty of your mind, that you have a parent who has taken so large a share in this contest, and discharged the trust reposed in him with so much satisfaction as to be honored with the important embassy that now calls him abroad. The strict and inviolate regard you have ever paid to truth, gives me pleasing hopes that you will not swerve from her dictates; but add justice, fortitude, and every manly virtue

which can adorn a good citizen, do honor to your country, and render your parents supremely happy, particularly your ever affectionate mother.”—His character and his attainments, while in foreign countries, during this portion of his youth, gave evidence that his opportunities and privileges were not thrown away.

In going to Europe the second time, the frigate sprung a leak in a gale of wind, and was forced to vary from her port of destination, which was Brest, and to put into the port of Ferrol in Spain. From there they traveled to Paris—from Paris they went to Holland. The lad was put to school, in Paris; afterwards in Amsterdam, and finally, in the University of Leyden. In July, 1781, Mr. Francis Dana, (father of the poet, R. H. Dana,) who had been secretary to the embassy of John Adams, was commissioned as Plenipotentiary to Russia, and he took with him John Quincy Adams, then fourteen years of age, as his private secretary. His letters from St. Petersburg to his friends in America, betray a marked intelligence and power of observation early awakened. He remained in Russia, with Mr. Dana, until October, 1782, when he left St. Petersburg, and returned alone, through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg and Bremen to Holland, spending the winter in the route, and stopping some time in Stockholm, Copenhagen and Hamburg. In Holland he remained some months, until his father took him from the Hague to Paris, where he was present at the signing of the Treaty of Peace in September, 1783, and from that time to May, 1785, he was with his father in England and Holland, as well as France. At London he had rare opportunities for the early formation of the future statesman, being introduced by distinguished members of Parliament upon the floor of the House, and listening many times to the eloquence of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and other eminent orators, whose great talents at that time adorned the British nation. In his eighteenth year his father yielded to his solicitations and allowed him to return to his native country. He entered Harvard University at an advanced standing, and was graduated as Bachelor of Arts, in 1787, with distinguished honor. He then entered the office, at Newburyport, of the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Upon completing the study of the law, he entered the profession and established him-

self in Boston. He remained there four years, extending his acquaintance with the first principles of law, and taking part in the important questions which then engrossed the attention of the people. In the summer of 1791 he published a series of papers, widely circulated and much spoken of, under the signature of *Publicola*, in the *Boston Centinel*, containing remarks upon the first part of Paine's *Rights of Man*. In these articles, he showed his sagacity in being among the first to suggest doubts of the favorable issue of the French Revolution. These pieces were reprinted in England.

Notwithstanding Mr. Adams' previous extraordinary life, and the unquestioned attainments he had made in various knowledge, he seems at this time to have been dissatisfied both with what he had done and with what lay before him. A passage from his *Diary* at that period, furnished by his son, finely illustrates the severe opinions he had formed of the laborious diligence to be practiced by a young man, of whatever abilities, who may be desirous of effectively serving his country, or of acquiring for himself any honorable name.

"Wednesday, May 16th, 1792. I am not satisfied with the manner in which I employ my time. It is calculated to keep me forever fixed in that state of useless and disgraceful insignificance, which has been my lot for some years past. At an age bearing close upon twenty-five, when many of the characters who were born for the benefit of their fellow creatures have rendered themselves conspicuous among their cotemporaries, and founded a reputation upon which their memory remains and will continue to the latest posterity—at that period, I still find myself as obscure, as unknown to the world, as the most indolent, or the most stupid of human beings. In the walks of active life, I have done nothing. Fortune, indeed, who claims to herself a large proportion of the merit which exhibits to public view the talents of professional men, at an early period of their lives, has not hitherto been peculiarly indulgent to me. But if to my own mind I inquire whether I should, at this time, be qualified to receive and derive any benefit from an opportunity which it may be in her power to procure for me, my own mind would shrink from the investigation. My heart is not conscious of an unworthy ambition; nor of a desire to establish either fame, honor or fortune upon any other foundation than that of desert. But it is conscious, and the consideration is equally painful and humiliating, it is conscious that the ambition is

constant and unceasing, while the exertions to acquire the talents which ought alone to secure the reward of ambition, are feeble, indolent, frequently interrupted, and never pursued with an ardor equivalent to its purposes. My future fortunes in life are, therefore, the objects of my present speculation, and it may be proper for me to reflect further upon the same subject, and if possible, to adopt some resolutions which may enable me, as uncle Toby Shandy said of his miniature sieges, to answer the great ends of my existence.

"First, then, I begin with establishing as a fundamental principle, upon which all my subsequent pursuits and regulations are to be established, that the acquisition, at least, of a respectable reputation is (subject to the overruling power and wisdom of Providence,) within my own power; and that on my part nothing is wanting, but a constant and persevering determination to tread in the steps which naturally lead to honor. And, at the same time, I am equally convinced, that I never shall attain that credit in the world, which my nature directs me to wish, without such a steady, patient and persevering pursuit of the means adapted to the end I have in view, as has often been the subject of my speculation, but never of my practice.

'Labor and toil stand stern before the throne,  
And guard--so Jove commands--the sacred  
place.'

"The mode of life adopted almost universally by my cotemporaries and equals is by no means calculated to secure the object of my ambition. My emulation is seldom stimulated by observing the industry and application of those whom my situation in life gives me for companions. The pernicious and childish opinion that extraordinary genius cannot brook the slavery of plodding over the rubbish of antiquity (a cant so common among the heedless votaries of indolence), dulls the edge of all industry, and is one of the most powerful ingredients in the Circean potion which transforms many of the most promising young men into the beastly forms which, in sluggish idleness, feed upon the labors of others. The degenerate sentiment, I hope, will never obtain admission in my mind; and if my time should be loitered away in stupid laziness, it will be under the full conviction of my conscience that I am basely bartering the greatest benefits with which human beings can be indulged, for the miserable gratifications which are hardly worthy of contributing to the enjoyments of the brute creation.

"And as I have grounded myself upon the principle that my character is, under the smiles of heaven, to be the work of my own hands, it becomes necessary for me to determine upon what part of active or of

speculative life I mean to rest my pretensions to eminence. My own situation and that of my country equally prohibit me from seeking to derive any present expectations from a public career. My disposition is not military; and, happily, the warlike talents are not those which open the most pleasing or the most reputable avenue to fame. I have had some transient thoughts of undertaking some useful literary performance, but the pursuit would militate too much at present with that of the profession upon which I am to depend, not only for my reputation, but for my subsistence.

"I have, therefore, concluded that the most proper object of my present attention is that *profession itself*. And in acquiring the faculty to discharge the duties of it, in a manner suitable to my own wishes and the expectations of my friends, I find ample room for close and attentive application; for frequent and considerate observation; and for such benefits of practical experience as occasional opportunities may throw in my way."

Following out these sentiments—which we have given as presenting, like a mirror, the forecast of all his subsequent long and active, yet always studious life—Mr. Adams applied himself with renewed effort to whatever most strongly demanded his attention. In April, 1793, before Washington had published his proclamation of neutrality, or it was known that he contemplated doing it, Mr. Adams published in Boston three articles, signed Marcellus, strongly arguing that the United States ought to assume such a position, in the war then begun between England and France. In these papers he laid down his creed, as a statesman, in two great central principles, to which he has always steadfastly adhered—UNION among ourselves, and INDEPENDENCE of all entangling alliance, or implication, with the policy or condition of foreign states. In the winter of 1793-4, he published another series of papers, vindicating the course of President Washington in reference to the French minister, Genet. These writings, in connection with Mr. Adams' previous career, attracted the marked regard of Washington, and in 1794, he was appointed, without any intimation of such a design to him or to his father, Minister of the United States to the Netherlands. It appears that Mr. Jefferson, also, recommended him for this appointment. For a period, now, of seven years, from 1794 to 1801, he was in Europe, in diplomatic missions

to Holland, England and Prussia. Just before Washington retired from office, he appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal. On his way to Lisbon, he received a new commission, changing his destination to Berlin. He continued there from November, 1797, to April, 1801, and concluded an important treaty of commerce with Prussia. At the close of his father's administration he returned home, arriving in Philadelphia in September, 1801.

In 1802, he was elected from Boston a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and soon after, by the legislature of that State, a Senator in Congress from the 4th of March, 1803. While a Senator in Congress he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and his lectures were published in two octavo volumes, delivered in the recesses of Congress, attracted great attention, and gathered crowded and admiring audiences, in addition to academical hearers. His powers of elocution have always been pre-eminent, and the published lectures have been very widely read and admired. He resigned his seat in the Senate in 1808. In 1809, Madison sent him as Plenipotentiary to Russia.

While in Russia he furnished the *Port Folio*, edited in Philadelphia by the celebrated Joseph Dennie, and to which, from first to last, Mr. Adams was a frequent contributor, a series of letters, entitled, "Journal of a Tour through Silesia." They were republished in England, in an octavo volume, reviewed in the leading journals of the day, and afterwards translated into French and German.

While in Russia, his services were of vast importance, and produced effects upon our foreign relations, felt most beneficially to this day. By his instrumentality the Emperor of Russia was induced to mediate for peace between Great Britain and the United States, and President Madison named him at the head of the commissioners sent to negotiate the treaty which brought the war of 1812 to a close. This celebrated transaction took place at Ghent, in December, 1814. Henry Clay, and Albert Gallatin were in the same commission: after its conclusion he proceeded, accompanied by them, to London, and negotiated a convention of commerce with Great Britain. He was then appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of St. James. There is a coincidence here

quite worthy of remark. As the father, John Adams, took the leading part in negotiating the treaty with England at the close of the Revolutionary war, and was the first American ambassador in London, after that event, so the son was at the head of the negotiators who brought the second war with Great Britain to a close, and presented his credentials, as the first American ambassador at that court, after the restoration of peace. In 1817, he was called home by President Munroe, to what is really the second office in the government, to be in the cabinet as Secretary of State.

This was the close of Mr. Adams' career as a foreign minister. It was, perhaps the most brilliant, as it certainly was the most varied and interesting portion of his life. No representative of our country abroad has at all approached him, whether in the length of time his services were continued, the number of courts at which he attended, or the variety and importance of the advantages he achieved for the Republic. The fortunes of the commonwealth were just shaping themselves—a new nation was to assume a definite position and character by the side of other great powers, and it was a matter of moment to whose hands the foreign relations of the country should be committed. It was fortunate that the *early* Presidents of the United States entertained some adequate idea of what belonged to the dignity of the Government, and had discernment to see with whom so great interests abroad might safely be entrusted. Mr. Adams' first appointment, as Minister Plenipotentiary, was conferred on him by George Washington, and in accordance, moreover, with the strong recommendation of Thomas Jefferson. Madison, during his whole administration, committed to him the most important trusts, appointed him to represent the United States at the two most powerful courts in the world, St. Petersburg and St. James', and assigned him as the chief of that distinguished embassy, which arranged the treaty of peace with Great Britain. The encomium, in brief, which Washington pronounced upon him, when as early as 1797, he declared him "the most valuable public character we have abroad, and the ablest of all our diplomatic corps," is but the judgment that belongs to the whole long period of his public service in Europe.

The act of Mr. Munroe in placing him at the head of his cabinet, met with the

fullest approval of the country. General Jackson, who had not yet learned to suffer headstrong prejudice to blind the eyes of a candid discernment, gave expression to that approbation in pronouncing him "the fittest person for the office; a man who would stand by his country in the hour of danger." The department of State was held by Mr. Adams during the whole of Monroe's administration, a period of eight years; and the duties of it were discharged with such ability and success, as greatly to increase the public confidence in him as a statesman and a patriot. Of the adjustment of the claims of Spain, the acquisition of Florida, and the recognition of the South American Republics, with many other important issues, effected under his influence and the vast amount of labor, generally, which he expended in the service of the country, it will belong to his future biographer to present an adequate view to posterity.

In the Presidential election, which took place in the fall of 1824, Mr. Adams was one of four candidates. As no one of them received a majority of electoral votes, it was, of course, flung into the House of Representatives. On the 9th of February, 1825, the two Branches of Congress convened together in the hall of the House, to open, count, and declare the electoral votes. Andrew Jackson was found to have 99 votes, John Quincy Adams, 84 votes, William H. Crawford, 41 votes, and Henry Clay, 37 votes. In accordance with the Constitution, the Senate then withdrew, and the House remained to cast ballots till a choice should be made. It was required to vote by States; the Constitution limited the election to the three candidates who had the highest electoral vote; and the balloting was to continue till a majority of the States had declared for one of the three. Mr. Adams having received as many popular votes as Gen. Jackson, the fact that the latter had obtained a larger electoral vote did not have so much influence as would otherwise have belonged to it; so that at the moment of balloting it was entirely uncertain which would be successful. Thirteen States were necessary to a choice, the whole number being twenty four. The ballots were thrown, and it was found that the six New England States, with New York, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and Louisiana, thirteen States, had declared for "John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts;" and he was therefore duly elected

President of the United States for four years from the 4th of March, 1825. A Committee was then appointed to wait upon him with information of the result; who, the next day reported the following in reply.

“GENTLEMEN:—In receiving this testimonial from the representatives of the people and States of this Union, I am deeply sensible of the circumstances under which it has been given. All my predecessors in the high station to which the favor of the House now calls me, have been honored with majorities of the electoral voices in their primary colleges. It has been my fortune to be placed, by the divisions of sentiment prevailing among our countrymen on this occasion, in competition, friendly and honorable, with three of my fellow-citizens, all justly enjoying, in eminent degrees, the public favor; and of whose worth, talents, and services, no one entertains a higher or more respectful sense than myself. The names of two of them were, in the fulfilment of the provisions of the Constitution, presented to the selection of the House in concurrence with my own; names closely associated with the glory of the nation, and one of them further recommended by a larger minority of the primary electoral suffrages than mine. In this state of things, could my refusal to accept the trust, thus delegated to me, give an immediate opportunity to the people to form and to express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, I should not hesitate to decline the acceptance of this eminent charge, and to submit the decision of this momentous question again to their determination. But the constitution itself has not so disposed of the contingency which would arise in the event of my refusal; I shall therefore repair to the post assigned me by the call of my country, signified through her constitutional organs; oppressed with the magnitude of the task before me, but cheered with the hope of that generous support from my fellow-citizens, which, in the vicissitudes of a life devoted to their service, has never failed to sustain me; confident in the trust, that the wisdom of the Legislative Councils will guide and direct me in the path of my official duty, and relying, above all, upon the superintending Providence of that Being “in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways.”

“Gentlemen: I pray you to make acceptable to the House the assurance of my profound gratitude for their confidence, and to accept yourselves my thanks for the friendly terms in which you have communicated their decision.

“JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

“Washington, 10th Feb., 1825.”

The administration of Mr. Adams, like every other portion of his life, was too crowded with matter for history to admit of comment here. That it met with severe opposition, open and secret, all know, who are conversant with the records of the times. That, in reality, it was eminently dignified, moderate, conciliatory towards foreign powers, and wisely regardful of the future welfare of the country, will be made manifest, we are equally certain, by the pens of historians in another generation.

Retiring from the Executive Chair in 1829, Mr. Adams, for the first time in a period of thirty-six years, passed into the quiet of a private life. It is impossible, however, for such men to hide away from the public eye. In 1831, the suffrages, nearly unanimous, of his native Congressional district, remanded him back to the service of the Commonwealth, electing him to a seat in the House of Representatives. The venerable ex-president accepted the appointment, and has since filled the office for fourteen successive years—not more, perhaps, from a fervent desire to serve the Republic, than from the fact, that his whole life, from the merest boyhood, having been passed before the world, among stirring movements and events, it has become to him, in a manner, the mode of existence. It might very well be doubted if he would enjoy half as good health or spirits in complete retirement.

But though thus, in his 78th year, still actively engaged in the public service, Mr. Adams yet pays the most diligent every-day attention to books. He has practised this, indeed, at all periods of his life, in the midst of the most important and engrossing occupations. A striking illustration, among many others, may be taken from the period of his administration. Harassed, as he was at that time, in addition to the usual Executive duties, with unremitting and violent opposition, distracted with various dissensions at home, as well as very difficult foreign relations, Mr. Adams still found time to draw up, for the improvement of his son, then a student at law, the most elaborate abstracts of the chief Orations of Cicero, and the Provençal Letters of Pascal. With such diligence, joined to a mind discursive yet perpetually observant, it is not wonderful that he should have acquired so vast a store of various information. The fields of knowledge which his intellect has traversed, and to

which his memory can recur—especially in ancient literature, in history, and the many forms of philosophy—are immense. He has, above all, the most wide and thorough acquaintance with the social and political progress of the human race. It may safely be affirmed, that Mr. Adams knows more of the public and secret politics of all nations for the last hundred years than any man living.

As we have not attempted to write the biography of this remarkable man, so we would not attempt to portray his character. These belong to the future historian. Posterity will take sufficient care that these be not neglected. Whether every particular act of his, in a public life of half a century, any more than the whole career of any other man who has moved many years before the people, is completely defensible, may then be determined. That, however, notwithstanding the various jealousies, the personal and party asperities—ripening too often into bitter animosities—which have arisen from time to time in the turmoil of political contests, Mr. Adams has a larger share, than any man among us, of the affectionate respect of his countrymen, has been evinced, we think, by the universal public voice. Men who warmly differ with him, on great national or sectional questions, cannot fail to venerate him for his extensive knowledge, his eminent abilities, his long public services, his earnest integrity, and the fervent purity of his moral character.

No better proof of this could be adduced, than the welcomes which greeted him everywhere, from city to city, on his journey to the West, some months since, to take part in a scientific celebration.

Mr. Adams is still in equable health and vigorous, walks with a short but firm and elastic step, and remains in perfect possession of all his intellectual faculties. No person who should see him breasting at sunrise the waters of the Potomac, as is his custom every day from the middle of spring till the middle of autumn, or traversing on foot, as he frequently does in the morning, before the sitting of the House commences, the entire distance of a mile and a half from his residence, near the President's, to the Capitol, would suppose that nearly eighty years of a most laborious life have passed over him. Certainly, any one listening to him speaking, fluently and clearly, an hour at a time on the floor of Congress, or conversing a whole evening without cessation, must be convinced that the powers of his mind are altogether unimpaired. He has a residence in Washington, and generally stays there till May, though the session may have closed before. In the summer and autumn he remains in his ancestral mansion, at Quincy. May he continue yet many years in the land he has so long honored, and go down to future time under that affectionate and venerable title, accorded him by his country—"THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

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## TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE AMERICAN REVIEW.

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↪ After July 1st, the postage on the REVIEW will certainly not be over 7½ cents, probably not over 6½ cents—for any distance. ↩

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The first volume of the AMERICAN REVIEW closes with the present number, and we take this occasion to say, that we think we can congratulate our friends upon the prospects of the work, as we certainly have to thank them for their effective interest in its success. The very great importance of the enterprise has been from the first universally acknowledged. The Press have spoken firmly—for which we tender a grateful acknowledgment; but a greater proof of the prevalence of feeling in its favor lies in the fact, that notwithstanding the darkness and despondency following an unlooked for defeat, its remunerative circulation has approached to 3,000—and that in great part by voluntary subscription. But our readers must be aware that this is not enough to make the work a truly effective national organ. We state the case simply as it is. We have done what we could; but what with agency discounts, inevitable losses, and the great expense of the work itself, a circulation of some 2,700 will not allow us to recompense contributors adequately; and without such compensation to them, no Magazine *can* be effectively sustained. If our friends will aid us in raising its circulation to two or three times its present list—which can be done, if they but will it—we unhesitatingly pledge ourselves to produce a more powerful, a more generous, a more truly national periodical, than has yet arisen, and *lived*, in the country.

We would add, that one great bar to a wider support of the work will be taken away by the new Post Office Law, which will reduce its postage, we believe, to 6½ cents monthly.

We intended to have given an index to Vol. I, with most of the names of its writers, but were unable for want of space. It will be given in the next number.

Dissatisfaction, we were sorry to see, was expressed by some, in respect to the Engraving of John Quincy Adams. We have only to say, that it was executed from a fine head of the Ex-President, (in the Historical Society,) much admired by himself, Mr. Webster, and many other most reliable judges. Of this painting the engraving is a perfect similitude, and is considered by the personal friends and relatives of Mr. Adams to be the best ever executed of him.

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*N. B. The Copy-right of the article entitled "MYSTERY OF INIQUITY," has been secured by the author, according to law. A full edition, with emendations, is already in press, and will be issued in two or three days.*

ERRATUM.--Page 574, first column, twelfth line from the bottom, after "shall" insert "not," so as to read "shall ~~not~~ take."

## AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1845.

No. VI.

## THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

A PASSAGE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS, ILLUSTRATED BY A VIEW OF METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 453.)

THE GREAT POLITICAL CONTEST OF 1844 was precluded by a series of minor circumstances, local in their origin and character, which gave direction, form and effect to the criminal agencies called into action through that momentous strife. However novel the inventions of fraud, however unexpected the new national questions finally presented, however sudden the changes of candidates and of the relative positions of parties, the incidents which controlled the great event were all antecedent to 1844. The great battle was lost and won, beyond retrieval, in 1842 and 1843. These local preliminary facts, therefore, have an import essential to a correct deduction of the effects from their proper causes.

The autumnal election of 1843, in New York, first developed one of these essential facts. The success which was secured by wholesale fraud and perjury in the spring, brought with it varied and conflicting obligations. In the dominant party, two mutually hostile elements had been for a long time struggling into separate existence. It was ever the policy, and often the successful agency of that party, to array against each other the various classes of the community,—to excite and wage a "social war" between portions of the people distinguished from each other by occupation, property, position and rank, interest, religious opinion or

place of birth. At one time, it was—the supposed natural and universal hostility of laborers against their employers, and the professional and educated classes; at another time, it was—the imagined antipathy of mechanics and all other classes against the merchants and bankers; at another time, it was—of the debtors against the creditors, the borrowers against the lenders; at another time, it was—of the stock-jobbers and capitalists against the speculative and enterprising; at another time, it was—of the successful and prosperous men of business against the unfortunate and the bankrupts; at another time, it was—the merchants, and especially the importers, against the mechanics and manufacturers; but, very uniformly, their great cry was—"the poor against the rich;" and it was always—the Romish sectarian against the Protestant, and the foreign-born against the native of a republican country.

Feeding thus the morbid and ravenous appetites of the basest and most malevolent, with mere clamors and with empty denunciations varying in note with every breeze, they had gradually, insensibly aroused among themselves a spirit of intolerance and animosity between classes, which finally became as perilous to the harmony and success of the party, as it had been to the peace and good order of the community. The mass of naturaliz-

ed voters were for a long time studiously trained to habits of disorder and insolence in their political action, and were continually taught to regard the peaceable portion of the community and the party associated with them, and the majority of native citizens, as their natural enemies, hostile to their continued enjoyment of equal political privileges and jealous of their intrusion. Assurances were multiplied to them that the party with which they generally acted contained their only friends; and that their only security for the maintenance of their rights, was the ascendancy of that party. The strong religious sympathies and antipathies of those who were of the Romish sect were continually played upon; and the great portion of the Protestants, particularly of the more cultivated evangelical order, who predominated in the opposing party, were charged with desiring and designing to deprive Papists of their due share of the advantages of the public systems of education, and to convert the legislation of the State and the distribution of its bounties, to the dissemination of religious opinions hostile to the faith of Rome, among children in the public schools.

The Papists, thus excited, became clamorous for new privileges and safeguards, which they finally extorted from their reluctant guardians, who never intended to put themselves to this trouble for them, or to do more than keep awake their hostility to the other party, and retain the great mass of naturalized citizens in support of their own schemes for obtaining and retaining political power. The services of their "adopted" friends, at the polls, in public meetings and in riots, were paid only with fine speeches, professions of peculiar affection and admiration for "foreigners," and innumerable declamations against "the moneyed aristocracy," as the natural and deadly foes of the democracy and the hard-fisted working-men. Of the "spoils of victory" won by their labors, they seldom received even a pittance. From office they were almost uniformly excluded by those of American birth, who used them but as tools and stepping-stones for their personal advantage. Year after year, the accession of the peculiar friends of the "foreigners" to power brought but this result in spite of the dissatisfaction consequently accumulating.

The time came at last, when this unequal management of patronage could be endured no longer. Emboldened by their

success in obtaining special legislation for sectarian purposes, through their rebellious dictation in 1841, they took occasion, on the eve of the Charter Election of 1843, to threaten another schism and a separate organization, by which their previous political associates would be inevitably overthrown, and the party usually in apparent minority, placed in power almost without occasion for effort. Their *ultimatum* to the chief candidates and responsible organizations of the party was—the demand of an unequivocal promise of "a fair division of the spoils" with the largest number of offices given to the naturalized citizens, who for some years had given more than half and sometimes nearly two-thirds of the lawful votes of that party. They claimed, with very little exaggeration, a force of not less than 10,000 voters of foreign nativity, entitled by every republican usage and rule to more than half the emoluments of the government; and as they were confessedly deficient in qualified candidates for their due proportion of the more honorable and higher-salaried offices, this was to be compensated by yielding to them a still larger number of appointments humbler in rank and pay.

These claims, enforced by threats which they had less than two years before shown to be of serious significance, were, of necessity, recognized by the powers that were to be; and secret assurances were given to the claimants, that they should no longer be wronged of their share of the pecuniary benefits of success, and that they should have a full and fair apportionment of offices and employments. This contract was fulfilled in good faith by the dominant party, immediately after their accession to power. A violation or imperfect performance of it would have exposed them to certain overthrow, and political death from the vengeance of their naturalized friends. When the usual sweeping removal of all the incumbents took place, hundreds of appointments which were demanded and expected, as a matter of course, by faithful partisans of American birth, were conferred upon persons of foreign origin and accent, odious to the great mass of their political associates, and despised by them for their brutality, ignorance, and their enslavement to an obnoxious religion. Watchmen, lamp-lighters, street-sweepers, bell-ringers, dock-masters, &c., &c., &c., were found almost exclusively among a class who had before been accounted by

regularly established "old line" of office-holders, as but "the dogs under the table, that eat of the children's crumbs." The good old rule of distribution, time-hallowed and precious, had been "Let the children be first filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs."

The disappointment, disgust and wrath caused by this new arrangement of the policy of patronage, broke forth instantaneously with a power not before appreciated—a vindictive passion not anticipated—by those who had known these agents of political corruption but as the servants of party, and who had seen their fidelity only when hired and paid, and had heedlessly mistaken them for *slaves*, working in bondage, like the mass, in the chains of prejudice and envious stupidity—without fee or reward other than the gratification of beholding the mortification, injury and abasement of those who ranked above them in society. They mis-counted the weight of these base influences. These, however mighty, could not outweigh the sense of new wrong inflicted by those under whose direction they had sacrificed all—honesty, conscience, self-respect, reputation, the good opinion of respectable and independent freemen. The outburst of the fury thus excited, overbore for a time all the barriers of party despotism, and rent the bonds of foreign thralldom to an extent not easily to be repaired. The new movement became a flood which rose to a height "unknown within the memory of the oldest inhabitant" of the sinks of political crime and slavery. The "high-water mark" of factious rebellion was completely transcended and obliterated.

The discontent and disaffection thus generated delayed not its manifestations to the ordinary period of partisan action. Within six weeks after the action of the newly installed municipal government of the city, the incipient action was taken. At midsummer, a new political body was complete in its existence and organization. For the first time in the history of American politics, a **THIRD PARTY** was actually formed, capable of sustaining itself in being, after innumerable similar efforts in previous years had only brought their parentage into deserved ridicule, from the despicable character of the insignificant, lifeless abortions which had been thus produced. Through the summer and autumn of 1843, the work of formation was carried on by vigorous hands.

The character and source of the movement can be sufficiently distinguished by the date of its origin. The defeated party was, by nature and habit, incapable of an effort to rally immediately after such a stunning defeat, however caused. For any election of secondary importance, they could never organize until the last moment. Throughout that season, both the mass and the leaders of that party remained in complete inaction and indifference. Their ordinary movement began in the usual manner, at the usual time, within two months of the election. Of the new party, they knew nothing; and the great majority totally discredited the reports of its progress and strength. They generally regarded it as a mere trick of the old enemy to divide them, and when assured that it would poll from 7,000 to 10,000 votes in the fall, declared it impossible that it could give over 2,000, and hardly probable that it would amount to more than 1,000. The meetings of the new party were kept up with great animation, and displayed a force derived almost exclusively from the ranks of the party which had triumphed at the Charter Election. Their most prominent leaders were persons recently conspicuous as the worst and most malignant enemies of the party previously in possession of the city government—suddenly turned into hostility to their former associates by the manner in which the patronage of the corporation had been exercised to their exclusion. Disappointed office-seekers were the nucleus of the organization, and the directors of its policy. They availed themselves of the sectarian rancor of large portions of their old party, revived religious feuds, and successfully appealed to the envy with which the lowest order of native laborers and shop-keepers regarded the cheap competition of those who from their foreign birth and servile breeding, were capable of existing at much smaller expense than those of republican origin.

The outcries of bigotry and intolerance, before unknown to republican America, were borrowed from the political vocabularies of the Old World, which has not yet learned to exclude from the affairs of the COMMONWEALTH, those questions which pertain only to the CHURCH,—which continually degrades religion by forcing its interests into contact with the selfish purposes of unprincipled office-seekers and office-holders, and ever seeks to make those things subjects of legislation that are truly only matters of opin-

ion and moral suasion. "MISCERE HUMANA DIVINAQUE"—"to mingle human things with divine"—was an outrage upon the conscience and judgment of man unenlightened by revelation, revolting to the moral sense of even the Roman of that corrupt age which is blackened in the memory and records of the human race by the betrayal and death of classic democracy. To American republicanism, had hitherto been given the peculiar honor of marking and maintaining this vital distinction, by the obliteration of which for 2000 years, man's terrors of the retributions of the next world had been made the means of his degradation, ruin, and enslavement in this. The new party was a *foreign* party, in every lineament of its physiognomy, and in every circumstance of its origin. While it usurped and blasphemed the name of "American" and "republican," it derived its principles and policy from brutal British bigotry and the bloody lawlessness of Swiss and German revolutionary radicalism. Its incipient movements were aided by the presence of foreigners, who thronged its assemblies at all times, furnishing the watch-words of the new faction, and giving the key-note of its anthems, the responses of its blasphemous orgies, from the exploded formulae of disbanded Orange lodges and of outcast European fanaticism. Learning from such teachers the mode of associating religious jealousies with political advantage, the *native* grog-shop-keepers, rooted out of their richest wallowing-places by the competition of German Schlosses, Zum-what-not-Stadten, and Bier-Hausen, Gast-Hausen, &c., innumerable, of jaw-dislocating and throat-rasping roughness of designation, rushed into the movement for the exclusion of foreigners from all offices of trust and profit, including that most responsible privilege of dealing out liquors at three cents a glass under the authority and appointment of the State. Thus met in new war the before harmonious elements of bigotry and vice from both divisions of the world, while, over all, the cold-blooded, calculating spirit of democratic American office-seeking fraud presided as the inciting and directing cause, and made the Bible the stepping-stone and footstool of political power.

The most ignorant and proverbially factious Protestant sects, (a large majority of whom are always associated with the political party which panders to envious

vulgarity,) joined, almost *en masse*, in the foreign war-cry of "No Popery"—a sound novel to American ears. They were soon joined by others, connected with them in but few points of religious association, and sympathetic only in hatred of a common enemy, not in Christian "love of one another."

The result of this attempted "consort of Christ with Belial" was, that in the autumnal election of 1843, with 5000 votes drawn from the ranks of the party of corruption, were given 2800 from their old opponents. The ordinary agencies of "the old plan" of fraud were freely employed; and "the regular ticket" of the corruptionists received a little less than 15,000 votes, on an average, while the ballots of the faithful, law-abiding portion of the community amounted to a little more than 14,000. The loss of 5000 votes to one party was more easily repaired to it than that of 2800 to the other. The first had but to extend its system of fraud; the second, repelling the thought of such agencies, had no remedy or preventive of evil but vainly to present the unity of its cause—the necessity of the exclusion of all local, temporary, extraneous issues, on the eve of a great national contest.

The Charter Election of the spring of 1844, the very year of national destiny, opened under these auspices. The two old parties organized and acted as usual. That which had the lawful majority could but present to its usual supporters the plain fact, that the retention of their full force at the previous autumnal election would have given them every office, besides the moral effect of a plurality in the city, with the evidence of a division in the ranks of their opponents. But such representations were made to those who were worse than deaf and blind—to many who were ready at any time to sell their votes to whatever party would raise the value of any property then in their hands—State stocks, real estate, or anything else—men who were ever ready to betray their country's interests for their own temporary gain. Yet, surprising as it may seem, each one of these men would have considered himself insulted by an offer to betray any other moral obligation for money—as, for instance, to sell the honor of his wife, the liberty of his child—but only because, in so doing, he would destroy his domestic peace, and mar his selfish gold-bought comforts.

Thus was the preliminary contest of that eventful year heralded. Ten thousand true voters were pledged to abide by their principles, even to the rising of the sun on the election day. Fifteen thousand were equally resolved to give their ballots to the new party's candidates. The gamblers and speculators in elections had noted these movements, changes, and pledges, with a wary eye. Twenty thousand votes would be more than enough to secure victory to the ordinary agencies of fraud, in this position of matters. Trusting to the political honor of those whom no wise man will ever again entrust with his personal interests, hopes, or fame, they staked their money freely and boldly, and lost it as freely. Between the rising and the setting sun of that day, 5000 votes were changed, which reversed the destiny not merely of that day, but of the age.

Not a gambler or a cheat that lost his money on that issue but rose the day after both "a sadder and a wiser man." Barclay Street and Park Row were half-beggared by the result. Yet, when in a politico-religious controversy, the Five Points and Corlaer's Hook were, for the first time, arrayed against each other, what speculator in politics could safely judge? Who could have known, except by examining both sections on Dens's Theology and the Assembly's Catechism, that one was Popish and the other vehemently Protestant?—when "democracy" was divided against itself—this part declaring that they would be damned if they would have the Bible in the schools, and that part swearing that they would be damned if they wouldn't.

The history of that folly is already written, closed and sealed. Few will care to remember that the party which thus originated, expired at last in a sort of collapsed stage of a moral spasmodic cholera, having so exhausted itself with repeated vomitings forth of the undigested abominations which it had too hastily swallowed, that it was finally destroyed by strangling with an ineffectual convulsive effort to disgorge the nauseous remainder.

The gamblers, and the leaders, and candidates of the ejected party were rendered desperate by the result; but when they are desperate they are dangerous; for "desperate men do desperate things." Few of them had ever seen darker hours for their political prospects or their pecuniary hopes. They saw

around them a divided party, defeated by division. They saw its all-destructive energies, baffled without, (notwithstanding the aid of treachery which they had encouraged in gibbering folly,) grown SELF-destructive, scorpion-like turning its venomous and deadly sting upon its own vitals. They saw arrayed against them in brighter hope and more united force than ever before, even when on the eve of unparalleled victory, the millions of a host invincible by any honest and legal means—mighty not only by the power of democratic numbers, the prosperous harmony of all orders and occupations under beneficent protective legislation, and the nobly vindictive courage of patriotic spirit conscious of real strength to assert and completely execute a just popular judgment checked in its incipient performance only by mercenary knavery and corruption,—but above all, exulting in the long-deferred opportunity to render justice and honor to the man of their enthusiastic admiring choice, deriving new strength and confidence in their renewed labors, from his towering greatness and pure renown. The whole party throughout the nation was united in singleness and community of purpose, in principle and policy, as perfectly as in the selection of their great representative.

These views and impressions of the prospects of parties were not confined to the defeated section in this city, but pervaded the minds of its leaders and guides in every portion of the country, but especially at the seat of the General Government. From the summer of the year 1843, the portents of their downfall and lasting exclusion from power had been multiplying; and every new movement continued to distract and weaken them while it increased popular confidence in the fortunes of their powerful foes.

The certain existence of a rapidly increasing majority of the States and people against them, was known and considered in their secret councils from the highest to the lowest place. Contemplating the threatened defeat as the complete annihilation of their party and the ruin of all their schemes of personal ambition, the oldest and greatest of that formidable league of corrupt, unprincipled and desperate politicians did not for a moment hesitate to seek the invention and employment of unlawful, wicked means, by which the constitutional majority of the people could be overwhelmed and the

public judgment be falsely declared from the polls. No man knowing the character of those men whose political fortunes and personal interests were thus depending on the result can believe them incapable of any enormity of fraud and corruption which they might deem necessary to save their party from destruction and themselves from powerless obscurity. They had all been trained and habituated for years to falsehood and the most wanton disregard of the principles of morality and honor in their relations to the public. The accomplishment of a political object, the success of a party, is always considered by such men as a purpose so good in itself as to justify all means necessary to that end, or at any rate to make crime a matter of indifference or trifling moral importance.

At an early period in the year 1844, the fact of a deficiency of votes in a majority of the States for the candidates of that party (whoever might be nominated) was communicated among the responsible leaders and managers all over the country; and the sense of the necessity of supplying that deficiency by fraud was simultaneously impressed on all, while the publications and organs of the party in every quarter studiously maintained a stout show of confidence in a certain victory by the lawful suffrages of the people. The directors and agents being duly possessed of this fact, took care to obtain first a just and veritable estimate of the actual numbers of the lawful voters of their own party, and of those opposed to them. After doing this was assigned to the same partisan agents, or still more trustworthy and respectable men selected as their representatives, the mighty task of creating in all the various practicable sections and counties a fictitious equivalent to the small lawful majority of voters positively known to exist against them in each. This measure, or system of measures was, through safe and determined men, put in operation in every part of the United States throughout the year 1844. Before the 4th of March in that year, the plan was completed, and was in incipient operation from the extreme northeast to the remotest southwest. The direction was central. The apparent origin of the scheme was in the National Capital; but there were some in the great original seat of fraud, who knew from what source the primary suggestions of the scheme had proceeded, who could trace in the

history of New York legislation and in the character of a peculiar portion of a New York population, the composition of details suited especially to previous political emergencies in this great school and scene of political crime.

The associated gamblers and criminals of the city of New York had for many years maintained a peculiar connexion with the cognate fraternity of political adventurers and speculators who formed the nucleus and directive agency of "the party" here. Distinct in organization, though often possessing some members in common, these two sub-communities of knavery had subsisted, each in its own sphere, but in a sympathetic contact, productive of reciprocal profit incalculably great, and consequently accumulating durability by duration.

The gamblers had long been in the habit of paying to the responsible agents of the party with which they were thus associated, a large sum of money just before each election, as a consideration for secret political intelligence upon which they could make their betting calculations, and also as a means of bringing about the purposed effects which constituted the certain details of success. The authorized General Committee of the party made an exact, thorough canvass of the actual lawful vote of the city just before each election, and, upon that, decided how many spurious votes were wanted to secure practical results, and *where* they were wanted and could be desirably bestowed. They could announce to their secret allies, with great precision, the real majorities against them; and then they arranged with them, in like precision, the exact apparent majorities in every ward or district, which were to be produced by their joint means and agencies in the manufacture of false votes. The sum raised by the gamblers, and contributed to the party treasury as their equivalent for secret intelligence, was \$3000 in the spring of 1844, and did not much vary from that amount for some time previous. This both paid the expenses of the laborious preliminary canvass, and furnished means for making good its deficiencies by illegal ballots. The gamblers could also furnish the instruments and agents of fraud from among their retainers and dependents. All the powerful influences of the lawless and criminal class of the community were within their reach. The consciousness of a common character and purpose,

connecting them securely with those who avowedly lived by statute-breaking villainy, was a tie of irresistible, mutually attractive force, which enabled them to communicate always with perfect confidence and safety. They could therefore, at the briefest notice, call out an auxiliary legion as prompt to execute the measures of fraud as their patrons were ingenious to design, invent or direct.

With the information thus distinctly furnished, the gamblers could always make the business of "betting on elections" a game of skill and certainty to themselves—a game of chance only to fools. The number of lawful votes belonging to each party in each Ward, the number of absentees, of doubtful and undecided voters, the number of illegal votes required and secured to produce the desired majorities, the amount of those majorities in every instance, with an exactness varying only by tens in a Ward, and by hundreds in the whole city—were all fixed data foreknown to the gamblers and "sporting characters" through revelations thus given. The secrecy, vigilance and activity necessary to the safe and sure retention of these matters among the favored class, were easily maintained by a body of men with faculties so sharpened and disciplined by continued exercise in unlawful, dishonest pursuits. Honest men, or those habituated only to pursuit of gain by open, respectable business, would be, intellectually as well as morally, less capable of the tasks involved in such an undertaking. The secret might escape, by occasional relaxation of the needful self-restraint and caution: the needful measures would be often neglected; and the execution of deep plans would often fail by deficient arrangements, if they were left to any men but such as were occupied habitually in concealing their own gainful violations of the law of the land and of the decent usages of respectable society.

The importance and value of the business of betting on elections made it worthy of the expenditure of time, money and labor which was so freely lavished on these preparations. It opened a much wider and higher field to the operations of the craft than was furnished in the dark dens and closely-curtained saloons of the professional gamblers and their victims. Long usage and the tolerated irregularities of high political excitement had made this form of gambling nominally respectable,—a little more so than

the same operations on the race-course. It was the most dignified and respectable variety of the gamester-craft, sanctioned by the public example of many of the most honorable men in society. Editors, high office-holders, merchants and others of well-established character, in both parties, encouraged it by word and action. The vice was excused, or justified, on the ground that it was necessary to offer and take wagers publicly, in order to evince, to the doubtful and wavering portion of the community, a proper confidence in the success of the party, and thus to retain many votes which are always reserved to the last, and are then given to that which appears to be the strongest side. Under these pretenses and influences, were brought within the reach of professional gamblers, many who could in no other way be induced to put themselves in the power of such persons. Thousands who would gamble in nothing else, gambled largely in politics, without shame or scruple, and eagerly rushed into this disgraceful competition with the outcasts of society, till, for some months, the whole country seemed turned into one great race-course, fancy-stock exchange, or gaming-house, where the slang of jockeys, brokers, faro-bankers and thimble-riggers was converted to the expression of political chances, displacing the decent language in which patriots and republicans were wont, in better days, to speak of the dangers of the commonwealth and the duties of the citizen. In all places of public resort, in the streets, the hotels, the oyster-shops, every political discussion was almost inevitably terminated by the tender of a wager from some of the gamblers or their agents, who were continually prowling around, and seeking to provoke or worry incautious men into "backing up their opinion with their money."

The effect on the result, designed and soon produced by such operations, was THIS. At least half a million of dollars was offered, pledged and secured to the gambling fraternity and their political coadjutors, by the professed friends of morality, order, peace and protective legislation, upon which they might draw, a few months after sight, to pay all the expenses of the election. A much larger amount than this was staked; but this sum was early secured to the professional speculators in elections; and it was for them to decide how much of this amount it was necessary to anticipate in expendi-

tures to *insure* their bets. Five hundred thousand dollars? With half the money, they could beat the strongest candidate ever presented by any party!

The knowledge of the existence of a powerful majority of the people, equivalent to a similar majority in the electoral colleges, against the party of corruption and fraud, had caused deliberate preparations on their part to nullify the popular will, in the very opening of the year 1844. At that time, their prospects were darkest; and it was amid the alarm of multiplied and accumulating defeats that their desperate resolution was taken never to be defeated for lack of votes, though they lacked voters. In the National Capital, while external dangers and internal strifes shook and rent that once formidable party almost to dissolution, was formed the most awful conspiracy against popular liberty ever known since that of Catiline. The more imminent the peril of that threatened overthrow with its consequent damnation, dreary, hopeless, irretrievable, eternal—the more energetic was the movement to avert such destruction, and the more reckless were the actors as to the moral character of the means necessary for their preservation. This, the details, in due time and place forthcoming, will show.

The spring of 1844 brought a material change of events and movements,—especially of those which centred in the commercial metropolis, by the organization of a “third party.” Originally operating only to the division and injury of that corrupt party which had been in the ascendancy in 1843, had been made, by treachery and folly, a means of disorganizing and weakening the other great party, which was then making preparations for the mighty contest for the recovery of the power in the nation and State, that had been meanly stolen from them after they had so nobly won it in 1840. The original nucleus of rejected office-seekers, in whose revengeful and envious covetousness the new party had its origin, might have been content to secure the overthrow of the faction from which they had seceded, by withholding their 5000 votes from their old associates, and thus allowing the just cause of the other party to succeed. But a want of unity and confidence prevented that unfortunate party from availing themselves of such an opportunity. Unable to appreciate the strength and advantage of their position, they were led to abandon

it and assume all the responsibility of that malignant hostility to naturalized citizens that originated the new movement, and which was before confessedly imputable only to a revolted section of their opponents. They at once sacrificed that respectable portion of the naturalized voters whose confidence in the justice and wisdom of their policy was then strong and fast increasing, and drove them to hostile measures of self-preservation. The coalition with an unprincipled faction, on the assumption of a new and un-republican principle, was fatal to the rising energy of the great national cause.

But while many were induced to commit this folly in thoughtlessness and ignorance, there were others who in part foreknew and *purposed* the evil. There was a small body of men nominally connected with the betrayed party, insignificant in numbers and influence, odious to the great mass of their old political associates from their opposition to the Presidential candidate who had for years been justly regarded by millions as the representative and embodiment of their principles, and as the man most capable of realizing their hopes and effecting their objects. This little faction, knowing that they had nothing to hope from the man whom they had so long opposed, and so often sought to betray, beheld with small satisfaction the prospect of his election without their aid, in a manner which would render him free from all obligation to them. Few though they were, they were formidable by their great wealth, being almost the only persons in the city who were both able and willing to employ their money freely in politics; and it was their desire and policy that the party with which they were connected should be so placed as to triumph only by their assistance. As soon as the new movement attracted their attention in the autumn of 1843, they saw in it at once the means of creating a powerful independent force, and sought to make the third party a rallying point for their future operations. They joined the new faction, encouraged it by word and by pecuniary contributions, and labored vigorously to give it firmness, consistency and permanence. Their object was to wield a mass of votes which should be essential to the success of the National party with which they were formerly associated, and to elect to the State and National legislatures a separate

body of representatives who would hold the balance of power, and keep the President in check, unless he should yield to their dictation or recognize their claims. Looking still farther forward, they saw in the new party a basis for their operations on the next succeeding Presidential election, when their own favorite candidate, obnoxious to multitudes of his former associates, would be enabled to stand on his own peculiar ground, as the champion of a new cause, independent of that which he had once deserted. These purposes would have been accomplished, but for the success of the system of fraud which was put in operation for the defeat of their enterprise, as well as of the National party on whose triumph their own objects depended. Such a defeat they did not anticipate. They were so confident of the success of the great candidate, that they had imagined it safe to diminish his strength, in order to make him seem to owe his success to the votes which they claimed to control through the new party.

This fatal movement was marked by the desperate foe—so vigilant and suspicious; and they did not fail to use all means to profit by it. They immediately roused the whole mass of adopted citizens throughout the Union to a sense of their danger from the success of the new coalition. They everywhere denounced the proposed exclusion of naturalized citizens from office and from the elective franchise, and placed themselves boldly in view as the protectors of the threatened rights of that portion of the people. They thus secured to themselves, in solid mass, many tens and scores of thousands of voters totally indifferent to all other political questions in comparison with the vital interests of their own class. Thousands of educated foreigners, who were before content with a residence under the protection of equal laws, and had neglected the privilege of voting, now rushed with animated zeal into the great political struggle, in which they would otherwise have taken no part. Many others, whose strong personal admiration of the greatest man of the nation had always made them resolve to aid his election, were suddenly driven back from his support by seeing his friends associated with their avowed, malignant enemies.

Management was also used, by the same direction, to prevent any loss to their Presidential and Gubernatorial tickets from the adhesion of their dissatisfied

partisans merely to the third party's nominations for Congress and the State Legislature. Very little effort was necessary. The new party avowedly left its members free to act with their previous political associates severally, in the election of the executive officers of the State and General Government; and they did so. Whatever encouragement was given by knaves to dupes in regard to any proposed "bargain," by which the third party should give its votes to the Presidential Electors of one of the two National parties in return for votes given to their candidates for Congress and the Legislature, no man of sense needed any argument to expose a cheat so palpable. There could be no bargain where but one of the parties had anything to give. Every member of the new faction was at the same time a devoted adherent of that one of the two parties with which he had previously agreed, on all points save the boasted "one idea" of exclusion of all but natives from office. There was no power in the coalition, or in any set of men, to transfer a single vote from one of the two original parties to the other; and, since the election, they have declared that fact, and gloried in it.

