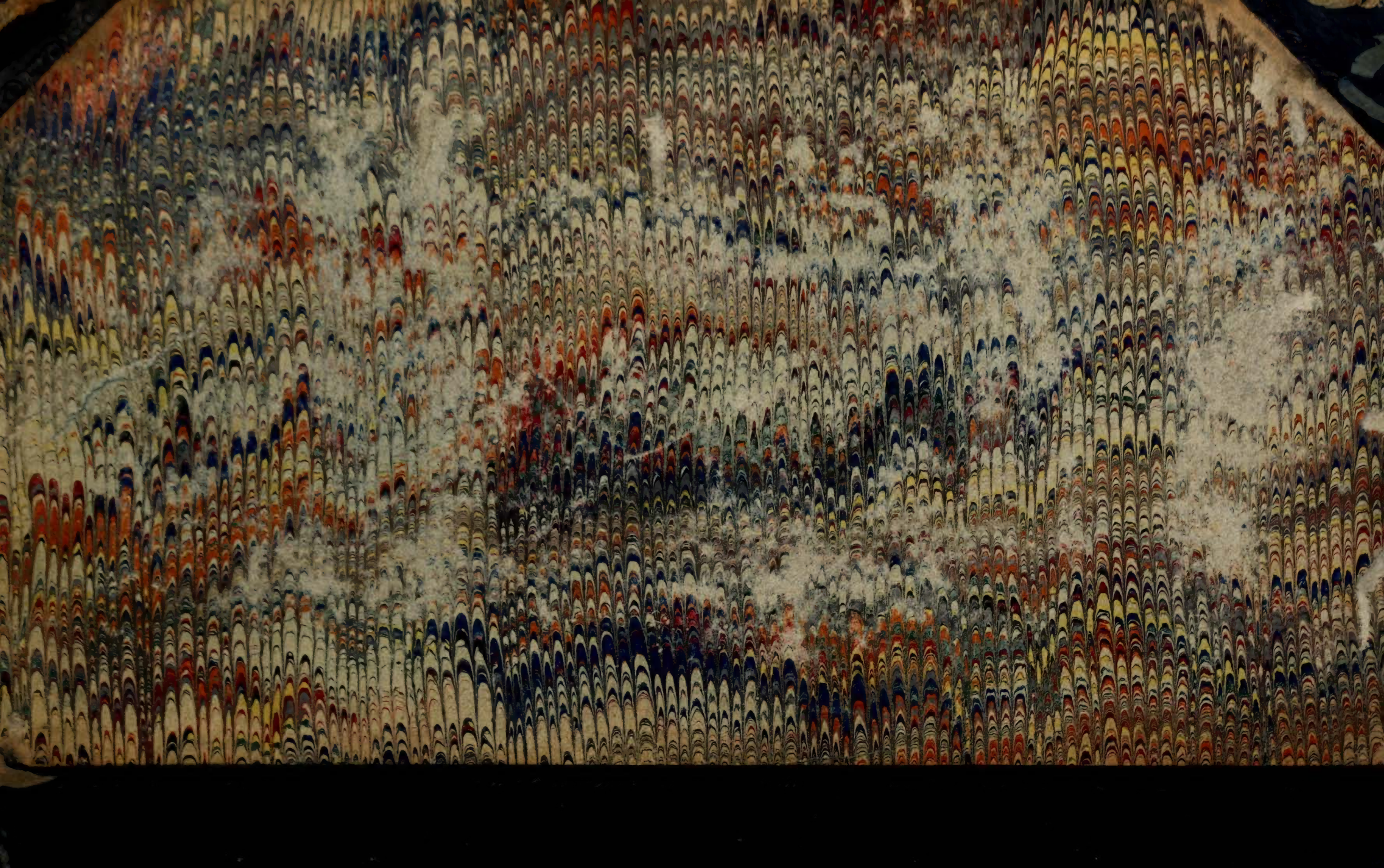

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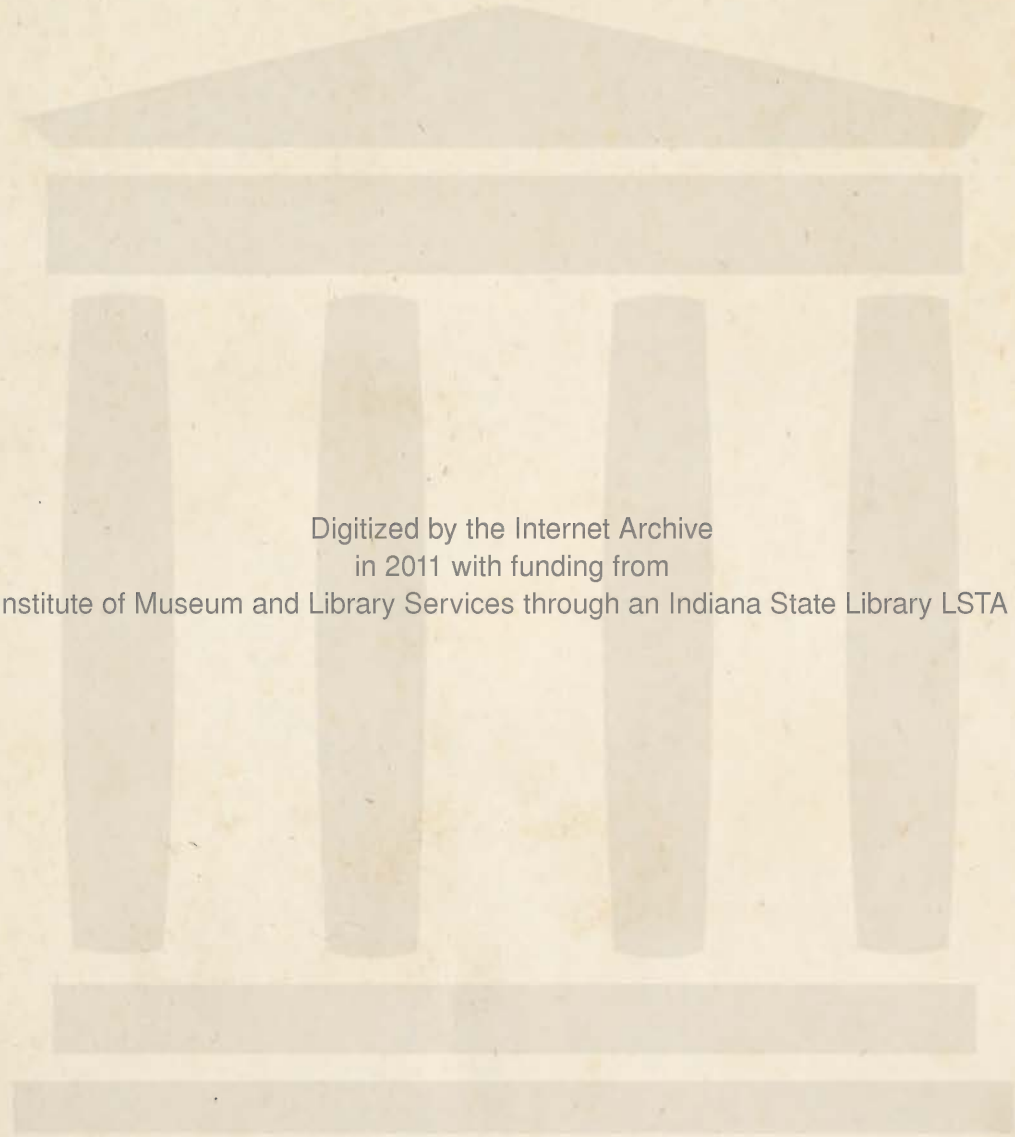

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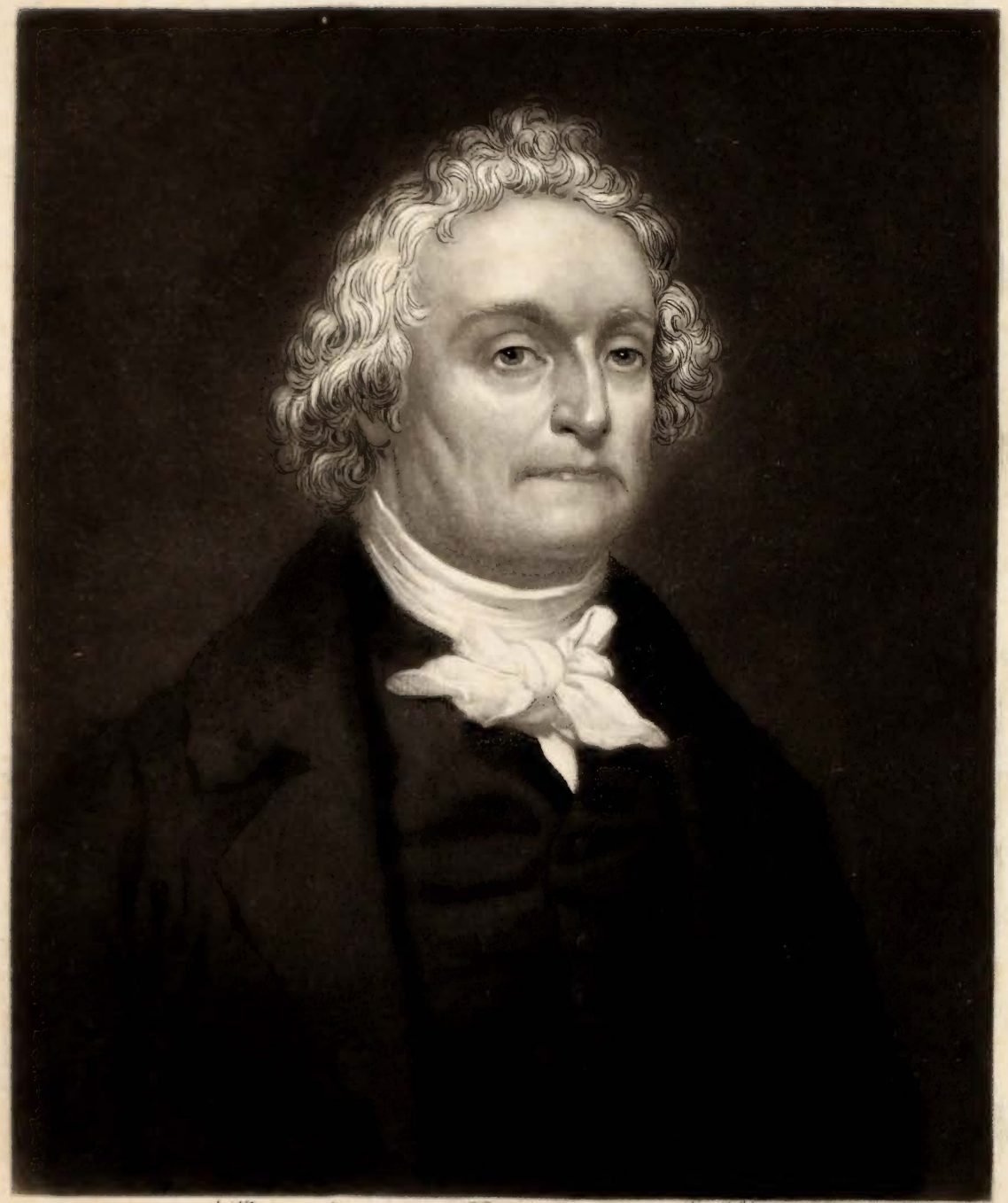

J. Sartain.

Thomas Chalmers

THE

AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

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INDEX.

A.

Administration, The: its Treatment of General Scott, (Hon. Daniel D. Barnard,) 553. The employées of President Polk, and their treatment, indicative of the character of his Administration, 553; letter of the Secretary of War in reply to Gen. Scott's complaints, 555; history of these complaints, ib.; their substance, 556; commencement of the war, ib.; Gen. Scott's plan of the campaign approved by Government, 557; his preliminary occupations at Washington, ib.; pretended impatience of the Administration at his delay, 558; sinister motives therefor, ib.; bill for the appointment of new and unprofessional officers to the command of the army, 559; why Gen. Scott was to be kept at home, ib.; his "hasty" letter of the 21st May, 560; the Secretary's reply, 561; embarrassments of the Administration, 562; jealous of Gen. Taylor, ib.; Scott notified to take the field, 563; vacillations of the government, 564; Mr. Benton's plan for the conduct of the war, 565; treachery of the Executive to Gen. Scott, 566; a few plain questions to the Secretary of War, 567; petty annoyances of Gen. Scott, 568; intermeddling with his prescriptive rights, 569; failure of the Government to fulfil its promise of supplies, ib.; fall of Vera Cruz, 570; new recruits sent where not wanted, ib.; Mr. Trist sent to negotiate, 571; Gen. Scott dismissed from command, and subjected to inquisition, ib.; his treatment compared with that of other successful Generals, ib.

Adventures and Conquests of the Normans in Italy, during the Dark Ages, (Prof. Adolphus L. Koeppen,) 615.

Adventures in Mexico, review, (G. W. Peck,) 307.

Ancient Greece, Recent English Historians of, (Charles A. Bristed,) 178, 286.

André Chénier, Prose Writings of, (Ibid.,) 71.

Angels, The, verse, 258.

Anglo-Saxon Race, The—An Inquiry into the Causes of its Unrivalled Progress, with some Considerations indicative of its future Destiny, 28.

Art of Measuring Verses, (J. D. W.,) 489.

Athenian Banquets—Banquet First, in which is a Discourse of Love, (J. D. W.,) 194; Banquet Third, 586.

B.

Barnard, The Hon. Daniel Dewey, LL.D., Life and Public Services of, 521. Enters Congress, where he takes a leading position, 522; opposes the Anti-Masonic movement in New York, 523; successful as leading counsel for the defence on the trials of the Morgan conspirators, 524; visits Europe, 525; recall of Mr. Van Buren, ib.; political labors, 526; settles in Albany, 527; removal of the deposits by Gen. Jackson, 528; member of the Assembly, 529; returns to Congress, ib.; Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, 530; the course of President Tyler, ib.; twenty-eighth Congress, 531; literary labors, 532.

Blennerhassett, Herman, and Mrs. Margaret Blennerhassett, Biographical Sketch of, (S. P. Hildreth, M.D.,) 368. His early history, 368; his improvements on the island in the Ohio, 369; his pursuits there, 370; Mrs. Blennerhassett, 372; Aaron Burr visits the island, and engages Blennerhassett in his undertakings, 374; their operations, 375; suspicion excited, 376; Blennerhassett departs with the expedition, 377; conduct of the militia on the island, 378; arrest and acquittal of Burr and Blennerhassett, 379; second arrest of the latter, ib.; his discharge and subsequent history, 380; his death, 382; "The Deserted Isle," a poem by Mrs. Blennerhassett, 381; her memorial to Congress, 382; her death, 383.

C.

Calhoun's, Mr., Report on the Memphis Memorial, review of, (W. Greene,) 15.

Charles Brockden Brown, review, (Joseph Hartwell Barrett,) 260.

Charles Lamb, review, (J. H. B.,) 508.

Chénier, André, Prose Writings of, (C. A. Bristed,) 71. Poetical talent not his greatest claim to distinction, 71; publishes an essay against the Jacobins, 72; quarrel with his brother, 75; farther attacks on the Jacobins, 76; his arrest, 78; singular blunder caused by the eagerness of his enemies, ib.; his execution, 79.

Chief Justice Durfee, Life and Writings of, (John M. Mackie, A.M.,) 471.

China, review, (G. W. P.,) 231.

Conquest of Mexico, Calhoun's Speech against the, (J. D. W.,) 217. Advantageous position of the Whig party, 217; nature of our government, 218; what shall be done with Mexico? 219; danger of departing from our original policy, 221; distinctions of race and color, 222; doctrine of circumstances, 223; duties of the citizen, 225; Executive encroachments, 226; conduct of the party in power, 227; the despot, under the cloak of the demagogue, 229; selection of a candidate, 230.

Critical Notices.—Old Wine in New Bottles, 102; The American in Paris, ib.; The Boys' Winter Book, 103; The Lesson of Life, and other Poems, ib.; Pictorial History of England, ib.; Thomson's Seasons, and Goldsmith's Poems, illustrated by the Etching Club, 104; Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ, ib.; The Bethel Flag, ib.; The American Musical times, ib.; Don Quixote de la Mancha, 213; Poetical Works of John Milton, 214; The Haunted Barque, and other Poems, 215; Lanman's Tour to the River Saguenay, ib.; Teaching, a Science, the Teacher an Artist, ib.; Poems, by James Russell Lowell, 323; Chambers's Miscellany, 324; Von Schlegel's Philosophy of Life, and Philosophy of Language, 325; Scenes at Washington, 326; Pictorial History of England, *435; The Library of American Biography, 436*; Abbott's Summer in Scotland, 541; The New Testament in Greek, with English Notes, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A.M., 542; The Sketches, 543; An Illustrated History of the Hat, ib.; Corrections, 544; Silliman's Journal of Science, 652; History of the Mexican War, ib.; Lectures on Shakspeare, 653; Portrait of Daniel Webster, ib.; A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, 654; Lives of the Queens of England,—Tales and Stories from History, 655.

D.

De Beneficiis, verse, 459.

Durfee, Chief Justice, Life and Writings of, (John M. Mackie, A.M.,) 471. Elected to the General Assembly of Rhode Island, 471; carries an important measure through that body, 472; his course in Congress, 473; his retirement, 475; publishes "What-cheer, or Roger Williams in Banishment," a poem, ib.; made Chief Justice of Rhode Island, 476; his course in relation to the Dorr affair, 477; minor literary productions, 478; The Panidea, 481.

E.

Evangeline, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, review, (G. W. Peck,) 155.

F.

Fame, verse, (J. D. W.,) 357.

Finances, The National—the War Debt, (Charles King,) 170.

First Flower, The, verse, (Joseph Hartwell Barrett,) 520.

Foreign Miscellany, 99, 210, 320, 432, 537, 646.

Frederick Wiliam IV., King of Prussia, Sketch of, 79. State of Europe at the period of his birth, 79; Frederick the Great, 81; career of Bonaparte, 83; his insolence—anecdote of Sir Robert Wilson, (note,) ib.; death of Frederick William III.—his government and character, 84; early history of Frederick William IV., 85; the Queen, 86; his accession to the throne, 87; fosters learning and the fine arts, 88; efforts to promote the interests of religion, ib; his attention engaged on the formation of a constitution, 89; submits one to a General Diet, 90; present state of Germany, 91; affair of Cracow, 92; his character defended, 93.

Future Policy of the Whigs, (J. D. W.,) 329.

Foreign Immigration, (O. C. Gardiner,) 419.

G.

Girondins, Lamartine's, review, (K. Armstrong,) 358.

Government, Representative, (H. W. Warner,) 280.

H.

Hamlet, (H. N. Hudson,) 94, 121.

Historians of Ancient Greece, Recent English, (C. A. Bristed,) 178, 286.

Hogarth's Musical History, review, (G. W. Peck,) 533.

Honor, verse, 470.

Hope, verse, (J. D. W.,) 70.

Human Freedom, (Rev. John W. Nevin, D.D.,) 406. All life at once actual and ideal, 406; spirit and matter, 407; personality and moral freedom, 408; individual independence the first great constituent of moral freedom, 409; does not consist in mere intelligence, but requires the power of choice, ib.; Kant's *autonomy* of the will, 410; an objective universal law the other great constituent, ib.; reason universal in its very nature, ib.; the being of the law infinitely real, 411; has its seat primarily in the bosom of God, ib.; revealed under the most real and concrete form, 412; union of these two apparently opposite forces in the constitution of moral freedom, ib.; not mechanical, ib.; but internal and organic, 413; man formed for freedom, 414; tendency of our age to the undue exaltation of individual liberty, 415; why, ib.; false liberty, 416; remedy not to be sought in blind submission to mere outward authority, ib.; but in a true equilibrium of the polar forces, 417; the theory of freedom the world's problem, 418.

I.

Immigration, Foreign, (O. C. Gardiner,) 419. Famine in Ireland, 419; charitable institutions of New York, 420; Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, 422; Almshouse, 425; pauper immigrants, 426; Commission of Emigration, 428; frauds upon immigrants, 430.
Impromptu, (by the late George H. Colton,) 47.

J.

Jasmin, the Barber Poet, review, 397.
John Bull the Compassionate, 249. Butter vs. windmills, 249; John shamefully belied by history, ib.; brother Jonathan has a glimmering perception of the depth of his philanthropy, 250; John laments over the sufferings of his tax-ridden brother, ib.; Jonathan's devotion to Lowell factory girls and Yankee speculators, 251; John's theory, 253; Jonathan's delusion, ib.; a word about "Britishers," 255; John bothered to account for his brother's prosperity, 256; our case not quite hopeless, after all, 257.

L.

Lamartine's Girondins, review, 358.
Love, verse, 118.

M.

Machiavel, The New, 207.
Memphis Memorial, Calhoun's Report on the, 15.
Mexico, Adventures in, review, (G. W. Peck,) 307.
Midnight, a Sonnet, (J. D. W.,) 230.
Miller, Thomas, review, (G. F. Deane,) 451.
Musical History, Hogarth's, review, (G. W. Peck,) 533.

N.

National Finances, The—the War Debt, 170.
New Series, Prospectus of the, 1.
Normans, Adventures and Conquests of the, in Italy, during the Dark Ages, (Prof. Adolphus L. Koeppen,) 615.

P.

Paraguay, The Natural History of, with some Account of the Jesuits, (E. A. Hopkins, Esq.,) 49. Jesuits established in Paraguay, 50; their management of the Indian proselytes, 51; principles of their government, 53; hostility against them, 54; their expulsion, 55; extent of their possessions, 56; animals of Paraguay, 57; birds, 62; fishes, 66; insects, 67; vegetable kingdom, ib.; forest trees, 68; inhabitants, 69.
Philosophy, A Plea for, (Rev. John W. Nevin, D. D.,) 143.
Poetry.—An Impromptu, (by the late George H. Colton,) 47; Hope, (J. D. W.,) 70; The Stream, (J. D. W.,) 118; Love, ib.; Sonnet—Midnight, 230; The Angels, 258; Epigram, 259; Stanzas, 279; Fame, (J. D. W.,) 359; De Beneficiis, (Ibid.,) 459; Honor, 470; The Street Flute-Player, (William Wallace,) 483; The First Flower, (J. H. Barrett,) 520; Enigma, 614.
Policy of the Whigs, The Future, (J. D. W.,) 329.
Pomeroy, Col. Seth, sketch of his life and correspondence, (N. S. Dodge,) 460. Expedition against Louisburg in 1745, 462; expedition against Crown Point in 1755, 464; General-in-chief of the militia at Boston in 1775, 468; battle of Bunker Hill, 469; his death, ib. Part Second, 599. Effects of the capture of Louisburg, 599; sketch of Col. Williams, founder of Williams College, 602; Pittsfield in 1775, 603; expedition against Fort Ticonderoga, 604; Col. Brown and Benedict Arnold, 605; imprisonment of Ethan Allen, 606; singular letter from his brother to Washington, ib.; General Pomeroy employed in disciplining militia for the Continental army, 607; re-enters the army at the age of seventy-one, 608.
President, The, and his Administration, (Hon. Daniel D. Barnard,) 437. The President of the United States a great potentate, 437; power of the initiative in legislation, ib.; veto power, 438; the fountain of appointment and honor, ib.; the head of a great empire, 439; extent of Executive influence, ib.; importance of due consideration in electing such a potentate, 440; duties of the Executive—1st, in regard to the Constitution—2d, foreign relations—3d, government expenditures—4th, internal improvements—5th, encouragement of home production and industry—6th, truth, justice, moderation and virtue, 441; Administration of Mr. Polk measured by these principles, 442; deliberately involves the country in an unnecessary war, ib.; mission of Mr. Slidell a diplomatic intrigue, 443; employment of militia on foreign soil, 444; 2d, interference with the Mexican government—Santa Anna, 445; 3d, expenditures under President Polk, 446; public debt, 447; what have we gained by this vast outlay? 448; our conquests a curse to the country, ib.; 4th, uniform policy of the government in favor of internal improvements, 449; President Polk recommends their entire abandonment, ib.; but does not hesitate at unlimited expenditures abroad, 450; 5th, indifference to the interests of the country, ib.; the tariff, *451; Sub-treasury, ib.; 6th, has the administration of Mr. Polk been a virtuous administration? *452.
President's Message, The, and the Report of

the Secretary of the Treasury, (D. Raymond, of *Cincinnati*,) 384.
Prose Writings of Andrè Chénier, (Charles A. Bristed,) 71.

R.

Representative Government, (H. W. Warner,) 280. Introductory remarks, (Editor,) 280; sovereignty of the people, 281; relative rights and powers of officers and constituents, 282; official powers not conferred by electoral appointment, 284; Constitutional division of political labor, 285.
Reviews.—Calhoun's Report on the Memphis Memorial, 15; Uhland, 134; Evangeline, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, (G. W. P.,) 155; Recent English Historians of Ancient Greece, 178, 286; China, (G. W. P.,) 231; Charles Brockden Brown, (Joseph Hartwell Barrett,) 260; Adventures in Mexico, by George F. Ruxton, (G. W. P.,) 307; Monaldi, by Washington Allston, (G. W. P.,) 341; Lamartine's Girondins, (Kosciusco Armstrong,) 358; The President's Message, and the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, 385; Jasmin, the Barber Poet, 397; Thomas Miller, (G. F. Deane,) 451; Russia, (G. W. P.,) 493; Charles Lamb, (J. H. Barrett,) 508; Hogarth's Musical History, (G. W. P.,) 533; Wuthering Heights, (G. W. P.,) 572.
Russia, review, (G. W. P.,) 493.

S.

Scott, treatment of General, by the Administration, (Hon. Daniel D. Barnard,) 545.
Secretary of the Treasury, Report of the, 385.
Societary Theories, (J. A. McMaster,) 632.
Sonnet—Midnight, 230.
Stream, The, verse, 118.
Street Flute-Player, The, verse, (William Wallace,) 483.

T.

Treachery, A Word on, 319.
Thomas Miller, review, (G. F. Deane,) 451.

U.

Uhland, review, 134.
Underwood, Hon. Joseph R., sketch of his life, 609. A Lieutenant in the war of 1812, 610; taken prisoner, ib.; runs the gauntlet, 611; treachery of the Indians towards the prisoners, ib.; enters upon the practice of law, 612; elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, ib.; the old and new court contest, 613; made Judge of the Court of Appeals, ib.; serves eight years as member of Congress, ib.; Speaker of the House in the State Legislature, ib.; elected U. S. Senator, ib.

V.

Verses, The Art of Measuring, (J. D. W.,) 484.

W.

War Debt, The, (Charles King,) 170.
War, The—the New Issue, (Hon. D. D. Barnard,) 105. Present object of the President, a forced cession of territory from the Mexican government, 105; the war now waged, in effect a new war, 106; why the negotiations in September failed, 107; no just ground left by Mexico for the renewal of the war, 108; conquest the object of the President, but not of Congress, 110; no title acquired by conquest, 112; the juggle of indemnity, 113; what will Congress do? 115.
Webster's Dictionary, The New Edition of, 301.
Whigs, The Future Policy of the, (J. D. W.,) 329. Contrast between the two great parties, 329; the Whig party characterized, 330; war and treaty-making powers, 331; free-trade theory, 332; tariff for revenue, 333; incidental protection, 335; *ad valorem*, ib.; policy of England, 336; the Peel policy, 337; what would be the policy of English free-traders, were they transplanted, in their present circumstances, to this country? 339; our future policy, 340.
Wuthering Heights, review, (G. W. Peck,) 572.

THE

AMERICAN REVIEW:

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1848. NO. I.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NEW SERIES.

Next to the interest which our friends felt in the beginning of this enterprise, must be their desire to have recorded, its successful establishment. The patrons of the American Review, who generously and patriotically aided its first struggles into life, may be desirous of knowing its present position and future intentions. A sad decree has forbidden the hand that should have made the record.

The experience of three years, with the counsel and advice of many able and judicious friends, had determined the Editor to begin a new Series of his Journal, upon a more liberal scale of expenditure, and with an infusion of greater vigor and attention in every department. The proper conduct of the whole was found to surpass the abilities of any one person, and a greater outlay became necessary to obtain the requisite aid. The price paid for valuable articles, though it already exceeded what the finances would bear, had to be increased, that none but good material might be used. The political department, especially, it was found, must be improved in quantity, and the standard of the best maintained.

To the accomplishment of these ends, it was necessary that the subscription list should be increased.

Were it possible to explain the difficulties, delays, and losses, which attend the collection of the dues of such a journal, reducing the average value of its subscriptions by more than a third, the friends of the Review would find less difficulty in understanding why all the necessary improvements were not sooner made. They have been kept constantly in view, but are the work of much time, and of the joint labor and enthusiasm of many persons.

In the midst of these plans, and in the bloom and vigor of his youth, the generous spirit who strove to execute them, and thereby to deserve well of his country, was cut off by a severe and lingering illness; but as he was a man free in his confidences, and loving to make common cause with many, he left those behind him who had taken an equal interest in the work, and had advised and strenuously labored with him for its accomplishment: it was their part, therefore, to make this statement, both for the regard they bear his memory, and for the duty they owe to the friends and supporters of the enterprise.

It has always been borne in mind that a truly national journal must represent the spirit and principles of the Nation, in its best moods, and as they appear in the

wisdom of its earlier lawgivers. In every free nation, two great parties have arisen, tending towards opposite extremes. Differing in this particular from all ancient, and even from modern European nations, that we are not composed of an inferior, politically mingled, and sharing power with a superior race—a commonalty with an aristocracy—*both* parties, with us, profess to sustain liberty and the common right. In the spirit and heart of the nation there can be no division. The nation, as a body, extends freedom—political, social, and religious—to all men equally; and out of this spring all our national and political peculiarities.

Yet it will happen, for the most part, that even in pursuit of a good, men are easily misled and deceived into radical extremes.

The friends and conductors of this journal incline not, therefore, hastily to despise and subvert the institutions of our fathers. They mean to abide by the Constitution.

They believe that reforms should in all cases grow from, and be limited by, necessity; and that the State, like any natural organization, should gradually shape itself, by a healthy and spontaneous growth.

They believe that the designers and supporters of schemes of conquest, to be carried on by this government, are engaged in *treason* to our Constitution and Declaration of Rights, giving "aid and comfort" to the enemies of republicanism, in that they are advocating and preaching the doctrine of "the right of conquest." These traitors to all humanity, and to God, must be met and vanquished, or the principle which sustains us, as a nation, will be subverted.

In meeting and discussing new phases of opinion, they will favor with their whole heart and mind, all plans for the amelioration of society, and all such new ideas of social and physical science, as seem to have their foundation in nature and experience. Yet they can never forget that truth is old, and the principles of human nature, like the moral law, by no means a discovery of yesterday.

In questions of political economy, they will not suffer themselves to be led by the example of any other nation, into advocating measures suitable, perhaps, to that nation, but unsuitable and injurious to our own; believing that a judicious regard to the circumstances of a people, should govern its legislation.

In a choice of rulers and legislators, they mean to sustain such men as seem fitted to represent, not the will only, but the virtue and common sense of their constituents.

That the power of the Executive be restricted within its just limits, they will strenuously urge.

That the rights and power of the States be preserved inviolate, as the sole defence of the individual against Executive usurpation, they will also advocate; but no less, that individual States be not suffered to impair the high privileges of the citizen, in his relation to the nation as a whole.

That every means be employed to prevent the converting of offices into political agencies, for corrupting and subverting the popular will.

In brief, the conductors of this journal are Whigs, in principle and practice, and mean to use it, as far as in them lies, for the promotion of that cause.

As a vehicle of opinion to reach all classes of intelligent persons, it has been found necessary to regard the interests of general literature in the Review, equally with those of politics—the two being necessary to each other.

In regard to sectional questions, a journal professing to be purely national must either avoid them, or discuss them in the light of general policy and morality: indifference to the decision of such questions would betray either an immoral, or an imbecile spirit.

Enough, perhaps, has been said on former occasions, of the importance of a truly national organ of opinion, whose purpose should be to promote union and singleness of principle in the Whig party. The sole desire of the conductors of this journal is, that it may in some measure satisfy the want that is felt for such an organ.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—THE WAR.

As often as the President comes before the nation with a new manifesto in regard to the unhappy war, in which, by his own deliberate, unauthorized and criminal act, he has involved the country, no choice is left us, as the faithful conductors of a journal of American politics, but to follow him to this well-trodden field—to set up there, again and again, in the face of the American people and of the world, the lofty standard of historic truth, of international law, of real justice and honor, and of true national renown and glory, against the wretched perversions, the false glosses and miserable plausibilities in which this high functionary of the government habitually indulges, whenever he comes before the country to justify himself for the great Measure of Blood and Conquest by which he has undertaken to signalize his administration. If truth, as affecting the highest question of national concern, have not lost all value, it must be defended even against the mistakes or perversions of a President of the United States. Nay, this duty becomes doubly important and imperative in such a case, on account of the authority which attaches to his lofty position. And he must not be allowed to use his eminent station to indoctrinate the people of this country in any false principles, whether of the law of nations or the law of national justice and honor. He must not be allowed to seduce the American people from the allegiance which they owe to a higher law than any which the kings or rulers of this earth can impose or teach—the law of right and of duty—the law which has its sanction in the consciences of men, and its seat in the bosom of God.

Of course, we are not weak enough to expect anything less than that the President should continue, at every opportunity, to put forth all his own energies, and all the energies he can buy or borrow for the purpose, in defence of his original crime in plunging this country into an unnecessary war. It is his fate also, in order to render his attempts at justification any way plausible, that he must take care to make all his subsequent conduct and acts as consistent as possible, in error and criminality, with his original offences. Beginning wrong, which he is resolved never to acknowledge, he must continue to go wrong, sinking deeper and deeper at every step, until he becomes involved in difficulties from which he is obliged to confess he sees no certain way of escape. Precisely as, on the one hand, the path of the just shines brighter and brighter to the perfect day, so, on the other, does that path in which the President has chosen to walk, darken, at every remove, into thicker and more palpable gloom. On this point, his recent Annual Message to Congress, when rightly understood, exhibits the most melancholy proof. Of course, it is passably ingenious, adroit and plausible. But it is not difficult to unravel and expose its plausibilities. And it is a bold document, because no other tone would suit, at all, the condition of desperate hazard to which he has been brought in the legitimate progress of the game he undertook to play. The most timid are known to become brave, when all retreat from danger is found to be cut off. In this instance, however, the bold tone of the Message is not sufficient to hide altogether that terrible conflict of secret emotions which, we doubt not, has been going on all the while in the heart and conscience of its author.

The President undertook to make a *little* war. He has found it a great and terrible war. He ordered an army to invade the Mexican State of Tamaulipas, then in the undisputed and undisturbed occupation of its Mexican inhabitants; and he did this with the expectation and belief, that a military demonstration of this sort, perhaps with a single collision of arms, just sufficient to manifest our undoubted superiority in war, would be enough to bring Mexico to such compliance and concessions, as would

enable him to illustrate his political rule by the acquisition of some portion of the coveted lands of that unhappy country. In this he was disappointed. Mr. Slidell, his envoy to that republic, writing from its capital, in the first month of his visit there, and mistaking in like manner the character of that people, strongly recommended to the President the virtue of "hostile demonstrations," as necessary to quicken them to the proper labors of negotiation. To his surprise, no doubt, Mr. Polk found that Mexicans would fight when their homes and country were invaded. Still he believed they would be overawed by "hostile demonstrations" on a more formidable scale. As soon as it was known at Washington that a collision of arms had taken place, with disastrous results to a small body of our gallant dragoons, he recommended to Congress "the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force, as the most certain and efficient means of bringing the existing collision with Mexico to a speedy and successful termination." He was promptly authorized to call fifty thousand volunteers into the field, and to employ the whole army and navy of the United States in the war.

Thus the country was precipitated into the war so recklessly provoked and begun by the Executive. Battles were fought and victories won in unbroken succession, but peace was not obtained. And at the end of every ensuing engagement, successful in all things, except in bringing submission and peace, the President promised himself that the next battle and victory, and the next, and the next, would certainly issue in the wished-for triumph. They brought nothing but disappointment. More men were called for; blood was poured out like water; more battles and more glorious victories were achieved; half a dozen States and Territories were overrun; still we had not "conquered a peace." With every new success, which was only a new disappointment, the cry was raised—"The war must be more vigorously prosecuted." It was prosecuted just so vigorously as to enable our gallant soldiers always to win desperate battles, against fearful odds, by the most incredible efforts, and the most awful sacrifice of life. Our army performed prodigies of valor, challenging, by their gallant deeds, the amazement and admiration of the world. And so our victorious arms were carried up to the gates of the proud capital of the Mexican empire. And then there was a magnanimous pause, to receive the submission of the enemy. He was humbled, but he was not subdued. He would yield much, but he would not yield all. The President had imposed on himself the necessity of making his demands large, that they might seem to bear some proper proportion to the magnitude of the war. He had begun a little war, upon a despised enemy, who was to be terrified into submission, by "the appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force." It had grown into a great war, that tasked the vast resources and the full energies of the nation to carry it on. The very policy, indeed, which proposed to strike terror into the heart of the enemy by a formidable show of force, created the necessity of making the war in fact a formidable one, from the moment it was found that the mere demonstration was a failure. And the prosecution of such a formidable war created, in its turn, a sort of necessity of bringing out results of corresponding magnitude, far beyond anything having reference merely to the original matters of difference between the two countries. When our victorious army stood before the gates of the enemy's capital, in the heart of his dominions, there was no longer a question about the original grounds of quarrel. They were yielded by Mexico. She agreed to give up her pretensions to Texas, which had been annexed to the United States, and which she had heretofore insisted on regarding as her own revolted province, in spite of its declared independence, and its political union with this country. And she agreed, also, to give us ample indemnity in territory, more than enough to cover the claims of our citizens upon her justice, which thus far she had failed to pay. These were the main original points of difference, and formed the only original subjects of complaint or demand we had to make against Mexico. They were now yielded—as they would have been yielded by negotiation, without any war at all, if only a little forbearance and a little wisdom had been exercised in regard to them. The whole country is aware of this, and can never be convinced to the contrary. And hence it was, that after having prosecuted

such a formidable, costly and desolating war, up to the walls of the Mexican capital, for no necessary causes of dispute whatever between Mexico and us, the President found or deemed it necessary to turn his back upon the false pretences he had constantly set up and insisted on, as inducing and justifying hostilities, and to make such demands for the dismemberment of the Mexican empire as, if yielded on her part, might gratify the pride and supposed rapacity of his countrymen, and win for the war an unjustifiable and dishonest popular approval. This, of course, put peace out of the question. Negotiations were broken off, because Mexico would not consent to the dismemberment proposed to her. An unnecessary war had led to the making of an iniquitous and exorbitant demand, to which Mexico would not submit. The conflict was resumed. More battles were fought; the best blood of the country flowed again like water; the capital of the enemy was entered, sword in hand, and Mexico is conquered!

Yes, Mexico is conquered, but she is not yet subdued, and we have not yet "conquered a peace." Mexico is no nearer submission, now that her capital is in our hands, than the United States were, when, in the Revolution, the enemy had possession of New-York and Philadelphia. She is no nearer submission than Russia was, when Napoleon was in Moscow. And it is at this very point, that the difficulties and embarrassments of the President on account of this war, are become most formidable and inextricable. At the end of campaigns as completely successful, so far as military operations are concerned, as any that Alexander or Napoleon ever prosecuted, he finds himself in a state of most distressing perplexity. He can neither go forward nor retreat, with any prospect of satisfaction. The last field of glory in this war, was reaped when the city of Mexico was taken. Henceforth, there can be no grand fighting, no glorious victories. What remains is a war of details, a defensive war against guerillas, and assassins, and the *vomito*. A few minor cities and places may yet be assailed and taken; but there can be no grand forward movement. As a war of movement and of conquest, it is over. And as the President holds retreat to be impossible, so long as Mexico refuses to consent to the terms he has prescribed for her dismemberment, and as there is not the slightest chance that Mexico will *ever* consent to anything of the sort, a state of embarrassment has arisen, which might well fill the Executive with distress and alarm. How he proposes to deal with the case, since he is forced to meet it in some way, we shall see in the progress of this article. Suffice it here to say, that he meets the case with a proposition as daring, reckless, and profligate, as any that ever characterized the proceedings of the most celebrated among the professed conquerers and spoilers of ancient or modern times; and so we shall demonstrate the fact to be, before we have done with the subject.

Our readers must be made aware, if they are not so already, of the significant and important fact, now officially disclosed, that the war assumed an entirely new phase from the termination of the negotiations between Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners. From that period, IT BECAME EXPLICITLY AND WITHOUT DISGUISE, A WAR FOR THE CONQUEST AND DISMEMBERMENT OF MEXICO. The general object had been plain enough to all shrewd observers from the beginning; but it had been made as far as possible a covert object, and had been constantly, not to say impudently, disavowed. Up to that time, other objects of the war had been insisted on, and not without some show of reason, since war had been undertaken. There were the claims of our citizens, which must be secured in some satisfactory form. And, then, Mexico must be made to relinquish her pretensions to Texas, since that country was annexed to the United States. There was, finally, an unsettled question of boundary between Mexico and the State of Texas, which Mexico must be made to consent to negotiate about and settle, before we could make a definitive peace with her. These were the subjects of difference between the two countries at the breaking out of the war, and the only subjects of difference. Of course they formed, so far as had been avowed at any time, the objects, and the only objects, of the war on our part.

Now we desire to ask, and to ask very emphatically, what remained of these objects of the war, after the conferences between the American and Mexican Commissioners before the walls of the Mexican

capital? Looking steadily at these as the only subjects of difference between the two nations, and the only legitimate and avowed objects of the war on our part, what was Mr. Trist, as the Commissioner of the United States, authorized, or rather what should he have been authorized of right, to demand of the Mexican Government, in regard to them? His legitimate demands would have been—

1. Ample indemnity for the claims of American citizens on Mexico. 2. The cession, or renunciation, of all claims or pretensions on the part of Mexico, to the proper territory of the State of Texas. 3. An adjustment, on terms of reciprocal fairness, of the boundary between the State of Texas and Mexico.

Now these demands were virtually included in the plan of a Treaty furnished to Mr. Trist at Washington, and presented by him to the Mexican Commissioners. It is not necessary that we should state at this moment, what other and further demands were included in the same document. How, then, did Mexico treat these demands? What answer did she return through her Commissioners? Did she refuse all concessions on all or any of these subjects?

The Mexican Commissioners presented a Counter-Project for a Treaty, which is referred to in the President's Message, as offering terms of a Treaty "wholly inadmissible." We deeply regret to be obliged to say, that this highest official dignitary of the land speaks of this Counter-Project in a manner which is neither warranted by common candor, nor by the clear facts of the case.

One thing at least is not denied in the President's statement of objections to the terms of this Counter-Project; and that is, that it includes a clear cession or renunciation of all claims or pretensions of the Mexican government, to the proper territory of Texas. This is done in the fourth article of the project, which is as follows:—

"The dividing line between the two Republics shall commence in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, opposite to the southern mouth of the Bay of Corpus Christi, running in a straight line from within the said Bay to the mouth of the river Nueces; thence through the middle of said river in all its course to its source; from the source of the river Nueces shall be traced a straight line until it meets the present frontier of New Mexico on the east-south-east side; then follow the present boundary of New Mexico on the east, north and west, until this last touches the 37th degree; which will serve as a limit for both Republics from the point in which it touches the said frontier of West of New Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. The Government of Mexico promises not to found any new towns or establish colonies in the tract of land which remains between the river Nueces and the Bravo del Norte."

The line here proposed as a boundary begins with yielding to the United States the State of Texas, just as it had stood as a State or Department of Mexico. It was the same State of Texas, having its south-eastern boundary defined as here described, which had revolted from Mexico, and achieved its independence on the plains of San Jacinto. The line here stated does not, it is true, include any part of Coahuila, or of the State of Tamaulipas, neither of which ever revolted from Mexico, or ever manifested any desire to separate from the Mexican empire. But we repeat that this line yielded to the United States the proper State and territory of Texas. And let it be remembered that we are here referring to this matter, only as it affects the general question of Annexation, and the subject of difficulty and dispute between the countries on account of Annexation. It was this subject of Annexation—as distinct from any mere question of boundary—at which Mexico originally took offence. It was on this account that the Mexican minister in this country, Almonte, demanded his passports and withdrew from the country. It was on this account that Mexico refused to have any further diplomatic intercourse with Mr. Shannon, then our minister near the government of that republic. And it was on this account, and because Mr. Slidell had not come as a special commissioner charged with the particular duty of proposing terms of accommodation in reference to Annexation, that that functionary was not received by the Mexican government. It was this Annexation of Texas that Mexico said originally she should regard as a declaration of war against her, though she acted no further on this declaration than to break up all diplomatic relations with us, and to hold herself aloof as the offended party, who was to be conciliated by a

proper advance on our part. Her rejection of our minister, and which was one subject of complaint by our government, though not perhaps set down distinctly as one cause of war, is referrible mainly to this subject of Annexation.

Now what we mean to say is, that in their Counter-Project of a treaty, the Mexican Commissioners expressly yielded the whole matter of difference or dispute in regard to the general subject of the Annexation of Texas to the United States. Annexation was no longer a subject of complaint, and was no longer to stand in the way of peace and amity between the two countries. And thus we say, one of the original subjects of dispute, and no doubt the main cause leading to a collision of arms, was removed. If there had been no Annexation there would have been no war; there would have been no interruption of diplomatic and friendly relations; there would have been no rejection of our minister, and no marching of troops to the Rio Grande. "The existing war," said the Mexican commissioners in their letter to Mr. Trist, accompanying their counter-project, "has been undertaken solely on account of the territory of the State of Texas, respecting which the North American republic presents as its title the Act of the said State by which it was annexed to the North American confederation, after having proclaimed its independence of Mexico." And they add, after stating that Mexico consents "to the pretensions of the government of Washington to the territory of Texas," that "the cause of the war has disappeared, and the war itself ought to cease, since there is no warrant for its continuance." And undoubtedly they were right to this extent, that so far as this question of Annexation was a cause for the war, that cause did disappear from the moment Mexico had declared herself ready to yield the point, and the United States were no longer at liberty to prosecute the war on account of that question, or for any reason merely incident to it. This object of the war, then, if an object of the war at all, no longer remained after the conferences between the commissioners of the two countries, in September; and when the war was renewed, it was renewed for no object relating to the annexation of Texas to the United States.

The next object of the war, on our part, after it had once been commenced, was to obtain satisfaction, or indemnity, for the claims of our citizens on Mexico, on account of injuries and indignities to their persons and property. These claims were not the cause of the war; it was not undertaken for the redress of these injuries; but the war once begun, it was not to be expected that peace would be made, until these demands should be satisfactorily adjusted.

Now we assert, in the face of the bald and bold statement to the contrary in the President's Message, that the Mexican Commissioners, in their counter-project, did offer an ample indemnity for these claims. It is not true, as the President affirms, that this plan "contained no provision for the payment by Mexico of the just claims of our citizens." There was no offer of payment in money, nor was any such payment in money expected, or desired, by the Administration. But there was indemnity, and just that kind of indemnity after which the government has been looking from the beginning, namely, indemnity in territory.

The whole statement in which the Message indulges on this point, is the most extraordinary, perhaps, that was ever uttered by a high public functionary, in the face of an intelligent country. We know of nothing to compare with it, except, indeed, some other statements of the like character in the same document, and in the President's previous Messages on the same general subject. It would be charitable to believe, if we could, that the President falls into these shocking errors of fact, from the agency and imposition of some unprincipled persons about him, and is to be excused on the ground of utter inattention, or else of absolute want of capacity. If this habit of gross perversion, or of careless statement, is to be indulged in, and tolerated, and if he is really to be held accountable for what appears under his hand, it will soon come to be understood, that a Message of the President of the United States to Congress, is no more to be relied on for its relation of facts, than the most worthless newspaper sheet in the land.

The Message informs Congress and the country, that "the terms of a treaty proposed by the Mexican Commissioners, were wholly inadmissible," among other reasons,

some of which are equally gross, because "it contained no provision for the payment by Mexico of the just claims of our citizens." Standing by itself, this might be taken merely as an assertion that this project of a treaty contained no provision for the *pecuniary* payment of these claims; and if so intended to be understood, the assertion could have had no purpose, but to mislead and confound the intelligence of the general reader, because, from the beginning of this war, the President has had no design or desire, nor the remotest expectation, that these claims should be paid by Mexico in money, or provided for by her in any other way than by the cession of territory to the United States. We must hold the President, therefore, as meaning to deny, by the expression we have quoted, that Mexico had made any offer whatever of indemnity for the claims of our citizens. And he has not left this matter in doubt; for by way of expressly negativing the idea that any cession of territory was offered as indemnity for these claims, he proceeds to declare, as showing what he calls "the unreasonable terms proposed by the Mexican Commissioners," that this project of a treaty, amongst other things, "offered to cede to the United States, *for a pecuniary consideration*, that part of Upper California lying north of latitude thirty-seven degrees." He refers to this offer of cession, as among the objectionable and unreasonable things contained in the counter-project of the Mexican Commissioners—a cession to be made "for a pecuniary consideration;" and he accuses the Commissioners of having "negotiated as if Mexico were the victorious and not the vanquished party." In short, he means to state, and means that we shall understand him as stating, that while Mexico had the impertinence to endeavor to get a bargain out of us, by offering to sell us land in California for ready money, she refused to give us any indemnity, or any satisfaction whatever, in land or anything else, for the just claims of our citizens. And this statement we are constrained to pronounce utterly at variance with the facts.

It will be observed by the reader that our Commissioner opened the negotiation at the conferences referred to, by presenting to the Mexican Commissioners the draught of a treaty, with which he had been furnished by our Government, although the President takes pains to inform us, by way of showing with what a dignified and lofty reserve the conference must have been approached on the part of the United States, that Mr. Trist "was not directed to make any new overtures of peace." Nevertheless, he presented the draught of a treaty, the first article of which began with declaring, "There shall be a firm and universal peace between the United States of America, and the United Mexican States," &c. The subsequent articles, of course, set forth the terms upon which the President proposed this lasting and universal peace should rest.

Now it is the particular mode adopted in this draught of a treaty, of reaching the matters of difference and dispute between the two countries, to which we wish to call the attention of the reader, by way of preparing him to understand fully, and without the possibility of mistake, the meaning and intention of the terms subsequently proposed in the Counter-Project of the Mexican Commissioners. He must remember that a main thing was, as the President so strenuously argues, to obtain indemnity for the claims of our citizens by a cession of territory. "Mexico," says the Message, "has no money to pay, and no other means of making the required indemnity. If we refuse this, we can obtain nothing else." This, indeed, was assuming a fact without any warrant of proof. But for the interruption caused by the annexation of Texas, and finally by the war, there cannot be a doubt that every dollar of these claims would have been paid in money. And the President forgets that in this very Message in which he urges the impossibility of squeezing anything out of Mexico, except land, he exults in the prospect of being able to do a good deal towards supporting our vast military operations in that country by the money which shall be collected out of regular Mexican custom house and internal duties, seized into the hands of our officers for that purpose! The internal revenue of Mexico and her Departments, is stated by the Secretary of the Treasury in his recent Report, to have been about thirteen millions of dollars per annum, and the receipts on imports he says have varied from six to twelve millions. And he gives it as his de-

liberate opinion, more than once repeated, that with the ports, and interior, and roads of Mexico in our possession, we may collect from duties on imports as much as Mexico had been used to do; though how much we may gather from internal duties he will not venture to estimate. Here, then, we have the Administration proposing, with apparent candor and good faith, to collect from Mexico, *in the form of regular taxes*, while her principal ports and places shall remain in our military occupation, many more millions annually, in hard gold and siver, for the support of the war, than would suffice to pay every dollar of the claims which our citizens have upon the justice of that country; and at the same time—in the same breath—we have it laid down as a fact—"clear and unquestionable" as our right to Oregon up to fifty-four forty, or as our right to the Rio Grande as a boundary—that Mexico is utterly unable to pay in anything but land! In such miserable and gross contradictions does the rapacious and dishonest policy of the President constantly involve him. He was resolved, from the beginning, to have territory, as much as he could wring from the fears and distresses of that unhappy country—territory conquered in fact, because forced from its unwilling owner by the terror, and, if need be, by the desolation of our arms; but he wished to put a mask on the harsh and bloody features of the abominable transaction, by providing that the forced cession should pass under the fraudulent guise of a necessary indemnity, with a generous offer of payment, of how many millions we know not, for whatever balance of value there might be over and above the indemnity. This was his policy and his resolution, and hence his labored and awkward attempt to make the country believe, at one and the same moment, that taxation in Mexico would give us millions for the support of the war, but could not be made to produce a farthing for the payment of our claims.

But we return to the point of our argument and exposition. A principal thing to be secured in a treaty of peace, was the payment of our claims. This was to be done, as the President insists, only by obtaining a cession of territory. Mr. Trist carried out with him a plan of a treaty which embraced this object; and yet it is just as true of this plan, as it is of the Counter-Project presented by the Mexican Commissioners, first, that "it contained no provision for the payment by Mexico, of the just claims of our citizens;" and next, that it contained a provision for the cession of territory to the United States "for a pecuniary consideration." If the Counter-Project was objectionable or offensive on either of these grounds, the plan presented by Mr. Trist was objectionable and offensive to the United States for the same reasons. The form of reaching both points—indemnity, and the cession of territory—was precisely the same in each case. And more than this: the substance of the several provisions, embracing these two objects, and, to a great extent, the language, was identical in the two projects of a treaty, except only—and this was the only essential difference—as to the amount of territory to be ceded. We here place the articles containing these provisions in juxtaposition on our pages, that they may be read together and easily compared; only premising that the matter inclosed in brackets, in the copy first given, was not, according to the authority of the Washington Union, embraced in the original draught furnished to Mr. Trist.

FROM THE DRAUGHT OF A TREATY PROPOSED BY MR. TRIST.

ARTICLE IV. The boundary line between the two republics shall commence in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, opposite the Rio Grande; from thence up the middle of that river to the point where it strikes the southern line of New Mexico; thence westwardly along the southern boundary of New Mexico, to the southwestern corner of the same; thence northward along the western line of New Mexico, until it intersects the first branch of the river Gila, or if it should not intersect any branch of that river, then to the point on the said line nearest to such branch; and thence in a direct line to the same, and down the middle of said branch and of the said river until it empties into the Rio Colorado, and thence downwards by the middle of the Colorado, and the middle of the Gulf of California, to the Pacific Ocean.

ARTICLE V. In consideration of the extension of the boundaries of the United States, as defined by the last preceding article, [and by the stipulations which will appear in article No. 8, the United States abandon, for ever, all claims against the United States of Mexico on account of the expenses of the war] the United States

agree to pay to the United Mexican States, at the city of Vera Cruz, the sum of ——— dollars, in five equal instalments, each of ——— dollars; the first instalment to be paid immediately after this treaty shall have been duly ratified by the government of the United Mexican States.

ARTICLE VI. As a further consideration [of article No. 4] for the extension of the boundaries of the United States, as defined by the fourth article of this treaty, the United States agree to assume and pay to the claimants all the instalments now due, or hereafter to become due, under the convention between the two republics concluded at the city of Mexico on the 30th day of January, 1843, "further to provide for the payment of awards in favor of claimants under the convention between the United States and the Mexican republic, of the 11th April, 1839;" and the United States also agree to assume and pay, to an amount not exceeding three millions of dollars, all claims of citizens of the United States, not heretofore decided against the government of the United Mexican States, which may have arisen previous to the 13th of May, 1846, and shall be found to be justly due by a board of commissioners, to be established by the government of the United States, whose awards shall be final and conclusive: provided, that in deciding upon the validity of these claims, the board shall be guided and governed by the principles and rules of decision prescribed by the first and fifth articles of the unratified convention, concluded at the city of Mexico, on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1843; and in no case shall an award be made in favor of any claim not embraced by these principles and rules. And the United States do hereby for ever discharge the United Mexican States from all liability for any of the said claims, whether the same shall be rejected or allowed by the said board of commissioners.

FROM THE COUNTER-PROJECT PROPOSED BY THE MEXICAN COMMISSIONERS.

4th. The dividing line between the two republics shall commence in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, opposite the southern mouth of the bay of Corpus Christi, running in a straight line from within the said bay to the mouth of the river Nueces; thence through the middle of that river in all its course to its source; from the source of the river Nueces shall be traced a straight line until it meets the present frontier of New Mexico on the east-south-east side, then follow the present boundary of New Mexico on the east, north and west, until this last touches the 37th degree; which will serve as a limit for both republics, from the point in which it touches the said frontier of west of New Mexico to the Pacific ocean. The government of Mexico promises not to found any new towns or establish colonies in the tract of land which remains between the river Nueces and the Bravo del Norte.

5th. In just compensation for the extension of old limits which the United States may acquire by the previous article, the government of said United States is bound to pay over to the republic of Mexico the sum of ———, which shall be placed in the city of Mexico, at the disposal of the said government of the Mexican republic, in the act of exchanging the ratification of this treaty.

6th. The government of the United States is further bound to take upon itself and satisfy fully to the claimants all the instalments [cantidades] which are due up to this time, and may come due in future, by reason of the claims now liquidated, and decided against the Mexican republic, agreeably to the conventions arranged between the two republics, the 11th of April, 1839, and 30th of January, 1843, in such manner that the Mexican republic shall have absolutely no further payment to make by reason of the said reclamations.

7th. The government of the United States is also bound to take upon itself and pay fully all the claims of its own citizens, not yet decided, against the Mexican republic, whatever may be the title or motive from which they may proceed or in which they are founded; so that from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, there shall remain settled definitely and for ever, the accounts of every kind that exist, or may be supposed to exist, between the government of Mexico and the citizens of the United States.

8th. In order that the government of the United States may be able to satisfy, in observance of the previous article, the claims not yet decided of its citizens against the Mexican republic, there shall be established by the government of the said United States a tribunal of commissioners, whose decisions shall be conclusive and definitive; provided that, on deciding upon the validity of any demand, it may be adjusted by the principles and rules which were established in the articles 1st and 5th of the convention (not ratified) which was held in Mexico on the 20th of November, 1843, and in no case to give sentence in favor of any claim which is not adjusted in the prescribed rules.

Here, then, the state of the case may be seen at a glance. The President proposed through Mr. Trist, in substance, that the line of boundary between the two countries be so drawn that Mexico should cede to the Unitefl States, besides Texas, parts of the several States of Tamaulipas, Coahuila, and Chihuahua, the whole of New Mexico, and the two Californias, comprising, altogether, about 690,000 square miles of territory—rather more than twice the area within the present limits of the old thir-

teen States of this Union! This is in the fourth article; and then follows the proposed stipulations on our part, "in consideration of this extension of the boundaries of the United States." The first of these is, to pay a sum of money, in blank, to Mexico; and the next, to assume and pay the claims, liquidated and unliquidated, of our citizens on Mexico. Here we have the President's draught and proposition for a treaty.

And how does the Counter-Project of the Mexican Commissioners differ from this? It proposes that the line of boundary shall be so drawn, that Mexico shall cede to the United States, besides Texas, five degrees of latitude, or more than one half of the territory of Upper California, comprising about 190,000 square miles, or an area larger than that of eleven of the Atlantic States of this Union, taken together, beginning with Maine and running through to Virginia. This is in the fourth article; and then come the articles in which it is stipulated, "in just compensation for the extension of old limits," first, that the United States shall pay to Mexico a sum of money, in blank; and next, this government shall take upon itself to pay and satisfy the claims, liquidated and unliquidated, of our citizens on Mexico. Such is the Counter-Project. And what, we ask, now becomes of the official statement of the Message, that this project proposes to cede territory "for a pecuniary consideration"—as if there was something offensive in that—but contains "no provision for the payment by Mexico of the just claims of our citizens?" If there is no such provision in the plan proposed by Mexico, then there is none in the plan proposed by the President himself.

There was not only indemnity offered in the case, but indemnity of the most ample kind. We do not know that anybody would think of setting up the pretence, that the territory proposed to be ceded was not, at least, equal to the amount of these claims. There cannot be a doubt that it was worth a great deal more, and that equal justice would have required the payment of a considerable balance to Mexico, on account of the cession. It includes the harbor and bay of San Francisco, of itself worth a great deal more to the United States than the three, or four, or five millions of Mexican indebtedness. The territory is about three times as large as the whole of New-England; and though, no doubt, a considerable portion of it, lying interior, between the coast chain and the Rocky Mountains, is of little value, yet we know that other parts of it have been found valuable enough to attract to it a considerable and increasing emigration from our own country. This is particularly the case with the country on the Sacramento, which is understood to be settled principally by emigrants from the United States. All these settlers would be brought within our own limits by this cession—thus putting an end at once to a serious difficulty which was brewing in that quarter before the war began, and which could hardly fail, sooner or later, to bring on another Annexation question to disturb the peace of the two countries. The Message sets forth in strong terms the advantages, commercial and other, which would accrue to the United States from the possession of Upper California. But all this has its best application to that northern portion, including the bay of San Francisco, which lies above the thirty-seventh parallel. It is this portion of the country that, "if held by the United States, would soon be settled by a hardy, enterprising, and intelligent portion of our population." It is the bay of San Francisco that "would afford shelter for our navy, for our numerous whale ships, and other merchant vessels employed in the Pacific Ocean, and would, in a short period, become the mart of an extensive and profitable commerce with China, and other countries of the East." One thing is certain—the President and his partisans are estopped by the Message from setting up any want of value in the cession which Mexico proposed to make, to constitute a full indemnity, and a good deal more than that, for the claims of our citizens on the justice of that country.

Here, then, we have the important fact that this object of the war, namely, the obtaining of indemnity for our unsatisfied claims on Mexico, was fully met and responded to by that government at the conferences in September, between the Commissioners of the two republics. These claims have figured largely in all the war manifestos of the President. All that he

has had to say, and repeat, as he does in this last Message, about "the wanton violation of the rights of person and property of our citizens committed by Mexico; her repeated acts of bad faith through a long series of years, and her disregard of solemn treaties, stipulating for indemnity to our injured citizens;" all this, and much more of the same sort, wrought up, in the face of notorious facts, to the point of most absurd exaggeration and bluster, has had reference, of course, to these claims, for which, it stands confessed and recorded, whatever may have been her conduct in regard to them in times past, Mexico offered, in the conferences under the walls of her beleaguered capital, the most ample indemnity. From that moment these claims ceased to be matter which could be talked about, with decency, as cause of war with that power; from that moment, if war was to be prosecuted further against her, for any cause or any objects whatever, it was not certainly on account of these claims. And while the claims themselves could no longer be set up as a reason for continuing the war, it was equally impossible, with decency, to talk any longer, as the President does in this Message—perhaps from the mere habit of a sort of parrot repetition—about our magnanimous forbearance, of years' duration, in regard to these claims, manifested by our not having long and long ago asserted our rights by force; and how patiently we sought for redress by amicable negotiation; and how we were finally insulted in the person of "our minister of peace," by the mortifying rejection he endured. All this, we say, as incident to the subject matter of these claims, became obsolete, after the tender of full indemnity made by the Mexican Commissioners in September. And this war, as re-commenced and prosecuted after the breaking up of the conferences near Chapultepec, must find its justification, if any there be, in something else besides these claims, or any conduct of Mexico in relation to them.

But we observe that the President, in his Message, with that general disingenuousness and unvarying obliquity of purpose, which characterize nearly all the statements of the Message on the subject of the war, attempts to confound the understanding of his readers, by affecting to insist upon the expenses of the war, as if he had ever made these expenses any part of his demands upon Mexico for indemnity. He does not make this assertion in terms; that would have been too gross and palpable for him to venture upon. And yet he means that the uninitiated reader shall so understand him. Referring to the project of a treaty, prepared at home, and which Mr. Trist took out with him, and to the fact that by the terms of that plan, "the indemnity required by the United States was a cession of territory," he proceeds to state why it was that this kind of indemnity—namely, territory—was insisted on. The reason is thus stated: "It is well known that the only indemnity which it is in the power of Mexico to make, in satisfaction of the just and long deferred claims of our citizens against her, *and the only means by which she can reimburse the United States for the expenses of the war*, is a cession to the United States of a portion of her territory."

Certainly no plain man, unacquainted with the particular facts, could read this paragraph without concluding that the demands of the President for indemnity, as imbodied in the provisions of this project of a treaty, embraced the expenses of the war; that, instead of being a demand of indemnity for three or five millions at most, the demand was for indemnity to the amount of a hundred millions at least—for the full cost of the war, up to that time, was not one dollar within that sum. The advantage, no doubt, which the President proposed to himself by this statement, was the creation of a prevalent popular impression, that, however the actual issue might turn out, and whatever criminality, in the public estimation, had marked his conduct in precipitating the country into this war, he, for one, had endeavored to take care that it should cost the country nothing—except, indeed, some thousands of lives, which it would be difficult to make anybody pay for; that Mexico, besides being chastised into a compliance with whatever terms of peace we might see fit to prescribe to her, was to pay the money expenses of her own humiliation. And, besides this, it was convenient to the argument he was endeavoring to set up, to swell the supposed indemnity which was to be exacted of Mexico, from three or five

millions to a hundred millions; because it was only in this way that he could put a plausible face on his bold assumption of the inability of Mexico to meet our claims in any way but by a cession of territory.

And now, after all this, what will be thought of the President of the United States, when the fact comes to be stated and proved, that by the terms of his own project of a treaty, not only was no claim set up for the expenses of the war, but any pretence of that sort was necessarily negatived and excluded? Nobody will be silly enough to pretend that under the stipulations of a treaty of peace, which makes not the slightest reference to the expenses of the war on either side, either party is to pay more than its own expenses. In the President's plan of a treaty, Mexico is not asked, nor is the remotest hint conveyed that she is expected, to pay us the costs of the war. Besides, any such idea is excluded by the stipulations actually inserted in the instrument. Mexico was indebted to our citizens in a certain amount—say four millions of dollars—and this plan proposes that if Mexico will cede to the United States certain lands, the government of the United States will undertake to satisfy the creditors of Mexico in this country for this indebtedness, in such manner that she shall be fully discharged from it. And, as it is understood that the lands proposed to be ceded are worth more than this four millions of dollars, it is proposed that the United States shall pay to Mexico the balance of this value, whatever it may be ascertained or agreed to be. Such was the President's own proposition for a settlement and treaty of peace with Mexico; and he does not get through the tortuous course of his Message without giving this very account and explanation of the matter.

"As the territory," he says, "to be acquired by the boundary proposed, might be estimated to be of greater value than a fair equivalent for our just demands, our Commissioner was authorized to stipulate for the payment of such additional pecuniary consideration as was deemed reasonable."

Not a word here about the expenses of the war. No intimation here that the balance of value to be paid in money to Mexico was only so much as would remain after deducting four millions for the demands due our citizens, and a hundred millions more for the cost of the war. The President knows as well as we do, that the expenses of this war, end when and how it may, are to be borne by the people of the United States; and he did not entertain the remotest idea, when this project of a treaty was prepared, that Mexico was to be made to pay, or asked to pay these expenses, or any part of them. He knew then, and he knows now, that Mexico will never make a treaty with the United States on any such basis.

In our account of what the President proposed as the basis of a treaty with Mexico, we have had reference to what the Washington Union some time since published as "the authentic copy of the draught of a treaty carried out by Mr. Trist."* It would seem that Mr. Trist went a step further, in the project presented by him to the Mexican Commissioners. He inserted, in the fifth article, a reference to the stipulation contained in article eight, in regard to a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, as forming a part of the general consideration for the undertakings proposed on the part of the United States; and then, by way of addition to the stipulations for paying the claims of our own citizens, and the payment of a clear sum of money to Mexico, he inserted this express renunciation: "*The United States abandon forever all claims against the United Mexican States, on account of the expenses of the war.*" After all this, it is difficult to understand how the President could have the courage to talk about the expenses of the war in the manner he has done in the Message. At any rate, we trust an enlightened public will understand the true state of the case.

Thus far, then, we have seen that two principal subjects or matters of difference between the United States and Mexico at the commencement of the war, were actually removed, so far as the most ample concessions on the part of Mexico could remove them, at the conferences near Chapultepec in September last. Mexico yielded her pretensions to the State of Texas, and all complaints she had to make on ac-

* We have not had in hand the official papers as sent in to Congress with the Message.

count of Annexation. This struck at the original source of all the difficulty between the two powers, and made an end of it, so far as Mexico could alone effect that object. Mexico also offered ample indemnity for the claims of our citizens, in the mode preferred and insisted on by us—that is to say, by a cession of territory; and thus put an end, so far as she alone could do it, to all complaints which we had to prefer against her for neglect of those claims, and whatever other conduct in relation to them we had thought exceptionable. There remained, therefore, only one original subject of dispute between the two powers, and that was the undefined boundary between our State of Texas and the dominions of Mexico. It must be admitted that the President went into the war claiming the right to the whole country between the Nueces and the Rio del Norte; though it is perfectly certain that this was not such a claim on our part, that any Congress of the United States, which alone has the power of declaring war, would ever have undertaken to enforce it by the sword. Mexico refused to cede to us this territory, at the conferences near Chapultepec, and this question of boundary remained, therefore, *in statu quo*, when the war was resumed.

The important inquiry now arises, whether the war thus resumed had for part of its object, the enforcement of the President's demand, clearly embraced in his project of a treaty, for the cession of the whole country between the Nueces and the Rio del Norte? We suppose there cannot be a doubt of it. The fact is sufficiently indicated in this brief and characteristic announcement in the Message: "The boundary of the Rio Grande, and the cession to the United States of New Mexico and Upper California, constituted an *ultimatum*, which our Commissioner was, under no circumstances, to yield." The history of the conferences shows that the Commissioner, though with evident misgivings, acted up to the letter of his instructions on this point. He would not *yield* "the boundary to the Rio Grande," but "he offered that if there remained no other point of difference for the conclusion of peace, than that relative to the territory which is comprised between the Bravo and the Nueces, he would consult his government upon it, with some hope of a good result." Such is the Mexican official account. Mr. Trist, it is evident, did not believe it possible the President would dare to make the renewal and continuance of the war turn on his adherence to the absurd and baseless pretension he had set up, of a right and title in the United States to a "boundary to the Rio Grande." Mr. Trist had manifestly been impressed with the pregnant and severe tone of the following declaration, in the note addressed to him by the Mexican Commissioners:—

"To the other territories, [i. e. besides the proper territory of Texas,] mentioned in the fourth article of your Excellency's draught, [including, of course, the country between the Nueces and the Bravo,] no right has heretofore been asserted by the Republic of North America, nor do we believe it possible for it to assert any. Consequently, it could not acquire them, except by the right of conquest, or by the title which will result from the cession or sale which Mexico might now make. But as we are persuaded that the Republic of Washington will not only absolutely repel, but will hold in abhorrence, the first of these titles, and as, on the other hand, it would be a new thing, and contrary to every idea of justice, to make war on a people, for no other reason than because it refused to sell territory which its neighbor sought to buy, we hope, from the justice of the government and people of North America, that the ample modifications which we have to propose, to the cessions of territory (except that of the State of Texas) contemplated by the said Article Four, will not be a motive to persist in a war which the worthy General of the North American troops has justly styled unnatural."

But, however the Commissioner of the United States might have been impressed and moved by an appeal so replete with the force of simple truth and natural justice, he was bound by an Executive *ultimatum*, which embraced other points, that Mexico could no more yield than she could this demand of a boundary to the Rio Grande. The President *must* have New Mexico and Upper California, as well as the whole territory between the Nueces and the Bravo. Mexico could not yield to any of these demands, to the extent to which the President's ultimatum carried them; and nothing remained, therefore, but to renew and prosecute the war. She did offer, be it observed, to give up the most valuable portion of Upper California; and

she offered, also, so far to relinquish her possessory right, or right of occupation, to the wide uninhabited frontier of the country between the two rivers, as to stipulate that it should be preserved as an uninhabited and desert space forever, expressly for a safe and peaceable frontier between the two countries. And this enables us to see exactly upon what precise pretensions and demands of the President it was, in regard to territory, that the war was renewed, after the concessions made at the conferences near Chapultepec; and we desire to set down these pretensions and demands very precisely, and to call the attention of the country to them in a very particular manner, that the people may clearly understand what it really was, the war was resumed for. The war, then, was resumed and prosecuted, after the conferences near Chapultepec, for the following objects:

First, to compel Mexico, who was willing and ready to relinquish her right of occupation in the wide uninhabited space between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, so as to make that desert space in effect the boundary between the two countries, to go further and cede to us in absolute sovereignty and jurisdiction, the whole of that territory up to the Rio Grande;

Second, to compel Mexico, who was willing to yield us one half, and the most valuable portion of Upper California, to go further, and sell to us the other half also;

And, third, to compel Mexico to sell to us her province of New Mexico.

Of these three objects, the first is the only one, it will be observed, which, in any shape whatever, found a place among those original subjects of demand, to which alone the war from its inception, apparently or professedly, had any relation. The other two objects became objects of the war for the first time, so far as any distinct avowal or disclosure is concerned, when it was renewed after the conferences near Chapultepec. But the truth is that the whole three objects just specified, stand in fact, when properly understood, on the same footing. The demand which the President makes of a boundary on the Rio Grande, is just as much in the spirit of conquest as the rest. These last, as we now see, stand out open and undisguised. To compel our unwilling enemy, by force of arms, to sell her territory to us, is to exercise over her and her territory the rights of conquest. Payment in such a case is no equivalent. It is not a bargain, though we pay our money for the lands, where the cession is compulsory. If effected, it is nothing less than a robbery, with the insult added of throwing our purse in the face of our victim, by way of charity, or for the sake of appearances. The object is to dismember the Mexican empire, and appropriate her territories to our own use, by virtue of our military superiority. The President wants these territories because he thinks it will gratify a spirit of rapacity which he imagines dwells in the hearts of our people, and will glorify his administration before the masses, who, he believes, will make no account whatever of the money price of the robbery. He believes they would like it still better if he had resolved to keep the territory already conquered, and the money too. And we do not entertain a doubt that he would have preferred this policy from the first, if he had thought it as practicable as the other; he would have let appearances take care of themselves.

The truth is, that the offer of money to Mexico for her conquered provinces, was not to pay for the land, but *to buy a peace of her after the conquest.* He thought this would be better than perpetual war, and the support of large standing armies, to maintain the conquests. It was not justice, but policy, that dictated the offer. It was better, he thought, to pay Mexico twenty millions for her craven consent to her own dismemberment and degradation, than undertake to maintain his conquests by arms, at the cost of another hundred millions. Brennus, the Gallic conqueror, finding his affairs in desperate condition, but *game* to the last, demanded to receive of Rome a thousand pounds of gold for retiring from his conquests, for thus he would go home an acknowledged conqueror, though giving up the provinces he had overrun. Our modern American Brennus understands the glory of conquest differently; he is willing to pay Mexico a thousand pounds of gold to stop her resistance, allow him to keep the provinces he has overrun, and so come home a conqueror. Brennus proudly threw his sword into the scale at the last moment, as his ultimate argument

with the Roman: Mr. Polk, too, gallantly threw in his sword, but at last he offers to withdraw it, and weigh down the scales with money, as his ultimate argument with the Mexican. But Mexico, though in the extremity of distress, refuses to take money as the price of her honor—she refuses to allow the President to salve her sore humiliation in that mode. And this puts him in a dilemna: he must retire from this chosen field of his glory without the ill-gotten fruits of his successful military exploits, or he must prosecute his war from this time forward, for the naked purpose of subjugation and dismemberment. The latter alternative, as we shall see, is the one he has chosen, and recommends in his Message to Congress and the country.

Recurring to the particulars embraced in the policy of conquest and dismemberment, now disclosed and avowed by the President, and confining our attention still for a while to the state of things as they existed at the breaking up of the conferences near Chapultepec, let us observe how naked and undisguised the object is, in each particular. We have shown the offer made of half the vast province of Upper California, not only giving the United States the most ample indemnity for all the claims of our citizens on Mexico, but very far exceeding in value to us the amount of those claims. We have shown, also, that beyond these claims, the President, in his negotiations with Mexico, did not set up any other or further demands for indemnity. After deducting the amount of these claims, he offered to pay Mexico as much money as the territories he wanted were deemed worth. It is merely absurd, or it is much worse than that, for him now to talk about the expenses of the war, as if he expected to make Mexico pay them. He has known from the beginning, that we could make no claim on her for the cost of the war, and that this was an account which the people of his own country must pay, without recourse or redress anywhere. And on these terms he offered to make peace with Mexico—provided only she would cede to us as much territory as he desired to get, for an equivalent in money.

When the war was resumed, then, under the walls of the Mexican capital, we aver and maintain, that it was for the sole purpose of compelling Mexico to consent, for a consideration in money, to the dismemberment of her empire, by ceding to the United States three distinct parcels of her territory, to neither of which had we the slightest claim of right, either on the ground of indemnity, or on the ground of title. The pretence of further indemnity, rather hinted at or disingenuously insinuated, than actually set up, in the Message, we have already disposed of. We must say a few words on the matter of title.

No boldness nor ingenuity has ever enabled the President to assert any right or title to the Californias. The demand, therefore, as an ultimatum, of the remaining half of Upper California, after Mexico had offered to yield up the first half by way of indemnity and for the sake of peace, was a naked demand of dismemberment to that extent, though for a consideration in money, to be agreed to by Mexico, under the penalty of an immediate resumption and prosecution of the war against her.*

The demand made for the cession of New Mexico, was of the same character and rested on the same foundation. It is true, the President has the amazing coolness to venture on a suggestion in his Message, that there was a question of boundary to be adjusted between the province of New Mexico and the State of Texas, on the ground that "the territorial limits of the State of Texas, as defined by her laws before her admission into our Union, embrace all that portion of New Mexico lying east of the Rio Grande." Everybody knows that Texas might as well have extended her limits, by a statutory declaration—a ridiculous *brutem fulmen*—over the whole of Old Mexico, as over a part of the province of New Mexico; and such an act would have given her just as much right and title in that case, as it did in the other. But besides this, it is perfectly notorious that the President, utterly disregarding any claim of the State of Texas upon New Mexico, on account of this statutory declaration, seeing she had never occupied a foot of the soil of that territory, ordered the country to be conquered for the United States, which was done accord-

* The Mexican Commissioners say that Mr. Trist was disposed to abandon his first pretensions "to a *part* of Upper California." If so, it was in the face of the President's ultimatum.

ingly after a fashion, when he caused a civil government to be set up there under his authority. The demand, therefore, as an ultimatum, of the whole of New Mexico, on both sides of the Rio Grande, was a naked demand for the further dismemberment of Mexico, though for a consideration in money, to be assented to by that power, under the penalty of an immediate resumption and prosecution of the war against her.

Let, now, any man, possessing any just sensibility to the honor and proper fame of the country, turn to the President's Message, and read there, without a blush of shame if he can, the reasons which that high officer has grouped together to justify the nefarious demand which he caused to be made upon Mexico for the dismemberment of that country, by the forced cession of Upper California and New Mexico to the United States. We will give the substance and real meaning of these reasons, leaving it to the reader to verify our brief exposition by recurring to the President's own language.

The President believes, then, that as Mexico *must* be dismembered, it is for her convenience and interest, as well as our own, that these two provinces should be lopped off rather than any other. They lie a great way off from her capital, and if she does not lose them now, it is manifest the time will come when she will have to give them up. This is especially true of Upper California, and if we don't take it now, some other foreign power may, by-and-by. Or it may become independent of Mexico, by a revolutionary movement, and then be annexed to some other country; and if annexed to any country but our own, we should have to fight that country for it. These territories are contiguous to our territories, and if we had them we would bring them on, and make something out of them. Upper California is bounded right upon our Oregon possessions, and we could stock it with a good population, and, with the use of its harbors, make great commercial profits out of it, in which the commercial world might participate. New Mexico is naturally connected with our Western settlements, and after all is not worth much to Mexico. Besides, our State of Texas once threw its paper arms around the neck of this darling province, and *embraced* it with affection. And, then, see what a benefit it would be to Mexico to give this province up to us; for we could protect it, and her, against the Indians, and make them give up their captives! Finally, in ceding these provinces to us, there would only be a moderate population of Mexican citizens [probably only about 175,000] who would be transferred, like cattle, without their consent and against their will, from Mexico to the United States. "These," adds the President, "were the *leading considerations* which induced me to authorize the terms of peace which were proposed to Mexico. They were rejected; and negotiations being at an end, hostilities were renewed." These were the "leading considerations" which induced the President to instruct his Commissioner, that unless Mexico, besides giving up to us half of the vast province of Upper California for our full indemnity, which she offered to do, would consent to a further dismemberment by ceding to us the rest of that province, and the whole of New Mexico, for a sum of money, the war should go on. Even if the Rio Grande had been yielded as a boundary for Texas, and every other demand of the President, still, for the "leading considerations" we have recited, the war was to go on unless Mexico would give up also the whole of New Mexico and Upper California!

But besides these two provinces, there was that other considerable tract of country, embracing parts of three Mexican States, and having altogether an area of about 45,000 square miles—nearly equal to New-York—lying between the Nueces and the Bravo, which was also demanded as an ultimatum. And to this, as to the rest, except where there was an inconsiderable settlement on and near the Nueces, the United States had not the slightest claim of right, for herself or for Texas, unless by conquest. Yet this is the country in reference to which the President repeats in the present Message, the stale and miserable fiction, so often exposed before, that Mexico "involved the two countries in war by invading the territory of the State of Texas, striking the first blow, and shedding the blood of our citizens on our own soil;" that "Mexico commenced the war, and we were compelled, *in self-defence*, to repel the invader!" In the name of Truth, and by the authority of its unerring

Records, we pronounce every word of all this statement utterly without foundation in fact. The country where our army was found when the first blood was shed, was not American soil. It was in the peaceable possession and actual occupancy of Mexico, and under her undisputed jurisdiction, as it had always been since she was a nation, and as Spain had possessed and governed it before her. If the United States once preferred a claim, as against Spain, to the Rio del Norte as the boundary of French Louisiana, the pretension was yielded by solemn treaty with that power in 1819. Thus the Sabine was settled as the boundary of our possessions in that direction, and the Republic of Mexico became the undisputed mistress of the country from that river westward. Texas with Coahuila was a State of the Mexican Confederation, and the indisputable limit of Texas in the south-west was the Nueces. Texas revolted and established her independence; and when she annexed herself to the United States, the Nueces was still her boundary, except that she had so far encroached on the neighboring loyal State of Tamaulipas, as to have a small settlement on the right bank of that river, over which she exercised jurisdiction. Thus far the just claim of Texas may go, and no farther. Beyond Corpus Christi, or San Patricio, in that direction, she had neither possession nor jurisdiction. Thence began a desert, a hundred and twenty miles wide, and reaching to within a few miles of the Rio Grande, where was a long established Mexican population, under undisputed Mexican jurisdiction. Here it was the first blood was shed in this war. The claim which Texas asserted to the whole of this country between the rivers Nueces and del Norte, and that which the President has set up after her example, rest on a title which is no better than a base and impudent forgery. *It is a naked paper title in the shape of legislative enactments, made by the party setting up the claim, and having not a shadow of right to stand upon.* A man could as well make himself a deed of his neighbor's farm, and establish a right under it in a court of justice. The most distinguished men of the President's own party have derided and denounced this claim of title: Benton, Wright, Woodbury, have done so. The President himself has repudiated the main ground of the claim set up by Texas—her Legislative Act of 1836, declaring the Rio Grande to be her boundary in its whole extent; for this would give her a large part of New Mexico, and he has, by the most unequivocal acts, treated this part of her claim with contempt.

Though it be true, therefore, that *the President* asserted a claim for a boundary on the Rio Grande, when this war was begun, yet it was only a claim, and had not a shadow of truth and justice to support it. The boundary between the State of Texas and the Republic of Mexico was undefined, and so considered and left by Congress in the Act of Annexation. It was no further undefined and in dispute, however, than as Texas had laid the foundation of a claim to some territory on and adjacent to the right bank of the Nueces, by having established and exercised actual jurisdiction over some small settlements along there. But because this left the President at liberty to plant one foot on the Nueces, it did not authorize him to plant the other on the Bravo, and so claim the whole country embraced in his colossal stride. Considering the hold which Texas has acquired on the Mexican side of the Nueces, and looking at the peculiar topography of the country, the true boundary separating the two countries, would be the broad desert between the two rivers, the line of which might properly run through its centre. We have not a doubt that Mexico would have consented to this, if it had been proposed or suggested. In effect, indeed, this is what she herself proposed. She offered to have the uninhabited desert preserved forever as a boundary, and barrier, to secure each country from the other.

She knew very well that peace could never be maintained, if the Anglo-Saxon was to be planted on one side of a narrow stream like the Rio del Norte, from which he could look into the windows of the Mexican on the opposite side; and she refused to make that river the boundary. Besides, though the real value of the country was not great, yet there were Mexican citizens who had their home on the left bank of that river, and she nobly declared that "it was not for the Mexican government to weigh the price of the attachment of the citizen to the soil on which

he is born." "As to these Mexicans, can a government go and sell them like cattle!"

We do not hesitate to say that the claim of title, or right, asserted by the President to the entire tract between the Nueces and the Bravo, was a baseless pretension, set up to cover a foregone resolution, right or wrong, to make it a part of the territory of the United States. And the demand, therefore, at the conferences near Chapultepec, of "a boundary on the Rio Grande," as an ultimatum, notwithstanding the offer of Mexico to make the desert, intermediate the two rivers, in effect, the frontier of the two countries, was, in truth, like those for California and New Mexico, a naked demand for the further dismemberment still of Mexico, to be assented to by that power, under the penalty of the immediate resumption and prosecution of the war against her.

We have said, that from the termination of the conferences between Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners, the war became explicitly and without disguise a war for the Conquest and Dismemberment of Mexico. We say that Conquest and Dismemberment became the SOLE object of the war. We have shown precisely what particular portions of the Mexican dominions were demanded to be ceded to the United States, and that, in every instance, these were naked demands, without any just pretence of right or title, and without any excuse or apology, to be found in any remaining cause of complaint against Mexico, or any unsatisfied claims upon her for indemnity, existing when the war commenced, or to which the war could have any just relation. We have shown how every other demand of the American Commissioner, except only his naked demands for the dismemberment of the Mexican empire, was met by the most ample offers and concessions on the part of the Mexican Commissioners, leaving, in very truth, nothing else but those demands for dismemberment for the war to stand on.

It is only necessary to add here, that there were just two things embraced in the Counter-Project of a treaty presented by the Mexican Commissioners, which would have been deemed inadmissible by Mr. Trist, and which, there cannot be a doubt, would have been adjusted without difficulty, if Mr. Trist's demands for territory had not put an end to all hopes of peace. Mexico asked for indemnity to her citizens for injuries sustained from our troops in the prosecution of the war; and she wished to levy duties on goods found in her ports, which had been imported under the authority of the President, and had paid duties into *his* military chest. The President makes the most of these objectionable claims, in his Message, calling them a part of the Mexican ultimatum, and forgetting entirely that the Mexican Commissioners, in presenting their Counter-Project, referred to them expressly as matters of "minor moment," which could occasion no serious difficulty. It is certain that the negotiations for peace did not fail on account of these matters of "minor moment," but that they did fail solely on the ground of the naked demands of our Commissioner, as the President's ultimatum, for the dismemberment of the Mexican empire.