The action of the great National Conventions of the two parties, for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency, which took place in Baltimore in May, 1844, had in both instances a great modifying effect on the aspect of the contest. In the first case, the nomination for the Presidency had fortunately been forestalled by the action of the people themselves, and was not entrusted to the hurried decision of an accidental assembly of ill-advised political aspirants, collected but for a day or two, and subjected to the management of a few artful manœuvrers and prejudiced, envious, shortsighted intriguers. The nomination for the Vice-Presidency, notwithstanding the woful experience of the time, had been left by the party, without reserve or instruction, to be determined by an incompetent body, who, in conformity with a principle almost universal in its application, hesitating between the three prominent candidates, solved the doubt by hastily throwing their votes for another whose claims had been but for two weeks suggested, and had never been canvassed. They nominated a most eminent, patriotic, and able man, of a fame so nobly elevated, that envious malignity had despaired of reaching it with calumny, yet

of a worth so modest and unobtrusive, that jealous ambition had never been aroused among his political associates by a competition for public honors with his exalted and immaculate excellence. The honor, unsought and unexpected by him, sought *him*, and was forced upon him with a power that left him no course but calmly and conscientiously to assume and sustain the responsibility. Through all the fiery trials of that merciless contest, he passed, with a purity unscathed, untouched. The only reproach uttered against him by the most malignant and daring political enmity, was—the imputation of virtues, good works, and religious merits, by which he was “made meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light,” rather than to share the earthly dominion of “the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.” A better or purer man, one more unimpeachable, or unapproachable by falsehood, could not be named—“his enemies themselves being judges.”

But the introduction of the name of such a candidate, at that peculiar moment, so critical in the evolution of the destiny of the nation and the world, was fraught with consequences most unfortunate and mortal to the hopes and purposes of the age. Timing, as it did, with the recent organization of a new party, between the two great natural moral and political divisions of American society, which developed a professedly *religious* and sectarian element, before dormant in civil relations, it bore the seeming of an attempt to conciliate, and associate with a cause already strong enough in its moral position, a faction base in the mercenary and prejudiced motives of its origin, and soon defiled with the blood of enslaved, alarmed victims of superstition, and blackened with the smoke of burning churches, in which God, the Son of God, was devoutly, though impurely and ignorantly worshiped. It aroused, moreover, in a hundred thousand hearts, the pulsations of a long slumbering animosity to certain peculiar forms of religious benevolence, with which that pure and honored name was associated. For, this enlightened country, like all Christendom, held within it many, who though gifted by God with the full knowledge of their duties to the commonwealth and to themselves, in all their noble relations to their race and kind, as affected by the action of republican electors, of sovereign yet mutually dependent freemen, had never

raised or widened their spiritual vision to the view of a Christian philanthropy, vast as the moral necessities of the world, and boundless as the interests of eternity. There were many, faithful and true to their country and their political duty, not prepared in Providence for this assumption of novel and untried responsibilities, whose warm and loyal hearts shrunk from this announcement of a name already half-forgotten in its connexion with temporal interests, and cherished only from its association with the honor of HIM whose “Kingdom is not of this world.” That name added no strength to the cause of wise and righteous government, while it took much from it. Multitudes devoted to the faith of Rome, and others holding tenets not technically orthodox and evangelical, were led to forget their sense of duty to their political principles, by a new dread of promoting the triumph of what they considered heresy, bigotry and fanaticism. Though thousands were faithful, notwithstanding any or all of these deadly influences, “faithful even unto death,” tens of thousands were driven from their only associations with the cause of peace, purity, justice and truth.

The melancholy moral of this movement was—that the first duty of all Christians in their political relations is to regard THE UNITY OF THE CAUSE,—to be content with giving and seeking only such votes as belong to the civil objects which they profess, and never to attempt to conciliate unpatriotic religious pretension, by offering to make such atonement for sin falsely imputed by disguised infidelity. It taught all who beheld and experienced the consequences of that wanton and vainly guileful scheme, that the basest and most wicked hypocrisy is the “homage” thus paid by virtue to vice, in comparison with which, common hypocrisy, “the homage that vice pays to virtue,” is holy and honorable.

That nomination to the second office of the Federal Republic invited the repetition of every imaginable exploded calumnious device against the personal moral character of him who needed to ask no forgiveness of his country, which he had served so faithfully, however to the neglect of what every sinful man owes to his God. The professional gamblers, debauchees, cheats and murderers instantaneously broke out in accusation of a man who, had he been a thousand times worse than their lying slanders represented him, might have well denied their competency to judge him,

by saying to his profligate accusers—"Let him that is without such sin among you, cast the first stone at me." Faithful and blameless in all his personal, domestic and social relations—unstained by even an imputation of falsehood, dishonesty, deception, double-dealing or hypocrisy—famed throughout his life for scrupulous compliance with every public and private engagement, and for the careful discharge of every pecuniary obligation, either legally expressed or remotely implied—frank, sincere, generous, unsuspecting, confiding, and boldly truthful—he presented in his character a model of many virtues especially rare among Americans, and nobly worthy of imitation by the rising generation of his enthusiastic compatriots, in whose hearts he reigned with an unequalled power, founded on love, reverence and respect for his moral traits, as well as on admiration for his great intellectual endowments.

The gamblers, the speculators in fraud, the abettors of perjury and perjury, the shameless slaves of intemperance and licentiousness, the habitual cheats and liars, the extortioners, smugglers and dishonest bankrupts—all combined their means, and made pecuniary contributions to print and circulate papers and tracts on "the MORALS of Politics," in which the character of the Presidential candidate of the party opposed to them was exhibited to the religious and conscientious portion of the community, as stained with the most odious, degrading vices, blackened with revolting crimes, and flagrant outrages on decency and piety, with corruption, treachery, deceit, mercenary violation of public obligations, and with a multiplicity and variety of wickedness unparalleled in any instance on record. While under agencies thus originated and directed, the consciences of rigid moralists and Evangelical Protestants were disturbed and perplexed, the jealousy of Papists, Liberal sects, philosophical sceptics and infidels, was kindled to perfect fury by similarly studious inventions, circulated among them, as to the bigoted zeal and gloomy, exclusive Calvinism of the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. From the nomination to the Election, this double system of calumny was in operation on the prejudices of the various religious divisions of the people in every county and town in the Union. Herod and Pilate, the Pharisees and Sadducees, the hypocrite and the blasphemer, were united in the harmonious enforcement of this

monstrous scheme of scurrilous abuse and sneaking detraction.

The grand plan of operations concerted before the close of 1843, and communicated in every portion of the Union, where an effort was needful and practicable, required, first, a complete and exact secret registration of the whole actual force of their own party, and of the other—with an estimate of the effect of all new causes, then in continuous operation, tending to increase or diminish either, and with due provision for the repeated correction of this account of moral agencies down to the very eve of the great election. The primary political position of each individual in the mass, as determined by his opinions, judgment, self-interest, prejudice, passion, or personal feeling, was but one item in the account—the fundamental element of the calculation. The final solution of the great problem was attained by numberless additions and subtractions of "disturbing causes." The influence of new questions (not originally partisan) as to "protection," naturalization, "annexation," was duly measured and reckoned. The operation of one-sided imputations made by themselves was also carefully weighed—of the terrors of abolition at the South, and the hatred of slavery in the North—of the abhorrence of fanaticism and hypocrisy by infidels and rationalists, and the dread of imputed immorality and licentiousness by "the most straitest sect." The effect of the attempted formation of a new "third party," and of the abortive coalition, was also counted;—all these varied agencies working for the diminution of the natural force of the party of peace, and to the increase of the party of corruption—without a single exception.

To establish and maintain, in their own party, a solid basis of action, by securing through all these influences, and others unworthy of mention, a substantial mass of genuine legal voters, was another essentially important measure of the grand plan. To fix with equal exactness the veritable vote of their opponents, was of the same necessity, and, in like manner, indispensable to the advantageous formation and successful management of the best-arranged scheme of fraud. If the cheating game were tried on both sides, there would be an end at once of all certainty in the operations of politics. Thence, the unaffected horror and alarm excited among them in 1840 by the discovery of suspicious and supposed criminal move-

ments made in 1838 by some persons connected with the opposing party in New York, in the introduction of voters from another city. If that party should cheat, and should organize a permanent effective system of frauds on the elective franchise, what would become of the party which justly claimed a monopoly of the business, and a patent-right for the machinery, on the ground of having invented and first used it? Every effort was therefore made by them, especially by those most active in fraud and most interested in its results, to prevent all danger of any renewal of such attempts by their opponents at that time or subsequently; and they succeeded in that prevention to their own entire satisfaction. They have never pretended to suspect or accuse their adversaries of these crimes since. Those upon whom they then succeeded in fixing suspicion have since been excluded not only from the confidence and favor of their own party, but from all hope of power or reward in case of its success. The term "pipe-layer" now remains on the party to which it was first applied, whose more open frauds and least criminal tricks, it was first manufactured to designate. In October, 1840, the party then in possession of the city government and corporation patronage, boldly stepped forward, and took possession of the business of conducting the waters of the Croton into New York city, which was before that, in the exclusive possession of the party then commanding the patronage of the State. The construction of the aqueduct was originally under the direction of commissioners appointed by the State government, then in the hands of the party opposed to that which ruled in the city of New York. The Common Council, on the eve of the Presidential Election, assumed the power of constructing the channels through which the water should be conveyed within the bounds of the city. Large companies of foreigners were immediately employed in digging trenches for the large iron pipes which would be required, two years later, when the aqueduct and reservoirs were completed. The work was totally premature and unnecessary at the time; and the purpose of the managers of the City government, in thus introducing large bodies of foreigners from other places just before the election, was so apparent, that the workmen employed in "laying pipe" were instantly pointed out as the instruments of designed fraud; and the "pipe-layers"

were continually spoken of as non-residents brought in to give illegal votes. The term was subsequently thrown back, transferred, and applied by the guilty party to their opponents, in connexion with frauds said to have been committed, two years before the term was invented, by the party which always directed every power within its means to the prevention, detection, and punishment of fraud.

The word "pipe-layer," which had acquired its infamous signification from this flagrant abuse and cheat, was perverted by the fraudulent, to the purpose of fastening opprobrium and slander upon their opponents, as a part of their scheme for deterring them from ever attempting to resist fraud by fraud. The vote on one side must always be a fixed quantity, ascertainable by a fair canvass, in order to enable the other party to introduce illegal votes with any reasonable certainty of success. This basis of calculation being secured, the problem is extremely simple and practicable. Given—the exact number of voters of one party, (for instance, 20,000,) and the exact number of the other party (for instance, 17,000,) the solution is—3,000 illegal votes, to counterbalance the majority, and 5,000, &c., or any other number additional, requisite to overcome majorities in other sections of the State.

Having surveyed the position of the two great parties and calculated the effect of agencies then in operation on public opinion, the managers and directors of fraud proceeded early to make a diligent canvass and enumeration of the legal voters of each party everywhere. In the city of New York, in the spring of 1844, this secret census stated the whole number of actual qualified electors, at 44,000. However surprising to many this result may seem, and though much smaller in proportion to the whole white population than is found in most other political divisions of the country,—a careful examination of the various classes of people in the city will confirm this statement, which, though often disputed and condemned, was always repeated and firmly maintained by those acquainted with the facts of this private enumeration. Its probability appears stronger as the inquiry proceeds to the exhibition of the vast number of persons resident in the city who, from various causes, are excluded from the elective franchise. There are in New York many thousand resident

adult white males included in every census, who are not qualified as voters under the State Constitution, as "citizens of the United States who have resided in the State one year, and in the county six months." A vast transient population, inhabitants of hotels and lodging-houses, and other places of temporary abode, come hither on a venture, seeking a fortune or seeking employment, who, after a few weeks' or months' experience, return to the place whence they came, or to new scenes of trial, disappointed, and acquiring nothing but sad experience in the sober realization of the vanity of human wishes. Every great city abounds in temporary residents of this description, varying in rank from the literary and philosophical visionary, and the speculator in pecuniary enterprises, to the professional man, the journeyman mechanic and the day-laborer; but New York, from the metropolitan renown of its wealth and power, and its reputation for furnishing splendid opportunities of success to adventure and industry, is continually inundated by rash experimenters, confident of establishing a residence and securing wealth or subsistence—in numbers beyond the calculation of those who have not carefully observed this peculiar transient population. Many thousand foreigners annually landing here, after a few months, and many more after various periods less than five years, grow wise by the vain expenditure of their little means, and pass on to other places and regions, where labor is better compensated and more in demand, and where the necessaries of life are less costly. Multitudes of these unfortunate strangers die here from want, or the effect of change of climate and habits. The burials in the ground devoted to interments of persons connected with the Popish sect, amount to more than 29,000 within the last twelve years, (averaging fifty-four a week in 1844) and those in the "Potters' field" to more than 10,000, (1400 in 1844, averaging twenty-four a week,) making of both these classes an average of not less than 4,000 per annum, a large proportion of whom are naturally male adults. There are also many thousand seamen registered as residing here, of whom not one-sixth are in port at any election. All the inhabitants of sailor boarding-houses, wherever registered, are also included in the nominal population of the city at every enumeration. More than a thousand of those whose home and property are

here, may be found in Europe and other parts of the world, traveling on business or for pleasure, though properly returned, as veritable citizens, in the census. There are also more real residents of New York absent in the country and in other States, at any one time, than can be mentioned in any other place, on account of the wide-spread and important commercial and financial relations of the city. Many foreigners of the higher order, permanently located here, refuse to be naturalized, from prejudice or indifference. Many causes exclude others in large numbers from the exercise of the right of suffrage; but those here specified operate to much more effect in New York than elsewhere.

The number of legally qualified voters being fixed at 44,000, by actual canvass under secret direction, an enumeration or estimate of those who will not vote at any one election, was then made and subtracted. The number of those who, from peculiar habits, opinions, scruples, fears or religious singularities, (with those prevented by disease, sudden domestic calamity or accident,) though regularly entitled, fail to vote, is stated in the secret enumeration as not less than 2,000, leaving 42,000 as the gross number of lawful ballots deposited in one day, when every practicable voter is brought to the polls. Of these, in 1844, the secret canvassers claimed about 20,000 as the whole number of actual voters belonging to their party, supposed or professing to be connected with them. To their opponents, they allowed the remainder—about 22,000 lawful voters. They declared, also, that the opposite party would, in one way and another, commit frauds to increase their vote, when such momentous interests were at stake; and they pretended to estimate this fraudulent vote at 2,500,—making the total hostile vote 25,000. They pronounced it necessary to increase their own strength to about 28,000, or, as it was generally stated to the gamblers in secret, before the election, from 27,500 to 28,500. It was supposed among their subordinates, that 8,000 or 10,000 illegal votes, in the city, would be sufficient to give them a safe preponderance on the ballot for Presidential electors, and would be decisive of the general result in the State and the Nation.

This supposition, or estimate of the vote in New York city, was made up some months before the election, and was

communicated to the gamblers, as the basis of their operations; and before the election it came to the knowledge of some persons in the opposing party, engaged in researches into the frauds known to be purposed by those who could succeed only by such enormities. It is very incorrect, in many particulars, and was probably designed to be so by those who furnished it. The only particular in which this secret programme coincided with the actual result, was in the statement of the vote of the apparent majority. The final official returns gave that party 28,296 votes for their Presidential Electors. The other party had 26,385 for their candidates,—a material difference, not accounted for in the estimate. The estimate of the whole lawful vote of the city, (42,000 and 44,000) was—though improbable, and so apparently untrue, as to be discredited by all hasty readers—quite correct. The statement of 20,000, as the lawful vote of their own party, was totally untrue—known to be false by those who made it. Their true lawful vote was some thousands less. From 42,000, the true (though incredibly small) number of legal voters, take 26,000, the actual number of votes given by the other party—the remainder (16,000) is the veritable statement of the whole number of constitutionally qualified electors, who, at the time when this enumeration was taken, belonged to that party or were induced to vote for their candidates. There was a small unintentional error, though the greatest was intentional. They (as might naturally be expected from bitter partisans, however careful) underestimated the vast latent power and influence of that mighty name that was the hope, the encouragement and strength of their opponents; and they also underestimated the degree of contempt with which their own pitiful nominations were regarded by many hundreds of the more intelligent and respectable of their own partisans. But the great difference between the statement and the truth, was made by a deliberate deception, practiced by them upon their allies and auxiliaries, the gamblers,—the speculators in political chances and tricks, without whose interested coöperation and hopeful aid they would have failed of securing some of the essential conditions of success in their stupendous inventions of political crime. If they had presented to their kindred cold-blooded community of crime the exact truth—had they an-

nounced to them that out of the lawful votes of the city their adversaries would give to their great candidate 26,000 votes against the paltry 16,000 which would constitute the whole force displayed in support of the insignificant, nameless creature of accident whom they had been compelled in desperation to oppose to him, they would have been deserted by the whole mass of these formidable auxiliaries, the “sporting characters” and betting men. The gamblers were to be duped, if necessary;—deceived, they were, at all events. The gamblers knew nothing of the great plans of those who thus operated upon them. They were not trusted with the details, but were assured (and insured by pecuniary pledges) that the party of fraud should poll not less than 27,500, and probably as many as 28,500 ballots, perhaps some thousands more. They were told that their opponents would not give over 25,000 votes, genuine and spurious. Many were, therefore, on this information, induced to bet on 3,000 majority in the city; and some of the most sagacious and experienced lost largely by staking a great amount of money on 3,200, which was considered safe by the most intelligent, until eleven o'clock, A. M., on the day of the Presidential Election.

The first great object in thus enlisting and interesting the gamblers, was to cause them to pledge their money to the success of the apparently weaker cause. When the unexpected and offensive result of their nominating Convention in Baltimore was made known here on the first of June, not a wager was offered in its favor, or could be obtained on any terms, for some time. Their politicians received the intelligence with unconcealed disgust and despair. No gambler even thought of speculating on the chances of a nomination thus viewed and received. But this hopeless inactivity did not long continue. There was a mysterious gigantic agency already in vigorous movement, which had been organized some months previous, for the purposes of another Presidential candidate, whose peculiar, devoted, and confidential friends were alone entrusted in this city with its direction and execution, or with the knowledge of its existence. Those who had toiled in its construction, and continued operation thus far, though linked in feeling and in their fortunes with the prospects of ONE MAN, under whose control they moved, were

yet not devoting their time and energies merely to the success of a favorite chief, or a party, or a cause, or an abstraction. Personal devotion of his followers to himself was a quality never expected or sought by that leader. Political attachment, secured only by disinterested preference, respect or admiration, however well-founded, is a tie too frail and uncertain for the dependence of a life devoted wholly to official employment, profit and advancement. A more practical and lasting bond of union, in spirit and action, was found in "the cohesive attraction of public plunder," as it has been somewhat too bitterly styled by a man eminent for his disappointments in attempting to control it. The advancement of the principal was promoted and secured only by the guarantees of a business-like compact, by whose faithful execution his supporters and assistants were to be compensated in case of his success, in stations graded according to the amount and value of the service rendered to the general enterprise, and the number of years during which fidelity had been maintained. Political enthusiasm was discarded in these vital arrangements of the true origin of power, and displaced by a safe, unpretending, ever-wakeful, and unvarying motive.

The arrangements thus carefully prepared under the direction of such powers, were not demolished, nor long suspended, even by the overwhelming change in the aspect of public affairs produced by the action of the National Convention in rejecting the candidate for whom and under whom the scheme had been prepared and put in operation. Brief counsel and communication sufficed to secure the complete transfer of the entire obligations, pledges and secret agencies of the rejected candidate to the new substitute, conditioned upon which followed a like transfer of all the services, duties, and mysterious machinery of his supporters from the first to the second. No disturbance of the parts of the great and complicated system, or of their mutual arrangements, occurred. All arrangements, from the highest to the lowest, in an instant moved on unchanged.

At this moment it was that the communication was opened with the gamblers, to secure their cooperation, intelligence, and sympathetic interest. They were told that by large bets at present odds, or "even," a sure result could be obtained, so contrary to actual public expectation

at that time, that none but those initiated in the secret movement would dare take the risks, and that thus a magnificent monopoly of gains, unparalleled in all the operations of chance, skill or fraud, would be secured in a moment. These assurances were made decisive and unquestionable by furnishing therewith to the speculators as much evidence of the power of accomplishment as could be given without a betrayal of the agencies and details. No perilous secret was entrusted to mere gamblers and fraudulent adventurers. The information was given with every desirable particularity; and the money was paid by them in return, not so much in the character of a fee or compensation for the intelligence, as by way of employing the means of making it effective and profitable. The money thus paid to the secret political agency was, in fact, but a form of insurance on the wagers taken with the knowledge of the movement. The gambler, knowing all, collects his available money, and goes about the city seeking the various bets which are offered on suitable terms. In all places of general resort and political conversation, he gathers up the random wagers of incautious partisans, and at every boastful declaration of confidence in the success of the greater candidate, compels the speaker either to suffer an implication of false professions, or to deposit his money in testimony of his courage and hope. "What will you bet?" "How much?" "I'll take that bet!" "Put up your money—here's mine?" "Will you double the stakes?" "Will any other gentleman make the same bet?" "Any amount you please, at such odds!" These were the expressions passing thousands of times each day and night all over the city, while the gamblers were in this way "subscribing to the stock" of the NEW PLAN, and thereby providing for its successful operation. Many who engaged in this speculation to the largest amounts did not appear personally in the negotiations, but employed agents and runners to act for them with various sums, until the aggregated tens, fifties, and hundreds, equaled thousands and tens of thousands. The larger the amount of money thus wagered, the more was expended to insure the winning of it. Thus, abundance of means flowed into the treasury of the secret council to supply all the requirements of the enterprise. It had been first organized and begun upon money derived from other sources.

Its continuation, in the summer and autumn, was largely dependent on these liberal contributions, which, in fact, were paid, or were subsequently to be paid, by their political opponents—were actually only advances made by the gamblers on what may be considered the drafts or notes which were to fall due after the election. Every silly, mercenary member of the opposing party, who thus thought to put money into his pockets by betting upon what was then indeed the CERTAINTY of the success of his eminent candidate, did in this way serve to support and promote the operations tending to his defeat. If the foolish, bragging, betting friends of that great man could have been content with the certainty of the accomplishment of the one great object on which the public and individual good alike depended, it would have remained a certainty. The whole result was not effected but by their mean and pitiful folly, in thus becoming at once the agents and the dupes, the beasts of burden and the victims, of those whose money they themselves were expecting soon to receive and enjoy without rendering an equivalent. The tolerance of this despicable and dishonorable vice of betting, this vilest and most immoral and mischievous form of gambling, cost the nation all it has lost in that momentous struggle! Let every man in the land, who bore the least part in this great mass of stupid wickedness, take to his conscience his share of the responsibility, and remember, with self-abasement, this unsearched, unrepented, unforgiven sin. In whatever day the people's retribution may come—in ruin, misery, blood, or infamy—let him share the evil, and confess his agencies in its production—and “let *this* sit heavy on his soul” in that dark to-morrow!

But the political action of the gamblers was not limited to this very simple series of operations. They did not content themselves with merely furnishing the means, and leaving the work to be done therewith by those from whom they received this information, trusting that the prediction would be accomplished by the prophets. It was understood, indeed, of course, by those who invoked their co-operation and animated their hopes of gain, that the gamblers, “sporting-men” and criminals, were to exercise in their own way, in natural fellowship, their usual arts in the business of elections. Wherever pecuniarily interested in the

result of a political contest, they employed their own peculiar agencies to secure such a result as would accord with their arrangements for winning. They had been accustomed to rely on the General Committees of the party, not only for *intelligence* of the movements and majorities designed, but also for *direction* as to the mode and amount of frauds to be accomplished by their own action. Under the operations of the “Old Plan” of fraud, had grown up a new branch of business, a regular profession,—the manufacture of spurious votes by associated or individual enterprise. A large portion of the gamblers had assumed and invented a trade, which may be styled—that of “Election-brokers.” Suppose that a man, one familiar with their abominations, wishes to be nominated by the regular convention or committee of the party, and then to be elected against any dissatisfaction created among men professing decency and moral principle. They contract with him first, to secure his nomination by packing the Ward meetings with rioters ready to mob any man who opposes him,—and next, to elect him, by bringing to the polls the men who will put into the ballot-boxes *as many votes as are necessary to give him a plurality*. The extensive and multifarious character of such operations, implies a necessity of a *classification* of agencies, and naturally suggests, as in all great systematic inventions, “a division of labor.” The “election-brokers” therefore have, what may be called “contractors” under them, who engage, for certain stipulated sums, (to be paid after the official returns of the election show the work to be properly done,) to furnish the required majorities, to carry particular Wards and districts, so as to secure the success of the candidates named, and guarantee the bets thereon pending. The election-brokers, after due arrangements with the political managers and candidates, having ascertained the exact legal canvass of the section in question, go to their agents, who, for reasonable considerations, contract to do the needful work. The subordinates call out and enrol their gangs of voters, led by their several directors, (termed “captains of squads,”) and issue orders for their location and employment. The bargain is generally made in these terms: “I have bet \_\_\_\_\_ dollars that \_\_\_\_\_ will have \_\_\_\_\_ majority in \_\_\_\_\_ Ward or district. If I win it, you shall have half.” A small pecuniary advance,

by way of "retaining fee," designed also to furnish certain preliminary disbursements at the drinking-places where the rank and file are to be found and enlisted, is, generally, a matter of course. The "captain of the squad" picks up his men, the ragged vagabonds, the jail-birds, the criminals, the hopeless and friendless victims of vice and want, who rejoice in the elective franchise as their means of waging that revengeful war on society in which their misery finds bitter satisfaction, when they see the prosperous and respected classes humbled and defeated. These "*enfants perdus*" are provided with their temporary homes, each with several lodging-places in different election districts; and are encouraged with liquor and frequent little gratuities, which make them to know *their friends*. They are schooled in their duties, and are told from whom they must receive their ballots on election-day, and under whose direction they must deposit them. Many hundreds of them are wholly uneducated, and are consequently unable to read a single letter, or distinguish a name on the ticket which they carry. Such men must know whom to trust, when they offer a ballot; and they are content to know that they vote as pleases their true friends, the enemies of the aristocracy, the advocates of "the largest liberty." The man of business, the merchant, the employer, the professional man, feels that he has done a great work when he has deposited his one vote, and goes to his ordinary occupation afterwards with infinite self-satisfaction, as a patriot who has done his whole duty, and has deserved well of the commonwealth. The vagabond and cheat does more at the same moment, and, as he thinks, does better. Feeble and faint is the attachment to the elective franchise by him who votes but once in a day. The true lover of "the largest liberty" will offer his ballot as long as he can do so without question, and who will vote from sunrise to sunset, if unchallenged.

Who doubts this? No man who is not willing to pass for fool or hypocrite, among knaves of his own breed, as well as among the whole community. How many men can be found in the city of New York within three hours who are ready, at five dollars a head, to swear an *alibi*, or that they are worth any amount of money necessary to make "straw-bail?" How many "Tombs-lawyers" are there, regular members of the honor-

able legal profession, who are ready to suborn that perjury? How many men are there in this city who consider professional perjury as part of their regular means of a livelihood? Having decided these important questions in moral statistics, let those who volunteer the answer, say—how many of these professional perjurers and practiced impostors are idle on election-day? He who can answer these inquiries can give pregnant replies to some others in the same connexion. The sooner they speak, the better for the cause of justice and truth.

These are some of the materials of political crime created by the conditions of American metropolitan society; and these were some of the modes of their employment in 1844. Details might be multiplied, but to no purpose. All these particulars belonged only to the "old plan" of fraud. As might be imagined, it was varied, modified and extended for the great vital emergency. All the agencies of crime were invoked in that final struggle, and were summoned to do their worst.

Under the impulse of occasion, thus suggested, old fraud developed itself in new forms of crime, and "sought out many inventions;" yet it left much to be done—more than was dreamed of by many who thought themselves masters of the arts of villany. The whole resources of the old-fashioned plan were expended and exhausted. The business of fraudulent naturalization was prosecuted as long as any man of foreign birth could be brought up to swear (even though ignorant of the language) to five years' residence, with due notice of intentions, of which, forged certificates, or those of dead men, were always in readiness for the first claimant. The business of "colonization" was also conducted by them with accustomed vigor and enlarged scope. As the law regards a single night's residence in a ward or town or district sufficient, arrangements were made by which a large number of young men boarding in one district to the eve of the election were located in new lodgings in other districts on that night. Presenting themselves at the polls, if challenged, (as they would naturally be, from their not being in the preliminary canvass,) they took the oath and voted with full legal security against the pains and penalties of perjury. They then went at their leisure to the election-district of their ordinary residence, where, being personally well-known, or at any

rate included in the regular lists of voters by both parties, they might expect to vote without being challenged. This class of voters were mostly such as would refuse to perjure themselves; and in every instance, where they were challenged they refused the oath, with pretended indignation at the implied suspicion and the apparently wanton insult of a challenge in a district where they were so familiarly known as legal habitual residents of long standing. In many instances, this character was so well played, that the challenge was withdrawn, even when given on well-founded suspicion. But wherever this form of fraud was foreknown, and the oath was insisted on by the challenging party, the apparently honest voters who were instructed to play this trick, walked away baffled without any subsequent attempt. It was a fraud not confined to the city, and was equally practicable in rural sections; for the State constitution which requires of the elector one year's residence in the State and six months residence in the county, leaves to every man the liberty of locating himself in any town, ward or election district, at the shortest imaginable period before he votes. All men who have no family, household or fixed domicile, all mere transient persons, lodgers in hotels and boarding-houses, can, therefore, legally change their homes from one place to another in a few minutes, and may safely swear that they are residents of every district in which they have lodged during the night previous, or intend to lodge on the night succeeding. This looseness of legal provisions has led to the notoriously extensive adoption, by both parties, of the practice of transferring voters of this description from sections where there are large majorities to those where the preponderance is small or doubtful. The law allows the inspectors of election to ask each man, under oath, "whether he came into that district for the purpose of voting at that election;" but whatever his answer, if he afterwards take the general oath as to qualifications, his vote must be received. This description of imposture, however immoral and contrary to the rights of the true residents of any locality, has acquired such force by long usage, as to be deemed hardly requiring concealment or disguise, inasmuch as no conviction of a breach of the statute by such conduct could ever occur. As an evasion of law and a perversion of the elective franchise it had a continually demoralizing

effect on the community, and led the way to increasing enormities.

The penalty for illegal voting, or for the attempt, is merely a fine *not exceeding* two hundred dollars, or imprisonment for *not more than* six months. False swearing in these matters, like wilful perjury of any other description, is punishable by imprisonment in the State Prison for a term not exceeding ten years.

The old measure of bringing in persons from other places and States, to give fraudulent votes, was also revived, as far as practicable, though on a smaller scale, proportionally, than in some merely local elections. The election in Connecticut occurred on the day previous—in New Jersey simultaneously and one day additional—leaving little time for the transfer of voters except from a few of the nearer portions of those States. From Pennsylvania, where the election closed more than three days previous, a considerable number were sent to New York for this purpose. Attempts were also made to introduce some from Bergen county, New Jersey. This form of fraud, though not made of essential importance, was yet employed as far as was convenient and secure—on the general principle of "leaving nothing undone which could be done."

These varied operations were sustained mainly by the gamblers, on their private responsibility. The regularly constituted representative bodies of the party styled "General Committees" had nothing to do with these matters as associations, whatever many of their members might do in other connexions. The business of naturalization was as usual, indeed, in the charge of a special committee throughout the season, and was made no secret; but delegate associations were not allowed to have anything to do with the mysteries. No man of tact or experience could ever suppose that elective assemblies like these partisan delegations were capable of keeping secrets so vital to the cause. The General Committees in that party were outside show, successfully designed to deceive the public and many of their own members, who were silly enough to imagine them the veritable depositories of the mysteries and the seat of directive power. The great essential work and control was in other hands, wholly unknown to most of them. In both the great political parties, membership of these bodies is sought as an honor by silly office-seekers, who imagine that it is a station which gives them dignity

and influence, and strengthens their pretensions. A large number of the members are therefore totally incompetent to their supposed duties: and no party secret could be safe among them. The committees are useful for certain forms of proceeding and parade, and for some actual work—for the calling of public meetings, the publication of addresses, the ordering of "nominating conventions," for directing and superintending the preliminary canvass; but that is all. To the deeper and more important business they are a mere screen.

Similar in their purpose and employment were the various voluntary associations and "clubs" of pompous designation, which attracted so much notice during the great contest. The systematic employment of these was a secondary suggestion, caused by accident, and promoted by the folly of the newspaper press of the opposing party, which gave them a distinction and usefulness not before suggested to the managers. The most notorious of these, of whose performances, real and imaginary, so much has been said, was formed in a mere drunken frolic by a vulgar and ignorant throng, who sallied from a spacious grog-shop in Barclay street, on the night of the 4th of July, 1844, on a sudden impulse, and after marching around the streets awhile with drum and fife, resolved to form a military company of a partisan character, to which they proposed to give the style of "Guards," prefixing the name of the favorite drinking-shop where the inspiration of the movement originated. It was soon joined by a few ambitious ruffians, one of whom was soon made the head of it; and at his suggestion its designation was altered to that of a "Club," for purposes of political display. About eight professed pugilists were added to it; and a large number of notorious felons and convicts mingled with it. The criminals generally were soon taught to regard it as their own peculiar association, and with these and the gamblers, and many weak young men, aspiring to the reputation of great wickedness, it soon swelled its numbers to between 1,000 and 2,000. After figuring in a few meetings and processions, it acquired such notoriety from ill-advised and unnecessary denunciations of it by the organs of the opposite political party, that it was recommended to the managers of its own party as a valuable auxiliary, and was thenceforth regularly

employed and paid as a fighting-club, to bully and assault peaceable citizens, to create riots, disturb meetings and processions, and create among the floating mass of the people the impression that the superiority of physical force was on that side of the question. That much-denounced Club, the object of so much notice and alarm, was a mere bugbear and stalking-horse, used to frighten the opposing party, and keep their vigilance and alarm occupied so as to withdraw attention from the real agencies of mischief, and cover the most formidable movements from view. For the purposes of fraud, the Club, composed in large proportion of the most notorious ruffians whose faces were familiar to thousands, was perfectly useless, and was never used; though great pains were taken by its members and backers to give the impression that they were organized for that end. They were too ignorant, silly and noisy, to be capable of playing their part in any scheme requiring caution or art. Not one of their leaders had the intellect for such work, and their only office was that of obstreperous brutality. They were gladly used by the party managers as a show and means of violence, and as an object to occupy the anxiety and watchfulness of their opponents while the great work went on in secret. The Club was to the opposing party what the red flag is to the bull, who madly rushes at it in the arena, while the *matador* securely and quietly thrusts the sword into his spine as he passes the real danger to assault an imaginary foe.

In this protracted statement, has now been set forth a mass of agencies apparently capable of producing any amount of fraud on the elective franchise which might be desired by those who employed them. Some thousands of illegal votes were thus deposited in the ballot-boxes of this city and similar places at the Presidential election. The precise number need not be stated here. The great question is—"were they enough to make the great result what it was?" The eyes of the guilty agents of the mightiest scheme of fraud and the truly effective crime, will strain anxiously and fearfully over this paragraph to learn whether the threatened revelation of their crime ends here; and great would be their satisfaction—high their exulting confidence, could they at this point be told—"this is all!" But it is not all. Conspirators! Monsters of crime!—already fattening on the prey brought

down by the secret shaft! The blood-hound search that you smilingly think you have eluded, has tracked you to your inmost den. Up and look to yourselves! for the avengers of a nation's blood and tears are already upon you.

All these that have been disclosed thus far are but the vestibule and courts of the temple. Open now the penetralia of the horrid sanctuary; and behold

“THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES!”

In the month of February, 1844, was fully begun in New York (and elsewhere) this plan. A hundred men (so stated in round number) were in secret organization, under the style of a “COUNCIL OF PEACE,” and were in the laborious performance of several specified functions with one common purpose. They obtained a careful enumeration of all the legal voters in every election-district, with the proportions of political parties. They secured the collection or responsible pledge of about \$20,000 as a commencing capital stock, drawing this large amount mostly from a few persons of great wealth and high standing in the community, absolutely devoted by prejudice or interest to their party, and resolved to retrieve its then failing fortunes and secure its success, by any and every means which might be necessary, without consideration of the legality or moral propriety of the same. Their assurance of the observance of secrecy between them and all persons concerned, and of the exact application of the money to the assigned purpose, was derived from the pledge of the approbation and supervision of the plan by a few distinguished persons ranking above themselves, and above all. The object proposed was—not the probability—but THE ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS in the pending contest for the supreme power in the State and Nation, which was guaranteed to the contributors on the one hand by the unquestionable authority of men beyond distrust, and on the other hand by the perfection and irresistible power of the scheme itself. The money came forth, in large donations, from the long-accumulated hoards of covetous bankers, brokers and traders, and even from the treasured spoils of political victories, where individual wealth had been the product of partisan triumph. There was among them one man who, with very high honors, had also attained riches to such an amount that he could have contributed one-half of the

required sum without curtailing his abundance; and had other sources failed, his hopes and prospects, as connected with the final object, would have made the donation of the whole apparently a profitable investment of his capital. There were others who had derived large fortunes from party favor and government patronage, to whom singly the entire sum would not have been the tithe of their accumulated profits. There were others, totally unconnected with public employments and political honors, who saw their private interests so far involved in existing legislation and its desired changes, that they promptly and willingly gave one thousand dollars each, in the hope of depriving of the benefit of Protective duties all who produced at home what they wished to introduce from abroad, and of destroying all revenue legislation for the benefit of every class, except those who “go down to the sea in ships and do business on the great waters.” Several importers and great ship-owners gave their thousands to effect the ultimate removal of all restrictions upon foreign trade, except the imperative limitation of that portion of it in which they were interested, to vessels owned or employed by themselves. There were some such who, but for the enactment of the present revenue laws, would have remained in their original connexion with the party which they abandoned and denounced for having extended to others the discriminative regulations before enjoyed by themselves alone—justifying their avarice, by impudently declaring themselves opposed to the Tariff in principle, meaning thereby—INTEREST. As to the uses for which their money was designed, they sought not to be informed. They paid it as a fee for certain services to be rendered to them,—a compensation in advance, for promised benefits,—an ordinary, “fair business transaction.” COMMERCIAL morality, commercial honor, exacted no further investigation of the mode in which their donations were employed. Though fraud, brutality, perjury, were the means, and though national infamy, and ruin, and war be the result,—each of them, like the Roman procurator, will wash his hands, saying “I AM INNOCENT OF THIS BLOOD.”

The professional gamblers were not yet called in; for their season of usefulness had not come. But there were several devoted wealthy partisans, large contributors, who were as prompt and

acute to avail themselves of these opportunities for speculation by political wagers, as they would have been to secure the stock of a corporation whose speedy increase of value they had been privileged to foreknow. The donations were easily covered by bets corresponding in amount, based on the knowledge of operations in progress by which success was insured.

The tremendous exigency forced that unscrupulous party to the invention of new machinery and the employment of novel agencies of fraud. The vicious, criminal and infamous classes, upon whose action they had been accustomed to rely, were not competent to the perilous difficulties of the crisis. The respectable, "honorable," unimpeachable men of the party, hitherto quietly profiting by crimes with whose details they were not supposed to be acquainted, and which they might know only by inference, were now compelled to come forward and put their hands directly to the wicked work on which depended their rescue from annihilation and oblivion. Each who hoped anything from success, whether high station, official honor and great endowment, power or fame, whether legislative action or executive patronage, brought his own peculiar gift to the common storehouse of munition. As the wealthy contributed their money, the powerful chiefs of the party brought together the fruits of many years of sagacious observation and instructive experience; and the mightiest minds yielded their most subtle inventions, as the details will show. Over all was thrown the impenetrable cover and defense of a combination of respectability, supposed probity and external virtue, capable of defying suspicion and baffling scrutiny.

That great school of political crime which has had its seat in the city of New York and the Capitol of the State for a quarter of a century, and from whose poisoned fountains have poured forth streams of corruption through the whole Union, gathered all its terrible resources, enlarged its theory and its practice, corrected its rules, rehearsed its lessons, and strengthened the obedient confidence of its disciples. Its two great masters were in its councils, the two survivors of the three founders. Never was any product of the human mind more rationally and logically deduced from experiment and observed fact, than that peculiar science of political

roguery, for which New York is famous as the source. The origin was purely experimental, both in the Capitol as to the management of State affairs, and in New York city in the inventions of fraud. It was a perfect example of the Inductive Philosophy.

The sum of money required for a basis of operations and the canvas of the lawful vote of the city (obtained by the help of the old organizations in the General Committee and the Ward and District Committees) were placed by the "Council of one hundred" in the hands of a select executive body, a central Directory called "the Five," though not implying by that title that only *five* persons were associated in this inner council, signory or cabinet. Five however, were always on duty, and active daily. "The Five" were invested at once and throughout with absolute, discretionary power. They called on the larger council (the 100) from time to time, for money, for information and for labor, and received all without question from them. They made these demands and issued mandates, directed all action, appropriated and expended money, but *made no reports*, and were held to no accountability to any person or persons whatever. Perfect secrecy and irresponsibility as to their actions—was the first law of their organization.

Before the end of winter, in the opening of 1844, the Secret Council of Five had matured and put in active operation a plan which will be pronounced by the world the greatest product of human villainy. It has not a parallel or equal in the history of inventions.

Another hundred men (the exact number not being essential to the main fact) were carefully selected by the hundred before described under the title of the "Council of Peace,"—possessing certain peculiar qualifications, requisite to the exact performance of certain prescribed services, essential to the salvation and continued existence of "the party." The larger council (gathered from every section of the city and almost every class in society) furnished the names of these individuals, after due inquiry and deliberation. The hundred picked men were required to possess these traits and endowments. They must be all young men, *unmarried*, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, of such a personal appearance, physiognomy, complexion, bearing, air and deportment as would

render them exceedingly difficult to distinguish among thousands of ordinary men. They were to be men totally devoid of all striking peculiarity of aspect; their eyes, hair, lineaments, stature, walk, and movements, were to be perfectly common-place. In dress and externals, they were to be alike free from anything that could excite attention, fix remembrance or cause identification by any ordinary observer. They were all required to be AMERICANS by birth, totally free from all foreign peculiarities of accent, manner or deportment. As to occupation, and position in life, they were to be generally journeymen-mechanics, employed in large establishments, where there are few workmen known to all their fellow-laborers, and where the persons engaged frequently change their masters from fancy or irregular habits, without exciting inquiry or attracting notice. Journeymen in printing offices, in shoe-shops, tailor-shops, machine-shops, stone-cutters' yards, masons' and other builders' employments, and so on, wherever large numbers of men are engaged for short periods, and change their location often, on slight causes or on none at all, without imputation of singularity. They were all to be quiet, unobtrusive, silent men, known to few, and disinclined by nature and habit to seek acquaintances or keep them. They were required to be strictly temperate and virtuous in their habits, wholly unknown to the vicious and dissolute, and never seen in grog-shops, or any places where irregular or troublesome intimacies are contracted. They were to be the most ordinary samples of the great multitude, as far as possible, wholly indistinguishable from the mass.

One hundred men of this class and description were studiously selected from thousands in the city, in the winter of 1843-4. It need not be stated that they were bitter, devoted, unscrupulous partisans, capable of any crime in maintenance of their political principles, which they could commit without danger of detection or punishment. They were the very embodiment of those horrid abstractions of political crime so long breathed into the ears of the people by the masters of the arts of hypocrisy and imposition. They were men imbued, from their very birth, and through their whole life, with envy and hatred of those more elevated and successful classes with whose interests the opposing party was believed to be associated.

These men, with many others of similar

character, named severally by individuals among the larger secret council, unknown as a whole to the whole body, were reported to the secret Executive Council of Five, who, after due examination and painful discrimination, selected the required number of those who gave evidence of possessing in an eminent degree the very peculiar combination of requisites. The chosen hundred were then taken, singly, into instruction by their employers, (personally unknown to them, and likely to remain so,) and were carefully taught the tasks required of them, while their compensation was assigned to them. First, they were engaged on regular weekly pay, with wages abundant for all their personal wants and for the exigencies of their new business, so proportioned that they should derive from it a net income fully equal to the receipts of their ordinary trades and pursuits. This engagement was to last until the Presidential election, and was subject to a renewal for an indefinite period, on like terms, with a prospect of actual PERMANENCE. Next, they were called up singly by the secret Council of Five, enrolled, instructed in their duties, and drilled to their exact performance. They were directed to seek cheap lodgings in certain Election-Districts, selecting as their places of abode in each, such houses as were commonly occupied by persons of their own rank and condition, transient boarders and unmarried laborers. Each of them was furnished with a "book," which was simply a piece of paste-board, stiff paper or leather, bent double in the form and size of an ordinary pocket "bank-book," upon the inside of which was pasted a corresponding piece of firm white paper inscribed with a complete plan of the whole city, containing the boundaries and numbers of every Ward and Election District. With this "book" always safely placed on their persons, they were directed to go about, locating themselves from day to day in as many obscure boarding-houses as possible, each in a different district—in each place giving a different name, and then marking, on the plan of the city, the number of the house, the street, and the name under which they had taken lodgings. They were ordered to pay for their lodgings (at the rate of 6½ cents—12½ cents a night) regularly, and to assume the appearance of ordinary plain working-men, going in and out from time to time in such a way as to seem neither to seek nor to shun notice from the other occupants. They were to busy them-

selves continually with visiting these several places of abode, and after having filled their entire list, were to be seen in each of them daily, or every other day, or as often as was physically possible—in the day-time, passing up to their sleeping-place as though for some small article left there—and in the night, apparently retiring to rest, and subsequently withdrawing in such a manner as to avoid suspicion of anything singular. They were to manage so that two days should rarely pass without their being seen in the house by the keepers of it, with whom occasionally they were to exchange a few words without contracting any intimacy—the object being to secure an impression on the mind of the person in charge of the house that his lodger was an ordinary, quiet person, of tolerably regular habits, but not to make him so familiar with him as to make future identification easy.

On a fixed hour of a certain day in every week, each one of these men was instructed to present himself to his employers at a specified place, generally, if not always, in a private house inconspicuously situated, and occupied by some person associated with the secret plan. The disciple was commanded to appear in every instance at the precise moment appointed; as—if at a quarter past eight, P. M., he was to present himself exactly at that time—neither at ten minutes nor twenty minutes past eight. If detained unavoidably, he was to allow the appointment to pass and not to come again until his next regularly recurring stated moment of reporting himself. At these appointed periods, he stood in his turn before two or more of his employers, to whom (during the time he was engaged in fixing his various locations) he first handed his book, and reported the additional places of apparent abode which he had secured since his last interview with them. If he seemed to have been slow in the work, he was asked the causes of delay, and was admonished to use all practicable and safe despatch, because it was vitally necessary that in every instance, without one variation or exception, the apparent residences should be secured, and the whole number of multiplied false locations occupied, BEFORE THE FIRST OF MAY, 1844. He reported his expenditures, on account for lodgings during the interval, and received his required portion of money for the ensuing period. He stated any noticeable circumstances occurring, or embarrassments or difficulties en-

countered, and asked for any new directions of which he had felt the need. He received such repetition of previous instructions and such new counsels as seemed necessary to his thorough mastery of the art—was cautioned against any special perils of exposure incurred by any negligence or defect on his part, and sent forth to the continuation of his work.

The whole object of this gigantic plan and intense labor was, of course, to secure to this body of men, what should appear to any ordinary observation veritable *bona-fide* residences in the numerous Election-Districts assigned to them severally, and to have them so maintained, that the keepers and true occupants of any house so used, should be able, in case of investigation, to attest and swear, as of their actual knowledge, that the man in question was a regular permanent resident there—not a transient person or occasional lodger, but for nearly the whole year, and (as it would prove on inquiry in very many instances,) a longer time an inmate of the house than any other boarder in it—having (as all would sincerely witness) constantly lodged there six, eight or nine months, and regularly paid his board.