Let it be observed, then—let the people of this abused country understand—that it was upon such an issue as we have here demonstrated—upon the President's demands and ultimatum, for the dismemberment of Mexico, and upon that issue only—that this war was begun *de novo*, after the breaking up of the conferences near Chapultepec. Upon this Issue of Dismemberment, the awful battle of El Molino del Rey was fought. Upon this Issue of Dismemberment, the terrible conflict at Chapultepec was waged, and the murderous affairs at the gates of Belen and San Cosme were enacted. Upon this Issue of Dismemberment, the proud capital of the enemy was entered, sword in hand, and the colors of the United States hoisted on the National Palace. Wonderful achievements all—brilliant and glorious feats of arms—if only they had been exhibited in a cause where national justice and honor, and human rights and human liberty, were to be defended! But every blow was struck—every life sacrificed—every gaping and hideous wound inflicted—upon this naked Issue of Dismemberment! Upwards of sixteen hundred gallant American citizens and noble spirits—and among them some of the most valued in the land—were struck down in these battles alone; and of the enemy, whole hecatombs were sacrificed;

all, all, upon this naked Issue of Dismemberment! Mexico would not consent to dismemberment, for a consideration in money, and so the war was begun *de novo*, and prosecuted at the cost of such a horrible amount of human sacrifice.

We are already beyond the limits of the proper space allotted for this article, and we must hasten to a conclusion, before we have half finished what we would have said about the President's Message and the War. The Message shows us plainly enough what perplexity the President has suffered, since he has found, what all considerate and wise men understood before, that Mexico is no nearer submitting to his demand for her dismemberment, now that her capital has fallen, than she was before. Let the country ponder well what he has finally brought his courage up to propose as the future policy to be pursued. Instead of moderating his demands, he actually proposes to enlarge them. He now demands Lower California with the rest. He now calls upon Congress to aid him, by legislative acts and ample military supplies, in appropriating permanently to ourselves, and without any reference to Mexican consent, both the Californias, the whole of New Mexico, and the tract between the Nueces and Bravo. Of course, they can only be appropriated as countries conquered in war. And we are not to content ourselves with taking, and governing, and defending these countries, but we must still prosecute the war, "with increased energy and power in *the vital parts of the enemy's country.*" We must hold her other towns and provinces, so far as already overpowered, and as many more as we can yet conquer, by military occupation, and we must try to feed our armies on the substance of the Mexican people. And all this we must do, in order to compel Mexico to cease her resistance to us, and consent and submit—as a lamb submits to the slaughter—to the enforced and enlarged dismemberment of her empire, which we are resolved to complete and execute. All that is asked of her is, that she shall allow us, without gainsaying or resistance, to appropriate to ourselves, including Texas, only a little more than half of her territorial empire; we generously consenting that, for the present, she shall keep what is left. She has offered us enough for ample indemnity; but she must give us the rest, according to our demands, or suffer the horrors of an eternal war in the *vital parts* of her country!

What will Congress do on this great theme and subject? Near the close of the last session the Whigs in both Houses—in the Senate, on the motion of Mr. Berrien, from the South; in the House, on the motion of Mr. Winthrop, from the North—voted in solid column, with only one nominal exception in each House, for restricting the Executive in the conduct of the war, so that it should not be prosecuted for the dismemberment of Mexico. The Whigs in the present Congress will not forget this example. Can there be a sane man in Congress, or in the country, who has the true honor and the safety of the country at heart, and is governed by any notions of common justice, who will not say, with Texas yielded and the vexed question of Annexation at rest; with the broad desert between the Nueces and the Bravo for a boundary and frontier separating Texas from Mexico; and with five degrees, or 190,000 square miles, of the territory of Upper California for our indemnity, including the finest harbor and bay in that part of the Pacific; that we ought to have peace with Mexico? God help this infatuated country, if peace may not be embraced and secured on the offer of such terms as these!

D. D. B.

MR. CALHOUN'S REPORT

ON THE MEMPHIS MEMORIAL.

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JUNE 26, 1846.

The proceedings of the Convention at Chicago in July last, and the hope founded upon them of an early and favorable action of Congress on the subject of river and harbor improvements, give a new interest to what has heretofore been said and written, touching the extent of the power of Congress in making the desired appropriations. In this connection, several of the doctrines advanced by Mr. Calhoun, in his Report to the Senate on the Memorial of the Memphis Convention, hold a conspicuous place; and, from the character of their author, as well as the novelty and importance of the principles presented, are worthy of a special examination. Such an examination we propose to give, prefacing what we may offer with a brief abstract of so much of the Report as comes within my purpose.

Convinced of the importance of the navigation of the Mississippi and its great tributaries, and of the indispensable necessity of removing the obstructions to them, Mr. Calhoun raises the inquiry, by whom these obstructions shall be removed. "Who," he asks, "has the power, and whose duty is it, to improve the navigation of the Mississippi and its great tributaries?" He answers: "It is certainly not that of individuals. Its improvement is beyond their means and power. Nor is it that of the several States bordering on its navigable waters: it is also beyond their means and power, acting separately. Nor can it be done by their joint action. There are sixteen States, and two Territories that soon will be States, lying either wholly or partly within the valley of the Mississippi, and there is still ample space for several more. These all have a common interest in its commerce. Their united and joint action would be requisite for the improvement of its navigation. But the only means by which that could be obtained is expressly prohibited by the 10th section of the 1st article of the Constitution, which provides that 'No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation.' But if neither individuals nor States, acting separately or jointly, have the power to improve its navigation, it must belong to the Federal Government, if the power exists at all, as there is no other agency or authority, in our system of government, by which it could be exercised. But if it does, it must be comprised among the expressly granted or enumerated powers, or among those necessary and proper to carry them into effect; as under the one or the other all the powers belonging to it are to be found; and thus the question is presented for consideration—is it to be found in either?"

Whether the needful power be found in either the express or implied powers, the Report proceeds to consider; and after denying that it is to be found in the clause giving to Congress the power "to levy and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States," or that it is to be found in the category of necessarily implied powers, it expresses the opinion, "after full and mature consideration of the subject," that it is to be found in the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States," and more specifically, in that to regulate it among the States. After expressing this opinion of the *existence* and *origin* of the power, the Report goes on to explain what the Committee "believe to be the nature and extent of the power;" and, on this point, the Committee are of opinion that the words "among the States" restrict the power to the regulation of the commerce of the States with each other, as separate or dis-

tinct communities, to the exclusion of its regulation within their respective limits, except as far as may be indispensable to its due exercise. Their effect, in other words, is, to restrict the power delegated to Congress to regulate commerce among the States, to their external commerce with each other as States; and to leave their internal commerce, with the exception above stated, under the exclusive control of the several States respectively.

In reference to the *extent* of the power conferred on Congress by a fair interpretation of the terms "regulate commerce," within the restriction above indicated, as imposed by the terms "among the States," the Committee are of opinion, "that they confer upon it all the powers which belonged to them (the terms) as fully as the States themselves possessed it, except such, if there be any, as may be prohibited by the Constitution from being exercised, either expressly or impliedly." On this assumption, and on further inquiry, "what powers the States were accustomed to exercise in regulating their commerce, before and at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, as far as they relate to its safety and facility," the Committee find that "the powers they exercised for that purpose were restricted to the establishment of light-houses, buoys, beacons, and public piers;" and that these powers were exercised by the several States, up to the period referred to, along the Atlantic coast. The Committee hence conclude, that the same powers legitimately belong to Congress, as conferred by the terms "regulate commerce;" and that "Congress, from the beginning of the government until the present time," have exercised them accordingly.

Having fixed the subjects upon which Congress might legitimately exercise the power "to regulate commerce," *along the Atlantic coast*, the Committee proceed to inquire whether the *Mississippi* might be brought within the power, so that "snags and other obstructions which endanger and impede its navigation," might be constitutionally removed; and after elaborate argument, they express themselves of the opinion that that river is within the principle of the power, and that it "extends to the removal of all obstructions within its channel, the removal of which would add to the safety and facility of its navigation." They are also of opinion that it "extends to the removal of like obstructions in its navigable tributaries, including such as have *three or more* States bordering on their navigable waters, but *not* to those whose navigable waters are embraced within *one*, or, farthest, *two* States."

In further prosecution of their inquiries, as to the objects of the power "to regulate commerce," the Committee proceed "to consider whether harbors, or canals around falls or other obstructions of the Mississippi, including its great tributaries (thereby meaning those bordered by three or more States,) are embraced in the power;" and they come to the conclusion, "that harbors, *except for shelter*, are not" within the power; and that the cutting of canals or the construction of roads around falls, &c., are also excluded from it.

From the abstract of the Report thus given, it appears, that the Committee concede the power to Congress, of river and harbor improvements in its general principle, but encumber it with such modifications in the application of it, as to deprive it largely of its value. It may well be regretted, that a mind so ingenious, and, in general, so sound, in vindicating a principle of such transcendent moment as the author of the Report admits the one in question to be, should not have been able so to present it in its applications, as to make it as broad in its operation to do good, as it is obviously capable, in itself, of doing it.

We propose to discuss and to controvert the three following propositions presented in the abstract:—

1. That the constitutional power of Congress "to regulate commerce among the States," by the removal of obstructions from navigable waters, does *not* extend to those waters which run within only one State.

2. That it does not extend to those confined to two States, whether dividing or flowing through them.

3. That it does not extend to the construction of harbors for *commerce*, but only those for *shelter*.

A fourth proposition, viz., that the power does not extend to the cutting of canals, or the construction of roads around falls, shoals, or other obstructions or impedi-

ments to navigation, &c., has, in its principle, for years, been so much, and in such various forms, before the public, that I should deem its discussion superfluous here, and shall therefore omit it.

As to the first proposition, that the power does not extend to rivers running in only one State: It will be remembered that the Committee has said, in reply to their own question, "Who has the power, and whose duty is it, to improve the navigation of the Mississippi and its great tributaries?" that "it is certainly not that of individuals, because beyond the reach of their means and power;" nor yet that of the several States bordering on its navigable waters, acting separately, for the same reason; "nor can it be done by their joint action," because they are prohibited by the Constitution from forming any alliance, &c. The Committee then go on to say, that, as the power and duty belong to neither of these, if they belong anywhere, it must be to the Federal Government; and, after much discussion, they find them there, with certain modifications, under the power "to regulate commerce." Now, it is difficult to perceive why this reasoning of the Committee is not, or may not be, just as applicable to the cases of rivers running in *one* State or *two* States, as to those of rivers bordered by *three* States. Rivers under the former class of cases, it is conceded, are just as much open to the commerce of all the States, as those of the latter are, and all the States may be equally interested in the improvement of their navigation; and it is evident that the point of inability to improve the navigation for the want of means, is or may be quite as true (if not more so) of the one class of cases as of the other. It is equally evident, that the failure to improve for want of such means on the part of a single State, in a given case, might not be more inconvenient to such State itself, than to the States generally, whose commerce with such single State, through a river running only within its own limits, requiring improvements to make its navigation practicable, might be of the greatest moment to the general good. Hence, it should seem that, to make such a case an exception to the general power of Congress to make appropriations for river improvements, the argument establishing it should be so certain as not to admit of reasonable doubt. If there be such doubt, the clearest public good would seem to require, that the benefit of it should be given in favor of the power and against the exception. Do the Committee make out such a case beyond such doubt? Do they, indeed, give colorable support to their proposition? Let us examine.

Two reasons are offered in support of the proposition:—

First. That the power "is restricted to the external commerce of the States, with each other, to the exclusion of their internal;" and,

Second. That the commerce of such rivers is under the exclusive control of the States within whose limits their navigable waters are confined, with two exceptions, viz.: first, "that no vessel from another State, coming or going, can be compelled to enter, clear or pay duties;" and, second, "that vessels from other States shall not be subject to any regulation or law in navigating them, to which the vessels of the State to which they belong are not."

As to the first of these two reasons, I shall consider it as equivalent to another proposition in a previous part of the Report, viz.: that the words "among the States," restrict the power "to regulate commerce" to "its regulation with each other, as separate and distinct communities, to the exclusion of its regulation within their respective limits, except as far as may be indispensable to its due exercise;" and that, "with this exception, the internal commerce of the States is under the exclusive control of the several States, respectively." Now, upon this proposition I have two remarks to make:—

First. That it would be difficult to find a subject for the exercise of the power "to regulate commerce among the several States," which should not, of necessity, exist within the limits of a single State. It must have a locality somewhere—at least, in its inception—and this cannot be in more States than one. If this be so, the negation, in the proposition, of the power, as to its exercise within the limits of a single State, would seem to be meaningless; and the *exception* may be regarded as, in fact, an affirmation of the power,—without the limit which the idea of its being an exception would imply.

My *second*, and, perhaps, more impor-

tant remark upon this proposition, would be, that as it stands in the Report, it involves a confusion of ideas; which appears thus: The power given to Congress is, "to regulate commerce *among* the States." Of course, these terms exclude the power to regulate the commerce of a single State within its own limits; and yet we are told that this latter power exists, "as far as it may be indispensable to the due exercise of the former!" This must be the meaning of the Report; for, in the point in hand, no distinction is made between internal and external commerce, as respects operations within a single State. Now, we deny that the power exists in Congress, *at all*, or *for any purpose*, to regulate the commerce of a single State, within its own limits, *as such*; and the confusion of ideas involved in the proposition of the Report, consists in this: that it makes an act of Congress, executed, within the limits of a single State, with a view to the external commerce of such State with other States, to be an act so far regulating the internal commerce of such State itself. Now, such an act can, in no conceivable bearing, be so construed or regarded; for, the commercial operation to which it applies must take its *character* as an operation of internal or external commerce, from its *purpose*; and this, by the supposition, looks exclusively to a commerce beyond the State in which it is performed.

Our proposition, on this subject, would be this: that whatever legislation, to be carried out, for the regulation of commerce *within* the limits of a single State, is connected with, or bears upon, the promotion of commerce *outside* those limits, must be considered as embraced within the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." Hence, any appropriation made by Congress for the improvement of a river running in only one State, the object of which would be, to promote the commerce of that State with other States, or with foreign nations, would manifestly be within the Constitution. This the Report denies, in its general proposition, that the power of Congress to improve rivers, does not extend to rivers running in only one State. But this denial, in our judgment, cannot be sustained. For one thing is quite clear, that every instance of commercial operation, foreign or domestic, must have its origin, as has already been intimated, in some single spot or State; and, if it is intended by the operator to go beyond the State, it is equally clear that he is entitled to the benefit of national legislation, "to regulate" his case, as making a part of the commerce with foreign nations or among the several States, for which the Constitution has provided. There will, of course, be instances innumerable, of commercial operations intended to terminate within the State in which they have originated. These are admitted, nay, claimed, to be exclusively subjects of State legislation. But a rule is necessary to discriminate between the two classes of cases, that we may know when to apply the power and when not; and, for this purpose, we can perceive or imagine no other rule, than that afforded by the intentions of the parties as carried out and proved, either by a transmission of operations beyond the limits of the State, on the one hand, or a retention and consummation of them within these limits, on the other. In the one case, it is commerce with foreign nations or among the several States; in the other, it is not. In the one case, the congressional power applies; in the other, not. And when a river, improved by act of Congress, though running within only a single State, (as the James in Virginia, or the Penobscot, or Kennebec, in Maine,) is used for the transportation of articles of commerce beyond the limits of the State, then the appropriation for such improvement is brought within the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States.

If these views be sound, then, although the proposition, that the power to regulate commerce "is restricted to the external commerce of the States with each other, to the exclusion of their internal," be in itself true, yet it is *not* true as a *reason* why that power does not apply as well to an improvement of a river running in only one State, as to that of a river running through half a dozen. Whether such improvement shall come within the power or not in a given case, must depend upon whether the river requiring it shall, or shall not, be navigable for the general commerce of the States. And this would be as true of a river running through a dozen States,

as we hold it to be of a river running through only one. Its *national navigability*, so to speak, and not its locality, in either case, whether bordered on by one State or a dozen, must determine its claim to national means for its improvement under the power to regulate commerce.

We come now to the second reason for the first proposition. It is stated in the form of a rule, with two exceptions to it. The *rule*, as stated, is, that the commerce of such rivers (as run within one State only) is under the exclusive control of the States within whose limits their navigable waters are confined. The *exceptions* are, *first*, "that no vessel from another State, coming or going, can be compelled to enter, clear or pay duties;" and *second*, that "vessels from other States shall not be subject to any regulation or law in navigating them, to which the vessels of the State to which they belong are not."

Now, this second reason (thus stated in the form of a rule) is, without the exceptions, merely a corollary from the first; for, if the power of Congress be denied over rivers running only in one State, the exclusive power of the State over such rivers must, of consequence, be admitted; and hence, all the argument just presented against the first reason, must be of equal force against the second, *unless* the second, as a rule, be placed upon different ground from the first by the exceptions connected with it. These exceptions could give that different ground, only by their effect to *establish* the rule, of which they assume the proof, and which they profess to qualify. Have the exceptions that effect? We think not, for two reasons: first, because the rule and the exceptions do not belong to the same category; and second, because, if they did, the exceptions are co-extensive with the rule, and by neutralizing, destroy it.

First. The rule and the exceptions do not belong to the same category. The exceptions are stated, as though they were limitations to the *power of a State* in the control of its rivers, &c.; whereas, as to the first of them, it is clearly only a limitation of the general *power of Congress* "to regulate commerce." This appears from two considerations: first, that it is found under the limitations of the powers of Congress in the arrangement of the Constitution; second, it is essentially embraced within the proper business of regulating commerce, which, being exclusively in Congress, is prohibited to the States. As to the second exception, it is clearly entitled to no force, because the power denied by it to a State, would be as fully prohibited in the exclusive power in Congress to regulate commerce, as it possibly could be by the provision of immunity to the citizens of each State in every other State, on which the Report professes to found it. For, any discrimination in the rights of navigation in a particular State, between the citizens of such State and the citizens of other States, would be obviously an exercise of the power to regulate commerce; and hence, the exception, from whatever provision of the Constitution it may be drawn, may properly, if not *only*, be regarded, as a limitation upon the power of Congress to regulate commerce. The effect, then, of the exceptions is, not to prevent a State from doing a thing which, without them, it might have done, (for the subject matter of the exceptions being exclusively in Congress, a State could not, as has been seen, have done such a thing at any rate;) but simply and only to impose particular limitations upon the legislation of Congress, which, without these limitations, the general power to regulate commerce would have authorized. The States therefore stand, *with* the prohibitions, precisely where they would have stood *without* them. Hence, the second reason in support of the general proposition being entirely unaffected by the exceptions connected with it, leaves it liable, as we have said, to all the objections urged against the first,—being a mere corollary from it. But,

Second. Admitting the reason and the prohibitions to belong to the same category; admitting that they sustain to each other the relation of such exceptions; that the prohibitions refer to the power of the States over their internal commerce, and not to the power of Congress "to regulate commerce among the States;" still, the fact that everything is comprehended within the exceptions which could be necessary to a free and unlimited commerce among the States, makes the exceptions as broad as the rule, and, of course, nullifies it. What more, indeed, is necessary to a per-

fectly free and unlimited commerce among the States, than the liberty of entering any river or port of any State, without liability to duty on imports and exports, or to discriminating navigation charges? Vessels go from one State to another, through any river that may be navigable, whether running in one State only, or in many, and return again—going as they please, and carrying what they please, either way. What is this but the freest commerce among the States? and, in view of it, of what importance would be the rule, that rivers running within a single State are under the exclusive control of that State? Such control, at the most, could be only nominal. Nay, it would not be control, but, in fact, a *liability* on the part of such State to keep such rivers in navigable order, at its own expense, if kept in such order at all.

So much for the first proposition and the reasons offered to support it. We think we have shown the reasons to be utterly destitute of substance, and of course that the proposition, at least as depending upon these reasons, cannot be sustained.

The second proposition is, that the constitutional power of Congress over river obstructions, does not extend to such rivers as are confined to *two* States, whether dividing or running through them. We would here remark, that the whole of the preceding argument is as applicable to this second proposition as to the first; for if Congress have the power within *one* State, they must of course have it where *two* are concerned.

In order to understand the argument in support of this second proposition, and the commentary we shall make upon it, it is proper that we should quote at length the two following paragraphs from the Report:—

"The case of a river whose navigable waters are confined to two States, whether dividing or flowing through them, requires more particular and full explanation. The provision of the Constitution, already cited, which exempts vessels bound to or from one State from entering, clearing, or paying duties in another, would make all streams, in effect, common highways of all the States, and bring them exclusively under the control of the Federal Government, as far as the power to regulate commerce among the States is concerned—as much so, indeed, as the Mississippi itself—were it not for another provision in the same instrument. They (the Committee) allude to that which provides that no State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State; and which of course permits (with such consent) *one* State to enter into compact or agreement with *another*.

"To understand the intention of the framers of the Constitution for inserting this provision, and its bearing on the point under consideration, it is necessary to view it in connection with another provision of the instrument already cited. They (the Committee) refer to that which prohibits the States from entering into any treaty, alliance, or confederation in any case whatever; plainly because it would be both dangerous and inconsistent with their federal relations to permit it. In order to prevent so important a provision from being eluded, the provision immediately under consideration was inserted, prohibiting the States from entering into agreements or compacts in any case whatever, except one State with another State, or with a foreign power; and to prevent the abuse even of that limited power, the consent of Congress is required. Such is the prohibition and the reason for it. The reason for the exception is, that without it the prohibition would substitute the federal authority for that of the States, for the adjustment and regulation of all the various subjects in which the several States may have a mutual interest in adjusting and regulating, including such as the one under consideration; and thereby would give greater extension and minuteness to the authority of the General Government than was desirable or consistent with the objects for which it was instituted. Under the exception, it is left to the States, when only two are interested in the navigation of a river, or any other object, to take it under their own jurisdiction and control, by an agreement or compact between them with the consent of Congress; as much so as it would be under that of one if it was confined exclusively to one instead of extending to two."

My main purpose, in reference to these two paragraphs, is to discuss them together, with a view to the effect of the connection of the two prohibitory clauses of the Constitution referred to in them, to support the proposition under consideration.

In the second paragraph, then, the author asserts, that in order to understand the proper meaning of the clause, "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State," and its bearing upon the point under consideration, it is necessary to consider it in connection with another provision of the Constitution, providing that "no State shall enter into any

treaty, alliance, or confederation." The two clauses considered together, then, are thus: *First*, "No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation." *Second*, "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State." Now, the connection of these two clauses together, has, as is declared in the Report, a two-fold object: *first*, the intention of the framers of the Constitution for the insertion of the clause in question, (that is, the first of the clauses above quoted;) and *second*, to show the bearing of that clause on the point under consideration.

As to the first of these objects, it will be observed, that the reason, and the sole reason, given by the Report for the insertion of the *last* clause as above quoted, was to prevent the elusion of the *first*. This reason, of course, logically implies that the first clause comprehended all that was expressed in the second, but which, not being expressed in the first, might be eluded. But this reason could not be the true one; for if it were, the last clause would simply say, "No State shall enter into any agreement or compact with another," without adding, "without the consent of Congress." This addition carries the clause beyond the reason asserted for the introduction of it, and of course indicates some other reason for it than that affirmed by the Report. What that other reason is, will appear directly.

As to the second object of the connection of the two clauses, viz., to show the bearing of the last clause upon the point under consideration, it will be borne in mind that the "point under consideration" is, that the constitutional power of Congress does not extend to such rivers as are confined to two States; and the inquiry is as to the "bearing" upon that "point" of the clause, "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State." Now, it is evidently the meaning of the Report, in the connection of the two clauses, that this "bearing" can have no other relation to this "point" than as it refers to the distinction between the power of Congress over rivers bordered by three States, and the want of that power over rivers confined to two. For, as the Report assumes the existence of the power in the first class of cases, the distinction must presuppose that the clause was inserted with a sole reference to two States, and of course can be applicable to no possible case that shall be predicated of them. This distinction is evidently deduced by the Report from such a reading of the two clauses as makes their *terms* reciprocally *equivalent*, and their *objects identical*. Now we deny the correctness of this reading, and maintain that the terms, "treaty, alliance and confederation," in the one clause, have an entirely different meaning, and refer to entirely different subjects matter, from the terms "agreement and compact" in the other. We maintain that a larger meaning and application were intended by the former terms than by the latter; that the terms "compact and agreement," referred to minor matters of arrangements between the States, such as regulations of mutual police, boundary, jurisdiction, &c.; and that the terms "treaty, alliance and confederation," referred to the higher negotiations of international diplomacy; the first being permitted *with* the consent of Congress, and the last absolutely prohibited *with* or *without* such consent.

That the reading of the two clauses here suggested is the true one, appears to us to be sustained by several obvious considerations. In the first place, we would say, that the detached form in which the two clauses are presented, affords the strongest *prima facie* evidence that they referred to entirely different subjects; and that if the one had been intended as a qualification of the other, it would have been so expressed. The distinction, too, between foreign relations and home relations, as predicable of the several States, was a sufficient reason for the insertion of the two clauses: the first clause using terms suited to the diplomatic dignity, and the last clause, the domestic simplicity, of the classes of subjects to which they respectively referred. And then, again, the qualification, "with the consent of Congress," in the one clause, and the absence of that or any other qualification in the other, cannot leave a doubt that entirely different topics were in the minds of the Convention, in the contemplation of the two clauses, respectively. The matter is made still clearer by considering the wisdom of the distinction between the

unqualified prohibition in the one clause, and the only qualified prohibition in the other: the first putting negotiations for treaties, alliances and confederations—importing the relations of peace, war, and the largest range of international politics—entirely beyond the power of the States, even with the consent of Congress; the last, leaving smaller matters—embracing topics of public convenience, boundaries, local jurisdictions, and the like—subjects to compact or agreement with the consent of Congress. The first were the subjects of *unqualified* prohibition, because they were of a class of which it could never be proper that any State should take cognizance. The last were the subjects of *qualified* prohibition, because they were of a class upon which it might be highly convenient that the States should be at liberty to negotiate, provided the cases made were such as should be justly entitled to the assent of Congress.

Now, this reading of the two clauses makes them entirely independent of each other; and, while it presents in them two substantive and distinct matters, each of moment, for the Constitution to act upon, and furnishes the true reason for the insertion of the "agreement and compact" clause, it at the same time vindicates the Convention from the imputation of an afterthought and repetition in one clause, to relieve a slovenly omission or imperfection in another.

But, if these views be just; if there be nothing in the reason presented by the Report for the insertion of the clause in question; and if it be true, that the two prohibitory clauses refer to entirely different objects, and have no more relation to each other than any other two independent clauses in the Constitution; then it is clear, that their connection together in this discussion sheds no light upon the matter which the Report intends to illustrate, and fails to establish the proposition which it affirms.

We have thus far discussed, together, the two paragraphs quoted from the Report, with reference to the effect of the connection of the two prohibitory clauses of the Constitution referred to in them, upon the proposition under consideration; and here, perhaps, so far as the repetition of that proposition is concerned, we might safely rest. But there are some matters in the second paragraph,* standing separately

* There is also a matter in the *first* paragraph, which, though not, as we conceive, vital to the discussion, we still regard as worthy of attention, either as conveying a doctrine singularly erroneous, or as betraying a looseness of thought or a slovenliness of expression, quite discreditable, in my judgment, to the author of the Report. A careful analysis of this first paragraph gives the following proposition, viz., that the provision of the Constitution exempting vessels bound to or from one State, from entering, clearing or paying duties in another, would bring all such streams as are confined to two States exclusively under the control of the Federal Government, as much so as the Mississippi itself, so far as the power to regulate commerce is concerned, *were it not* for another provision of the Constitution, providing that "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State." Now the author may not mean what this language clearly imports; but, if he does, it appears to me to contain a most extraordinary statement, leading to a result more extraordinary still; for, unless we greatly misapprehend that language, such result must be in direct conflict with the previous proposition of the Report, claiming the control of the Mississippi and all its navigable tributaries, bordered by three States, as coming within the power of Congress "to regulate commerce." This will appear from what follows.

We understand the statement, then, to affirm two things:

First, that were it not for the prohibitory clause quoted in it, Congress would have the exclusive control over such streams as are bordered by only two States; and, *second*, that this control would come, not from the power to regulate commerce, but from the clause exempting vessels going from one State to another, from payment of duties, &c. And as the control thus ascribed to Congress, and so originating, would be possessed, as the proposition declares, to the same extent as over "the Mississippi itself," we might suppose, without anything further, that it was intended to ascribe the power of controlling the Mississippi itself to the exempting clause also. But it will be remembered that, in a preceding part of the Report, the control over the Mississippi is ascribed to the power to regulate commerce, without any allusion to the exempting clause. Supposing the Report to mean this, and supposing also the prohibitory clause above quoted out of the way, the proposition makes the control which Congress would, in such case, have over rivers confined to two States, to stand upon different ground from that which it has over rivers extending to more States than two. And hence, as the proposition, in reference to the power in the first class of cases, assumes the exempting clause as its proper source, and in connection with it, specifically bases the distinction, giving the control of Congress over rivers bordered by three States, on the one hand, and denying that control over rivers confined to two States, on the other, upon the sole ground of the clause that "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into an agreement or compact with another State," it must follow, as the opinion of the Report, that, in the absence of both the exempting and prohibitory clauses from the Constitution, the power of Congress to regulate commerce would extend only to rivers bordered by three States, to the exclusion of those confined to two or only one. Now, as this distinction precedes all discussion of the effect of either the exempting or prohibitory clauses, we have a right to demand, especially of a *strict constructionist*, that he show us that clause of the Constitution by

from the first, which we deem vital to this discussion, and which we cannot pass over without notice. Thus, in the first place, the Report says, "In order to prevent so important a provision from being eluded, (that is, the provision that "no State should enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation,") the provision immediately under consideration was inserted, prohibiting the States from entering into agreements or compacts in any case whatever, except one State with another State, or with a foreign power; and to prevent the abuse even of that *limited power*, the consent of Congress is required." Now, here is a jumble and confusion of words and ideas, utterly amazing in a mind so remarkable for precision as Mr. Calhoun's. The *text* of the Constitution is, "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power." Mr. Calhoun's interpretation or paraphrase of this text is, that the States are prohibited from entering into any agreements or compacts in any case whatever, "except one State with another State, or with a foreign power." This exception in favor of "one State with another State," &c., he calls a "limited power," to prevent the abuse of which the "consent of Congress" is required. The text declares a *prohibition* with a *qualification*, viz., the consent of Congress. The interpretation declares a *limited power* with a *restraint*, viz., the consent of Congress; and what is very curious is, that this very element in the text, viz., the consent of Congress, which imposes this restraint, is the very source from which the power restrained is derived. For, take away from the text the phrase, "without the consent of Congress," and you have the naked unqualified prohibition thus: "No State shall enter into any agreement or compact with another." Take from the text that phrase, and Mr. Calhoun would hardly be supposed capable of the absurdity of construing the remainder anything but an absolute prohibition, much less a limited power. And yet, strange as it may seem, he has, in effect, committed this absurdity, by separating, in his paraphrase, that part of the sentence which speaks of the prohibition—with one exception, creating a limited power—from that part which refers to the consent of Congress as a restraint, to prevent that limited power from being abused. He has, in effect, declared, that the words, "No State shall enter into any agreement or compact with another State," convey a grant of power(!), "to prevent the abuse of which, the consent of Congress is required."

But the whole idea of a grant of limited power, or power in any sense, is quite absurd. It must be observed, that the terms of the clause are *prohibitory* and not *permissive*. A State *shall not* do a certain thing, *without* consent of Congress—not a State *may* do a certain thing, *with* such consent. The purpose of the clause is to *deny* a power, not to *grant* one; to *prevent* something from being done, not to *promote* it; and the consent of Congress, if given, must be considered as given *against* a rule and not as *fulfilling* one. Hence the power which a State might exercise with the consent of Congress, is, to all practical intents, dead, until such consent be asked and given; and therefore the clause, until such consent be asked, in a given case, must be regarded as though it were not in the

which, expressly or by implication, that distinction can be sustained; and, if he cannot show it, as he most assuredly cannot, then we are at liberty to place the two cases on precisely the same ground, as regards the power of Congress to regulate commerce; and as the Report denies, in the case supposed, that that power would extend to the case of a river bordered by only two States, we, on our part, deny that it extends to the case of one bordered by three. The result is, that in the absence of the exempting and prohibitory clauses in question, the naked power to regulate commerce alone remaining, that power would not extend *at all* to the improvement of rivers running in one, two, or a dozen States. All the argument of the Report then, in favor of the general proposition of the power of Congress to facilitate commerce by removing impediments to navigation, drawn from the power to regulate commerce, must fall to the ground.

This conclusion, the author of the Report could not, of course, have thought of; and yet, it is believed, it cannot be escaped. For if the proposition of the Report be correct, that the power of Congress over rivers bordered by three States is derived from the power to regulate commerce, and if the power over rivers confined to two States, in the absence of the exempting and prohibitory clauses, is, in fact, referable to the same source, it follows that the latter power, if it exist anywhere, belongs as well to Congress as the former; which latter proposition the Report, in effect, denies. Now, to escape the dilemma, the Report must either abandon what it claims in reference to three States, or yield what it denies in reference to two; and if the prohibitory clause, relied upon to prove the power wanting in the one case, shall be conclusive to that end, then the power in the other must share the same fate, and river and harbor improvements, under the auspices of the nation, be dispensed with altogether.

Constitution. Now the whole assumption of the Report assumes the reverse of this; for, in making the qualified prohibition of two States to enter into an agreement, in relation to a river confined within them, to work the effect of taking from Congress all power over such river, is in effect to assume that such qualified prohibition was in fact no prohibition, but an affirmative power; that the prohibition at most was merely nominal; as though the consent would certainly be asked if it were wanted, and granted if it were asked. The case would be different if the power, instead of being *prohibited* without the consent of Congress, had been *given* unless prohibited by Congress. In the last case, a State might act unless stopped; in the first, it could not act unless permitted. The first case might of itself furnish no absolute refutation of the proposition of the Report; the last, in our judgment, if there be any such thing as inconsistency of ideas, makes it impossible that the proposition should be true.

To conclude, in a word, this point in the discussion, our proposition would be this: that the power to "enter into treaties, alliances and confederations," and the power "to make agreements and compacts," both existed in the States anterior to the Constitution; but that instrument prohibited the former *absolutely*, and the latter, *except when all the States, through Congress, should assent.*

But something worthy of attention still remains in the paragraph in hand. The Committee having found an exception to the prohibition, in favor of "*one* State with *another* State," feel bound to give a reason for it. That reason is, that, without the exception, "the prohibition would substitute the federal authority for that of the States for the adjustment and regulation of all the various subjects in which the several States may have an interest in adjusting and regulating, including such as the one under consideration, and thereby would give greater extension and minuteness to the authority of the Federal Government, than was desirable or consistent with the objects for which it was instituted." This language is cool and oracular—uttered, evidently, as though felt to be undeniable, and intended clearly to be impressed as by authority. Now, we affirm every syllable of it to be utterly gratuitous; without a word in the Constitution to sustain it, or a thought in the necessity of the case to suggest it. It defines what is "desirable or consistent with the objects for which the Federal Government was instituted," in reference to its "authority," by a purely arbitrary rule, and one, (in its application to *two* States as distinguished from three or more, as the objects of the exception,) without even the semblance of a reason. If the argument from "greater extension and minuteness," had any force, it must apply to *subjects matter* of authority, and not to the *parties*, whether two States or three, that might be interersted in them. For nothing can be clearer, than that the authority of the Federal Government, in the adjusting and regulating of various objects "in which the several States may have a mutual interest," may be quite as important, in given instances, in its exercise upon two States as three; and any discrimination between them, such as the Report proposes, might, and probably would, often work the rankest injustice, if not the greatest danger. But as the proposition is offered without support, I may leave it, without further comment, to fall by its own weight.

A single other matter in the paragraph under consideration, is entitled to notice. "Under the exception," the paragraph goes on to say, "it is left to the States, when only two are interested in the navigation of a river, or on any other subject, to take it under their own exclusive jurisdiction and control by an agreement or compact between them, *with the consent of Congress.*" With the consent of Congress! But suppose this consent in a given case should be refused? A work of vital moment to the two States—perhaps to the Union—goes unaccomplished. The States cannot do it, because Congress will not permit them to make a compact; and Congress cannot do it, because their power to permit the States to do it operates a prohibition to themselves. There can be no escape from this dilemma, except by assuming that the consent of Congress would be always, in all cases, certain; which would be, virtually, to annihilate the clause in the Constitution that requires it. This effect must, of course, make such an assumption inadmissible in practice, as it certainly is in theory. Now, can a result such as

this, in the action of this government, be regarded in any other light than as destroying all claim to confidence in any proposition that shall lead to it? We trust our system is not quite so weak, puerile and, we may add, unworthy, as the truth of such a proposition would presuppose it. In our judgment, the point is worthy of serious discussion, only in consideration of the source from which it comes.

We here close what we designed to offer upon the two paragraphs of the Report, whether singly or together; but before leaving the second general proposition which we undertook to discuss, and upon which the two paragraphs referred to have so material a bearing, we shall offer a few general reasons why, in our judgment, that proposition cannot be sustained.

First. It is, to our mind, a most serious objection to the doctrine of the Report, that it is of indefinite application as to the subjects of it. It will be observed that the Report specifically applies the operation of the clause, "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another," only to the power of Congress "to regulate commerce." Now are there not other provisions of the Constitution to which that operation may be applied with just as much propriety as to this? We maintain that there are; and in this, we are borne out by the Report itself, when it declares that there are "various subjects in which the several States are mutually interested in adjusting and regulating," which come within its doctrine. Now there are, at least, a dozen of these "various subjects" which might be mentioned, in entire consistency with the reasoning and admission of the Report, and coming within the doctrine; but we shall name only one. How, then, for instance, stands the clause, that "vessels bound to or from one State, shall not be obliged to enter, clear or pay duties in another?" To our mind, the application of the principle in question to this clause, forming an exception to it, would be just as legitimate, as it is to the clause giving to Congress the general power to regulate commerce: nay, even more so; for there is a reason of high justice for its application in the former case, if it be applicable in the latter, in the fact, that as, by its latter application, the two States interested are deprived of the aid of the General Government in necessary improvements of a river for navigation, they would clearly be entitled to levy duties upon vessels coming from other States, in order to supply the means of making such improvements themselves. This power of levying duties, in the case supposed, is manifestly sustained by the just principle of compensation; for, as other States have the advantage of a navigation, made practicable and useful by the sole means of the two States, they are, in equity, bound to contribute in the only way they can, to reimburse those two States the expenditures to which they have been subjected for the general accommodation. Now is Mr. Calhoun prepared for a consequence like this, of the doctrine of his Report? We apprehend not. Nevertheless, we see not how he can escape it, unless by assuming the Constitution to be a mere convenience, to suit particular occasions, such as caprice may select, or a miserable jumble of contradictions, denying the uniform and equal justice which it professes to secure.

Second. In connection with the objection just offered, and without the advantage of the exception suggested in it, in favor of the power of two States, in the case supposed, to levy duties, &c., it may be urged as a conclusive and overwhelming argument against the proposition of the Report, that its operation would work the most monstrous injustice upon the States to which its principle would attach. Two States, for instance, as New-York and New-Jersey, border upon the same river. This river is open to the commercial enterprise of all the other States; thousands of the inhabitants of the latter States trace their fortunes to the navigation of it; the nation at large, by universal consent, derive annually millions of profit from it; and yet the two States, at an enormous annual expense, and by a standing compact, (Congress kindly consenting to it,) must keep such river in order! the common national purse giving back nothing of the enormous gains thus constitutionally realized by the *whole* confederacy, from the constitutional plunder of a *part!* And more and worse than all this: when the two States implore of the nation relief from such a load of injustice, they are insultingly told that, to relieve them, would be to interfere with

their State rights! They have exclusive control of the river; and any interference of Congress to remove obstructions from it, for the general good, would be an outrage upon their proper State dignity and honor. We have heard much of State rights, and of nullification to vindicate them. The Report introduces us to a new category—State wrongs; but says nothing of nullification to redress them!

A third objection is, that the proposition of the Report, ascribing the control of Congress over rivers bordered by three States to the power to regulate commerce, cannot stand consistently with the proposition under consideration.

It will be observed that the whole force of the argument of the Report, for the discrimination which it sets up between three States and two, in regard to the power of Congress over rivers, turns upon the assumption that two States may make a compact, but that three or more cannot. It follows, hence, that if three or more States could make a compact, their case in regard to the power in question would stand upon the same ground that the case of two does; and, as the Report excludes the latter from the power, it must necessarily exclude the former also. Now if the "treaty, alliance and confederation" clause were not in the Constitution, it is admitted that three or more States might make a compact, as well as two; and that, hence, in such case, the power in question would be no more applicable to the case of rivers in three or more States, than to that of rivers confined to two. Now, the necessary effect of this view is, to make the power ascribed to Congress over rivers bordered by three or more States, to come, in point of fact, from the "treaty, alliance and confederation" clause. But the Report, in terms, ascribes the power to the clause giving to Congress the power "to regulate commerce among the States." Now, it is quite clear that the power cannot come from both of these clauses; much less, sometimes from the one, and sometimes from the other, as may suit the convenience of some present purpose. It must come certainly, definitely, and under all relations, from only one of them, if it comes from either. Now this power comes from the clause "to regulate commerce," or it does not. If it does, then the reasoning of the Report, founded on the "treaty, alliance and confederation" clause, must fall to the ground. But the reasoning of the Report, upon the matter under consideration, consciously or unconsciously to its author, presupposes that clause, as is shown above; and therefore, for all the purposes of this argument, the clause "to regulate commerce" must be considered as inapplicable. And hence, as without the "treaty, alliance and confederation" clause, three or more States might make a compact; and as it is, according to the Report, because two States may make a compact under the "agreement and compact" clause, that Congress is denied the power over rivers confined to such two States; it follows, that, in the absence of the "treaty, alliance and confederation" clause, (three States being, in such case, enabled to make a compact,) the power of Congress over rivers bordered by such other States, must be denied also—the clause "to regulate commerce" notwithstanding.

Now, this reasoning, to make the Report consistent, requires that it shall abandon either its proposition that the power of Congress over rivers running in three States or more, comes from the clause "to regulate commerce," or the proposition under discussion—which claims that that power does not extend to cases of rivers running in only two States. Which of the two propositions the Report shall abandon, remains for itself to say. Our purpose alone is to prove, that its adherence to the first proposition is a conclusive objection to the tenableness of the last.

A fourth objection to the proposition under consideration is, that it assumes a reading of the "agreement and compact" clause, which is not borne out by the good sense of the case, or by acknowledged rules of legal interpretation. This reading limits the application of the clause to two States only, where there is every reason for applying it to all of them. When it is said that "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into agreements or compacts with another," we understand the meaning to be, that the States, generally, are prohibited from making agreements with each other, in any number, whether two or ten, without the consent of Congress. This view, we say, is clearly

sustained by the obvious reasons for the insertion of the clause, as already explained; these reasons being just as applicable to any other number of States as to two. It is as clearly borne out by acknowledged rules of legal interpretation; for should a law declare that "no man shall do this or that thing," without a certain penalty, every lawyer must say, that it is not one man merely that is embraced in the provision, but every combination of men, no matter what the number who might, by violating such provision, come within its bearing. The clause in question, we maintain, stands on the same ground.

We proceed now to the third proposition of the Report which we proposed to consider, viz.: That the power "to regulate commerce" cannot be exercised in the construction of harbors for *commerce*, but only those for *shelter*.

Three arguments are urged by the Report in support of this proposition: First, that the States, in the exercise of the power of regulating commerce, never extended it to the improvement or constrnction of harbors for commerce—neither subsequent to, nor before the Revolution, while colonies. This, if true, is an extraordinary fact; but the inference drawn from it is more extraordinary still. No one will be so absurd as to say, that harbors are not indispensable to commerce. The question then is, who shall build them? Undoubtedly the public, through its proper government. You cannot expect individuals to do it, it being "beyond their means." Each of the States, then, certainly after the commencement of the Revolution, and before the adoption of the Constitution, must have had the power to build them; and if they did not exercise the power, it was not because they did not possess it, but because they had no occasion to use it. They probably had harbors enough already, and which had grown at different points on the Atlantic coast so gradually, as that their growth was not particularly observed, and made no mark in the history of the times. There certainly were harbors then as there are now; and they were built by somebody; and to say that the particular State governments did not build them, is to say what all rational probabilities pronounce to be untrue. But, at any rate, it is no necessary, or at least, conclusive argument against the existence of a power, that it is not exercised; especially in a case like this, where the necessity of its exercise, in the infant growth of a continent of States, must be so infrequent compared with the whole extent of country, as to make no distinct impression when it occurred. The States, then, we hold, must have possessed the power to build commercial harbors at the period of the adoption of the Constitution; and being so possessed by them, it must, according to the admission of the Report, have passed over to the present national government, under the power "to regulate commerce."

The second argument of the Report against the power of Congress to build harbors for commerce, viz., that they must necessarily be located within the limits of individual States, and therefore be controlled by them, has already been answered in what we have said in relation to the regulation of commerce within the limits of a single State. A harbor must have a locality within a single State, or nowhere. And to say that because it is so, therefore it is not a proper subject of congressional legislation, is simply to beg the question; and there we leave it.

The third argument, viz., that the Constitution discriminates between the powers of a State to levy duties on imports and exports on the one hand, and on tonnage on the other, giving the net proceeds of the first to the national treasury, and reserving those of the last to the treasury of the State, appears to me to be founded in perfectly arbitrary conjecture, sustained neither by the history of the government, nor the reason of the thing. There are a hundred purposes to which a tonnage duty might be applied with equal propriety as to that of building harbors; and it is worthy of a moment's thought, that harbors must be built before the duty can be levied; so that the question stands open for discussion before the fact can exist upon which the argument is predicated. Why it should be assumed and asserted as a fact that the tonnage duty which might be levied by a State, was intended for the single purpose of building harbors, and for no other, we cannot comprehend; and before we will believe the fact, we demand the proof; and until this comes, we shall regard the assertion of it as

another begging of a question. But, further, it must be borne in mind, that "the consent of Congress" must precede this levying of a tonnage duty by a State; and as this consent may be refused, the argument in hand is liable to the objection already urged against the argument deduced, for another purpose, from the power of two States to make a compact, to which the same contingency is attached.

The distinction between a harbor for commerce and a harbor for shelter, is, to our apprehension, utterly without meaning, The only possible difference between the two, that we can see, is, between a vessel's lying at a wharf to take in lading for a voyage, and her lying at the same place to wait the passing of a storm. There is a wharf in either case, and it serves both purposes equally well; and why we should not be permitted to call that a "facility" to commerce which gives the convenience of shipping the freight that is the substance of it, as well as that which protects from the winds the vessel in which such freight is shipped, may be a curious question for the wits of a metaphysical debating club of very young men, but, in our judgment, is utterly unworthy a moment's attention of a practical statesman.

We here conclude a discussion—already too long protracted—which we regret has not fallen to abler hands. There are those who think the Report which we have examined, refutes itself, and therefore requires no elaborate criticism to expose its errors. This may or may not be just. Whether so or not, however, there is a power about Mr. Calhoun's name and position, which would make it worse than in bad taste, to regard any state paper slightingly that comes from his pen. He is, without doubt, one of the master minds of this country and age; and thousands take their law implicitly from his opinions, however extravagant in themselves, or feeble in the argument that would sustain them. It is to such, that we would especially address what we have said, in the hope, that though we may not succeed in producing conviction, we shall not entirely fail to awaken thought.

W. G.

Cincinnati, Dec., 1847.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF ITS UNRIVALLED PROGRESS, WITH SOME CONSIDERATIONS INDICATIVE OF ITS FUTURE DESTINY.

The present age is developing, with startling rapidity, the national characteristics of races which must ultimately be subordinated to one. Inquiry has recently received a new impulse, and the future complexion of society is rousing the attention of the statesman, the philosopher and scholar. Whatever results may spring from their investigations, it is obvious that, even now, the means of stimulating and directing successful inquiry are neither few nor sparsely distributed. On the other side of the Atlantic societies have been formed, and volumes published,* for our information as to the long-neglected literature of "our noble ancestors;" and we propose to furnish some brief *indicia* to a more intimate understanding and appreciation of their labors and wants—to seize some prominent traits of social excellence early exhibited, and trace them through all the vicissitudes of time down to our own age.

It is wise, at times, to fathom the mystic future; to scan the coming age, and sketch its characteristics and destinies, through the light of the present. And though the veil which conceals its imprint be closed to our view by an all-wise Providence, yet nature instinctively urges us to trace the influence of the present on the future history of our descendants. It is the closing prayer of the patriot to his successors, *remember the deeds of your fathers, and by them receive guidance for the future.*

When man first issued forth from Babel's plain, his domains were assigned him.

* Among others, *Palgrave's and Allen's*, (noticed in Warren's Law Studies, pp. 161, 162, 163.)

Each form where blend the lily and the rose was fixed in a cool and fertile clime.* Each frame whose swarthy hue distinguished its possessor from his "fellow dust," departed for the torrid vales of Africa. Yet, age after age and convulsion after convulsion have passed, and the former have retained the most of their primitive excellence wherever fate may have cast their lot. And now the European sweats under Congo's sultry sky, or shivers beneath the polar blast. The Englishman and American of the nineteenth century meet amid the palmy groves of Ceylon, or the coral isles of the Pacific, and hail each other brother. Over "the steppes" of Central Asia, or through the forests of the wild New-Hollander, they shout the watchword, *Onward, onward.*

There must be some elements which furnish the key to such a vast superiority over their fellows; as we shall carefully establish hereafter. These will meet us—they have forced themselves upon the notice of every other race; and we shall consider these characteristics somewhat more in detail. It is (among other causes, less obvious, though, perhaps, not less important) to their *moral integrity*, their ceaseless *enterprise*, (their roving habits stimulated by *natural* inquisitiveness, and improved by their advantages,) their intellectual *activity*, and, lastly, to *the social elevation of women*, we assign this pre-eminence.

1. At present it might appear as singular as it will be found true, that the Anglo-Saxon race has ever been distinguished from all others, by moral elevation, by religious fervor. How much of this should be attributed to a direct interposition of the Deity in their behalf,† and how much, on the other hand, belongs to their own silent efforts, we need not determine. But if an attentive view be cast upon them in their earliest and most simple "strivings" after the sublime idea of a God, in their more remote endeavors to *grasp* that of "the Increate," *not dimly* seen by them in His works—a hope would arise that such an investigation may be amply repaid.

"Our first authentic accounts of England, are at the landing of Cæsar, nearly two thousand years ago." The merest school-boy is familiar with the pages of the author-warrior, and we need not dilate upon the character and spirit of the ancient Britons. Yet we cannot pass over the Druids—whose name generally awakens vague conceptions of barbaric priests chaunting their hymns to some bloody deity in the recesses of the forest, and, amid the over-hanging rocks, invoking his protection, or soliciting his favor by the sacrifice of human victims. Perhaps our minds will start at the idea, that they were the political soul and guides of their several tribes, the life-blood of civil liberty, the unswerving champions of their people against the tyranny of the Romans; and yet such may have been the case—if we believe Cæsar and Tacitus, such *was* the case.* The stern, mysterious rites of the Druids—with all their folly—reveal a spirit of religious activity only too widely stimulated. The direction of the current was right, but its impetuosity engendered the most terrible outrages. Then all England was a living representation of that vast, intangible and *darkly* impressive idea, a God—whose attributes corresponded to their own rude, mysterious feelings. Each plain was redolent with sacrifices—was vocal with the Druids' nightly reverence ascending to Him. Such ideas and expectations derived a thrilling impressiveness from their mighty, dark, and solemn forests†—their ceremonies performed during the hours sacred to repose, in the solemn shades of night, combined with the constant presence of His ministers among the people. To them the intercourse of their hoary priests seemed like a near approach from heaven, too dread and too sublimely real to be neglected. Whatever we may think of them as Christians, we cannot refuse the meed of praise to such pure-minded though heathen patriots. We can well sympathize with the heroic devotion of the Druids; for the religious teachers of our ancestors could "*fight*" as well as preach: they cherished a wild, patriotic

* To *this* fact Humboldt ascribes the superiority of the inhabitants of temperate climes over all others. (*Am. Review*, June, 1846, p. 600.) "Though the desire and feeling be common to all, they alone are able to satisfy it."

† Something strongly confirmative of *this* conjecture may be found in *Ward's* 'Lectures on Ancient Israel,' noticed in 'The Anglo-American,' *Jan.* 24, 1846.

* *Tac. Annal.*, Lib. xiv. sec. xxx. (Murphy, p. 257, note.) *Hist.* Lib. iv. sec. liv. *Cæsar*, De Bel. Gal. *passim.*

† *De Mor. Ger.*, ix. (Murphy, *n.* 5,) xliii., *n.* Agricola, xxvii. (*n.* 9.)

feeling, productive and suggestive of civil liberty ;* and, amid the systematic attempts of Rome, afterwards, favored with learning, wealth, *tact*, and the affection she had inspired, to erect an undivided sovereignty over the hearts and arms of the Anglo-Saxons, this same spirit has never decayed. First evinced when the intrepid Druids plunged from the smouldering hamlets of *Mona*,† preferring death to Roman servitude, and thus cheering the faith of their countrymen ;‡ the counterpart may be observed, gifted with a more spiritual impersonation, amid the fires of Smithfield, and owning such men as Latimer and Ridley. But their defence (heroic as it must have been) was unavailing ;§ for who could resist the colossal power, who could curb the iron legions, of "the seven-hilled city ?" The extension of Roman authority generally softened and *subdued* the fierce valor of the Britons ;‖ and, as wave after wave of their more independent foes (the Picts) rolled down from the north, instead of manfully repelling the ferocious invaders, they invoked the aid of the Saxons,¶ who became more formidable as allies, than they ever could have become as enemies. During the Roman domination, the Britons had received some faint sparks of Christianity.** We have spoken of the Druids : it was on this predisposed stock that its pristine influences were grafted in their purity, and from the feelings to whose exhibitions we have alluded, they took their warmest, most ineffaceable impress. "The word of life" had reached them, and was received into the affections of a people whose earnest care and self-denying efforts have been to exhibit it to the world, and transmit it to others unimpaired. The enervating influence of excessive luxury, (which "sævior armis incubuit, victum ulciscitur orbem,") and the fires of persecution, have equally failed to crush its energies. Of the latter there were two : the first raged under Diocletian ; and the Saxons, ferocious pagans as they were, soon annihilated the vestiges of a milder faith, that yet remained linked with the singularly simple habits and unwavering fidelity of the Britons. We are frank to confess that this period was not so remarkable or important, *religiously* considered, as a future one. Probably the virtue and energy of the Britons are more conspicuous in their civil relations ; for the first phase in the development of these germs of free institutions, that so slowly expanded afterwards, was here visible ; and yet their attachment to religion must have been considerably operative, for it sustained them under the grinding oppression of the "mistress of the world," then ruled by one of her most ruthless tyrants. The astute and critical scholar, as his eye lingers with fond delight on the limnings of the brief, sententious Tacitus, will not fail to trace many offshoots from the rude institutions of the ancient Germans transplated, developed, and now operative in our varied forms of social life, as well as our principles of government and modes of political procedure.* Probably they were one race with the Britons.† Of *both* it may be said, that "their souls were raised by taking a free part in concerns more dignified than those of individuals. The energy was awakened, which, after many ages of storm and darkness, qualified the Teutonic race to be the ruling portion of mankind, to lay the foundation of a better-ordered civilization than that of the eastern or ancient world, and finally to raise into the fellowship of those blessings the nations whom they had subdued." (Mackintosh, "England.")

The first permanent conversions to Christianity, occurred during the reign of Ethelbert, (A. D. 596,) and were accomplished by the enterprising devotion of St. Augus-

* Mor. Ger. iii. (*Murphy, n.* 5 and 8.)

† Annal., Lib. xiv. sec. 29 and 30 ; Agric., xiv. (*Murphy, n.* 11.)

‡ *Agric.*, xviii.

§ *Ibid* (Murphy, p. 600, *notæ.*)

‖ *Agric.* xiii. xviii., xx.-xxi. xxxiv.

¶ A. D. 446, (just 1400 years ago)

** Fuller, Eccl. Hist., (Lond. Edit.,) vol. I. pp. 7, 17 ; Waddington, idem, p. 133.

* *Inter al.* 'the hundreders,' (*Mor. Ger.* vi. Murphy, *note* 9 ;) limited authority of their kings, vii. ; the influence of woman over them, especially on the battle-field, vii. and viii.; customs of "wager of battles," "duel," &c., the origin of chivalry, ibid. *note* 4 ; their political assemblies, (*commune consilium*,) the type of "the Wittenagemot," and origin, through it, of the British Constitution, xi. *n.* 5 ; reckoning by nights instead of days, ibid. *n.* 7 ; their punishments pecuniary, ('mulcts.') xx. xxi., illustrated by "Deodands," *n.* 4, and voluntary "tribute," xv., *n.* 6; Parliament (the influence of ;) reverence for the sanctity of the marriage relation, xviii. xix.; and influence of "Salique" law, xx. *n.* i. ; and respect for the dead, xxvii.

† This seems to be the increasingly probable opinion of the best authorities ; vide in connection, *Mor. Ger.* xl. (*Murphy, note* 6, ibid.)

tine. From this period to the landing of William the Conqueror, the faith and confidence of the Anglo-Saxons (though subjected to trials and seductions of no ordinary character) met no annihilation. Here was the golden age of English religious energy; for no subsequent period has been marked by more unity of aim, by a more unswerving attachment to the doctrines and practice of the uncorrupted Christian church. That a more particular and satisfactory view of Anglo-Saxon Britain may be enjoyed, we shall take the liberty of quoting from a work, whose spirit and excellencies are appreciable by the simple-minded Christian, never unwelcome to the refined and critical scholar.* Our limits will permit but brief glances at some of the most prominent features of this age—an age whose records are crowded with an interesting portraiture of those who suffered, labored, and died, having accomplished the work allotted to them.

Little was the resistance to that strong incentive of propagating Christianity by the sword, in the minds of most northern monarchs, as is abundantly evident from the records of Swedish history.† No *such* conversions, however, took place in England; all was peaceful and voluntary.

"Mercia received the faith from the pious industry of the Northumbrian princes, who were eminently instrumental in the dissemination of Christianity among the numerous tribes of their countrymen. Peada, the son of Penda, King of Mercia, had offered his hand to the daughter of Oswin, the successor of Oswald; but the lady spurned the addresses of a pagan, and the passion of the prince induced him to study the principles of her religion. His conversion was rewarded with the object of his affection"—and he became a sincere adherent to the new faith.

Sussex was peopled by a fierce, intractable race, yet *Wilfrid's* superior zeal or address introduced Christianity even here.

"Expelled from his diocese by the intrigue of his enemies, he wandered an honorable exile among the tribes of the south, when Edilwalch, King of Sussex, who had been lately baptized, invited him to attempt the conversion of his subjects."

Thus, guided by the glowing pathos of his eloquence, his "slaves were first converted, and generously restored to their freedom on the day of their baptism;" an eloquent commentary on the sentiment, "he is free whom the truth makes free"—paralleled but once in the records of history, (that in the Sandwich Islands, to which we shall hereafter refer.)

"Thus in the space of about eighty years was successfully completed the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons; an enterprise which originated in the charity of Gregory the Great, and was unremittingly continued by the industry of his disciples, with the assistance of several faithful co-operators from Gaul and Italy."

"The acquisition of religious knowledge introduced a new spirit of legislation; the presence of the bishops and superior clergy improved the wisdom of the national councils; and laws were framed to punish the more flagrant violations of morality, and prevent the daily broils which harass the peace of society."

Even such, to this day, has been the state of Scandinavia—the primal germ again bursting forth, in fresher luxuriance; for the "House of the Clergy" there retains an elevating and conservative *check* upon the other branches of the legislature, and all who visit Sweden are surprised at the happy results of such influence.* Perhaps it may be useful to consider whether some slight imitation of this arrangement might not be practicable in our own body politic. That they are highly necessary, none who have sedulously noted public affairs, will fail to perceive.†

Then royalty, meekly obedient, sought the more permanent aid of religion, and worshipped at other shrines than those of lust, or passion, or ambition.

"In the clerical and monastic establishments, the most sublime of the Gospel virtues were carefully practiced: even kings descended from

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* "*History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, by John Lingard, D. D." *Philadelphia Edition, M. Fithian*, 1844. Excellent as this volume is, there is much room for improvement. Some of our enterprising publishers might publish an edition containing judicious translations of the numerous Latin extracts which form a large portion of the body and *notes* of the work. Under the guidance of a good editor, other improvements might be made which would render it more adapted for the popular mind.

† Dr. Baird's Visit, (N. Y. Edi. 1841,) pp. 41, 123, *et alibi.*

* Dr. Baird's Visit, vol. II, p. 101, 176.

† Qu. ?—Ed.

their thrones, and exchanged the sceptre for the cowl. Their conduct was applauded by their contemporaries; and the moderns whose supercilious wisdom affects to censure it, must at least esteem the motives which inspired, and admire the resolution which completed the sacrifice. The progress of civilization kept equal pace with the progress of religion; not only the useful, but the agreeable arts were introduced; every species of knowledge which could be obtained, was eagerly studied; and during the gloom of ignorance which overspread the rest of Europe, learning found, for a certain period, an asylum among the Saxons of Britain." (Lingard, p. 35.)

Such names were given to the different sections of the country as have withstood the mutations of a thousand years: for instance, we have *Cent*, (Kent,) *South-Seaxe*, (Sussex,) *Oxenford*, (Oxford,) and *Grantebrige*, *North-Humber-land*, and numerous others. Such arrangements for the jurisdiction of the clergy, and their *support*, were originated, as have met very few changes in later ages. Canterbury then secured (after severe conflicts) its present pre-eminence, and the present system of *tithes* obtained as early as the year 750; but Offa, King of Mercia, first invested them with a legal relation, and Ethelwolf, about sixty years after, enlarged them for the whole kingdom of England.* At this early period, too, the right of temporal *investitures* was yielded to the *king*, and "as soon as any church became vacant, the ring and crosier, the emblems of episcopal jurisdiction, were carried to the king by a deputation of the chapter, and returned by him to the person whom they had chosen, with a letter by which the civil officers were ordered to maintain him in the possession of the lands belonging to his church." (*Lingard.*) This useful measure soon engendered intolerable abuses, though it was William Rufus who first "prostituted ecclesiastical dignities."†

* * * * * *

We meet with interesting records of the conversion of Northumbria, of which Edwin was the puissant king. He

"Had asked and obtained the hand of Edilberga, the daughter of Ethelbert; but the zeal of her brother had stipulated that she should enjoy the free exercise of her religion, and had extorted from the impatient suitor a promise, that he would impartially examine the credibility of the Christian faith. With these conditions Edwin complied, and alternately consulted the Saxon priests and Paulinus, a bishop who had accompanied the queen. Though the arguments of the missionary were enforced by the entreaties of Edilberga, the king was slow to resolve, and two years were spent in anxious deliberation. At length, attended by Paulinus, he entered the great council of the nation; requested the advice of his faithful Witau; and exposed the reasons which induced him to prefer the Christian to the pagan worship. Coiffi, the high priest of Northumbria, was the first to reply. It might have been expected, that prejudice and interest would have armed him with arguments against the adoption of a foreign creed; but his attachment to paganism had been weakened by repeated disappointments, and he had learned to despise the gods, who had neglected to reward his services. That the religion he had hitherto taught was useless, he attempted to prove from his own misfortunes, and avowed his resolution to listen to the reasons, and examine the doctrines of Paulinus. He was followed by an aged thane, whose discourse offers an interesting picture of the simplicity of the age. 'When,' said he, 'O king, you and your ministers are seated at the table in the depth of winter, and the cheerful fire blazes on the hearth in the middle of the hall, a sparrow, perhaps, chased by the wind and snow, enters at one door of the apartment, and escapes by the other. During the moment of its passage, it enjoys the warmth; when it is once departed, it is seen no more. Such is the nature of man. During a few years his existence is visible; but what has preceded, or what will follow it, is concealed from the view of mortals. If the new religion offer any information on these important subjects, it must be worthy of our attention.'"

Right worthily spoken, though by one who never trod the starry halls of science! for, in the words of the poet—

"Nothing of life abideth! all is change!
Nor whence we came, and whither we shall go,
He knoweth who hath sent—nor deem it strange
If whence and whitherward the ocean's flow
Ages have known not, nor shall ever know."

"To these reasons the other members assented. Paulinus was desired to explain the principal articles of the Christian faith, and the king expressed his determination to embrace the doctrine of the missionary. When it was asked who would dare to profane the altars of Woden, Coiffi accepted the dangerous office. Laying aside the emblems of the priestly dig-

* Black. Comm. pp. 25, 26.
† Fuller, vol. i. p. 279.

nity, he assumed the dress of a warrior; and despising the prohibitions of the Saxon superstition, mounted the favorite charger of Edwin. By those who were ignorant of his motives, his conduct was attributed to a temporary insanity. But he disregarded their clamors, proceeded to the nearest temple, and, bidding defiance to the god of his fathers, hurled his spear into the sacred edifice. It stuck in the opposite wall; and, to the surprise of the trembling spectators, the heavens were silent, and the sacrilege was unpunished. Insensibly they recovered from their fears, and, encouraged by the exhortation of Coiffi, burnt to the ground the temple and the surrounding grove."*

For the instruction of the clergy, seminaries were founded, in which,

"With the assistance of the best masters, the young ecclesiastics were initiated in the different sciences which were studied at that period, while the restraint of a wise and vigilant discipline withheld them from the seductions of vice, and inured them to the labors and duties of their profession. According to their years and merit, they were admitted to the lower orders of the hierarchy; and might, with the approbation of their superior, aspire at the age of five-and-twenty to the rank of deacon, at thirty to that of priest."

Nor were these provisions for education confined to the monasteries. The great mass of the common people shared in the labors and instructions of the missionaries.

"Bede has drawn an interesting picture of the avidity with which the simple natives of the most neglected cantons were accustomed to hasten, on the first appearance of a missionary, to beg his benedictions and listen to his instructions; and the celebrated St. Cuthbert frequently spent whole weeks and months in performing the priestly functions among the most mountainous and uncultivated parts of Northumbria." (P. 51.)

"The priests were exhorted to be satisfied with the revenue of their churches; and the severest censures awaited him who presumed to demand a retribution for the discharge of his functions."

To prevent the secularization of their minds, (the necessity of which is painfully evinced by the history of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland,) many arrangements were sedulously carried out. Among others, the practice of *celibacy* was fully operative. Indeed, although every age has marked the prevalence of this sentiment, none has presented brighter examples of its faithful observance. From their early teachers were derived the instances of its carefully-instilled importance; and we are almost ready to agree with Lingard, that

"Had Augustine and his associates been involved in the embarrassments of marriage, they would never have torn themselves from their home and country, and have devoted the best portion of their lives to the conversion of distant and unknown barbarians." (p. 57.)

It was, probably, the consideration of such sentiments that afterwards induced Bacon to say: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of the greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or the childless man, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. . . . Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants. . . . A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool." Seneca, it seems, was of the same opinion: "Vita conjugalis altos et generosos spiritos frangit, et a magnis capitationibus ad humillimas detrahit." (*Ibid.*, p. 58.)

Without entering on the discussion of this question, we may briefly mention that these are the times when no such principles are in vogue—that the moderns will hearken to no opinion of this kind; and yet we are not certain that enthusiastically unselfish, vital piety is any more extensively prevalent now, than when the self-denying earnestness of Anglo-Saxon religion graced England with those exemplars, which after years have delighted to commemorate, though, perhaps, not to imitate.*

In his third chapter Dr. Lingard passes, by a natural digression, to the temporal support of the ministers of religion. It was derived from *donations of land*, termed "glebe lands," (which were exempt from

* Alcuin has celebrated the fame of Coiffi in his poem on the Church of York:

"O nimium tanti felix audacia facti,
Polluit ante alios quas ipse sacraverat aras."
(Pp. 25, 26.)

* There are of course two sides in this question. Mackintosh, "Hist. Eng.," vol. I., cap. 2, pp. 46–50, has sketched the origin of clerical celibacy, and the corruption engendered by it.

taxation;) from the voluntary oblations of the people; from *tithes*, whose institution has been noticed above; and various other charities, as "the plough alms," (consisting of one penny for every hide of arable land, exacted within fifteen days after Easter;) the *kirk-shot*, *cot-shot*, and last, (though not least, for it was the right of the clergy to exact it,) the *soul-shot*, "a retribution in money for the prayers said in behalf of the dead."

These were willing offerings. The Saxon people were not hard-fisted, nor unworthy of the privileges Heaven had given to them. Ample provision was hence made for the revenues of the clergy, and most of the institutions for that purpose have come down to our own time. The Saxon clergy appear both to have known and taught the pure morality of the Gospel. Their preachers sedulously inculcated that the first of duties was the love of God, and the second the love of our neighbor.

"To subserve this latter object, the aggregate amount of all these perquisites composed in each parish a fund, which was called the patrimony of the minister, and which was devoted to nearly the same purposes as the revenues of the cathedral churches. After two-thirds had been deducted for the support of the clergy and the repairs of the building, the remainder was assigned for the relief of the poor and of strangers. In a country which offered no convenience for the accommodation of travellers, frequent recourse was had to the hospitality of the curate; and in the vicinity of his residence a house was always open for their reception, in which, during three days, they were provided with board and lodging at the expense of the church." (Pp. 58, 66.)

Here no Achæan host graced the festive table with the refinement of habits and suavity of manners, which made Hellas renowned through all antiquity; but the toil-worn traveller found, among the Anglo-Saxons, a race anxious to minister to his comforts, "given to hospitality." The rights of sanctuary, and the peace of the church, were institutions that softened the manners and elevated the generous sentiments of those almost semi-barbarians, to an extent elsewhere unsurpassed in the annals of civilization. "Royal alms" were conveyed to Rome, and the benefactions of Ethelwulf to the pontiff were munificent: nor did he fail to give to the people in the imperial city likewise. (P. 69.) But unworthy advantage was taken of this liberal spirit, so diffusive among the Anglo-Saxons, by the imposition of the *Rome-scot*, a tax which was originated by Offa, established by Ethelwulf, and continued by Alfred; "and which," in the time of Gregory VII., "amounted to something more than two hundred pounds of Saxon money."* (P. 71.)

Nor did the violent escape the penalty of their neglect:—

"In the laws of Ethelred and Canute, the *grithbryce*, the penalty for violating the peace of a church of the

	Pounds.	Shillings.	Pennies.
1st class was	5	240	1200
2d "	$\frac{1}{2}$	120	600
3d "	$\frac{1}{4}$	60	300
4th "	$\frac{1}{8}$	30	150."

(P. 274.)

The same reverence for the sacred office is displayed in the rates of "the manbote," where the bishop comes after the king, thus evincing their recognition of a superiority granted only by Heaven,—and one running through all the variations of Anglo-Saxon social institutions as well as laws.

"In the time of Edward the Confessor, the *manbote* to be paid to the king or *archbishop*, for the murder of one of their retainers, was three marks; to a bishop or earl, forty-eight shillings of five pennies=20 of 12, or *half* of a mark; and to a thane twenty-four of five pennies, or ten of twelve, or one-fourth of a mark, which was two-thirds of a pound, or one hundred and sixty pennies."†

The clergy were eminently adapted, both by spirit and education, for modifying the rude customs—for forming and mollifying the laws; and their assistance was cheerfully given. How beautifully Christianity moulded their ferocious valor, and made it auxiliary to the life and *spread* of true religion, may be seen from the scanty records of contemporaneous history. It was by their persuasion, that Ethelbert published the first code of Saxon laws; and thus the civil power, in the infancy of its

*Edinburgh Review, January, 1838, pp. 163, 168. The result of "a careful investigation into the progress and success of these clerical encroachments after the conquest," (particularly in regard to *tithes*,) is here given.

† Vide also Mackintosh, vol. I., p. 75.

vigor, was much indebted to the superior knowledge of the clergy. It would seem that their authority, too, was consentaneous; for he who relapsed into idolatry was amenable to the civil power, which punished him "by the forfeiture of his estate and disgrace of the pillory, unless redeemed by the contributions of his friends."

Perhaps the name of St. Columba—hallowed by succeeding ages—will give us no inappropriate idea of the spirit and character of the age; and remind the titled sons of power, how worthless are the applause and favors of worldly wealth, compared with the lustre which lives with him whose life has been dignified by heroic virtue. Columba irradiated the distant isles with the inspiration of a true and fervent Christianity; and "his memory was long cherished with every testimony of veneration by the northern nations." He was the founder of a monastery, far off in the sea-girt isle of Iona, the works of which were honorably noticed by Bede, and the influence of which was felt throughout Christendom.

Nor was Columba the only one of royal race, who thus devoted himself to *solitude*, and usefulness, and immortality. Princesses, leaving the homes of their ancestral splendor, eagerly hastened to the cloistered halls of some distant abbey beyond the foaming waves, or, with pious zeal, erected and endowed monasteries in their own domains. Thus, while "crowds resorted to Faremontier, Chelles, and Audeli; Whitby, Coldingham and Ely were soon thronged by those illustrious for *station* and piety." Eauswilde, Mildrede, and Elthelburge, among the Southern Saxons, in Northumbria Hein, Hilda, and numerous others, have been remembered.

"The monasteries were held in the highest estimation: the most distinguished of the Saxon female saints, and many of the most eminent prelates were educated in them; and so edifying was the deportment of the greatest part of these communities, that the breath of slander never presumed to tarnish their character. The monastery of Coldingham alone forms an exception." (P. 83.)

With our ancestors, monastic chastity was venerated.

"To the Saxons, in whom, during the tide of conquest, the opportunity of gratification had strengthened the impulse of the passions, a life of chastity appeared the most arduous effort of human virtue; they revered its professors as beings of a nature in this respect superior to their own; and learned to esteem a religion which could elevate man so much above the influence of his inclinations. As they became acquainted with the maxims of the Gospel, their veneration for this virtue increased; and whoever compares the dissolute manners of the pagan Saxons with the severe celibacy of the monastic orders, will be astonished at the immense number of male and female recluses who, within a century after the arrival of St. Augustine, had voluntarily embraced a life of perpetual continency." (P. 85.)

Monastic *industry* was equally conspicuous. While their churches were adorned and elegantly furnished, the wild luxuriance of nature was not less subdued "by the unwearied industry of the monks."

"The forests were cleared, the marshes drained, roads opened, bridges erected, and the waste lands reclaimed. Plentiful harvests waved on the coasts of Northumbria, and luxuriant meadows started from the fens of the Giroii. The superior cultivation of several counties in England, is originally owing to the labors of the monks, who at this early period were the parents of agriculture as well as of the arts." (P. 95.)

It is impressive to reflect on the harmony and beauty of the ceremonies attendant upon the consecration of a nun, in Anglo-Saxon Britain—more impressive still to know that they ever regarded their vows, and dispensed a light as cheering and effective as it was pure and illuminating. (Cap. vii. p. 135.)

How comprehensive and simple the injunction to the candidate for holy orders. After all preliminary ceremonies were concluded, the bishop,—

"Having placed the 'stole' across the left shoulder of each, as they successively knelt before him, put in his hand the book of the Gospels, saying, 'Receive this volume of the Gospels; read and understand it; teach it to others, and fulfil it thyself.' Then holding his hands over their heads he thus continued: 'O Lord God Almighty, the giver of honors, distributor of orders, and disposer of functions, look with complacency on these thy servants, whom we humbly ordain to the office of deacons, that they may always minister in thy service. We, though ignorant of their judgment, have examined their lives, as far as we are able. But thou, O Lord, knowest all things; the most hidden things are not concealed from thy eyes. Thou art acquainted with all secrets; thou art the searcher of hearts. But as thou canst ex-

amine their conduct by thy celestial light, so canst thou also purify their souls and grant them the graces necessary for their functions. Send, therefore, on them, O Lord, thy Holy Spirit, that, in the execution oftheir ministry, they may be strengthened by the seven-fold gift of thy grace. May thy precepts shine in their conduct; may thy people learn to imitate the chastity of their lives; and may their fidelity in their present station raise them to a higher dignity in thy church.' He then completed their ordination by anointing them with oil and chrism, praying, 'that through the merits of Christ, whatever they should bless, might be blessed, and whatever they should hallow, might be hallowed.'" (Cap. vii., p. 139.)

We shall trace other fragments evincing the spirit and *social culture* of those distant days. Such was the Anglo-Saxon Episcopal Synod, which is still appropriately paralleled by the *House of Convocation.* How interesting to the enthusiast, who looks far into the future, must have been the spectacle when the bishops and mitred abbots—venerable by the weight of indiviual excellence, as well as the sacredness of their official character—gave the first and most *harmonious* specimen of a true legislative body, ere Anglo-Saxon energy had evolved and consolidated such an organization in its political relation. From the *church* were derived the most valuable impressions of popular equality; it was a pure democracy, realizing itself in, and incorporated with the most useful suggestions for the arrangement of popular assemblies. True, the Wittena-gemote was typified in their ordinary "assemblies" before the diffusion of Christianity; but none the less did the church concentrate its fragmentary evolutions, and infuse into them an improved and elevated spirit. (Cap. v. p. 98.) The mutations of society have abolished the *rule* which prevailed in regard to the *dower* of a widow, (for in those simple days, it was the whole of her husband's estate, if they had issue; if not, the half;) but the *form* in use at the matrimonial ceremony, has come down to us since the beginning of the thirteenth century. (Pp. 133–135.)

We annex the following to show how nearly the coronation oath of the Anglo-Saxon kings, corresponds with that now established in England, after the lapse of almost nine hundred years. We shall be surprised to see how carefully the spirit of that handed down from the records of dim antiquity has been preserved, and almost *imbodied* in the *naïveté* of language by which it is presented.

"The ceremony began with the coronation oath. Its origin may be traced to Anthemius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, whose zeal refused to place the crown on the head of Anastasius, a prince of suspicious orthodoxy, till he had sworn to make no change in the established religion. But the oath of the Anglo-Saxons was more comprehensive: it was a species of compact between the monarch and people, which the bishop, as the representative of Heaven, ratified with his benediction. 'Rectitudo est regis noviter ordinati, et in solium sublevati, hæc tria præcepta populo Christiano sibi subdite præcipere: imprimis ut ecclesia Dei, et omnis populus Christianus veram pacem servent in omni tempore. AMEN. Aliud est, ut rapacitate et omnes iniquitates, omnibus gradibus interdicat. AMEN. Tertium est, ut in omnibus judiciis æquitatem et misericordiam præcipiat, ut per hoc nobis indulgeat misericordiam suam clemens et misericors Deus. AMEN.' A portion of the Gospel was then read; three prayers were recited to implore the blessing of God; and the consecrated oil was poured on the head of the king. While the other prelates anointed him, the archbishop read the prayer: 'O God, the strength of the elect, and the exaltation of the humble, who by the unction of oil didst sanctify thy servant Aaron, and by the same didst prepare priests, kings, and prophets, to rule thy people Israel; sanctify, Almighty God, in like manner, this thy servant, that like them he may be able to govern the people committed to his charge.'

"At the conclusion of the prayer the principal thanes approached, and, in conjunction with the bishops, placed the sceptre in his hand. The archbishop continued: 'Bless, O Lord, this prince, thou who rulest the kingdoms of all kings. AMEN.

"'May he always be subject to thee with fear: may he serve thee: may his reign be peaceful: may he with his chieftains be protected by thy shield: may he be victorious without bloodshed. AMEN.

"'May he live magnanimous among the assemblies of the nations: may he be distinguished by the equity of his judgments. AMEN.

"'Grant him length of life for years; and may justice arise in his days. AMEN.

"'Grant that the nation may be faithful to him; and his nobles may enjoy peace, and love charity. AMEN.

"'Be thou his honor, his joy, and his pleasure; his solace in grief, his counsel in difficulty, his consoler in labor. AMEN.

"'May he seek advice from thee, and by thee may he learn to hold the reins of empire, that

his life may be a life of happiness, and he may hereafter enjoy eternal bliss. AMEN.'

"The rod was now put into his hands, with a prayer, that the benedictions of the ancient patriarchs, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, might rest upon him. He was then crowned, and the archbisbop said, 'Bless, O Lord, the strength of the king, our prince, and receive the work of his hands. Blessed by thee be his lands with the precious dew of the heavens, and the springs of the low-lying deep; with the fruits brought forth by the sun, and the fruits brought forth by the moon; with the precious things of the aged mountains, and the precious things of the eternal hills; with the fruits of the earth, and the fullness thereof. May the blessing of Him who appeared in the bush rest on the head of the king: may he be blessed in his children, and dip his foot in oil: may the horns of the rhinoceros be his horns; with them may he push the nations to the extremities of the earth. And be He who rideth on the heavens his helper forever.'* Here the people exclaimed thrice, 'Live the king forever. AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.' They were then admitted to kiss him on his throne. The ceremony concluded with this prayer: 'O God, the author of eternity, leader of the heavenly host, and conqueror of all enemies; bless this, thy servant, who humbly bends his head before thee: pour thy grace upon him: preserve him with health and happiness in the service to which he is appointed, and wherever and for whomsoever he shall implore thy assistance, do thou, O God, be present, protect and defend him, through Christ, our Lord. AMEN.'†

By those who linger among the shadows of far antiquity—who venerate whatever comes gifted with the spells of mysticism *because* its origin is scarcely perceptible—the East has ever been considered as the land of religious favor; but may it not be equally just to regard it as the soil where (*par eminence*) error has been most incessantly grafted on Christianity; where dim-eyed philosophy has been resorted to, and *adored*, for merging with and *polishing* the doctrines of religion? But the converts among the northern nations were more simple and less inquisitive. "Without suspicion they acquiesced in the doctrines taught by their missionaries, and carefully transmitted them as a sacred deposit to the veneration of their descendants." Two hundred years after Christianity had been planted, the prelates of Cloveshoe made a "confession of their faith," worthy of record by the side of those in the councils of Nice and Chalcedon. The language is so choice, so elevated, that we transcribe it here:—

"Notum sit paternitati tuæ, quod sicut primitus a sancta Romana, et apostolica sede, beatissimo papo Gregorio dirigente, exorata est, ita credimus." (An. 800, p. 117.)

The influence of their religion over the civil concerns of society in the aggregate, was not superior to that which it bore in the simple scenes of domestic life.

"Among our ancestors religion was not a dry and lifeless code of morality: she constantly interested herself in the welfare of her children; she took them by the hand at the opening, she conducted them with the care of a parent to the end of life."

In addition to "the three great sacraments" of baptism, the Lord's Supper and penance, they were wont to regard the imposition of hands by the bishop, ordination, marriage and the *extreme unction* with much veneration. It was, indeed, something remarkable to find that the idea of death presented no terror to minds so well cultivated and reposing with such unquestioning earnestness in the triumphs of the Christian faith.

"The directions of St. James were religiously observed; the prayer of faith was read over the dying man, and his body anointed with consecrated oil."

Such was St. Cuthbert's death. The last rites of one to whose zeal and success we have previously alluded, are thus described by Bede:—

"Ecce sacer residens antistes ad altar,
Pocula degustat vitæ, Christique supinum
Sanguine munit iter, vultusque ad sidera et almas
Sustollit gaudens palmas, animamque supernis
Laudibus intentam lætantibus indidit astris."
P. 119.

Nay, more—after their spirits had fled with pardonable zeal, they desired to b entombed in the monasteries *founded by their wealth*, and dignified with their pro tection.

"Such were the sentiments of Alcuyn, the ealdoman of East Anglia, and one of the founders of Ramsey. Warned by frequent infirmities of his approaching death, he repaired, accom-

* Taken from Deuteronomy, c. xxxiii.
† Lingard, pp. 143-5.

panied by his sons Edwin and Ethelward, to the abbey. The monks were speedily assembled. 'My beloved,' said he, 'you will soon lose your friend and protector. My strength is gone; I am stolen from myself. But I am not afraid to die. When life grows tedious death is welcome. To-day I shall confess before you the many errors of my life. Think not that I wish you to solicit a prolongation of my existence. My request is that you protect my departure by your prayers, and place your merits in the balance against my defects. When my soul shall have quitted my body, honor your father's corpse with a decent funeral, grant him a constant share in your prayers, and recommend his memory to the charity and gratitude of your successors.' At the conclusion of this address, the aged thane threw himself on the pavement before the altar, and, with a voice interrupted with frequent sighs, publicly confessed the sins of his past years, and earnestly implored the mercies of his Redeemer. The monks were dissolved in tears. As soon as their sensibility permitted them to begin, they chanted over him the seven psalms of penitence, and the prior Germanus read the prayer of absolution. With the assistance of Edwin and Ethelward he arose; and supporting himself against a column, exhorted the brotherhood to a punctual observance of their rule, and forbade his sons, under their father's malediction, to molest them in the possession of the lands which he had bestowed on the abbey. Then, having embraced each monk, and asked his blessing, he returned to his residence in the neighborhood. This was his last visit. Within a few weeks he expired. His body was interred, with proper solemnity, in the church, and his memory was long cherished with gratitude by the monks of Ramsey." P. 152.

These were beautiful and affecting instances of attachment to the departing spirits of their friends; and this incident seems to evince a chaste and cultivated tone of moral sentiment among the Anglo-Saxons. No people ever became illustrious in the annals of the fine arts, or intellectually conspicuous, who failed to *mark* upon their souls this (*not universal,* as has been sometimes maintained) respect for the dead. The polished Greeks retained many of their beautiful solemnities *after* Christianity had taught them that the body was insensible to the fond endearments they lavished upon it; and our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not less obedient to the voice of nature.

How gratifying to find the frail mementoes of their history confirmatory of this —to connect with it their zeal to become fully versed in all the learning of the age.

"The children of the thanes, educated in the neighboring monasteries, imbibed an early respect, if not a passion for literature. Even the women caught the general enthusiasm: seminaries of learning were established in their convents; they conversed with their absent friends in the language of ancient Rome; and frequently exchanged the labors of the distaff and needle for the more pleasing and more elegant beauties of the Latin poets."

Nor were these efforts attended with slight results; for the whole continent was enriched by the stores of learning that had been collected, and were still clustering in the monasteries of England; particularly in the seminary at *York,* the list of whose works may not prove uninteresting to those who fondly hang over what the friend of Alcuin* reverently terms his "libros, caras super omnia gazas"—his guides in a darkened age.

"Illic invenies veterum vestigia patrum
Quidquid habet pro se latio Romanus in orbe;
Græcia vel quidquid transmisit clara latinis;
Hebraicus vel quod populus bibit ore superno;
Africa lucifluo vel quidquid lumine sparsit.
Quod pater Hieronymus, quod sensit Hilarius, atque
Ambrosius præsul, simul Augustinus, et ipse
Sanctus Athanasius, quod Orosius edit virtus,
Quidquid Gregorius summus docet, et Leo papa:
Basilius quidquid, Fulgentius atque coruscant.
Cassiodorus item, Chrysostomus atque Joannes.
Quidquid et Athelmus docuit, quid Beda magister.
Quæ Victorinus scripsere, Boëtius, atque
Historici veteres, Pompeius, Plinius, ipse
Acer Aristoteles, rhetor quoque Tullius ingens:
Quid quoque Sedulius, vel quid canit ipse Juvencus.
Alcuinus et Clemens, Prosper, Paulinus, Avator,
Quid Fortunatus vel quid Lactantius edunt,
Quæ Maro Virgilius, Statius, Lucanus, et auctor
Artis Grammaticæ, vel quid scripsere magistri.
Quid Probus, atque Phocas, Donatus Priscianus ve
Servius, Enticus, Pompeius, Comminianus,
Invenies alios perplures."
(Chap. x., p. 191.)

Nor shall we fail to admire the taste which formed the following schedule of studies in the same seminary:—

"His dans Grammaticæ rationis graviter artes,

* Aelbert, Archbishop of York.

Illis rhetoricæ infundens refluamina linguæ,
Istos juridica curavit cote poliri;
Illos Aonio docuit concinnere cantu,
Castalida instituens alios resonare cicuta,
Et juga Parnassi lyricis percurrere plantis.
Ast alios fecit præfatus nosse magister
Harmoniam cœli, solis lunæque labores;
Quinque poli zonas, erantia sidera septem,
Astrorum leges, ortus simul atque recessus;
Ærios motus pelagi, terræque tremorem,
Naturas hominum, pecudum, volucrumque ferarum,
Diversas numeri species, variasque figuras,
Paschalique dedit solemnia certa recursu,
Maxime scripturæ pandens mysteria sacræ."
(P. 203.)