The necessary precautions against accidental identification by persons meeting them in two or more different places, were duly taken and continually multiplied. Ready answers to all casual inquiries from the occupants of the houses, from their own former acquaintances and fellow-workmen with whom they had once been employed in the same shop were also provided, rehearsed to them and laboriously impressed upon them. They were trained to constant vigilance, acute perception, quick observation, unobtrusive, unnoticeable demeanor, dress, air, language and tone. All their faculties were devoted unremittedly and exclusively to this one study and task. They were from the first moment of their engagement and enrolment, withdrawn from all other employment, and freed from the necessity of their former labor, by a steady weekly compensation in their new business. Their whole time, duly allowing what was needful for repose and relaxation, was occupied in this labor—first, of going about and securing lodgings, and afterwards, of visiting their numerous places of nominal abode daily, to keep up the appearance and formal evidence of continuous occupancy. If their landlords should happen to remark—“You have been away for two or

three days"—or "I haven't seen you about, lately"—they were to answer—"O, I have a brother [or friend] who is a watchman in [some remote district,] and he has been unwell and I took his place for a night or two."—Or "I have been sitting up with a sick relative or friend."—Or "I have been to visit my father in the country," &c. &c. The details of these artifices are interminable. To repeat all, would require a volume.

But at last comes the actual work of THE GREAT DAY, for which all this mighty scheme was prepared. On the day of election, the picked man presents himself at the polls in the district where he rises, and offers his vote. He appears to the inspectors and challengers a plain, simple, humble, quiet, decent laboring man, an American by birth, with nothing to distinguish him from the mass of voters. He gives his name and residence; the challengers of both parties find it "all right;" it is recorded in the canvas taken by each, weeks ago. In forty-nine cases out of fifty, his vote is received unquestioned; and he passes unnoticed, forgotten in a moment, and for ever—wholly undistinguishable by the most discerning memory, among the hundreds of forms with which the wearied eye grows dim on that day. But—suppose by accident, ignorance or excessive caution, his vote is challenged. Does he offer to "swear it in?" NO. He has been schooled for months to the prevention of the necessity of this crime. He has been strictly warned by his employers *never*, in any instance, to *commit perjury*. He merely assumes a look of surprise, mingled with a very slightly offended air, and respectfully asks—"Why is my vote challenged?" Or "Who challenged my vote?" "I am well known as a voter in this district. I have lived here steadily for almost a year. I have not slept out of the Ward one night in six months. If any gentleman doubts it, just let him step with me to the house where I board and satisfy himself. I shall take the oath. I am a poor man, and work for a living, and should like to vote; but I shan't swear it in." "It's the first time my vote was ever challenged." "I am a native of this country, and have always voted since I was of age; and now I'm challenged where hundreds of Irishmen, who haven't been five years in America, vote without being questioned." These expostulations are uttered in a tone, regular grading from mild remonstrance in the outset, to apparently

honest indignation at the close, with which he departs, if the challenge is not withdrawn; but it is almost a certainty that the challenger would be satisfied that he had erred, or would at any rate yield to the adroit allusion to foreign voters.

If it were possible that in spite of all these precautions and artifices, he is suspected, accused, arrested—what then? For this, too, has he been prepared, and if he is identified as having voted in two or more places, he knows that all the inventions and tricks of the law will be exercised to shield him. The best counsel will defend him, jurors will secretly befriend him, and JUDGES in more courts than one, (who knowingly owe their places to the success of such crimes, and expect therefrom continuance or promotion,) will also exert every possible power to save him. If convicted, his sentence shall be the lightest, (six months being the utmost extent which the law allows,) and, if not *pardoned* by an executive officer equally conscious of the mighty crime, and counting on its repetition for future power and greatness, the prison shall be no injury to him; he shall be paid for the time occupied in prison more than he can earn at liberty.

This is enough. Here is a masterpiece of fraudulent invention by which any required number of votes can be given at any future day, *beyond all possibility of prevention, even when foreknown*. Add the perjury, (which was not found necessary before) and what can obstruct the execution of the plan? To follow and detect each man would make it necessary to send two or three men after more than two-thirds of the lawful voters of the city, to dog them from morning till night. It is absurd to think of prevention. As for the much-vaunted "registry law," it would only facilitate the fraud and furnish additional securities against detection; and it was, in fact, from the exigencies created by that law, that the first suggestions of this now perfect scheme were derived.

The great problem of American government is solved. Those who have invented, elaborated and perfected this mysterious and tremendous engine, retain control of it still; and by it, they and their regular constituted successors will rule this land while the elective franchise exists in it. The revelation of the mystery is a detection at which they can laugh, in contemptuous security, safely defying attack and deriding denunciation.

## AMERICAN LETTERS—THEIR CHARACTER AND ADVANCEMENT.\*

BY I. L. SECRETARIO.

[THERE are in the following very spirited article some minor strictures, and many of the particular comparisons, with which we do not fully agree. We have several writers, in prose, at least, who do not appear to us to have imitated any English authors any farther than to express their thoughts in a clear and forcible English style. It would be difficult to point out the model of the speeches of Daniel Webster, which belong as much to the permanent body of the *literature* of our language as any work it has ever produced; nor would it be easier to make good against Prescott and Bancroft, with many of our best political writers since the Revolution, any effective charge of imitation. They are strong-minded men, acquainted with the great works in all literature, and thereby able to avoid defective expression, but putting down independent thought in language sufficiently peculiar. It is true, also, that numbers of our fugitive poems are striking in themselves and fashioned after no particular foreign forms. With thus much of dissent, however, we commend the article to our readers and the sensitive public in general. It contains a great many truths, which we may as well at once learn to appreciate. We have certainly achieved, as a nation, a remarkable history. Our physical triumphs are acknowledged; and in most of the great departments of intellectual power, we need not hesitate to compare ourselves with other nations. But surely we ought to be wiser than to plume ourselves yet upon our literary position. We need have no doubts of our destiny in this respect; but we are young and can afford to wait a little for a reputation. Our original prose-writers as yet bear no proportion at all to the crowd of weak imitators; and as to poetry and poets, notwithstanding many delicate effusions, who does not know, that a National Poetic Literature was never yet built on fugitive pieces. A rock or two is generally found necessary for a corner stone. We are not forbid to admire them, just as we admire similar productions elsewhere—for beauty in all forms is always admirable. But we would have our “divine bards” take to themselves a little wide-reaching *invention*, before they scramble quite up to the tops of Parnassus, oust the musical gods from their own mossy seats, and get the bat-eyed critics around to shriek out—in querulous tiny voices—their several great names to the keen-sighted literary archers across the waters. The only answer likely to be returned is a sharp shaft whistling through the abdomen of some one of them, while engaged in gesticulating to the stars, and thinking no one but himself ever “did up” the heavens into verse. The truth is, our versifiers have been too much judged by each other. To quote from Holy Writ, “We, measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves among ourselves, are not wise.” We must come into the great field of all literature, and stand up beside the men of might that have arisen there at long intervals. If we fall short, we fall short. We are no advocates indeed of looking ever at certain great works as models,—for this is just the way to make ourselves imitators; but it is the design of this “Review” constantly to direct the attention of literary aspirants among us to those high *standards of Nature* on which those works themselves were fashioned. We have accomplished something in Letters; we have everything to hope for.—ED. AM. REV.]

It is Dryden, we think, who says, in one of his many proems in verse to other people's dramas, that in proportion as the accessories of an art grow perfect, the art itself is often seen to decline; for that, whereas, in an elder time, they wrote very bad prologues to very good plays, in his own day they wrote plays just as much worse as they wrote pro-

logues better. He (if he it was) was no bad illustration of that strong law of thought which his verse was, perhaps, the first to announce.

It strikes us as of far wider application than he meant to give it. As method advances, so, perhaps, the strictly creative power decays, in all those pursuits which depend upon the imagination and

\* “Sketches of the History of Literature, from the earliest period to the revival of Letters in the 15th century: By Wilkins Tannehill. Nashville, (Tenn.) 1827. Svo. 344 pp.

“Sketches of American Literature: By Samuel Knapp. New York. 1829.” Svo.

“Selections from the American Poets: By — Kettel. Boston. 1828.” 3 vols. Svo.

“The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia. 1842.” Svo.

“Discourses on the Progress of Science and Literature: By the Hon. Joseph Story, LL. D. Boston. 1836.”

the passions or affections. We greatly doubt whether, if examples be weighed, there can be found any great hope of good government after the moment when multitudes of men begin to write marvelous theories about it. It is clearly true that the perfection of popular eloquence has always, in free states, been the precursor, if not the token, of their speedy downfall; and certainly—as to our immediate subject—criticism, as a regular guide to art, has been almost always the harbinger of its decline.

Yet, on the other hand, bad criticism is far from always implying good, vigorous, inventive art; else the present century might well be supposed as unrivaled in this, as it is in that. If the prevalence of even refined criticism be usually hostile to the bolder forms of literary invention, that of a criticism utterly confused and wild must be still more fatal. To illustrate the matter once more, out of a kindred one: if the powers of neither Demosthenes nor Cicero could avert the overthrow of their commonwealths, it was little to be expected that the declaimers and rhetors who succeeded them should be able to rekindle the national fervors, which, perhaps, only by their growing difficulty to be awakened, had compelled the resort to a perfect art of eloquence. Men spoke as much worse in Quintilian's day than in Cicero's, as the former's treatise on oratory is completer than the latter's. Homer, probably, could not have written, for his life, as good an Art of Poetry as Horace's, or Vida's, or Boileau's, nor Michael Angelo such discourses on Painting as Sir Joshua Reynolds's.

The office of criticism, in a word, is rather conservative and repressive than anything else; to check the growth of ill taste in those who write or read without inspiration, rather than to teach those who have it; to guard a mature literature from direct corruption, rather than to infuse life and strength into one just forming itself. Genius teaches it, not it genius. Much more fit is it to unteach genius, as it will ever do, if genius quits its own instinctive impulses and perceptions to learn at second hand the frigid notions of art.

We take it, then, that the business of criticism, amid a young literature like ours, is, first of all, to inspire it with a manly spirit and the love of noble models, so far as models are wanted: and, secondly, to correct any casual tendency to merely imitative efforts, the chief danger

of lands in close communication with others more advanced in letters. These things being done, the farther career of the nation will depend upon the mass of those other causes which produce public greatness. If a wise and a high spirit, forming solid and pure institutions, beget freedom, nationality, the love of glory, and, as their consequence, eminence in arms, the softer arts that adorn civic superiority will follow, and shape a literature the proper and peculiar image of the people.

Towards all this, hardly anything, in our own country seems to us yet to tend. Amidst uncertain institutions, and a heterogeneous population, we have mainly but a feeble and an imitative literature, that servilely copies everything from abroad, and then seriously pretends to call its secondary inanities "an American Literature."

Admirers as we are of exceedingly little of the rapid book-fabrication of the present age, whether in our own or in other languages, we confess we never were able to conceive what they mean who talk of "an existing American Literature"—as if, perchance, it were to be desired that we should yet have among us a literature which was not English.

Have they who speak of such a thing, and who apparently think they are erecting it, any idea of what "a literature" is? Do they mean a new body and mode of thought? or a new vehicle, a new dialect, for the old ideas? Is the change to arise out of a greater refinement and cultivation? or is it, on the contrary, to spring from a return to simplicity—a banishment of artificial forms of life?

Obviously, none of these things are in their contemplation. They mean, of course, that there shall be a difference; but what is to create it, or wherein it is to consist, they have by no means given themselves the trouble to inquire. Apparently, they have no notion of any difference more absolute between what has heretofore been the literature of our tongue and that which they propose, than is to lie in the fact that they who write the latter *are to live in this country*, and, by dint of copying whatever happens for the moment to be the literary vogue in England, are to form "an American Literature."

Is there an American school of writers? None, certainly, unless they who degrade and vulgarize the tongue and the taste of

the country by performances, the whole merit of which consists in their adoption of a particular local slang (such as was employed in Major Jack Downing's Letters, or in the lucubrations of Sam Slick) are the models of a new and noble literature that is to be for us. When these things shall found for us a learning, the Ethiopian Minstrels will create for us a Music, and the disciples of Jim Crow a Theatre of our own.

None but such as those just mentioned, can be said to have produced either verse or prose among us, except upon the most absolutely foreign models; and our writers have succeeded just in proportion as they have written in the genius of the mother tongue. To take our chief examples of those who *have* a literary merit: Dr. Franklin—on the whole, one of the very best and purest of our writers—obviously formed himself upon what may be called the Addisonian style, its simple and concise elegance. Nobody among us, except Prescott of late, has equaled him in vigorous, unaffected English. Next in order of time, come the political prose writers of the Revolution; at the head of whom must be placed Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, since *The Federalist*—though done with no thought of giving it a literary merit—is really the best performance of its day, in the general correctness and vigor of its style. The elder Adams, President Washington and Mr. Jefferson, have the same general characteristics; but the first two in much the greater degree; since, on the whole, they attempted less to be fine writers, without attaining it, than did the sage of Monticello. Their style and thoughts are always upon a level, and therefore good in the main; while in his, the one is too often trying to get the better of the other. All these we mention, not because a literary value is usually assigned them, but because, by really thinking little of that, and having in themselves a purpose, a business, and being unaffected with the coxcombrity of eloquence and fine-writing, they contrived to be, as authors, far better than nearly all the subsequent people who had nothing else to do but to be writers, and to attend to their style. They all wrote good, sound, plain, old-fashioned English—by dint of sense, not scholarship.

After these came those of the Salmandundi school—imitators entirely of the English Essayists; but, as imitators, by no means equal to many transat-

lantic ones. Of these, however, *one*, Mr. Washington Irving, has emerged to a higher and peculiar merit. Still, in his best performances, nothing can be more English than he is—nay, English upon special models the most visible: for he is the closest copyist of Mackenzie and Goldsmith. Wherever he has written upon a different taste—as in his *Life of Columbus* and *Conquest of Granada*—his *style* is a failure.

After him came Mr. Fennimore Cooper; of whom little more need be said than that he is confessedly the pupil of Walter Scott. His subjects only were American; and these were, as to conception, narrative, the graphic and the dramatic power, happily hit off, as to whatever could affect the mere story-devouring reader, but their simple literary merit is small. His *style* has no great elegance or originality. Except where rapidity of incidents hurries him on, it is all the while either flat or taudry: it creeps, or it goes on immeasurable stilts.

As prose-writers, these must be the chief of those in favor of whom has been set up the idea of an American literature; for these were our leading authors when this notion began, as of a school already existing; and if, since then, others of merit have been added to the roll of our writers, it is clear that they too have struck out no new mode of taste, no new track of literary excellence. Channing has since figured, and Prescott has lately come forward: but in neither is there anything to distinguish them, except as less American, if by American, is meant in our authorship something that is not English.

So much for prose, then. And now, as to verse, is there anything more original? Have we found a new set of Muses, or some new-foaled Pegasian colt, on whose back nobody ever sat before?

Let us see. If we were not particularly strong in prose (the lesser difficulty) we were like not to be stronger in poetry, the greater. If we could not sketch, it is hardly to be supposed that we were great at history-painting.

Shall we go back to our first poets, Mrs. Bradstreet, Cotton Mather, and their co-evals, whose verse was the saddest and most barbarous dissonance that ever insulted the Nine? Why, in comparison with them, Sternhold and Hopkins (those mighty translators) were "tunefull," and Isaac Watts festive and graceful. Of originality, they had not an atom, nor

even taste enough to save them from being the mere imitators of the most deplorable poets that the world ever saw—Quarles, Settle, and all that figured, or were worthy to figure, in *McFlecknoe* and the *Dunciad*. Of the bards of some other ages, it has been possible to say that they left *not a good poem* behind them; but of these alone could it be declared (as it justly may), that they left *not a good line*.

To these may be said to have succeeded the poets of the Revolution—the Dwights, Trumbulls, Barlows, Hopkinsons, &c., whose productions were chiefly of a political cast. We need scarcely say that these have not the smallest pretension to originality. The most famous of their productions (the *Columbiad*) is certainly one of the most execrable performances that mankind ever stopped their ears at. It is even worse than what was evidently its model, the poems of Dr. Darwin; and was, for the time, (for ill taste is quite as perennial, and as native in England as in this country) as successful as “the *Temple of Nature*” then was, or as “the *Course of Time*” has since been. “*McFingal*” had more merit, but was a direct copy of *Hudibras*, which is not hard to copy, except in its wit.

Next in order came a great body of writers of fugitive pieces, chiefly patriotic—odes, especially, of all sorts and sizes, interspersed, occasionally, with a terrible epic—all monuments (happily anything but eternal) of the absence, then, of anything like poetic taste among us. For the greater part, they were little else than attempts to put the “*Declaration of Independence*” and the *Federal Constitution*, or the *Bill of Rights*, or *Tom Paine’s* works, or *Curran’s* *Speeches*, or *Emmett’s* *Address*, or *Counsellor Phillip’s* *Orations*, into rhyme. Among them all, it would be difficult to point to one surviving piece, of merit enough to pass into the permanent body of English poetry.

Then followed the *Pierponts*, the *Spragues*, the *Percivals*, and others of about twenty years since—feeble and loose imitators of *Pope*, *Dryden*, *Spenser*, *Cowley*, *Gray*. Of them, it is enough to say that they wrote mostly neither from nature nor art; they drew from secondary sources, and worked with secondary skill, like limners who had never draughted a human figure, but painted after other people’s pictures. It is in this

way that ninety-nine of the hundred compose; they have really no emotion, no thought of their own, but think or feel in the impressions transmitted to them from nature through the genius of others; and hence it is that we have, in the present age, such quantities of poets, not informed and animated with a passion of their own, an imagination kindled from the fiery chariot of the day itself, but one lit up, at second hand, from the torch brought down to earth for them by some poetic *Prometheus*.

Shall we proceed to the “*American Poets*,” as they are called, of our own day? Dare we?

In Politics, all know how many truths there are which the public (enlightened and liberal as it claims to be) will not bear to have uttered—which, indeed, it will suffer infinitely less than falsehood, the most enormous. In literature, on the contrary, where there is (or should be) no passion, no prejudice, no party, one would think that the plain, necessary, useful truth might always be pronounced with impunity: but by no means: there are, on all sides and in everything, folks whom falsehood profits; while the multitude of those who, upon the whole, prefer to go easily on in old error, undisturbed by any intrusive face of a new truth, is endless. We ourselves have ventured, at times, to be exceedingly sincere in Letters, by way of compensating ourselves on that side at least for the duration of the thoughts in which we of the Press, that illuminate every thing, are kept on nearly all other matters. But when we have spoken out, we have usually found that exceedingly few were at all obliged to us; while we positively and directly offended the entire body of that vast and powerful literary interest, the blockheads.

We will not, and we cannot, then, specify; but must consult our own safety, and deal in generalities, such as will permit no chafed contemporary to bristle up and say that we meant him.

Have we, then, among the living poets of this country, any one who has founded a school, a poetic sect of his own? Nobody can for one instant suppose it. Not one of them can be soberly imagined to rise to equality with *Moore*, or *Campbell*, or *Coleridge*; and what are these in comparison with the great names of English verse?

Poets, you call ours: but where is the *poem* they have produced? It is not a

strain of a hundred verses that, even when good, makes a poet. There must be continuity, scope for variety of powers. Fugitive pieces no more make the poet than portraits the painter. Certainly Petrarch, by dint of sonnets, has won the name of poet: but what sonnets! Besides, their number, the unity of theme, the singular and beautiful invention of so many upon one single subject, constitute them in some sort a single and almost matchless love-poem. But they have no action; and action, after all, is as much the essence of the highest poetry as Demosthenes said it was of the highest eloquence. How far, therefore, does not Petrarch fall below Dante, and Ariosto, and Tasso! In like manner of Gray: with all his matchless perfection of short pieces, full of the most finished beauties and rising even to the sublime of lyric verse, he can scarcely be called a *great* poet; longer-sustained efforts, a greater variety, a plan and a scope calling forth a fuller invention and action can alone confer that loftiest title of human thought. He has given us gems; but what is the gem-cutter to a Phidias?

To come, however, to something more tangible, to particulars: which of our poets has produced a poem equal in any respect to the "Traveller" or to the "Deserted Village," of Goldsmith? None. Who of them will match Campbell's "Gertrude" or "O'Conner's Child?" None, again. Crabbe is certainly a very humble poet: but can anything be shown for the American poets better than the "Tales of the Hall" or the "Borough?" Scott, except in a few bright passages (the battle in Marmion, that other in the Lady of the Lake, and the opening of one of the Cantos in the Lay of the last Minstrel) is hardly more than a ballad-maker: yet who of the school in question can be set against him? Surely if you would pair with a Columbian rival either Southey or Coleridge or Keats or Moore, or even Proctor, you would be puzzled; and how far is it from such to Byron, Burns, Wordsworth, and Shelley? This is, of course, the only way to settle pretensions and pretenders—to come to particulars and parallel. Piece for piece, where are the poems to be matched with others even of this exhausted day of English poetry? Halleck, Longfellow, and Bryant are certainly the pride of all American verse; they rise far above all the rest: yet who will venture to say that one of them comes to the height of Thompson, or

Collins, or Gray, or Akenside? and what are these, measured with the great poets of our own or other tongues?

Since, as we have said, poems must be tried not a little by their length, because there must in them be scope for action and a various invention, such pieces as Mr. Bryant's are to be placed in a class for which there is no designation so appropriate as "Effusions." They are rather poetic gleams than poetry: they show one who has poetic thoughts, but not the poet. He is the inspired amateur, not the inspired artist whose strenuous powers impel him to mighty performances. As artistic efforts even, he has not sought for his verse those more difficult forms of harmonious mechanism, which must be called in to lend to the Minor Poem the charm of consummate artifice. Though his rhythm is melodious, yet it is confined, where successful, to such measures as are perfectly common-place. One or two very happily executed pieces of blank verse, he has given us (as the "Thanatopsis") which have won high, but ill-judged praise: for what are they but specimens or exercises of versification? Nothing can be more ridiculous than a short poem in blank verse. Its stateliness, its solemn cadences, its majestic flow and force imply grandeur and continuity of subject, and make it fit for heroic use alone.

Perhaps we should speak of Drake, whose "Culprit Fay" has won, in our domestic criticism, rapturous encomium. It was thought highly imaginative and elegant. Now, there are folks for whom sylphs, and nymphs, and gnomes, and fairies, mixed with a due quantity of flowers, and odors, and moonshine, and a star or meteor, or so, make, with no further help than that of a witch, a tempest, a sprinkle of monsters, a few hideous reptiles, and a little ornithology, conchology and entomology, a divine body of fancies. Such, it strikes us, is this new Nymphidia, destitute of everything like airy and elegant invention, a lifeless piece of ingenuity, in a vehicle of verse the tamest. They who thought it fine could surely never have read the "Mid-Summer's Night Dream," nor "Comus," nor the "Rape of the Lock," nor even "Paradise and the Peri," or the "Paradise of Coquettes." What is the design of the thing? Has it any? It is not an Allegory, it is not an Action. It paints the passions of ethereal beings that we only conceive of as having none. Nay,

worse : Dr. Drake, to make a poem, has taken what the Poetic Art calls Machinery only, and left out the Actors altogether. Ethereal existences have no place in poetry but as adjuncts to human passion, the basis; and the Loves of the Sylphs are no more capable of affecting us than those of the Plants or the Triangles.

One final class remains to be spoken of—that of our poets distinguished from the rest by their sex—the successors of Mrs. Bradstreet—the gentle ones who write in America, for no visible reason but that Mrs. Hemans had, almost equally without asking leave of the Muses, written in England.

Action, we have said, must be the subject of all Art, in its greater efforts, whether plastic or literary; and Passion, the expressive part of Action—that which animates and informs it—that which, in the lineaments and the speech, reveals the agitations that accompany it and awaken like ones in ourselves—must ever be the other great twin-object of all the higher creations of the Imagination. Next to the power which performs great deeds comes that which is capable fitly to celebrate them, and Genius, among things merely human, rises nearest to the mightiness of Heroism itself. Swift has, indeed, but little exaggerated, if at all, when he says,

Not empire to the rising sun  
By valor, conduct, fortune won ;  
Not highest wisdom in debates  
For framing laws to govern states ;  
Not skill in sciences profound  
So large to grasp the circle round,  
Such heav'nly influence require  
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

A strength of the imagination scarcely less than the vigor of Action itself; a soul filled with a kindred magnanimity; high passions that kindle up, over things noble or beautiful, into the bright thoughts that may give an image of them; a nature at once delicately susceptible and strong; a boundless fertility of the creative power; a mind imbued with the graceful and sweet; the dramatic, the picturesque and the didactic faculties all at command; a compass and a mastery of language and of sound that can match every necessity of the thought and aid it with each appropriate resort and charm of rhythm—these must be the gifts of Nature to the great poet; and these gifts he must have besides perfected, as far as the age in which he lives permits, by a cultivation as rare.

In a word, Poetry, in all its nobler forms, is of things the most strenuous and manly. The habits, the very organization of the softer sex forbid excellence in it. Women, accordingly, have never written poetry of the higher order. Indeed, they have scarcely ever written at all, except in that universal rage for Literature, which almost always attends its decline, when all turn authors, and so many write that none are left to read but those who cannot spell. At such times, women write—less because they can, than because the men cannot. In a word, what Lord Byron (except in his partiality to Moore's meretricious verse, the best critic of poetry in his day,) has said of feminine tragedy is equally true of everything else that calls for strong passion, vigorous thought and severe labor. He says, in one of his letters to Moore describing the theatric damnation of (we believe) one of Mrs. Norton's or Mrs. Hemans' pieces,

“Women (saving Joanna Bailie) cannot write tragedy: they have not seen enough nor felt enough of life for it. I think Semiramis or Catherine II. might have written (could they have been unqueened) a rare play.”

This last remark is the whole critical truth; the woman who writes with vehemence must have unqueened, have unsexed herself, have known stormier and more various passions than her softer nature can bear without the forfeiture of things in her diviner than any glory of the intellect. Nature—happily careful of her fairest work—has fenced her within the crystal sphere of domestic life, from the stir, the thrill, the athletic contest of the outer world. Bright creature as she is of the affections only, the gracious inhabitant of a fairy land of the heart, which men visit but by permission and for repose, what has she to do with heroism? Is it not enough that she prompts it in men? She has beauty: must she have strength, too? She has grace: would she unite with it its opposite, the strenuous gift of labor? Will she be at once gentle and fierce, timid and brave? Or, shall she, without renouncing her peerless crown of Modesty—a charm of her sex, more powerful than sovereign Beauty itself—enter the naked arena of manly rivalry and aspire to Modesty's opposite, Fame?

Should she, however, attempt it, the examples are not encouraging. Among the many glories of classic song and elo-

quence, we have two odes and some fragments of Sappho, to weigh against her shame; while of Aspasia nothing remains but the reputation of her debaucheries. In the modern world, Eloisa is surely no very enviable instance. The compositions that made the fair Mantuan, Julia Gonzaga, the wonder of her times, are utterly forgotten. Madame de Sevigné, the most charming name of all, wrote only letters, and without a thought of their being ever published. Lady Mary Wortley Montague died with no reputation left but that of an authoress. The learned Dacier is said to have been a slattern and a scold. Madame de Genlis is thought to have preached not amiss, but to have practiced a little less well. Mrs. Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth were worthy people, but drew out a much longer thread of ancient spinstership than most fair ones would like to twist. Miss Joanna Baillie's domestic fate was the same. Wise, however, were these three not to marry, if they must write; for Hymen turns not, with much household comfort, into a pen that useful torch of his—the symbol of soups and roasts and fricasees—that maketh the pot to boil.

Now, of all these, and of others in our day their inferiors far, what have we, verse or prose, except the Letters of Sevigné and those of Lady Mary, that rises to any parallel with the best performances in that branch of literature to which it belongs? Nothing, evidently. It is strictly true that the entire mass of what female authorship has produced, might be struck out of existence without ever being missed in the permanent learning of the world. None of the works of genius have been produced by women. They have, evidently, as occasional Amazons, distinguished themselves quite as much in arms as in letters: she that strove with Theseus, or the Roman Clelia, or Joan of Arc and the maid of Saragossa, have left names in war more permanent than any of the milder heroines of pen and ink have left in literature; surely, then, it were quite as fit to encourage ladies to enlist in the Horse Guards, or line, and aspire to be sexual monsters of bravery, as to aim to be wonders in authorship.

To obtain these most inconsiderable results, subordinate in even the inferior parts of letters (for they are confined almost entirely to fugitive poetry, prose, fiction, memoirs, epistles, travels, and a little half-grown drama) what must we

not sacrifice? Two of the chief embellishments of life: for one sex, a manly and severe literature; for the other, that perfect delicacy which makes the woman *all within*, as the man should be *all without*; for their spheres are utterly different, and cannot mix: neither can be the rival of the other. Of the one, all the faculties tend to action; of the other, to the affections. In their exercise, they cannot, and do not coalesce, except (as we have already intimated) in those periods of thought when both have degenerated, and women begin to aspire (if that is aspiring) to be the competitors of the masculine arts, only because those arts are sinking into effeminacy.

Harsh words, hard truths, these may sound to the softer sex—that wish so much to be soft no longer—and rude to their abettors, the carpet-knights of literature, to whom—living among silks and essences, and flowers—it is, at most, a matter of the tilt-yard, and of its guerdons of gloves and garlands, not the rough game of war itself, that deals blows, not compliments, and wins not holiday chaplets and imitated renown—the easy interchange of dame and squire—but laurel and eternal palm, such as grow not in the flower-pots of a boudoir, or are forced in the conservatories of fashion, but must be plucked in the stoutly disputed field, amidst sweat and blood, the waving of torn banners, not perfumed pocket-handkerchiefs, and the glancing, not of bright eyes, but of blade and bayonet.

Certainly, there prevaileth, just now, a grand and glorious idea, not only that the human race at large is about to accomplish a multitude of great things heretofore unheard of, such as by their magnitude shall make all glories of the past obscure and trivial, but that, in this new and mightier order of matters intellectual, woman, rising into the condition of a sort of feminine man—the victim no longer of an education of dolls and samplers, flower and furbelow, strumming and rigadon—shall seize at last what the pride or artifice of the bearded sex has too long withheld, and vindicate her equality in all things, preserving perfectly, meantime, her superiority in whatever conferred upon her, in rude days even, a natural empire. The eye shall judge of her no longer, nor make its idol of merely outward charms; but that iniquitous award of the Dardan shepherd shall be set aside forever, and the golden apple be assigned by every future Paris, not

to the gay queen of smiles, and graces, and desire, but to sober Minerva, a little hard-featured, of rectangular limbs, bearing before her the worse than Gorgonian terrors of a diploma from some she-university, and enriching her natural gifts of ugliness with a disputatious tongue, the attire of a slattern, and the propensities of a pedant. "The age of chivalry is over" (quoth Burke) for men; so is that of cheesecakes for women; and beauty, and softness, and reserve, those strange superstitions of ignorant times, are presently to fall, as to all ascendancy, into the category of things obsolete. Manliness, to be sure, is on the decline; but gallantry is nevertheless advancing—a new gallantry, of the head, not the heart, that is to render homage no longer to weakness, but to strength—to learning, not loveliness—to woman not as a feebler and purer sex, the refuge and the charm of life and its contests, but their incessant and well-matched rival.

Now, if the New Education is to effect all this for woman, we can only say that a very small additional tincture of masculine arts—got for show, not practice—is to accomplish for her wonders utterly beyond any results ever witnessed in the other sex. The utmost attainments of women, as a mass, under the new system of scientific or literary institutions for them, are, and we trust will ever be, a basis utterly inadequate for anything of learned or original performance. There may be a few exceptions, but they are of unhappy persons, imperfect in the instincts, and without the organization of either man or woman. In general, it may be strictly said that the boy of the upper form of a good school may well, for anything in solidity of knowledge, smile at the utmost science or philology of the other sex. In truth, their minds are as unlike as their very bodies; and so all know that have ever taught both. The girl, with a livelier impressibility, and a greater power of seizing the obvious, and of communicating her ideas, seems always to have learnt more, and the boy less, than is the fact. She is rarely able to reach, by the efforts of study, far beyond what, by a sort of divination proper to her sex, she apprehended at the first glance. The one has delicacy of tissue and of perception; the other, strength and endurance; so that their powers of application, of reflection, of that continuous and all-subduing labor, on which everything that is to be con-

summate depends, are entirely unlike. Besides all this, an abundant difference is farther brought about by this—that knowledge is to one a mere decoration, while it is to the other an instrument and a necessity.

It is for these that men study science, for instance. Thus learnt, it is, to them, not a mere vanity, but a possession, a practical power; whether to wield the mechanic forces, and hold, by the strength of knowledge, the very elements at command; to pierce far into the bosom of the earth and win its mineral wealth; to span the vast distances of the skies, and trace with unerring precision their mighty mechanism; in airy vehicles to scale the very clouds, higher than the bird itself, unless of the very strongest wing, can venture; to conduct in safety along the perilous bosom of the deep, the merchantman, rich laden with the spoils of the shore, or those great fabrics of war, the hugest and most terrible efforts of human ingenuity: or they rear the tall column and well-proportioned pile; cleave the hill for the winding canal and rapid iron way; and shape the animated marble, or breathe expression into the canvas.

Such, however, are not the feminine tasks nor destiny. It is to soften to the more laborious sex these austerer pursuits—to sweeten life with the affections—to shed over it gaiety and grace and elegance—to be the charm of its moments of ease, the soother of its pains,—the ornament, the aid of its privacy, the domestic magnet to which the heart, no matter on what ocean of troubles tossed, forever turns; it is to be the silken bond which holds men together in society, that woman is born. For her, whatever can temper the ruder spirits of men out of the agitations and conflict of the great world into the quiet happiness of private life, is fittest and most natural. Her different being is meant, not to rival his, but, by its very diversity, to blend with it, and to complete by that union the circle of the faculties. Would you, enamored of some new distribution of human qualities, wiser, far, than that of Nature—attempt to bestow, by education, upon either sex, some leading attribute of the other—as energy and hardihood upon the woman, pliancy and delicacy upon the man! Go, mighty re-maker of Nature by journey-work, and see if you will not have turned "Heaven's last, best gift" into a whole sex of viragos, and her sterner mate and lord into a paltry thing of no gender at all! Both will, by

any such interchange, be unsexed as to what is excellent in each; and neither will have attained, except in the most imperfect degree, that which formed an appropriate praise for the other.

Now, all this, certainly, is but the simplest common sense, and perfectly known to all men with manly heads, to all women with womanly breasts. But what then? The good old war of wit with folly is still to be waged, no matter how often won; for the one is as immortal as the other. We hear men continually say that Pope was a fool, and somewhat merciless into the bargain, to fall upon the blockheads of his day and commit that grand massacre of the innocents, his Dunciad. Of this, the English is, that after a battle, men are usually able to tell that they who were put to the sword were the weaker party. Yet, before the irritated bard took that sanguinary vengeance, Blackmore was in esteem; Dennis sat a sort of Rhadamanthus of criticism, acknowledged by more than half the world; and a court itself had conferred such honors to poetry as it could award on Cibber, in preference to him of Twickenham! Sporus and Spondanus, Bavus and Mavius, could seem in their times Homers and Virgils and Horaces, until the angry Muses, abandoning each her proper instrument of sound, fell upon them with the scourge of satire and left them forever sacred spectacles of insulted sense. Dante was driven into exile, not (we may well imagine) by the blockheads of politics alone; Ariosto and Tasso were far less than honored by courts, which, affecting the praise of encouraging letters, caressed many a dunce. Voltaire was compelled to stoop to a war with Fréron; Milton, surviving his contemporary popularity, found, with much ado a stationer; Dryden was, until he burst out in his *Mac Flecnoe*, worsted by the poppy-shedding *Shadwell*; and *Della Crusca* and fiddle-faddle, like that now prevailing, reigned, until *Gifford* once more called back the public sense from the sweet inanity that it had learnt to love. In a word, the fight, it won, has still to be renewed:

“For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.”

Even in the moment of its extermination, ill taste springs up, with often but a ranker growth for your having swept it down with the scythe. Seldom, indeed, has any age failed to prefer to whatever is purest the literary enormities or crudities to which its own prevailing vices of

the mind impelled the commonplace author; and it is for this reason more than all others that the temporary success of writers is, for the greater part, in inverse proportion to that which makes them not of their age-genius.

Eras of a corrupt and feeble literature, like that in the midst of which we now are, occur naturally, through influences arising out of Literature upon itself; or, more artificially and violently, out of causes lying beyond it, in changes of the society of which that literature must ever be, in the main, an image, an expression. We will proceed with these, inverting the order in which we have mentioned them.

An original literature implies a race either not derivative from another since its refinement had reached the point of literary cultivation; or one which, if secondary, has, in new seats, under a new body of influences, formed for itself a fresh and complete identity of its own. Now, we are not the first of these; nor, though tending to it, have we yet become the second. Until our language—which has, we suspect, passed through all the structural changes of which it is capable—shall have taken a new genius and other forms, growing into quite a different dialect, our future Letters must be the same, at least in their vehicle, the instrument of speech they are to use. As yet, too, the mass of our individuality, so far as we have any, is English. Our ancestral memories, except those which (however bright) are, if not too few, yet too little remote greatly to affect the imagination, are but such as we nourish in common with England—of Alfred, of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of Cressy, of Poitiers, of Naseby and of Worcester—of what Shakespeare tells, of what Milton defended. What but a long line of glories of our own can ever efface these impressions? Until we have that, you might as well wish that the Greek colonies of Sicily, or Magna Gracia, or Cyrene could have forgotten Homer's heroes and battles, Ilium and Scamander, and Silver Simois, for some local champion, some small fight, some neighboring stream of their own. Of these things, the very monuments, and what must probably always be the monuments of our tongue, are full: they must crumble, then, or loftier ones be built for us, before they can cease to be to us that great Thought of the Past, that Religion of the Memory, which affects men as a race.

Our laws, too, and our very politics

breathe scarcely less than our historic recollections and all our literary associations of the mother-country. In a word, though we have altered much, it is as yet chiefly either such things (political forms) as have, unless in extreme cases, little to do with literature; or we have altered unfavorably for it; or, where more advantageous, the change has yet had too little time to create new modes of thought.

As yet, then, there are not causes, external to literature, which, acting upon it, can, unless very slowly, displace that which we inherit and give us a new one. And now of those agencies from within themselves, which continually modify Letters everywhere, and have given and may yet long continue to give to ours their particular character.

Naturally, the bright and creative eras of strict Literature (not Learning or Science,) like those of the Imaginative Arts, bring after them each its period of tamedness and imitation. The greatness too closely present dazzles men: it becomes the general model: all imitate, the greater part most servilely: they turn copyists, not of Nature, but of her copyist: in the admiration which has grown into an enthusiasm, even they of genius enough to have created for themselves—they who can feel the great poets' or other great artists' work—study him too much, learn to think with his thoughts; while they who cannot feel him, but perceive only that others do, copy him minutely, reproducing not his ideas, but their very expression.

Then ensues another part of the process of deterioration in letters and art. A great and a creative genius has given to the one or the other a sudden glory; all minds become warmed by it: a sensibility to his productions spreads even to those in whom that sensibility is but an imitative, a fictitious one: a multitude of imitators start up; the literature or the art takes the form of a mere school; its founder takes the place of Nature, in the imagination of his day—his method becomes the rule—his style, his diction, his handling (as the painters call it) must be used, in order to please, for he has grown into men's fancies, associations, and, to give delight, everything must recall him. But as a man's individuality is found in defects as well as beauties, the faults of the great writer often become beauties to his school; \* and, being more

easily copied than calm, still excellencies, are reproduced without end. At first, he will have given a great impulse to the mind and the taste of his day; but presently comes, by the law of compensations, an injury to both. If he be a poet, (to confine ourselves to a single sort of example) he must have enriched his language in its expressive, its picturesque, and its harmonious forms, and, in a word, added greatly for it to that dialect of the fancy and the senses, the mere terms of which, come, by and by, to have the power of producing in us, apart from their meaning, the pleasure, the sensation of poetry. No sooner has this happened, than you begin to have a sort of conventional verse, that breathes no thought, no imagination of its own, but pleases only because it has that diction, those sounds, the forms and the vocabulary, which have acquired for us a charm, and by the mere association with former emotions, affect us as poetry, though in reality but its jargon, when thus employed. At first, this answers well enough; but soon the poetic dialect, continually hacknied in sing-song, forfeits by abuse its power to please, and is degraded back into a common-place at which one stops his ears, just as at the most charming air, when all the street-organs have come to grind it. Thus is it that the bard builds up a tongue of his own, a language of the gods, such as Homer talks of; and thus, as soon as blockheads begin to jabber it, must it be abandoned, and a new one created by other great poets. The process which we have explained describes, as we think, a great part of what is now going on, and almost finished, in the literary world of the present. It seems to us to have degraded, almost to the point of extinction, the literary forms which it has heretofore employed.

Still there is some comfort. Verse is getting into a disrepute which delights us. There is nothing of which a London or a New York bookseller is so shy. Shortly, we trust to see it abandoned to tailors and man-milliners, as congenial to their pursuits alone, and employed to popularize (as it is already adequately doing) patent blacking, hoarhound candy, and quack medicines. They who rhyme upon these themes give us hopes, for they are the only ones we see who are equal to their subjects.

\* Look, for instance, at those collections entitled "Beauties" of Shakspeare, and others; usually gathered, one might think, as examples of hyperbole, exaggeration and of ill taste in every form.

## PRUSSIAN EMPIRE.

THERE are men that rise from time to time, who, to ordinary vision, are so entirely above their species collectively, as in ages of ignorance to be regarded as special productions of supreme power. When, however, we have the means and patience, and also freedom from prejudice, to analyse the social condition of such men, we find them individually the children of their age. No man can be great without great coactors. They are, and cannot be else, than the salient characters of their time and nation—those men who have given their names to epochs; who have coördinated the elements placed at their disposal. Human life has no doubt abounded with infinitely more of such spirits, than were ever developed by events. The great man is, therefore, only the exponent of a series of actions; he is the attractive and directing centre of power, as necessary to order and success, as is the sun in the system of which the earth is a part. And following up the spirit of the comparison, the great man must follow, direct, and understand the tendency of the society of which, great as he may be, he is only an element. The real grandeur of mind, which has given such celebrity to a few individuals who have placed their names in letters of light in the pages of history, arose from their due appreciation of the mission they were called to fulfil. Such, in an eminent degree, were Peter I., of Russia, Frederic II., of Prussia, and Washington, of the United States.

The reverse of the tablet of history exhibits examples of far more frequent occurrence—men, who, with unbounded means of benefitting their fellow men, yet utterly wasted those advantages as scourges of their own and neighboring nations. Splendid as were his talents, and compensating as were many of his acts, Napoleon must ever stand in this latter category—a list, indeed, so comparatively numerous as to induce mankind too often to confound their benefactors with their oppressors. If human nature produces any one character more than any other deserving of detestation, it is the mere conqueror. Such a man was Charles XII., of Sweden, and such,

as regarded by too many who really have read history, was Frederic II. of Prussia. "The Tyrant Frederic," was heard on the floor of the Congress of the United States, from the mouth of a Member of that body, during the last session. It is time that a more discriminating and liberal knowledge of historical facts should prevail, and prevent our legislators from enforcing their logic by retailing stale epithets on the only monarch then in Europe who appreciated the causes which produced, and approved the occurrence of that great Revolution, which gave national existence to their country.

Few are those persons, even in Europe, who are yet aware of the salutary effect on the world of the rise of the Prussian monarchy. In itself, from the long chain of causes and the effects of those causes, through more than six centuries, the history of no other nation of the earth is more attractive and instructive than is that of Prussia. Heeren, one among the most discriminating of modern historians, regards, and with justice, Prussia as the connecting link between Northern and Southern Europe. The very confined limits of an essay in a monthly periodical, would preclude any adequate detail of the facts in Prussian history, which could spread before the reader the whole canvas; but such general views can be given as to awaken a more careful attention to a progress so rich in results, not alone to Prussia, but to the whole civilized world.

Before entering on the special history of Prussia, let us turn for a few moments to a general view of that great people who have had, and ever must have, a most commanding influence over the destiny of mankind.

It is a very remarkable fact, that Germany, to which the name of Teutonia would be much more appropriate, has never been, for any considerable time, even partially, and never at any time completely subjugated, by foreign power.\* We cannot regard the Franks as foreigners to the Germans, since the former had themselves a Teutonic origin. We may, without fear of wounding historical truth, say, that all that vast extent of country

\* Paganel's Frederic The Great.

situated between the Rhine, the Danube and the Elbe, has been inhabited by a people, who, in all past ages, have maintained themselves independent, homogeneous, and truly Germanic, or Teuton. Unconquerable by the Romans, it was inhabited, from the Christian Era to the foundation of the great Frank monarchy, only by Franks, Allemains, Saxons, Boyens, or Bavarians, Thuringians, Frisons, and other fragments of the great Germanic mass. All the sovereigns, by whatever title, were German.

During the seventh and eighth centuries, Germany formed part of the Frank monarchy, and during two hundred years was governed, conjointly with or separate from France, by Frank (German) kings of the Carlovingian family. But, as already stated, all the chiefs were Teutonic. Charlemagne and his son, Louis I., masters as they were of both France and Germany, considered the latter as their country, and in it spent the far greater portion of their reigns. France and Germany were separated by the Treaty of Veretim, A. D. 843, and Germany left subject to its own Teuton monarchs to the extinction of the Carlovingian house. From that epoch, A. D. 911, at the election of Conrad I. that country (Germany) through upwards of nine centuries, has been subject only to native monarchs; as for examples, the houses of Saxony, Franconia, Suabia, Luxemburg, Bavaria, and Austria.

During this long series of ages, the Teuton nation re-conquered its ancient possessions, wherever or by whomsoever possessed, and from the Alps, beyond the Rhine and Elbe, and towards the Vistula, all was, and remains, German. With their domination, the nation sustained and purified their noble language. The triumphant ensigns were borne into Italy, and slowly rose that imposing confederation, which, down to 1806, bore the title of the German Empire.

“From whence came this mighty people?”—This question must forever remain unanswered to any certainty; but the character of the people is an established truth. History has recorded—what existing facts prove—that patriotism, rough and rude as their climate, that unconquerable bravery, which, through past ages, has preserved free and unstained, the Old Germany, and poured forth those swarms that trampled the Roman legions and ensigns in the dust, and gave new names to nations, and

new divisions of power. By their agency was formed the kingdoms of France, Spain, England, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Swiss Cantons, and most of the states of Italy, and now, in the nineteenth century, under the name of Anglo-Saxon, are spreading over North America.

The early history of the Germans is lost in the morning mist of time. More ardent in the formation of material than placing on record facts, they issued to light from the lamp of their enemies, and their first appearance promised what has been fully sustained—gradually emerging from chaos as they came in contact with the Romans. Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Tacitus, and their own most early historian, Jornandes, have left on record details on their manners, religion, and government.

Though at various times vanquished at different points of their territory, but never conquered, Germans, in all rational probability, have inhabited, from ages far behind the recorded history, the country to which the name Teutonia ought to be applied. The Teuton language, with inevitable mutations preserves its identity. The names of persons, rivers, mountains, and other objects to which names were given at the infancy of society, preserve in this remarkable country, with very little variation, the orthography found in Cæsar, Pliny, Ptolemy, and Strabo. Such is the case with the Rhine, Danube, Weser, Elbe, Ems, Lippe, Main, Neckar, Sale, Oder and Vistula; and we might, were it necessary, adduce proofs equally conclusive, in the names of persons; but we proceed to a conclusion supported by all history, that the Teutons, or Germans, may be regarded as aborigines, as far as human testimony can penetrate, and now, with all the changes produced by time and civilization, presenting family features, modified, but radically ineffaceable.

Such was and is Germany; and among the subdivisions of a region so extensive, if any part, from the harshness of its climate and sterility of soil, seemed doomed to eternal obscurity, poverty, and barbarism, it was Brandenburg. Yet it was this stern region which became the cradle of the Prussian monarchy. Brandenburg, Prussia, and Pomerania, remained indeed barbarous, in some respects savage, much longer than did Southern Germany. When we see Prussia in its actual state, we can with difficulty give credit to facts, too well authenticated, nevertheless, to be doubted. Towards

the commencement of the thirteenth century of our era, idolatry, and even human sacrifices had not ceased in those countries. Odin, Tuisto, Man, and Imnensul, were the principal divinities of these ferocious men. With them, fearless bravery in war was the highest estimation of man. Paradise was his reward, and perdition the punishment of the timid. They eat flesh raw, and drank the blood of the horse. Language fails to depict the rage and devastation with which they carried on war. At once cruel and superstitious, their prisoners were sacrificed to their idols. It was to repress or destroy these hordes that the German knights were employed.