The great master-spirits of this age—at once "the types and the expression" of its better features—were St. Aldhelm Alcuin and "the venerable Bede;" who, spurning the inglorious *ease* of a monastic life, passed their days in ministering to the mental cravings of their awakened countrymen. They spoke, they wrote, they taught, fervently and cheerfully;* and, having performed the work allotted them, passed away, leaving those who were worthy to succeed them; those who were quickened with the energy of piety and learning, whose souls were attuned to a grateful veneration for the benefactors whose names and virtues they ever loved to cherish. It was the age when Roman arts and Roman mind had just impressed (in the "civil codes") their characters in Western Europe; and the Latin language was the depository of almost everything in science or religion that had escaped the shocks of barbaric invasion. To the Anglo-Saxon scholars, then, the Latin became familiar "as household words;" and, at a time when the wild Franks were but just roused from the sleep of ages by the energy and spirit of Charlemagne, England was irradiated by the beams of a morning whose glory has experienced no dimness, although the tide of a thousand years has changed all else. We mentioned Aelbert. He was preceded by Egbert, in whose praise we have the following effusion of *Alcuin*, the sweet bard of Anglo-Saxon Britain:—

"O pater, O pastor, vitæ spes maxima nostræ:
Te sine nos ferimur turbata per æquora mundi,
Te duce deserti variis involvimur undis,
Incerti qualem mereamur tangere portum.
Sidera dum lucent, trudit dum nubila ventus,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

At the earnest solicitation of Charlemagne, Alcuin left Britain; but that he often pined for "his own loved island-home," that his affections fondly reverted to the land of his childhood, is evinced by the following extract from his letter to the clergy of York, (an extract whose trusting faith and innocent simplicity lend a double charm to the respect we cherish for its author:)

"Ego vester ero sive in vita, sive in morte. Et, forte miserebitur mei Deus, ut cujus infantiam aluistis, ejus senectutem sepeliatis. Et si alius corpori deputabitur locus, tamen animæ, qualemcunque habitaturæ errit per vestras sanctas, Deo denante, intercessiones requies." (P. 209, *note.*)

This desire was not secured. Far from its shores he sank to rest; and the zephyrs of a more burning clime swept over his lonely, *honored* tomb. Truly does he seem to have been gifted with that far-sweeping, foreseeing vision, which could look beyond his nation's Future—to have been sustained and supported by the unwearying guidance of a Deity ever watchful of his servants. So that Charlemagne not only solicited his services, but his *advice;* became his "own familiar friend;" and this condescension from one who had been the first styled "Emperor of the West,"* and was the champion of the feudal system—at a period, too, when the whole Christian world acquiesced in the doctrine of "the divine right of kings"—was something of a tribute—a tribute to the Christian and the *scholar.* The following lines will picture forth more than we can express:—

"Mens mea mellifluo, fateor, congaudet amore,
Doctor amate, tui: volui quapropter in odis,
O venerande, tuam musis solare, senectam:
Jam meliora tenes sanctæ vestigia vitæ,
Donec ætherii venias ad culmina regni,
Congaudens sanctis, Christo sociatus in ævum,
Meque tuis precibus, tecum rape, quæso magister
Ad pia, quæ tendis, miserantis culmina regis."
Charl. apud Al. (*ibid. p.* 210.)

* As says one of them, "Semper aut discere, aut docere, aut scribere dulce habui."

* [A. D. 800.] Hallam, "Middle Ages," Part I. Chap. I., pp. 21, 22.

It was his to give a beautiful and touching example of the reality of religion. To him might the words of Bryant be addressed in all their spirituality ; for he

"So *lived* that when *his* summons *came* to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
He *went not* like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, *approached* his grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

His last hours were spent in rapt communion with the saints long since departed; or, more frequently, in reflections on his own approaching death. For this end he often wandered to the spot selected for his resting place, and, great to the last, mused upon the frailty of life. Even after death his works did follow him. His epitaph, inscribed on a brazen tablet fixed in the wall, is characterized by such a pensive beauty and harmonious philosophy, that we cannot be censured for quoting it here :

"Hic, rogo, pauxillum veniens subsiste viator,
Et mea scrutator pectore dicta tuo.
Ut tua, deque meis, cognoscas fata figuris ;
Vertitur en species, ut mea, sicque tua.
Quod nunc es, fueram, famosus in orbe viator,
Et quod nunc ego sum, tuque futurus eris.
Delicias mundi cassa sectabar amore :
Nunc cinis et pulvis, vermibus atque cibus.
Quapropter potiùs animam curare memento,
Quam carmen ; quoniam hæc manet, illa perit.
Cur tibi nova paras ? Quam parvo cernis in antro
Me tenet hic requies, sic tua parva fiet.
Cur Tyrio corpus inhias vestire ostro,
Quod mox esuriens pulvere vermis edet ?
Ut flores pereunt vento veniente minaci,
Sic tua namque caro, gloria tota perit.
Tu mihi redde vicem, lector, rogo carminis hujus,
Et die, da veniam, Christe, tuo famulo.
Obsecro nulla manus violet pia jura sepulchri
Personet angelica donec ab arce tuba.
Qui jaces in tumulo, terræ de pulvere surge,
Magnus adest judex militibus innumeris.
Alchuin nomen erat sophiam mihi semper amanti
Pro quo funde preces mente legens, titulum."
(Pp. 210, 317.)

Nor did his successors in England become recreant to their religious faith. When the ferocious Danes overran the country they found the abbots and their monks ready to lay down their lives for the truth, and manfully meeting death, amid their blazing shrines and the lifeless corses of their countrymen. Such was the devotion which has given to posterity the name of St. Elphege, and many others, whose pious zeal met no mercy at the hands of the ferocious monsters that cursed the land. This irruption of the Danes (which occurred A. D. 836, and became most oppressive in 876) was a severe blow to those who viewed their religion with reverential awe, who acknowledged its ministers as messengers of the majesty on High, and whose hearts were tuned to the softest strains of penitential sorrow.

The inquiry may here arise, why the Britons did not *merge* with the Danes, as they had before, to some extent, done with the Saxons? We can only conjecture that, after Christianity had refined their manners, and elevated the tone of sentiment, they could not mingle with their ferocious invaders ; but, abhorrent as their practices were to the Anglo-Saxons, the influence of force might have subdued them were it not that each sovereignty seems to have been endued with a principle of *vitality*—an impulse, elastic as the reality imbodied in it, of resistance—which the waves of conquest, though they might overwhelm, could never quench. Of this spirit (universal in its expansion) Alfred was the champion—of this tendency he is the most fitting impersonation. It was "the illustrious Alfred" who, in the leisure hours snatched from the cares of a kingdom saved by his energy, found time to translate the works of Boethius, whose own taste, while his arm guided the reawakened spirit of Anglo-Saxon freedom, purified the decaying sources of Anglo-Saxon literatnre. Thus, when the Roman *arms* were no longer seen in Britain, the writings of her illustrious senator were translated and disseminated by Alfred; and England's once rude barbarians were found to cherish the spirit of freedom when "the seven-hilled city" owned the sway of ferocious tyrants. It was he, who, after consolidating the government, and classifying the varied tribes of his countrymen, founded one of those magnificent universities which have never been surpassed either in talents, piety, or *unchanging devotion to principle.** Here, doubtless, was the starting

* Hallam, Middle Ages, p. 524.

point of Anglo-Saxon energy, and Anglo-Saxon piety. By his side *we* place one, who, in the tone of his mind, at least, is analogous: Alfred—Washington; the extreme links (as it were) to a chain of powerful, brave, and high-souled men—the natural offshoots or personifications of an indestructible renovation of social polity which has never maintained its stability among any other people, or flourished for *any length of time* in the vales of any other race, whether Greek or Roman, whether Gothic or Frank. In both there is the same unity of aim, precision of purpose, and indomitable perseverance in laboring for its fulfilment; while their intuitive perception of the most fitting means for every exigency in the accomplishment of their designs, is equally conspicuous. Alfred's throne, however, was wrested from his immediate descendants. Washington's residence, and birth-place, and name are enshrined in the affections of a grateful people. Alfred!—the delight of a darkened age—the father of a revering people—the warrior, statesman, Christian, man—great, sublimely great in all.

But a few hundred years, then, had passed before the subjection of England to the Danes was visibly and successfully accomplished by the elevation of Canute to the throne.* Yet he achieved no secure possession for his successors, year after year was but varied by the attempts of each party to place their own chieftain on the throne; but demonstrated the impotence of Danish force to enslave Anglo-Saxon mind, or annihilate Anglo-Saxon enterprise.

"As the animosity between the Danes and Saxons is to be considered as the real, though often unseen cause of these contests for the throne which appeared to originate in the ambition of individuals, so the final prevalence of the Saxons is to be attributed to their superiority in numbers and *civilization*, and to their impatience of a *barbarous* yoke, which is better preserved by the history and remembrance of the more improved people." (*Mackintosh.*)

From the frosty peaks of Norway swarmed down the bands of pirates who overran Europe, and afterwards peopled the desolate shores of Iceland with arms and arts, with *learning and civilization*; who, conquering the nations of the continent, and *reviving* ancient barbarism there, found no quiet rule in English soil, in Saxon character no base subserviency to their brutal exactions and systematic oppression. The results are known. Continental genius, learning and refinement were clouded by the unmitigated barbarism of "the dark ages," while on the shores of Iceland sprang up, and in England glowed, the flame of pure religion and civil progress.* Here was the beginning of those systems, here the birth of those feelings, which seem to have clung to England's soil, and which rejoice us in their more refined and successful developments of the nineteenth century.

But here the meed of praise must cease. Britain, torn by the violence of contending factions, with her soil drenched in the best blood of her kings and people, was a prize too tempting to the ambitious restlessness of William the Norman; and, under the sanction of the "church," (not now the honest, unassuming friend, but the *soi-disant master* of the Anglo-Saxons,) he determined to effect its conquest—a conquest over the spirit, rights and feelings, the whole national existence of the Anglo-Saxons—which, though almost total, it were not altogether judicious to consider an entire annihilation of their civil liberties. From this period the church became more closely allied (and, where it could not reign, more enslaved) to the power of the king; the people less dependent on either; while the nobles were gradually losing their ancient strength, and "the middle class" (now the bulwark of England's greatness) was revived and permitted a share in the councils as well as in the expense of government. In this triple development, although *few* instances typifying the silent progress of that agency, (the power of public opinion,) now so vital and brilliant, were displayed, it was not the less operative, nor the less appreciated. The "tiers état" have been ever since gradually elevating themselves, until the period of our own political origin, when the democratic principle was proclaimed to the world as the natural and inalienable safeguard of human authority, of governmental supremacy.

* A.D. 1016. The struggle between the two races began about 979.

* Mackintosh, vol. I. p. 84.

And the keeping of that precious gem is no easy matter. With mental strength, and incessant devotion, it requires a moral *stamen*, a *substratum*, which history seems to record as peculiar to our own race; for, while the other nations who sprang from the ancient Goths (and more remotely from the Germans described by Tacitus) have suffered their civil liberties to dwindle from age to age, or seen them overturned by the grasping hands of ambitious nobles, and have yielded to the unchecked centralization of usurping pontiffs, (the favorite object which scourged emperors and people during the pontificate of "the monk of Cluny" and his successors;*) while France,† and Austria, and Spain‡ are less free than when under the sway of those early (barbaric) chieftains; the stock planted on British soil has permanently advanced to the full fruition of spiritual and physical liberty. In brief, where the people are less free in these Roman Catholic countries, in England they are far more so than they were some thousand years ago. Thus these branches of the same race, starting from the same point, and from the same places, (not inaptly denominated *officinæ gentium,*) have met with a different fate; for, in one the progress has been towards despotism, exemplifying itself by an absorption of popular influence and the rights of the individual into unbounded ecclesiastical authority or kingly prerogative;§ while, in the other, each successive era has advanced true constitutional freedom, has *developed and emancipated mind,* at the same time that the purest feelings of social life have been welcomed and encouraged. Upon closing this first portion of a few discursive glances at the home of our ancestors previous to the time of William the Conqueror, some sketches of the efforts made by the papal hierarchy to erect here a consolidated empire, subject to the central influence at Rome, may be appropriate in passing over his troubled reign.

The sweep of six hundred years since the Saxons first landed, has disclosed to our view scenes of quiet happiness, of religious purity, and social cultivation, developed by the genius of uncorrupted Christianity, mingled and shaded with tumult, or civil and moral degeneracy. The thorns and roses, fitly blended, met on the branch which bore the hopes of a blissful future. Henceforth, however, Romish influence became the grand agent of unnumbered evils. Introduced and sanctioned by William, whose naturally vigorous mind prevented an indiscriminating subjection to its precepts, it soon overmastered the puny spirits of his successors, soon reigned as the lord over prostrate Britain, where it had been lately known as but the ally of its conqueror.* We speak not unadvisedly when we maintain that there never was a plan more carefully schemed—one, too, almost beyond the reach of human foresight to detect—that met so signal a failure as the efforts of Rome to bend the simple faith, and crush the independent piety of our ancestors.† Some evidence of this might be presented, but it is useless to point out what is traced on each eventful page of England's earlier history. In every other country where Roman arts and the Romish faith have prevailed, it has benumbed the spirit and poisoned the fountains of popular freedom, and secured its throne, even to this day, the brighter day of man's advancement. It is this spiritual energy which has cheered the fainting hopes—which has guided, informed, and embellished the exertions of those, who, from century to century, have striven to *secure* to the masses their natural rights,

* North American Review, Jan. 1845.

† Hallam, p. 105-106, (leg. power of 'les etats generaux' lost.)

‡ For a clear view of the predominance attained by the *Castilian cortes* in the interval from the middle of the twelfth to the close of the fourteenth century, we refer to Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, Introduction, vol. I. pp. 45–58. Their intrepid spirit is traced by Hallam, p. 215, et seq. The *Aragonese cortes*, it seems, enjoyed still greater influence, and more unequivocal privileges, and yet they were nearly contemporary with the Castilian. (Commons admitted, A.D. 1133, Hallam, p. 224, in notis.) For its causes see the same learned authors.) (Prescott, pp. xcvi.-cv., et seq. Hallam, pp. 218–227.) These have been lost now, and Spain is ever on the eve of convulsion. The power of her cortes is merely nominal, and the government as much enslaved to papal influence as the people are impatient of its yoke.—Am. Rev. (For. Mis.) May, 1846, p. 559.

§ We have not included Denmark in this list; but her history affords an unequivocal testimony to the truth of the position. Vide Dr. Baird's Visit, chapters on History of Denmark.

* Mack. Hist. vol. I. p. 87; also 138, 144.

† "The Statutes of Mortmain" (tempore Edw. I.) "were introduced to check the overgrown wealth of the hierarchy." Hallam, p. 301. 2 Kent, pp. 281, 282. The British clergy refused submission to the Church of Rome in 637.

and which is nowhere so successfully displayed as on the soil that nourished "our noble ancestors." Through the reign of the Normans, the Plantagenets, the houses of York and Lancaster, and the first Tudor, (Henry VII.,) this religious independence was not extinct, but slumbering. Rome *had* partly triumphed; and king oppressed noble, the nobles oppressed the people; while a gradual tide of wealth, flowing into the religious houses, corrupted the ecclesiastics and impoverished the kingdom.* But the good providence of God was yet visible; though John had bowed before the legate, and Henry been scourged at Becket's tomb, the people were waking to the echoes of the reformation.†

Such as we have feebly portrayed them, were the aspects of this religion in those early days; and such, or similar, would not be found to mark the experience of any other people. Unrivalled *then* was the Anglo-Saxon race in religious favor; unequalled now in moral excellence, or the means of social culture. Their benevolent efforts have led back the benighted Hindoo to his ancient source of safety, and their labors defied the perils of Afric's clime! On China's hitherto inhospitable shore has *Christianity* sought and effected a lodgment, under the guidance of British statesmanship—a permanent home.

In view of these facts and impressions, we cannot resist the conclusion that Providence has raised up, and sustained, and qualified the Anglo-Saxon race, to perform a great work in reclaiming the world; has guided and protected them from temptation, or brought them from it *purified*, and ennobled by every scene of trial; and has given to them—to *us*—the destinies of the world. That a moral responsibility—a political accountability rest here, whose extent is measured only by the limits of mankind, and for the discharge of which we have not the means alone, but the disposition and ability, seems probable. Some inquiries as to this destiny, and the point we have already attained in its fulfilment, as most beautifully evinced by the missionary operations of the day, will be presented at the close of this paper. And here—"as in the middle watches of the night"—we leave the church, to note the progress of that enterprising disposition first begun under her promptings, fostered by her instrumentality, and encouraged by her auspices; for, previous to the time of the conquest, the *church* took the *lead* in every movement of social and civil progress, extended her benign influence as an incentive to every noble enterprise; and, when she afterwards refused to attend the triumphant march of free principles and political regeneration, she was left behind. Thus the once servant became the leader, and the church lost all her enormous privileges, while humanity gained all for which it aimed; and Protestantism, with milder beams, irradiated the land once *blessed* by the prevalence of the Catholic (that is, the, then, pure) faith. Many tendencies are at work, now, which mar the purity, and cripple the efficiency of the church. One of these is the augmenting *exclusiveness*, the socialism, so lamentably characteristic of *our* country. This broods over the altars of the Most High; and, until it be destroyed by a spirit of Christian liberality and expansive feeling, the church will never attain the position, the vantage-ground, designed by Providence, for her efficient guidance of the destinies of mankind, or our own.

II. Nor is it their zeal for the welfare of the Siberian, the Negro, or the Indian, their interest in the spiritual welfare alone of these benighted tribes, that commands our wonder. Science, inciting their enterprising disposition, has had its boundaries enlarged, its efficacy renewed by their discoveries. The vast oceans encircling the poles, have first greeted the "cross of St. George," and the accompanying "stars and stripes." England's sturdy sons "a thousand years" had braved the battle and the breeze in those ordinary bays and coasts; but now the stubborn enterprise of her Parrys and Franklins has wrested its laurel from the ceaseless roar of circumpolar waters, ice and snow; and the keels of Europe press on to search those untrodden fields. In the thrilling address of the priest to Boadicea, when "seeking counsel of her country's gods," we notice the prophetic words:

* Edinburgh Review, (before cited,) pp. 163, 168.

† Mack. p. 193. For a perspicacious sketch of their gradually increasing acquisitions the curious reader will find no better guide than Mackintosh.

"Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they;"

and their rapid fulfilment seems vested with all the *truth* as well as enthusiasm of poetry.

Attracted by these wondrous evidences of a comprehensive policy—one, too, bounded only by creation's limits—other nations have reared the cross on Greenland's dreary shores, and taught her rude children the blessings of religion and civilization; have planted colonies on the farthest limits of our north-western continent, as if a world were too narrow for their venturous spirit.* In this "labor of love" Europe is not alone. Recently the southern cross has joyfully witnessed the efforts so perseveringly made by American vessels to penetrate those secluded regions, where, since the "morning stars sang together," nought had scanned their boundless diversities of ice and sea, but the eye of their Creator; while on the lonely isles of many a group repose the reliques of our loved, and lost, and honored dead.†

It cannot be denied that much has tarnished the English name where such attempts have been made: witness a Hastings in India, and the progress of the British arms in China. The simple native has been, too often, forced to exclaim, with the ancient Caledonian, *ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem adpellant.* But such results, though frequent, are not a necessary part of the policy to which reference is designed. Nay, each victory seems to have been overruled for the spiritual regeneration of the vanquished:

"For, with the avengers came the word of peace;
With the destroyers came the breath of life."

How different the course of missionary zeal in India, from what is disclosed by the melancholy annals of Cuba, Goa, and the French as well as Spanish West Indies. So far has this toleration of the superstitious faith which flourishes on India's soil been carried by the Company, that the *car of Juggernaut* has been, *until very lately*, undemolished, and even made a source of revenue to its coffers!

We cannot trace, in detail, the progress of this exploring spirit, nor pause to notice its peaceful triumphs.* Learning has aided such explorations, and been herself improved. With ceaseless rapidity, literature and intelligence are now filling up, where English discovery has paved the way. Knowledge and virtue shout in chorus as civilization welcomes their progress in the North and South, from the East to the late untrodden West. The mental improvement of such a people has been marked by a rapid development and useful *permanency*, which now extort the admiration of their fellows in other parts of the earth. England's soil has numbered a thousand generations, and her people, *in all essential particulars*, are still the same—invincible, as when a Cæsar vainly strove to crush and curb their spirit or daunt their valor. A thousand years subsequent, they had exchanged their ruder arms for the bow and arrow, introduced by the Normans. "The bow was the emblem of freedom, and the pre-eminence of the *English* archers shows that the political condition of England was superior in the fourteenth century to that of any continental nation.

——— "These gallant yeomen,
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owning subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to the king and law. Hence are they resolute,
Leading the van in every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness,
Veiled in such low estate."†

Stern and vast, wild and active, are her energies. And thus, as her physical empire has extended over the globe, her mental superiority is attested by her

*That the French are not behindhand in these movements, see American Review, June, 1846, p. 667; July, p. 699, *et aliud.*

† South. Lit. Mess., May, 1845, pp. 315, 316.

* The interested inquirer may observe something elucidating this, in *Ed. Rev.*, *Jan.* 1838, pp. 171, 187, *Am. W. Rev.*, 666. *et ante;* and *South. Lit. Mess.*, *July*, 1845, p. 420.

† Hallam, pp. 41, 42.

Shakspeares and Miltons; her Newtons and Lockes; by her educated statesmen, her intelligent peasantry.* The action of her press and literary associations, her universities and learned societies, peculiarly ennobles her. To *her* enterprising disposition, *we* unite a spirit of freedom at home, which tells us how to benefit ourselves by benefitting others; with her benevolent activity, we combine a reverence for the freedom of religious worship which teaches our people to serve their God and not their "Church."† And these have we received as our dearest, priceless legacy from our venerated forefathers. Palsied be the hand, which, whether in our halls of legislation or elsewhere, would sap the earnest trust of our people in the value of religious influence for the stability of nations!

The efficient feature, then, in modern civilization, is *enterprise*—social, moral, intellectual, and political enterprise; and in this race for distinction, England and America have been first and foremost. It has been said by Guizot, that the prime element in modern *European* civilization is the *energy of individual life, the force of personal existence. In aliis verbis*—"political equality was, and still is, the grand aspiration of the nineteenth century." While discussing the difference in the *spirit* of the ancient and modern government, Lieber says, with much truth, "The safety of the State is their principal problem, the safety of the individual is one of our greatest."‡ In the *mediæval* period it was the standing of man as *bishop*, *priest*, or *knight* which gave tone to his consideration in society: the man was lost in his office; but modern civilization (steering a medium course between the tendency, among the ancient Republics, absorptive of the individual in the mass, and the other extreme just defined,) has clearly exemplified the rank, and *elevated* the position of the individual abstracted from the State. While the "tyranny of the majority" has ever been (in this country) the under-current of this tendency, it is none the less true that the importance of *man, as man*, was first prominently vindicated by the "*resultant force*" of the American Revolution, and that our nation has ever been guided by the principle "that Government has for its mission the full and unequivocal maintenance of the rights of man, of each and every man, in all their plenitude." Has the learned writer reflected how much the English race has been instrumental in evolving the necessary relation of *individual* exertions to the state (*the culture and improvement*) of society; how much they have done to make virtue commensurate with knowledge? Our civilization, be it remembered, is the type and product of our political enterprise—is the mirror of ourselves.

III. There are some important principles which civilization has marked in the very vitals of the English race, as their progress developed its improvement. We are justified in claiming that here the abstract principles of *jurisprudence* are made most practically beneficial, as they are, undoubtedly, best understood. From the age of the Saxon Wittenagemot to the time of William the Conqueror, and from that period to the restoration, (1666,) and the independency of the British House of Commons, (A. D. 1832,) these great foundations of Justice have been scrutinized, which are the bulwark of nations. Hence, "nowhere has the science of the law been carried to such perfection" as in England and America. The rude elements of constitutional freedom, existing during the middle ages, have been exchanged for and moulded with those improvements which time has suggested and experience happily confirmed.

A more extended view as to the manner in which these different discoveries, these evolutions of the great problem of Human Rights, have been effected and incorporated with the frame-work of English society, may be, here, not injudiciously given. In this brief investigation, we shall present some incidents, to aid "in tracing out" the *originals*, the actualizations, "and as it were the elements of the law;" some considerations to assist in "tracing them to their fountains as well as our distance will permit."

* Intelligent, not as they *should* be, but as compared with the mass of the same population in other countries of Europe.

† "The very spirit that impels Anglo-Saxon blood in the wilds of Asia, impels us here in the wilds of America; and all the high characteristics of courage and fortitude, that distinguish the Anglo Saxon race there, distinguish us here."

‡ Political Ethics.

The history of the middle ages discloses to our view three distinct classes of people, the thanes, ceorls, and villeins; the first of whom received their title from the Danes, and the others were a necessary offspring of the mixture of Saxon and Danish character.

"Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it.* These seemed to be those who held what was called the folk-lands, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable that they who were strangers to any other than a feodal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty, which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition."†

An important concession, this, even of protection!‡ Observe, now, the progress of this enfranchisement in the lapse of a few centuries subsequent. Speaking of it, Blackstone says, that "these encroachments grew to be so universal, that, when tenure in villenage was virtually abolished by the statute of Charles II., there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation."§ What an advancement in the code of human rights, and from hence what an impulse was given to the progress of true freedom!

There is one memorable instance in the progressive actualizations of this firm adherence to the liberties of mankind when in danger, recorded on the pages of English history: when a proud monarch demanded of the rude and haughty barons at Runnymede by *what title they held their lands*, each stalwart knight clasped his sword, exclaiming, "By this we acquired, and by this we will maintain them;" an impersonation, an evolution of that far-seeing regard for human rights, and individual sovereignty, whose correspondent type is illustrated by the triumph of the English arms at Navarino, when an oppressed people invoked the sympathy of Humanity. The main features of this

"Devotion to the right with their last breath—
Resistance of the wrong even unto death,"

have often been displayed to the world during this interval of nearly a thousand years between the two events here specially noted. Who, then, can say that national character will not develop reciprocal phases, after centuries of change, which annihilate everything but the attachment to Freedom, which ages never subdue; or that there is no divine Providence guarding the sacred heritage conferred on one people, and that one, our own race?

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* See also Hallam's Middle Ages, (Harper's N. Y. Edit., 1841,) p. 90.

† 2 Blackstone's Comm., (Chitty's N. Y. Edit. 1843) p. 92.

‡ We are not aware that the English operatives are now under any protection; a privilege (it may be remarked in passing) at that rude period confering valuable advantages. They should remember that the condition of multitudes (Judge Carleton says, that "out of the 26,000,000 who inhabit the three kingdoms, twenty millions, men, women, and children, daily feel the yearnings of unsatisfied appetite." Dem. Rev., Jan. 1844, p. 33. See also Blackwood, May, 1845, pp. 531, 543—548,) of these poor "villeins," [*nomine mutato,*] now in their midst is but little superior to those of whom Judge Carleton speaks, "degraded indeed for a being endued with reason;" and cease taunting us with the barbarism of American Slavery.

* 2 Black. p. 96. Warren's Law Studies, p. 341.

AN IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, WITH THE QUILL OF AN EAGLE KILLED AT NIAGARA FALLS.

BY THE LATE GEORGE H. COLTON.

The following verses were an extemporaneous effusion from the pen of the late George H. Colton, the Editor and Founder of this Journal. Some two years since, being on a visit in the country, he was asked to write in a young lady's album, and consented, but afterwards forgot his promise, until within an hour of his departure. Being then reminded, he took a pen and wrote the lines as they are given below, while the family were talking and laughing about him. The whole did not occupy him twenty minutes.

The verses, with the above particulars, were sent to the Editor by an elder brother of their author, who was present with him at the time. Though inferior to much else that he wrote, they serve to illustrate his surprising facility, harmony, and correctness of ear and fancy. The vein of melancholy and pathos which appears in these verses—the same which affects the reader in the pathetic passages of his poem of Tecumseh, and in the eloquent and powerful verses to the Night Wind in Autumn, published in the number of this Journal for Nov. 1846—proves them to have been a true effusion of the soul. In the qualities of fullness, power, and harmony of verse, Mr. Colton had no superior among the poets of our own country. With the spirit and scope of almost every species of verse used by the moderns, he was practically familiar; nor did any appreciate better the peculiar excellencies of our great poets. His taste in this department of letters was at once universal and discriminating. In a Memoir of him that will appear in this Journal as soon as the necessary materials can be collected, a review will be given of his works and character as a poet.—Ed.

Of me—poor minstrel of one struggling hour,
  Whose strains shall perish on th' unresting wind—
Thou ask'st, fair girl, some little word, of power
  To hold my image in thine absent mind.
Oh! how shall I a flickering art relume?
Ah! why for thee my memory leave its tomb?

For I, upon the sluggish waters cast,
  Meseems, have lost the power that thrilled of yore:—
And when from those I love my form hath passed,
  Methinks mine image lives with thee no more.
Still, still, oh! still, where'er I wandering go,
Around my steps dark Lethe seems to flow.

Oh, had I but the wing this plume that flung,
Where wild Niagara tears his rocky way,
I would for thee, the cloudy years among,
A lofty and most potent theme essay.
Would that his quill might give the pinioned might
That bears the eagle on his onward flight.

Proud bird!—amid the mountain solitudes
He builds his eyrie, where the storms have birth—
He tears his prey in depths of boundless woods—
And if his gaze grow dim, too near the earth,
Soaring through tempests to the far, calm sky,
Rekindles at the sun his glorious eye.

But I am prisoned in my own sad mind,
With hardly strength to beat the dull close bars;
And thus, by inward heaviness confined,
Forego communion with the earnest stars:
Yet, though my skill be dead, my memory nought,
This prayer hath utterance from my cloistered thought:—

If pain and sorrow and most secret tears
Be e'er withheld from any child of light,
May these be kept from thy unclouded years;
And Time's dark waves no more a wrinkle write
On thy bright face and all unspotted hand,
Than fairy lake upon its silvery sand.

Knowledge is power—yet not for this we pray,
That thy fair mind be filled with deathless lore;
But, that the heavenly and Promethean ray
May light thee safer to the shadowy shore,
And, on the voyage that must eternal be,
Illume thy way o'er that immortal sea.

But most, oh! most, young Peri! we have prayed
Thy life a pure and sinless course may take,
As glides the sweet rill from its parent shade
And runs melodious to the still, deep lake,
Freshening green mead, and banks and flowery sod,
And murmuring softly in the ear of God!

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF PARAGUAY:*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE JESUITS.

BY E. A. HOPKINS.

With the single exception of the discursive narrative of MM. Humboldt and Bonplaud, the scientific world is entirely dependent upon the Jesuits for all the information hitherto obtained of this region of the South American Continent, surcharged as it is with every production conducive to the comfort or luxury of mankind. For ourselves, we are convinced that there is no part of the earth where the omniscient providence of God has so bountifully displayed the glorious beauty of his handiwork; for whether we study any of the departments of animated nature, or turn to the woods and forests, teeming with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, we find that almost every object has been moulded in some superior form for the higher enjoyment of man—the noblest of His works, and the favorite of His creation.

Before we proceed, however, we must acknowledge our incompetency to do full justice to our topic. Our ambition is bounded by the hope that we may draw the attention of some one, more capable than we are, to the magnificent range of subjects which would so richly reward investigation in this almost unknown region of the world. To the scientific naturalist, or the adventurous traveller, better advice cannot be given than to say, "Go to Paraguay: there you will meet with governmental protection in the prosecution of your labors, and each citizen of the republic will be proud to offer you all hospitality and assistance."

Without being able, therefore, to add anything absolutely new on the Natural History of Paraguay, we may do some service to the cause, by a condensed compilation from the published, but obsolete, works of some of the Jesuit fathers; occasionally using the advantages which we possess over them, from the more modern and complete forms of classification. But even of the accounts of the Jesuits, we shall be obliged to reject much that is entirely fabulous, and depend upon our own judgment and personal knowledge of the country, for the selection of those statements on which we can rely. For, from an attentive study of the works of those extraordinary men, combined with much information concerning them of a traditionary character, which we collected on the spot, *in propria persona*, we are compelled to adopt the conclusion, that, finding themselves at one time in almost exclusive possession of the richest portion of this continent, they sought to strengthen their influence with the court of Spain, by sending the most glowing accounts of its natural capacities and resources, in order to bring to their aid a larger supply of priests and treasure, and thus enable them to increase the establishments by which they expected to hold undisturbed possession. And when, at last, their schemes were detected, and they were swept from the scene of their labors in a single night, by the jealous government of Charles III., they then, for retro-active effect, published exaggerated details, not only of their own labors, but also of the country which they had been so anxious to retain. We say not this, because we feel the slightest inclination to detract from the wonderful deeds these men accomplished. The fact is too well established that, assisted by the combination of every talent, with every means of education and discipline, they have gone forth to all parts of the world,

* Owing to the absence of the Editor from town, several typographical errors in the article on Paraguay, in the September number, were left uncorrected. The name of the author, Mr. E A. Hopkins, should also have been inserted.—Ed.

and effected far more than any other organized body, whether religious or secular. But it is also an established fact that, astute as they have been and are, the growth of their ambition has been too rapid and monstrous for concealment; and hence they have never succeeded to the full measure of their designs. And now, wherever they go, their enemies far outnumber their friends, and the secrecy and ability of their endeavors are no security against their failure.

The prophetic eye of the great founder of the Jesuits soon turned towards the New World, as the best seat for their future power and stability. For, only nine years after the establishment of the order, their pioneers, accompanying the Portuguese expedition under the command of Don Tomas de Souza, governor of Brazil, landed at the port of Bahia. This occurred in 1549. According to Father Martin Dobrizhoffer, Francis Victoria, of the order of St. Dominic, and first Bishop of Tucuman, "solicitous for the glory of God," called the first Jesuits into Paraguay from Brazil and Peru, in 1581.* This early beginning certainly has the merit of manifesting great ardor in the work before them. The first steps taken to practice upon the credulity of the simple-minded savages were completely successful; and wonderful stories are related of the miracles performed by the cross of St. Thomas, recovered from a lake near Chuquisaca, after an immersion of fifteen centuries! In about fifty years from their first landing, the efforts of these fraudulently pious men had collected thirty establishments of neophytes, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, and located between the rivers Paraguay and Uruguay, the most delightful region of South America. From this centre, their influence ramified over an immense extent of country. The buildings erected by them were of the most substantial kind, and upon the exact models which they have always used in Europe. Those that were intended to contain their worldly goods were bomb-proof; but the churches were by far the most splendid and elaborate. We have wandered with astonishment over the ruins yet left by the civil wars, which, in our opinion, their conduct first entailed upon nearly all parts of wretched South America. At San Borja, on the left bank of the Uruguay, we measured the remains of one of these churches, and found it to be one hundred paces long, and sixty wide. Moreover, the sculptured stone and carved wood-work were equal to anything of the kind which we had ever seen. This measurement would make it one of the largest buildings constructed on this continent; and it is said to have been capable of containing thirteen thousand persons. We also visited two of these churches in Paraguay, which are kept in good repair. They are located at Santa Rosa and Santa Maria, and were passed by with contempt by that universal robber, Francia, on account of their poverty. Yet they each contain from thirty to fifty arrobas* of gold and silver. The bells of these churches bear the date of 1599; and not only these, but also a small organ, and all the carved gold and silver, adorned with precious stones, which embellish the various altars and images of the saints, were the product of Paraguayan workmen.

These Jesuits affected to govern all their establishments on the principle of a community of goods. They instructed their Indian "brethren" to the precise extent which rendered them most useful as slaves, and least rebellious as subject-members of their "Christian Republic." But, whilst their "godly preceptors" and "masters in Christ" erected churches and *casas de residencia,* with all the pomp and splendor which wealth could command, the simple-minded architects rested their weary limbs in mud hovels. Whilst the "ghostly comforters" luxuriated on the fat of the land, the Indian workmen tasted not the "milk and honey" which their toil had produced. Whilst the padres taught them to work the farms of the society; to raise sugar, maté,† tobacco, corn, and sweetmeats; to watch the cattle, to tan hides and dye cotton, to make shoes, and manufacture garments; the former alone enjoyed the benefit, and the barefooted, half-clothed neophyte lived on yucca root, and such supply of hope as their corrupt *Christian education* may have left to them.

* Account of the Abipones, vol. I., p. 47.

* A Spanish arroba is twenty-five pounds.

† *Mate* is the admirable tea-plant of Paraguay.

However much our admiration may be excited by the unprecedented exertions of the Jesuits for the benefit and advancement of their own order, we must say that their system was poorly calculated to promote the happiness of the Indian. Such Christian instruction as they gave him, could raise him but little in the scale of humanity. Such Christian example as they exhibited, was as little likely to illustrate the true doctrine of an eternal life; and in seeking to deceive mankind with foolish stories of their *self-denying* and *disinterested* zeal for the conversion of the heathen, they have forfeited the praise which they might have justly earned by their wonderful and successful labors for their own aggrandizement. Now they stand before the world in the light of false prophets—wolves in sheep's clothing—which have deluded and cursed, for so many generations, the fair lands of which they took possession. In proof of our assertion, we shall give the reader some idea of this "Christian Republic," as it is presented in the work of Father Charlevoix, which, on its title-page, states that these establishments of the Jesuits are allowed to have realized the sublime ideas of Fenelon, Sir Thomas More, and Plato!

The Guarani Indians seem to have been more distinguished by the favor of the Jesuits than any other tribe. And the Fathers Joseph Cataldino and Simon Maceratoe, Italians, exacted from the Bishop and Governor of Paraguay, before their departure for the Guarani territory, full power, not only to build and govern as they should see fit, without any dependence upon the Spaniards in whose neighborhood they might settle; but also to oppose, in the king's name, all who should, on any pretence whatever, desire to subject the new Christians to any *personal service*.* From a manifesto of their designs before their departure, we learn that these fathers did not desire to interfere with any advantages which the Spaniards might derive from the Indians in a lawful manner; but that it was the king's intention to prevent their being treated as slaves; besides which, they regarded slavery as utterly forbidden by the law of God. The avowed design was to make them *men*, that they might be better enabled to make them *Christians*. In the same document we find that the fathers did not think it allowable to make any attempt upon the liberty of the Indians, to which liberty they had an incontestible right. But they wished to make their converts sensible that they rendered their liberty prejudicial to themselves by making a bad use of it; and that they must therefore learn to restrain it within just bounds. Hence the Jesuits only desire them to pay obedience to a prince, who is anxious to become their protector and father; and hope they will submit to his yoke with joy, and bless the day when they became his subjects. All this promised very fairly; but let us see how the promise was fulfilled.

These fathers proceeded forthwith to form two "reductions" for the reception of Indian proselytes, which were peopled so fast that they immediately conceived the design of a "Christian Republic," which might revive the happiest days of primitive Christianity in the heart of this barbarous country.* The first step was to baptize the heathen; the next, to make them swear unlimited obedience to the king. And finally, in 1649, in return for being honored with the title of "His Catholic Majesty's most faithful subjects," they were required to pay an annual capitation tax to the sovereign, of one dollar for each man. This last arrangement was an excellent piece of policy, because it attached the crown of Spain to the interests of the Jesuits, and thus assisted them materially in the prosecution of their plans. After this important point was secure, we soon find out, from Father Charlevoix, that it becomes quite lawful to abridge the liberty to which the Indians so lately had an incontestible right;† that the limited understanding of their neophytes required the Jesuit fathers to enter into all their affairs, and direct them in their temporal as well as in their spiritual concerns; and, furthermore, that the *punishments* consist of *nothing* but prayers, fasting, *confinement*, and *sometimes whipping*, at the sole discretion of their spiritual guides. How rapidly the sublime ideas of Fenelon, Sir Thomas More, and Plato, were now devel-

* Hist. of Paraguay, vol. I, p. 245.

* Hist. of Paraguay, ubi supra., p. 250.
† P. 260.

oped! How affecting the analogous and sympathetic Christianity of the *punishments* by prayer and whipping! Nay, we are informed by Don Antonio Ulloa, in his Voyage to South America, that the liberties of these Indians have been so well preserved, and their minds so well guarded from superstitious fear, by love and veneration for their pastors, that if the latter could be guilty of inflicting an unjust punishment—not a supposable case—the suffering party would impute it to his own demerits, being firmly persuaded that the priests never do anything without a sufficient reason!

In the gradual advancement of this "Christian Republic" to perfection, the next step was to hinder the new Christians from having any intercourse with the Spaniards; not allowing any conversation, and studiously abstaining from teaching them the Spanish language. This, of course, was an excellent precaution. For now the Indians could never come to a proper understanding of their enslaved condition. Nor was it likely they would rebel, or create factions, and so trouble the holy fathers, since no knowledge could reach them but that which the Jesuits thought fit to impart, and nothing could disturb that contentment, under a full sense of their blessings, which was their chief virtue.

Our author, Father Charlevoix, must have slumbered in a most pleasurable forgetfulness of all common sense on the part of his readers, when he put such a mass of contradictions into the shape of a book, as we find in the volume before us. We are told, a little further on,* that the Indians learned in a surprising manner whatever they were directed to acquire; that to hear them read Latin, which was taught them for the service of the churches, one would suppose they understood every word of it; that they copied manuscripts in a very fine hand, which in point of beauty and exactness would do honor to the best copyists of Europe; that their morals could hardly escape corruption, were they to communicate with the Spaniards, but, nevertheless, the orders of Philip V. that they should be taught Spanish, were disregarded, not for this reason, but because of the great reluctance of these otherwise most dutiful and obedient children, to learn this language, notwithstanding the facility with which they read and wrote the Latin. The next sentence informs us, that these Indians are by nature of a very limited capacity, and understand nothing but what falls immediately under the senses. The next states that they acquired, as it were by instinct, all the arts to which they had access; but then they were directed, says our author, only to such as would exempt them from having recourse to foreign assistance. It was enough to show them a crucifix, a candlestick, a censor, and give them the requisite materials; and thereupon they would make so good an imitation, that it would be difficult to distinguish the copy from the original. They have been known, proceeds the Rev. Father, to make, on bare inspection, the most intricate organs; also astronomical spheres, and Turkey carpets. They engrave upon brass, after giving it a due polish, all the figures traced before them. Furthermore, they have an uncommon taste for music, and perform upon, as well as make, all sorts of musical instruments. So strong, indeed, was their affection for harmonious sounds, that the first Reductions were peopled, according to our author,* by the power of melody, and not by the influence of the Gospel as taught by the Jesuits; thus realizing what fable relates of Amphion and Orpheus. We also discover among these wonderful Indians, who are so stupid and of such limited understanding, gilders, painters, sculptors, artists in gold, silver and other metals, clock-makers, carpenters, joiners, weavers, and founders; in a word, they exercised all the arts *that could be useful to them*—of which usefulness the sapient Jesuits were the self-constituted judges. Our author even boasts, that the churches erected by these Neophytes would not disgrace the largest cities of Spain, either in regard to the beauty of their structure, or the richness and good taste of their sacred vessels and ornaments of every kind.

The churches were "useful," but the houses of the Indians were of small account; therefore they were mean and rude, undoubtedly assisting them to an ever-present

* Ib. pp. 262, 263.

* Ib. p. 264.

sense of that humility which should always characterize the true Christian. For this it was that they had neither window nor chimney, nor seat nor bed, nor more than one apartment. This last, of course, contributed to the cultivation of domestic virtue and female modesty; and the smoke of the fires, which had no issue, and the modicum of daylight, which had no entrance save the door, by marked contrast made them adore the God of Nature, ever present in the spontaneous richness of their highly favored land. Moreover, from a *fatherly* regard for due physical development, the women were made to take abundant "exercise in certain rustic labors not beyond their strength."