Long previous, however, to the Crusades into Western Asia, where, as we shall see in the sequel, the Teutonic order originated, Christian missionaries had penetrated into Prussia. St. Adalbert, bishop of Prague, was the first of these pious pioneers of Christianity, and about A. D. 997, received as reward from those he endeavored to convert, the crown of martyrdom.

In the Crusades carried on from western Europe, though the principal actors were French, many numerous armies of Germans went also to the East. These armies, transported from a cold climate to one of intense summer heat, were at the same time exposed to, and susceptible to contract, diseases of the nature of which they were ignorant. This new and distressful condition gave origin to rude hospitals. Some humane citizens of Bremen and Lubec, who had sailed to Palestine as merchants, struck with the misery and wretchedness of their sick and wounded countrymen, united themselves into a kind of society, to whom were joined many German officers, and thus gradually assumed the form of a complex association, the objects of which were, "Service to the sick and disabled of their countrymen; and defence of the Holy Land against infidels!" From these elements a body was formed which terminated in a military order, under the name of "THE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS OF ST. MARY OF JERUSALEM." The order was confirmed in A. D. 1192, by Pope Calixtus III.

Henry Walpot, of Passenheim, was the first Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights. They were not long permitted to remain in Asia, being driven from thence by the Saracens. But they soon found employment consonant to their military

habits and religious zeal. A long and most sanguinary religious war had been waged against the Prussians. Those fierce idolaters had resisted all efforts made by force or persuasion to convert them to the Christian faith. Pope Honorius III., in 1218 published a crusade against them. The Massovian Poles joined the German crusaders, but with their united forces found themselves too weak to contend with the Prussians. Massovia was over-run, and ravaged with all the fury of barbarian revenge, and in this eventful crisis, Conrad, Duke of Massovia, called in the Teutonic knights, granting to them in full sovereignty, the territory of Culm, in 1226. This compact was sanctioned and confirmed by the Emperor of Germany, Frederic II., and laid the foundation of the kingdom of Prussia.

The Teutonic knights took possession of Culm in 1230, and waging perpetual and unsparing war, gradually exterminated most of the ancient inhabitants. German colonies, also, poured into the country. Commerce and the arts of civilized life gradually rose. Equally warlike, but more united, and with military and political knowledge superior to the Prussians, the German knights secured their conquests, and introduced their religion by founding bishoprics, convents, forts and cities. Königsburg, on the Pregal, was founded in 1255, and Marienburg, on the Nogart, long the capital of the order, it is supposed about 1280.

Coeval with these conquests made over Pagan Prussia by the German knights, similar inroads, missionary attempts, and partial conquests, were made in Livonia by other German adventurers. As early as 1200, the city of Riga was founded, and became a Metropolitan See over all Livonia and Prussia. Albert, the third bishop, founded the military order of "KNIGHTS OF CHRIST, OR SWORD BEARERS." This order, confirmed by Pope Innocent III., 1204, was found too weak to contend successfully against the Pagans of Livonia, and agreed to unite with the Teutonic Order, 1237. This union was a most important event in the history of northern Europe. The combination enabled the German power to extend over Prussia, Livonia, Courland, and Senri-gallia. It demanded ages to change dense barbarism to enlightened civilization. The mere ceremonies and symbols of Christianity were used in a change of superstition; but the germ was planted;

and though the growth was slow, it was constant, and at length bore most salutary fruit.

Thus the Prussian Monarchy arose from the union of provinces long and even nationally distinct. The two primary provinces were Brandenburg, in Germany, and Prussia, in northern Poland. Though Prussia has given name to the monarchy, the Marche of Brandenburg, with its dependencies, were superior in political consequence, and gave to the monarchy the reigning family.

Sigfroi, brother of Henry the Fowler, Emperor of Germany, early in the ninth century, was the first Margrave of Brandenburg. Barbarous wars with the Vandals and other northern tribes, through five centuries after the rule of Sigfroi, rendered the history of Brandenburg confused and obscure. The name was, indeed, in those ages of violence, rather general than special. Under the title of "Marche of Brandenburg," nine dynasties governed the country—those were Saxons, Walbeck, Stade, Ploetzk, Anhalt, Bavaria, Luxemburg, Misnia, and finally Hohenzollern, the reigning house.

Like other great sovereign families of Europe, that of Prussia, when traced backwards, is lost in impenetrable darkness. "A circumstance of no consequence," said Frederic II. "Are not all men from a race equally ancient?" Some historians derive this family from the Italian Colonna, others from the Saxon Wittkind; but a matter of real importance is the certain history of a family who have, in the exercise of power, through a long series of ages, done so much for the melioration of humanity.

Among the many interchanges of rulers, Brandenburg was, about the middle of the 14th century, bestowed by the German Emperor Charles IV., of the house of Luxemburg, on his son, Ulenceslaus, King of Bohemia, who desired to incorporate it with that kingdom, but failed, as after his death the Electorate proper fell to Sigismund, his brother. The new Marche, formerly seized by the Teutonic Order but regained by purchase, was again sold to the order.

Amid these revolutions and disorder, A. D. 1415, entered on the great scenes

of human action the family of Hohenzollern. Taking the advice of the most illustrious branch it has ever produced, we leave the fabulous, and introduce the race on the threshold of real history, when in 1200, Conrad was elected Burgrave of Nuremberg; a most important dignity, as that city was then the great commercial depot of Central Germany.\* Conrad transmitted his Burgraviat to his son, which thence, to 1332, remained in the family to the accession of Frederic IV. This Burgrave rendered such signal services to the emperors Albert, Henry VII, and Louis of Bavaria, against Frederic of Austria, as gave him great preponderance in the empire, and accession of territorial powers. In 1363, Frederic V., Burgrave, was declared Prince of the Empire.

The Counts of Hohenzollern, already in the ascendancy, were now on the eve of a still more important accession of fortune. The Electorate of Brandenburg, to resume in part what we have already stated, passed from the Prince of Anhalt to the Emperor, Louis of Bavaria, in 1322, and from him to the Emperors Wenceslas and Sigismund, sons of Charles IV. Abandoned to the rapacity and cruelty of provincial governors, the whole country became the theatre of misery and disorder. After many changes, the Electorat fell altogether into the hands of William Landgrave, of Thuringia, who, dying without heirs, the emperor Sigismund re-seized it as a reverted fief. Thus, at once, Emperor of Germany, King of Hungary, and Elector of Brandenburg, Sigismund mortgaged, and finally sold the latter to Frederic VI., Burgrave of Nuremberg. The Imperial declaration, dated 30th April, 1415, assured to the Burgrave and to his male heirs, the title of *Electeur of Brandenburg, and Arch-Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire*. Neither party to this compact could have had the most faint foresight of its vast influence on the destinies of Germany.

Frederic VI., as Burgrave, was Frederic I., as Elector of Brandenburg; and prolonged a prosperous life and reign to a very advanced age. Though involved in the sanguinary war occasioned by the wanton sacrifice of John Huss, he consolidated his possessions, governing his

\* Burgrave comes from two German words: Burg, castle, fort, or fortified city, and Graff, commandant, governor, or under any of our English titles, chief of such place. The Burgraves began under the Othos, and those of them who were placed in large cities or districts, became hereditary. In particular, the Burgraves of Magdeburg and Nuremberg sat in the College of Princes. Vide Paganel.

people with a wisdom but little understood or imitated in that age. He ended his days on the 21st of September, 1440, at Cadottzbourg. His son was Frederic II., surnamed the "*Iron Toothed*," from his prodigious personal strength. It may give some surprise to many who regard connections of Prussia and Poland as recent, and forced by the former power, when they are told that the crown of Poland was offered to, and refused by the Elector of Brandenburg, after the death, 1444, of Ladislas V., son of Jagellon, who was slain in the battle of Vama. The noble Elector refused the boon in favor of the brother of Ladislas, who succeeded as Cassimer IV. Frederic again refused the crown of Bohemia, offered to him, and was rewarded with ingratitude by Podiebrad, in whose favor the refusal was made, and who, in place of a generous acknowledgment of the favor, invaded the Electorate, and was repulsed, and obliged to cede by the Treaty of Guben, 1462, to the Elector, Cotbus, Peitz, Sommerfield, Bobersberg, Storkau and Bessekaw. In 1464, Frederic redeemed the New Marche from the Teutonic Order, and five years after united to it the county of Wernigerode, and assumed the titles of Duke of Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Vandalia, Schwerin and Rostock. Far advanced in life, this Prince abdicated in 1469, in favor of his brother Albert, and tranquilly closed his days on the 10th of February, 1471.

Albert, third son of Frederic I. was fifty-seven years of age when his brother ceded to him the Electoral throne. This prince equally brilliant as a warrior and as a negociator, was surnamed the Achilles and Ulysses of Germany. His first campaigns were made against the Poles in 1438, when only Burgrave of Nuremberg. As Elector of Brandenburg, and master of all that his father held in Franconia and Upper Saxony, Albert exercised a very high influence on the Empire and Emperor Frederic III., who reposed in him the most unlimited confidence. In 1474, the Elector commanded the Imperial army against Charles the Bold (Rash) Duke of Burgundy, and by his able counsels secured a happy termination of the war by a solid peace. Equally formidable in the field and tournament, as able in the Cabinet—the Elector Albert was the hero of both history and romance. But feeling the advance of age, Albert in 1476, abdicated in favor of his son John, reserving the Electoral

dignity and right of counsel, and retired into Franconia, and survived ten more years. His death partook, in some measure, of the romantic character of his life. Having gone to Frankfort on the Main, at a meeting of the Electors for the election of Maximilian I. he died suddenly in the bath.

The marriage of Barbara, the daughter of Albert, with Henry, Duke of Glogau, and Crossen, laid the foundation of the claim of Prussia on Silesia, successfully enforced two and a half centuries afterwards by Frederic II.

John Cicero, the son of Albert, so called from his powers of eloquence, succeeded his father in 1486, and had soon to draw his sword in defence of his sister Barbara, who, after the death of her husband, had to contend for the Duchy of Crossen, with his brother the Duke of Sagan. Defeated by Albert, the Duke of Sagan was compelled to yield Crossen and three other cities, which passed to the Margraves of Brandenburg.

The dawn of modern times had broken at the introduction of the art of printing, half a century before the reign of John Cicero; and that invention being German, it was in that country its influence was first felt. The human mind had been awakening from a sleep of ages for two centuries before the introduction of printing; but the impression now given by that art of arts, produced an ardent fermentation, which, as an inevitable consequence, inspired in society a spirit of inquiry, that gained invincible force from resistance. Reforms in every pursuit of man were now found necessary, and demanded in a voice which could not be altogether disobeyed. Religion, civil policy, jurisprudence, commerce, science in all its branches, seemed to have received new life, and in no other part of Germany appeared to produce more salutary effects than in Brandenburg.

In 1499, the Elector, John Cicero, solicited and obtained from Pope Alexander VI. permission to found a university at Frankfort on the Oder. We may express regret that he did not live to see the completion of this design. It was confided to his son and successor Joachim I., a youth of fourteen at his father's death; and though thus early in life put in possession of power, and though superstitious rather than really religious, he pursued the pacific policy of his father, and in 1506 completed the University of

Frankfort. Allowing for his youth, and for the age and his rank, he was himself learned, and a protector of science and letters. Early in his reign, an event took place which, in its consequences, had enduring influence. In 1510, a younger branch of the house of Hohenzollern, the violent, turbulent, but able Margrave Albert, was chosen Grand Master of the Teutonic Order. Elevated to that dignity, he refused that homage to Sigismund I., King of Poland, established forty-four years before. War followed, and was terminated by the utter ruin of the Teutonic Order. Albert, in 1525, signed the treaty of Cracow, renouncing the dignity of Grand Master and every connection with the Teutonic Order, but was himself acknowledged hereditary Duke of Prussia, and thus changed totally the constitution of that country.

That great revolution, called the Reformation, had commenced, and Albert, relieved from restraint, married Dorothy, daughter of the King of Denmark, adopted the Lutheran doctrines, and propagated in Prussia the Confession of Augsburg, founded the University of Königsberg, protected and encouraged agriculture and commerce, and, in fine, encouraged every pursuit favorable to the happiness of his new subjects. This same Duchy of Prussia, in 1618, was united with Brandenburg, and gave name to that monarchy whose progress has mocked the anticipations of human sagacity.

We have already seen the accession to the new doctrines of the Margrave, or Duke Albert of Prussia, and, by a singular concurrence of events, the elder branch of the same family, in the person of Joachim II., Elector of Brandenburg, and successor of Joachim I., also, in 1538 aided the Reformation. "In fact," says Paganel, "this memorable insurrection of human thought against absolute power in the hands of the sacerdotal order, could not fail. It was the consequence of necessity; and a solemn manifestation of the new spirit infused into society." Though in itself partial as to the sections of Europe where it was openly adopted as part of the constitution of states, the Reformation extended its effects over the whole range of Christianity. Before the Reformation, Germany, as an empire, was a mass of confusion—a chaos of adverse material—and, exposed as it was to conflict from opposition to change,

and from human selfishness—the cancer producing a counteractive to melioration—still, the Germany after any of these conflicts was far preferable to the Germany at their commencement. From their individual positions, the house of Hapsburg, at the advent of the Reformation, became the champion of papal claims, and, with all the force of Austrian and Spanish power, opposed the Reformation; whilst the minor houses of Hesse, Saxony, and Hohenzollern adopted, and, with more or less zeal, defended the new doctrines.

When we read the best histories of the Reformation, and compare, as we must involuntarily do, the convulsions it produced with those of the last and current century, we can have but faint conceptions of the fury of the former. Hence the extreme difficulty of adopting and maintaining a neutral position. With all its inconveniences, however, the Elector, Joachim II., refused to join the league of Smalkalde with the Protestants, or accede to the interim on the Imperial side, set papal thunders at defiance, and while war and its consequences raged around, he maintained profound peace in his Electorate. Policy forced Charles V. to grant for his dominions full liberty of conscience; and Joachim II., though politically attached to the Emperor, sternly sustained the rights of his subjects.

Towards the close of the life and reign of this usefully great man, he obtained from his brother-in-law, Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, in 1569, the right to succeed Albert Frederic of Brandenburg, Duke of Prussia, in the case of the latter leaving no male heirs. The consequences of this treaty were of the most preponderating influence to both Prussia and Poland, as we shall see in the sequel. Joachim II. did not long survive this treaty, being poisoned by a Jew, and died on the 3d of February, 1571.

Under Joachim II., the University of Frankfort on the Oder was enriched by much of the church property—that of the Chartreux in particular. The emoluments of the professors were augmented. We have evidence on the most important of all subjects—the progress of human reason—how greatly mankind stand indebted to northern Germany. At the epoch when the two branches of the house of Hohenzollern were erecting and endowing colleges, schools, and uni-

versities, the great body of the people were in a state of ignorance the most gross; and when we turn to what the Prussians are at present, we must grant with his historians, that Joachim II. deserved what has been meted to him—a respected memory.

John George succeeded his father Joachim II., February, 1571, and reigned until the 8th January, 1598. His pacific administration was unproductive of any very remarkable event—a conclusive proof of its beneficence.

Joachim Frederic, the son of John George, was, at his father's death, Archbishop of Magdeburg and Bishop of Haveburg and Lelurs. On his accession to the Electorate, he abdicated the archiepiscopal seat in favor of his youngest son, Christian William. The union of Brandenburg and Prussia was now approaching consummation. During the derangement of the Prussian Duke, Albert Frederic, the Elector of Brandenburg administered the government of the duchy. After having governed the bishopric of Magdeburg thirty-two years, and the Electorate ten, Joachim Frederic died in his carriage, at Koepenic near Berlin, on the 8th of July, 1608.

John Sigismond, eldest son of Joachim Frederic, succeeded his father at the mature age of thirty-six, and among the early acts of his reign was the resumption of Prussian pretension to the territories of Juliers, La Marche, Cleves, Ravensburg, and Ravenstein, and the urging of his claims, in right of his wife Eleonora of Juliers, as heiress under letters patent granted by Charles V., 1546. The competitors of the Elector were the Albertine or Electoral house of Saxony, the Ernestine or Ducal house of Saxony, and Philip Louis, Count Palatine of Newberg. This contest was not decided finally until 1666, when, with his unvarying good fortune, the whole surface in litigation fell to the great Elector Frederic William. Joachim Frederic followed his father as administrator of Ducal Prussia, and received from Sigismond III., King of Poland, the investiture and provisional succession to that country, on the same principles on which his father had received a similar investiture, and closed his life and reign in 1619, after seeing Prussia and Brandenburg united under one sovereign in the previous year.

It may be cited as among the most

remarkable facts in history, that during two hundred and four years from the accession of Frederic, Burgrave of Nuremberg, under nine Electors, there was not one whose talents were not respectable. If we except Rome, there has arisen no other human power but Prussia, whose growth has been so slow and steady, or whose policy has been so calculated to preserve what was gained. This series of good fortune, or, more correctly, prudent and able administration, was now doomed to encounter a fearful reverse.

George William, the son and successor of John Sigismond, seemed to be an utter contrast to all his predecessors and successors. Weak, obstinate, and of course unsteady, the meliorations planned by his predecessors, and yet only partially available, all fell into confusion under his mal-administration. During his whole reign of twenty-one years, friends and enemies ravaged his dominions with impunity. A slave himself to his minister Schwartzenburg, a tool of Austria, and dragged in turn without plan or policy into the alliances of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, or that of Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, this wretched prince was alike incapable of directing the affairs of his Electorate in either peace or war; and the state, thus misruled, appeared as one scene of irremediable ruin. The thirty years' war commenced in the last year of the reign of John Sigismond, and raged through the whole reign of George William. No other part of Germany suffered such complicated evils from the parties in this war, as did Brandenburg. The Swedes entered Germany in 1630, and exposed the misgoverned Electorate to the ravages of friends and enemies. A picture too truly descriptive of all northern, central, and southern Germany, towards the end of the thirty years' war, had its deepest colors over Brandenburg. "Those suffering countries presented only monuments of ravage and desolation. Those of the people who escaped the sword, were perishing with famine and pestilential maladies. This war, waged to gratify the unbridled ambition of Ferdinand II.—and in which shone on the field of battle, for the misfortune of humanity, Tilly, Walstein, Mansfield, Bernard, Duke of Saxe Weimar, Gustavus Adolphus, Banier, Torstenoön, Wrangell, and others—left traces of ruin which were

not entirely obliterated for more than a century afterwards.”\*

Amid the utmost extent of desolation, on the 3d December, 1640, died the imbecile George William, soon after arriving at Königsberg, where he went to hold the States of Prussia, leaving to his son, Frederic William, a desolated country in the power of its enemies, few soldiers, an empty treasury, and doubtful allies.

Who was he among the sons of men destined to appear on the scene of action and remedy evils of such magnitude? The son of the despicable George William—born on the 6th February, 1620, and Elector of Brandenburg and Duke of Prussia before attaining his twentieth year. No two monarchs of different times and nations could more evidently differ in all the qualities necessary to rule mankind, than did the father and son. Supreme power itself seemed to have created and endowed Frederic William, to raise the grandeur of his house and secure the prosperity of his people. Wise in the conception, and bold in the execution of his designs—at once an able general and consummate statesman—he soon recovered his lost territories, and made new acquisitions. A scrupulous observer of all his engagements, he secured the unlimited confidence of friends and enemies. No danger appalled him, nor could prosperity inflate him. He was grand in his conceptions, while no detail in their execution appeared unworthy of his attention. Under him commerce and the arts rose and flourished. In brief, new principles of life, warm and invigorating, were breathed into society over the whole extent of Brandenburg and Prussia, and their dependencies.

The education of this remarkable man was in action. His uncle, Frederic Henry of Orange-Nassau, was his instructor in the arts of peace and war. At his accession, Frederic William was a sovereign without provinces—an Elector without power; with allies, but no friends, and himself merely emerging from boyhood; but relying on his own strength for remedying the evils which beset him and his people, he was not disappointed. One of his first acts of power, and one which evinced his fearless character, was, by summary execution, to rid himself of the worthless

Schwartzenburg. In this case, the young Elector had personal as well as state causes of accusation against the minister, who had excited the suspicion of the weak George William against his son, and contributed to separate the son from the father.

There is no maturity of age or extent of experience but what would have been requisite to devise means to remedy the deplorable condition of his states, when Frederic William, a youth of twenty years of age, became sovereign. Swedes were in possession of Pomerania; the Spaniards ravaged Cleves and other adjacent provinces. Marks of devastation met the eye, and nothing but expressions of pain and anguish were heard. But, as was well said by his great-grandson, Frederic II., when speaking of “The Great Elector,” the danger which appals and crushes mediocrity is an ailment of life to genius.

Eight years had hardly passed after the death of George William, when Prussia had again resumed its political weight. In 1647 the long dispute in regard to the Duchy of Cleves, and the counties of Marck and Ravensburg, was closed by an accommodation with the Count Palatine of Neuberg. In the Congress of Westphalia, Frederic William supported an important part. In this Congress the Elector sustained the rights of his co-religionists, the Calvinists, and nobly aided the cause of the Lutherans. That treaty, concluded 24th October, 1648, usually called the treaty of Westphalia, freed Prussia from enemies, and added to it Haberstadt, Minden, Hohenstein, and secured the survivorship to the Bishopic of Magdeburg, secularized under the name of Duchy.

The affairs of northern Europe at the middle of the 17th century, depended in no slight degree on Sweden. In possession of Pomerania, Livonia, Ingria, and Carelia, Swedish powers skirted the southern side of the Baltic. Since the death of Gustavus Adolphus (1632), the crown and sceptre of Sweden were possessed by his daughter Christina. Various have been the representations made of this singular woman. A calm view, taken from the distance of two centuries, would, it may be safely said, justify the conclusion that Christina deserved a better character than she has received from the writers near her own age. The fac-

\* Frederic II., as quoted by Paganel.

tions of Sweden, always fierce and bitter, afforded a barren and disgusting theatre to Christina, more inclined to her books than to political contention, and induced her to abdicate.

Let the intentions or motives of Christina be what they might, she gave the crown of her kingdom to a man of ability. Charles Gustavus was crowned at Stockholm on the 16th of June, 1654. But he had a competitor in John Casimir, King of Poland, which rivalry eventuated in war, and which involved the Elector of Brandenburg. Charles Gustavus, under pretence of attacking Russia, demanded from Frederic William the ports of Pillau and Mesnel, as Gustavus Adolphus had, in the thirty years' war, demanded and received from the feeble George William, KUSHIM and SPANDAU. But men as well as times were changed; the demands of Charles Gustavus were sternly refused. The real view of the Swedes was to attack Poland, which they did, and drove John Casimir out of the country—a success which, however, they were unable to maintain.

Frederic William foresaw his own danger as Duke of Prussia, and made every prudent disposition in his power to avert it. He endeavored to put Poland on its guard, but, true to their intrinsic character, the nobles of that country were not to be forewarned. For the moment master of Poland, the King of Sweden marched on Prussia, and forced Frederic William to sign the Convention of Königsberg (1656), acknowledging himself vassal of Sweden for the Duchy of Prussia, on condition of the secularization of the Bishopric of Warmia in favor of the Elector. The King also promised to cede the Palatinates of Posau, Kaliz, Lenczyca, and Siradia. This treaty foreshadowed the final fate of Poland, and the rapid course of events up to the treaty of Oliva, May, 1660, evinced the incurable vices of the government of Poland.

The King of Sweden and the Elector, now acting in concert, the former regarding himself King of Poland, joined their armies, and fought, in the environs and streets of Warsaw, the famous battle of three days, terminating in the utter defeat of the Poles, but displaying the future hero, John Sobieski.

Charles Gustavus acting as king, or rather as absolute conqueror, ceded to his ally the sovereignty of Prussia. The able appear mostly fortunate. Den-

mark and the Emperor of Germany, for obvious reasons, were opposed to the success of the Swedes, declared in favor of Poland, induced Frederic William to break his alliance with Charles Gustavus, and sign with Poland the Treaty of Wehlau, 19th September, 1657, by which the vassal state of Prussia was forever abolished, and its sovereignty, complete and absolute, vested in the House of Brandenburg. The treaty of Wehlau was again confirmed by that of Bromberg, 6th November, 1657,—Frederic William evacuating the towns he held in Poland, except Buton and Lawenburg, which were ceded to him.

These treaties withdrew the Elector from the war which continued between the Poles and Swedes, and between Sweden and Denmark. But, torn and wasted as were the theatres of the struggle, all parties sighed for peace, and agreed to open conferences for that purpose, at the Abbey of Oliva, near Dantzic, which led to a definitive treaty, 3d May, 1660. Those readers who may have imbibed the opinion that the final partition of Poland, was an originally concerted plan devised and put into operation, 1772, would do well to read the second Article of the Treaty of Oliva, which “secured the right of interference in favor of Protestant Dissenters to the governments of England, Sweden, Denmark, and Brandenburg.”

The treaty of Oliva, was the confirmation of that of Westphalia, and giving peace to Northern Europe left Frederic William, now in the flower of his age, to devote himself to the prosperity of his States, and, to use the testimony of Frederic the Great:—“To solace the families ruined by enemies; to rebuild the ruined towns; to change wastes to fruitful fields. Forests were cut down and villages rose. Industrious families fed their flocks where, only a few years before, the ravages of war had made the desolate haunts of wild beasts. Rural economy, that industry so despised and so useful, was encouraged by the care and countenance of the sovereign. New creations appeared daily. An artificial river was formed, which, by uniting the Spree to the Oder, abridged the distance and facilitated the transport of merchandize by both the Baltic and ocean.”

The treaty of Oliva also gave Magdeburg and its dependencies and the Lordship of Regenstein forever in full sovereignty to Russia.

Twelve years from the treaty of Oliva passed away before any serious foreign war diverted Frederic William from the execution of his beneficent labors; but in 1672 the scene changed. France now the most powerful state in Europe, with numerous armies, and such generals as Turenne and Condé, with a monarch ambitious and unscrupulous—the neighboring states were in a state of uncertainty and dread. Of these Holland was most exposed. The Houses of Orange and Brandenburg were united in blood, and now by a common danger. Holland was rent by domestic factions. Not so Brandenburg. There, order prevailed; and, though from position, religion, and prudence, even the Elector must have been inclined to take part with Holland, yet true to his character, however, his measures were always cautious. He marched to the Rhine with twenty thousand men; but the number and discipline of the French armies, commanded by such a general as Turenne, were altogether an overmatch for any force Holland and Brandenburg could oppose to them. The high character of the Elector, joined with power the king of France was too wise to despise, produced an accommodation, favorable to the former. The Treaty of St. Germain, 10th April, 1673, ratified on the 6th of June, of the same year, in the camp of the Elector, at Wossen, near Louvain, restored to him all the strong places of the Duchy of Cleves, except Wesel and Rees, retained by France to the general peace.

Policy and interest, as well as his own inclination, induced Frederic William to use every endeavor to preserve peace; and, for the year after the Treaty of Wossen, he succeeded; but in 1673, war again broke out between France and the German Empire. The French army passed the Rhine, and wasted the Palatinate with fire and sword. The Elector invaded Alsace and made the only diversion which gave any check to the French. Turenne commanded on the Rhine, and Condé in Flanders. The former carried all before him, passed the Rhine, and gained the battle of Sinzheim against the Duke of Lorraine.

The great Elector found confusion and division in the imperial camp. The German generals, without capacity or plan, were, though with great superiority of force, utterly unable to contend with the most consummate general of the age, whose motions, Frederic the Great in his

Memoirs, so graphically expressed,—“Turenne retreated as a Fabius, and returned as a Hannibal.”

Frederic William, the only German general who could even appreciate Turenne, weary of beholding an inaction he could not rouse, and a fatuity which no advice could remove, consulted his own safety, decamped in the night and repassed the Rhine at Strasburg. The object of France was gained, and Alsace for ever lost to Germany.

Though separated from the German imperial armies, the French regarded the Elector of Brandenburg still as their most formidable enemy; and the counselors of Louis XIV. succeeded in inducing Sweden to invade the Electorate, 1675. In the whole career of this extraordinary man, there was no other occasion on which his activity, talents and foresight shone so conspicuous as on that of the Swedish invasion. Exasperated as he justly was, on being attacked without provocation, every faculty of his mind was called into activity, and carried his inspiration to the hearts of his people. After some necessary movements, and learning that the Swedes had united their forces at Havebbourg, his determination was taken to give instant battle, with a very inferior army as to number, but troops animated with a desire of vengeance for the devastation of their country. On the 18th June, 1675, at Fehrbellin, the Swedish army was utterly defeated, and the fragments who escaped pursued into Pomerania.

The moral effects of the complete victory gained at Fehrbellin, were most salutary for Northern Germany. The sensation produced extended over the whole nation. A new power seemed to have risen, and the Elector did not permit the enthusiasm to subside. The Swedes in the three succeeding years lost Stralsund, Anclam, and Stettin, with the island of Rugen, and while thus improving the victory of Fehrbellin, the Elector was informed that another army of 16,000 men, commanded by Gen. Horn, had marched from Livonia, and overrun Prussia. To meet this new danger, General Goertz was dispatched with 3000 men, early in January, 1679, to join General Dorfling, with 9000. The two generals soon found Frederic William at their head. The Swedes already defeated morally, were quickly repulsed from Prussia, and Frederic William returned triumphantly to his eastern capital, Königsberg.

No talent, however, could enable a state then so weak, and so provincially scattered, to maintain a war against France and Sweden united. The Westphalian territories of the Elector were inundated by the French, and Louis XIV., having involved the Swedes in the war, deemed himself bound to enable them to recover their lost towns and fortresses. Frederick William could not conceal from himself the fact that the German Emperor, the despotic Leopold I., could now see with most violent chagrin, the rise of, as one of his courtiers observed, "A new kingdom of the Vandals on the banks of the Baltic." Influenced by these considerations, and acting as every wise man in similar circumstances ever did and ever will do, he consented to treat for peace, which was, on the 29th of June, 1679, signed at St. Germain-en-Laye, between France, Sweden, Holland and Brandenburg.

History perhaps, does not afford another so powerful example of the value to a state of one truly great man. When we revert to the then physical force respectively, of the contracting parties to the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, we may well accord to Frederick William the title of "Great Elector." It was only such a man who could have given such consequence to his states. Paganel well observes that "During this war, it is true, the Elector did not enlarge his material power, (wonderful indeed would it have been if it had) but his states and himself had prodigiously gained in moral force. From that epoch he occupied an exalted place in public opinion, and gave earnest of the wonders of the coming century."

The same French author relates, in the next paragraph to the one quoted, a circumstance which depicts in colors of flame the contrast between a factitious and really great man.

"A character of boldness and grandeur was imprinted on all the actions of this prince. As simple Elector he sustained the Emperor against the Turks; and on another occasion he menaced the great king. We may recall the statue

set up on *la place des Victoires à Paris*. In this insulting monument elevated by servile adulation to flatter the madness of pride, the Elector learned that he was destined to figure with the King of Denmark as two suppliants presenting petitions to their conqueror. On this report reaching him, Frederick declared sternly to the French ministers, that he would return insult for insult in one of the public squares of Berlin, if the project was not relinquished. These menaces were not despised. This prince was the only Elector that Louis XIV. treated as his equal."

But can the voice of history now confirm their equality? who are they now, who would place the inflated monarch on an elevation with that of Frederick William?

A few years of exemption from war left the great Elector to pursue in the arts of peace, labors far more congenial to his inclination.

At that time, however, with the Turks on the east, and France on the west, no enduring tranquillity could exist in Europe. It would be incompatible with the necessary brevity of our pages to enter into the details of the disputes between the German Empire, in regard to Alsace and Lorraine, or of the Turkish invasion of Austria, in which the great Elector was only incidentally involved. But the revocation of the edict of Nantes brought forth the true difference between the mere physical power of Louis XIV. and the moral power of the German Elector. That document so influential on not only French but European policy closes thus—"given at Fontainebleau, in the month of October, 1685, and in the forty-third year of our reign," signed Louis, and endorsed, *Visa* Le Tellier, and on the margin, "by the King, Colbert;"\* and registered by Parliament of Paris on Monday the 24th same month.

At the same time that the King of France and his besotted counsellors were thus employed on a work to retard the prosperity of their country, and to load their names with an obloquy which nothing but the wreck of matter can ob-

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\* Before us lies a history of Louis XIV. king of France, in the French language printed at Amsterdam 1718, by P. H. de Simiers. This work is our principal authority for what relates to the mere revocation and particularly dates; but Paganel's *Life of Frederic II.*, also French, and written far within the current century, printed, Paris, 1830, affords the most essential material in respect to the part taken in the consequences of the revocation, by the great Elector. We may probably, in a future essay give a translation of the instrument of revocation with the attendant circumstances.

literate, Frederic William was exerting every resource in his power in the melioration of his country. After the peace of St. Germain, the king of France carefully sought to preserve the friendship of the Elector, and had he sought advice from the same quarter, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes would never have soiled his character. A fatality seemed to press upon the great king. All saving counsel if heard was contemned. The fatal Edict no sooner produced its effects, than with the feelings of humanity and foresight of true policy, Frederic William opened his states to the refugees, and gained the best materials of national wealth, so wantonly thrown away by the French monarch. The unfortunate victims found from him more than a mere asylum. Every kind of assistance was given freely and bountifully, even to the supply of building materials, and to some pensions from the public purse. After having made suitable provisions for their pastors, in general, the Elector chose the most distinguished for his chaplains, and permitted all to preserve the forms of church discipline as practiced by the Reformed in France. Military men were employed, with advancement of the officers one grade above what they held in France.

To this admirable union of wisdom and unity, the Elector added the polish of gracious amenity. Let a French person arrive, the Elector admitted him or her to an audience; heard their statements with patience and kindness, and, as far as propriety would admit, complied with their demands.

After one of these receptions William represented to Count Rebenac, the French minister at his court, the excessive rigor exercised towards the ejected religionists. The ambassador warmly denied that any violence was committed: adding, that the refugees were worthless persons, or disturbers of public peace, who having nothing to lose, made religion a pretext to cover their knavery and better their fortune.

To these observations the Elector made no immediate reply, but treasured them in his mind until a few days afterwards, Marshal Schomberg and several other officers arrived in Berlin. "Will you now dare again to deny to me," said William to Rebenac, "that the Protestants are not persecuted in France? and dare you say also that they are all obscure people and discontented malcontents who have left your country?" It was difficult

for Rebenac to rebut these questions by a reply; and the heated Elector added: "If matters are thus conducted in your country, tell the king your master that I renounce the friendship of a monarch who immolates the faith of treaties to his politics."

Rebenac, knowing the warm temper of the Elector and probably considering the consequences, replied calmly, "I'll wait twenty-four hours before complying with your request." William himself, calmed by a few hours of reflection, thanked the Envoy for his prudence.

If ever the giver was blessed in giving, with a bounty beyond all former example, this was the occasion. Many of the more wealthy of the emigrants, retired to Holland, England, and other Protestant states. The poor, the laborer, the artisan, those whose education were their all, came to Brandenburg. Immediately the effects were apparent. Flourishing manufactures revealed to the subjects of the Elector the means to gratify wants they had felt, roused new desires and created enjoyments unknown to former times. Commerce received new life. Agriculture was annually meliorated. Berlin stood indebted to its new citizens for interior police, paving of the streets, and public markets.

Intellectual went in advance of material improvement. Arts and letters flourished. All ranks, as mind expanded, became more liberal and more happy. Louis XIV., displeased with the reception given to his subjects, driven by blind and ferocious fanaticism into foreign countries, ceased to remit the subsidies covenanted to be paid to the Elector, by the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye: but the great king most amply supplied the deficiency by his rejected subjects. Never was hospitality and humanity more bountifully rewarded.

Posts, unknown previously in Germany, had been partially, early in the sixteenth century, introduced; but though near two centuries had passed since their introduction, they were still partial and imperfect. Frederick William established them in all his dominions from Emmeric to Mesnel.

Beloved—almost adored by his people—and respected by all Europe, Frederick William saw his domestic happiness depart by a second marriage. His first wife was Louisa of Nassau, his second, Dorothy of Holstein Glucksburg. The sudden death of three children by his first wife, and the avowed hatred of the second

Electress to her step-children, supported the suspicion of poison. The aged Elector dared not scrutinize these reports; his existence was blasted, and death on the 29th of April, 1688, terminated his sufferings, in the 69th year of his age and the 49th of his reign. In few words, it may be said unhesitatingly, that not even excepting his great grandson, Frederic II., no other monarch recorded in history ever performed a greater and more useful part with so limited means. He was the balancing power in Germany, and even in some instances sacrificed his own individual interest to that of the empire. Acting in one of the most important periods of human history, and knowing the marked difference of religion existing, as well as the jealousy of the Austrian family at the aggrandizement of that of Brandenburg, the Elector, whenever the occasion called, felt and acted as a German prince.

At the commencement of his reign, as we have already shown, Frederick William had before him a ruined country, in possession of enemies, and neither troops nor finances to secure defence; while at his death he left a disciplined army of veterans, amounting to twenty-five thousand men, a prosperous country, and the respect of the whole civilized world. What might have been the effect on the interests of mankind, had destiny reversed the positions and resources of Louis XIV. and Frederick William! Paganel exclaims, at the close of his brief biography, "Louis XIV., Cromwell, and he, illustrated their age; but Frederick William, their equal in glory, without indulging the ambition of the monarch, or committing the crimes of the Protector."

How different, indeed, was the aspect of Brandenburg and Prussia, when Frederic, afterwards the first king, succeeded his father, from what it was half a century before! Such was the order established in the finances by the great Elector, that during the invasion of the Swedes the bank did not for a moment suspend payment. The laws had been improved by the same genial influence, and when, with very inferior talents, the new Elector seized the reins, he found all in order, and had the good sense to retain all the old and experienced ministers of his father. Occasion soon presented itself to demand all the resources of the Elector and his subjects. In any war which should be waged against each other by France and the German empire, in the then con-

dition of Europe, neither Holland nor Brandenburg could remain neutral. It was also a moment of revolution. The Stewart family had ceased to reign in England, and King James II. was a fugitive in France. The Stadtholder of Holland, in the name and right of his wife, the daughter of the exiled monarch, was on the throne, by the name of William III. War, with more than usual destruction and barbarity, raged between France and most of her neighboring states—a war of nine years' continuance in the Netherlands, on the Rhine, in Italy, the frontiers of Spain, in Ireland, on the Mediterranean and on the ocean—a war which threatened to utterly crush, or place above all resistance, the power of France. The devastation of Rhenish Germany, where all the horrors of accumulated war were perpetrated by order of Louvois, the French minister—while similar atrocities on a smaller scale, on every other theatre where it was waged, and the exhaustion of all the parties, were the fruits—left the relations of power, relatively, in no serious manner changed, when the treaty of Ryswick was signed, 20th September, 1697.\*

In the operations of this war the Elector of Brandenburg was but partially involved, though as a near blood relation to William of Orange, and by the dying recommendations of his father, Frederick took part against France, and sent Marshal Schomberg to aid William in securing the crown of England. The battle of the Boyne where Schomberg fell, secured the prize.

Long before the death of Frederick William the united territories of Brandenburg and Prussia formed a kingdom in fact, nor was more wanted than the declaration of that fact to place the title of the new power on the list of European monarchies. The project of being the first king of his dominions was no doubt premeditated by William before his father's death. The rise of his cousin of Orange to the throne of England was well calculated to sharpen his desires, which were supported by more ability than the writers of his time placed in his credit. To gain the German emperor, he, against his political interests, which were to remain neuter, and which the king of France would have willingly respected, sent troops to join the Imperial armies on the Rhine, in Flanders and Hungary. It would be irrelevant to pursue the chain

\* Heeren.

of events; it is sufficient to state that by untiring diligence through twelve years, success was obtained. Nearly all the Protestant states of Europe had given their consent, and on the 19th of January, 1701, Frederick placed the crown on his own head, and took rank accordingly as King of Prussia.

Frederic I. had, before his assumption of the crown, married a second wife, Sophia Charlotte of Hanover, daughter of Ernest Augustus, afterwards George I., and sister of George II., kings of England. This truly great woman was rather depressed than elevated by her change of title from Electress to Queen. Instructed by travel, admired for her personal beauty and for genius which raised her to a higher sphere than a throne, she introduced polished manners into the Court of Berlin, far above what prevailed there before her marriage, and formed around her love of letters, science, and arts. In a word, the simple fact of her being not simply the friend, but the scientific friend, of Leibnitz, the rival of Newton, decides the exalted character of Sophia Charlotte. Among the other sex she had few, and among her own sex no equal then on earth. Four years after the coronation of her husband in 1705, Sophia paid a visit to Hanover, where she ended her days in the bosom of her family. Frederick honored her memory by splendid obsequies—her real loss he was incapable to appreciate. The contrast was, indeed, so striking as to sink below its proper level the character of William I. Though vain and ostentatious, there was a foundation of political sagacity in his mind. The vassal dependence on the empire or rather on Austria, if not entirely removed, was rendered nominal after Frederick assumed the crown.

There was, however, more apparent enlargement of the new kingdom than what arose from the mere influence of its title. The county of Lingen, as part of the dependencies of Nassau Orange, fell to Prussia at the death of William III., 1702. Tecklenberg, in Westphalia, was acquired in 1707. But in the same year Prussia obtained by purchase the most remarkable of its acquisitions. This was the united territories of Neufchatel and Valengin, between France and Switzerland, and one hundred and fifty miles from any other Prussian province. This most singular province of Prussia is also a canton of Switzerland, and thus an anomaly in European geography and policy, as connected polity with a monarchy and republic,

having no mutual dependence on each other.

The administrative ability of Frederick I. was shown in an honorable light in the war which distracted Northern Europe during nearly the whole of his reign. To preserve the peace of his scattered territories, exposed at so many points to attack, when threatened by such neighbors as Charles XII. of Sweden, and Peter the Great of Russia, demanded talents and prudence of a very high order. Frederic II., his grandson, for reasons history has not revealed, contributed in his Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, to depreciate the character of Frederic I., by representations very much at variance with the facts. There was a disposition evinced by the first king of Prussia to place more attention on show than was to the taste of either his son or grandson, and more, perhaps, than show was ever worth; but there must have been a mass of solid gold below the dross. Be that as it may, with all his extravagance, Frederic I., on the 25th of February, 1713, at his death, left a kingdom with all the germs of power unimpaired, and about a year before his demise saw the infant face of that grandson which was destined to give such lustre to his family and kingdom.

If there was ever a contrast more strong than any other between either his father or his son, such a contrast was shown between Frederic William I., and Frederic I. and II. An observation may be here premised, that the immense superiority of Frederic the Great was prejudicial to the characters of both his predecessors.

Frederic William, mature of years when the sceptre was placed in his hands—with a temperament in an extraordinary degree stern, rough, and unamiable. The amenities of life, and the improvement of the human mind by education, he not simply held in contempt, but seemed to regard with hate. Men of letters fled his presence, and the most eminent of them, Wolf, was actually banished. Yet this man, by a truly singular coincidence, had in another semi-barbarian, Peter I. of Russia, the only cotemporary monarch to whom he could be compared as an administrator of government, to secure and enhance national prosperity. To do real justice to Frederic William I., he ought to be contrasted with George I. and II. of England, and with Louis XV. of France. Under Frederic William the new kingdom

annually increased in strength. Economy in every branch public and domestic was pushed to parsimony, except in what regarded the military. An army of seventy thousand disciplined troops, and all the other attendant military arrangements and material were the fruits, and consolidated the throne. Stettin, a part of Guelderland, Kessel, and Limbourg, were annexed to Prussia. A treaty with Charles XII. of Sweden secured to his power that part of Pomerania, between the Oder and Peene, and Frederic William saw himself and kingdom treated with marked respect at the Conferences of Utrecht and Rastadt.

In the interior administration this king, so generally regarded as little above a savage, gave every encouragement in his power to agriculture and commerce. In 1733, in the twentieth year of his reign, the manufactures of the kingdom were so flourishing, that large quantities of woollen cloth were exported, as were lace, velvets, goldsmiths' work and carriages.

While thus securing the means, the main bent of Frederic William was military. Berlin resembled an immense arsenal, where every necessary branch of military preparation was in activity, and arms and warlike supplies became so abundant as to become objects of export. An orphan asylum was created for the reception of three thousand children of the military, and in its organization reigned that rigid order which characterized every institution under the influence of this monarch. Avaricious in everything else, his determination to give efficiency to his army, induced him to disregard expense to secure that object.

With a fixed plan to raise and complete in every respect, an army of seventy thousand men, Frederic William swerved not, and more than accomplished his object. Strange as it may seem, he was not endowed, except as to personal courage, with any attribute of a great general. By his tastes, narrow views in too many respects, and his obstinate prejudices, he stood an obstacle to intellectual improvement. But if his views were not grand they were useful. His excessive economy had, if not a full, at least a reasonable excuse, in the circumstances under which he was placed. His common sense was strong, and his sense of honesty and integrity unbending, and evinced in every act of his life. In his "Memoirs of Twenty Years' Residence at Berlin," Thiebault gives an instance of the inflex-

ibility of Frederic William in money transactions, which affords a true picture of the man.

"One of the Receivers of Public Money at Königsberg, having in his hands a considerable amount of money for which he did not expect an immediate demand, drew from the strong box a sum of two thousand crowns, and put in its place his own obligation for prompt reimbursement. The king unexpectedly arrived, discovered the deficit, and though the officer was rich, and ready to replace the money, and though a man of unimpeachable integrity, he was tried, condemned, and executed." This was certainly extending justice to the borders of cruelty, to speak as mildly as the case admits; but we read no more of inroads on the deposits during the residue of the reign of Frederic William.

Time was advancing and an immensely superior genius was rising to use to effect, beyond all human foresight, the element for peace and war amassed by the second king of Prussia. Frederic William was only Prince Royal when, on the 24th of January, 1712, his princess, Maria Dorothy of Zell, presented to him that infant, Charles Frederic, whose name stands enrolled undoubtedly among the greatest of the children of men.

We may close our notice of the father briefly, before entering on that of the son. In fact, from what has been already stated, it must be evident that the policy and labors of Frederic William were employed in preparation rather than present use, and that, in sketching that policy and describing those labors we have already given the most important acts of that king. During the twenty years which followed the death of Frederic I., the internal affairs of Prussia were but little influenced by the neighboring states, and the hero of the succeeding age was left to rise in silence to manhood, under circumstances we shall more particularly descant upon in another article. On the 1st February, 1733, the king of distracted Poland, Augustus II., died, and left the nation, as had been the case for centuries, in a state of confusion. The son of the defunct monarch, was only one of the competitors for the crown of thorns. A party in Poland attempted to restore Stanislaus, the creature of Charles XII. of Sweden, thirty years before—an accomplished man as a private noble, and father-in-law to the king of France, but now advanced far in life, and long de-

tached from the politics of the new times. Russia supported the elector of Saxony, and France Stanislaus. The emperor of Germany, Charles VI., though opposed to the preponderance of Russia in Poland, was still more averse to see the power of France prevalent, and therefore lent his weight to the Elector of Saxony.

In the interim, Poland again presented what was seen there before on more than one occasion—by two separate and mutually inimical elections two kings were chosen. On the 12th of September, 1733, on the plains of Wola, Stanislaus was proclaimed king, but in little more than a month afterwards, the Elector of Saxony as Augustus III., aided by Russia, entered Warsaw sword in hand, seized the crown, and Stanislaus, with a price laid on his head, was driven out and with difficulty reached Dantzick. After a brave defence again a fugitive, and under different disguises, with great peril he at length obtained an asylum, and was received as a king in Marienwerder.

Once in Prussia he was safe, and it does honor to the memory of Frederic William, that he permitted his son the Prince Royal to visit and console the unfortunate Stanislaus. These two men in many respects worthy of each other, remained several weeks together and cemented a friendship which death alone terminated.

Towards the end of his life and reign Frederic William appeared at intervals to more correctly appreciate his son, but the radical difference between them rendered affection, confidence, or even ordinary friendship impossible. As we shall see in our next article, the father and son lived far apart and distant from each other. From the close of the Polish contest in which Prussia was but partially engaged, peace prevailed generally over Europe, and left the aged king to pursue his labors, and indulge his increasing ascerbity of temper, until both were closed 31st of May, 1740, and Charles Frederick commenced his truly remarkable reign.

## TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

### ODE III.—BOOK II.

Remember in thine hour of dark distress  
 To keep thy heart the same as in success ;—  
 Curb in thy spirit from intemperate joy,  
 Oh ! Delius, whom death will soon destroy,  
 Whether thy life drags slowly on in tears,  
 Or thou chase pleasure through the gliding years ;  
 While in the distant meadows you recline,  
 Quaffing the richest of Falernian Wine ;  
 Where the tall pine and white-leaved poplar make  
 A deep dark shadow o'er the breeze-stirred lake ;  
 Or through their winding bed the waters stray,  
 And flee, with trembling eagerness, away—  
 Here, bid them wines, and breathing odors bring,  
 And brief-bright roses, from the earth that spring,  
 Ere age has shed his snows upon thy head,  
 Or the three sisters snapped the gloomy thread.  
 Thou'lt leave thy purchased groves, thy ville, thy home,  
 Near which the waves of yellow Tiber roam,  
 Thine heir—some thoughtless, dissipated boy—  
 Thy piled-up treasures shall profuse enjoy.  
 Whether a wealthy son of high degree,  
 Or poor and helpless—it is nought to thee ;  
 For all, who move, inspired by mortal breath,  
 Alike are victims of unsparing death.  
 We all are hurried to the self-same place,  
 And, soon or late, the lots of all our race  
 Leap forth, when shaken, from the fatal urn,  
 And drive us forth—ah ! never to return.

## THE VISION OF THE WINGS.

A feeble wail was heard at night,  
 And a stifled cry of joy,  
 And when the morn broke cool and light,  
 They bore to the mother's tearful sight  
 A fair and lovely boy.

All day long in quiet rest,  
 The child lay on its mother's breast,  
 That rose and fell,  
 Silently, slow—a sea of love—  
 While the frail bark it bore above,  
 Rocked gently with the swell.

Months passed away,  
 And day by day  
 The mother hung about her child,  
 As in his little cot he lay  
 And softly wept or smiled,  
 And threw his hands into the air,  
 Or turned above his large bright eyes  
 With an expression half of prayer  
 And half of strange surprise.

For hovering o'er the infant's head  
 A bright strange vision hung ;  
 Fluttering softly, softly swaying,  
 Unsteadily it swung,—  
 As if suspended by a thread,  
 His own soft breath obeying.

Sometimes, with look of wild beseeching,  
 He marked it, as it dropped  
 Almost within his uncouth reaching ;  
 And, as the vision stopped  
 Beyond his anxious grasp,  
 His little hands would clasp  
 With a wild chirrup of delight ;  
 But as he saw his effort vain,  
 And the bright vision there again  
 Dancing before his sight,  
 Then would his eyes grow dim with tears,  
 Till o'er their large dissolving spheres  
 The soothing eyelids crept,  
 And the tired infant slept.

He saw—his mother could not see—  
 A presence and a mystery,  
 Two waving wings,  
 Painted with rainbow colorings,  
 And spangled o'er with starlike things ;  
 No form of light was borne between—  
 Only the wings were seen.

Years stole away with silent feet,  
 And he, the little one,  
 With brow more fair, and voice more sweet,  
 Was playing in the sun.  
 Flowers were around him, and the songs  
 Of bounding streams, and happy birds,  
 But happier than all airy tongues,  
 Broke forth his own glad words.

And as he sings—  
 The wings, the wings!  
 Before him still they fly!  
 And with their graceful waverings  
 Entice his longing eye.  
     Hovering here, hovering there,  
     Hovering slowly everywhere,  
 They flash and shine among the flowers,  
 While dripping sheen, in golden showers,  
 Falls through the air, where'er they hover,  
 Upon the radiant things they cover.  
     Hunting here, hunting there,  
     Hunting softly everywhere,  
 He plucks the flowers they shine upon,  
 But while he plucks their light is gone;  
 And casting down the faded things,  
 Onward he starts to follow still the wings.

Years ran away with silent feet;  
 The boy, to manhood grown,  
 Within a shadowy retreat  
 Stood anxious and alone.  
 His bosom heaved with heavy sighs,  
 His hair hung damp and long,  
 But fiery purpose filled his eyes,  
 And his limbs were large and strong:  
     And there, above a gentle hill,  
     The wings were hovering still,  
     While their soft radiance, rich and warm,  
     Fell on a maiden's form.

There all alone she stood,  
     And the bright blood  
 Swept o'er her features with a rosy flood,  
     While her long golden hair,  
     Upon a bosom rare,  
 Hung like bright cloud-wreaths on the sunset air.  
     Her large, soft eye of blue  
     Looked trembling through  
 The startled lash, that fell before his view,  
     Who with a soul on fire,  
     With strong desire,  
 Gazed on that face and form to worship and admire.

And see! again he starts,  
 And onward darts,  
 Then pauses with a fierce and sudden pain,  
     Then presses on again,  
 Till with mixed thoughts of rapture and despair,  
     He kneels before her there:—  
     With hands together prest,  
 He prays to her with low and passionate calls,  
 And, like a snow-flake pure, she flutters, falls,  
     And melts upon his breast.

Long in that dearest trance he hung—  
 Then raised his eyes; the wings that swung  
     In glancing circles round his head,  
     Afar had fled,  
 And wheeled, with calm and graceful flight,  
     Over a scene  
 That glowed with glories beautifully bright  
     Beneath their sheen.

High in the midst a monument arose,  
 Of pale enduring marble ; calm and still,  
 It seemed a statue of sublime repose,  
 The silent speaker of a sculptor's will.

Its sides were hung around  
 With boughs of evergreen ; and its long shaft was crowned  
 With a bright laurel-wreath,  
 And glittering beneath  
 Were piled large heaps of gold upon the ground.  
 Children were playing near—fair boys and girls,  
 Who shook their sunny curls,  
 And laughed and sang in mirthfulness of spirit,  
 And in their childish pleasures  
 Danced around the treasures  
 Of gold and honor they were to inherit.

The sight has fired his brain ;  
 Onward he springs again,  
 O'er ruined blocks  
 Of wild and perilous rocks,  
 Through long damp caves ; o'er pitfalls dire,  
 And maddening scenes of blood and fire,  
 Fainting with heat,  
 Benumbed with cold,  
 With weary, aching feet,  
 He sternly toils, and presses on to greet  
 The monument, the laurels, and the gold.

Years have passed by ; a shattered form  
 Leans faintly on a monument,  
 His glazing eyes are bent  
 In sadness down : a tear falls to the ground,  
 That through the furrows of his cheek hath wound.  
 The children beautiful have ceased to play,  
 Tarnished the marble stands with dark decay,  
 The laurels all are dead, and flown the gold away.

Once more he raised his eyes ; before him lay  
 A dim and lonely vale,  
 And feebly tottering in the downward way  
 Walked spectres cold and pale.  
 And darkling groves of shadowy cypress sprung  
 Among the damp clouds that around them hung.  
 One vision only cheers his aching sight ;  
 Those wings of light  
 Have lost their varied hues, and changed to white,  
 And, with a gentle motion, slowly wave,  
 Over a new made grave.  
 He casts one faltering, farewell look behind,  
 Around, above, one mournful glance he throws,  
 Then with a cheerful smile, and trusting mind,  
 Moves feebly toward the valley of repose.  
 He stands above the grave ; dull shudders creep  
 Along his limbs, cold drops are on his brow,  
 One sigh he heaves, and sinking into sleep  
 He drops, and disappears ;—and dropping now,  
 The wings have followed too,  
 But, lo ! new visions burst upon the view,  
 They reappear in glory bright and new !  
 And to their sweet embrace a soul is given,  
 And on the wings of HOPE an angel flies to HEAVEN.

## MARSHAL MURAT.\*

ACHILLE, the eldest son of Murat formerly king of the two Sicilies, is now a planter in Florida. Fleeing from France he came to our country, and found an asylum on our shores, the place of refuge to so many of those stern and restless spirits that once unsettled Europe from her repose. Kings, and princes, and marshals, and nobles, have in turn been forced to take shelter under our eagle, to escape imprisonment and death at home. The life and fate of Murat were forcibly recalled to us, not long since, as we stood in his palace, near Naples—left just as he furnished it, and gazed on his portrait, still hanging where he placed it. It is singular that we have no good biographies of Bonaparte's distinguished generals. Many of them being men of striking intellectual qualities, great military ability, heroic courage, and with lives filled with great actions and thrilling adventures, they furnish materials for most lively and interesting sketches, which notwithstanding have never been written. The French revolution brought strange beings to the surface, of whose existence man never dreamed before. Demagogues and statesmen and orators rose in turn from the heretofore despised mass, and disputed with kings, as if accustomed their life-long to such encounters. And as the revolution called out what intellectual force was in the French people, so did Bonaparte's wonderful career bring into the field whatever military talent and genius the nation possessed. The young Corsican, rising steadily by his great achievements from a subaltern in the artillery to the commander-in-chief of the French army, drew all eyes and hearts after him. Besides, the same causes which called out the energies of Napoleon, brought forth also those of other men. The formation of a republican army, led by republican generals, left the field of fame open to every aspirant, and thousands rushed on it, some to succeed and many to fall. This sudden removal of all privileges and prerogatives, and appealing simply to the entire native force and talent of a people, develop strength and power that are ab-

solutely awful. The almost miraculous growth of our own country exhibits the extent and greatness of this power exerted in the peaceful channels of commerce and internal improvements; while the empire of France, overshadowing Europe and making playthings of thrones, illustrates the force of this hidden strength when concentrated into armies. The utter breaking up of old systems and old ranks, and the summoning to the battlefield, by a continent in arms, exhausted the entire military talent of France. Three classes of men especially rejoiced in the state of things that made great military deeds the sure road to fame and fortune. The first was composed of those stern and powerful men whose whole inherent force must out in action or slumber on forever. In peaceful times they make but common men, for there is nothing on which they can expend the prodigious active energy they possess; but in agitated times, when a throne can be won by a strong arm and a daring spirit, they arouse themselves, and move amid the tumult completely at home. At the head of this class stands Marshal Ney—the proud, stern, invincible soldier, who acquired the title of “the bravest of the brave.”

A second class of reckless, daring spirits, who love the excitement of danger, and the still greater excitement of gaining or losing every thing on a single throw, always flourish in great commotions. In times of peace they would be distinguished only as roving adventurers or reckless dissipated youth of some country village. In war they often perform desperate deeds, and by their headlong valor secure for themselves a place among those who go down to immortality. At the head of this class stands Marshal Junot, who acquired the sobriquet of “*la tempête*,” “the tempest.”

A third class is composed of the few men left of a chivalric age. They have an innate love of glory from their youth, and live more by imagination in the days of knighthood, than amid the practical scenes that surround them. Longing for the field where great deeds are to be

\* Vie publique et privée de JOACHIM MURAT, composée d'après des matériaux authentiques la plupart inconnue et contenant des particularités inédites sur ses premiers années. PARIS.

done, they cannot be forced into the severe and steady mental labor necessary to success in ordinary times. To them life is worthless, destitute of brilliant achievements, and there is nothing brilliant that is not *outwardly* so. In peace such men simply do nothing, and dream away half their life, while the other half is made up of blunders, and good and bad impulses. But in turbulent times they are your decided characters. The doubts and opposing reasons that distract others have no influence over them. Following their impulses, they move to a higher feeling than the mere calculator of good and evil. At the head of this class stands, as a patriot, the lazy Patrick Henry, and as a warrior, the chivalric Murat. The latter, however, was an *active*, rather than a *passive* dreamer—pursuing, rather than contemplating, a fancied good, and he acquired the name of the "*prieux chevalier*."

Joachim Murat was born March 25th, 1767, in Bastide, a little village, twelve miles from Cahors. His father was the landlord of a little tavern in the place. He was honest and industrious, with a large family, differing in no way from the children of any other country landlord, with the exception of Joachim, who was regarded the most reckless, daring boy in the place. He rode a horse like a young Bedouin, and it was around his father's stable, he first acquired that firm and easy seat in the saddle, that afterwards made him the most remarkable horseman of his age. The high and fiery spirit of the boy marked him out at an early age, as a child of promise, and he became the Benjamin of his parents. The father had once been a steward in the Talleyrand family, and through its influence young Murat was received, at nine years of age, into the college of Cahors, and entered on a course of studies, preparatory to the church.

Young Murat was destined by his parents to the priestly office, for which he was about as much fitted by nature as Talleyrand himself. But nothing could make a scholar of him. Neglecting his studies and engaged in every frolic, he was disliked by his instructors and beloved by his companions. The "*Abbé Murat*," as he was jocularly termed, did nothing that corresponded to his title, but on the contrary every thing opposed to it. His teachers prophesied evil of him, and declared him, at length, fit for nothing but a soldier, and they, for once, were right. Leaving Cahors he entered

the college at Toulouse no wiser than when he commenced his ecclesiastical education. Many adventures are told of him while at the latter place, which, whether apocryphal or not, were all worthy of the reckless young libertine. At length, falling in love with a pretty girl of the city, he fought for her, and carrying off his prize, lived with her concealed till the last sous was gone, and then appeared among his companions again. This put an end to his clerical hopes, and throwing off his professional garb he enlisted in a fit of desperation into a regiment of chasseurs that happened at that time to be passing through the city. Becoming tired of the restraint of the camp, he wrote to his brother to obtain his dismissal, which was promised, on condition he would resume his theological studies. The promise was given, and he returned to his books, but the ennui of such a life was greater than that of a camp, and he soon left school and went to his father's house, and again employed himself in the stables. Disgusted with the business of an ostler, he again entered the army. The third time he became sick of his employment, and asked for his dismissal. It was about this time he cheated an old miser out of a hundred francs, by passing off a gilded snuff-box for a gold one. But money was not the motive that prompted him to this trick. A young friend had enlisted in the army, and had no way of escape except by raising a certain sum of money, which was out of his power to do. It was to obtain this for his friend, Murat cheated the old man. But the revolution beginning now to agitate Paris, Murat's spirit took fire, and having obtained a situation in the constitutional guard of Louis Sixteenth, he hastened with young Bessières, born in the same village, to the capital, and there laid the foundation of his after career, which made him the most distinguished of Napoleon's marshals. An ultra-republican; his sentiments, of which he made no secret, often brought him into difficulty, so that it is said he fought six duels in a single month. At this time he was twenty-two years of age, tall, handsome, and almost perfectly formed, and with a gait and bearing that made him the admiration of every beholder.

During the reign of terror he was a violent republican, and advanced through the grades of lieutenant and captain to that of major. In 1795 having been of

some service to Napoleon in Paris, the latter when he was appointed to command the army in Italy, made him a member of his personal staff. Here, beside the rising Corsican, commenced his brilliant career. With the words, "Honor and the Ladies," engraved on the blade of his sword—words characteristic of the chivalric spirit of the man, he passed through the Italian campaign second only to Bonaparte in the valorous deeds that were wrought. At Montenotte, Miliesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Rivoli, &c. he proved the clear sightedness of Napoleon in selecting him for a companion in the perilous path he had marked out for himself. He was made the bearer of the colors taken in this campaign, to the Directory, and was promoted to the rank of general of brigade. He soon after accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, where he grew weary and discontented in the new warfare he had to encounter. In the first place, cavalry was less efficient than infantry against the wild Mamelukes. When twenty thousand of those fierce warriors mounted on the fleet steeds of the desert, came flying down on their mad gallop, nothing but the close and serried ranks of infantry, and the fixed bayonet could arrest their progress. Besides, what was a charge of cavalry against those fleet horsemen, whose onset and retreat were too rapid for the heavy armed French cuirasseurs to return or pursue. Murat grew desperate in such a position, and was seen with Lannes once to tear off his cockade and trample it in anger under his feet. Besides, the taking of pyramids and deserts was not the kind of victory that suited his nature.

But at Aboukir, where he was appointed by Napoleon to force the centre of the Turkish lines, he showed what wild work he could make with his cavalry. He rode straight through the Turkish ranks, and drove column after column into the sea; and in one of his fierce charges dashed into the camp of Mustapha Pacha, and reining up his magnificent steed beside him, made him prisoner with his own hands. His brilliant achievements in this battle fixed him forever in the affections of Napoleon, who soon after, made him one of the few who were to return with him to France. During that long and anxious voyage Murat was by his side, and when the vessel in which they sailed, was forced by adverse winds into the port of Ajac-

cio, he visited with the bold Corsican the scenes of his childhood.

In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which placed Bonaparte in supreme power, Joachim took a conspicuous part, and did perhaps more than any other single general for the usurper. In that crisis of Napoleon's life, when he stalked into the Council of the Five Hundred, already thrown into tumultuous excitement by the news of his usurpation, and the startling cry, "down with the tyrant" met his ear, Murat was by to save him. "Charge bayonets," said he to the battalion of soldiers under him, and with firm step and leveled pieces they marched into the hall and dissolved the Assembly. Soon after, being at the time thirty-three years of age, he married Caroline Bonaparte, the youngest sister of the Emperor, then in all the bloom and freshness of eighteen. The handsome person and dashing manners of Murat pleased her more than the higher-born Moreau. In a fortnight after his marriage he was on his way with his brother-in-law to cross the San Bernard into Italy. At Marengo he commanded the cavalry, and for his great exploits in this important battle, received from the consular government a magnificent sword. Bonaparte, as Emperor, never ceased lavishing honors on his favorite brother-in-law. He went up from General of Brigade to General of Division, then to Commander of the National Guard, Marshal, Grand Admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, and was finally made King of Naples.

"The Abbé Murat" had gone through some changes since he was studying theology at Toulouse.

It is not our design to enter in detail into the history of Murat, but having given the steps by which he ascended to greatness, speak only of those acts which illustrate the great points of his character. In the campaign of 1805—at Wertingen, Vienna and Austerlitz, and other fields of fame—in 1806-7 at Jena, Lubeck, Eylau and Friedland—in 1808 overthrowing the Spanish Bourbons, and placing the crown in Napoleon's hands, he is the same victorious leader and intrepid man.

His three distinguishing characteristics were, high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of extremest peril. Added to all this, Nature had

lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned—his tread like that of a king—his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of universal admiration. The English invariably condemn the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of folly, but we think it is all in keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep thought and compact mind, but he was an oriental in his tastes, and loved everything gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade, ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold; boots of yellow leather, while a straight diamond-hilted sword, like that worn by the ancient Romans, hanging from a girdle of gold brocade, completed his dashing exterior. He wore heavy black whiskers, long black locks which streamed over his shoulders and contrasted singularly with his fiery blue eye. On his head he wore a three-cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under the profusion of ostrich feathers, while beside it and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume, he wore in cold weather a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costliest sables. Neither did he forget his horse in this gorgeous appareling, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stirrup and bridle, and almost covered with azure-colored trappings. Had all this finery been piled on a diminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger and still more majestic figure and bearing of Murat, it seemed all in place and keeping. This dazzling exterior always made him a mark for the enemy's bullets in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men, than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along the lines previous to battle. The square figure, plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surtout, and careless seat of Napoleon, were the direct counterpart of the

magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law. To see Murat decked out in this extravagant costume at a review, might create a smile, but whoever once saw that gaily-caparisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front rank of battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks, or watched the progress of that towering white plume, as floating high over the tens of thousands that struggled behind it—a constant mark to the cannon balls that whistled like hail-stones around it—never felt like smiling again at Murat. Especially would he forget those gilded trappings when he saw him return from a charge, with his diamond-hilted sword dripping with blood, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed and blackened with powder, while his strong war-horse was streaked with foam and blood, and reeking with sweat. That white plume was the banner to the host he led, and while it continued fluttering over the field of the slain, hope was never relinquished. Many a time has Napoleon seen it glancing like a beam of light to the charge, and watched its progress like the star of his destiny, as it struggled for awhile in the hottest of the fight, and then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst through the thick ranks of infantry, scattering them from his path like chaff before the wind.

We said the three great distinguishing traits of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in a battle. He invested it with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air of romance about it all, and fought frequently, we believe, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the knights of old—his very costume copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing, as he led his troops into battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other generals of that time. In his person at least, he restored the days of knighthood. He himself unconsciously let out this peculiarity, in speaking of his battle on Mount Tabor with the Turks. On the top of this hill, Kleber with 5,000 men, found himself hemmed in by 30,000 Turks. Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of 5,000 arranged in the form

of a square. For six hours they maintained that unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on a neighboring hill. As he looked down on Mount Tabor, he could see nothing but a countless multitude covering the summit of the hill, and swaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the steady volleys and simultaneous flashes of musketry, that he could distinguish where his own brave soldiers maintained their ground. The shot of a solitary twelve pounder, which he fired toward the mountain, first announced to his exhausted countrymen that relief was at hand. The ranks then, for the first time, ceased acting on the defensive, and extending themselves charged bayonet. It was against such terrible odds Murat loved to fight, and in this engagement he outdid himself. He regarded it the greatest battle he ever fought. Once he was nearly alone in the centre of a large body of Turkish cavalry. All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars, except in the centre, where was seen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For a while the battle thickened where it stooped and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes that fell like lightning on every side,—and then the multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through covered with his own blood and those of his foes, and his arm red to the elbow that grasped his dripping sword. His steed staggered under him and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from his sides. But Murat's eye seemed to burn with four-fold lustre, and with a shout, those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day, he wheeled his exhausted steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry trampled everything down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said that in the hottest of it he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on that same spot nearly two thousand years before, and it gave him ten-fold courage and strength. Covered with wounds, he was promoted in rank on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions of glory often rose before him in battle, giving to his whole movement and aspect, a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of Murat more than the wild

Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat, looking at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus appareled, rode at the head of his squadrons into the deserted city. The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and, more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed, and gaze in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to our practical times. They never saw him on his magnificent steed, sweeping to the charge, his tall white plume streaming behind him, without sending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gjatzen somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy, lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way, reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed. During the armistice, while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reining his high-spirited steed towards them, they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terrors through their ranks. They called him their "hetman,"—the highest honor they could confer on him—and kept up

an incessant jargon as they examined him and his richly caparisoned horse. They would now point to his steed—now to his costume, and then to his white plume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors, that he distributed among them all the money he had, and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly into the midst of the enemy, engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck or some other rich ornament attached to his person.

We said, also, he was a good general, though we know this is often disputed. Nothing is more common than the belief that an impulsive, headlong man cannot be clear-headed, while history proves that few others ever accomplish anything. From Alexander down to Bonaparte, your impetuous beings have always had the grandest plans, and executed them. Yet, men will retain their prejudices, and you cannot convince them that the silent, grave owl is not wiser than the talkative parrot, though the reverse is indisputably true. There could hardly be a more impetuous man than Bonaparte, and he had a clearer head and a sounder judgment than all his generals put together. Murat's impulses were often stronger than his reason, and in that way detracted from his generalship. Besides, he was *too* brave, and never counted his enemy. He seemed to think he was not made to be killed in battle, or to be defeated. Bonaparte had great confidence in his judgment when he was cool, and consulted him perhaps more than any other of his generals upon the plan of an anticipated battle. On these occasions Murat never flattered, but expressed his opinions in the plainest, most direct language, and often differed materially from his brother-in-law. Perhaps no one ever had greater skill than Napoleon in judging of the position of the enemy; and in the midst of battle, and in the confusion of conflicting columns, his perceptions were like lightning. Yet, in these great qualities, Murat was nearly his equal. His *plans* were never reckless, but the manner he carried them out was

desperation itself. Said Bonaparte of him, "He was my right arm—he was a paladin in the field—the best cavalry officer in the world." Murat loved Bonaparte with supreme devotion, and bore with his impatience and irascibility, and even dissipated them by his good humor. Once, however, Bonaparte irritated him beyond endurance. Murat foresaw the result of a march to Moscow, and expostulated with his brother-in-law on the perilous undertaking. The dispute ran high, and Murat pointed to the lateness of the season, and the inevitable ruin in which the winter, so close at hand, would involve the army. Bonaparte, more passionate than usual, because he felt that Murat had the right of it, as he had, a few days before, when he besought him not to attack Smolensko because the Russians would evacuate it of their own accord, made some reply which was heard only by the latter, but which stung him so to the quick that he simply replied, "A march to Moscow will be the destruction of the army," and spurred his horse straight into the fire of a Russian battery. Bonaparte had touched him in some sore spot, and he determined to wipe out the disgrace by his death. He ordered all his guard to leave him, and sat there on his magnificent steed, with his piercing eye turned full on the battery, calmly waiting the ball that should shatter him. A more striking subject for a picture was scarce ever furnished than he exhibited in that attitude. There stood his high-mettled and richly caparisoned charger, with arching neck and dilated eye, giving ever and anon a slight shiver at each explosion of the artillery that ploughed up the turf at his feet, while Murat, in his splendid attire, sat calmly on his back, with his ample breast turned full on the fire, and his proud lip curled in defiance, and his tall white plume waving to and fro in the air, as the bullets whistled by it—the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. At length, casting his eye round, he saw General Belliard still by his side. He asked him why he did not withdraw. "Every man," he replied, "is master of his own life, and as your Majesty seems determined to dispose of your own, I must be allowed to fall beside you." This fidelity and love struck the generous heart of Murat, and he turned his horse and galloped out of the fire. The affection of a single man could conquer him, at any time, whom

the enemy seemed unable to overcome. His own life was nothing, but the life of a friend was surpassingly dear to him.

As proof that he was an able general as well as a brave man, we need only refer to the campaign of 1805. He commenced this campaign by the victory of Wertingen—took three thousand prisoners at Langenau, advanced upon Neresheim, charged the enemy and made three thousand prisoners, marched to Norlingen and compelled the whole division of Weernes to surrender, beat Prince Ferdinand, and hurrying after the enemy, overtook the rear guard of the Austrians, charged them and took 500 prisoners—took Ems, and again beat the enemy on the heights of Amstetten, and made 1800 prisoners—pushed on to Saint Polten, entered Vienna, and without stopping, pressed on after the Russians, and overtaking their rear guard, made 2,000 prisoners, and crowned his rapid, brilliant career with prodigies of valor that filled all Europe with admiration, on the field of Austerlitz. In that battle, Murat, as usual, was stationed behind the lines with the cavalry. It was to him that Bonaparte always looked to complete his victories. It is hard to describe the conflicts of cavalry, for it is a succession of shocks, each lasting but a short time, while the infantry will struggle for hours, enabling one to view and describe every step and stage of the contest. Hence it is, that in descriptions of battles the separate deeds of cavalry officers are slightly passed over—the shock and the overthrow prevent the proper appreciation of individual acts. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene on which the “sun of Austerlitz” arose. A hundred and fifty-five thousand men met in mortal combat. From sunrise till nightfall, the battle raged and victory wavered, while the rapidly falling columns and the ensanguined, cumbered field, told how awful was the carnage. But amid the roar of a thousand cannon and the incessant discharge of musketry, the muffled sound of Murat’s terrible shocks of cavalry was heard, making the battle field tremble beneath their feet. Nothing, it is said, could be more awful than this dull, heavy sound of his charging squadrons, rising at regular intervals over the roar of combat.

Bonaparte usually put fifteen or twenty thousand cavalry under Murat, and placed them in reserve behind the lines, and when he ordered the charge he was

almost certain of victory. After a long and wasting fight, in which the infantry struggled with almost equal success, and separate bodies of cavalry had effected but little, Bonaparte would order him down with his enormous weight of cavalry. It is said that his eye always brightened as he saw that magnificent body begin to move, and he watched the progress of that single white plume, which was always visible above the ranks, with the intensest interest. *Where* it went he knew were broken ranks and trampled men, and *while* it went he knew that defeat was impossible. Like Ney, he carried immense moral force with him. Not only were his followers inspired by his personal appearance and incredible daring, but he had acquired the reputation of being invincible, and when he ordered the charge, every man, both friend and foe, knew it was to be the most desperate one human power could make. And then the appearance of 20,000 horsemen coming down on the dead gallop, led by such a man, was enough to send terror through any infantry.

The battle of Valentina exhibited an instance of this moral force of Murat. He had ordered Junot to cross a marshy flat and charge the flank of the Russians while he poured his strong *cuirasseurs* on the centre. Charging like a storm with his own men, he was surprised to find that Junot had not obeyed his command. Without waiting for his guard, he wheeled his horse, and galloping alone through the wasting fire, rode up to him and demanded why he had not obeyed his order. Junot replied that he could not induce the Westphalian cavalry to stir, so dreadful was the fire where they were ordered to advance. Murat made no reply, but reining his steed up in front of the squadron, waved his sword over his head and dashed straight into the sharp shooters, followed by that hitherto wavering cavalry as if they had forgotten there was such a thing as danger. The Russians were scattered like pebbles from his path; then turning to Junot, he said, “There, thy marshal’s staff is half earned for thee; do the rest thyself.”

At Jena, after the Prussians began their retreat in an orderly manner, and no efforts of the infantry could break their array, Bonaparte ordered Murat to charge. With 12,000 horsemen following hard after him, cheering as they came, he fell on the exhausted columns and trampled them like grass beneath his feet, and

although Ruchel with his reserve just then came up in battle array, nothing could resist the fury of Murat's successive onsets, and the defeat was changed into a general rout. We find him also at Friedland, bursting with his impetuous charges through the allied ranks. But it is at Eylau that he always appears to us in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and dreadful one that had yet occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a *complete* victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all—no victory was ever so like a defeat, and Murat alone saved him. The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-five thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the field of snow on which they had slept the night of the 7th of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, was utterly routed early in the morning. Advancing through a snow-storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon, fired half at random, mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the driving snow. Hemmed about and overthrown, the whole division composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then the snow storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the remnant of Augereau's division scattered and flying over the field, while four thousand Russians were close to the hill on which he stood with only a hundred men around him. Saving himself from being made prisoner by his cool self possession, he saw, at a glance, the peril to which he was brought by the destruction of Augereau and the defeat of Soult, and immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was farther from Bonaparte's wishes or expectations than the bringing of his reserve cavalry into the engagement at this early stage of the battle—but there was no other resource left him. Murat sustained his high reputation on

this occasion, and proved himself for the hundredth time worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. *Seventy squadrons*, making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope. Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, and then break into a full gallop, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance. The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost work before it. Then commenced one of those protracted fights of hand-to-hand and sword-to-sword, so seldom witnessed in cavalry. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of a thousand anvils, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together.

The Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce cavalry, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through a broken host that, gathering into knots, still disputed with unparalleled bravery the ensanguined field. It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with ten-fold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, and falling of sabrestrokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glancing through the smoke of battle the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for an empire. He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eye, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the tumult of the

strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their leveled muskets. A few of his guard, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized the bridle in his teeth, and with a pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, he burst in a headlong gallop upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by.

Though the cavalry were at length compelled to retire, the Russians had received a check that alone saved the day. Previously, without bringing up their reserve, they were steadily advancing over the field, but now they were glad to cease the combat and wait for further reinforcements under Lesboeg, before they renewed the battle. We need not speak of the progress of the contest during the day. Prodiges of valor were performed on all sides, and men slain by tens of thousands, till night at length closed the awful scene, and the Russians began to retire from the field.

Such was the battle of Eylau, fought in the midst of a piercing snow storm. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will ever furnish themes for the poet and painter. But let the enthusiast go over the scene on the morning after the battle, if he would find a cure for his love of glory. *Fifty-two thousand men* lay piled across each other in the short space of six miles, while the snow, giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter-house. The frosts of a wintry morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans, and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses lay amid the slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more awful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down on this fallen multitude, while the pale faces of the thousands that were already stiff in death, looked still more appalling in their vast winding-sheet of snow. Foes had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace; while dismembered limbs and disembowelled corpses were scattered thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every

modification of wo were here visible. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest.

That Bonaparte had confidence in Murat's generalship, is seen in the command he entrusted him with in Spain, and also in appointing him commander-in-chief of the Grand Army in its retreat from Russia. We have said little of his conquest of Spain, because it was done without effort. The sudden rising of the population of Madrid, in which were slaughtered seven hundred Frenchmen, was followed by the public execution of forty of the mob. Much effort has been made to fix a stain on Murat by this execution, and the destruction of some hundred previously, in the attempt to quell the insurrection; by calling it a premeditated massacre. But it was evidently not so. Murat was imprudent there is no doubt, and acted with duplicity, nay, treachery, in all his dealings with the royal family of Spain, but we also believe he acted under instructions. He doubtless hoped to receive the crown of Spain, but Bonaparte forced it on his brother Joseph, then king of Naples, and put Murat in his place. Of his civil administration we cannot say much in praise. He was too ignorant for a king, and was worthless in the cabinet. The diplomacy of a battle-field he understood, and the management of 20,000 cavalry was an easier thing than the superintendence of a province. Strength of resolution, courage and military skill he was not wanting in, while in the qualities necessary to the administration of a government, he was utterly deficient. He was conscious of his inferiority here, and knew that his imperial brother-in-law, who gazed on him in admiration, almost in awe, in the midst of battle, made sport of him as a king. These things, together with some unsuccessful efforts of his own, exasperated him to such a degree that he became sick and irresolute. Four years of his life passed away in comparative idleness, and it was only the extensive preparations of Napoleon in 1812 to invade Russia, that roused him to be his former self. Bonaparte's treatment of him while occupying his throne at Naples, together with some things that transpired in the Russian campaign, conspired to embitter Murat's feelings towards his imperious brother-in-law; for his affection, which till that time, was unwavering, began then to vacillate.

We think that it had been more than hinted to him by his brother-in-law that he intended to deprive him of his crown. At least, not long after Bonaparte left the wreck of the grand army in its retreat from Russia in his hands, he abandoned his post, and traveled night and day till he reached Naples. It is also said by an acquaintance of Murat, that Bonaparte at the birth of the young Duke of Parma, announced to the King of Naples, who had come to Paris to congratulate him, that he must lay down his crown. Murat asked to be allowed to give his reply the next morning, but no sooner was he out of the Emperor's presence than he mounted his horse and started for his kingdom. He rode night and day till he reached Naples, where he immediately set on foot preparations for the defence of his throne. Being summoned anew by a marshal of France, sent to him for that purpose, to give up his sceptre, he replied, "Go, tell your master to come and take it, and he shall find how well sixty thousand men can defend it." Rather than come to open conflict with one of his bravest generals he abandoned the project, and let Murat occupy his throne. If this be true it accounts for the estrangement and final desertion of Napoleon by his brother-in-law. In 1814 he concluded a treaty with Austria, by which he was to retain his crown on the condition he would furnish 30,000 troops for the common cause. Bonaparte could not at first credit this defection of the husband of his sister, and wrote to him twice on the subject. The truth is, we believe, Bonaparte tampered with the affection of Murat. The latter had so often yielded to him on points where they differed, and had followed him through his wondrous career with such constant devotion, that Napoleon believed he could twist him round his finger as he liked, and became utterly reckless of his feelings. But he found the intrepid soldier could be trifled with too far, and came to his senses barely in time to prevent an utter estrangement. Shortly after, Napoleon abdicated, and was sent to Elba. But before the different powers of Europe had decided whether they should allow Murat to retain his throne, Europe was thrown into consternation by the announcement that Bonaparte was again on the shores of France. Joachim immediately declared in favor of his brother-in-law, and attempted to rouse Italy. But his army deserted him, and

hastening back to Naples he threw himself into the arms of his wife, exclaiming, "all is lost, Caroline, but my life, and that I have not been able to cast away." Finding himself betrayed on every side, he fled in disguise to Ischia. Sailing from thence to France, he landed at Cannes, and dispatched a courier to Fouché, requesting him to inform Napoleon of his arrival. Bonaparte irritated at his former defection, and still more vexed that he had precipitated things so in Italy, contrary to his express directions, sent back the simple reply, "to remain where he was until the Emperor's pleasure with regard to him was known." This cold answer threw Murat in a tempest of passion. He railed against his brother-in-law, loading him with accusations, for whom, he said, he had lost his throne and kingdom. Wishing, however, to be nearer Paris he started for Lyons, and while changing horses at Aubagne, near Marseilles, he was told of the disastrous battle of Waterloo.

Hastening back to Toulon, he lay concealed in a house near the city, to await the result of this last overthrow of Napoleon. When he was informed of his abdication, he scarcely knew what to do. At first he wished to get to Paris, to treat personally with the allied sovereigns for his safety. Being unable to do this, he thought of flying to England, but hesitating to do this also, without a promise of protection from that government, he finally, through Fouché, obtained permission of the emperor of Austria to settle in his dominions. But while he was preparing to set out, he was told that a band of men were on the way to seize him, in order to get the 40,000 francs which the Bourbons had offered for his head; and fled with a single servant to a desolate place on the sea shore near Toulon. Thither his friends from the city secretly visited him, and informed him what were the designs respecting him. Resolving at last to proceed to Paris by sea, he engaged the captain of a vessel bound to Havre, to send a boat at night to take him off. But by some strange fatality, the seamen could not find Murat, nor he the seamen, though searching for each other half the night; and the sea beginning to rise, the boat was compelled to return to the ship without him. As the morning broke over the coast, the dejected wanderer saw the vessel, with all her sails set, standing boldly out to sea. He

gazed for awhile on the lessening masts, and then fled to the woods, where he wandered about for two days, without rest or food. At length, drenched with rain, exhausted and weary, he stumbled on a miserable cabin, where he found an old woman, who kindly gave him food and shelter. He gave himself out as belonging to the garrison at Toulon, and he looked worn and haggard enough to be the commonest soldier. The white plume was gone, that had floated over so many battle fields, and the dazzling costume, that had glanced like a meteor through the cloud of war, was exchanged for the soiled garments of an outcast. Not even his good steed was left, that had borne him through so many dangers, and as that tall and majestic form stooped to enter the low door of the cabin, he felt how changeable was human fortune. The fields of his fame were far away—his throne was gone, and the wife of his bosom ignorant of the fate of her lord. While he sat at his humble fare, the owner of the cabin, a soldier belonging to the garrison of Toulon, entered, and bade him welcome. But there was something about the wanderer's face that struck him, and at length remembering to have seen those features on some French coin, he fell on his knees before him, and called him king Murat. His wife followed his example. Murat, astonished at the discovery, and then overwhelmed at the evidence of affection these poor, unknown people offered him, raised them to his bosom, and gave them his blessing. Forty thousand francs were no temptation to this honest soldier and his wife. Here he lay concealed, till one night the old woman saw lights approaching the cabin, and immediately suspecting the cause, aroused Murat, and hastening him into the garden, thrust him into a hole, and piled him over with vine branches. She then returned to the house, and arranged the couch from which Murat had escaped, and began herself to undress for bed, as if nothing had occurred to disturb her ordinary household arrangements. In a few moments sixty gens d'armes entered, and ransacked the house and garden, passing again and again by the spot where Murat was concealed. Foiled in their search, they at length went away. But such a spirit as Murat's could not long endure this mode of existence, and he determined to put to sea. Having, through his friends at Toulon, obtained a skiff, he on the night of the 22d of August, with

only three attendants, boldly pushed his frail boat from the beach, and launched out into the broad Mediterranean, and steered for Corsica. When about thirty miles from the shore, they saw and hailed a vessel, but she passed without noticing them. The wind now began to rise, and amid the deepening gloom was heard the moaning of the sea, as it gathers itself for the tempest. The foam crested waves leaped by, deluging the frail skiff, that struggled almost hopelessly with the perils that environed it. The haughty chieftain saw dangers gathering round him that no charge of cavalry could scatter, and he sat and looked out on the rising deep, with the same composure he so often had sat on his gallant steed, when the artillery was mowing down every thing at his side. At length the post-office-packet-vessel for Corsica was seen advancing towards them. Scarcely had Murat and his three faithful followers stepped aboard of it, before the frail skiff sunk to the bottom. It would have been better for him had it sunk sooner. He landed at Corsica in the disguise of a common soldier. The mayor of the Commune of Bastia, the port where the vessel anchored, seeing a man at his door, with a black silk bonnet over his brows, his beard neglected, and coarsely clad, was about to question him, when the man looked up, and "judge of my astonishment," says he, "when I discovered that this was Joachim, the splendid king of Naples! I uttered a cry, and fell on my knees." Yes, this was Murat—the plume exchanged for the old silk bonnet, and the gold brocade for the coarse gaiters of a common soldier.

The Corsicans received him with enthusiasm, and as he entered Ajaccio, the troops on the ramparts and the populace received him with deafening cheers. But this last shadow of his old glory consummated his ruin. It brought back to his memory the shouts that were wont to rend Naples when he returned from the army to his kingdom, loaded with honors and heralded by great deeds. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he resolved to return to Naples, and make another stand for his throne. At this critical period the passports of the emperor of Austria arrived. Murat was promised a safe passage into Austria, and an unmolested residence in any city of Bohemia, with the title of Count, if he, in return, would renounce the throne of Naples, and live in obedience to the laws. Dis-

daining the conditions he would a few weeks before have gladly accepted, he madly resolved to return to Naples. With two hundred and fifty recruits and a few small vessels, he sailed for his dominions. The little fleet, beat back by adverse winds, that seemed rebuking the rash attempt, did not arrive in sight of Calabria till the sixth of October, or eight days after his embarkation. On that very night a storm scattered the vessels, and when the morning broke, Murat's bark was the only one seen standing in for land. Two others at length joined him, but that night one of the captains deserted him, and returned with fifty of his best soldiers to Corsica. His remaining followers, seeing that this desertion rendered their cause hopeless, besought him to abandon his project and sail for Trieste, and accept the terms of Austria. He consented, and throwing the proclamations he had designed for the Neapolitans into the sea, ordered the captain to steer for the Adriatic. He refused, on the ground that he was not sufficiently provisioned for so long a voyage. He promised, however, to obtain stores at Pizzo, but refused to go on shore without the Austrian passports, which Murat still had in his possession, to use in case of need. This irritated Murat to such a degree, that he resolved to go on shore himself, and ordering his officers to dress in full uniform, they approached Pizzo. His officers wished to land first, to feel the pulse of the people, but Murat, with his accustomed chivalric feeling, stopped them, and with the exclamation, "I must be the first on shore!" sprang to land, followed by twenty-eight soldiers and three domestics. Some few mariners cried out, "Long live King Joachim!" and Murat advanced to the principal square of the town, where the soldiers were exercising, while his followers unfurled his standard, and shouted, "Joachim for ever!" but the soldiers made no response. Had Murat been less infatuated, this would have sufficed to convince him of the hopelessness of his cause. He pressed on, however to Monte Leone, the capital of the province, but had not gone far before he found himself pursued by a large company of *gens d'armes*. Hoping to subdue them by his presence, he turned towards them and addressed them. The only answer he received was a volley of musketry. Forbidding his followers to return the fire, with the declaration that his landing

should not cost the blood of one of his people, he turned to flee to the shore. Leaping from rock to rock and crag to crag, while the bullets whistled about him, he at length reached the beach, when, lo! the vessel that landed him, had disappeared. The infamous captain had purposely left him to perish. A fishing-boat lay on the sand, and Murat sprang against it to shove it off, but it was fast. His few followers now came up, but before the boat could be launched they were surrounded by the blood-thirsty populace. Seeing it was all over, Murat advanced towards them, and holding out his sword, said, "People of Pizzo! take this sword, which has been so often drawn at the head of armies, but spare the lives of the brave men with me." But they heeded him not, and kept up a rapid discharge of musketry; and though every bullet was aimed at Murat, not one touched him, while almost every man by his side was shot down. Being at length seized, he was hurried away to prison. Soon after, an order came from Naples to have him tried on the spot. One adjutant-general, one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, and the same number of captains and lieutenants, constituted the commission to try a King. Murat refused to appear before such a tribunal, and disdained to make any defence.

During the trial he conversed in prison with his friends in a manner worthy of his great reputation. He exhibited a loftiness of thought and character that surprised even his friends that had known him longest. At length, after a pause, he said: "Both in the court and camp, the national welfare has been my sole object. I have used the public revenues for the public service alone. I did nothing for myself, and now at my death I have no wealth but my actions. They are all my glory and my consolation." After talking in this strain for some time, the door opened and one of the commissioners entered and read the sentence. Murat showed no agitation, but immediately sat down and calmly wrote to his wife the following letter.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE—My last hour has arrived; in a few moments more I shall have ceased to live—in a few moments more you will have no husband. Never forget me; my life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell my Achille, farewell my Letitia, farewell my Lucien, farewell my Louise. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of the multitude of

my enemies. Be always united: prove yourselves superior to misfortune; remember what you are and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering in my last moments is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing; receive my embraces and my tears.

Keep always present to you the memory of your unfortunate father,

JOACHIM NAPOLEON.

Pizzo, 13th October, 1815."

Having then enclosed some locks of his hair to his wife, and given his watch to his faithful valet, Amand, he walked out to the place of execution. His tall form was drawn up to its loftiest height, and that piercing blue eye that had flashed so brightly over more than a hundred battle fields, was now calmly turned on the soldiers who were to fire on him. Not a breath of agitation disturbed the perfect composure of his face, and when all was ready he kissed a cornelian he held in his hand, on which was cut the head of his wife, and then fixing his eyes steadily upon it, said, "Save my face, aim at my heart!" A volley of musketry answered, and Murat was no more.

He had fought two hundred battles, and exposed himself to death more frequently than any other officer in Napoleon's army. By his white plume and gorgeous costume a constant mark for the enemy's bullets, he notwithstanding always plunged into the thickest dangers, and it seems almost a miracle that he escaped death. His self-composure was wonderful, especially when we remember what a creature of impulse he was. In the most appalling dangers, under the fire of the most terrific battery, all alone amid his dead followers, while the bullets were piercing his uniform and whistling in an incessant shower around his head, he would sit on his steed and eye every discharge with the coolness of an iron statue. A lofty feeling in the hour of danger bore him above all fear, and through clouds of smoke and the roar of five hundred cannon, he would detect at a glance the weak point of the enemy, and charge like fire upon it.

As a general he failed frequently, as has been remarked, from yielding his judgment to his impulses. As a man and king he did the same thing, and hence was generous to a fault, and liberal and indulgent to his people. But his want of education in early life rendered him unfit for a statesman. Yet his impulses, had they been less strong, would not have made him the officer he was. His cavalry was the terror of Europe. Besides, in obeying his generous feelings, he performed many of those deeds of heroism—exposing his life for others, and sacrificing everything he had, to render those happy around him, which make us love his character. He was romantic even till his death, and lived in an atmosphere of his own creation. But unlike Ney, he was ashamed of his low origin, and took every method to conceal it. He loved his wife and children and country with the most devoted affections. His life was the strangest romance ever written, and his ignominious death, an everlasting blot on Ferdinand's character.

The book to which we referred at the head of this article is utterly unworthy its title. Written by a believer in "the divine right of kings," and a scornee of plebeian blood, he can find no better name for Murat, than, "the butcher of the army." Not deigning to describe a single battle, half the book is taken up with incidents of Murat's early life, and the other half with an account of his amorous adventures after his marriage with Caroline Bonaparte. He puts a great many silly speeches into his mouth, and describes a great many amours, for the truth of which we have his assertions alone. That the moral character of Murat could not be very correct according to our standard, is evident from the fact that his life was spent in the camp. The only way to judge of such a man, is to balance his actions, and see whether the good or evil preponderates.

But whatever his faults were, it will be a long time before the world will see such another man.

## A WEEK BETWEEN FLORENCE AND ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROME: AS SEEN BY A NEW YORKER."

A TRAVELER often finds it a very nice calculation to decide whether his regrets at leaving a place which has delighted him, do not counterbalance his pleasures on reaching it. The unfavorable scale of the balance is especially weighty on quitting *Florence*, but *Rome* beckons to him irresistibly, though *Florence* tugs at his skirts, till he hesitates like Hercules in the fable. His duty as a voyager at last conquers, and he "demands his passport." On your first arrival you surrender this in exchange for a "Card of sojourn," which announces that "the *Signore* during his sojourn in Tuscany is secure of the assistance of the laws (conforming himself to their disposal) and of that of the authorities." When you wish to leave the country you deliver up your card, and receive for it a paper stating that "the *Signore* wants his passport endorsed for Rome, and the *Good Government* has nothing to say against it." Very kind of it! Presenting this paper at another office, you receive your passport, endorsed with permission to leave Tuscany for Rome within three days. Finally at the Papal Legation you receive a *visé* allowing you to enter the States of the Church. If any one of these formalities were omitted you would be stopped at the frontier, and perhaps have the honor of being escorted back by a guard of soldiers.