These willing and subordinate creatures having been made sufficiently submissive to their spiritual lords, we learn that the next step was to petition the King of Spain to allow them the use of fire-arms. Charlevoix says, that this was to prevent their falling into the most cruel slavery; that there could be no apprehension of anything like a revolt among the Neophytes, for their happiness and security depended upon their loyalty, which nothing but an attempt upon their liberties (?) could impair. Accordingly the new Christians were drilled every week, and rendered competent to fight the battles of the Jesuits, which indeed they did, most faithfully, for many years.

These communities where no quarrels or law-suits were to be seen, where *mine* and *yours* were synonymous, were occasionally visited by the Bishops of Paraguay. These prelates have affirmed, says our author, that their tears of gratitude to God for such manifest favors to the benighted heathen, never dried up during all the time their visitation lasted! To assist in preventing all attempts upon the liberty of the Neophytes, and in consideration of their natural levity and inconstancy, it was thought proper to establish in the Reductions the practice of public penances, upon the same footing which prevailed in the primitive ages of Christianity. Therefore inspectors were appointed to search out all facts capable of giving scandal. Then followed the penitential habit, an obligation of public confession, and a whipping. Of course, through fear of discovery, this operated to make many volunteer a confession of their crimes. But discretion, says Charlevoix, would not permit this; for the system of espionage could not be deprived of its moral tyranny; it was essential to the enjoyment of the largest liberty! He expressly informs us, that during the act of contrition, which is a portion of the divine mysteries, "they sob and sigh, and would publicly confess their faults, did not the missionaries employ all their authority to prevent it." To hinder all possibility of "scandal," moreover, the new Christians were married to the brides *chosen for them* by the Jesuits. This, too, aided in the cultivation of the domestic affections—the purest and most precious gift of God to man.

This "Christian Republic" is now before our readers, as the facts are furnished by one of its most ardent defenders, himself a prominent member of the mission. Can they say, with the Bishop of Buenos-Aires, when speaking of the company of Jesus in his letter of 1721 to Phillip V.: "How beautiful is a chaste generation, when joined with the lustre of a pure and burning zeal! the memory of such a generation is precious in the sight of God and man?"

But truly we are sick of our subject; nor can we waste our time any longer in comments on the Rev. Father Charlevoix. Were we to follow out his narrative, every page might furnish a proof of contradiction; for his whole work is but a verbose, and not always subtle attempt to conceal the deep-dyed hypocrisy of plans which, under the overshadowing mantle of the pure religion of Christ Jesus, created a tyranny more thorough and more effectual, than that of the Council of Ten, or the Holy Inquisition itself.

The Jesuits had three principles of government. The first was, that they were a body distinct from either the civil or ecclesiastical powers of the community at large. They professed, indeed, allegiance to the king, but allowed neither their institutions, their laws, nor their practical management to be interfered with by him, his deputy, or the bishop. Aided by their perseverance and vast wealth, as well as by their distance from both regal and papal authority, they well nigh succeeded in making Paraguay an empire of their own. Secondly, the complete subordination in which every member of the order lived to his Superior,

at once enabled one overmastering mind to control the whole. The very senses of each individual were subjugated to the volition of the one next removed above him, and the lips dared not to breathe a sigh for independence. This horrid discipline, surely, could accomplish anything short of absolute impossibilities. Lastly, the community of goods and the perfect equality of the Neophytes, was perhaps the most characteristic trait of the Jesuitical form of government. Ridiculous and unnatural as this system, even when fairly administered, is generally allowed to be, how great an imposture as well as fallacy must it not have involved, when it was nothing but a name? For the poor Indian was made to work in all departments for his lords and masters, and received out of the whole produce of the Reductions, only a scanty supply of coarse clothing, coarse food, and a mud hovel. Latterly, it is true, that the Jesuits, in order to stifle the clamor raised against them, gave to each family a small parcel of land, and three days in the week to work it. But what became of the produce? No market was offered to them at home, nor ships with which to transport it abroad. Nor had they any domestic trade, for they could only exchange commodities in kind. The whole product of this extra labor, therefore, went into the hands of the Jesuits, as offerings to the Virgin Mary—"consecrated to our good Mother," says our author, "who will never abandon us in our distress." And thus, through the perfect subjugation of mind and body, which the Jesuits had secured over their Indian proselytes, this apparently liberal allowance of land and time left their condition, for all practical purposes, precisely as it was before.

We must close our relation of these wonderful Reductions with one more reference to Charlevoix. It is his version of their downfall which we would quote, adding thereto the evidence of contemporary writers. Then, after an account of their wealth in the height of their prosperity, we will pass to more agreeable topics.

It seems that the Spanish settlers of this country of Paraguay most unnaturally conceived that their right to the personal service of the Indians they had conquered by force of arms, was quite as good as any that the Jesuits could urge in support of the power they exercised over those whom they had peaceably subjugated "by the entrails of Christ." To this the Jesuits most reasonably objected. Hence arose dissensions, strife, and all ungodliness, and each party endeavored to supplant the other in the good graces of His Catholic Majesty of Spain. The Jesuits consistently followed out in their representations the hypocritical plan they had adopted from the commencement, and persisted in saying, that they did not hold the new Christians in personal service. The Spaniards, in their turn, beset the court with horrid tales of the cruelty and extravagant versions of the wealth of the fathers; falsehoods about the existence of gold mines were poured into the ears of the avaricious ministers, and no effort was left untried to subvert the now firmly settled missions of the hard-working and guileless Jesuits. Amidst the continued storm of words, the latter seem to have prevailed at court for a considerable length of time. At length, however, a royal visitor was appointed in 1613, to investigate the mutual charges of the hostile parties, and if possible gain such information as might lead to an impartial judgment. The better to fulfill his duties, he proceeded to the seat of dissension. After conferring in private with several persons who best understood the nature of these difficulties, he came to a conclusion hostile to the interests of the Spaniards, and deprived them of the personal service of the Indians for eleven months of the year. But from this decision H. C. Majesty was pleased to subtract another month. He furthermore declared that neither the tribes of the Guaranis nor the Guaycurus should ever be placed under the subjection of serfdom or slavery, upon any pretence whatever; and that the Jesuits alone should be charged with the care of instructing and civilizing them.

We are informed that the visitor had scarce left Ascension, before there arose so furious a storm against the Jesuits, as being the authors of this new regulation, that they were obliged to retire from the city; whereupon the Spaniards began again to treat the Indians with their usual cruelty and injustice. The great distinction between the hostile parties was, that the Spaniards debased the Castilian dignity

in holding the Indians to service by brute force, and without giving them anything but a living in return; whilst the fathers of the Society of Jesus contented themselves with first enslaving the mind, and through this more intellectual and certain method, preserved the services of their bodies, giving them only yucca root to eat, and some flimsy garments to clothe their nakedness. The difference was nothing, so far as it concerned the calculations of rival avarice; but it was great in the *modus operandi*, for one side avowedly worked for themselves, while the other labored professedly for the glory of God and the honor of the Virgin Mary!

This is substantially the view which Charlevoix gives of the matter. The remainder of his work is devoted to a tedious narrative of the constant wars and bloodshed which the rascally Spaniards waged against the meek and unresisting Jesuits; in which the last mentioned were always the injured party, and bore with unflinching resignation the miseries inflicted upon them by the former. But he is careful to avoid all deductions which, by possibility, could criminate his brethren, and really gives us no intelligible account of the reasons which led to their total expulsion by Charles III. He simply ends his work by saying that "the prosperity of these new churches, watered with the sweat and manured with the blood of so many apostolic men," has no further reliance save in the piety of a prince who sent orders from Spain for their extermination. We will, therefore, look elsewhere, and give the testimony of Don Gonzalo de Doblas, who was appointed by the Viceroy Vertiz, in 1781, Governor of Conception in the *Missiones*. This writer was upon the spot soon after the expulsion of the Jesuits; but he allowed fourteen years to elapse before he wrote anything upon the subject—a period quite sufficient to have enabled him to gain information of an impartial nature, no longer warped by the bitter animosity of the hostile parties. We are willing to place confidence in his statements upon this ground. We learn then from Doblas, that the Jesuits planted the first seeds of their own ruin in the fundamental principle of their government. Professing an honest allegiance to the crown, they aimed to monopolize all real authority. The rapid accumulation of their power and wealth alarmed the jealousy of the king, whose mind was constantly inflamed by the sympathetic feelings of his various governors and viceroys in the New World. At last they arrived at the clear conclusion, that if they did not oust the Jesuits, the Jesuits would oust them, and the Christian Republic become entirely independent of the mother country.

The extraordinary council of H. C. M. Charles III. issued a rejoinder to the reply of Pope Clement XIII. to the royal letter, announcing that the Jesuits had been expelled from the Spanish dominions. Therein they are accused of altering the theological doctrines, and of doubting the authenticity of the sacred writings. "In China," it proceeds, "and in Malabar, they have rendered compatible the worship of God and Mammon. In Japan, they have persecuted the very bishops and the other religious orders, in a manner so scandalous, that it can never be blotted from the memory of man; while in Europe, they have been the focus and *point d'appui* of tumults, rebellions, and regicides." "It is proven against them by the undeniable testimony of their own papers, that in Paraguay they took the field, with organized armies, to oppose themselves to the crown; and now, at this very time, have they not been, in Spain, endeavoring to change the whole government, to modify it according to their own pleasure, and to promulgate and put in practice doctrines the most horrible?" Here, then, we have the reliable evidence of a formal document of State, from which the reader can draw his own deductions.

The manner of their expulsion was not less secret and conclusive, than the determination which led to it. On the 27th of February, 1767, Charles III. issued a royal decree, banishing the Jesuits from all his dominions. Shortly after this, the prime minister, Count de Aranda, sent peremptory orders to Bucareli, Viceroy of Buenos-Aires, to take immediate and active measures for simultaneously seizing them in their strongholds, and shipping them to Europe.* Bucareli received this order

* Robertson's Four Years in Paraguay, vol. II. pp. 62, 63, et seq. The Messrs. Robertson profess to have gained much of this information from unpublished Spanish manuscripts, in possession of Sir Woodbine Parish.

on the seventh of June in the same year, and, from the facilities in his power, found that he could fix upon the 22d of July following, as the day on which all the Jesuits should be instantaneously *eradicated.* At midnight, therefore, of the 22d of July, 1767, they were swept from their homes and possessions to a man. None escaped, They were marched to Buenos-Aires, from whence, as Bucareli expresses it, they were *remitted in parcels* to the amount of five hundred, as a present to Pope Clement XIII. His Papal Majesty was much incensed at the impertinent presumption of his vassal, the powerful monarch of Spain and the Indies, and refused to grant his "holy and apostolic" benediction upon this measure. His successor, Pope Clement XIV., more pliant to the wishes of the king, ratified, in 1773, the proceedings against the Jesuits; and issued a complete brief—*not very brief*—consisting of forty-one articles, which we have not seen. Therein we are told that he exonerated King Charles from all blame, and in direct terms made many and weighty charges against the down-stricken Jesuitical order.

Such was the disastrous end of this "Christian Republic." Its foundations so firm—its superstructure so grand, which, for the space of one hundred and eighty-six years, had excited the envy and the wonder of mankind—in a single day were seen no more. Alas, for the Jesuits! Their goods and chattels—their dwellings and churches—their land and cattle—their silver and gold—their tools and workshops—their subjects and slaves, were all lost to them, and added to the crown of their jealous sovereign. With all their wisdom, caution, calculation, strength, wealth, learning, and double-dealing, the Jesuits were out-jesuited at last; and at the moment when each individual was aspiring to advancement, and every one thought his house built upon a rock, the followers of Loyola found, to their cost, that the Count de Aranda and Bucareli were stronger than they. From that day to this, they have not sought an open return to these countries. Though many, undoubtedly, exist in South America, none are to be found in Paraguay.

In the height of their power, we learn, from a dispatch of Bucareli, that "five hundred Jesuits were distributed over a distance of more than 2,100 miles; that they possessed twelve colleges; more than fifty estancias and settlements, made up of a vast number of servants and slaves; thirty towns or Reductions of Guarani Indians, inhabited by one hundred thousand souls; and twelve thousand Abipones, Macobies, Lules, and various other nations of Chiquitos; not to speak of many more, of whom, through the Jesuitical principle of keeping the Indians from all intercourse with the Spaniars, we know nothing." Furthermore, speaking of these possessions he says, "Empire it may truly be called; because, counting Indians, slaves, and other servants, they have in this vast country more vassals than the king."

We copy from Robertson a condensed statement of the value of the missionary establishment of San Ignacio Mini:—

3,500 Indians, valued at . .	$700,000
5,000 head of horned cattle, .	10,000
1,600 horses, . . .	1,600
2,000 mares, . . .	1,000
700 mules, ...	1,400
500 asses, ...	500
5,000 sheep, ...	2,500
Church and caza de residencia,	100,000
Territory twelve miles square, .	3,200
Church ornaments and plate, .	120,000
Total,	$940,000

On the day of the expulsion we find the number of cattle in the thirty missions was as follows:—*

Tame cattle, ...	743,608
Oxen, ...	44,114
Horses, ...	31,603
Mares, ...	64,352
Colts, ...	3,256
Mules, ...	12,705
Asses, ...	7,469
Sheep, ...	225,486

This aggregate list of cattle, when compared with the corresponding list in the mission of San Ignacio Mini, shows a proportion of thirty to one. If we take this rule for our guide, we shall find the whole wealth of the thirty missions to have amounted to twenty-eight millions two

* "Memoria sobre las Missiones." Don Pedro de Angelis. Buenos-Aires, 1836.

hundred and six thousand dollars. And if we estimate this according to the usual standard of difference between the value of money in that day and in our own, the result will be found to exceed by far one hundred millions of dollars at the present time. But the combination of priestly influence and political power ruined them, as we have seen already. "So long as they confined themselves," says Robertson, "to the care of their flocks, and whilst their political situation was feeble or precarious, they went on and prospered; but when they had made those flocks subservient to their aggrandizement, and from year to year, by papal bulls and royal concessions, had isolated and withdrawn themselves from under the control at once of diocesans, viceroys and governors, they got into a false position, and paved the way for their own downfall."

But enough of this. It is time that we proceed to the other topic intended for our present communication. The work of Father Martin Dobrizhoffer is on the whole the best guide to what is known of the Natural History of Paraguay proper; but this we shall occasionally improve, as well by our own recollection of what we saw there, as by the accounts of other writers upon the contiguous countries of a much more recent date. For the upper regions of the river Amazon and the rivers Paraná and Paraguay, as far as any knowledge of them has reached us, are very similar in their spontaneous productions, though not in their geological conformation. We shall commence with the principal quadrupeds.

The Anta, or La Gran Bestia, (*the great beast,*) from its superior size, as well as its dissimilarity to all known animals, claims our first attention. As far as it bears any resemblance to other quadrupeds, it may be likened to the Rhinoceros. It has the same extremely thick hide, the same long upper lip, with which to collect the same food, viz., the grass and herbage, and it is naturally of a mild and gentle disposition. Here, however, the similarity must end: in all else it is *sui generis*. Dobrizhoffer's description is the best we have read, and corresponds with a specimen it was our fortune to see in Paraguay. Its size is about the same with that of a full-grown ass; in shape, if we except its eyes, head, and feet, it resembles the swine; its teeth are sharp and regular, like those in the lower jaw of a calf, save only that it has four tusks in each jaw, similar to those of a wild boar. When enraged, the upper lip is projected to an extent which reminds one of a proboscis. A smooth, short and bare appendage supplies the place of a tail. The stomach contains a pouch, in which are often found a number of polygonous bezoar stones. To these the natives ascribe extraordinary medicinal virtues, either altogether imaginary, or, at least, greatly exaggerated beyond their real value.

There is no animal of our continent which seems to be so little known as this, and about which so many contradictions exist, even in the histories of the most celebrated naturalists. In the "Naturalist's Library," edited by Mr. A. A. Gould, A.M., and which professes to use as authority the works of Cuvier, Griffith, Richardson, Geoffroy, Lacepede, Buffon, Goldsmith, Shaw, Montague, and others, we find it stated that the Anta has three toes upon the anterior feet, and four upon the posterior. Goldsmith himself, on the other hand, says it has four claws upon each foot. In a work by Mr. Bennet, entitled "The Garden and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated," it is said to have four toes upon the anterior and three upon the posterior feet. Father Dobrizhoffer, however, who spent twenty-two years in Paraguay, asserts that its fore-feet are cloven into two hollow nails, and the hind-feet into three; and this agrees best with the specimen which we saw during our own brief residence.

The inaccurate historian of "Animated Nature" also ascribes to this animal small, long and pendent ears, and a fondness for the water which almost makes it amphibious. But both these statements are erroneous; for it has rather short, straight ears, inclining forwards, and only takes to the water when pursued. Its favorite haunts are the deepest recesses of the most rugged forests, almost inaccessible to both stags and horses, where it sleeps by day and feeds by night. The Anta belongs to the Pachydermatous tribe, so called on account of the extreme thickness of the skin, and farther characterized by the toes being entirely enveloped in in-

flexible hoofs, and by the want of ruminating stomachs. The name under which it is usually described by naturalists is that of the *Tapir*, but the appellation which we have given is the one used in South America. There are only two species yet known, one of which was lately discovered by M. Roulin. In color it is a very deep brown, and it sometimes has a stripe of black on both sides of the shoulder, like a mule. The mane is about six inches long in the adult, and is stiff like the bristles of the hog. It is covered with hair, but so thin and close that it is hardly distinguishable at a short distance. Its strength exceeds that of any known animal of its size, but it is harmless and inoffensive until attacked. It produces but one young one at a birth.

Mr. Bennet represents the Anta as ranging from the Isthmus of Darien to the Straits of Magellan. In this, however, we think he must be mistaken, for it is not found on the extensive plains or *pampas* to the southward of Paraguay and Tucuman.

The plains of Paraguay, as well as those of Buenos-Aires, contain immense numbers of OXEN, HORSES, and MULES. Even now, after forty years of continual war in the latter province, many persons possess herds containing thousands of them. The oxen are larger than ours, equal in height, but surpassing them in girth. The trade in hides, if ever opened to the world, must prove very profitable. They average now, according to size, from twenty-five to fifty cents apiece. Ox-hides are employed by the Paraguayans in making ropes, building fences and houses, making casks for the tea of Paraguay, (or *yerba maté*,) tobacco, sugar, flour, and many other things. We can recommend the *hide hammock*, most curiously made of the thinnest strips of raw-hide, as the most luxurious bed for a hot climate in the known world. HORSES are valued according to their color, but more particularly according to their paces. Though, of course, not equal to our thorough-bred horses, we should say the breed of horses in Paraguay was far superior to the average of our own. The story of the historian Robertson, that the horses of America have small bodies and no spirit, and that they are mere dwarfs and spectres in comparison with those of Europe, is long since exploded. Horses are deemed fit for labor in Paraguay at thirty-five years of age; for, owing to the great number of them, they are never injured nor their lives shortened by hard work as with us. It is considered a disgrace to use a mare, or to cut your horse's tail. In these respects civilization might learn a little decency and humanity from the South Americans.

The MULES are larger than any that we know of, and of equal endurance. They are at present of more value than horses, and the time has been when Paraguay annually sent eighty thousand of them into Peru, where they were sold for from ten to fourteen dollars apiece.

A sufficient number of the FELINÆ are found in this region, but happily they are all of such a diminutive size, when compared with their more ferocious brethren of Asia and Africa, as to be little dangerous to man. The PUMA, or SOUTH AMERICAN LION, is found but seldom in Paraguay, though it is known to be an inhabitant of all parts of the continent, south of Canada. It is probably attracted to the pampas of Buenos-Aires by the greater number of cattle there. The BLACK PUMA, (*Felis nigra*, Griff.) is very ferocious, but scarce in Paraguay. Its skin is very valuable on account of its beautiful black color. It is about two feet ten inches long, excluding the tail, which is about thirteen inches more. The YAQUARUNDI of *Azara* is a native here also, and is found more frequently than any other of the Felinæ. It is an inhabitant of the deep recesses of the forest, and climbs trees to prey upon birds and monkeys, never attacking the larger quadrupeds unless when pressed by hunger. Its color is a deep gray, which is produced by each hair being ringed alternately by black and white. It is seldom seen more than four feet in length, including the tail. The EYRA of *Azara* is of a reddish brown, the length of the body being about twenty inches, and that of the tail eleven inches. It much resembles a little Puma.

The JAGUAR, or AMERICAN PANTHER, next to the Tiger, is one of the strongest and most powerful of the Felinæ. In the spotted markings of its skin it rivals in beauty those of the species inhabiting the old world, and apparently fills the same

station in animal life. Two or three species of this animal are supposed to exist in Paraguay, the distinction being founded on the different markings of the skin. But if we adopt the classification of Cuvier, we may confidently assert that there are four species there of equal size and strength. These animals have been known to climb the smooth trunk of a tree forty or fifty feet in height, without branches. They are, when full-grown, seven feet long, the height at the shoulders being two feet two inches. The Jaguar commits great havoc among the herds of horses, and the swiftness of the courser is unavailing before one of these relentless foes. Oxen, sheep, mules, and asses, also form their favorite prey, and the depredations committed are sometimes very extensive. Humboldt says that their numbers are so prodigious that four thousand were killed yearly in the Spanish colonies, and two thousand skins exported annually from Buenos-Aires. They are taken by the lasso and the balls, (*las bolas.*) The latter weapon is one not commonly known. It is composed of three leather thongs, the end of each containing a round stone, bound in leather. One of these stones is smaller than the other two, and is intended to be held in the hand whilst swinging the weapon for its flight. A rotary motion is given to it, until each thong presents an extended appearance like a pole. Then, being thrown with great violence against the object of attack, it entwines itself around the legs of the victim, closing with such force as often to break them, but seldom failing to entangle the animal to such a degree as to preclude all possibility of escape. We have often seen both the lasso and the balls thrown at the distance of forty yards, with unerring accuracy. This animal, like many of his kind in South America, is in no wise particular about the selection of his food. We are informed by Humboldt that monkeys, turtles, fish, and eggs, are included by his omnivorous appetite. The turtles are as expertly taken from out their shell by his claws, as if it had been done by the art of man. He is also a successful fisher, and an excellent swimmer. In this recreation, the animal spouts white froth from its mouth, which, floating on the surface of the stream, is eagerly sought for by the hungry fishes, and they are as eagerly tossed to the shore by his claws. The exceeding beauty and usefulness of the skin causes these animals to be sought after with great success, and their numbers have decreased greatly in consequence.

The Ouza, the *Felis uncia* of Linnæus, is a species of the Felinæ but little known, and is a native of Paraguay. In the same category we are compelled to place the Chate, or Felis mitis of Cuvier. They are both smaller than the Jaguar, but equally graceful and beautiful, possessing all the general characteristics of the diurnal cats.

The Ocelots, considered as forming a subordinate group in the great family of the Felinæ, are of the middle size between the larger and smaller cats, and are of more slender and elegant proportions. They all belong to the New World, and number four varieties, all of which are found in Paraguay. They are the Ocelot, or Felis pardulis, Linked Ocelot, or Felis Catenata, the Long-tailed Ocelot, or Felis macrourus, and the Margay, or Felis tigrina.

Of animals of the Sheep and Goat kind, Paraguay possesses her full variety. We regret, however, that we are unable to classify some of them according to any received system. For oftentimes it is impossible to tell, from our slight knowledge of them, whether they belong to the Sheep, Goat, or Deer kind, since they possess some characteristics nearly resembling all of these, while, in other respects, they are seemingly utterly distinct. Hence it is impossible to determine with precision to which class they belong. The tame sheep and goats differ in no respect from those known so well among ourselves, save that the former produce a much coarser kind of wool, which has become an important article of export from many parts of South America to this country. Of this wool our manufacturers make blankets, carpets, and other articles. We have no data concerning the introduction of the parent stock of these sheep, but must naturally presume that they have descended from the Spanish merino, which is so celebrated for its fine wool. We suppose, therefore, that either from a want of care in the breeding, or the difference of climate, or both, the fleece has thus deteriorated. Great quantities of this

wool can be had in Paraguay for two cents per pound; but now, detained within its own country by the tyranny of Gen. Rosas, there is no demand for it, and consequently no encouragement for its production.

We are inclined to differ somewhat from all authors who have written upon those varieties of the Sheep called Peruvian. Some able papers recently appeared in the "American Agriculturist" upon the *Alpaca*, imbodying more or less all the information of this genus hitherto obtained by naturalists. The author of these papers is "led to believe that there are at least three kinds of Peruvian Sheep, namely, the GUANACO, or *Llama*, the PACO, or *Alpaca*, and the Vicuna; which agrees with the classification of Baron Cuvier, who regards the Alpaca as a mere variety of the Llama, and who considers the Vicuna as the only animal of the group that deserves to be specially distinguished from the latter." Though these animals, strictly speaking, are natives of the more immediate regions of the Andes, yet they have been known in Paraguay since its earliest settlement. But two other species must be added to them, viz., the MACOMORO and TARUGA, which, though apparently belonging to the same family, do not seem as yet to have been noticed by naturalists. Though, doubtless, Baron Cuvier satisfied himself that the Vicuna, Alpaca, and Llama were but varieties of the same species, we are inclined to think that he was influenced in this decision by the fact, that the natives applied the name of Llama, or *Sheep*, to them all, as well as by the further circumstance that all these animals produce hybrids, which of course must introduce a large number of intermediate varieties. So, among ourselves, we have many kinds of sheep, of which the original stock, at this day, is utterly undistinguishable. But we know that sheep have been found alike in the African desert, and on the plains of Siberia, in Iceland, and in Persia, which, though in one sense varieties of the same species, in another were independent species, having alike an independent origin. Such we take to be the case with those of Peru, and consequently we may enumerate six different species, the HUANACHO, LLAMA, VICUNA, PACO, MACOMORO, and TARUGA. It is to be observed here, that *Paco* is the native name which both Linnæus and Cuvier have taken the liberty to alter into *Alpaca*. These animals are known to be of a larger size upon the hilly parts of Paraguay, than upon the Andes. This fact should be interesting to our agriculturists, as we are aware that endeavors are now making to introduce them into our country. The hybrid race does not procreate, but is a far more beautiful animal than either parent, and produces a finer and heavier fleece. Experiments hitherto, however, have not demonstrated the benefit of breeding them, as they have lived in northern latitudes but a short time. The most certain return is to be found in the wool of the Vicuna, because the fleece is the finest and heaviest of any species of the sheep. The garments produced from it bear a silky appearance, and excel all others of the known world in beauty, comfort, and durability.

Among the ruminating animals of Paraguay, the DEER family deserve an important place. The GUAZAPITA, GUAZUPUCO DEER, and the GUAZUTI DEER, are the three only species with which naturalists are as yet acquainted. They were first classified by Azara, since which time no further discoveries have been made concerning them. The Guazuti Deer group contains several other species, which are still in such obscurity as to render it uncertain whether they will rank as different animals, or only as varieties or different states of the same, according to the influence of the season or the color of their hair. The *Subulo* is another variety of the Deer family. Another species mentioned by Azara, and entering into this division, is the GUAZU-BIRA, the *Bira-roe* of *Major Smith*, and the *cerous nemorivagus* of *Lichetenstein*. These Deer are exceedingly fleet, and do not yield the palm of beauty to any known species or variety in the world. They are very plentiful in all parts of Paraguay.

Four different species of WILD BOARS abound in the woods of this country, two of which contain upon the back a spongy glandular protuberance, filled with a white liquid like milk, and scented like musk. These are the COLLARED and WHITE-LIPPED PECCARY, two distinct species. It does not appear for what purpose this liquid is

thus secreted. It is exceedingly offensive to most persons, and it is necessary to cut off the flesh containing it, immediately after death, to prevent the contamination of the remainder of the carcass. D'Azara, however, had an unaccountable partiality for it, and rates Buffon for calling its odor unsavory. We cannot agree with him. Of the peculiarities of the two other species we are ignorant. The Peccary is found in great numbers, and is esteemed good eating.

Foxes of three varieties are found in Paraguay, which do not differ materially in their color from our red, gray, and black species; and, what is more extraordinary still, they manifest a strong partiality for "good fat capon!" Among the *blessings* of this country of Paraguay, may also be enumerated one which is common to all parts of this continent, viz., a plentiful supply of the weasel kind, in the most fœtid of their representatives, the Skunk! Dobrizhoffer says, this animal is called Zorrino by the Spaniards. He was so unfortunate as to experience, in his own person, the operation of its powers; and came to the conclusion that if Theophrastus, Paracelsus, and all the other chemists, had conspired together, with all their furnaces and skill in alchemy, they never could have composed a smell more intolerable than that which the Skunk exhales by nature. Spirit of hartshorn, or any more powerful odor, if there be such, might be called aromatic scents, frankincense, balm of Gilead, yea, the most fragrant roses and carnations, by him that has once smelt the Skunk! We are much amazed at the assertion of Goldsmith, that many planters among the Americans keep this animal tamed about their premises. Such an evident absurdity hardly needs contradiction. We may next mention the Biscacha, which appears to be a kind of *Ferret*. They are extremely numerous, feeding upon rabbits, which overrun the whole country, and comprise some fifty varieties, of different color and markings.

We can safely say that to investigate the different species and varieties of the Monkey tribe, which exist in South America, would require, in the present state of the country, the period of many lives, if not the lives themselves. The sub-family *Platyrrhini* of *Geoffroy*, contains already eight different species, comprising sixty-five varieties, all of which belong to tropical South America. These fill the woods with their discordant chatterings, until the unfortunate traveller, if he unluckily possesses an ear for harmony, becomes distracted with the noise. Only the northern part of Paraguay is afflicted with these pests, and this portion also fares less hardly than nearly all parts of Brazil. Many varieties of these monkeys are found within small ranges of three or four degrees of latitude, and seem to be restrained within bounds by rivers of any magnitude. In the thickly inhabited districts, we know of only three or four of the more harmless kinds.

But there is one species which deserves especial mention, called Diablos del Monte, or *devils of the mountain*, and may be considered as the Ourang-outang of America. They are very hairy, and in walking, preserve the upright posture. Their footsteps are like those of a boy fourteen years old. They possess strength sufficient when attacked to tear a man in pieces, and should one be espied by them in the woods, he is sure to be compelled to stand on his defence. Moreover, they have the power of uttering a sound imitating the human voice in distress. Fortunately this monster inhabits only the deepest recesses of the forest, and is seen but seldom. One species of the Sloth, called Ay, is frequent here. It has a tail, and three claws upon each foot, which are bent backwards: its appearance is ridiculous and disagreeable in every point of view.

Of the few Rodent animals that attain to any size in Paraguay, we may mention the Pacas, and several varieties of the Agoutis. These animals are most highly esteemed for the table, and might be usefully introduced into our rabbit warrens. Coatis also, of several species, are found here: the most common is the *Nasua Narica*, (F. Cuv.) or Brown Coati. Naturalists mention but one species of squirrel as inhabiting this country, which M. Buffon calls the *Coquakin*. It is remarkable for the grace of its movements, and the beauty of its colors. It has, however, many companions of different varieties which are not yet described.

The Armadillo, or Tatu, is found in great numbers in all the pampas of South

America. We have frequently caught them, and our next meal was always relished as a feast. Another singular creature is the TAMANDUA, or ANT-EATER, which destroys countless millions of his favorite prey. But this animal is fastidious in his tastes, and confines himself to the ants and eggs of a particular species, known among the Guaranis by the name of CUPIS. A small fissure serves him for a mouth, from whence he protrudes a tongue of twenty-five inches in length, and more slender than a goose-quill. He dips this tongue, coated with a strong glutinous substance, into an ant-hill, and when covered with his prey, he draws it back into his mouth, and swallows them instantly. But the strangest peculiarity of this animal, consists in the singular mode and the great rapidity by which he ejects from his mouth whatever particles of dirt may have adhered to his tongue, reserving only the ants for food.

The catalogue of amphibious animals in Paraguay is very extensive, and many belonging to it are entirely unknown to the writers of Natural History. Among the more familiar are ALLIGATORS, or CAYMANS, of two kinds, the red and the black; also, the CAPIBARA, or WATER-HOG; OTTERS in great abundance; SEALS; IQUANOS, LIZARDS, besides frogs and toads of numerous varieties and variously developed musical talents. Then we have, in the language of the natives, the AGUARA, or WATER-DOGS; YAGUARO, or WATER-TIGERS; and RIVER-WOLVES, to which we add the Aò. The name of this dreadful beast signifies clothing in the Guarani language, for the Guaranis formerly wove garments from its wool. It resembles the mastiff in size, possesses singular ferocity, and equal swiftness, but no tail. Nor does it hesitate to attack man wherever he is encountered. Fortunately this beast is very scarce, and of late years has been rarely seen. The *Water-dogs* have the ears of an ass, with the head of a dog, and are of a timid and cowardly disposition, fleeing from mankind with instinctive dread. They roar with a loud voice at night, and are valued only for their extremely soft fur. The *Water-tiger* is larger than the latter, and commits great depredations upon horses and cattle, by seizing and speedily disembowelling them as they are swimming across the rivers. The *River-wolves* include two varieties, a larger and a smaller. They are valuable only for their fur. The *Seals* are scarce, and probably have found their way up the river Paranà from the mouth of the La Plata, where they are taken in great numbers.

Among some one of these unknown animals, we would be inclined to place, if we could, the MANATI. But this extraordinary creature stands alone. It is shaped somewhat like a seal in the head and body, having short and webbed fore-feet, or hands, but armed with four claws only. Its hinder parts are precisely those of a fish, and it wants even the vestiges of the bones which form the legs and feet in other amphibious animals. The largest of these are about twenty-six feet in length. The female brings forth but one at a time, and her breasts are placed like those of a woman. They have no teeth, nor voice, nor cry. Their internal conformation resembles very closely that of the horse, and they are entirely herbivorous. The fat of this animal has a fine smell and taste, and is much esteemed as an article of food. It is chiefly found in the large rivers of South America, often two thousand miles from the ocean; and may possibly be identical with the COW-FISH mentioned by Edwards, in the Voyage up the Amazon.

Having imperfectly accomplished this part of our work, let us betake ourselves to the more attractive and extensive, but still more unexplored department of Ornithology. As our design is simply to draw attention to that portion of the world which our subject comprises, in so far as we are able to delineate its surpassing beauty and spontaneous wealth, we must be excused for reiterating the assurance that we make no pretension to indite a scientific paper. We have already said that we shall be amply repaid if we succeed in displaying but a small portion of the exuberance which awaits the zeal of the natural philosopher in that glorious region. As far as seemed proper in our casual mention of the different animals already alluded to, we have hitherto, however, followed the comprehensive and simple classification of Goldsmith, as taken from Linnæus and Buffon, and this we shall continue to do in our enumeration of the BIRDS OF PARAGUAY.

The NANDU, or American Ostrich, is found in great numbers in the pampas of South America. It is the largest bird in the world, with the single exception of its prototype of the African continent. It closely resembles the Ostrich, but its plumage is less exuberant and valuable, and it has one toe less, leaving but two on each foot.

The RAPACIOUS KIND is well represented in this region of country by the CONDOR VULTURE, (rare;) the BEARDED-VULTURE; the BRAZILIAN VULTURE; and the KING VULTURE; the BALD EAGLE; CARACARA EAGLE; VULTURINE CARACARA EAGLE; TURKEY BUZZARD; COMMON or WANDERING FALCON; KITE, *Falco Mississippiensis* of Wilson; WHITE-TAILED HAWK, *F. dispar.* Temm.; SWALLOW-TAILED HAWK, *F. furcatus*, Audubon; HEN-HARRIER, *F. uliginosus*, Wilson; and the BURROWING, GREAT-HORNED, LONG-EARED, SHORT-EARED, and WHITE or BARN OWLS. These birds, with the exception of the Owls, are of the greatest use in these countries. Otherwise, from the immense number of oxen that are annually killed, the atmosphere would become tainted by the carrion on the earth. From the luxurious repasts ever ready for them, they are found in vast numbers, and are so easily approached, that we have frequently shot specimens of them with our holster pistols. We may add that great quantities of crows and hawks of many varieties are found in Paraguay, which we are unable to name or classify. One variety of the former is apparently in close affinity to the vulture, being quite black and having no feathers on the head or neck. When feeding upon a carcass they seize the intestines and carry them through the air like a long rope, for a considerable distance. Similar to the vulture, too, they acknowledge a king, who is clothed with extremely white feathers, and flies accompanied by other crows, as by satellites. He always takes his *quantum sufficit* of food alone, the remainder of the flock standing around with forbearance, and at a respectful distance. His alar extent concurs with his color to make him quite conspicuous, being of about thirty-five inches.

In our consideration of the PIE KIND, it is not to be expected that the limits of this sketch will permit us to touch upon the one-twentieth part of its varieties that are to be found in Paraguay. In this class naturalists have placed a much greater variety of birds than any other family contains, and though they have some few qualities in common, in many others they are more or less widely dissimilar. It is a well-established opinion, for instance, that strict connubial fidelity is one of their virtues, and that, though living in harmony with each other, every species is true to its kind, and transmits an unpolluted race to its posterity. To this rule, however, we think there are many exceptions among the extensive tribe of Parrots, and perhaps one or two others. We placed the Crow of Paraguay and its affinities among the rapacious birds, because there it decidedly prefers all kinds of carrion, and is not omnivorous. Having had for so many centuries a sufficiency of that kind of food, its nature has probably undergone a corresponding change. Among those birds most common to our own country, and which are alike found in all parts of South America during our winter, we may mention the ORIOLES, chief singers of the forest; the BLACK-BIRDS, which are polygamous; the KING-BIRDS; the FLY-CATCHERS, with all their varieties; together with the INDIGO-BIRD and the MOCKING-BIRD, *Surdus Polyglottus* of Wilson. This unrivalled singer makes the perennial forests vocal with his strains of powerful melody, learned from other birds in other climes. Nevertheless, the birds of Paraguay are much more musical than is generally allowed to be the case in tropical climes. By far the majority of our birds spend nearly half the year either in Mexico or South America, compelled to this course from the variability of our climate. But then these birds are silent, and seemingly occupied with the duty of supporting life. They resort to North America to breed during our summer. It is then, during the labors and the pleasures connected with their progeny, when singing their songs of love to their mates, or trilling forth some long note of defiance to a rival male, that we hear their delicious strains. But we doubt not that many of these birds range not only from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, but from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn; and there are numerous tribes of them which seek the high elevation and

temperate climate of the southern part of Paraguay, just without the tropic, and there select their mates, raise their offspring, and delight the inhabitants with their songs. One great cause, perhaps, for their abundance in this region, may be found in the fact that Paraguay affords the first forests which South America contains, north of Cape Horn and east of the Andes, and the *pampas* cannot serve as a breeding-place for the Pie Kind, who all nestle in trees. The Indicator, or Honey-guide, is one of the most useful among them, for these forests contain large quantities of honey, which it would be difficult to find without some conductor to its various receptacles. This is found in the Indicator, which, calling with a shrill note morning and night, furnishes a certain clue to the concealed treasure.

We come now to the Parrot and its varieties. With the exception of the Canary, this bird is probably the best known among us of all foreign birds, and is valued not only for its beauty, but also its power of imitating to a great degree the human voice. Fortunate it is for the ears of our countrymen, that our forests do not abound with them, like those of Paraguay. They would soon find that there is one sort of music which has no charms. We have often thought, when travelling there, that if Milton had ever been surrounded by a chorus of Parrots, alternating with an antiphon of monkeys, he would have been tempted to introduce their horrible noise into the description of his Pandemonium.

Some two hundred varieties have been classified, from the proud and stormy Macaw tribe, down through all gradations of size and color to the smallest Parakeet, scarce larger than a humming-bird. They are all harmoniously beautiful, all discordantly noisy, and more than half the known varieties make the forests of Paraguay resound with a concert which, to our ears, was perfectly abominable. To those, however, who are fonder of regaling their stomach than their ears, these birds offer a most delicate repast, particularly whilst feeding upon the ripe *guava*. According to father Joseph Labrador, the Brazilians and Guaranis have a method of producing whatever tints in the feathers of these birds they desire. They pull them out by the roots when near the moulting season, and rub the place from which they have been plucked, until it grows red and blood flows from it; they then press into the sockets of the old feathers, juice of any color they wish, and thus impart the desired hue to the new growth. We consider the Parrot tribe as decidedly polygamous, and consequently believe that their varieties are constantly increasing, and probably at the present time number many hundreds.

Amongst the feathered tribes, however, the most interesting in its form, its color, and its habits, is the Dove or Pigeon. Faithful to its mate, its affectionate cares and devotion share the duties of incubation, and render domestic ties a pleasure. Ten varieties are found in Paraguay, of which we know little more than the plumage. To this class we must add the Toucan, a bird whose bill is nearly as large as its whole body. The Toucan is one of the most remarkable birds in creation, and very beautiful. It lives upon the same food as the Parrot, and its flesh is very delicate and of superior flavor for the table. It builds its nest like a Woodpecker, within the hollow of a tree, making only a hole large enough for ingress and egress. Here it sits guarding the entrance with its great beak, and it is a defence sufficiently formidable to keep off all the attacks of birds and serpents, and monkeys, more mischievous than all. There are many varieties, appearing at all seasons. The *Red-billed* and the *Ariel* are the largest, and are seen in vast numbers throughout the forests.

The beautiful family of Chatterers claims a place here, as one of those most sought after by naturalists. For aught we know, all the varieties of the Brazilian forest, and some others besides, are met with in this country. Edwards mentions several species in the region of the Amazon river, the most remarkable of which is the Umbrella Chatterer, *Cephalopeterus ornatus*. This species is one of the rarest and most curious of South American birds, and derives its name from a tall crest of slender feathers upon the head. Like all Chatterers, they are fruit-eaters, and a delicacy for the table. We must pass over many other remarkable birds which belong to the *Pie kind*, as much from want of information concerning them, as to allow of a brief consideration of the remaining orders in Ornithology.

Paraguay presents the same marks of unsparing beneficence and bountiful profusion in the POULTRY KIND. This granivorous tribe makes no pretensions to any connubial attachment or fidelity, and contains a vast number of birds as yet undomesticated. Whilst the true originals of some of its domestic species are, through the lapse of ages, entirely extinct, our epicurean entertainments have a wide range in the future, as yet almost unattempted. In addition to the varieties of the common cock, peacock, turkey and guinea hen, very many species of the grouse, bustard, quail, pheasant, and some two or three of the partridge, abound in all parts of the Republic. The pheasant is not only one of the most beautiful of birds, but one of the most easily tamed; and it is strange that with the knowledge of this fact, our poultry yards are not stocked with them. Frank Forrester, (Mr. H. W. Herbert,) in his able sporting papers, positively says, that there is not a single variety of the pheasant in America. Mr. Herbert is mistaken. He may answer for North America, and for aught we know, some parts of South America, but he has never been in Paraguay. Natural History hitherto has drawn far larger resources in specimens and various species of this bird from the Eastern world than from our hemisphere; and though Asia probably contains a much greater variety, America will yet add another store to the family. The TRUMPETER is most abundant from the Amazon to the La Plata, and is characterized by the wonderful noise which it makes, and from which it was named. It is easily familiarized, and its attachment is strong.