All these points being duly attended to, and a duplicate contract with a *vetturino* "signed, sealed, and delivered," with some American friends I tore myself from *Florence* at daylight on a fine morning in November. Of the two routes to Rome, we had adopted the longer, but more interesting one, by Perugia and Terni. It wound up the lovely valley of the Arno, and if anything could so soon reconcile us to leaving *Florence*, it would be the delicious landscapes which presented themselves to our eyes, changing at every turn of the road, like the combinations of a kaleidoscope, all different and all beautiful. Jagged hills shot up on every side, with their rugged rocks overshadowed by the umbrella-like stone pines, and their tops crowned by tall

towers and ruined fortresses, while in the green hollows between them nestled the country seats of the wealthy Florentines. One of the finest views was on the approach to *Incisa*, which we reached just as the GRAND DUKE stopped to change horses, on his way to *Florence*. As he sat in his carriage, one of the crowd handed him a petition, which he put in his pocket very carefully for future consideration, and then drove off with a slight bow to the people. His equipage was but little more showy than our own, and he himself had no decoration, except a ribbon in his button hole. An expression of thoughtful amiability predominated in his countenance, and made it prepossessing in spite of his projecting Austrian lips. His hair was sprinkled with gray, but apparently less from age, than from the labors of his head for the good of his people, to whom his appearance otherwise promised a long continuance of his paternal reign.

The whole day's ride was through a gallery of landscapes painted by Claude's own teacher, Nature herself. At nightfall we reached *Rimaggio*, our dining and sleeping goal. Many of our American new villages are composed of a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, a church and a court house, but *Rimaggio* contained only the first two of these elements, combined in one house. Its solitary seclusion at the foot of a hill, with no other habitation in sight, fitted it capitally for a scene of robbery and assassination. The *vetturino* had warned us that this was a suspicious road, and had chained down the luggage with screw and padlock. My room door was supplied with three fastenings, a lock, a bolt, and a bar—an alarming excess of precaution. After dinner, where we were waited upon by servants, whose hang-gallows looks would condemn them in any court of Judge Lynch, we retired early to our rooms. I had scarcely fallen asleep, as it then seemed to me, when I was awakened by a loud attack on my door accompanied with harsh shouts! I leaped up, and demanding who was there, found that my assailant was—a servant of the

inn, come to announce that it was sunrise and that the carriage was ready.— That was all my adventure; I am sorry to disappoint you, if you anticipated that I was about to be robbed and murdered, but, like Canning's knife-grinder,

'Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir.'

We were soon under way, after our "stirrup cup" of "*cafe nero*," and my fellow passenger in the *coupé*, an Italian from Foligno, began to complain of the inn where we had passed the night, saying that in his room there was no *comb*. "No what?" asked I, in surprise, thinking my ears must have led me astray in the foreign tongue. "No *comb*," repeated he, passing his fingers through his hair in expressive illustration. "Was there any in your room?" he then inquired, and seemed greatly surprised on being told that I usually carried my own. If this had occurred in America to a British traveler, how eagerly he would have paraded it as a national peculiarity.

At *Arezzo* we stopped to visit the Cathedral, which crowns a height in the centre of the town. A fine level lawn surrounds it, and it stands on a terrace of twenty steps. When you first enter it, the solemn darkness makes every thing invisible except the richly stained windows, one of which, representing the calling of Matthew, is so beautiful that Vasari says, "It cannot be considered glass, but rather something rained down from heaven for the consolation of man."

Farther on is *Cortona*, with its citadel on the very top of a high and steep mountain, like all the old Etruscan cities, which always seek a commanding, instead of a convenient location. Its towers, churches and houses, run down the slope of the hill, lifting up their jagged outlines against the sky with wonderful picturesqueness of effect.

We soon reached the Papal Frontier, where a small fee passed our luggage without trouble. Our passports were all *en règle*, and our detention was therefore very brief. In full view of the station is Lake *Thrasymene*, beside which the Roman army was entrapped and slaughtered by Hannibal. The road passes over the battle ground in the very track of the Roman Consul. You enter a narrow marshy pass with the lake on your right, and a range of hills on your left. Beyond this you see the hills leave the lake with a broad sweep, and then return to it

again at its farther end, enclosing a horse-shoe-shaped plain. Hannibal enticed the Consul into the plain through the pass, which he then guarded with his cavalry, and thus secured the Roman army in a complete trap. His troops were on three sides of them, and the lake on the fourth. The Carthaginians then rushed upon the ensnared Romans in front, in rear, and on flank. So desperate was the conflict that an earthquake shook the plain beneath the armies, without their consciousness, and "it rolled unheededly away." But the Romans were finally overpowered with such slaughter that a brook which then ran with blood, still retains, after two thousand years, a name commemorative of the day,

'And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead,  
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwill-  
ling waters red.'

*Passignano* lies in the jaws of the pass at the other end of the plain and on the shores of the lake. We there passed the night without a visit from any of the ancient Roman ghosts. If they ever returned to these scenes, twenty centuries have effectually laid their perturbed spirits. The silver sheet of the lake was bathed in the brilliant moonlight, and its calm placidity seemed to ignore any sympathy of nature with man.

*Perugia* is another Etruscan city crowning a hill, up which the carriage needs to be drawn by oxen. With only 18,000 inhabitants it has one hundred churches and fifty monasteries! It was the seat of the devotional school of which Pietro Perugino was at the head, and which was so perfected by his scholar Raphael. Many of Perugino's works are here shown, all simple, graceful, and sweet, like the first manner of Raphael. But the boast of the place is the "Staffa Madonna," still possessed by the family for whom it was painted by Raphael, as was the original agreement for it, until lately lost. The picture has a grand saloon devoted to it, though it is only twice as large as your hand. The Madonna, with the child Jesus in her arms, is reading with meek eyes in a book on which the child lays his finger with a grace beyond mortal nature. The exceeding beauty of the composition may seem less wonderful, when we remember that in Perugia a painter of such a subject ought to be especially inspired, since in its Cathedral is shown the Madonna's *wedding ring!*

*Foligno* received us the third night.

All the rooms of the inn were in connected suites of half a dozen, and the waiter could not understand why the ladies of the party should object to pass through the gentlemen's bed-chambers to get to their own. "Are you not all in company?" he asked, with great wonder at such absurd scruples. This knotty point being at length arranged by separating husband and wife, &c., we started the next morning at two hours before sunrise, so as to reach *Terni* in time to see the falls. As day was breaking, we passed the "Temple of Clitumnus," of small and delicate proportion, but the brook at its foot looked more like a ditch than like *Childe Harold's*

"Mirror and bath for Beauty's youngest daughter."

*Spoleto* gave us an uneatable breakfast. Our only consolation was to admire the famous aqueduct which connects the isolated hill on which the city stands, with a neighboring range. It is supported by ten pointed arches, two hundred and sixty six feet high; double the elevation of the *Croton* bridge of which we feel so justly proud, though this was erected twelve hundred years ago. Oxen are next needed for the ascent of *Monte Somma*. The descent is equally steep but much wilder, and the ravine was once infested by banditti, who have now degenerated into beggars. At last we reached the broad and fertile plain of *Terni*, and immediately hastened to the famous cascades, about five miles distant. You approach by a road which follows a broad valley, through which runs the water which has just made the headlong leap. Before reaching the falls, the hills approach each other and form a narrow rocky pass; beyond it they spread out again with a circular sweep into a huge amphitheatre, into which, at its farther end, leaps the river *Velino*. It first rushes in rapids through a narrow channel in the rocks; then, as it approaches the verge of the precipice, it seems to hang back, and to shrink from the terrible depth: but the waters from behind urge it on, and at last it falls slowly and deliberately in a mass of foam into which it had been lashed by its course, narrow at its top, but spreading out as it descends, like the giant emerging from his casket in the Arabian tale. This leap is of five hundred feet, and when it strikes the rocky bottom of the gulf, it rushes on in rapids and cascades till it reaches the

*Nar*, and imparts to that quiet current something of its own fury. The rocky glen, the luxuriant foliage, and every other accessory, combine to make the cascade of *Terni* perfectly beautiful, but its greatest enemy is the description in *Childe Harold*, which so infinitely exaggerates its sublimity that the predominant sensation of the visitor is that of disappointment. Byron's "Roar of waters, from the headlong height," "roars you as gently as any sucking dove;" "Fall of water, rapid as the light," is a deliberate descent, requiring five seconds to fall five hundred feet, while "light" in that time would travel just a million of miles; and his "Hell of waters!" is only a very pretty cascade. Poets need not be so mathematically accurate, but they should at least avoid such extravagant exaggeration as makes the reality of the object which they wish to elevate, ridiculous by comparison with their own grand description. What more could Byron have said of *Niagara*?

It is remarkable that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial; this one at *Terni*, and that at *Tivoli*; a river, in both cases, being diverted from its course. The present one was formed, to drain the plains above it, by *Curius Dentatus*, B.C. 251, and *Cicero* conducted lawsuits about this very stream. Various changes have been made for the improvement of the channel, and it assumed its present place in 1785. The most accurate measurements of the height of the falls give fifty feet for the upper rapids; 550 for the perpendicular fall; and two hundred and forty feet for the lowest one; making in all eight hundred and forty feet.

The next day, while walking in advance of the carriage, I overtook a party of vine dressers, trudging along towards *Rome*, with their bundles on their backs, and their shoes in their hands, like the Irish reapers in *England*. I entered into conversation with them, and was agreeably surprised to find that they were from the Republic of *San Marino*. This miniature state, about four miles square, with a population of 7,000, and an army of forty men, has retained its independence while all the rest of *Italy* has been enslaved by a succession of masters. When these sturdy peasants told me their country, I exclaimed "Then you are free-men!" They raised their heads with proud complacency, and replied, "Yes, yes, we are all free!" They were on

their way to Rome to get work during the approaching winter, when their hilly vineyards would be covered with snow. They expected to walk their two hundred and fifty miles in a week, and after working in Rome four months, and earning a few dollars for their families, they would return home at Easter. I introduced myself to them as a fellow-republican, and they seemed highly delighted to see a stranger from the far-off America.

*Narni* is a curious old town built on the brow of a precipice, so as to save the expense of a wall on that side. The walls of the grey houses continue upward against the face of the rock, so that it is hard to tell where one ends, and the other begins. Half way down the precipice a hermitage has been carved out of the rock, and in it lives a monk vowed never to return to the world. A narrow path, by which the faithful can bring him food, zig-zags down to his hole.

From *Narni* the road passes up a narrow rugged valley, with wild and magnificent views at every turn. As it nears *Otricoli* it seems to be running out to the end of a promontory, while far, far below, is a sea of verdure, undulating over the low hills, but showing bare rocks in the ravines. Immediately in front is *Otricoli* on its rocky peak, looking itself like some more regular pavement of the same material, and beyond rises Mount *Soracte*, which you at once recognize from Byron's graphic picture of how its ridge

'From out the plain,  
Heaves like a long swept wave about to  
break,  
And on the curl hangs pausing.'

No one who has ever seen the waves rolling in upon a sea-beach, can fail to appreciate the wonderful similarity of the brow of this mountain, notwithstanding it was never remarked before Childe Harold gave it such eloquent expression.

*Civita Castellana* is next seen beside a deep ravine crossed by a fine modern bridge. Then comes *Nepi*, where we slept for the last time before entering *Rome*. Beyond it the road traverses a barren and desolate region, strewn with volcanic rocks, spotted with stagnant pools where once were craters, without a house or tree, and inhabited only by a few herdsmen in goatskin leggins and sheepskin coats, tending the half starved cattle, which pick up a scanty sustenance from the brown herbage and tufts of briars, which are now the only productions of the once fertile and populous Roman *Campagna*. At *La Storta* we found ourselves within ten miles of *Rome*, a seemingly incredible dream of delight.—It was the twenty-fifth of November, "Evacuation day" in the city of New York, which was then doubtless echoing with the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the other popular expressions of joy. Here on the contrary the *Campagna* was overspread by a death-like silence, unbroken, except by the sound of our carriage wheels, till we were aroused from our sympathetic lethargy by the sudden shout from the postillion of "ROMA! ROMA!"

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## INSCRIPTION

ON A RUINED TEMPLE.

Beautiful record of a world that was:  
Majestic type of what a world must be.

## MODERN CRITICISM.—GEORGE SAND.

THERE are few things more remarkable, there is none more reprehensible, in the present advanced state of a philosophical criticism, than a certain quaint character of bigotry without faith, austerity without conscience, and science without system.

The critic, who in his life may disregard, or in his heart despise the established forms of religion and morality, will yet not scruple, in judging a writer who speculates freely upon either, to constitute himself champion of every prejudice, however besotted, entertained upon them by the multitude. This, to be sure, is often done also with the best faith imaginable; for too often the critic is but one of the multitude. But these, though a mischief, do not rise to the dignity in evil, of the critics and cases we propose to consider. Even where the inconsequence noted is fairly chargeable, it, no doubt, sometimes proceeds from our human infirmity, that source of common incongruity between opinion and conduct; but oftener, we fear, from motives of personal bias or popular captivation. In all these cases, however, the difference is merely relative to the critic, and is only that between presumptuous ignorance, culpable inadvertency, and selfish hypocrisy. The critical principle proceeded upon being in all the same, the public effect in all must be equally pernicious. In subjects, indeed, which are susceptible of only *moral* evidence and certitude, and which, moreover, address themselves largely to the imagination, these personal delinquencies may be accounted for, and perhaps, charitably, extenuated. But what is to be thought of deliberately torturing or evading the legitimate deductions of science, and denouncing those who consistently adhere to them, whenever such deductions tend to cross the commonly crude or conventional limits of the popular sentiment?

Thus, in this "enlightened age" of ours, (as our predecessors too have, immemorably, been wont to distinguish theirs,) do we still find every new, or as the invidious term is "bold" thought, upon certain subjects, condemned with a peremptoriness, perhaps pardonable in the earnest, uninformed illiberality of the past, but which is utterly incompatible with modern principles, and above all, with mo-

dern pretensions, and seems almost incredible in persons who make it a (just, indeed, but not here a due) pride to have rid themselves of the prejudices of the "dark ages." What they appear to have done is, to renounce the extenuations, while they retain the errors, of ignorance and bigotry. Freedom of Opinion and Expression, Universal Toleration, Eternal Truth—these noble and only saving principles are, indeed, now-a-days more loudly and lavishly professed; and this is something gained. But is not the religious or social innovator still denounced—if not as formerly to physical—to what is more cruel perhaps, a moral torture? And in this condemnation by the critic, is not the principle the same as that of the Inquisitor, with the aggravation of inconsistency? The one admits the right, of which he punishes the exercise. The other punished, but he fairly prohibited, all examination or contestation of the established creeds and conceptions.

It is not contended that a certain degree of deference to the general opinion of mankind as a criterion of truth is to be refused, or is, in fact, dispensable. Such opinion is undoubtedly evidence. But it is only *evidence*; and evidence by no means to be taken for conclusive. It is farther to be allowed that, to perform any act of judgment, there must be a principle, a rule of some sort, a medium of comparison, admitted or established. So that if the critic be at all to express a judgment of the book he reviews, the abuse complained of would seem to be more or less unavoidable. Is it then, in strictness, the province of the critic to *investigate*, to *decide*?—for into this, mainly, the question seems to resolve itself. The writer for his own part, from the inconvenience suggested, among others, inclines, against the general usage, to believe it is not. The effectual exclusion of an abuse that renders criticism a nuisance would seem to confine the latter to the task of analysis and exposition. Or if the critic may pretend to decide, under any circumstances, it should be simply by reference to the most approved opinions on the particular subject—recognizing them as *opinions*, not dogmatically erecting these, any more than his own, into peremptory principles. The proper functions of the review-

er, then, seem to be expository, not judicial. He reports, but does not (that is, should not) decree. He should confine himself to the book, especially, not concerning himself about the author; he should declare his opinions upon any new views it may present (if he declare them at all) not only with the reference just alluded to, to existing evidence, but also with a reservation for future: as the lawyers express it, he should keep within the record, and only pronounce *de bene esse*. For this view and this practice, accordingly, there are illustrious authorities. We will mention only Cicero, among the ancients, in the Tusculan Questions, and Bayle, among the moderns, in several articles of his incomparable Dictionary. The critic should, in his chair, be an academic or a sceptic.

But erroneous as the prevailing system of criticism appears to be in principle, the practical abuse of it transcends all proportion with the theoretical error. Let us briefly consider the case and some of its consequences, in the twofold aspect of injustice to the author and detriment to the public.

A book, be it ever so unexceptionable, so excellent in all the rest, is yet held to be contaminated by a few pages or a few passages which chance to be obnoxious—not so often to some received axiom of general truth and morality—as to the particular or peculiar “principles” (as he calls them) of the critic and his coterie or communion. The whole is denounced without discrimination and without reserve. Strange reasoning! As if good, any more than gold, were to be found in the productions of man or even of nature, unmixed with the dross of evil! As if it were not the constant task and the meritorious trial assigned for man upon earth, to accomplish, or at least to endeavor, this separation! The proceeding in itself is sufficiently unfair and unjust to the author. But it seems to us no small aggravation of the injury it inflicts to find oneself judged, in the abstract subjects of Religion, Morals or Politics, by the necessarily crude notions of the multitude, or by the more contemptible cant and common-place of its interested, or echoing oracles. The law is bad. But the tribunal is worse—which, like most tribunals, is cruel in proportion as its rules are frivolous and its authority doubtful, and which, less equitable than some misinterpreters of Virgil would make the infernal one of

Rhadamanthus, refuses the culprit a hearing even *after* he is punished.

But mark its bearing—much the more important consideration—on the interests, on the advancement of general knowledge.

This system would, of course, arrest all progress for the future. By the same reason it would have prevented all the improvement of the past. It would preclude from us, at this moment, much that the “ignorant” fanaticism of the “dark ages” (in this matter, however, more discriminating and liberal than the “philosophic” criticism of the present) has left, has preserved to us, though not un mutilated. Under its sweeping proscription, most of the precious remnants of ancient literature should have perished with the strains of Alcaon, Sappho, Mymnermus and others, by the sacrilegious hand of some self-constituted protector of the public morals and religion. And in our own day, the voluminous treasures of Gibbon must have been sacrificed to their companionship with the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters.

Again, suppose a book of the sort in question—a book, we mean, of conscientious and ratiocinative inquiry—could, in the present day especially, prove really “dangerous,” (a proposition we engage to disprove, to demonstration) should its truths also—and if it have none it is innocuous without a censor—should its truths be proscribed with the errors, the offences? No, certainly. Such a principle must be unsound, for it involves the absurdity of proscribing every thing in nature. What is there, we repeat it, in nature physical or moral, that, practically, in the concrete, is entirely unmixed with evil? The evil we indeed affect to separate by giving it the denomination of *abuse*. But though the name be changed the *thing* remains, we presume, no less the same. What we choose to term the “abuse” is as necessary an effect, proceeds from as natural a property, of the thing as does the use. The notion that there are things which are absolutely and intrinsically *good*, and *evil* only by accident or perversion, belongs to a superstitious faith or a shallow philosophy. It is sometimes no more than a mere verbal illusion, proceeding upon a distinction always more or less arbitrary and, often, perhaps unreal. *Metaphysically* considered, Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, are not natural entities, are not specific attributes; they have no individual existence save in the terms of language, or in

the abstractions of mind. And this is providentially ordained, that we may be obliged to earn the bread of wisdom only by constant assiduity, circumspection and labor. In availing ourselves at all, then, of the circumstances, whether moral or physical, in which we are placed here, we must take the evil with the good, the false with the true. That is to say, we must "try all things." This is the dictate of reason and the demand of necessity, as well as the precept of revelation. The wisdom, both speculative and practical, of mankind consists in a knowledge of events including that of the laws of their occurrence, and in the choice and application of them, so as best to educe the greatest amount of benefit—of Good, alloyed with the least of inconvenience—of Evil. This is what the ancients too understood by prudence, which they made the mother of all the virtues: *Prudentia est enim locata in defectu bonorum et malorum*. But this knowledge implies and requires an acquaintance with the false as well as the true. To quote the Christian Cicero (or rather the Cicero of the Christians) as we have introduced the Pagan; *Primus*, says Lactantius, *sapientia gradus FALSA intelligere*. We might still accumulate the authority of Satan (or Milton) to prove this study, so very contaminating to mortal purity, to be a principal ingredient of even angelic and god-like knowledge. Facts, moreover, all bear out the position; and we venture the opinion, however paradoxical it may seem to the unreflecting, that science and civilization are at least as much indebted to the errors and exploded theories, as they are to the sagacity and successes, of the searchers after Truth.

It may be additionally remarked, that the iniquity of this critical dogmatism does not confine itself to the past, and the actual, of its victim. It assumes to decide, also, upon the future of the fallen author. By a sort of literary attainer, more irrational and barbarous still than the feudal, it consigns his subsequent offspring, however free in fact from the parental offence, to the merciless hue-and-cry of the popular prejudice, for all time.

It is, after all, no more than natural that hypocrites should be rigorous exactors of the observances which they themselves despise and live by. That dupes should be ostentatiously intolerant of disrespect to the sounds or symbols they blindly revere. But is it natural, is it excusable, that persons who belong to

neither of these indeed comprehensive categories, should yield the acquiescence even of silence to this pernicious despotism, whether of critics or populace: a despotism which goes to compromise truth by checking inquiry, to consecrate every existing error and abuse, to prevent the diffusion of much innocent amusement and useful instruction; which, in short, opposes the liberalization and disciplination of the public mind, and, of course, the civilization of humanity: for such evidently are the direct tendencies of all restraint upon the utmost freedom of speculation.

A "dangerous book"! Dangerous to whom? to what? To the institutions or the tenets moral, political, religious, of society? But the established opinions and systems are sound, are salutary, or they are not. If the latter, inquiry and exposure is, we take it for granted, to be desired, not to be deprecated. If the former be the fact, where is the danger? There certainly can be none, if the new doctrines be true, and be *rationally* urged—truth being necessarily not merely compatible with, but confirmative of itself. In neither alternative, then, can such a book be accounted dangerous to the *true interests* of society; on the contrary, its tendency must be, in the one case, to reform bad institutions; in the other, to reinforce good ones. But suppose the doctrines to be "dangerous," to be, in fact, opposed to those interests, and of course false, politically. Is it to be admitted that truth, in the present day, and in matters within popular competency, within general experience, is not, at least even-handed, a match for error? But in the case in contest, truth would derive incalculable odds, from the circumstances. Not to mention the physical protection of the public force, it has the sanction of establishment; it is consecrated by prejudice as well as conviction; it is aided by the propensity (salutary as a check, pernicious as a principle,) of mankind to adhere to things as they are, and the consequent difficulty of disturbing even the worst form of creed or government thus cemented by the interest of many, the ignorance of most, and the indolence of all. Public force, personal interest, popular prejudice, can truth, and truth thus triply guarded, be imperilled, be affected, by the false doctrines or the fanatical denunciations of every radical "visionary," or obscure pamphleteer? The apprehension is ludicrously absurd!

But further, however exceptionable we might imagine a book to be, it should always be remembered that the *motives* of the author may yet be benevolent and patriotic. Indeed, the writers of this obnoxious class, more generally and intensely than any others, are known to be in fact thus nobly actuated. What else than enthusiasm, and enthusiasm kindled and fed by virtuous intention, could induce and enable them to encounter the probability, if not certainty, of the abuse and calumny of the sort of criticism in question, and to expose themselves to what is more galling still, perhaps, to the generous mind, the ingratitude of those whom it has devoted, disinterestedly, its energies, its time, and its talents to serve? We should not, however, insist upon this credit to the author, in examining the book. It is a consideration for the public, to be decided upon a different principle, and to be offered only in mitigation of critical rigor. With motives, as with all else that is merely personal, we cannot allow the critic, as such, to have any proper concern.

One or two precautionary remarks before quitting this general aspect of our subject. We may be deemed, in the preceding animadversions upon the delinquency of the critic and the intolerance of the crowd, to have employed an undue, or at least an unusual warmth or harshness of language. To this charge we should only have to say, that the writer protests he has no other *feelings* in the matter than such as he cares not and dares not to dissemble, namely—a cordial contempt for dogmatical ignorance; a detestation almost morbid of all hypocrisy and cant, especially, the “cant of criticism;” an enthusiastic love of the sole independence which has much of reality for man upon earth—the independence of the mind; a not unintelligent conviction that the exercise and the encouragement of this independence (things almost entirely in the dispensation of a sound and liberal criticism,) are the means and the measure of human happiness and social progress; and, finally, a reverence too sincere for the sanctity of Truth to permit the slightest mitigation of the august severity of her image, by the profane foppery of your courtly phrases.

The other remark is, that we would not be understood as including in this remonstrance what are really “indecent publications.” “Such,” it may be objected to us, “according to your argu-

ment, if *true*, cannot be detrimental—if *false*, not dangerous.” The answer is, that such are properly neither true nor false. Addressing themselves to the passions, they afford no hold to argument. They are, therefore, still less refutable than a “sneer” (a thing, by the by, quite refutable, with deference to Paley); they are thus insusceptible of the common antidote, irresistible by the common weapon, of reason, and are properly therefore a subject of police.

Among the many who have fallen victims to, and the few who have triumphed over, the persecutions of popular bigotry and the denunciations of its jackalls of the critical press, we select for the exemplification of the preceding observations, one of the most signal sufferers from this injustice; time will, perhaps, enable the literary historian to add, one of the most victorious instances of the triumph.

We do not here intend a review of the writings, various and voluminous, of this author—not even of the single work to which we shall confine ourselves. Our notice of it, which, for the rest, will be kept to the letter of our own critical canon—expositive, not judicative—is meant to be subsidiary to the main design, of vindicating the great principle of FREEDOM OF SPECULATION.

This is a principle of infinite and of universal importance in the present day. It is, we think, of peculiar consequence to this country. Politically and to a degree religiously, the American people have renounced the tutelage with the tyranny of Authority, have abandoned the beaten paths of the past, and recognize, or profess to recognize, Reason alone for their public and private guide. Other countries have their creeds “established by law,”—human or divine. There, custom, antiquity still maintain an undisputed dominion or a decisive influence. Even in those States where Liberty has conquered an organization more or less imperfect, in the form of a systematic or a settled constitution, the rules of private action and the restraints upon opinion remain, in most cases, amenable to particular and peremptory usages. It is deplorable no doubt that men should be led by these “blind guides;” but blind though they be they are not unsafe ones, being, of course, familiar with routes which they have been passing over for ages. They leave less freedom, indeed, but, also, less need, for inquiry; they pre-

vent the advantages, but they preclude the dangers, of uninterdicted innovation. With us the state of things is nearly the reverse. We will not obey authority, while we have not the courage, or not the confidence, to follow out reason. Religion even is not held sacred from popular curiosity and arbitrament. And though we have written constitutions and a multitude of other principles recognized in practice they are allowed (at least theoretically) to oppose no bar to the utmost freedom of examination and discussion. Conclusive upon us only *de facto*, they permit—indeed it is their spirit to solicit—appeal to an ulterior tribunal, to a more perfect truth. We then, the American people—and it is now the rapid, however unconscious, tendency of almost entire Europe also—may be said to have cut ourselves adrift on the great ocean of inquiry, with Speculation for our bark and Reason our compass. And it is on the progress of this speculation, on the perfectionment of this reason alone that depend, very evidently, our actual safety and our ultimate success.

In a people thus circumstanced how particularly preposterous the disregard of this the cardinal principle of its action and existence! how pernicious, the daily violation of it in the persons of *thinking* writers, our sole navigators (to resume the metaphor) through those devious seas! How inconsistent, not to say unwise, after repudiating *all authority*, to substitute the blind impulses of the multitude for the time-tried axioms of Antiquity and Aristotle! Nor is it to be supposed that intolerance towards individual authors is no disavowal or violation of the general principle. A principle, it is hardly necessary to say, is violated equally in the most obscure, as in the most important instance; and it is in the former that it is vindicated the most effectually; for there we the most emphatically assert the sanctity of its character.

Entertaining these views of the importance of free discussion and the mischiefousness of the opposition which it encounters, we select, for the clearer illustration, the writer and the work of that writer which seem to us best to represent the principle we contend for, and the infraction of that principle which we have deemed it a duty to denounce. The writer is George Sand—the book is “*Lelia*.”

George Sand, our readers, or most of them, must be aware is a French woman

of great celebrity as a philosophical novel-writer, and who,—perhaps from delicacy no less than diffidence,—had chosen this pseudonymous designation, to conceal her sex as well as identity, in the world of Letters. Her real name is, by marriage, Dudevant; by family, Dupin: she is, we believe, a kinswoman of the distinguished French lawyers of this name. The conjugal history of Madame Dudevant we beg to leave with her biographer and confessor—first, because, doubtless, there is no curiosity to hear it repeated, but chiefly, because we deem it irrelevant to the merits of her writings. Some critics, and after them the public, have, we know, determined otherwise, and insisted upon viewing the successful author through the medium of the rebellious wife. But this is part of our issue with the critics and the public. Without prejudicing her cause, it may, however, be admitted that the lady is in fact “guilty” of the inexpiable transgression of having separated,—separated, however, by mutual consent—from a man whom she found it, after several years of painful effort, impossible to live with. But, what is perhaps still more unpardonable, she has continued to maintain herself in this state of defiance, without the alimonia or the eleemosynary aid of husband or public. It is, of course, no extenuation of *her* offence that an utter incompatibility of temper and taste had in fact existed, though the stereotyped and competent plea, in a majority of such cases. Nothing, that a young woman, full of the exquisite sensibility, the yearning sympathy, the expansive independence which are the tax we pay for genius, should continue to brook the brutal despotism, or repulsive rusticity, of a country-bred soldier in the decline of life—a condition which to a woman so constituted, is the most oppressive, perhaps, of tyrannies, the most unendurable of existences. The character of this man is supposed to be drawn in that of *Colonel Delmaire*, in *Indiana*, one of the earliest publications of the author: and it is presented with those occasional effusions of kindly feeling and of self-criminating candor, and that constant consideration of both the infirmities of the species and the redeeming points of the individual, which, coming from the pen of an “injured wife,” it must be regarded as a proof of woman’s highest qualities to have retained, of more than woman’s magnanimity not to have dis-

sembled. In this respect, how advantageously would Madame Dudevant compare with the cold-hearted, prudish Madame Byron, or that virulent and vulgar caricaturist, the authoress of "Cheveley," in their treatment of men endowed with perfections above the common, both of body and mind. Yet these are held up to the "rising generation" as patterns of pious prudery—victims of marital tyranny! while George Sand, for having done only what they did—"left her lord"—but with the difference of having left, without calumniating, him—is decried as if she had outraged the entire decalogue. It is charged indeed, that the latter has erected her transgression into a principle, and that she advocates (particularly in the publication we are about to consider) the substitution of libertinism for the marriage relation. The private conduct of the author, we repeat, we have nothing to do with, and do not, of course, presume to extenuate, denounced as it is on earth and condemned, no doubt, in heaven. But with respect to the charge against her writings, of being designed to defend any irregularities of her life, we venture to reply:

1st. That it were at least a "hard case," that George Sand should be denied the natural and legal right of defending her own conduct, and in her own way.

2d. That she has not availed herself, in fact, of this right, by any such means as those imputed, but on the contrary, has expressly renounced these means with something of the despairing resignation of Hecuba,

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.*

3d. That the aim of her speculations on the subject of marriage, (an aim we think she has not unsuccessfully attained) was, simply, to shew, that there must be something somewhere wrong—positively, not naturally or necessarily—in the actual organization of this institution.

The first proposition asserts a principle which, enunciated in the abstract, no one, we suppose, will be found to contest. The second and third involve points of fact, which we undertake to sustain severally from the very words of our author. To the former, the following direct disclaimer will be a sufficient answer. As it is short, and to obviate all suspicion of the translation, we quote it (contrary to our rule throughout this

paper) in the explicit original. "Quelques personnes qui lisent mes livres ont le tort de croire que *ma conduite est une profession de foi*, et le choix des sujets de mes historiettes *une sorte de plaidoyer contre certaines lois*; bien loin de là, je reconnais que *ma vie est pleine de fautes*, et je croirais commettre une lâcheté si je me *battais les flancs pour trouver une philosophie qui en autorisât l'exemple.*"\* The other charge, of seeking the subversion of marriage might be met by an equally prepotent denial from the author. "In truth, I have been astonished," says she, in the work just referred to, "when asked by some Saint-Simonians,—conscientious philanthropists, estimable and sincere searchers after truth—what I was going to substitute instead of husbands. I answered them naïvely, that it was *marriage*; in the same manner as for a priesthood that has so much compromised religion, I would have religion be made the substitute." This, the main matter of the accusation, may, however, demand a more full and particular discussion. In conducting the examination (to be more than fair, *ex abundantia*) we pledge ourselves to produce only the passages most susceptible of the obnoxious construction. And here, it will be in order, to premise a few remarks on the nature and general character of the book itself in question.

"Lelia," in many respects, must be regarded as one of the most original productions of the age. It is stamped with the noble audacity of genius. It combines the speculative boldness of Faust, with the philosophical design of St. Leon—more systematic than the former, more comprehensive than the latter, more eloquent, perhaps, than either of these most eloquent writers. But, in conception, in arrangement, in the execution generally, the author, indeed of her own admission, has entirely failed. With all her imagination—an imagination at once fine and fertile—and a vigor of intellect still rarer in her sex, she seems to have sunk appalled beneath the titanic magnitude of her idea. She has, however, given us, in "Lelia," the skeleton of a grand poem, (for poem it is—a poem of life) teeming with those thoughts which involve whole sciences, and views which open upon the intelligent reader like revelations. With the thinker, the tame handicraft of the artist could add nothing to the value of such a book, while it

\* Lettres d'un Voyageur.

would, probably, diminish its impressiveness. Lelia, in the grandeur of its imperfection, reminds you of the Hyperion of Keats,—whom, by-the-by, (Keats' cockneyism aside) our author, we think, remarkably resembles. The genius of George Sand is essentially Grecian; at once subtle and sublime, clear and comprehensive; prone rather to the contemplative than the active; too attentive to, or instinct with, the spirit of *form*, to be prolific of creation; too devoted an admirer of the ideal to be a diligent observer of the real. To this character it is easy to trace the failure alluded to, in the execution of Lelia. And accordingly the same defects are, more or less, chargeable to all the productions of the author—which while admirable for acute analysis and profound views into character, as for skill and force of description, and a style (if a foreigner may pronounce) without a living equal, are greatly wanting (at least as taste goes) in plot, action and incident.

The story, it is obvious, from the preceding intimations, would be of little account to the reader, even were it within our purpose. The truth is, there is only so much of it as serves to string together the disquisitions, which mainly compose the book. These disquisitions are thrown into the discussive and familiar form of dialogue, or colloquies, which pass between the principal personage and the subordinates who, severally, gravitate around her, and on the subjects respectively which the latter are designed to typify. Before coming to quotation it is proper to introduce the speakers.

The chief characters are Lelia, Stenio, Trenmor, and Pulcherie. These are symbolical, not merely fictitious, impersonations. They represent classes, orders, ages; but not as in other philosophical novels—not socially, but psychologically. In the generalizations of our author, all that which comes under the denomination of “manners,” is allowed no place, or no part. They are incarnations of certain faculties or passions, conceived as essential, and of course universal, to the particular description to be personified. These personages do not profess to act every-day life; they only pretend to exhibit life, on a large scale—to represent the forces and the tendencies that latently actuate society, disencumbered of the accidental circumstances and the distracting details which so complicate and mystify its operations, and the study

of them, in the positive world. This system of transcendental impersonation (so to call it) has obvious and great advantages over that of ordinary fiction. While this, copying as it does, from the present, or some other particular point of time, must contain much that is transitory and trivial; the former, embracing also the future and the past, exhibits but what is, more or less proximately, universal and unchangeable. The characters taken from actual life, create, of course, more interest in the mass of readers; being addressed to the senses and to the sympathies of all, they are intelligible to ordinary, to every comprehension. But those of the other description are infinitely more instructive; instead of individuals, or any aggregations of individuals, they are theories personified, embodying grand social results as they have been evolved consecutively in the progress of civilization, and indicating, in the leading tendencies of the periods they symbolize, the direction, the destination, and the desires of humanity.

That, on the other hand, distinctness of character and life-like realization of action and incident, are extremely difficult, if not impossible, in the latter system, is a disadvantage, no doubt; but it is a disadvantage here to be remembered, only in justice to the author, by those who censure Lelia as vague and visionary. Thanking George Sand for having chosen the better part, let us excuse her for not having combined incompatibilities. Nothing, at least short of the highest creative energies, disciplined in the school of the world, and directed by a familiar knowledge of men as well as of man—a knowledge and a discipline which genius is peculiarly unfitted to acquire and to undergo—could hope to succeed in clothing the abstractions of imagination or of intellect, with that flesh-and-blood garb of habit, manner, and circumstance, which alone can ensure the recognition, and of course excite the interest, of the mass of readers. Shakspeare himself has not done this—has not, indeed, attempted it.

From the foregoing very imperfect account of the nature and distinctive character (as we interpret them) of this remarkable book, it must, we think, be evident that the author is to be criticized upon other—upon higher—than the common canons, moral as well as literary. This it is that we claim for her. Those who will not ascend to the sphere where-

in she moves her figures, or who cannot respire at this intellectual elevation, should, from modesty no less than equity, be silent where they do not comprehend. It is no less prejudicial to the advancement of sound morality, than it is an outrage upon justice and reason, to submit (as is the general practice) the great laws that regulate not only particular communities, but the whole race, the moral universe, to the test of the petty conventionalities of village morals. Yet such is the criterion, such the comparison upon which the cry of "immorality" has been raised against G. Sand, and the few other writers, to whom we are indebted for having sought, under the attractive form of the novel, to introduce, to the general intelligence, the philosophical principles (*i.e.* true morality) of society and of man. The critic may reply that the *practical* rules must be the proper test of doctrinal truth in morals, as facts are the proper verifiers of principles in physics. In short, that he is only applying the inductive system. But this is fallacious, in several points of view. Not that morality is not as susceptible of science as natural philosophy; both, no doubt, equally rest upon laws which are universal and immutable. But these laws are not ascertainable with equal certainty or facility, in both. Hence a difference, almost a reversion, in the method of investigation. Moreover, facts are, even in physical subjects, far from being infallible tests of scientific truth, especially in the hands of your "practical men." In any science, a single fact *will* establish a principle; of the operation of which the fact is, of course, an instance. But to know *what* principle, the fact must be *correctly observed*. This is generally practicable in the natural sciences; never, perhaps, in the moral. In the latter all we can gain is approximation to the *crucial* appreciation of particulars; and this, not by interrogating or torturing (to borrow the quaintly forcible figure of Bacon) individual facts, but by contemplating facts in large aggregates, and taking the average results. The wider the basis, the closer, of course, to truth will probably be the approximation. In the science of morality, then, *principles* are alone to be relied on as the test of truth; the synthetic, the proper or the predominant method of investigation. We have thus seen, from the nature of the case, the unreasonableness of denouncing specula-

tive writers because their comprehensive views may seem to clash with some miserable local prejudice or superstitious usage. Experience, also, teaches the danger of erecting this arbitrary morality into the paramount and controlling standard. The mischief of dwelling upon particular facts and cases, to the disregard and occasionally the denial, of the great principles that alone characterize, and give them significance, may be witnessed in the mazy and many-sided systems of the Jesuits, and the other moral and theological casuists. This is what a great man (Mirabeau) meant, when he remarked, with equal truth and energy, *la petite morale tue la grande*.

LELIA, then, (in whom the reader has doubtless already recognized our heroine) Lelia symbolizes the Soul, the Intellect—those attributes of our spiritual nature which yearn for, and pursue, the ideal and the unknown; and this, through the several stages of our civilization, progressively. The character, though naturally the most elaborated of the book, does not seem, as before intimated, very distinctly demarcated, or consistently composed and conducted. To convey the author's conception of it, however, we cannot do better than transcribe the most complete description to be found in her own words, and which seems to embrace what are commonly classed as qualities of the heart, as well as the faculties of the intellect—all, in short, that distinguishes and dignifies human nature. It may be well to observe, that the speaker, Stenio, is a poet, and in love with Lelia, and that the portrait, therefore, is probably meant to represent that psychological stage of humanity, which is sometimes called the "heroic" or "the golden" age.

"Behold Lelia, that majestic Grecian figure, robed in the devout and passion-exciting attire of Italy—that antique cast of beauty, of which the statuary has lost the mould, with its deep, dreamy expression of the philosophic ages—those outlines and features so roundly formed, so richly tinted—that voluptuousness of physical organization, of which a Homeric sun could alone have formed the now forgotten types. This mere physical beauty would by itself be irresistible; but the Creator has been studious to embellish it with all the intellectual accomplishments of the epoch. . . . Can imagination conceive anything more complete than Lelia, thus robed, reclined and musing? She is the spotless statue of

Galatea, with the celestial gaze of Tasso, and the pensive smile of Alighieri. Such was the graceful and chivalrous attitude of the youthful heroes of Shakspeare—Romeo, the poetic lover; Hamlet, the pale and ascetic visionary; Juliet, Juliet half-expiring and hiding in her bosom the poison and the memory of her blighted love. The loftiest names of history, of the drama, of poetry, might be inscribed upon that face, whose expression is, indeed, an epitome of them all, because it is of all the concentration. This rapt contemplativeness is that in which the youthful Raphael must have plunged, when Heaven unveiled to him his pure and ravishing visions. The despairing Corinne must have been buried in that pensive meditation, when listening to her last verses, chanted by a young maiden, on the capitol. In such an isolation, disdainful of the crowd, was wrapped the mute and mysterious page of Lara. Yes, Lelia unites in herself all these idealities, for she combines the genius of all poets, the grandeur of all characters. You might give to Lelia the names of all of these, the most honorable and the most acceptable to God, would still be *Lelia*—Lelia, whose pure and radiant brow, whose ample and expansive breast is the abode of every great thought, of every generous sentiment: Religion, Enthusiasm, Stoicism, Compassion, Perseverance, Grief, Charity, Clemency, Candor, Courage, Contempt of life, Intelligence, Energy, Hope, Patience; all, in fine, down to those innocent frivolities, those sublime levities of woman, that frolic thoughtlessness which constitute perhaps her most cherished privilege and most bewitching attraction.”—Vol. I. p. 90.

STENIO is a young man in the bloom of adolescence. He is the type of the enthusiasm, the impetuosity, the hope, the poetry and the passions of that deliciously-tumultuous epoch. He becomes enamoured of Lelia, of whom we have just given his lover-like description. The interviews between this pair are the most frequent and close of any in the book, and their conversations no less remarkable for suggestive instruction than passionate eloquence. The mythus of the relation between them, we conceive

to be the influence exercised by the intellect and the heart—by the reason and the passions, mutually upon each other. In support of this view, we shall quote a remonstrance of Lelia against the urgency of her ardent and inexperienced lover. It is long; but, let the inexorable moralist say what he will, it is full of beautiful wisdom. It contains a description of “first love”—of those vague desires, those unutterable thoughts, those ceaseless aspirations, those aimless inquiries through the universe within us as through that without, for something, we know not what, to fix the feverish restlessness of the imagination, to fill the insatiable avidity of the soul—a description which we are sure there is none of our readers, with a memory or a heart, who will read without rapture. The passage, in its suggestions respecting the proper use and the abuse of this passion, will also serve to show us what sort of love it is of which George Sand is the expounder, or, if you will, the advocate—“a love,” in her own eloquent language, “which is grand, noble, beautiful, voluntary, eternal; a love which is the *marriage-union* such as Jesus has instituted it, such as St. Paul has explained it, such, if you will, as the Civil Code, chap. VI., Title V., has expressed its reciprocal duties”—and that it is not the promiscuous and brutal appetite, of which many, whose calumnies have not even the excuse of wilful ignorance, have dared to denounce her as the deliberate apostle! This is another motive to us for giving so long a passage in full.

Lelia addresses Stenio: “Thou hast promised to love me tenderly, and that we would thus be happy. Seek not, Stenio, to anticipate time; be not in haste to sound the mysteries of life. Await its arrival to take and carry thee whither we are all going. Thou fearest me, thou sayest. It is thyself thou hast to fear, it is thou who hast need of restraint; for at thine age imagination spoils the most savory fruits, impairs, by its avidity, every enjoyment. At thy years, we are bad economists of happiness; we would know all, possess all, exhaust all; and then we are astonished that the goods of this life are so inconsiderable, whereas

the true subject of astonishment is the heart of man, and its insatiable wants. Come, take my advice, proceed softly, *luxuriate, one by one, upon the ineffable blisses of a word, a look, a thought—all those immense and important nothings of nascent love.* Were we not happy yesterday, under those trees, when, seated side by side, we felt our garments touch, and our glances divine, each other, in the shade? The night was quite dark, and yet I could see you, Stenio; you appeared beautiful as life, and I fancied you the sylph of those woods, the spirit of that breeze, the angel of the mysterious and tender hour. Have you remarked, Stenio, that there are moments when we are forced to love, times when the soul is inundated with poetry, when the heart beats more quickly, when the spirit launches beyond us and bursts the bonds of the will, to flee in quest of a counterpart wherein to pour itself? How often, in the evening twilight, at the rising of the moon, at the earliest day-dawn, how often, in the stillness of midnight, and in that other repose of noon so oppressive, so disquieting, so devouring, have I felt my heart precipitate itself towards some unknown object; towards a happiness without shape, without name, without end, which is in heaven, in the atmosphere, everywhere, like an invisible magnet—like love! And yet, Stenio, this is not love; you think so—you who know nothing and hope everything. I, who know all, know that there are deeper than love, desires, wants, hopes *inextinguishable*; else what would the life of man be, so few are the days allowed him to love upon the earth! But in those hours, our feelings are so vivid, so uncontrollable, that they overflow upon every object around us. At these moments, when the Deity possesses and fills us, we shed upon all his works the splendor of the flame that consumes us.

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“Love, Stenio, is not what you deem it; it is not that violent aspiration of every faculty for a created being; it is the holy aspiration of the part the most ethereal of the soul, for the unknown. Limited beings, we are ever endeavoring to illude those insatiable desires that consume us. We provide them an object within our reach, and poor prodigals that we are, we deck the perishable idol with all the ideal charms observed in our visions. The emotions of sense are insufficient for us. Nature has nothing

delicate enough, in the treasury of her simple enjoyments, to assuage the thirst of happiness which burns within us—we want heaven, and cannot have it!

“This is the reason why we seek heaven in a creature like ourselves, and expend upon it all that lofty energy which had been given us for a nobler purpose. We refuse to God the sentiment of our adoration—a sentiment implanted in us to be given to God alone. We transfer it to a weak and imperfect being, who becomes the god of our idolatrous worship. *In the youth of the world, before man had sophisticated his nature and misapprehended his own heart, the love of the sexes, such as we now understand it, had no existence. Pleasure was the only bond; of the moral passion, with its obstacles, its anxieties, its painful intensity, those happy generations were blissfully ignorant. It is, that then there were gods to worship, and that now there are none!* In the present day, with persons of poetic temperament, the feeling of adoration enters into physical love. Strange error, truly, of a generation at once avid and impotent! Accordingly, when the veil of divinity drops off, and the creature appears in its imperfect and contemptible reality, behind those clouds of incense, that halo of love, we stand aghast at our hallucination, we blush for it, we tear down the idol and trample it in the dust.

“And then, again, we seek another! for we must have something to love, and we go on deceiving ourselves over and over, until at length disabused, enlightened, purified, we are taught to abandon all hope of a durable affection upon earth, and to elevate towards God that pure and enthusiastic homage which we never should have offered but to Him alone.”—Vol. 1. p. 107-9.

We ask the candid reader, Are these the sentiments, the precepts of a teacher of licentiousness and irreligion? The idea suggested in the last paragraph is that which is developed in the character of TRENMOR, who is made to pass from *and through* profligacy to purity, from the most abandoned vice to the most stoical virtue. In our author, as usual, this theory is decried as unnatural and grossly immoral. Indeed, she has herself elsewhere, conceded the inconsistency of Trenmor. Yet the history of Christianity has, we believe, presented several similar examples;—a fact which, no doubt, will pass for proof that the phenomenon is, at least, not incom-

patible with the constitution of human nature.

The preceding paragraphs contain the outline of George Sand's theory, or rather the principle of her doubts, respecting the marriage institution. There is not, it will be observed, a word *against* marriage. She only seeks to show the true cause of the disappointments and distresses which are sometimes charged upon this relation—but charged wrongly, since (as she has attested elsewhere) they are no less incident to unlegalized, and even to illicit, love. Yet, this is what some of her critics call her "attacks upon marriage," and her "advocacy of licentiousness!" The separation which she makes of love from appetite, and the identification of the former with the sentiment of worship is, on the contrary, we venture to affirm, in the very highest strain of moral and religious purity and philosophy. The last passage of the extract, which we have put in italics, might, however, carry a great way, had we the space or the disposition to unfold its contents. If not also more truth, we do not hesitate to say that it involves more thought, than any half dozen novels that have been published within the last year. For the rest, it is, in this respect, but a fair sample of this pregnant book.

PULCHERIE, the only other female character of any consequence, presents the contrast of Lelia, being the representative of the sensual passions. She is introduced then in quality of a courtesan, and with the licentious principles, combines the worldly sense and frolic cynicism, of her unhappy class. The dialogues, or colloquies, between her and Lelia (which constitute a large and perhaps the most important part of the book) may be regarded as exhibiting the systems, and certainly are not unworthy of the ability, of Aristippus and Plato. We must make room for a long extract or two respecting the marriage-union—the subject, and probably the identical passages, whereby George Sand has, in this article, become obnoxious. Lelia relates to Pulcherie the happiness she had expected, and the disappointment she has experienced, from connubial love. Pulcherie replies:

"That you have lost your labor, Lelia, does not surprise me. You would make love what God has not permitted it should be, here below. If I understand your case, you have loved with the whole energy of your being, and your

love has not been requited. What a misapprehension! Knew you not that man is brutal and woman is mutable? These two beings, at once so like and so dissimilar, are constituted in such sort that there is ever between them, even in the transports of love, an ineradicable germ of hatred. The first sentiment that succeeds their embrace is one of aversion and dejection. It is a law of heaven against which it is idle to strive. In the design of Providence, the union of man and woman is evidently temporary. Every consideration opposes the perpetuity of their association, and change is a necessity of their nature."

That this "law of nature" has been infringed, Pulcherie imputes to the arbitrary and vicious constitution of society in this particular. Lelia (who, be it observed, speaks the sentiments of Sand) inclines to attribute it rather to the Author of our being, who has permitted, or suffered, man to establish this unequal and oppressive dominion. Our author, therefore, admits the marriage relation, however unequal and oppressive, to be in the order of things. Lelia then proceeds to vindicate woman's right of equality, in a strain of indignant eloquence and of novel and forcible illustration.

"Which of the wrongs we (women) suffer under are we fairly blamable for ourselves? How admit—unless, indeed, on the supposition of our being cast upon this earth, there to lave in the waters of affliction, before admitting us to the banquet of eternal felicity—how believe the intervention of a Providence in our destinies? What paternal eye, tell me, watched over the human race the day it conceived the design of severing itself in twain, and subjugating one sex to the arbitrary dominion of the other? Is it not rather savage appetite which has made woman the slave and the property of man? What instincts of elevated love, what notions of sacred fidelity, could have survived that deadly blow? What tie other than force could thenceforth subsist between *him* who has the right to demand everything, and *her* who has not the right to refuse anything? What toils or thoughts could be theirs in common, or at least with an equal degree of sympathy? What interchange of sentiments, what communion of ideas possible between the master and the slave? In the mildest exercise of his legal rights, man still stands towards his companion in the relation of the guard-

ian to the ward. But the latter case has the advantage, the relation being temporary and restricted. \* \* \* \* There is then no veritable association in the love of the sexes, for woman plays the part of the infant, and for her the hour of majority, of emancipation, never arrives. What then is the crime against nature for which one half of the human race is to be kept in perpetual pupilage? The original sin of the Jewish legend presses upon the head of the woman, and hence, no doubt, her enslavement. But it has been promised her she should one day crush the head of the serpent. When, then, when is this promise to be fulfilled?"

From thus quoting, we will not, it is hoped, be understood as yielding preference, or approval, to the system of either of the speakers—especially not, of course, to the doctrines of the courtesan. No more can our author be justly held responsible, unless Shakspeare be responsible for the ethics of Iago or Richard. Pulcherie would, no doubt, be a more edifying personage, if made to talk upon marriage like a matron or a parson; but they who would have her do so, do not, we suspect, entitle themselves to great deference as critics, whether of moral instruction or dramatical propriety. In

this, any more than in the previous extract, the author, it will be observed, (*i. e.* Lelia) evinces no hostility to the institution of marriage. She only complains of grievances, states facts—facts undeniable. She alleges that woman is actually and legally subjected to man; whereas (in her opinion) she is by right, and ought to be by law, his equal. So far, however, from imputing this grievance to the marriage relation, with Pulcherie, Lelia attributes it to a law—she dares to think still an unjust law—of nature. With the precision of her ideas of justice and natural law, we, of course, have here no direct concern. She believes the inequality to have its foundation in the constitution of the sexes—in the superior physical strength of man. While, therefore protesting against the hardship, she does not denounce the institution that maintains it. The abolition of the institution (which, however, she is charged with preaching) she, in fact, is so far from considering a remedy, that, on the contrary, she intimates that it would lead to the destruction of society itself, and consequently, perhaps, the final extinction of the race. She does not, indeed, propose any specific remedy—that we remember.\* The reason may be this. George Sand has

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\* This is the besetting defect—and it is the part of Hamlet omitted—of most or all the Pleadings for the Rights of Women. A signal example is furnished in a publication recently issued in this city, entitled, *WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*—though, by the way, for aught that appears in the contents, at least to ordinary vision, it would as appropriately be called, *Woman in the Nineteenth Olympiad*, or the *Nineteenth Year Postquam Urbem Conditam*.

This book, written by a woman (we esteem her sincerity too well to say "lady,") has much sharp and sound criticism, upon Woman; her Wrongs, and, what is rarer and better, her Weaknesses, from Eve downwards. But like George Sand, or after her, she not only specifies no remedy, but fails, we think, to state precisely and distinctly the nature of the complaint. The burthen of the whole, however, seems to be, to "raise woman to an equality with man,"—to set her on the same social platform. Why, it would be as rational to talk of raising the rose-bush to the height of the hickory or to the strength of the oak. And were such a result attainable, the usefulness too would be quite analogous. It would be to place the roses—all the plant possessed of beauty or use—beyond human reach, to waste their sweetness on the upper air; it would be to expose them on the wide-spread branches of a stubborn trunk, to be rifled of their flowery treasures by the first rude breeze; whereas, on the pliant stem assigned them by nature, they may brave even the gale by their art of yielding, and not only lose not a leaf or a tint of their charms, but sweeten their fragrance by the graceful submission.

Something of this sort, indeed, Miss Fuller herself admits, however inconsistently, when she states pithily that, "What woman needs is not *as a woman* to act or rule, but as a nature to grow," &c. Well, then, we may presume she does not want "to act or rule" *as anything else*. But is it to "grow" as a *woman's* nature or as a *man's* nature? Or are they the same thing? That they are widely and radically different—different in end as in organization—all, we believe, agree. What else then can these writers be but vague and confused, who (however unconsciously, sometimes) adopt man as the model whereby to *re-form* their ideal woman, while, moreover, resentment for real or imagined injuries is ever drawing them aside into denunciation of this their

far too much sagacity and experience to think, with the vulgar advocates of the "rights of woman," that equality of political privileges would mend her congenial condition. It would only make it worse, or rather it would render the existence of the union itself impracticable, as we shall have, presently, an occasion to show. Love she conceives to be the great want of woman; and freedom, intellectual independence, legal exemption from the husband's dominion, she accounts, not without reason, to be the chief element, or an essential condition, of this love. It is then a *moral*, not a political or civil, equality that our author would assert for woman. But how obtain, or how maintain the one without the other? The dilemma is this: Give the wife equal political rights with the husband, you probably plant dissolution in the marriage relation, discord in the family. Deny them to her, and social inequality must follow the political, and may, at the caprice of the husband, sink into intolerable servitude. That such are our author's views, as far as she has any definite views, on the evils in question, and this the difficulty which has occasioned some inconsistencies in her opinions, as well as her reticence on the subject of a remedy, may be gathered from a careful perusal of, among several others, the following passage. It is long, but it is pregnant with practical instruction upon one of the most deeply and universally interesting of questions, and has, moreover, the authority, probably, of being, substantially, the personal experience of the author. We shall return to the difficulty, and submit a few observations towards a solution.

Lelia speaks of the man in whom she was disappointed.

"That man was wise, just, generous. He possessed manly beauty, intelligence above the common order, integrity of soul (*une âme loyale*;) had the placidity of mental force, was patient and well-natured."

"And what, then, were his faults?" asked Pulcherie.

"He did not love!" replied Lelia. "What availed to me all his noble qualities? Every one enjoyed them except me; or at least I only shared them in common with others, and while he possessed my entire soul, I could claim but a portion of his. He would occasionally manifest towards me the most vivid scintillations of passion, which, soon however, fell back into the womb of night. His transports were more ardent than mine; but he seemed to expend in an instant, all the power of loving which he had been amassing for several days. At all times he was, as a friend, full of gentleness and equity; but his thoughts wandered far from me, and his avocations were constantly taking him away from my society. Do not imagine I had the injustice of pretending to chain him at my side, or the indiscretion of wishing to attach myself to his. *I was ignorant of jealousy, for I was incapable of deceit.* I understood his duties and would not embarrass the exercise of them; but I had a terrible perspicacity, and unwillingly saw how much vanity and peurlity there is, in those occupations which men call serious. It seemed to me that, in his place, I could have despatched them with more method, precision and dignity. And yet, among

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"bright exemplar," as an incarnation of almost every vice! Begin, then, with a distinct conception of the difference alluded to. It is the sole basis of the due emancipation of the Wife, of the true elevation of the Woman. It will suggest the education proper to these ends, furnish the conductor whereby "to bring out the electrical, the magnetic element in Woman"—to borrow another of Miss F.'s felicities of truth and expression. It will teach, in fine, to regard the other sex and its position, not as a term of comparison, but rather of contrast. Accordingly, the point is respectfully submitted for the early consideration of Miss Fuller's Female Senate. No, gentle philogynists, no! Rousseau, in one of his startling paradoxes, has said, "The educated man is a depraved animal." We—but under shelter of a pliant proverb (for the thing is perhaps much a matter of taste)—affirm that a *masculine* woman would be a moral monster, a human mule.

In noting this general exception to the work of Miss F. we are happy of the occasion to express our sincere admiration of her merits as a *critic*, in this book as elsewhere—merits without a rival in our critical journalism, not only for vigorous thought combined with various and accurate learning, but especially for the scope and *direction* of her views, her philosophical comprehensiveness, and her classical sympathies. The latter is especially creditable to a writer somewhat tainted with Carlyleism, that clownish cockneyism of the uncultivated or the common-place mind. Miss Fuller need not ape the contortions; she has the inspiration of the sybil.

men, he was distinguished for ability. But I could easily perceive that he experienced, in the discharge of his social duties, gratifications of self-love more lively or at least deeper, more constant, more necessary, than the holy raptures of a pure affection. It was not devotion to the interests of humanity simply that engrossed his mind and fired his bosom—it was love of glory. His glory was unsullied and respectable, he never purchased it by a single weakness; but he sacrificed my happiness to it, and was astonished that I was not in ecstasy at the splendor which encircled his name. For my part I appreciated the generous actions of which it was the meed; but a price of this nature appeared to me vulgar, and the embrace of popular favor to be the prostitution of the heart. I was unable to comprehend how he could have preferred the caresses of the crowd to mine, and that his best reward was not found in his own conscience, but especially in my heart. I saw him barter away for worthless coin all the treasure of his ideal. To me, he seemed to be losing the eternal life of his soul, and, according to the profound saying of Christ, to be receiving his reward in this life. My love was infinite, and his was restricted within impassable limits. He had circumscribed my affection, he did not comprehend that he might have enlarged it, and that I was not satisfied with the range he assigned it.

“True, at the slightest rebuff from the world, he would fly back to my arms. Frequently, he chanced to experience the injustice of opinion and the ingratitude of the popular voice. Friends, the most implicitly trusted, often betrayed him. Then would he come to weep on my bosom, and by a sudden reaction concentrate upon me all the truant rays of his affection. But this fugitive felicity served only to aggravate my sufferings. Soon again that soul, so indolent or so volatile, in presence of the idea of retirement, became restless, agitated, by the affairs of the world. His ecstasies, more energetically expressed than deeply felt, generated lassitude, a yearning for action, disgust of a life of tenderness and transport. The remembrance of political diversions (the most frivolous, I assure you, at the present day,) would pursue him into my arms. My philosophical aversion to all such inanities, provoked and offended him. He would take vengeance by reminding me that I was a woman, and therefore incapable of soaring to the height

of his combinations, or comprehending the importance of his pursuits. And thence a growing sentiment of spite and silent dislike, interrupted by intervals of repentance and tenderness, but ever ready to revive at the slightest dissidence. In these returns of affection, I was pained to remark that *his joy and his love seemed to savor of insanity. It was as if his soul, on the verge of dissolution, terrified at the vanity of human affairs, would take a final launch towards heaven, to learn, and drink of, its mysterious ecstasies, and descend again, cold and calm, to the earth.* This morbid expression of a passion which had lost its sanctity in our quarrels and resentments, rent my heart as so many adieus which we were bidding to each other; and then he would complain of my sadness, which he took for coldness. He imagined the head may manifest the transports of joy, while the heart is breaking. My tears gave him offence, and he dared, may Heaven forgive him! to reproach me with not loving him.

“Oh! it was he himself who severed the fastest tie that ever bound two souls together. It was he who, not appreciating my impassive reserve and immense control over my grief, construed into crimes the palid cheek, the forced smile, the tear that stole over the verge of the eyelash. He made it criminal in me to be less childish than he, who yet affected to treat me like a child. And then, one day, furious at being made to feel his inferiority, he turned his wrath against my race and cursed the whole sex, that he might have a pretext of execrating me. He reproached me with the defects we contract in a state of slavery—the want of information which is refused us, of passions which we are forbidden to feel. He went so far as to reproach me with the boundlessness of my love as a frantic ambition, a mental alienation, a lust of sway. And as soon as he had uttered this blasphemy I felt that, at length, I had ceased to love him.”

Such is, we believe, a very common origin—especially in those countries where politics and other material pursuits are permitted to corrupt the taste, and engross the time, for conjugal endearment—such are often occasions of those matrimonial bickerings—progressing from neglect to dissension, from dissension to dislike, from dislike to discord,—which are heard, with growing frequency, to explode in divorce, or to mutter in disorder and disgrace; but which in far, far the

majority of cases, are left, a source of silent misery, to die away with the decay of the passions, under the consecrated, because sorely-sensitive, veil of social reserve and family privacy. That a state of things so destructive of the happiness of mankind, but especially, and in an aggravated degree, that of woman, should infer "something wrong" in the marriage institution—this is the case which our author has sought to establish; and certainly, the inference does not seem to be violent. It is, indeed, effectually recognized by the prevalent agitation of what are called "The Rights of Woman;" a topic, which, from being the jest of the wit and a theme of the fanatic, is come to engage the attention of the social philosopher and the statesman. In this country, the movement naturally travels by steam, but proceeds, it seems to us, with more zeal than discretion. A few remarks upon the remedy vulgarly proposed, with the view of finding a better, will, therefore, have the merit—if no other—of being opportune and well-intended.

With our author, then, we are decidedly of opinion that, a participation in political privileges is not the true remedy; nay, that it would only aggravate the evil in question and perhaps introduce new ones. And this, if true, we regard as proof conclusive, that no such privileges are among the natural rights of woman; for no one has a natural right to anything which can produce but evil, pure or in preponderance, to himself and the community of which he forms a member. Are the "Rights of Woman" of this description?

By the "equality of rights" thus claimed for women, is meant, we conceive, that the wife should enjoy the *same* rights civil and political—same in extent and in subject—as the husband. But an equality of this sort is clearly incompatible with the very existence of the social, or even the family, association. No association, domestic or political, possible, without a government. No government without the right in some one to command. No right of command without the duty to obey, without subordination. But subordination and the equality contended for are a contradiction even in the terms. We need not dwell upon the practical objections, which are sufficiently obvious—the consequences of admitting woman upon the arena of politics; the diversion from domestic avocations, the

deprivation of those qualities that chiefly ennoble her nature and endear her to man; the capricious disregard of the husband's wishes or weaknesses, with which an independent right of property would not fail to inspire her. In short, give woman these rights, and you make the fireside a scene of anarchy, the state a system of intrigue.

If the alleged inequality does not reside in the rights refused, it may then be in the duties imposed.

No, still. The common, the conjugal duties of husband and wife are, we believe, by law reciprocal and equal. Both are bound by the same tie, on the same terms, under the same penalties. And if certain transgressions of these duties (*i. e.* adultery) be punished more severely by the *moral* (they are not commonly by the legal) sanction in the woman, this is not an instance nor an evidence of an inequality in her condition. On the contrary, it is a consequence, and of course a proof, of her natural equality, as we shall presently explain the term; even as the ascent of light bodies, at first deemed an exception to, was in fact a confirmation of, the theory of gravitation. The infidelity of the wife, whatever some technical or theological civilians may pretend, is far more detrimental to the objects of the compact than that of the husband; and it is but justice, that is, *equality*, that the rigor of the punishment should be proportional to the importance of the transgression.

Now, all duties having their correlative rights, it may be asked, "Do we not, in thus admitting an equality of duty, accord to woman an equality of natural rights with man?" We do. "And this after having denied to her political privileges?" Certainly. And though the dilemma holds our author, amongst others, in perplexity and indecision as to a remedy, we venture, for our part, to expect an easy escape. The difficulty lies in the phrase "Equality of rights."

*Equality of rights* does not necessarily import (as the communists understand it) the *same* rights to equal things; nor yet, *equal* rights to the same things; as it is more moderately interpreted by other reformers. It does not imply parity, nor even similarity, whether in the subject-matter or the absolute extent of the relation which constitutes the right. The equality in question turns upon neither of these; it rests upon and has reference to the particular *constitution and destina-*

tion of the individuals, (or the sexes,) of whose respective rights it is relatively predicated. These are the terms of the jural equation. If both or either be (as they unquestionably are) different in the sexes, the social career, the course of action, physical and mental, prompted by the one and required by the other, and consequently the "right" of action, will likewise be different and in a like proportion. But, for being thus different, they will not the less be equal; they will be equally efficient of equal ends—the happiness of the agents. To assert for woman an equality of rights in any other sense than this, would, therefore, be to affirm her position, her faculties, her feelings, her duties, to be identical with those of man. The common error lies in comparing merely the modes of operation of the rights; which being, indisputably, different in kind, are of course insusceptible of legitimate comparison. There will be no difficulty in adopting our interpretation of the equality, if the rights themselves be regarded *analogically*; that is, if the mode and measure of their exercise be viewed as a specific means to a destined object,—means equal in result, but different in form, according to the capacity and end of the sexes respectively, in the system of Nature or the order of Providence.

There is still an objection to the legitimacy of the husband's exclusive possession of political rights, upon which our author seems to lay unmerited stress. The rebellion of woman against the marital supremacy that subjects, that enslaves her, is prompted by an instinct which is the *voice of nature*. Ergo, the supremacy is unnatural, unjust, unequal. But every malcontent, and malefactor has a similar instinct. Is society, therefore, to be held illegitimate? But the wife is often, in fact, oppressed under cover of this authority of the husband. So is the man under that of the government. Has government, then, no rightful authority? In either of these cases, it is not perhaps so often oppression or tyranny as it is fault, and fault imputable to both the parties. Had the citizen and the wife understood their true interests, and their proper parts in the social scheme, and been disciplined to practice as well as taught to comprehend them, what had been tyranny political or domestic, would, in most cases, turn to be but a necessary and salutary con-

trol, and the "slavery," "incompatibility of temper," with the thousand other ills which marriage seems, at present, heir to, would disappear, in a voluntary, intelligent, and even agreeable obedience.

The reader has, no doubt, already guessed *our* nostrum for these ills. We almost blush to introduce its old-fashioned face, untricked up in any of the new-fangled devices of the day—without the attraction of even a long and learned name. It is a remedy, however, which is the specific of all moral wrong, the leveller of every unjust inequality, the best, the preventive, part of all government, which is government itself—we mean EDUCATION. It can hardly be necessary to declare, that by the education of woman, we do not understand the prevalent, the "fashionable education," in any possible degree of its perverse perfection; a system mainly, if not exclusively, directed to the cultivation of the meretricious attractions of exterior, without developing a single quality that can ever win the esteem, or even ensure the attachment, of a rational husband, beyond perhaps the honeymoon; a system, which, (to borrow the happy illustration of Swift) disregarding the cages, teaches our young misses but the construction of nets—nets which, after all, are calculated to catch only flies. We mean an education founded, as all education should be, on the particular nature, and adapted, as far as practicable, to the prospective condition, duties and circumstances of the learner. Let woman's understanding be cultivated, her affections developed, her sentiments directed with regard to the duties and ends of her condition in life, and her place in the social and natural scale—these duties, moreover, not merely inculcated formally, but a love and an esteem for them habitually inspired; let this be effected, and we should venture to engage that much less would be heard both of the "rights" and the wrongs of woman, of divorces, separations, and the minor miseries which are at present the prolific brood of "incompatibility of temper." Until she bring to the marriage state, some better than a boarding-school discipline for its business, and a disposition to bear and alleviate its burthens; while, instead, she continues to come tricked out in the current "accomplishments," (as they are called,) viz: to prate parrot-wise about parallelograms and perspective, to put on certain grimaces of face and attitude, and thrum

solos on a piano or guitar—we must say, we see no available remedy against the “inequalities” she complains of, or none that would not, in its consequences, prove worse than the malady. The qualities which we have been recommending, of the heart and understanding, are the best, are the true guarantees of the rights of woman; the education that develops and disciplines them her only hope—at least, until our friends, the Fourierites, bring about, with their “*nova sæcula*,”

“That happy state where souls each other draw,  
Where love is liberty, and nature law.”

For the rest, we would not speak lightly of the grievances in question. We are not insensible to the hardship, perhaps unmatched, that a sensitive, refined or intellectual woman should be subjected for life, to the coldness, the cruelty or the caprice of a stupid, a harsh or a profligate husband. It reminds us of the beautiful *peri* of the Oriental tale, doomed to stand, forever, in trembling attendance, on the nod of her diabolical, hideous and hated old conjurer. It is indeed from deep sympathy with such sufferers that we have ventured to go thus thoroughly into this delicate subject, and to dissuade from the silly and dangerous agitation of pretended “rights” of woman, which can only serve, with sensible men, to burlesque her wrongs.

Nor is it only as such remedy that the education we speak of is desirable. Is it not astonishing—if stupidity could astonish in a modern law-maker—that the influence of women has been overlooked by the statesman? It is the most powerful agency of civilization vouchsafed to man. It realizes in the moral world what has been dreamt of in the mechanical—an accumulative reciprocation of force. Men will be whatever the women esteem and desire—so that to educate the latter is also to educate the former; and the women, in turn, will strain to elevate themselves to the approbation of the improved man. As if so contrived by Providence, this influence is known too to operate the most intensely at the critical periods when the character takes form—we mean infancy and adolescence. The operation of this principle—the predilection of our misses for dress, dollars and beard—has, in spite of our systems of education, given us brainless fops, base-browed sharpers, whiskered noodles, *et id genus omne*. Teach women to require it, and it will

yield a race, if not all philosophers and heroes, of what is much better, perhaps, of dutiful and affectionate husbands, of intelligent and virtuous citizens.

Before quitting this all important subject of marriage we are tempted to give another extract from our author, in illustration of the necessity and propriety of the preparation suggested, for the assumption of that interesting state. It exhibits the course of the illusion—which is to be prevented or dispelled; springing in an exuberance of youth, fed by romances, turned into disappointment at a touch of the spear of reality, and ending in discontent in ordinary natures, but in the fierier intellects, in doubt and despair. This picture, being probably the author's personal experience, presents, no doubt, the effects in those violent extremes, of which only genius is unhappily capable. But with this difference of degree (which will range with sensibility and intellect) it is the history of nine-tenths of the youth of both sexes. For the rest, its fidelity of truth and felicity of eloquence, would of themselves (though we can ill afford the space,) entitle the passage to quotation. Lelia still narrates her internal biography to Pulcherie.

“At this period (puberty) I breathed life through every pore; it overflowed as from an exhaustless fountain, upon the universe around me. The slightest object of esteem, the most trivial subject of amusement excited me to enthusiasm, to intoxication. A poet was to me a god, the earth my mother, the stars, sisters. I would bless heaven, on bent knees, for the opening of a flower upon my window—for the matin song of the bird that saluted my waking ear. My admirations were extasies; my joy was delirium.

“Thus, day after day, enlarging my capacity, inflaming my sensibility and pouring it without reserve upon the heavens above and the earth beneath me, I went on, throwing my whole soul, all the energy of my being, into the void of that intangible universe which returned me every sensation blunted, jaded—the faculty of vision, dazzled by the sun; curiosity fatigued by the monotony of the ocean and the *vague* of the horizon; belief shaken by the mysterious algebra of the stars and the *mutis* of every object which my soul pursued. So that I attained, while yet young, to that plenitude of the faculties which admits of no increase without bursting the mortal envelope.

“Then came a man, and I loved him.

My love for him was the same as I felt for the deity, the sun, the ocean. With this difference, however, that I ceased to love the latter objects, concentrating upon him the enthusiasm which I had been lavishing upon the other works of the Creator.

"You are right in accounting poetry, deleterious to the mind and the peace of mankind. It has made desolate the world of reality, so cold, so sterile, so dreary, in contrast with the sunny visions which it has created around us. Drunk with its empty promises, cradled in its sweet illusions, I have never been able to resign myself to the positive of life. Poetry gave me new senses, immense, magnificent, and which there was nothing on earth that could satisfy. My soul grew too vast to content itself with the paltry reality for an instant. Every day witnessed the sacrifice of my duty to my pride, the ruin of my pride made desolate by its own triumphs. A violent conflict it was, and a deplorable victory; for in disdain of the actual, I came to contemn myself, a vain and stupid creature who could enjoy nothing, from her avidity to enjoy luxuriously everything in the universe.

"Yes, it was a great and a painful contest; for poetry, while intoxicating gives no sign it is deceiving us. It disguises itself in the severe and simple beauty of truth. It takes a thousand various shapes—a man, an angel, even God himself. We attach ourselves to the shadow, we pursue, we embrace it, we fall prostrate before it; we fancy we have found the god and gained the land of promise. But, alas! the fugitive decorations vanish before the eye of analysis or experience, and human misery is not left a rag of illusion to cover its nakedness. Oh! then, it is that man breaks forth into tears and blasphemy. He defies heaven—he demands the reason of deluding him—he abandons himself to despair—he throws him upon his couch, and desires to die."

This leads us fitly to the other head of accusation against George Sand, which we shall notice—her atheism or infidelity. G. Sand, indeed, is not an orthodox Catholic; not even a Christian, perhaps, according to the rubric. But her voluminous works are instinct with the religious, that is, the venerative spirit. There is not one, we venture to affirm, that does not indicate not only the decidedly religious temperament (which perhaps is inseparable from genius) but

also, a deep development of the religious sentiments, and an enlightened faith in a Creator and a Providence,—for example, *Spiridion*. We should not recommend her as a safe instructor in the dogma of Christianity; but we must say, we know no theological writer better calculated to instil the *spirit* of the Divine Founder of that system. As to her opinions of the system itself, we are not unwilling they should be collected from the subjoined extracts, though uttered in a fictitious character. We shall only say for them, that they would probably have passed, in the Christian sect of the Gnostics, or even in the orthodox Church of the Platonic Christianity.—Lelia still relates to Pulcherie the incidents of her life in a convent, whither she had retreated, *à la mode*, after her disappointment in wedlock and the world.

"I had also some days of tranquillity and reason. The religion of Christ, which I had adapted to my comprehension, and my wants, shed a genial suavity, a healing balm into the wounds of my soul. In truth, I have never much troubled myself to ascertain, if the degree of divinity allotted to the human soul, did or did not authorize men to be called prophets, gods, redeemers. Bacchus, Moses, Confucius, Mahomet, Luther have accomplished grand missions upon earth, and given powerful impulses to the march of the human mind, in the career of ages. Were they of the same species with us, those men to whom we owe it that we think, that we live, to-day? Those colossal minds whose energies have organized and established societies, were they not of a nature higher, purer, more celestial than ours? Unless we deny God and the divine essence of the human intellect, what right or reason have we to deny, or to disregard the most exalted of his works? *He* who, born amongst men, lived without sin and without infirmity—he who dictated the Gospel, and transformed the ancient systems of morality into that which has served mankind for a long succession of ages—can he not be truly said to be the Son of God?

"Providence is pleased to send us alternately, men, powerful for evil, and others powerful for good. The Supreme Will that governs the universe, when it desires that the human mind shall make a large stride in advance or retrocession, in a particular section of the globe, can, without awaiting the solemn march of ages and the slow operation of natural

causes, effect these sudden transitions by the arm or the eloquence of a man created for the purpose.

“Jesus having, accordingly, come to trample the proud diadem of the Pharisees under his bare and dusty feet—having abolished the ancient law, and announced to future ages that grand principle of spiritualism necessary to the regeneration of an enervated race—erecting himself a giant in the history of heroes, and separating in twain the reign of the senses and the reign of ideas—having annihilated with an inflexible hand all the animal power of man, and opened to his intellect a new career, boundless, incomprehensible, perhaps eternal; if then you are a believer in God, will you not, kneeling, say: This man is the Word which was with God at the beginning? He has proceeded from God, he returns to Him; he is for ever with him, seated on his right hand, because he has ransomed mankind.

“God who sent Jesus from heaven, Jesus who was God upon earth, and the Spirit of God which inspired Jesus and which filled up the interval, formed a connecting link between Jesus and God—is not this a trinity simple, indivisible, necessary to the empire and the existence of Christ? Every one who believes and prays, every one who is placed by faith in communion with God, does he not present in his person an image of this mysterious trinity more or less faint according to the vividness of the revelations of the celestial, to the human, spirit? The Soul, the Yearning of the soul for some uncreated object, and the mysterious End of this sublime aspiration—all this, is it not Divinity, revealed in three distinct forms,—FORCE, EFFORT, VICTORY?”—Vol. ii. p. 40-1.

Again: strolling, one day, to ease her anguish, into a ruined chapel, Lelia encounters a statue of the Saviour in white marble, buried in a broken niche, and lighted by only a few rays that crawled through the rubbish and “threw a singular sadness over the beautifully pale forehead of the Christ.”

“I took pleasure in contemplating this poetical and melancholy symbol. What upon earth more touching than the image of physical torture, crowned with the expression of celestial joy! What grander thought, what profound emblem, than this God-martyr, bathed in tears and blood, extending his outstretched arms to heaven! O! image of suffering, affixed

upon a cross and ascending like the prayer of innocence, like the breath of incense, from earth to heaven. Expiatory offering of pain, who soarest, all bare and bloody, to the throne of the Lord! Radiant hope, symbolical cross, whereon are stretched and repose those limbs lacerated by torture! Thorny crown which encirclest that brow, the sanctuary of intellect—a fatal diadem set upon the power of man! I have often invoked you, often prostrated myself before you! Often has my soul been offered upon that cross, has bled beneath those thorns! Under the name *Christ*, it has often adored human tribulation, cheered by divine hope—Resignation, that is, the acceptance of this life—Redemption, that is, patience in the throes of agony, and hope in the arms of death.”—*Idem*, p. 47.

We must now bring this cursory notice of George Sand to a close. We are sensible that it furnishes but a very imperfect account of her book; but, besides that this was a subsidiary consideration, it presents, we are bold to say, the fairest and (as far as we are aware) the fullest that has hitherto appeared in our language. Our object, it will be remembered, was to awaken attention to the prevalent and systematic violation, by a dogmatical criticism, and after it, of course, by intolerant ignorance, of the great principle of freedom of Discussion and Speculation. As an exemplification of this abuse it was that the author and the book we have been considering, have been introduced—the author, proclaimed by this tribunal as the deliberate propagator of licentiousness, infidelity, and we know not what other abominations; the book denounced as the manual of those diabolical doctrines.

To show what ground there is for these charges, we have selected from the book the most obnoxious opinions respecting marriage and religion, the principal topics of the impeachment. They have been submitted in full, and, in accordance with our own theory of the critical functions, without pronouncing any judgment, and almost without a comment. It is for the careful and candid reader to say whether they sustain, whether they even countenance the atrocities imputed. Let it farther be borne in mind, that this is but the dark side of the book; that it was our point to make out the strongest case for its calumniators, and in fine, that, of all the works of the author, “*Lelia*,” is, in fact, the most open to misconstruc-

tion, the most amenable to abuse. If, by what we have said and shown, the reader, soaring alike above popular prejudice and critical cant, should be induced to prosecute his acquaintance with G. Sand, through this and the rest of her voluminous writings, we can engage that he will find her, throughout, not only full of that profound knowledge of the human character, and especially the heart, of those comprehensive and generally enlightened views of the organic infirmities and actual abuses of society, set forth, moreover, in a diction of unequalled beauty and eloquence—all which, even enemies allow her; but he will also find her indefatigable as uncompromising in her efforts for the melioration, breathing the most benevolent aspirations for the destinies, of mankind. He will wonder how the following passage from another of her works,\* can have been no less true than it is pathetic. "Because, in writing my little tales to earn the bread that was refused me, I have been often unable to forget having been unhappy, because I have dared to say that there are beings miserable in the marriage state—miserable by reason of the infirmity which is made a duty of the wife, by reason of the brutality which is permitted the husband, by reason of the turpitudes which society throws a veil over, and protects with the mantle of abuse—because of this, I have been declared immoral, I have been denounced as if I were the enemy of the human race." He will ask with astisnohment, and, no doubt, indignation, how this noble woman, because her generous complaints or her philanthropic speculations may have alarmed some stupid prejudice, or some brutalizing belief, has come, in the face of an enlightened world, to be successfully decried as the apostle of profligacy and irreligion? But let him look to history; it is but the old treatment, from which Christ himself was not exempted, of the best benefactors of the people!

We have spoken thus far of "Lelia" with especial reference to the main object had in view. Let us say a parting word of its philosophical character, in a general respect.

The scheme and scope of the book seem to have been, to present a symbolical epitome of the history of human progress, a psychological itinerary of the career of humanity. Lelia, the principal personage, represents, as before intimated,

the several grand stages, successively, through which civilization has passed—(the other characters expressing, perhaps, its more particular or partial manifestations.) Her "first love" with Stenio, may signify the earlier stages, corresponding with what are called the pastoral and heroic times, when mankind were certainly more content, if not more happy—this was the period of the senses and the imagination, and may well include the whole of the civilization of antiquity, which remained of this character, essentially, to the last. Then came with Christianity, (or Christianity with *them*?) repentance and reflection, which are symbolized in Leila's retirement to, and life in a convent—this is the *religious* period, the "ages of Faith." Her flight from the convent, her wanderings and skeptical colloquies with Trenmor, the reformed profligate and materialist, represent the emancipation of the mind from ecclesiastical despotism, the period of Doubt—probably the actual stage of our civilization.

This may be considered a fanciful or a forced interpretation of "Lelia," since the author, as already remarked, has but very imperfectly developed her design. Indeed, she has in the book so often referred to, (*Lettres d'un Voyageur*) avowed a different construction of it herself, describing it "A hideous crocodile skilfully dissected—a heart bleeding all over, laid bare and presenting an object of horror and compassion." Appearing in a production inspired by her better genius (a book which combines all the excellencies with none of the blemishes of George Sand)—the modest severity of this estimate of "Lelia" may, not unreasonably, be regarded as in some degree expiatory and apologetic. Be this as it will, that ours is the true conception of it, is, at least, a legitimate development of its idea, a logical deduction from its premises, a systematic disposition of its ill-ordered fragments, may be gathered, we think, from the subjoined passage, which is produced for the benefit of the reader who has yet had no better means of judging; and with which we close this paper, as the author has her book. It occurs in Lelia's last interview with Trenmor—time, midnight; scene, the summit of a lofty mountain, cleft with deep ravines, amidst torrents and tempests; a subject for the terrible pencil of Salvator Rosa. Treu-

\* *Lettres d'un Voyageur*.

mor, the representative of the "Materialism" of the present day, remonstrates with Lelia, on the folly of her sublime discontent and restless research after happiness and truth. To whom Lelia ("Spiritualism") replies in the following burst of an eloquence to be characterized only by the epithet awful; and then expires.

"There are hours in the night when I feel overwhelmed with an intolerable indisposition. At first, it is a vague dejection, an indefinable uneasiness. Entire nature seems to press upon me, and I crawl along, crushed and bowed beneath the burthen of existence, like a dwarf obliged to carry a giant upon its shoulders. At those moments I yearn for expansion, for consolation, and would fain embrace the universe in one filial and fraternal caress; but the universe seems to repulse me harshly, and turns to me but to crush me beneath it—as if I, a miserable atom, insulted the universe by inviting it to my embrace. Then my poetic and tender rapture is transmuted to horror and reproach. I turn to hating the everlasting beauty of the stars, and the splendor of those objects which feed my ordinary reveries appears now but the inexorable indifference of power for weakness. I am at discord with everything, and my soul emits a shriek from the bosom of creation like the snapping of a string amid the triumphal melodies of a celestial lyre. If the sky be serene, I fancy it an inflexible god, who is an utter stranger to my wishes and my wants. If the tempest rages, it is the image of my bosom—bootless suffering, unheeded cries.

"Oh! yes—yes! alas! despair reigns throughout, and woes and wailings proceed from every pore of creation. Yonder sighing billow writhes in agony upon the beach, the wind weeps mournfully through the forest. Those trees that droop, and rise to be again prostrated beneath the lash of the storm, are all undergoing a terrible torture. There is an unfortunate and accursed being—a being immense, enormous, such as the world we inhabit cannot contain. This being is invisible and omnipresent, and his voice fills all space with one eternal sigh. A prisoner in immensity, he shakes himself, he struggles, he knocks his head and shoulders against the confines of earth and heaven. He cannot pass them; all things constrain him, all crush him, all curse him, all hate him. What is this being, and whence does he

come? Is he the rebellious angel who was expelled from the Empyrean, and this world, is it the hell which serves for his prison? Is it thou, spirit of Force, whom we feel and perceive? Is it you, Wrath and Despair, who reveal yourselves to, and are received by our senses? Is it thou, eternal Fury, who thunderest above our heads and rollest thy terrors through the brazen skies? Is it thou, spirit unknown but not unfelt, who art the master or the minister, the slave or the tyrant, the gaoler or the martyr? How many a time have I felt thy scorching flight above my head? How often has thy voice drawn tears of sympathy from the recesses of my heart and made them flow like mountain streams or the rains of heaven! When thou art within me, I hear a voice crying unto me: "Thou sufferest, thou sufferest." I, on my part, would fain embrace thee and weep upon thy puissant heart. It seems to me as if my agony was infinite, like thine, and that thou hadst need of my love to complete thine eloquent lamentation. And I, too, exclaim, "Thou sufferest, thou sufferest." But thou passest on, thou flyest away. . . . Thou lightest, thou fallest asleep. A single moon-gleam dispels the cloud that surrounds thee; the smallest star that twinkles behind thy shroud seems to mock thy misery, and to make thee silent. Thy spectre sometimes appears to me descending in a whirl-wind, like an enormous eagle, whose wings o'er-canopy the whole ocean, and whose expiring scream dies away into the depths of the billows, and I behold thee vanquished—like me vanquished, like me weak, like me prostrate. The heavens are illuminated for joy, and I am petrified with a sort of stupid terror. Prometheus, Prometheus, can it be thou—*thou* who wouldst rescue man from the bonds of destiny? Is it thou, who, crushed by a jealous God, and devoured by thine own incurable bile, didst sink prostrate upon thy rock without having effected the deliverance either of man or of thyself his sole friend, his father, perhaps his true God? Men have given thee a thousand symbolical names—Audacity, Despair, Madness, Rebellion, Malediction. Some have called thee Satan; others, Crime. For me, I call thee Desire.

I, a sybil, a desolate sybil, the spirit of ancient times, shut up in a brain rebellious to divine inspiration; a broken

lyre, a silent instrument, whose tones the present generation are incapable of comprehending, but whose bosom emits the compressed murmurings of eternal harmony! I, a priestess of death, who am conscious of having been a pythoiness, of having wept, of having predicted, but who forget, who know not, alas! the formula of healing. Yes! yes! I remember abysses of truth and extasies of inspiration; but the clue (*môt*) of human destiny, this I have forgotten; but the talisman of redemption, that I have lost. And yet I have witnessed a world of wonders! and when suffering oppresses, when indignation devours me, when I feel Prometheus agitate my heaving bosom, and lash with his broad pinions the rock whereto he is riveted, when hell rumbles beneath, like a volcano about to engulf me, when the spirits of ocean come to bathe my feet, and those of air to chafe my burning brow. . . . O! then a prey to a delirium without name, to a despair without limit, I invoke the master and the unknown friend, who could enlighten my spirit and unbind my tongue . . . . . but I float—float in the abyss of darkness, and my weary arms can grasp but illusory shadows. O, Truth, Truth, to find thee I have plunged into abysses, the mere sight of which would strike dizzy the bravest of men. I have accompanied Dante and Virgil through the seven gyrations of the magical vision. I have leaped with Curtius into the gulph that was to close upon him for ever. I have followed Regulus into the instrument of his hideous punishment. Not a spot of earth that does not bear traces of my lacerated body. I have attended Magdalene to the foot of the cross, and my brow was bathed in the blood of Christ and the tears of Mary. I have searched all things—I have

suffered all things—I have believed all things—I have resigned myself to all things. I have knelt before every gibbet—been burned at every stake—worshipped on every altar. I have asked Love for its pleasures—Faith for its mysteries—Pain for its merits. I have offered myself to God under every form; I have examined my own heart with a ferocious minuteness; I have torn it from my bosom, dissected it into a thousand pieces, pierced it with daggers to know it thoroughly. I have offered fragments of it to every supernal and every infernal god. I have evoked every spectre—I have wrestled with every demon—I have supplicated every saint and angel—I have sacrificed to every passion. Truth! Truth! thou hast not revealed thyself to me; for ten thousand years I have sought thee, and I have sought thee in vain.

“And for ten thousand years, as the only answer to my cries, as the sole solace of my agony, I hear thee send over this accursed earth, the despondent sigh of impotent desire! For ten thousand years I have felt thee in my heart without the power to translate thee into the language of the intellect—without being able to discover the dread sesame which would reveal thee to the world, and establish thy reign upon earth and in heaven. For ten thousand years I have cried through the Infinite: ‘Truth! Truth!’ For ten thousand years the Infinite has answered: ‘Desire! Desire!’ O! desolate sybil, O voiceless pythoiness, break, then, thy head against the rocks of thy cave, and mingle thy rage-foaming blood with the surf of the sea, for thou imaginest thyself in possession of the omnipotent secret, and for ten thousand years thou hast sought it in vain” . . . . . She dies.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Since the foregoing was written, an article has appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, which treats with marked intelligence and fairness the writings of George Sand. The coincidence with what we have advanced on the subject is, it may be noted, striking; especially, if the difference of object be considered. This is particularly remarkable in the two representations of George Sand’s doctrines concerning marriage. There is, however, a difference in favor of the

Reviewer, which we gladly and gratefully acknowledge. Our view we were content to rest, in a great degree, upon inference; not having here been the advocate of the writer, or the reviewer of her works. But the English critic (who was worthily both) has sustained himself by quotation, especially from the *Lettres à Marcie*, a work we had not read, and which bears out most exactly and conclusively our somewhat conjectural, though confident, construction.

We cannot forbear expressing our pleasure to find with us this additional, and also influential, instance of enlightened appreciation and critical candor towards George Sand. If only for the contrast, it ought however, to be mentioned, that the well known Paris Correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* has taken the British writer to task for his impartiality, in the premises—thinks his article a poor affair; his praise of George Sand but puffing; and undertakes to say that even the commendation of her style is sheer imposture, to decoy readers. All this he asserts, as usual in his frequent and, we had almost said, fanatical vituperation of this author, without a word of proof.

It is, we believe, principally through this gentleman that Americans get their notions of the current literature and authors of France, and there is no doubt that he has been the cause of much of the misapprehension and prejudice respecting both the character and writings of George Sand, that prevail in this country. He is evidently a man of strong prepossessions; but his hostility to this writer in particular (occasioned, possibly, by some personal slight,) breaks into a morbid virulence, and resembles the reckless rancor of the bigot, rather than the clear and conscientious judgment of the intelligent and even liberal critic, that he ordinarily is, both in Letters and Politics.

#### THE DEATH OF WIND-FOOT.

THREE hundred years ago—so heard I the tale, not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang,—three hundred years ago, there lived on lands now forming an eastern county of the most powerful of the American states, a petty Indian tribe governed by a brave and wise chieftain. This chieftain was called by a name which in our language signifies Unrelenting. His deeds of courage and subtlety made him renowned through no small portion of the northern continent. There were only two dwellers in his lodge—himself and his youthful son; for twenty moons had filled and waned since his wife, following four of her offspring, was placed in the burial ground.

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveler from a distant tribe had entered the village, and desired food and repose. Such a petition was never slighted by the red man; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chief himself. Among that simple race, no duties were considered more honorable than arranging the household comforts of a guest: those duties were now performed by the host's own hand, his son having not yet returned from the hunt on which he had started with a few young companions at early dawn. In a little while, the wayfarer

was led into the dwelling by him who had given the first notice of his arrival.

"You are welcome, my brother," said the Unrelenting.

The person to whom this kind salute was addressed was an athletic Indian, apparently of middle age, and habited in the scant attire of his species. He had the war-tuft on his forehead, under which flashed a pair of brilliant eyes. His rejoinder was friendly and brief.

"The chief's tent is lonesome—his people are away?" continued the stranger, after a pause, casting a glance of inquiry around.

"My brother says true that it is lonesome," the other answered. "Twelve seasons ago, the Unrelenting saw five children in the shadow of his wigwam, and their mother was dear to him. He was strong, like a cord of many fibres. Then the breath of Manito snapped the fibres one by one asunder. He looked with a pleasant eye on my sons and daughters, and wished them for himself. Behold all that is left to brighten my heart!"

The Unrelenting turned as he spoke, and pointed to an object just inside the opening of the tent.

A moment or two before, the figure of a boy had glided noiselessly in, and taken his station back of the chief. Hardly twelve years seemed the age of the new-comer. He was a noble child! His limbs, never distorted with the ligatures of civilized life, were graceful as

the ash, and symmetrical and springy as the bounding stag's. It was the last and loveliest of the chieftain's sons—the soft-lipped, nimble Wind-Foot.

With the youth's assistance, the preparations for their frugal meal were soon completed. After finishing it, as the stranger appeared to be weary, a heap of skins was arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.

It was a lovely summer evening. The moon shone, the stars twinkled, and the thousand voices of a forest night sounded in every direction. The chief and his son reclined at the opening of the tent, enjoying the cool breeze which blew freshly upon them, and flapped the piece of deer-hide that served for their door, sometimes flinging it down so as to darken the apartment, then raising it suddenly up again, as if to let in the bright moonbeams.

Wind-Foot spoke of his hunt that day. He had met with no success, and, in a boy's impatient spirit, wondered why it was that others' arrows should hit the mark, and failure be reserved for him alone. The chief heard him with a sad smile, as he remembered his own youthful traits; he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same perverse fortune.

"Many years since," said the chief, "when my cheek was soft, and my arms felt the numbness of but few winters, I myself vainly traversed our hunting grounds, as you have done to-day. The Dark Influence was around me, and not a single shaft would do my bidding."