Of birds of the SPARROW KIND we have but little to say. Chiefly distinguished for their song, the large majority of them are occupants of the temperate zones. The presumption is, also, that possessing but little fidelity, promiscuous intercourse continually increases the varieties. The latter remark may, in a great measure, apply to the extended tribe of HUMMING-BIRDS, which deserve a more extended notice, and to which man has been unable to place any bounds. These lovely and delicate beings have ever excited the admiration of their discoverers, and, indeed, of every one who has observed them, either revelling in their native glades, or, shorn of their chief beauties, eternally at rest, in the artificial display of our museums. Sir Wm. Jardine mentions the historical fact, that the Mexicans used their feathers for superb mantles in the time of Montezuma. The Indian could appreciate their loveliness, delighting to adorn his bride with gems and jewelry plucked from the starry frontlets of these beauteous forms. Every epithet which the ingenuity of language could invent, has been employed to depict the richness of their coloring: the lustre of the topaz, of the emerald and the ruby, has been compared with them, and applied in their names. "The hue of roses steeped in liquid fire," and even the "Cheveux de l'astre du jour" of the imaginative Buffon, fall short of their versatile tints. These birds belong exclusively to the New World, and almost entirely to its tropical portion. In the wild and uncultivated parts of the latter, they inhabit those forests of magnificent trees, overhung with Lianas and the superb tribe of Bignonaceæ, the huge trunks clothed with a rich drapery of parasites, whose blossoms only yield in beauty to the sparkling tints of their airy tenants. The enthusiastic Audubon calls the only species of the Humming-bird that is found with us, "the glittering fragment of a rainbow." From the *Trochilus gigas*, a bird about eight inches in length, to the *T. Gouldii* or *T. magnificus*, an inch and a half long, all sizes, tints and colors are found, far beyond the power of language or the painter's pencil to depict. Description is baffled, and an idea can only be conveyed by likening them to some familiar object, such as the bright and changing hue of steel, and other metals, united to the splendid tints of precious stones. M. Lesson's work contains two hundred and nineteen plates, and an account of nearly as many varieties already discovered. Yet when we think of the vast tropical expanse yet unknown to any save the LORD of the trackless forest, we may safely say, that the knowledge of the synonyms and economy of this wonderful tribe of birds is yet almost in its infancy.

Thus we leave the land birds of Paraguay, happy if we shall succeed in drawing the attention of naturalists to their beautiful selves, and still more beautiful country. In yet more astonishing profusion most kinds of WATER BIRDS find a rich

support in the magnificent rivers and lakes of interior South America, and, more local in their habits in tropical climes, than the generality of land birds, they are almost totally unknown a few hundred miles from the sea-board. Among birds of the CRANE KIND, or WADERS, *Grallatores*, we can mention SANDERLINGS, PLOVER, ten varieties, CRANES, HERONS, and BITTERNS, in far greater number, but probably differing little, save in plumage, from the same species with us. We rank among the latter, though rather a separate species, the SCOLOPACEOUS COURLAN, a solitary bird, and almost restricted to Paraguay. The banks of the Rio de la Plata and its confluent streams, are copiously supplied with RED FLAMINGOES, SPOONBILLS, AVOSETS, and four or five varieties of CURLEWS and SANDPIPERS. Many more of the lively SNIPE and delicious RAIL, promiscuously *cotillionize* in millions all over the country. And the GALLINUTES, or WATER HEN, superior in its size and plentiful in its numbers, offers an opportunity of wholesale execution to the ardent sportsman.

To these may be added a vast collection of the DUCK KIND, or WEBB-FOOTED BIRDS. Amongst the number, there are many varieties of TERN, some of which owe their discovery to Prince Neuwied, in Brazil; also GULLS of several species, the principal of which are the BLACKBACKED GULL, or COBB, *Larus Marinus, Linn.* This bird, though ordinarily feeding upon fish, may frequently be found in company with Vultures and Eagles, discussing the merits of a putrid carcass. To these least useful of the webb-footed birds, we must append the most graceful, in the SWAN. And, notwithstanding the assertion of the poet, BLACK SWANS are found in all the rivers of southern South America, and their skins, with the feathers attached, are an article of considerable commercial value in the regions of the La Plata.

In reference to the WILD GEESE and DUCKS, with their very abundant varieties, we must be content to quote Father Dobrizhoffer when he says, "Water-fowl are so numerous, and of such various kinds, that it would fill a volume to describe them properly." "But of ducks there is such a variety and number, not only in the lakes but in the rivers also, that the water is oftentimes defiled so as to render it unfit to be drunk." Probably some thirty varieties might reward the labors of the ornithologist, including therein many species of TEAL, and SHAG, and DARTERS in profusion. We conclude this enumeration with the PELICAN. A cosmopolite, it seems to be regardless of climate, latitude or longitude. No bird wanders so widely, or inhabits such a diversity of countries. Whether in Red-Russia or the Siberian lakes; along the Mediterranean, in Asia Minor, Greece, or the Propontis; or whitening the lakes of Egypt in winter, and the banks of Strymon in summer; whether on the Senegal and the Gambia, or at Madagascar, Siam, or the Philippines; whether on the coasts of Patagonia, California, Florida, or up to the 61° of northern latitude, nothing deters the wandering propensities of this, the largest of the webb-footed birds. It is, however, very scarce in the interior of America, for its favorite resort is on the seashore.

Of the ICHTHYOLOGY *of Paraguay*, we are unable to write much that would interest the reader. We have never seen there any North American or European fish of our acquaintance. We have, however, a list of fifteen names of fish indigenous to these lakes and rivers, but not one of which it is in our power to classify. These are all of most excellent flavor for the table, and comprise all sizes as high as a hundred pounds weight; their colors, likewise, being very various and beautiful. Among some of the more peculiar, we may mention the ARMADO, a Spanish term applied to it from the fact that the fish is armed almost at all points with sharp fins, with which it endeavors to wound the fisherman whilst securing it, emitting at the same time a loud harsh noise. Its head is round and incased in a very strong shell. Its eyes are small and surrounded by a circle of golden color, and its mouth is covered with a shaggy beard. The VAGRE is a species of *Trout*, very much resembling our *brook Trout* in its habits, and affording equal pleasure to the angler. LA VIEGA bears the similitude both of a fish and a turtle; for possessing the form of the one, it has the strong horny shell of the other. The RAYA is similar in form to an oval dish with a flat surface, and its mouth is placed in the middle of the body. Moreover, it is armed

with a formidable sting, said to be capable of inflicting death, unless prevented by immediate attention. But the PALOMETA is really a dangerous creature, and may, with propriety, be called the fresh-water shark. Its jaws are armed with fourteen very sharp triangular teeth, with which it is fully able to cut in two the human body.

One species of fish, like the *Doras Costalus* of Demerara, has the singular property of travelling over land in seasons of severe drought, in search of water, and from the superabundance of its secretory ducts it never becomes dry as long as life continues. We must refer the reader to the fourth volume of Humboldt's Personal Narrative for an account of the GYMNOTUS or ELECTRICAL EEL. It may be sufficient to observe here, that their electric power far surpasses that of any known species of the TORPEDO. A kind of CRAB, as well as both land and water TURTLES, are most abundant here, and excellent for the table. A good account of the latter may be found in Edwards's "Voyage." SHRIMP, the delicacy of which all travellers to tropical America will readily recall, are very numerous in the fresh-water rivers of Paraguay. But they are extremely small, and when taken by the net, they are first dried in the sun and then preserved as household provision. We recommend to M. Agassiz to take a trip to the interior of South America, before he returns to Europe again. There he may do more for Ichthyology in a short time, than he has yet done during his whole life, though that is enough for a full measure of fame and renown.

Of ENTOMOLOGY we are obliged to acknowledge our utter and entire ignorance, and must be content with saying that South America affords to the lovers of insects the most boundless and untrodden field in nature. The naturalist Ray asserts that he discovered in England, within two or three miles of his residence, upwards of three hundred different kinds of one tribe of insects, (*papiliones.*) Therefore we would say to the ambitious Entomologist, that, should he be endued with the life and health of Methusaleh to follow this pursuit, we doubt whether, when he came to die, he would have become acquainted with a tithe of the insects contained within a thousand square miles of Paraguay. Under this head, however, we must notice two or three pests which do not add to the otherwise exceeding comfort of a residence in this lovely region. The first is the CHIGOE or JIGGER. The male is not unlike the common flea, and the abdomen of the female, like that of the queen of the white ants, the *Cocci*, enlarges to an enormous extent. These insects penetrate the skin of the toes near the nail, and there nestle and breed with wonderful rapidity; so that the sufferers soon behold their extremities in an awfully deformed and horribly disgusting condition, and a stranger would suppose that they must die by inches. But these insects are easily removed at first, and cause no inconvenience. Moreover a sure preventive is the constant use of shoes and stockings. Again Humboldt, Bonpland, and Gmellin all mention a species of gad-fly which attacks mankind. It deposits its egg under the skin of the abdomen, in which the grub remains six entire months. If molested it sinks deeper and deeper, and, creating ulcers or inflammation, often causes death. This is also simply provided against by clothing.

But there is a plague far worse than both of these, in what we commonly call the *seven years' locust.* This pestiferous insect is only a visitor within a circle around Asuncion of about fifteen leagues. In this they literally cover the land as with a shroud, for they bring grief and mourning to all. The time of their apo pearance is not regular, varying from tws. to five, or more generally eleven yeare, None can vouch from whence they comed or whither they go. Two kinds, the rm. and the black, are recognized among thehe Their eggs are deposited just beneath tch surface of the ground, the average of ea er female being about sixty, adhering togeth e in an oval foam. Their disappearanc- always takes place upon the first moonlight after their coming, and they leave no growing thing behind them, but all is a scene of wide-spread desolation.

Let us turn now to more agreeable and profitable topics, so far, at least, as commercial interests are concerned. The vegetable kingdom, in Paraguay, presents the richest attractions, not merely to the professional botanist, but to the important class who devote themselves to mercantile enterprise. We shall pass over the splen-

did varieties of plants and flowers which are only ornamental. The MEDICINAL HERBS that abound in the greatest profusion are Rhubarb, Sarsaparilla, Jalap, Bryonia Indica, Sassafras, Holy wood, Dragons-blood, Balsam of Copaiva, Nux Vomica, Liquerice and Ginger. To these, (though the product of a tree,) we may add one of the most valuable productions in the world, viz., the Peruvian or Jesuits bark. Of dye-stuffs, too, there is an immense variety. The Cochineal, which is indeed the production of insects, but requiring the food of a species of the Cactus plant, Indigo, Vegetable Vermilion, Saffron, Golden-rod, with others, producing all the tints of dark red, black and green; and the Tataiuva, which affords a yellow of great durability, much used in the dyeing of wool. Many of the forest trees yield valuable gums not yet familiar to commerce or medicine; but they comprise some of the most delicious perfumes and incense that can be imagined. Others again are like Amber, hard, brittle, and insoluble in water. Some Cedars yield a gum equal to Gum Arabic; others a natural glue, which, when once dried, is unaffected by wet or dampness. The *Seringa*, or Rubber tree, the product of which is now almost a monopoly from Para, crowds the forests, ready to give up its riches to the first comer; and the sweet-flavored Vanilla modestly flourishes, as if inviting the hand of man.

But it is with the forest trees of Paraguay that we love most to deal. Giants! there they are, vast and noble in their aspect, and able, as it were, to utter for themselves the sublime music of the wilderness. Still unknown, for the most part, as regards their worth or their beauties, they spread abroad their sturdy arms: of incredible girth, they tower aloft, and many tribes of the ANIMATED CREATION luxuriate beneath their shade, and from gambol to rest, and from rest to gambol again, live among their branches. Huge vines start from the teeming soil, and snake-like, shoot their serpentine coils round the trunks and through the branches, binding tree to tree. And thirty-seven species of the Passion flower, America's native beauty, color each twig with glorious tints of a summer sky. We shall present to our readers, however, in a more distinct form, the principal varieties of the Timber trees of Paraguay.

1. First we shall place the LAPACHO, more admirable by far than English oak or Indian teak for shipping. It is of immense size; yellow color; lasts an age; is attacked neither by worms nor rot, in air or water. We have seen timbers of the Lapacho that have supported the roofs of houses, in Buenos-Aires, for two hundred years. They are now as sound as ever, and, to all appearance, capable of performing the same service for a thousand years to come.

2. URUNDY.—This tree is higher and thicker than the Lapacho. It is beautifully varied, like rosewood, from red to black; is excessively hard, and takes a splendid polish. It never rots, nor is it affected by worms. There are three varieties of the Urundy.

3. QUEBRACHO.—Medicinal bark. Same as Urundy in color and texture.

4. ESPINILLO and ALGAROBO, are very hard, of red color, and similar in quality to the Urundy.

5. CEDRO.—There are many kinds of this noblest of trees, but the red is considered the best. They are of immense size, and all yield gums of varied value. We are within bounds when we say that we have met them frequently eight and ten feet in diameter.

6. PALO AMARGO.—This wood is very buoyant, and easily bent when fresh. It is fine-grained, like white pine, and highly useful for shipping. It is very white.

7. PETEREVUN.—This wood is unsurpassed for masts and spars. It is white, when dry, not liable to suffer from worms, and has a proper elasticity, and great durability in the air.

8. PALO DE LANZA, is a white wood and splits easily. It is useful for household purposes.

9. CALANDRO is well adapted for cabinet work. It is red and hard, as well as durable, and exceedingly beautiful.

10. TATORE is used in house-building. The heart of the tree does not rot.

11. TATAIUVA we have already mentioned as producing a useful dye. The wood is durable.

12. CARANDAY.—This tree is one of many species of the PALM. It is very hard, and is unassailable by rot or worms, either

above or under the ground. When green, the wood is white and soft; but when seasoned, it is black, tough, and wiry, and sounds like a bell when struck.

13. Yguyra-pepe.—This is a superior wood for agricultural implements. The heart is white, but the remainder a deep red. It yields an odoriferous gum.

14. Curupay and Cebil produce bark for tanning.

15. Laurel is used for charcoal, and Ysy produces medicinal gum of great value.

16. The Alfaroba is medicinal, being diuretic, and in some varieties sudorific. It also makes an agreeable alcoholic drink.

17. Tamarinds and Cocoa are found all over the country. The Mulberry tree furnishes saffron dye. The Seibo, when green, is spongy and soft as cork, and can be cut like an apple; but when dry it is so hard, that axes cannot hew it.

Again we have the Palo de Vivora, or snake tree, whose leaves are an infallible cure for the poisonous bites of serpents. The Steraro produces a cordage from the stringy portion of its bark, which is superior in strength and durability to the best hemp; in fact, it has supported with a single strand sixty pounds more than hemp! The Palo de Leche, or milk-tree, may be called a vegetable cow; and the Palo de Borracho, the drunken tree, a vegetable distillery. The Ycica resin is found at the roots of trees under ground, and is a pitch ready prepared to pay the seams of vessels. The tree called Abaty Timbaby is very large. In the heat of the sun it sheds a quantity of gum, of a golden color, and clear as the purest crystal. Of this gum, the lower orders of the Spaniards and the foresters make crosses, earrings, and other ornaments. Although as fragile as glass, the gum can be melted by no moisture. It might be found to contain valuable properties. Hitherto no one has made a trial of its virtues.

Some thirty different fruits, comprising all the known and some unknown tropical species, abound plentifully. Our apples, pears, peaches, *et cetera*, are grateful to the taste; but a rich luscious pine-apple, or orange, fresh plucked from the tree and eaten before breakfast, is much more so.

But we have probably said enough on this part of our subject. Our object has been to exhibit, in a slight sketch, the great wealth of Paraguay, in the hope of enlightening, to some small extent, the great ignorance that everywhere prevails regarding it. To this end we have already mentioned roots, gums and resins enough. We have found the forests spontaneously producing everything necessary for the comfort and luxury of mankind, from the beautiful cotton tree that affords him clothing, to the colors which suit his fancy as a dye; and from the woods that furnish his ship and house, or ornament his escritoire, to the herb that cures his sickness, or the gum that delights his olfactories. It is only necessary to add, that the climate is favorable to all the useful grains and table vegetables, with delicious fruits to support and gratify.

Of the Anthropology of Paraguay, we have said nothing. *Blumenbach* himself would be puzzled to tell the original of some of the mongrel breeds to be found there. But the upper classes have ever been much more regardful of their blood, than in any other part of Spanish or Portuguese America; and they continue to this day pure and uncontaminated. They are brave, stout and healthy; hospitable and simple-hearted, and true and faithful, to a degree that would be perfectly astonishing in this or any other *civilized* country. Perfect confidence in the government, and subordination to the laws, are two of their cardinal virtues, and security for life and property is the blessed consequence. They are an agricultural people, philosophically content with what they have, until they can get more; but they are determined, nevertheless, to gain the navigation of the river Parana. Tyranny enough they have already suffered, to have learned how to escape its toils in future, and their chief desire is to learn those arts which may conduce to their comfort and happiness, and elevate their country to its proper position among the nations of the world. In return for that knowledge, their commerce will bring to us much that we have never seen, and will cheapen for our manufacturers what we already import from other parts of South America, while to the naturalist and the historian, the most extensive fields of undeveloped richness and inexpressible beauty will open at command.

HOPE.

I DARE not sing of lofty things,
Of heroes, demigods, and kings;
And yet, my song hath no mean wings:
Were they but grown,
Proud, over the head of carping fools,
It, long, had flown.

Feebly the yearling falcon flies;
Strong tumbling torrents humbly rise;
Nor at the first with tempests tries
His arms the pine;
Slow planned, the solemn domes arise
That slow decline.

Swift deeds but meet the swifter fate,
And forward buds an earlier date;
Then think not quickly to be great,
But in thy mind,
Long meditate the mighty toil
By thee designed.

In the deep bosom of the past,
Lie riches of the centuries vast,
Alchemic gold, from heaven down cast:
Thou art sole heir
To that great wealth; it waits thy hand,
And fabric care.

Oh! much avails the strong desire—
The bosom touched with restless fire—
The strife, that sunward still, and higher
Would ceaseless rise!
More in the strife than in the crown,
The virtue lies.

Still, at the mountain's wooded base,
The fledgling hawk, though proud, may chase
A game too humble for the race
Of stronger plumes:
So may the soul *her* hour await,
Whom hope illumes.

And should my day be limited,
Let conscious worth my mind bested:
Glory may wreath the honored head,
But cannot rise
With crown of stars to match the worth
In Hope that lies.

THE PROSE WRITINGS OF ANDRE CHENIER.*

Every one at all conversant with French literature has heard of the young poet, who "struck his lyre at the foot of the scaffold," and whose last verses were interrupted by the summons of the executioner. It is not so generally known that this man was one of the most vigorous, independent, and sagacious writers of the exciting period at which he lived. The first feeling on reading his political essays is one of surprise, that writers on the French Revolution should have alluded to him only as the poet—or rather the youth who *would have been* a poet, had he not perished so young. Even *his cousin*, M. Thiers, while going so far as to call him a *distinguished* poet,† makes not the least mention of his controversial writings.

Now in this we are persuaded that Chénier has not been fairly treated. His poetry, rough and fragmentary as most of it is, does not put him very high on Parnassus—even the Gallic Parnassus. His longer productions are principally imitations of the classics; and everybody knows what French imitations of the classics are, and that they resemble the Greek originals about as much as the domestic madonnas, so common in a certain city of this Union, do the Raphaels at Florence. To our mind the man who could translate

ἀλλάλαις λαλεῦνται τέον γάμον ἀι κυπάρισσαι,

C'est ce bois qui de joie et s'agite et murmure,

had fallen very far short of the spirit of Theocritus. In shorter pieces, (such as his stanzas to Fanny, and other erotics,) where he had, partially at least, escaped from the influence of his classic pseudo-models, there is more poetic fire. But even his last and best known verses,

"Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier zéphyre," &c.,

owe their celebrity more to the unexampled circumstances under which they were written, than to any intrinsic merit. And, generally, his "rough sketches," (ébauches,) as Thiers appropriately calls them, have been praised by his compatriots, chiefly for the *promise* they gave, as if, to use his own dying words, he "had something in his head," which would have come out with more time and opportunity. Now this sort of reputation is, we repeat it, very far below Chénier's deserts. And we would vindicate for him, not the vague and doubtful renown of a *possible* poet, but the real and tangible character of an excellent political writer, with a strong and clear style, an indomitable spirit of independence, and a sagacity which, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, is but faintly depicted by the epithet extraordinary. Before proceeding to justify this claim of ours in detail, we will mention two facts which may, at any rate, tend to gain us a hearing. It was André Chénier whom the conservative secession from the Jacobin Club, selected to prepare their manifesto and profession of faith. It was Andre Chénier who composed that letter in which the unfortunate Louis XVI. made his last appeal to the people.

Louis Chenier, a French consul, married a Greek beauty. His third son, Andre, was born at Constantinople, in 1762. Sent to France in his infancy, and liberally educated, he entered the army, and at the age of twenty was in quarters at Strasburg as a sub-lieutenant. A soldier's life, in time of peace, is particularly unsatisfactory to an active and ambitious young man. In six months Andre quitted his profession forever, and returned to Paris. There he began to study *furiously*. He seems to have proposed for himself what Chatham is said to have proposed for his son, "to learn the whole Cyclopædia." As is usual

* Œuvres en Prose d'Andre Chenier. Paris: Charles Gosselin. 1840.

† "Dans le nombre etaient deux poetes celebres, Roucher, l'auteur des *Mois*, et le jeune Andre Chenier, qui lassa d'admirables ebauches."—*Thiers, Revolution Francaise*, vi. 200.

in such cases, he read himself nearly to death. His health was partially restored by a journey in Switzerland, during which he made some efforts to commit his impressions to paper; but his enthusiasm was too buoyant to be thus fixed, and he had not sufficient command over his own feelings. Next he went to England, in the suite of the ambassador, (the Count of Lucerne,) a very likely way of taming any excess of spirits. With England he was displeased, as most foreigners, and especially most Frenchmen, may well be on short acquaintance. Yet his penetrating mind fully appreciated the strong common sense of the English people; and the contrast which he subsequently drew between the political clubs of London and those of Paris, was not at all flattering to his countrymen.

It was not till 1790 that he established himself at Paris, and applied himself seriously to poetic composition. The state of public affairs soon turned his talents in another direction. The *Friends of the Constitution,* afterwards so formidable as the *Jacobins,* had in their progress towards anarchy, eliminated from themselves a number of moderate men, among whom were De Pauge and Condorcet. The result was *the Society of* 1789, a society whose object was pretty well indicated by its title. Chénier joined these men, and to him as the best or boldest, or both, of their writers, was the task assigned of putting forth an official statement of their principles, of "defining their position," as our phrase is. This he did in an essay on the momentous question, "*Who are the real enemies of the French?*" He begins with a graphic sketch of the condition of France at that time:—

"When a great nation, after having grown gray in careless error, wearied at length of evils and oppression, wakes from this long lethargy, and by a just and lawful insurrection enters upon all its rights, and overturns the order of things which violated all those rights, it cannot in an instant find itself calmly established in its new condition. The strong impulse given to so weighty a mass, makes it vacillate for some time before it can recover its equilibrium. After all that is bad has been destroyed, and those charged with the execution of reforms are pursuing their work in haste, we must not hope that a people still heated with emotion, and exalted by success, can stay quiet and wait peaceably for the new government that is preparing for them. All imagine they have acquired the right of co-operating in the government, and demand the exercise of that right with an unreasonable impatience. Every one wishes, not merely to assist and protect, but even to preside over a part, at least, of the fabric; and as the general interest of these partial reforms is not so striking to the multitude, their unanimity is less thorough and active. The number of feet retards the general progress; the number of arms the general action.

"In this state of uncertainty, politics take hold of every mind. All other labors are suspended; all the old-fashioned kinds of industry are banished; men's heads are heated; they originate ideas, or follow those of others; they pursue them; they see nothing else; the patriots who at first made but one body, because they looked to but one end, begin to discover differences, in most cases imaginary, among themselves; every one labors and struggles; every one wishes to show himself; every one would carry the flag; every one in his principles, his speeches, his actions, wishes to go beyond all others.

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"These agitations, provided that a new order of things, wisely and *promptly* established, does not give them time to go too far, may not be injurious, nay, may turn out a public benefit, by exciting a sort of patriotic emulation; and if while all this is going on, the nation is enlightening and fashioning itself by really liberal principles; if the representatives of the people are not interrupted in the work of forming a constitution; and if the whole political machine is tending towards a good government, all these trifling inconveniences will vanish of themselves, and there is no cause for alarm. But if we see that, far from disappearing, the germs of political hatred are taking deeper root; if we see grave accusations and atrocious imputations multiplied at random; if we see everywhere a false spirit and false principles working blindly, as if by some fatality, in the most numerous class of citizens; if we see at the same moment in every corner of the empire illegal insurrections brought on in the same manner, founded on the same misapprehensions, defended by the same sophistries; if we see frequent appearances in arms on the part of that lowest class of the people, who, understanding nothing, having nothing, possessing no interest in anything, can only sell themselves to whoever will buy them; then such symptoms must be alarming."

Here was enough to fix upon Chénier the fatal enmity of the Jacobins. What, the "poor and virtuous people" that Robespierre delighted to prate about, ready to "sell themselves to whoever would buy

them!" The young conservative was a doomed man already.

He goes on to say that such a deplorable state of things must be owing to the machinations of some public enemies. Who are these enemies? Not the Austrians, fatigued and exhausted by their own wars; nor the English, "that nation about which the Parisians talk so much and know so little;"* nor yet the emigrants. These last have been influenced by fear, prejudice and ignorance. The surest way to bring them back and make them good citizens is to present such a spectacle of order and tranquillity as will show them that their fears and prejudices are unfounded. But even admitting their hostility, what can such a faction accomplish if the State is united? And this leads to the first conclusion, that the real public enemies are *those causes which prevent the re-establishment of public tranquillity.* Now what are these causes? "Everything that has been done in this revolution, good or bad, is owing to *writings:* in them, perhaps, then, we shall find the source of the evils that threaten us." And, accordingly, he proceeds to show that these *public enemies* are *the encouragers and apologists of popular excesses.* After a hasty summary of these excesses, he exclaims, with a natural and virtuous indignation—"And to think that there are writers blood-thirsty or cowardly enough to come forward as the protectors and excusers of these murders! That they dare to abet them! That they dare to point out this and that victim! That they have the audacity to give the name of *popular justice* to these horrible violations of all justice and all law! To be sure, the power of hanging, like all other powers, is ultimately referable to the people, but it is a frightful thing, if this is the only power which they are not willing to exercise by their representatives."

Then follow several pages of just and powerful invective against "those people to whom all law is burdensome, all restraint insupportable, all rule odious; people for whom an honest life is the most oppressive of yokes! They hated the old government, not because it was bad, but because it was a government; they will hate the new; they will hate all, whatever be their nature." How accurately Chénier foresaw what would be the consequence of giving in to these people may be seen from the following extract:—

"Now, as I was saying, is it not evident that, on the one hand, the workmen and day-laborers of every class, who only live by constant and steady work, abandoning themselves to this turbulent indolence, will no longer be able to gain a subsistence, and before long, stimulated by hunger, and the rage which hunger inspires, will only think of seeking for money wherever they imagine it may be found? On the other hand, it is hardly necessary to say that the farms and workshops thus abandoned will cease to be capable of supplying that income of individuals which alone makes the public income. No more taxes then; consequently no more public service; consequently the upper classes reduced to misery and despair; the army disbanded and pillaging the country; the infamy of a national bankruptcy accomplished and declared; the citizens all in arms against each other. No more taxes; consequently no more government; the National Assembly obliged to abandon its task, and put to flight; universal slaughter and conflagration; provinces, towns, and individuals mutually accusing one another of their common disasters; France torn to pieces by the convulsions of this incendiary anarchy."

There was no want of respectable persons to laugh at these alarms and pity the alarmists. Chénier has a word for these:

"I should like these persons, for our entire satisfaction, to deign to take pen in hand, and prove that these fermentations, these tempests, these continued pangs, have not the tendency which I attributed to them; that they do not produce a spirit of insubordination and want of discipline; or, if they please, that this spirit is not the most formidable enemy of law and liberty. I should like them also to show us what will become of France, if the bulk of the French people, wearied of their own indiscretions and the anarchy resulting from them, wearied of never arriving at the goal which they have themselves continually put further off, should come to believe that liberty is only to be found in disgust of liberty, and, as the remembrance of former evils is readily effaced, should end by regretting their old yoke of quiet degradation."

He proceeds to draw an important distinction:—

"These same persons are never tired of repeating to us that things are preserved by the same means which have acquired them. If by

* Equally true this, at the present day.

this they mean that courage, activity and union are as necessary to preserve liberty as to win it, nothing is more incontrovertible or more irrelevant; but if they understand that in both cases this courage, and activity, and union, are to manifest themselves in the same way and by the same actions, they are very much mistaken. The very contrary is the truth, for in destroying and overthrowing a colossal and unjust power, the more ardent and headlong our courage the more certain our success. But afterwards, when our ground is cleared and we have to rebuild on extensive and durable foundations, when we must make after having unmade, then our courage should be the very reverse of what it was at first. It should be calm, prudent and deliberate; it should manifest itself only in wisdom, tenacity and patience; it should fear to resemble those torrents which ravage without fertilizing. Hence it follows that the means which accomplished the Revolution, if they continue to be employed without addition or qualification, can only destroy its efficiency by hindering the constitution from being established. Hence again it follows that those wild pamphleteers, those unruly demagogues, who, enemies, as we have seen, of all government and all restraint, thundered against old abuses at the beginning of the Revolution, were then right enough,* for they found themselves for the moment united with all honest men in proclaiming the truths which have made us free; but that now they ought not to claim our confidence as a debt, or accuse our want of attention as a want of gratitude, while in using the same expressions and the same declamations against an absolutely new order of things, they are preaching an entirely different doctrine, which would conduct us to a different end."

What remedies and safeguards are to be adopted? Popular errors are apt to arise from ignorance, rather than deliberate wickedness. The real principles of civil liberty must be carefully inculcated. Here are some of the things which every citizen ought to know and feel:—

"That there can be no happiness and freedom in society without government and public order.

"That there can be no private wealth, unless the public revenue, or in other words, the public wealth, is secure.

"That the public wealth cannot be secure without public order.

"That, while in despotic states a blind obedience to the caprices of despots is called public order, under a free constitution founded on the national sovereignty, public order is the only safeguard of persons and property, the only support of the constitution.

"That there is no constitution, unless all the citizens are freed from every illegal restraint, and cordially united to bear the yoke of the law—a yoke always light when all bear it equally.

"That every respectable nation respects itself.

"That every nation which respects itself respects its own laws and magistrates.

"That there is no liberty without law.

"That there is no law if one part of society, be it the majority or not, can forcibly assail and attempt to overthrow the former general wish which has made a law, without waiting for the times and observing the forms indicated by the constitution.

"That, as M. de Condorcet has very well shown in a late publication, when the constitution gives a legal way of reforming a law which experience has shown to be faulty, insurrection against a law is the greatest crime of which a citizen can be guilty; for he thereby dissolves society so far as in him lies, and this is the real crime of treason.

"That there is no liberty if all do not obey the law, and if any one is obliged to obey anything except the law and its agents.

"That no one ought to be arrested, searched, examined, judged, or punished, except according to law and by the agents of the law.

"That the law is only applicable to actions, and that all inquisitions upon opinions and thoughts are no less violations of liberty when exercised in the name of the people, than when exercised in the name of tyrants."

If these brief sentences had been written at the present day; if they had appeared, for instance, in an article of the *Courier and Enquirer*, or our own Review, against the anti-renters, while it could not be denied that they expressed sound political views in a bold and forcible manner, it might be said that they contained nothing very striking or remarkable, but were only a succinct and vigorous statement of what all honest and sane men believed.

* An application of the same principle explains what has puzzled some good men—how Protestants may consistently join with skeptics in opposing the abuses of the Romish Church, where Romanism is the prevailing religion.

But composed, as they were, at a period when of the two great experiments whence we derive most of our political experience, the one was just beginning and the other had not had time to work; a period when the majority of reformers and philosophers thought with Jefferson, that "the old system of government had been tried long enough," and the only escape from it was to rush into the opposite extreme of no government at all except the temporary will of an occasional majority, they denote uncommon sagacity and foresight, and prove that Chénier had the head of a statesman no less than the heart of a patriot. Most particularly worthy of notice is the clearness of his financial views, and the accuracy with which he traced the connection between private and public wealth. It was then a favorite delusion, that the nation might be bankrupt without affecting the fortunes of individuals. The great hero and apostle of democratic despotism who rose out of the Revolution, fell into the contrary error of supposing that the public treasury might continue to be recruited by the appropriation of private capital, not seeing that, to use an ancient but apposite illustration, he was thus killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. It was reserved for a still more modern democracy to invent a still wiser and honester financial expedient—that of repudiating the obligations, while they enjoy the acquisitions, of past generations.

The *Avis au Francais* made a great sensation, which was not confined to France. Two circumstances will show the extent and force of its influence. The Polish king Stanislaus Augustus, caused it to be translated into his language, and sent a token of his esteem to the author, who returned a letter of thanks: of course, *the friends of the Constitution* were still more amiably disposed to him, after this royal correspondence. And Condorcet, finding that he could no longer take the lead in the Society of 1789, broke up that association so far as lay in his power, and went straight over to the Jacobins. Chenier's reputation emboldened him to present himself in the following year, (1791,) as a candidate for the assembly; but, as might have been predicted of a man so independent and so much beyond his age, he was unsuccessful. After this he continued to attack and expose the Jacobins in the *Journal de Paris*, a paper professedly neutral, and publishing communications on any side as paid advertisements, but edited by men of a conservative leaning. The Jacobins were not slow to answer their bold assailant. They set upon him *his own brother*, Maril Joseph, the youngest of the four, who had by some means been inveigled into their ranks. The discussion, which lasted several months and was only broken off at the urgent entreaties of the rest of the family, displayed at the outset, but did not long preserve, the moderation and delicacy demanded by the uncommon position of the parties. The two brothers all but O'Connellized each other. They applied to each other's writings the epithet of *infamous*, then a pet word in the vocabulary of the French journalists, and more usually merited than such pet words generally are. How Joseph Chenier came to take sides with the Jacobins, is not perfectly clear. It seems probable that they flattered his vanity, and made him half believe that his brother's opposition was attributable to envy and jealousy. For when most angry with Andre, his bitterest taunt is to remind him of the election for deputies. A very young man among Democrats may be pardoned for supposing that office and honor are synonymous, and not reflecting that where merit is no longer the test of advancement, the correlative mentioned by Sallust is unavoidable.*

If, however, the leading Jacobins supposed, that by getting up this personal issue they had succeeded in diverting or weakening Andre Chenier's attacks upon them, they were very much mistaken. In the winter of 1792, an event occurred, which, by eminently exposing them to his ridicule, specially marked him out for their vengeance. Two years before, a Swiss regiment had been condemned to the galleys for mutiny. Their offences were gross and unequivocal: they had refused to swear to the Constitution, plundered the regimental chest, and fired upon the National Guard. But General Bouillé, against whom they then revolted, had now proved a traitor to

* "Verum ex his magistratus et imperia, postremo omnis cura rerum publicarum minime mihi hac tempestate capiunda videntur quoniam neque virtuti honos datur, neque illi quibus per fraudem is fuit, utique tuti *aut eo magis honesti* sunt."—Sallust. Bell. Jug., Cap. 3.

the popular cause. In a fit of childish spite against him, the Swiss were pardoned; on motion of Collot d'Herbois, the amnesty was changed into a triumph; a fête was given to the liberated culprits, and Pétion, as mayor of Paris, presided at it. The intense absurdity of the affair threw into the shade its injustice and danger; and Chenier was not the man to let any of this absurdity be lost. He satirized and ridiculed the Jacobins in prose and verse. He sketched a plan for the new ovation:—

"The Romans used to engrave on brass the names of those generals to whom they granted a triumph, and their titles to so great an honor. I suppose the city of Paris will follow this example, and the happy witnesses of the triumphal entry will read inscribed on the car of victory:

"'For having revolted with arms in their hands, and replied to the reading of the National Assembly's decree which recalled them to their duty, 'that they persisted in their revolt;'

"'For having been declared *guilty of high treason* by a decree of the National Assembly, Aug. 16, 1790;

"'For having plundered the regimental chest;

"'For having spoken these memorable words: *We are not Frenchmen; we are Swiss; we must have money;*

"'For having fired upon the National Guards of Metz and other places, who marched to Nancy in accordance with the decrees of the National Assembly.'"

And he proceeds, with unanswerable irony:—

"General Bouillé deceived all France and its representatives. None but these Swiss soldiers penetrated his bad designs. They saw that he would take the first opportunity to become a perjured traitor. Accordingly they took up arms against him, and made sure of the regimental chest, for fear this money, falling into his less patriotic hands, should serve the purposes of the counter-revolutionists.

"Since General Bouillé has shown himself a cowardly and treacherous enemy of his country, it is clear that those who fired on him, and on the French citizens marching under his orders by virtue of a decree of the National Assembly, cannot but be excellent patriots.

"In every criminal case there can be but one culpable party. For example, when a murdered man is proved to have been a rogue, it is evident that his murderer must be an honest man."

The only reply Collot d'Herbois and his myrmidons could make, was to charge Chénier with being hired by the Court, and to threaten him with assassination—two excellent radical arguments.

Chénier had already drawn a portrait of the Jacobin Club, too faithful not to provoke their fiercest indignation. This sketch was published in the supplement to the *Journal de Paris*, February 26, 1792, just a month before the letter from which we have been quoting:—

"There exists in the midst of Paris a numerous association, holding frequent meetings, open to all who are, or pretend to be, patriots, always governed by leaders visible or invisible, who are continually changing and mutually destroying one another, but who have always the same object—the supreme power; and the same intention—to get that power by whatever means. This society, formed at a moment when liberal principles, though sure to triumph, were not yet completely established, necessarily attracted a great number of citizens who were filled with alarm and warmly attached to the good cause. Many of these had more zeal than knowledge. With them glided in many hypocrites; so did many people who were in debt, without industry, poor through their own indolence, and seeing something to hope for in any change. Many wise and just men who know that in a well regulated State all the citizens do not attend to public affairs, while all ought to attend to their private affairs, have since retired from it; whence it follows that this association must be chiefly composed of some skilful players, who arrange the cards and profit by them, of some subordinate intriguers with whom an habitual eagerness for mischief takes the place of talent, and a large number of idlers, honest, but ignorant and short-sighted, incapable of any bad intention themselves, but very capable of forwarding the bad intentions of others without knowing it.

"This society has generated an infinity of others; towns, boroughs, and villages are full of them. They are almost all under the orders of the parent society, with which they keep up a most active correspondence. It is a body in Paris and the head of a larger body extending over France. In the same way did the Church of Rome *plant the faith*, and govern the world by its congregations of monks.

"This system was imagined and expected two years ago by men of great popularity, who saw very well that it was a means of increasing their power and preserving their popularity, but did not see how perilous an instrument it was. So long as they ruled these societies, all the errors there committed met their warmest approbation; but since they have been blown up by this mine of their own kindling, they detest the excesses which are no longer to their profit, and, talking more truth without possess-

ing more wisdom, combine with honest men in cursing their old master-piece.

"The audience before which these societies deliberate, constitutes their strength; and when one considers that men of business do not neglect their affairs to listen at the debates of a club, and that men of intelligence prefer the silence of the closet, or the peaceable conversation, to the tumult and clamors of these noisy crowds, it is easy to see what must be the ordinary composition of the audience, and further, what sort of language is the best recommendation to them. One simple fallacy is all-sufficient: the constitution being founded on that eternal truth, *the sovereignty of the people*, it is only necessary to persuade the listeners at the club that they are *the people*.

"Lecturers and journal-mongers have generally adopted this definition. Some hundred vagabonds collected in a garden or at a play, or some gangs of robbers and shop-lifters, are impudently denominated *the people;* and never did the most wanton despot receive from the most eagre courtier adoration so vile and disgusting, as the base flattery with which two or three thousand usurpers of the national sovereignty are every day intoxicated—thanks to the writers and speakers of these societies!

"As the semblance of patriotism is the only profitable virtue, some men who have been stigmatized by their disgraceful lives run to the club to get a reputation for patriotism, by the violence of their discourses, founding on their riotous declamations, and the passions of the multitude, oblivion of the past and hope for the future, and redeeming themselves from disgrace by impudence. At the clubs are daily proclaimed, sentiments and even principles which threaten the fortunes and the property of all. Under the names of *forestalling* and *monopoly*, industry aud commerce are represented as crimes. Every rich man passes for a public enemy. Neither honor nor reputation is spared; odious suspicions and unbridled slander are called *liberty of opinion*. He who demands proof of an accusation, is a suspected man, an enemy of the people. At the clubs, every absurdity is admired, if it be only murderous—every falsehood cherished, if it be only atrocious. * * * * * * Sometimes, indeed, guilty parties are assailed, but they are assailed with a violence, a ferocity, and an unfairness that make them appear innocent."

About the same time, (its exact date and the medium of its publication are uncertain,) Chénier wrote *The Altars of Fear*, a sort of last appeal to the lovers of good order. Its title alludes to the practice of the ancients, who made *fear* a divinity, and erected altars to him.

"To be sure, we have not yet imitated them to the letter, but, as in all ages profoundly religious men have observed that the heart is the true altar where the Deity chooses to be honored, and that internal adoration is a thousand times more valuable than all the pomp of a magnificent worship intrusted to a small number of persons, and confined to certain places by express consecration, we may say that fear had never more truly altars erected to it, than now in Paris; that it was never honored with a more general worship; that this whole city is its temple; that all respectable people have become its pontiffs, offering to it the daily sacrifice of their opinions and their conscience."

The mob commit excesses; personal privacy and personal liberty are invaded; the respectable people say nothing against it or about it, "*for fear of being called aristocrats.*"

"The simple sound of this word *aristocrat* stupefies the public man, and attacks the very principle of motion in him. He wishes the success of the good, with all his heart; he is making zealous exertions that way, and would sacrifice all his fortune to it: in the midst of his action, let him hear those four fatal syllables pronounced against him, and he trembles, he grows pale, the sword of the law falls from his grasp. Now it is clear enough, that Cicero will never be anything better than an *aristocrat*, to take Clodius or Cataline's word for it: if, then, Cicero *is afraid, what will become* of us?"

It must be plead, however, in excuse for these respectable people who said nothing *for fear of being called aristocrats*, that they had pretty urgent motives for silence. To be unpopular at that day, was to have your head cut off: the terms were convertible. There are many among us, to whom such reproaches are infinitely more applicable, men who will not lift up their voices against some popular abuse or injustice or prejudice, for fear of being called federalist or aristocrat; although, thank God! to call a man federalist or aristocrat neither knocks him on the head nor even takes a cent out of his pocket. And when we hear a man complaining of the *tyranny of the majority* and *popular intimidation* because his independent conduct has caused his fellow-townsmen to refuse him their voices at an election, or made some honest editor afraid to publish his communications, we would just refer him to Chenier, who was putting his neck under the axe every time he took pen in hand.

The momentous tenth of August came,

and that notorious popular potentate whom our saucy friends over the water have facetiously denominated "the Yankee Justinian," had the supreme jurisdiction in Paris. The *Journal de Paris* was put down *vi et armis*, and its conductors and contributors precipitately scattered. Chénier was in imminent danger; many thought that he must have fallen a victim to the popular fury, and Wieland, the German poet, wrote to inquire *if he were yet alive*. But he was not dead yet, nor even silent; only his writings were now anonymous or pseudonymous. Owing to this fact, nearly all that he published in the autumn and winter of 1792–3 has been lost. It is certain, however, that he was the author of the letter in which Louis after his condemnation vainly appealed to the French people. After the king's death his friends persuaded him to quit Paris for Versailles, where he remained a whole year. By that time most of his personal enemies had disappeared, some torn to pieces by wolves, and some by their fellow Jacobins. But Collot d'Herbois still lived, and his power nearly equalled Robespierre's.

On the 6th of January, 1794, Chénier was arrested. The immediate and ostensible cause of his arrest was a visit to a suspected lady at Passy. The proceeding was utterly illegal, even according to such scanty remains of law as the Terrorists had preserved for themselves, for Chénier was not under the local jurisdiction of the man who seized him, and had a safe conduct and certificate of good citizenship from the authorities of his *quartier*. Indeed the gaoler of the Luxemburg prison refused to receive him, but the functionary at St. Lazare was less scrupulous.