"And my father brought home nothing to his lodge?" asked the boy.

"The Unrelenting came back without any game," the other answered; "but he brought what was dearer to him and his people than the fattest deer or the sweetest bird-meat—he brought the scalp of an accursed Kansi!"

The voice of the chief was deep and sharp in its tone of hatred.

"Will my father," said Wind-Foot, "tell——"

The child started, and paused. An exclamation, a sudden guttural noise, came from that part of the tent where the stranger was sleeping. The dry skins which formed the bed rustled, as if he who lay there was changing his position, and then all continued silent. The Unrelenting proceeded in a lower

tone, fearful that they had almost broken the slumber of their guest.

"Listen!" said he: "you know a part, but not all the cause of hatred there is between our nation and the abhorred enemies whose name I mentioned.—Longer back than I can remember, they did mortal wrong to your fathers. The scalps of two of your near kindred hang in Kansi lodges, and I have sworn, my son, to bear them a never-ending hatred.

"On the morning of which I spoke, I started with fresh limbs and a light heart to search for game. Hour after hour, I roamed the forest with no success; and at the setting of the sun, I found myself weary, and many miles from my father's lodge. I laid down at the foot of a tree, and sleep came over me. In the depth of the night, a voice seemed whispering in my ears; it called me to rise quickly—to look around. I started to my feet, and found no one there but myself: then I knew that the Dream-Spirit had been with me. As I cast my eyes about in the gloom, I saw a distant brightness. Treading softly, I approached. The light was that of a fire, and by the fire lay two sleeping figures. O, I laughed the quiet laugh of a deathly mind, as I saw who they were—a Kansi warrior, and a child, like you, my son, in age. I felt the edge of my tomahawk—it was keen as my hate. I crept toward them as the snake crawls through the grass. I bent over the slumbering boy; I raised my weapon to strike. But I thought that were they both slain no one would carry the tale to the Kansi tribe. My vengeance would be tasteless to me if they knew it not—and I spared the child. Then I glided to the other; his face was of the same cast as the first, which gladdened me, for then I knew they were of close kindred. I raised my arm—I gathered my strength—I struck, and cleft the warrior's brain in quivering halves!"

The chief had gradually wrought himself up to a pitch of loudness and rage, and his hoarse tones at the last part of his narration, rang croakingly through the lodge.

At that moment, the deer-hide curtain kept all within in darkness; the next, it was lifted up, and a flood of the moonlight filled the apartment. A startling sight was back there, then! The strange Indian was sitting up on his couch, his distorted features glaring toward the unconscious ones in front, with a look like that of Satan to his antagonist angel.

His lips were parted, his teeth clenched, his arm raised, and his hand doubled—every nerve and sinew in bold relief. This spectacle of fear lasted only for a moment; the Indian at once sank noiselessly back, and lay with the skins wrapped round him as before.

It was now an advanced hour of the night. Wind-Foot felt exhausted by his day's travel; the father and son arose from their seat at the door, and retired to rest. In a little while, all was silence in the tent; but from the darkness which surrounded the bed of the stranger, flashed two fiery orbs, rolling about incessantly like the eyes of an angry wild beast. The lids of those orbs closed not in slumber during the night.

Among the former inhabitants of this continent, it was considered rudeness, of the highest degree, to annoy a traveler or a guest with questions about himself, his last abode or his future destination. Until he saw fit to go, he was made welcome to stay, whether for a short time or a long one. Thus, on the morrow, when the strange Indian showed no signs of departing, the chief expressed not the least surprise, but felt indeed a compliment indirectly paid to his powers of entertainment.

Early the succeeding day, the Unrelenting called his son to him, while the stranger was standing at the tent-door. He told Wind-Foot that he was going on a short journey, to perform which and return, would probably take him till night-fall. He enjoined the boy to remit no duties of hospitality toward his guest, and bade him be ready at evening with a welcome for his father.

The sun had marked the middle of the afternoon—when the chief, finishing what he had to do sooner than he expected, came back to his own dwelling, and threw himself on the floor to obtain rest,—for the day though pleasant, had been a warm one. Wind-Foot was not there, and after a little interval the chief stepped to a lodge near by to make inquiry after him.

"The young brave," said a woman, who appeared to answer his questions, "went away with the chief's strange guest many hours since."

The Unrelenting turned to go back to his tent.

"I cannot tell the meaning of it," added the woman, "but he of the fiery eye, bade me, should the father of Wind-Foot ask about him, say to the chief these words, 'Unless your foe sees you drink his

blood, that blood loses more than half its sweetness!'"

The Unrelenting started as if a scorpion had stung him. His lip trembled, and his hand involuntarily moved to the handle of his tomahawk. Did his ears perform their office truly? Those sounds were not new to him. Like a floating mist, the gloom of past years rolled away in his memory, and he recollected that the words the woman spake were the very ones he himself had uttered to the Kansi child whose father he slew long, long ago, in the forest! And this stranger? Ah, now he saw it all. He remembered the dark looks of his guest—and carrying his mind back again, traced the features of the Kansi in their matured counterpart. And the chief felt too conscious for what terrible purpose Wind-Foot was in the hands of this man. He sallied forth, gathered together a few of his warriors, and started swiftly to seek his child.

About the same hour that the Unrelenting returned from his journey, Wind-Foot, several miles from home, was just coming up to his companion, who had gone on a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty giant of the woods that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed about with his new acquaintance through one path and another with the heedlessness of his age; and now while the latter sat in perfect silence for several minutes, Wind-Foot idly sported near him. It was a solemn spot; in every direction around were towering patriarchs of the wilderness, growing and decaying in solitude. At length the stranger spoke:

"Wind-Foot!"

The child, who was but a few yards off, approached at the call. As he came near, he stopped in alarm; his companion's eyes had that dreadfully bright glitter again—and while they looked at each other, terrible forebodings arose in the boy's soul.

"Young chieftain," said the stranger, "you must die!"

"The brave is in play," was the response, "Wind-Foot is a little boy."

"Serpents are small at first," replied the savage, "but in a few moons they have fangs and deadly poison. Hearken, branch from an evil root!—I am a Kansi!—The youth your parent spared in the forest has now become a man. Warriors of his tribe point to him and say, 'His father's scalp adorns the lodge of the Unrelenting, but the wgiwam of the Kansi is

bare!"—Wind-Foot! it must be bare no longer!"

The boy's heart beat quickly—but beat true to the stern courage of his ancestors.

"I am the son of a chief," he answered, "my cheeks cannot be wet with tears."

The Kansí looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant scowls. Then producing from an inner part of his dress a withe of some tough bark, he stepped to Wind-Foot, and began binding his hands. It was useless to attempt resistance, for besides the disparity of their strength, the boy was unarmed, while the savage had at his waist a hatchet, and a rude stone weapon resembling a poniard. He pointed to Wind-Foot the direction he must take, gave a significant touch at his girdle, and followed close on behind.

When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child and that fearful stranger, they were lucky enough to find the trail which the absent ones had made. None except an Indian's eye could have tracked them by so slight and devious a guide. But the chief's sight was sharp with paternal love: they followed on—winding, and on again—at length coming to the fallen tree. The train was now less irregular, and they traversed it with greater rapidity. Its direction seemed towards the shores of a long narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. Onward went they, and as the sun sank in the west, they saw his last flitting gleams reflected from the waters of the lake. The grounds here were almost clear of trees; and as they came out, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the range with their keen eyes.

Was it so indeed?—There, on the grass not twenty rods from the shore, were the persons they sought—and fastened near by was a canoe. They saw from his posture that the captive was bound; they saw, too, that if the Kansí should once get him in the boat, and gain a start for the opposite side, where very likely some of his tribe were waiting for him, release would be almost impossible. For a moment only they paused. Then the Unrelenting sprang off, uttering the battle cry of his tribe, and the rest joined in the terrible chorus and followed him.

As the sudden sound was swept along by the breeze to the Kansí's ear, he jumped to his feet, and with that wonderful self-possession which distinguishes his species, determined at once what was safest and surest for him to do. He seiz-

ed Wind-Foot by the shoulder, and ran toward the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. It was a fearful race; and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick, as the Indian, dragging his child, approached nearer to the water's edge.

"Turn, whelp of a Kansí!" the chief madly cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm darrest against children! Turn, if thou darrest, and meet the eye of a full-grown brave!"

A loud taunting laugh was borne back from his flying enemy to the ears of the furious father. The savage did not look round, but twisted his left arm, and pointed with his finger to Wind-Foot's throat. At that moment, he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy heard his father's voice, and gathered his energies, faint and bruised as he was, for a last struggle. Vain his efforts! for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foe, and fell upon the ground. That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kansí. With the speed of lightning, the chief's bow was up at his shoulder—the cord twanged sharply—and a poison-tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to its mission, it cleft the Indian's side, just as he was stooping to lift Wind-Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek; his blood spouted from the wound, and he staggered down upon the sand. His strength, however, was not yet gone. Hate and measureless revenge—the stronger that they were baffled—raged within him, and shot through his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with death-damps. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind-Foot. He felt to his waistband, and drew forth the weapon of stone. He laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—he shouted aloud—he raised the weapon in the air—and just as the death-rattle sounded in his throat, the instrument (the shuddering eyes of the child saw it, and shut their lids in intense agony,) came down, driven too surely to the heart of the hapless boy.

When the Unrelenting came up to his son, the last signs of life were fading in the boy's countenance. His eyes opened and turned to the chief; his beautiful lips parted in a smile, the last effort of expiring fondness. On his features flitted a lovely look, transient as the ripple athwart the wave, a slight tremor shook him, and the next minute Wind-Foot was dead.

## OPINIONS OF NICHOLAS MACHIAVEL,

## CONCERNING POPULAR GOVERNMENT.\*

NICHOLAS MACHIAVEL, Secretary of Florence under the Medici, and celebrated as the author of a treatise of despotism, entitled the "Prince," composed a series of discourses, or commentaries, on the Roman History of Titus Livius, in which he professes to give the sum of his experience concerning Republics.

These commentaries seem to have been as carefully composed, and are as excellent, in their kind, as the "Prince;" and being offered as the fruit of long experience and mature reflection, might be expected to unfold a perfect theory of popular government. Nor do they disappoint that expectation; nor is it probable that any language of Europe contains a richer treasure of political wisdom. Their perusal cannot fail to convince as well of the wisdom of the author, as of the darkness and confusion of his age.

The Republic of which he was the servant, had sunk, under the power of the Medici, from a democratical state to a principality, and a despotism. The causes of its decline are recounted in a history of Florence, written by Machiavel himself. By the pride and violence of a wealthy aristocracy, the peace of the city was disturbed for a course of centuries, at every turn in its affairs; the people, demoralized by superstition, and injured by too rapid an increase of wealth, were gradually corrupted in their manners, and became spiritless through vice and luxury; bloody conspiracies by the rich against families more popular than themselves, had gradually weakened and unseated the authority of decrees, and taught the powerful to rely on terror for the efficacy of the law. The Popes of Rome and the Princes of Italy, the natural enemies of freedom, continually pressed the city from without, maiming its territory by war, and weakening its influence by intrigue, until Florence became a principality in name, and a despotism by force.

In the year 1466, Lorenzo and Julian de Medici, from the condition of wealthy

citizens, became Princes of Florence, and the death of Julian, which happened by the unsuccessful conspiracy of the Pazzi family, in 1478, when Machiavel was nine years of age, left Lorenzo, surnamed Magnificent, the sole master of the city. Under this master Machiavel entered the service of his country, and was soon after chosen to be Secretary of the Republic. From that period until his death, which happened in the fifty-eighth year of his age, he continued to be the advocate and guardian of its liberties and the reformer of its civil and military constitutions, and was employed, on several important occasions, as the ambassador of its princes.

Though at once a courtier and a lover of liberty, the instructor of despots and the adviser of republics, he lived an example of consistency. Careless of reproach and poverty, often neglected, and at one time tortured and imprisoned by his prince, he persisted in open enmity to the church of Rome and the petty despots of Italy.\* His writings force us to believe, that if opinions like his own had prevailed in Italy, the Reformation would not have been limited to Northern Europe; and that Italy would have become a united nation, composed of free cities and limited principalities, under one sovereignty.

The union of their jarring provinces under one name and one power, had, for centuries, been hoped for by Italian statesmen; but no one of their princes had shown the character, or possessed the power to effect it. Machiavel, looking to the pacification of Italy under a monarch, as an end of paramount necessity, composed the "Prince"—a theory of conquest, and of arbitrary power—a book of instruction for the use of any potentate who might attempt the gradual subjugation and consolidation of the Italian States. It is a treatise of expediency, and of civil and strategic warfare, to be conducted indifferently by fraud or violence, and in the bosom of society as well as abroad. It teaches to rule a

\* "Discourses of Nicholas Machiavel, citizen and Secretary of Florence, upon the First Decade of Titus Livius; in three Books," (faithfully Englished). London, 1650. (Works.)

† See his vindication of himself, "Letter to Zanobius Buondelmontius." (Works.)

new conquest by terror, and an old one by love; in a word, it declares in calm statement, what deeds the best and greatest of men may be compelled to do, if they aim at empire over a disorganized, corrupted people, to whom virtue had become a laughter, religion a terror or a trade, vice a business, and freedom a dream.

The idea of this treatise seems to have occurred to Machiavel while he was composing his Discourses; for, in various passages of the latter, he alludes to the peculiar necessities of princes, and marks a broad distinction between their polity and that of free republics. In the first book of the Discourses, he devotes a condemnatory section to those who erect a tyranny where they might found a free state; and shows, by clear distinctions, what soil is fitted for the growth of liberty.

Free institutions, he affirms, can exist only with a virtuous people, whose religion is not divided from their morality—with whom purity of manners sustains the sanctity of law—whose constitutions, founded at the first in right, may be reverted to as a source of perpetual renovation.

“Those States are the most unhappy, whose principles were false at first;” for the evil grows with the good. They, too, are unfortunate, who begin with the simpler forms of authority; “pure monarchy tending to Despotism, Aristocracy to Oligarchy, and Democracy to Anarchy.” “The wisest legislators have therefore framed a government that should consist of all these.” For in a perfect government, every condition of society must be represented; else, the unrepresented portion, deprived of self-government becomes an enemy in the state; as it happened to the Greek cities, where the aristocracy prevailed alternately with the populace, each endeavoring to exclude and oppress the other; and in Florence, where the aristocracy triumphing, was continually divided against itself, and those who were excluded from office conspired against those in power.

Whatever, then, be the social divisions of a people, those divisions must be represented in the composition of its legislature.

Concerning the grounds of legislation, he says, that “the legislator should pre-

suppose the corruption of human nature:” as if all just laws had more in them of prohibition than of command—leaving men free only within the limits of right. The characteristic of despotism is to command, rather than to forbid; but civil society is admitted, by our law, to be for protection\* and restitution, and not for the diminution of any natural right.

Inquiring into whose hands the defence of liberty should be entrusted, he declares for the people—“since they are least likely to usurp and oppress;” but he holds that a people cannot retain their liberty without virtue, but become incapable and forgetful of freedom with the decline of morals. “The nobles are ambitious of rule;—the people seek only to defend their rights;” “and the people, though they be ignorant, are yet capable enough of truth, and easily submit to it from one whom they trust.” And again: “Good examples proceed from good education, and good education from good laws, and good laws from those popular tumults which so many inconsiderately condemn.”

He is of opinion that the defence of a free commonwealth should be entrusted to the people; and that a people always armed, of a bold spirit, and who depend on no others for what they need, can never be subdued; and that the weight of a broad territory is dangerous only to weak commonwealths, like the Spartan and Venetian, whose laws, though calculated for long endurance, were yet inadequate to the government of an empire.

Against civil enemies, and for the conservation of the republic, he esteems nothing more important than liberty of accusation; and that no member of the state should fear to impeach another. The want of this liberty in Florence left the people without a remedy against abuses of power, and made conspiracy and rebellion their only and justifiable cure. Machiavel advises his countrymen to avoid conspiracies, though in never so excellent a cause, showing that in a popular state they are always fatal to their contrivers.

He judges that calumny should be severely punished, thinking it ruinous to the morals and mutual confidence of men; and that laws should be justly and severely administered, preferring even

\* Blackstone, 1, 7, 2.

an occasional injury to a private retribution, however just.

Religion he believes to be the basis of society, and that without it no state can exist; but that priests should have no part in civil government, such interference tending to the ruin equally of church and people. With Dante, he looks upon the Church of Rome as the curse of Europe, and her temporal assumptions and superstitious practices as the greatest misfortune of the world.\*

He is of opinion that a government is shaped by the manners of the people. If they are habituated to a prince and an aristocracy, nothing but these will satisfy them. Nor will a people accustomed to monarchy ever sustain a free constitution. That "liberty is desired only by the few;" the mass being contented to obey, if they prosper in their fortunes—That states whose morals are corrupted will not retain their liberty for any considerable time; for the laws are founded upon the habits and manners of the people, and, apart from these, are of no force or duration;—That the happiness of a people must not be left to the wisdom and sagacity of one man; but proceed from the care of a succession of virtuous citizens, such as will be produced in a well educated commonwealth;—That the causes of corruption are found chiefly in "inequalities of rank;" "*nothing being more pernicious than an idle gentry, living at ease upon their estates;*" but that an unhappy choice of rulers will be equally ruinous; *for a mean and selfish nature is made worse by advancement, and a bad man, exalted to office, corrupts all who are subject to his influence.*

Not to endanger the commonwealth, he thinks it prudent that legislators should temporize with inconveniences, and reform them gradually, avoiding all sudden revolutions; and that they should anticipate danger by closing every door to private aggrandizement.

He advocates such a modesty in the conduct of influential persons, that, though at one time vested with the highest offices, "they shall not afterward decline the less;" a spirit which makes all stations reputable, and favors republican equality, while it multiplies the chances of an honest administration:—

He affirms, in favor of the people, that, though in maxims of general policy they

err, yet, when liberty and national honor is at stake, and in questions of necessity and interest, they are usually right in judgment; and that in the election of magistrates, "no wise man will despise the judgment of the people." Upon this persuasion, to secure a fortunate election, he advises that a mean candidate should be opposed by one of great virtue and respectability:—But when rulers are chosen from the mass, even without regard to their capacity, the danger of injury is diminished by that change of opinion which affects such persons when they look from their official height; what seemed easy when they saw it from below, looks impossible from the station of office. Finally, to preserve freedom, "no man should have power to oppose or control the public acts of the State."† Admitting that the people are easily deceived and misled, oftentimes, by the appearance of good, he adds, that they are as easily persuaded to what is best; and that a multitude are more placable, and more pliable to good counsel, than a prince or an aristocracy.

The ingratitude and inconstancy of the multitude has been a favorite theme with moralists and biographers; but Machiavel denies that free states are more ungrateful than princes; nay, he shows by a number of examples, that gratitude is less possible in princes than in the populace; for that despots are of necessity suspicious of those who serve them: That if the Romans and Athenians were jealous of their great men, history shows that they had cause to be so; and when this jealousy gave place to favor and adulation, they lost their liberties.

Finally, he concludes, that, "as the multitude is wiser and more constant than a prince," so they are more open to the persuasions of prudence. That they know better whom to choose for governors; and are more prosperous and powerful than principalities, "because their constitutions are intrinsically better." That, of the two, "the people are less extravagant, and more honorable," than princes; and that although "princes have the advantage of them in the enactment of salutary laws, popular governments are better able to observe and enforce such laws as they have. That free commonwealths agree better, and hold firmer friendship among themselves;—that their faith is

\* "Letter to Buondelmontius," and 1st B. of the "Discourses."

† But the acts of a mere majority are not the acts of the State.

better and their truce surer;—for, while princes and aristocracies entertain a thousand ambitious schemes, the people seek only to enjoy security and liberty.

Such were the opinions, and such the maxims of a statesman, whose name is even to this day, a by-word of reproach, significant of all that is false in principle and wicked in policy. The insult offered to his memory is but the continuance of what he suffered in his life; for, as the people whom he served, alternately employed and oppressed their advocate, leaving him to endure poverty and torture, under the jealousy of their princes; so, the authors and moralists of later days, while they appropriated his wisdom, took no care for his fame, but let it rot, as though Machiavel was indeed the common enemy of liberty and of man.

Why his memory should have so suffered, may be worth a more particular inquiry than could be given within the limits of this article; suffice it, then, to say, that he suffers in common with those kings and legislators, whose fortune it has been to conquer, or to pacify, a corrupt and lawless nation; but with this difference, that he alone dared avow the terrible necessities of despotism; deceived by no chivalrous pretences, he saw no difference of wrong, between open violence and hidden guile; destruction, the end of both, if right in any sense, seemed right by any means; and if cruel ambition, under the mask of honor, may ruin and oppress, unblamed, strategy and conspiracy, under that of expediency, may do no less. Nor is the power of cruelty a discovery proper to Machiavel. It was doubtless the maxim of his age, and must have been common to every warlike and conquering people: Froissart, speaking in the persons of Van Ardevelde and Du Bois, declares that the free commoners of his day despised a lenient governor, and would obey him only, who set no value on men's lives, and would show as much of cruelty to enemies as of kindness to friends.

The right of self-defence, nature's last resort, may compel a prince who is unsupported by laws, and in danger from faction, to commit deeds which more than anticipate justice; but it is the happiness of free states, that, in them, these terrible responsibilities rest upon the laws. No man dares, no man is suffered, to assume it. The authority, neither of a single person, nor of any

body of men avails against the lawful liberty even of a child. Nor is that liberty given by charter, that it may be resumed at pleasure; it is neither given, nor can it be forfeited; it is not a franchise, but a right. No man assumes it, to be the avenger, and no crime is punished for its own sake, as though one could judge the iniquities of another; and if the law takes away life and liberty, it is for protection and not for vengeance. Whatever is necessary for that protection, is just; not because a majority have *willed* it, but because they have *ascertained* it. Whoever, therefore, suggests, that the will of the many, or of the nation, can make anything right, or force the opinion even of a child, or do more than declare how far it seems expedient to limit the public actions of men, assumes the tone of despotism, and for free constitutions puts a rescript of democracy, or an edict of majorities. By these principles a free constitution makes a virtue of the nation's necessity, and removes from individuals and from the people, the responsibility of *willing* injustice and violence, making not will but just necessity to be the Law. It may be not unfitting in this connection, to inquire how perfectly Machiavel's idea of freedom has been realized by our constitutions; and whether in all particulars, we have escaped those causes of corruption to which he attributes the decline of freedom.

It is confessed, by the impartial, that the mass of population, in these states, excepting portions that have been corrupted\* by the influx of foreigners, or sunk by remoteness from the means of education, compare well with other nations, in respect of private conduct, and in morals are at least equal with the best. That our nation will not soon lose this honorable security, is the more to be believed, in that they are not immediately liable to corruption, by that superstition to which Machiavel attributes the immorality of Italy—the superstition of the Romish Church, which enslaves men, under a pretence of sanctity, and precept of obedience. Indeed, the religion professed by that church, appears among us with a new face, and stripped of half its tinsel; so as to bear a tolerable semblance to the faith it professes. But to what can this be owing, if not to the superior morals of our nation, which by an irresistible force of opinion, must convert even Romanism to

what its best advocates desire it may become.

But we have another hope for the duration of our liberties—in that Constitution, whose principles are the very testament of freedom. "That a sect or commonwealth be long lived it must be often reformed and brought back to its first principles."\* If those principles are despotic or injurious, revolution is the only cure. It is the peculiar happiness of our nation, to have inherited the civil freedom of England, without that weight of social inequality, which impaired the liberties of our ancestors. Future centuries may recur to the maxims of our legislation, as to sacred precedents, without fear of reviving, with the wisdom, the inhumanity of feudal ages.

Nor have our institutions that fatal simplicity, which suffers them to fall into extremes; they stand the perfect expression of the moral nature of man, signifying every law. The person of the body politic is represented by a powerful executive, absolute and unimpeded, within the limits of Honor and of Right. The abstract principles of law, and the common duties of the social state are explained and enforced by a Judiciary, un bribed, and rarely overawed—a legislature, representing the desires and interests of every part, ascertaining by the balance of majorities what is expedient for the whole. Each system moves with freedom in its own sphere; and, by reason of their common origin, harmonizes in a whole which is the *State—a State, which deserves to be called a State, because it is a perfect image of the wisdom, the authority, and the desire of each individual in the nation.*

The preservation of this vast system, of which every power and member has but one aim and purpose, the defence of personal liberty, is entrusted to the people; and as every excellence it may have must depend upon their virtue and vigilance, so will its decay be a consequence of their corruption and negligence.

The freedom of election keeps it in their power to ruin or sustain this system. Are there then no causes at work to defeat the ends of such a trust, and convert it to a curse? We know that though the people are "capable

enough of truth," they are no less capable of error, and with wonderful complaisance accept it from those who mean to abuse them. Our prosperity depends therefore upon the courage and vigilance of the wisest; and no less upon their courage than upon their vigilance; for even in popular assemblies it is dangerous to speak the truth; the opinion of the many destroys liberty of speech, and converts oratory into an echo of the popular cry. If free states depend for their existence in great part upon the honesty and docility of the uninstructed many, they rest then, no less upon the hope that a few will have the courage and the power to sway them right. Among the potent causes of corruption in a state is the increase of dependent classes, ignorant and servile. By this cause England has lost her liberties, and lies at the mercy of an aristocracy. The tenant wears the color, and votes at the pleasure of his lord; and in the towns, bribery and intimidation accomplish the same end. In America this evil is but just beginning to be felt, and only in the cities and manufacturing towns; to what extent it may grow, as the number of poor artisans and foreigners shall increase, can be only guessed. If the wages of our manufacturing population be ever permanently reduced by foreign competition, to the standard of pauper labor, and manufactures, from the same cause, pass entirely into the hands of wealthy capitalists, results may be anticipated, that must endanger our liberties; or even should the form of these liberties remain, their spirit must be impaired.

While the States remain a Union, there is no fear that the great cities will ever be possessed by a monied aristocracy, such as seized upon Florence, and oppressed the smaller states of Greece. The traders of Venice, when their city had become populous, began to exclude strangers and new-comers from a share in the government, and by voting themselves gentlemen, founded the Venetian Aristocracy; a nobility of wealth, remarkable for arrogance and impotence, but fortunate in their situation, and prudent in the use of their advantages. They remain to this day incapable of growth, and unworthy to govern; and Machiavel, who seems to have had

\* Machiavel Discourses, B. iii. c. i.

no love for them, blames their ignorance for attempting conquests on the main land, and confiding in mercenary troops, "as though courage were the sinews of war."

Nor is it reasonable to suppose that any war could ruin us; much less impair the Union or the Constitution. Though the cities on the coast should be destroyed, and trade suspended for a century, we should learn better to live within ourselves, and rely upon the soil, and upon manufactures, the strength of the interior.

Political prophets threaten us with ruin from another, and apparently more destructive, tendency than the one toward an aristocracy of wealth; the same, namely, which anciently afflicted Athens, and, of late, Paris, in the Reign of Terror--a social equality declining to a social tyranny, and ending in a despotism. But the preparatory steps to such a catastrophe have not so much as begun among us; religion is not less powerful than formerly, private morals not less recognized and in force, and the Constitution, notwithstanding many violent assaults made upon it by those who talk most loudly about the Republic and the people, is still revered in the hearts of the great mass of our countrymen. Our nation even now possesses what France desired, and so imperfectly attained by its revolution, the organization of a monarchy, without its ruinous encumbrances. We have substituted a spirit of obedience, for a spirit of servility. Rejecting differences of rank, (which, if they mean anything, mean differences of privilege,) we suffer no distinctions but those of nature; each associates with his natural equal, unrestrained by prejudice

of birth. A mean-spirited son may seek a society despised by his more generous father; and the son, in turn, rises in his grade above the father. Each takes the place appointed him by nature. Poverty, even, has ceased to be an impediment to honor. Our legislative assemblies have no representatives of fashion; as the best of them stand for character and opinion, rather than for interest.

In this spirit the nation has begun, and in this, (if the precedents of history deceive not,) it must continue.

The first laws of a nation stamp their principles so deeply in its character and substance, no wearing can destroy it while the race exists. In the history of every people, the old thread of policy runs on for centuries, and may be followed back to its origin in the early circumstances of their State. If Rome, from Numa to this day, has not ceased to be the Church of Italy; if England, from the conquest, remains a usurping aristocracy, while Ireland agitates and laments, as, of old, she agitated and lamented; if the Frenchman loves monarchy, and the Swiss his liberty in despite of every change, and the slow wear of ages;—then may we believe, that our Constitution, grounded as it is, in the very nature and character of the nation, is not, as some imagine, an experiment of polity, of doubtful issue, but must remain while our race lasts.

In a little time, we shall be the most powerful nation of the world; a nation, warlike and ambitious from the first, and beginning now to glory in its strength. What changes in human affairs this spirit may effect cannot easily be predicted; enough, that not we alone, but the world, may have cause to dread them. J. D. W

## THE CAW-CUS.

BY J. H. COLLIER.

'Twas the morning gray,  
At the break of day,  
Before the bright sun rose  
From the cloudy couch where "his majesty" lies,  
To start on his journey along the skies,  
And dazzle with rays the drowsy eyes  
Of people in a dose;

And the morning mist was on the stream  
 And the vapor on the hill,  
 And the nodding trees seemed but to dream  
 In the motionless air, all still—  
 Save when the wing of the waking bird  
 In the thick boughs rustled lightly,  
 And the fall of the clear dew-drop was heard,  
 On the green leaves glistening brightly.

“Caw! caw! Hurrah! hurrah!  
 That's it, Sammy! Go it, Bill!  
 Room, boys, room! let 'em have their fill!  
 We'll have some fun in spite of the law—  
 Caw! Caw! Caw!”

On the withered limb of a giant oak,  
 With a corn-field just below,  
 In a suit of black and a sable cloak,  
 Sat the gentleman who thus strangely spoke  
 In a voice betwixt a shriek and a croak,  
 And the gentleman was a crow.

On branch! on twig! on bush! on tree!  
 Around—about—above—below—  
 Far as the mist-veiled eye could see,  
 On every spot there was a crow.  
 With wings extant—that is, extending—  
 And throats all much more stretched than they,  
 Like half-fed pigs for swill contending,  
 Or half-feed lawyers for their pay:  
 Fighting—biting—pulling—hauling—  
 Flying—lying—pecking—squalling—  
 The strong ones scratching the weak ones faces—  
 Big, crowding little ones out of their places—  
 Gathered together like kind connection  
 To hear a testator's will—  
 The crows were holding a free election  
 The executive chair to fill;  
 For the office of their aged *prex*,  
 Who had held it rather too long,  
 Was vacant now, as the crow was “*ex*,”  
 Unhappily having transgressed the *lex*,  
 And being impeached for wrong,  
 In not taking care of his duties official,  
 Neglecting the tenets of committees special,  
 And instead of allowing the strong majority  
 To think for him, he'd really dared  
 To think for himself, and who ever heard  
 Of an officer in the minority?

So at it they went with beak and claw  
 A president to elect,  
 For it happened, as often it happens, alas!  
 That when the majority met *en masse*,  
 A candidate to select,  
 Some dozens of names, with some dozens of ends,  
 Were offered and backed by some dozens of friends,  
 All sworn that they'd never “withdraw;”  
 But crows are but men,  
 And have their weak points;  
 Like their prototypes—when

A person anoints  
 The sensitive souls of crows  
 With *quantum sufficit* of *sapo ad lavem*,  
 They gen'rally do whatever he'd have them,  
 And thus they are led by the nose.  
 So the candidates dwindled down to *two*,  
 As among the crows they always do,  
 Being just in the same condition,  
 And ne'er having heard of Lewis Tappan,  
 They go for principles, not for man,  
 Poll no split-tickets, and don't care a ——  
 Fig for your abolition.

The one, was an antiquated crow,  
 Who had lived some hundred years or so,  
 And done "the state," in time ago,  
 Some service, I hardly can tell what--  
 At least, he declared so, in a speech  
 That he made on a twisted stump of beech  
 Before they began to ballot.  
 The other, a saucy, queer-faced chap,  
 With a knowing cock of his eye,  
 And a turn of his head that seemed to say,  
 He knew a thing or two more than they  
 Ever thought that he did, and that "by  
 The powers" when they caught *him* in a nap  
 They'd catch a mouse in a weasel's trap,  
 If they didn't, he'd "never say die."  
 As grave as a parson singing a psalm,  
 Or a judge when charging a jury,  
 Or an alderman giving thanks over a ham,  
 Or a senator not in a fury—  
 "He'd thank them much, were the honor conferred—  
 What his opponent said, they all had heard—  
 He couldn't do much—but then, on his word,  
 Whatever he could  
 He cheerfully would"—  
 And the vote was a clear "two-third."

\* \* \* \* \*

He stood alone—for the crowd was gone,  
 Though he knew not why they went—  
 His thoughts quite lost in deep meditation,  
 Reflecting how to govern his nation,  
 And putting a stop to importation,  
 Raise the duty on powder to ten per cent—  
 Forgetting that he was a crow—  
 While studying out a new "corn-law,"  
 He heard, not he, the warning—"caw !"—  
 And he saw not, what the others saw,  
 An enemy down below.  
*Whiz !—bang !*—alas ! too late he rose—  
 A flash—and the whistling lead  
 Cut short his thoughts, and left the crows,  
 And him, without a head.

## GESTA ROMANORUM.\*

The use of Allegories for the purpose of conveying instruction is of the most primitive origin. It is impossible to trace it back to any particular period or nation. In written forms they are among the earliest embodiments of thought existing. The Hebrew writings—of which the received Scriptures form the greater part extant—furnish many examples, as do also the sacred writings of the Persians, the Chinese, and the most ancient people of Egypt and Hindostan, with the more polished and poetical creations of classic Mythology. The rude Myths of the Scandinavian nations, and the yet ruder oral traditions of the American Indians exhibit the same covered representations of ideas. It seems, in fact, to have been the tendency of the human mind in the imaginative early ages of nations to represent the varieties of human thought and action under a guise of personification and fictitious incident. Nearly all the characters in the mythology of different countries would be found, on a curious investigation, to have been merely various abstract attributes, personified and clothed by the inventive and restless imaginations of men.

The "*Gesta Romanorum*" is a collection of stories, invented, as far as can be determined, by some monk, or monks, of the middle ages. They are mostly of an allegorical design, made to represent the nature, relations and tendencies of the virtues and passions of men, under the guise of a great variety of persons, high and low, mostly taken from the first centuries after the Christian Era, and under Roman domination. Like *Pilgrim's Progress*, however—that finest of all allegories—they are not the less delightful fictions for their sober application; nor would the unadvised reader be likely to suspect their secret design. There is a vast deal of magic and necromancy in many of them, showing an evident Eastern origin—elements altogether in keeping with the simple and credulous age in which they were written. Many of the tales are very beautiful; and no less writers than Shakspeare, Chaucer, Schiller, Scott, Southey and Parnell are indebted to those old monks for many of their fine plots and striking incidents. The choosing of the three caskets in "*The Merchant of Venice*," and the con-

duct of the three daughters in "*Lear*," are taken directly from two of the stories.

As for the present version of the *Gesta*, they are well executed; but the machinery of the three college students, Thompson, Herbert, and Lathom, might as well be spared. With their angular commentaries, stiffly endeavoring at ease, they form no very graceful links between the beauties of the antique fictions. The story of Queen Semiramis, which we extract, is not in the character of the book, as it is not allegorical; but we remember to have been delighted with it many years ago, and it will doubtless please our readers now.

## QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

"'Of all my wives," said king Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."

"'Let the king consider well what he says,' replied Semiramis. 'What if I were to take him at his word?'"

"'Do so,' returned the monarch; 'whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others.'

"'So, then, if I asked it,' said Semiramis, 'you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and queen of Assyria?'"

"'Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already,' said Ninus, 'since you reign by your beauty over its king?'"

"'No—no,' answered his lovely mistress; 'I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed.'

"'And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?'"

"'Yes, to one who has never experienced it.'

"'And do you wish, then, to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?'"

"'Take care, O king! do not offer too much.'

"'No, I repeat it,' said the captivated monarch. 'Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign mistress of Assyria?'"

"'And all which I command, then, shall be executed?'"

"'Yes, I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre.'

"'And when shall this be?'"

“‘To-morrow, if you like.’

“‘I do,’ said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

“The next morning Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis—‘Queen,’ said he, ‘I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power; take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king.’

“Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through it with so grave and majestic an air.

“‘Whilst they were promising to obey me,’ said Semiramis, ‘I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well.’

“The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more *piquante* and amiable than ever. ‘Let us see,’ said he, ‘how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?’

“‘Let the secretary of the king approach my throne,’ said Semiramis, with a loud voice.

“The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

“‘Write,’ said Semiramis: ‘Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order.’ Fold this order, seal it with the king’s seal, and give it to me. Write now: ‘Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.’ Fold, seal it with

the king’s seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again: ‘Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order.’ Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree.’

“She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

“‘Listen,’ said Semiramis. ‘In two hours hence let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now, let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state.’

“When all the rest had gone out—‘You see,’ said Semiramis, ‘that I know how to play the queen.’

“Ninus laughed.

“‘My beautiful queen,’ said he, ‘you play your part with astonishment. But, if your servant may dare question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?’

“‘I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give an account of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace.’

“‘Vengeance—and wherefore?’

“‘The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate, because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp.’

“This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. ‘Good,’ said he, laughing. ‘Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons.’

“The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones; others, of a lower rank, flowers and fruits; and the slaves, having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last, there were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were from an enormous tiger. When they passed before the throne—

“‘And you,’ said she to the three brothers, ‘have you no present to make to your queen?’

“‘No other,’ replied the first, Zopire, ‘than my life to defend her.’

“‘None other,’ replied the second, Artaban, ‘than my sabre against her enemies.’

“‘None other,’ replied the third, Assar, ‘than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires.’

“‘Slaves,’ said Semiramis, ‘it is you

who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You, who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You, who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you; and you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result.

"Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the *fête* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch—"Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be you there on the spot to proclaim to every one that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

"The *fête* was magnificent; a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal; she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. "You are," said she, "a foreign king, come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

"Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from the Caucasus.

"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

"Yes," replied they.

"The *fête* was very gay. A slave having, by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the gene-

ral gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and said—"My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."

"It is yourself, my lord—you who speak; what have you given to the queen this morning?"

"Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something into the ear of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon, beautiful queen," said he; "pardon me, pardon me;" and he added in a lower tone, "I wish this *fête* were finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?" said Semiramis. "But no—I have still two hours to reign;" and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. "I pardon not," said she with a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not, then, be angry," said she in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment?"

"No," said he.

"Slaves!" said she aloud, "seize this man—seize this Ninus!"

"Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands of the slaves.

"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

"The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobeying eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

"Hasten," said the queen, "hasten, Zopire, to the fortress; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace."

"These orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.

"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy wants but its conclusion; pray, let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis. "Slaves, recollect the eunuch. Strike!"

"They struck; Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry: when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still upon his lips.

"Now I am queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis; "and perish every one, like the eunuch and Ninus, who dare disobey my orders."

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

## "LIFE OF SMITH!"

We found upon our table, a few days since, a work of more than respectable execution and dimensions, having the above title impressed upon its back in conspicuous letters. We did not open the book, we were so struck with the announcement. "*Life of SMITH!*" Ah! thought we, this, possibly, is the history of that notorious rascal, "John Smith"—that same sad wight, who, in one short month, if the newspapers are to be trusted, took to his embrace three wives, robbed a traveler in Texas, passed counterfeit money in Missouri, stole a horse in Kentucky, fired a barn in Ohio, and presided at a "large and enthusiastic" meeting of the "unterrified Democracy" at the capitol. If so, we shall now have a history that will be attractive and interesting, even to Mephistophiles himself. The world will now be enlightened, and if the rogue *is* dead, there is an end of his voting more than forty times at one election—a reflection that will greatly increase the lamentations of the mourners. But if not the real Johannes, (*se ipsissimus*) it is doubtless one of his kith and kin—the almost equally notorious Tom, Dick, Bill, or Bob Smith, who kicks up a row now and then in our peaceable emporium, and figures in the vicinage of the Tombs, with sundry *aliases* of classic euphony. Or, possibly, it is the *genus* Smith that is celebrated in sober biography. Alas, then, for the profits of directory and other publishers to whom names are a staple in trade. Take away the family of Smiths, and what is there left?

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A sadder reflection came over us. The finest wit of his age, the accomplished critic, the generous and eloquent advocate of the rights and liberties of man, the sure and steadfast enemy of whatever is oppressive and unjust—*SYDNEY SMITH*—has gone to his final rest. Cant, hypocrisy, tyranny, can trouble him no more. Doubtless, within these covers are tributes to his

genius and worth, gathered by the assiduous care of friendly hands.

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

(Which we take the liberty to translate: Alas! how much less it is to live with all the other Smiths, than to remember thee!)

We ended our soliloquy; we hastily opened the volume:

"*Life of the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, L.L.D. Member of Congress during Washington's Administration, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, &c.* By JOHN H. MORRISON. Boston, Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1845."

We were glad, at least, to see that the world was not at once partially depopulated!

It is not always wise, in modern days, to publish the biography of a man. So many are issued, setting forth the qualities of persons known and unknown, that they are apt to be promiscuously neglected.

The volume before us was evidently published for circulation amongst the particular acquaintances and personal friends of the deceased, and to them, we believe, it will prove an acceptable offering. We do not see in its pages much that is calculated to interest the general reader, any further than as the example of a virtuous, humane and prudent man is always of public interest. We do not find in it any new or striking views of philosophy, natural or moral, nor of science, literature or law, nor any information or facts touching the history of government, that are not already well known. There is nothing in the record that would induce one to place him in any rank of great men. The copious extracts given from his private journal, and from his correspondence, show him to have possessed a serene, contemplative mind, well balanced and stored with practical wisdom, a generous heart, and a temperament that created for him a circle of warm friends; but little further is to be gathered from the work. Several pages are filled

with specimens of his wit and humor; we confess, that in our obtuseness of intellect, we cannot, in general, discover the point or force of either. We imagine that they can only be appreciated by those who, from their superior opportunities, can associate them with the personal and peculiar private characteristics of the worthy judge. It is an error not at all uncommon with biographers, and into which Mr. Morrison has fallen, to insert anecdotes and sayings of the subjects of their memoirs, which lose all their force the moment they are committed to paper. Mr. Morrison seems to have half-suspected the same thing, uttering a lamentation to the point; "Alas! that there is no way to catch and make tangible the aroma of such wit." If Judge Smith was truly a gentleman of great humor, no one would suspect him of it by looking into his obese biography. Transferred for safe keeping to such a receptacle, it seems to have exuded through a variety of loose pores, like the flavor of Samian wine decanted into an American jug.

But we close the book, putting it up on a shelf by itself. Its back will always be towards us, presenting a sublimely comprehensive memento:

"LIFE OF SMITH!"

*HISTORY OF GERMANY, from the earliest period to the present time. By FREDERICK KOHLRAUSCH, Chief of the Board of Education for the Kingdom of Hanover, and late Professor of History in the Polytechnic School. Translated from the German, by JAMES D. HAAS. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.*

We have received from the publishers several numbers of their serial re-publications of this very valuable History. The History of Germany is to be completed in five numbers, and will form a most welcome accession to any library. There are no good histories of Germany in the English language. Such of them as are not mere compilations are interwoven with the histories of other countries. We speak, of course, of a complete history, from the earliest ages, and not of detached intervals; for of the latter kind there are numbers of every variety of excellence. The aim of

the author is thus expressed in his own language:—

"My sole object has been to produce a succinct and connected development of the vivid and eventful course of our country's history, written in a style calculated to excite the interest and sympathy of my readers, and of such especially who, not seeking to enter upon a very profound study of the sources and more elaborate works connected with the annals of our empire, are nevertheless anxious to have presented to them the means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the records of our Fatherland, in such a form as to leave upon the mind and heart an enduring, indelible impression."

Accordingly, Professor Kohlrausch's History—not, indeed, very eloquent in diction—is concise and luminous, crowding into brief limits the varied annals of a great race for many centuries, and bringing clearly before the mind the peculiar elements out of which have arisen several of the most important States of modern Europe.

The work is for the most part well translated, and published in a form and manner worthy of attention from those even whose fastidious wealth is disposed to snuff at anything cheaply furnished.

*Records of the Heart.* By MRS. SARAH LEWIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

It is always with hesitation that we take up a volume of poems by a lady, whatever may have been her known advantages of education and opportunities. They make so much greater use of sentiment than of a kindled reason—of fancy than inventive imagination—of sensibility, in short, than broad, perceptive *sense*—which, after all, must be at the bottom of all intellectual achievements—that we always fear an evident falling short of the "Divine Heights." We do not agree with all that a writer has urged, in relation to the feminine mind, in a passage of an article in the present number; but we are constrained to think that the grace and beauty which belong to them are also in outward objects so attractive to their thoughts, that they are seldom led to the massive and sublime. Sappho and Miss Barrett, we

think, are really the only ones of the gentle race who have breathed a very rare atmosphere. The others, including even Mrs. Hemans, whom certainly we greatly admire, never get much beyond the region of the affections and passions---of whispering winds and flowers, moonlight and tinkling waters. They have never stood on the difficult "iced mountain-tops," looking over the vast world, with clouds below and the great heavens just above. Joanna Baillie used, indeed, a masculine style; but she had not, in fact, much of the spirit of poetry.

Like the best of female poets in this country, Mrs. Lewis stands somewhat in proof of these remarks. She lives, and attempts to live only in a land of fancy and the affections. She is taken with the murmur of leaves and waters; she sees always the image of young Love beckoning her onwards. Of these, however---though her strains are often unequal and inartistic---she sings naturally and sweetly enough; and a place will not be denied her among the poetesses of our country. She has feeling enough, which is one of the chief elements of poetry. What she chiefly lacks is greater power of condensation, and more attention to the forms of verse. If she has not written, she has at least printed too much---a fault common to many others. There are many passages in the book so good as to warrant her expending much greater care and labor on shorter efforts. Let her avoid, also, a tendency to imitation---the great fault of our poets. We might put down more points of praise; but we have not space. As it is, we believe the fair author will be better pleased with these few simple indications. "Look into thine own heart and write." We can only make room for two or three brief extracts, which will show the character of her verse, and that she has the poet's eye for the picturesque, and the poetic heart. In the story of "Florence," we find:

"The waves are smooth, the wind is calm,  
Onward the golden stream is gliding,

Amid the myrtle and the palm  
And ilices its margin hiding;  
Now sweeps it o'er the jutting shoals  
In murmurs like despairing souls;  
Now deeply, softly flows along,  
Like ancient minstrel's warbling song;  
Then slowly, darkly, thoughtfully,  
Loses itself in the mighty sea.  
The sky is clear, the stars are bright,  
The moon reposes on her light;  
On many a budding, fairy blossom,  
Are glittering evening's dewy tears,  
As gleam the Gems on Beauty's bosom,  
When she in festal garb appears.

\* \* \* \* \*

The citron-trees along the strand,  
With golden fruitage brightly teem;  
The lilies in the water stand,  
Watching their shadows in the stream,  
And ring the while their tiny bells,  
As round their feet the billow swells."

We would suggest, in passing, that Mrs. Lewis do not write too much in the octo-syllabic. It is really a fatal measure, though she has generally managed it well. One or two stanzas, however, from a Monody on L. E. L., may show that she is not confined to that measure. The verses are fine.

"Shelley and White, and all the tuneful  
race---  
Behold their death-bed, their untimely  
doom!  
In India three have found a resting-place,  
From Missolonghi one went to his tomb---  
How sad! Two hapless sons repose in  
Rome,  
Torquato fell by Este's cruel hand,  
Dark Sappho sleeps beneath th' Ionian  
foam,  
The immortal Dante in the exile's land,  
And thou, fair Albion's child, midst Afric's  
burning sand!

Genius on thee had shed his starry beams,  
And lit within thy breast his quenchless  
fire;  
Thy young heart filled with Fancy's bright-  
est dreams,  
Whatever Hope, and Faith, and Truth  
inspire.  
But Fate, before whose breath must all  
expire,  
To ruin hurled thy high expectancy,  
The laurel tore from thy impassioned lyre,  
Extinguished love, thy soul's divinity,  
And wrung thy bleeding heart till it was  
bliss to die."





10/28

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