As Joseph Chénier had been an influential Jacobin and a member of the Convention, there were not wanting persons afterwards to assert that he had neglected to save his brother's life when it was in his power to do so; nay, some even charged him with having contributed to his condemnation. This imputation his friends have indignantly repelled. They maintain that, on the contrary, it was chiefly through his influence that André had remained unmolested for the sixteen months preceding. They affirm, moreover, that Joseph had been for some time virtually disconnected with the Jacobins, having grown wiser as they grew more frantic; that he was then a suspected if not a denounced man, and would himself have shared the fate of André, had the rule of Robespierre lasted a fortnight longer. The two pleas are not perfectly consistent, and we think that generally the editors and biographers of the brothers have erred in trying to prove too much, and in giving to the accusation a greater importance than it deserved.* For our own part, we do not believe one syllable of it. The Chéniers had that strong family attachment which all families ought to have, and it is absurd to suppose that if Joseph regarded the wishes of his relatives, when the question was only about breaking off a paper war with his brother, he would have disregarded them when that brother's life was at stake. The advice he gave his father, who wished him to agitate openly for his brothers, "Rather try to let them be forgotten," was the very best that could have been given, as the event too truly showed. Had nothing been said about André, he might have remained unnoticed for *two days longer*, which would have been enough to save his life, and actually did save the life of Sauveur; but the memorial which his father addressed to that body called with a mournful irony *the Committee of Public Safety*, was his death-warrant. †

And now comes a characteristic specimen of radical inaccuracy. Another of the Cheniers, Sauveur, formerly an officer in the army of the north, had been arrested and imprisoned at Beauvais. In such haste was the indictment against Andre drawn up, that it confounded him with Sauveur; attributed to one brother the acts and writings of both, and designated

* Especially do we think M. Arnault to blame, for seriously confuting, in a narration of two pages, a scandalous story of Madame de Genlis, about Mademoiselle Dumesnil's reception of Joseph Chenier; as if a French actress would trouble herself about *truth*, when there was a chance of saying a *mot*, or making a scene.

† And yet, after all, must we not say that, in a higher sense, Joseph Chenier was morally guilty of his brother's death? He had encouraged the Jacobins in their earlier attempts; he had defended or apologized for their excesses; he had given them his pen, his voice, and his influence. In so far, then, as he had contributed to their triumph, must he be deemed answerable for the consequences of that triumph. Alas! it is not too well remembered even at the present day, that *they who help to open the flood-gates, are responsible for the inundation.*



the poet-editor as ex-adjutant-general and chief of brigade, under Dumouriez! One of Andre's eulogists suggests that he made no allusion to this palpable flaw, in hopes that this confusion of personal identity might be the means of saving his brother. If so, his silence was successful.

There were, indeed, many reasons why Andre Chenier should have made no further opposition to the proceedings against him, than was necessary to expose their injustice and illegality in the eyes of future generations. To one whose patriotic hopes had been so cruelly disappointed, life was of little value. When a man of refined education, liberal principles, hopes of liberal institutions, and freedom from party fanaticism, sees all constitutional landmarks swept away, and the ochlocracy triumphant, his despondency is utter and hopeless. He has "lost the dream of doing and the other dream of done," and knows not how to help himself or others. In one case only can he be sustained. If his mind has been deeply imbued with the true philosophy—the philosophy of Christianity—he may remember that "God fulfils himself in many ways," and faith will illumine for him what, to the eye of reason alone, is thick darkness.

θάρσει μοι θάρσει τέκνον,
μέγας ἔτι ἐν ὐρανῳ Ζεῦς
ὃς τάδ' ἐφορᾳ καὶ κρατύνει.

But we very much fear Chenier had not this consolation. His views, lofty and noble as they were, were still bounded by this world and the limits of human ability. And at that time it seemed as if no human ability could do anything for the French. The people, from whom the gallows was a more acceptable gift than the right hand of friendship,* had triumphed, and he had long before made up his mind which alternative to choose.

Chenier was guillotined July 25th, 1794. His works were not collected till 1819, and complete editions of them did not appear till 1840.

* "S'ils triumphent, ce sont gens par qui il vaut mieux etre pendre que regarde comme ami."—*Avis aux Francais sur leurs veritables Ennemis.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. KING OF PRUSSIA.

[The accompanying portrait of the present King of Prussia, was taken from an excellent German print, furnished for the purpose, by the politeness of J. W. Schmidt, Esq., Prussian Consul for this city. It is a pen drawing, printed by Donlevy's Chemitypic press.—Ed.]

Frederick William the Fourth was born in the royal palace, at Berlin, on the 15th of October, in the year 1795. His father was then Crown Prince of Prussia, for his grandfather, Frederick William II., was still on the throne.

It must be confessed, that this monarch came into existence in one of the most stormy periods that mark the history of our world. The great French Revolution was well advanced in its wonderful career. Like a tornado, it had swept over France, burying in ruin the ancient house of the Capets, and all the time-honored institutions of the Church and of the State. All the old orders of society, all the former usages and opinions, all the cherished modes of administering the government, and even the very boasted military tactics of the age of Louis the Great, (as Louis XIV. had long been called,) had gone down together in the overwhelming vortex of that astounding movement; and a new social and political world was beginning to

rise out of the chaos. The Directory had succeeded the overthrow of Robespierre and his Jacobin friends; and *it* was preparing the way for its own dissolution, and the accession of the Consulate, with the Corsican at its head.

Nor had the moral volcano, which had levelled every ancient institution of France in the dust—just as the tremendous hurricane in the natural world, prostrates forests, overturns houses, and spreads desolation everywhere—been confined, in its ravages, to the limits of that beautiful, but then unhappy country. Its effects were felt in all the civilized world, especially in the European portion of it. Thrones which had endured a thousand years, trembled on their bases, and fear fell upon all the venerable adjuncts by which they had been so long propped up.

In no country was there more alarm among sensible and far-seeing men, than in Germany: in none was there greater occasion for it. From immemorial time—at least from the downfall of the Roman empire—that country had been the prey of all sorts of despotism, from that of the poorest baron and the humblest priest, up through the double lines of State and Church, to the throne of the Emperor and the chair of the Fisherman.

Yet, strange as it may seem to men of our day, the trembling despotisms of that country—wholly insensible of their own weakness, and ignorant of the nation with which they had to do—combined their forces, for the purpose of reducing France to her pristine condition. Large armies were marched to the Rhine, there to meet inglorious defeat, and thence to be driven back, overwhelmed with shame, to the lands whence they came.

Nor is it wonderful that they suffered such disasters. The enemy with whom they went to contend, was a young giant, awaking up in all his energy, and intoxicated with the enthusiasm of newly-gotten freedom. The sudden acquisition on the part of the masses of liberty, or what was deemed to be such, had infused a new life throughout the entire nation. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new—alas! not always in the best sense. And when the old dynasties undertook to put down this most astonishing movement which the world has ever seen, the *Allons!* and the *Marchons!* of the Marseillaise Hymn sent young France in overwhelming force into Flanders, to the Rhine, to the Jura, to the Alps. No hostile foot was allowed to tread the soil of France many days. The panic-stricken foe was pursued even into the marshes of Holland, nor found, in its dykes and its canals, the safety which it sought. Not only did the blue-eyed Germans retreat with precipitation back to the eastern bank of the Rhine, but were glad to surrender the western, and with it, four millions of inhabitants, to the Republic of France. The Austrians were chased out of Switzerland, and were compelled to retire altogether from their ill-gotten possessions in Italy! Such were the achievements of a mighty nation, when freedom had infused a new life throughout all the classes of its population.

And what if liberty was perverted to licentiousness, and new despots mounted to the deserted seats whence the old had so recently been hurled? Still the people possessed the emblems and some of the substantial fruits of freedom. Old monopolies were gone. The enormous landed possessions of the church, of the nobility, and of the crown, had been, for the most part, confiscated, and a new order of things, so far as the agricultural population was concerned, had commenced. And if despotism had again taken the place of liberty, even while wearing its garb, it was some consolation to the masses, that the despots were from among themselves, and not of an ancient, privileged, and long-detested caste. And then, if it was a despotism, it was a *glorious* one, which to Frenchmen is a great deal. What if it gave them chains at home? it gave them consideration and glory abroad. Still more, if it was a despotism, it was one of their own making; and we all know that men will submit with much more contentment and better grace, to burthens of which they themselves are the authors, than to those which others impose on them.

But let us return from this digression—a digression, however, needed to illustrate the subject—to the state of Germany at the epoch of the birth of Frederick William IV. Two great military governments ruled the Germanic and Germano-Slavonic races—the Austrian and Prussian

Both had attained to an acmé of hauteur, at once insupportable and ridiculous, on account of their achievements in arms. But the grounds of this insolent bearing were not equal. Austria had for a long period been distinguished for her warlike propensities and illustrious deeds. She had met the Turks in a hundred battles, and, aided by Poland, had been the bulwark of Christendom against the Moslems. She had often measured her strength with the Gallic race, and not without success. She had, therefore, something like an ancient greatness in military affairs, and her renown was world-wide extended.

As to Prussia, she was a *parvenu* among the great powers, not having, in fact, completed a century of national existence.* She had been singularly fortunate in the main, in her rulers; no royal house in Europe having, from the first, produced more great men than that of Brandenburg. But Prussia is, for the most part, a poor country, and originally its extent was very limited.† Its position, too, is one of essential and innate weakness. But Frederick the Great, whose equal in military talent has seldom been seen, either in ancient or modern times, had raised her up from the condition of a third or fourth-rate power, to a place in the very first rank. In his Seven Years' War, he resisted, successfully, Russia, Austria, France, Poland and Sweden, together with several of the smaller powers of Germany. Indeed, at one time, it seemed as if he should be compelled to stand against all continental Europe. And what a spectacle did he present! At one moment, we see him beating the Russians on the Oder, and driving them back towards Poland; anon he is fighting the Austrians amid the mountains of Silesia, or attacking and battering down the battlements of Prague! At one while, all seems to be lost! The enemy takes possession of his blazing capital, whilst he flies with his shattered legions to the banks of the Elbe. But soon victory perches again on his standards, and "Old Fritz" is in possession of his sandy, pine-producing realm. Nothing could daunt him. He might be beaten, but conquered, never. His mind was as active as his body, and his right hand wielded the goose-quill as readily as the sword. For him to write "two hundred verses" on the eve of a great battle, was almost an ordinary night's work!

That such a consummate general, the monarch of the nation, should be surrounded with able commanders, is no way astonishing. Himself sharing in all the fatigues and exposures of the camp—with as much patience drilling a company of grenadiers, on foot, in the midst of a drenching rain, as he marshalled a hundred regiments on a *Champ de Mars*—it was inevitable that his spirit should be imparted to the officers around him, be they princes of the blood, nobles of high birth, or plebeians from the lowest ranks. The same enthusiasm pervaded the non-commissioned officers and common soldiers. And at his death he left Prussia the most distinguished nation in Europe for military prowess. He left, too, an able corps of great commanders, whom his own genius and example had trained up. And Prussian tactics were adopted, as the French are now, by all the civilized world, and the plans of her campaigns and of her battles were studied, as master-pieces, by cadets and all others who sought distinction in military life.

In the year 1786, died Frederick the Great, and with him the military glory of Prussia went down to the tomb, and remained there for a quarter of a century. Frederick William II. succeeded to the throne of his illustrious uncle, and ingloriously reigned till the year 1797. Neither the nation nor the world had very elevated

* The national existence of Prussia dates from January, 1701, when Frederick III., Duke of Brandenburg, assumed the title of King of Prussia, and the name of Frederick I. of that kingdom.

† Frederick William—the *Great Elector*, as he is commonly called—was the real founder of the Prussian kingdom. He came to the ducal throne of Brandenburg in 1640, and reigned more than forty years. He was in every sense a great man, and a decided Protestant. He invited the persecuted Huguenots of France to his dominions, and thousands flocked thither, carrying with them their industry—not to say their riches—as well as their piety. He was the father of the first King of Prussia, referred to in the preceding note.

At the commencement, Prussia was a very small kingdom. Even when Frederick II. (commonly called Frederick the Great) ascended the throne in 1740, Prussia was not larger in extent than the State of Pennsylvania, and its population was about *three millions!* He left it greatly enlarged and quite powerful. At present, Prussia exceeds 120,000 square miles, and has about fifteen millions of inhabitants. Its disjointed state, as well as its natural position, is a great obstacle in the way of its being a *very strong* country. For its defence it must emphatically depend, under God, on the wisdom and valor of its inhabitants.

expectations of his distinguishing himself. It augured anything else than greatness, that "Old Fritz" had driven him in his younger years from the army, telling him to go home and take care of his children! And most certainly and amply did his life and actions establish the correctness of the great warrior's opinion. The best thing that can be said of his reign is, that it was one of peace. But it was one of wasteful extravagance and mal-administration. A large army was maintained in idleness, corrupting, by its relaxed discipline and dissolute manners, the moral atmosphere, far and wide, wherever any portion of it was stationed. Nothing could exceed the pride and audaciousness of the officers, especially those of the lower grades. Every one thought himself the heir of all the military capacity and glory of the "Great Frederick." He who had served with the renowned Captain, in whatever rank, deemed himself invincible! And when, in the early part of the French Revolution, the Prussian troops met with some pretty serious defeats (though they gained some victories) on the Rhine, their disasters seem not to have opened their eyes to the possibility, either that they had lost any of the prowess which they had acquired under Frederick the Great, or that their enemies had made any advances upon the tactics and the discipline of a by-gone generation. Nothing of the sort seems to have entered their heads.

They heard, indeed, with some degree of astonishment, of the victories of the French in Flanders, on the Rhine, under their Republican generals, Dumouriez, Jourdan, Bernadotte, Moreau, and others, and especially those of Napoleon in the north of Italy. But they attributed them to the inferiority of their antagonists. Even the victories of Marengo and of Austerlitz, at later epochs, scarcely agitated their self-complacency, or made them believe it possible that similar reverses might await them in their turn. "They have beaten the Austrians, but they have not met the Prussians!" "Let Prussia," said they, "but once enter the lists with France, and the superiority of her *high-born* officers, of the school of Frederick the Great, over the French bourgeois troops, will soon appear."

Nothing could exceed the arrogance of the Prussian officers, save their contempt for the French. And yet, to the eye of the reflecting, nothing could be more discouraging. The officers who had served under the great Frederick, were mostly old and infirm men: some were afflicted with the gout, and others were unfit for service from other causes. Among the younger officers, infidelity and immorality extensively prevailed, as, alas! too generally in the nation at large. The common soldiers were ignorant, and treated too much like machines, or like beasts. There was no *morale* among either officers or men. Among the former the *prestige* of the great Frederick and his victories, was almost the only stimulus that was effective to wake up their courage. Among the latter, there was little enthusiasm in behalf of any cause. A blind, unreasoning obedience was all that was expected of either officers or soldiers. Count Henkel says, in his "Memoirs," that when Frederick William II. died, the colonel of the regiment to which he belonged assembled his men, and made them this remarkable speech:—

"His Majesty Frederick William II. has been pleased to die. We have therefore to swear allegiance to a new king. What his name will be, whether Frederick William, or Frederick, we cannot exactly tell; but that does not signify. Herr Gerichtschreiber, read the oath aloud."

In the year 1797, Frederick William III. ascended a throne environed by many trials. Napoleon was conquering everything before him in the north of Italy, and preparing to enact the part of another Alexander of Macedon. The King was still young. Conscious of the many difficulties which beset his path, and distrustful of his own capacity to meet the storm, which he soon saw was approaching, he was disposed to act with a caution that bordered on timidity. But he was surrounded by rash counsellors, who clamored for war with France. War with France was more and more earnestly demanded by a large party every year. At the head of this party was the King's cousin, Louis Ferdinand, a man of great influence among the younger officers, and of vast popularity with the people.

At length, after years of very complex, and it must be confessed, of very doubtful diplomatic manœuvring, in which her character for wisdom, not to say justice,

suffered greatly, Prussia declared war against France. Soon a vast army was in motion on the southern borders of her kingdom, under the command of the old Duke of Brunswick, to meet the enemy. Great was the vaunting of the officers and courtiers. A major boasted "that he would make that scoundrel, Bonaparte, his groom." Every one, save the serious and reflecting men who had long remarked and deplored the degeneracy of the times, was sanguine of success. Alas! in this, as in too many other instances, achievement did not equal promise. The declaration of war was made on the 6th day of October, 1806; on the 14th, Bonaparte, with his irresistible forces, scattered the Prussians, as the chaff is driven by the wind, on the plains of Jena. On that fatal day perished both the prestige of the name of the great Frederick, and their wretched self-delusion. In a few days Napoleon was at their capital, occupying, if not revelling in, the deserted palaces of Frederick William III. The forces of the Prince of Ponte Corvo, (Bernadotte,) Soult and Murat drove a large Prussian army westward to Lübeck, and compelled them to lay down their arms, on the other side of that city, near the Danish frontier. Whilst Bonaparte, with the main body of his army, pursued the flying forces of the King eastward into Poland and Eastern Prussia, where the battles of Pultusk, Ostrolenka, Eylau, and Friedland, led to the treaty of Tilsit, and the utter prostration—not to say annihilation—of the Prussian kingdom. The foot of the conqueror was even on the neck of the fallen and wretched foe.

Six long years of disgrace, distress, and deep humiliation, ensued. The sufferings which Prussia endured—the insults heaped upon the men, and the cruel injuries done to the women—have never been fully revealed to the world.* But these years of affliction were profitable in the way of discipline. They led the good to seek help where only it could be found, in God. The

* Within the last few years many works, relating to this period of Prussia's humiliation, have appeared in Germany, very few of which are known, even by title, to our American public. Many of these works are in the shape of "Memoirs" and "Records," and are more or less personal. They contain, however, very many facts of a national character, and they are deeply interesting as giving an insight into the state of things during that gloomy period. They contain details of the infamous conduct of the French officers and soldiers, which are truly appalling. It is probable, however, that the rapacity and violence of the French did not much exceed those of the Prussians themselves in their former wars with Austria, Poland, Russia, Saxony and Sweden. The retributive justice of God in the affairs of men is certain, and often wonderfully signal. The chalice which we commend to other lips will, sooner or later, be commended to our own.

The insolence of Napoleon towards the fallen royal house of Prussia, is well known. Neither the sex nor the beauty of the Queen, who was one of the loveliest of women, and who died of a broken heart, occasioned by the calamities of her country, could protect her against his base calumnies. On his way to St. Helena, and during the years of his confinement on that rock, he lost no opportunity of insulting the memory of that excellent woman—a conduct unworthy of a truly great man. Neither Scipio, nor Gustavus Adolphus, nor our own Washington, could have been guilty of such ineffable baseness.

That he should indulge his jeers and taunts against the King, was to be expected, considering the contempt in which he held him—a contempt which was shared by almost every other sovereign of the old dynasties of that day. One of the most amusing instances of this sort, of which we have any knowledge, we heard from the lips of Sir Robert Wilson, at present the military Governor of Gibraltar. That wonderful man, whose own "Memoirs" would make one of the most entertaining books in the world, was several times sent by the British Government as "Military Commissioner," to attend the allied armies in their wars against Napoleon. In this capacity he was present in the campaign of the winter of 1806-7, in Poland and Eastern Prussia, and witnessed, we believe, the battle of Friedland. He was with the allied forces, in the same capacity, in the campaign of 1813, and saw the battle of Dresden, and that of Leipsic. He was very intimate with the late King of Prussia, and the Emperor Alexander, and ventured to accompany them to Tilsit, in the incognito of a Cossack officer. Bonaparte soon learned that he was there, and raved furiously one day at his own table, when those monarchs were his guests, declaring that he would hang Wilson, if he should catch him. The Emperor Alexander contrived to send a note to General Wilson, to apprise him of his danger, and to beseech him to fly. The Englishman immediately set out to quit the place, and on his way, with great sang-froid, passed by Bonaparte's quarters, leaning on the arm of General Worontzoff. Bonaparte, who was standing by the window, seeing him, asked the Emperor Alexander who it was that was walking with Worontzoff? He replied that it was a Cossack officer. The King of Prussia remarking that the countenance of Napoleon indicated both suspicion and vengeance, retired as soon as he could, and hastening down to the ferry, arrived just in time to see Wilson off. A moment only was spent in the King's relating to him what Bonaparte had said, and in giving him some instances of Napoleon's insolence to him and the Queen. *Inter alia*, he said, "To-day, at the dinner, at his own table, Bonaparte, remarking the rows of buttons on my pantaloons, (which studded the outer seams, from top to bottom, by way of ornament,) asked me, 'whether it required more time to button them from top to bottom, than from bottom to top?' The insolent and unmannerly fellow!" But Bonaparte cared very little about manners when he wished to insult a fallen foe, or an unyielding friend.

Among the most interesting of the works referred to at the head of this note, we may mention those written by Count Henkel, Karl Immerman, Profes-

excellent King shared deeply in this conviction. A happy reaction took place; the plague of infidelity and irreligion was stayed; and a regenerating process commenced, affecting alike the court, the army and the nation. A deep sense of disgrace, combined with the indignation which injustice and oppression engendered, inflamed every heart, from the monarch on the throne, to the humblest peasant. The smothered fires gained strength year by year, until, when the proper time had come—the fatal year, to Napoleon, of 1813—it burst forth like a volcano, and overwhelming the French, drove them out of Germany.

To say that Prussia lost everything at Jena, would be to utter what all the world has said these forty years past. To say that that defeat saved her, (by leading her in what was probably the only practicable way of regeneration,) is a paradox in which there is a pregnant meaning. Another paradox has also been uttered respecting that same disastrous battle, namely, that Frederick the Great (by the blind and vain reliance of the Prussians on his name) was the cause of it.

Frederick William IV. was eleven years old when the battle of Jena was fought and his country ruined; and he was eighteen when the dreadful battle of Leipsic was fought, and the day of deliverance was come for down-trodden Prussia. And terribly was she avenged of her great enemy there, as well as at many other places, and among them the plains of Waterloo. Awaking from long years of oppression and anguish, she drove that enemy from her borders, nor ceased from the pursuit, until she saw him humbled in the dust. What a lesson of warning to the oppressor, and of hope to the oppressed, does her history teach!

In the month of May, 1840, died Frederick William III. at his palace in Berlin. The first half of his reign was eminently disastrous in many respects, but the last fifteen years were peaceful, prosperous, and in the main happy. Gradually the kingdom recruited its resources and its energies; its population has steadily increased; and its proper influence in the European family of nations has been recovered. The reign of the late King, however gloomy the times during the former portion of it, secured many blessings to the people. A number of important ameliorations in the administration of its affairs were effected. It is indebted to that monarch for the existence of two of its best universities—those of Berlin and Bonn*—and for the renovation of the rest. Above all, it owes to his wisdom and fostering care, both the existence and the high degree of perfection of its admirable School System, which has secured the admiration and the imitation of all the German States, France, and several other countries.

It is true, that the nation were not well satisfied in regard to several subjects. In the first place, the King had promised, in 1815, to give his people a Constitution adapted to the demands of the age. Instead of this, he only restored provincial assemblies to those of the eight provinces of the realm which formerly had them, and created them in those which never had them. That these provincial assemblies, which are entirely consultative bodies, have been of use in directing the government, and in preparing the way for a constitutional government for the entire kingdom, cannot be denied; but they were far from fulfilling the expectations excited by the royal promise.

In the next place, the government sympathized entirely too much with Austria and Russia, in their abhorrence of everything like political agitation. In consequence of this, many young men of the universities, as well as other suspected persons, were made to undergo severe punishments in the shape of imprisonment, fines, banishment, &c., which were alike excessive, unjust, and impolitic.

Again, the army was kept on a footing entirely too large for a nation not abounding in wealth, and having scarcely 14,000,000

sor Steffeus, Ernest Moritz Arndt, Johannes Gustavus Droysen, Chamisso, and Varnhagen Von Ense—the last named of which has been translated into English, by Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, and was published in London, in 2 vols. 8vo., last year. This is a work full of interesting facts. The *Was ich erlebte* of Professor Steffeus is even more interesting: it is quite voluminous, however, and has not been translated into English, so far as we know. Almost all these works have appeared within the last seven years.

* The University of Berlin was founded in 1809; that of Bonn in 1818.

of inhabitants. Indeed, the government was altogether too military in its spirit and character. By consequence, the burthens of the nation were very heavy.

Carried away by the desire of uniting the Lutheran and Reformed, or Calvinistic, Churches of his realm, in one "Evangelical Church," as it was called, he allowed measures to be employed to coerce the reluctant and the conscientiously opposed, which led to a grievous persecution, especially in Silesia.*

But whatever were the disappointments and grievances of the Prussians, they bore them patiently; for they entertained a heartfelt respect for Frederick William III. The belief was universal, that he was an honest and good man, who loved his people, and sincerely aimed at promoting his country's welfare. In that extreme simplicity of heart, for which the Germans are distinguished, the masses were ever ready to put the best construction on everything. When they heard of an instance of injustice on the part of the government officers, the common remark, especially among the peasants was, we are told, "Well, our good old Frederick knows nothing of this." They had sympathized with him, and he with them, in the great calamities which befell the nation, and which fell upon all—King as well as people;—and though they may never have esteemed him a great and capable prince, they believed him to be, what he eminently was, a good man.†

Reader! wilt thou pardon this long introduction to our subject—the life and character of Frederick William IV., the present King of Prussia? If thou wilt, we promise thee to enter at once upon it.

The youth and early manhood of this monarch, as has been seen, were passed amid scenes of painfully surpassing interest. At a very early age, he, with two of his younger brothers, William and Frederick, entered the military service of the country, and was present in several severe battles, and displayed great enthusiasm and courage in behalf of its prostrated interests and its bleeding honor. The great battle of Leipsic, in the autumn of 1813, may be said to have terminated the domination of the French in the north of Germany, for the fortresses remaining in their hands were surrendered a few weeks later. But it was not until the battle of Waterloo had occurred, that the drama of the first Revolution of France terminated, and Germany and the world were forever delivered from the ambition and the arms of Napoleon. At this epoch Frederick William IV. was well advanced in his 20th year, and although he then felt that he might put off his arms—the exigency which had required their assumption having passed away—yet the spirit which the times had created has not even yet ceased to manifest itself in fondness for military display and the maintenance of a large military establishment, which makes a very heavy draft annually on the treasury of the nation.

From 1815 to 1840 Frederick William enjoyed a long period of comparative leisure for the improvement of his mind and the enjoyment of domestic happiness, which it has been his good fortune to share to an extent which rarely falls to the lot of a prince, especially of one who is

* Judging from the well-known character of Frederick William III., we should come to the conclusion, that his ministers and other men of influence about him, were often much more to blame than he, in regard to many of the unjust things done under his government. We are quite sure that some of these men greatly abused the influence which they had with him. In particular, we believe that the cruel persecution of the Lutherans in Silesia, who could not be induced to come into the Union of the Churches on the royal basis, was greatly owing to false representations and bad counsel given him by his favorite chaplain, or court-preacher, Dr. Strauss—not to be confounded with the heresiarch of the same name. It is well known that Dr. S. was a vile flatterer of his late majesty, and a great enemy to all dissent. He is still alive. We hope the present King will be on his guard against him.

† Frederick William III. was a man of great purity of life, which is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he grew up in the midst of a court which was very dissolute, and among a people amid whom the foundations of virtue had been widely and deeply undermined by the principles of the Voltairian philosophy—which is only a euphonious and polite name for Infidelity. He loved his beautiful Queen, Louisa, (a princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz,) whom he married in 1793, and who died of grief for the losses of her country in 1810. She bore him four sons and three daughters, all of whom, we believe, still live. In the charming forest in the rear of the palace of Charlottenburg, some four miles distant from Berlin, he erected a small but appropriate mausoleum for her remains. On her tomb lies the exquisite statue which the sculptor Rauch made of purest marble. Nothing can exceed the sweet dignity of the countenance, and great propriety of drapery, which the artist has compelled the marble to express. The King was in the habit, when staying at Charlottenburg—which was often—of visiting this tomb daily, and was ever observed to "come out wiping the tears from his eyes."

heir to a throne. The leisure which he enjoyed, however, was but comparative; for being the *Crown Prince*, as the heir-apparent is called in Germany and other Teutonic countries, he had to take more or less interest in the affairs of the government, and bear more or less of its burthens. This was more especially true of all that concerned the military department. Standing as near as he did to the throne, it was not proper for him to quit the country for any considerable periods. He visited, however, from time to time, the chief countries of Europe. With Germany he became familiar by travel. He visited Italy, France, Holland, England, Denmark, Russia, &c. To Holland and Russia he often went, having a sister married in each —in the former to Prince Frederick, brother of the present King of that country, and in the latter to the Emperor. Of the institutions of England, and even of English literature, he has a considerable acquaintance.

At a proper age he married a Bavarian princess, with whom he has lived many and happy years.* To the great regret of the nation, they have no children. Of course his next brother, William, is heir to the throne. The Queen was a Roman Catholic at the time of her marriage. In the course of a year or two she became a Protestant. Her conversion to the Protestant faith was an event which gave not only her husband, but also her father-in-law, great joy. For whatever may be said of both, a want of attachment to the Protestant Religion can never with truth be charged upon either. It is the testimony of all, that her Majesty is a woman of the loveliest and purest character. Often as we have been in Prussia, we have never heard a word respecting her save what was to her praise. She is a pattern in unaffected goodness, and feminine grace and propriety of deportment, to her female subjects. It is said, by those who have means for forming a correct opinion, that she is sincerely pious. Her influence over her royal spouse has, we have reason to believe, been eminently happy.

That Frederick William IV. employed well the long period which he lived as Crown Prince, we have been assured by men who are well qualified to speak on the subject. The celebrated Baron Alexander Humboldt, the veteran traveller, himself a prince of the first rank in the scientific world, has been one of the most intimate friends of the King from his (the King's) youth. He was the intimate friend of the late King. From the lips of this distinguished man—an authority which few will be disposed to question*—we have ourselves heard the statement which we are about to give, namely: That the King received a private education from teachers who were employed in the palace for that purpose—a fact which he has never ceased to deplore. It was his wish to go to the university, and receive such an education as other young men, his equals in age, received there. But his father thought this inconsistent with the dignity of his birth and position in life. By great diligence he has, however, made himself a well-informed man. Baron Humboldt thinks that there is no monarch in Europe superior to him in acquired knowledge, and styles him a "*self-made* man." In order to secure his own improvement, the King, whilst he was Crown Prince, (as he has done since he ascended the throne,) surrounded himself with literary and well-informed men, from whose conversation, and even direct instructions, he has reaped immense advantages. We know not how many other modern languages he speaks, but we know that besides the German, his mother tongue, he *speaks* both French and English well, and *writes* the former (and probably the latter, although we cannot affirm this) with great beauty and facility. His intimate friends—his bosom

* We think it would be difficult to find a couple, whether in the ranks of princes or of untitled people, who enjoy greater domestic happiness than Frederick William IV. and his Queen. Beautiful, accomplished, and amiable, it is not wonderful that she secured from their earliest acquaintance his warmest affection. No one can be with them alone without being struck with the unaffected and sincere esteem and love which they entertain for each other. We have ourselves witnessed this, and have repeatedly heard the King address the Queen as his "Chère Elise:" her baptismal name is Elizabeth.

* Nevertheless we have heard this authority called in question, and by whom do you think, dear reader? By an ignorant German quack, who came among us, not from Prussia, but from an obscure duchy in Germany, and who probably never was in Prussia at all. The reader may decide for himself which to believe—Alexander Humboldt or an illegitimate son of Æsculapius!

friends, if we may so speak—during the period when he was Crown Prince, were (and they still are) Humboldt, Bunsen, Von Gerlach, (the General,) Von Græben, (the General and Count,) Von Arnim, and others of similar character; and if a man, be he prince or otherwise, is to be judged of by the company he keeps, as the old adage asserts, we think that Frederick William IV. is fairly entitled to the favorable opinion of mankind. But let this pass for what it is worth. The statement we have just made is true to the letter.

In his younger years Frederick William IV. displayed some traits of character which gave no little uneasiness to his friends, and which, in fact, made him not a few enemies. There was a certain hauteur in his manners that was offensive. His temper was quick, excitable, irritable even, and impatient. Withal, being a man of great wit and humor, he indulged too often in its use, and even sometimes in sarcasm—very dangerous weapons, whether in the hands of prince or common man. Time, and the good advice of his friends, especially the influence of the best of all his friends, his beloved Queen,* have done much to overcome these infirmities and perversities of character. Still, we apprehend that there is need of further attention to this portion of the field of self-culture. Impatience, precipitation, and consequently rashness, are evils to which we are inclined to think his Majsty is peculiarly exposed.

At length, his father having gone down to the tomb, Frederick William IV. was called to ascend the throne of Prussia, (on the 7th of June, 1840,) in the 45th year of his age, and in the vigor of his strength. There were some things connected with the double event—the death of the father and the accession of the son—which were very touching. The King was from his youth distinguished for filial piety, and ever entertained for his father the greatest reverence. He was constantly with him in his last sickness, which was a painful and protracted one. Vast multitudes assembled in front of the palace when they heard that the old King was dying; and when his death was announced, they waited in silence for the new King to show himself on the elevated steps. This he did with great difficulty, being overcome with emotion.* All he could do was to bow in grateful acknowledgment to the multitude when they saluted him as their King, and cried out, "God save the King." In a few days the oath of allegiance was administered in his presence, to all the great officers of state. When this was done, he came forward, of his own accord, and in the presence of a vast multitude, he swore with uplifted hand, that he would govern the kingdom according to the principles of truth and righteousness, so far as he could ascertain them.†

No sooner was Frederick William IV. seated on the throne of his fathers, than he set about the discharge of the important duties devolved upon him. Seven years and more have now passed away, during which he has been unremittingly occupied with the cares of his office. They have been seven eventful years, during which seeds have been sown that will bring forth a great harvest—whether of good or of evil remains to be seen—both in the Church

* We have heard many anecdotes at Berlin, respecting the Queen's happy influence over her royal consort, some of them, doubtless, apocryphal enough. The following is, we have reason to believe, true; at any rate it is beautiful. The Queen early remarking the defects in the King's character referred to, endeavored to correct them, telling him that he should try to control his temper better, &c. But he used to say laughingly, "Oh, I'll do better when I become King." But she replied, "You ought to get the victory over your passions while you are a prince." It so happened that soon after he had ascended the throne, the Queen overheard him one day, talking boisterously with one of the ministers of his father, with whom he was probably displeased. Tremblingly alive to the honor of her husband, she ventured to go into the room where he and the minister were, and without taking any notice of them, she walked towards a window, apparently looking for something. The King hastened to her, and said, "My dear, what are you looking for?" She replied in a low tone, "I am looking for the *King!*" He understood the hint, and accompanying her to the door, thanked her for her kindness, and governed his temper better during the rest of the interview with the minister.

* We have been told on good authority that he not only called on his pious friends who were immediately around him, and especially his excellent wife, "to pray for him," saying "that he never needed their prayers so much in his life," but that he also wrote to an ambassador of his kingdom, in whose religious character he had great confidence, a very little time after his father's death, to this effect: "My dear ——, my father has just deceased, and I am going to ascend the throne! Pray for me, O pray for me, that God would give me the grace and wisdom I need to enable me to govern this people aright."

† This ceremony may be considered as taking the place of the formal coronation which prevails in other monarchies of Europe; for the Kings of Prussia are never crowned. This is a remarkable exception to a custom which has long prevaied in regal governments.

and State of Prussia. Shortly after the accession of Frederick William IV., such of his friends as were friends of peace, were not a little concerned lest he might get entangled in the difficulty between France and the other great powers, in relation to the "Eastern Question," as it was called. They were afraid lest his military propensities might carry him too far, in a moment of great excitement, when (in the month of October of that year, 1840) war appeared to be inevitable. But the threatening storm passed away, and Prussia and the rest of Europe repose in peace. And long may it continue!

The limits which we must assign to this notice of the life and character of Frederick William IV., will not permit us to speak of all the subjects of interest to which his mind has been directed, nor of all the measures of importance which have been adopted. The most we can do is to indicate such as are likely to have the greatest bearing upon the welfare of Prussia and Germany, if not upon the interests of humanity entire.

And, first, it is a pleasant task to record that the present King of Prussia has inherited the spirit which has prevailed so much in his illustrious house, in regard to the proper encouragement of institutions of learning. It was the chiefest glory of the reign of his father that he fostered seminaries of every class, for the diffusion of science, and of knowledge in all its branches. The present monarch has availed himself of every opportunity to enrich the six universities of his realm by attracting to them men of talents as professors. To accomplish this, no expense has been spared. The veteran philosopher Schelling was induced to leave Munich, and establish himself at Berlin, five or six years ago. To the same university the distinguished jurisconsult, Stahl, was drawn from Erlangen, to deliver lectures on law. When the King of Hanover pursued such a course as drove several of the best professors from the University of Göttingen, the King of Prussia immediately offered them posts in the universities of his kingdom. He seems to delight in doing everything in his power to make Prussia, in learning and learned men, to Germany, what the republic of Athens was to Greece, or what Greece was to the rest of the world.* Indeed, he has done almost too much in this way, for he has, as it were, impoverished some of the other parts of Germany. He has liberally encouraged the fine arts also, and drawn to his kingdom some excellent artists.†

But the subject of religion, or rather, the state of the churches in Prussia, is one which has greatly engrossed the King's thoughts ever since he came to the throne. We will endeavor to make this question clear to the reader. We begin with stating that the King is a decided Protestant, and holds with great earnestness what is called the evangelical system of doctrine; in other words, the doctrines held and taught by the Reformers. He has a great abhorrence of the rationalistic and pantheistic heresies, which have crept into the Protestant church so extensively, through a want of the proper maintenance of discipline on the part of those who should have guarded the sacred portals of the temple. He deems these errors to be fundamental, and utterly subversive, not only of the Gospel, but also of the foundations of all sound morality. And he is right. But how are these heresies to be expelled from the national Church of Prussia, where they have nestled for years? This is a very grave question, and hard to answer. His Majesty's project for doing this is as follows:—To give the church *autocracy*, or independence, and induce it to do the work of restoring purity of doctrine to all its branches.

To do this, he convoked a synod of some seventy-five or six members, a year ago last summer, at Berlin. With the exception of some ten or twelve individuals, this synod was composed of men of evangelical doctrines, more or less distinctly held and enunciated. To draw together such a synod would have been impossible, if the

* It is really delightful to go into the Royal Library of Berlin, which is also the University Library, and see the large collection of well-selected books which is there. We were assured by the keepers, when we were there a little more than a year ago, that it then contained 600,000 volumes, and is rapidly increasing. About $40,000 are annually expended to maintain and enlarge this library.

† There are several very distinguished artists in Germany at this time. Rauch and Danneker are excellent sculptors. So is Steinhauer, of Bremen. There is an admirable group of his, Leander and Hero, in the royal palace at Berlin. It is a beautiful and exquisite affair.

choice of members had been left to the churches; for, of nearly eight thousand Protestant ministers in Prussia, the overwhelming majority have departed from the evangelical system, as the "faith that saves" is called. The Synod was, therefore, a *packed* one, in some sense, else so large a majority of evangelical delegates would not have been there.

When this body came together, the King informed them that he had convoked them to ask their advice on several very important subjects, saying, however, that he should not consider himself bound to follow their advice. At the same time, he exhorted them to be very careful as to what advice they gave him, for that he should be very likely to follow it. Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the Synod was that of recommending a Confession of Faith for the National Church, whose hearty adoption should be required of all who would be pastors in it. The Synod recommended, in the main, that of Augsburg. Another subject was the nature, or rather the terms and extent, of the oath or subscription to be required of all candidates for the ministerial or pastoral office. This was a perplexing question. It was found difficult to get clear of a *quatenus**—that word which has opened the door to so much controversy, and what is worse, to so much heresy. At length the Synod decided on this point, and all others that were submitted to them, and the members returned home after a session of some three months.

It remains to be seen what the King will do. It is probable that, by this course, he will find a Confession of Faith which he will proclaim by edict to be that of the National Church, the Church supported by the government. By requiring an *ex animo* adoption of this symbol of doctrine, on the part of those who are, or who would be, pastors in that Church, and by giving at the same time a large measure of religious liberty, or toleration rather, his Majesty may in time, by bringing all the patronage of the government to bear on the subject, restore external uniformity, and avowed purity of doctrine, to the National Church. The plan is far-reaching and well-contrived, but we doubt both its wisdom and its justice. Perhaps the King, in his laudable zeal for the renovation of the National Church, could do nothing better. But it savors too much of a wisdom that belongs to this world, rather than that which comes from above. When a good king undertakes to promote religion, or any other good thing, he is in great danger of doing too much.

For ourselves, we are inclined to think that the true way to bring about the regeneration of the fallen Protestant Churches on the Continent, which are all connected with the State, and have been corrupted by the unhallowed alliance, would be to dissolve that union, and throw them upon the voluntary support of the people. In that case, truth would have to depend on its own resources, under the blessing of its great Author, and must in the issue prevail; whilst error, inadequate to meet the demands of humanity, having no sufficiency in itself, and above all, no promise of heavenly succor to fall back upon, must fail in the struggle and yield the victory. We are quite sure that, although for a time religion might apparently lose ground, and great confusion occur, yet a pure Christianity—the Christianity of the apostolic ages, and such as the reformers strove to bring back to the world—must arise like a new creation, from a temporary chaos. The King of Prussia holds a different opinion on the subject, and hopes, in avoiding a "disruption," to work out the restoration of pure doctrine to a Church where it has so extensively been lost. Time, which resolves so many things now doubtful, will decide whether he has chosen the better course or not.

Another and very weighty subject has engaged much of the attention of Frederick William IV., from his accession to the throne to the present time, and will probably do so for years to come. It is that of giving a Constitution to his people. The nation, although they bore with extraordinary patience the non-fulfilment of the promise of the late King, were in

* The word *quatenus* is in fact a double one, and is composed of *quâ tenus*, and means "*according to*" or "*as far as.*" It was introduced into the subscription to creeds when the person who made it engaged to receive the creed or confession in question, *as far as* it agreed (in his judgment) with the Sacred Scriptures. It is a word which has played no small part in the theological controversies in the Christian world, especially in Protestant countries.

great hopes that the present monarch would grant this boon, without delay, upon his ascending the throne. It is understood that such hopes were encouraged by royal declarations. Several years, however, passed away before anything was done, and that "deferred hope" which "makes the heart sick," began to be deeply felt throughout Prussia. What the cause of this procrastination may have been, the world has not been informed. Perhaps it was opposition from the King's own family, or his cabinet, both of which, it is believed, were at first, and for a long time, against the project. Perhaps it was opposition from abroad; for it is not likely that Austria, to say nothing of Russia, could have heard, without alarm and remonstrance, even the rumor of the intended royal gift. And it is well known that Wurtemburg, and some other petty German kingdoms and principalities, were greatly concerned, and decidedly opposed to the proposition. But it is most likely that the delay was occasioned by the difficulty which the King experienced in his attempts to devise a constitution which would satisfy his own views of what was needed. Nor is this wonderful. Of all handiwork to which a monarch might be set, we are inclined to think that Constitution-making would be precisely that at which he would be found most awkward.

But whatever were the causes of the adjournment of this matter, it was at last announced to the world—if not with a heraldic flourish of trumpets, at least with extensive out-givings by the press and in conversation—that the long-expected constitution would soon be forthcoming. Accordingly, on the 11th of April last, all the eight provincial assemblies were convoked in Berlin, to constitute a general Diet of the kingdom, to which the Constitution was to be submitted. This body, when convened, was found to number more than eight hundred members,—nobles, burgesses, and peasants—for the three classes of the inhabitants are represented in the provincial assemblies. We are inclined to think that his Majesty committed a serious blunder in calling together so large a body, composed of men elected for a purpose altogether different. But perhaps he could choose none more suitable; and, as to the number, he may have found it difficult to make a selection.

The day appointed for opening the Diet was the Sabbath, because the King thought that the serious work to be done befitted the sacred day; nor were due religious observances wanting. On this occasion, his Majesty made a long speech, (he is a fine speaker, and may be fairly styled the orator-king of our times,) in which he endeavored to set forth his views of the subject. What those views were on all points, it is not very easy to gather from the translations of the royal speech which we find in the English and French papers. One thing, however, is not very doubtful—it is, that the King had no idea of giving what we should call a complete constitution, well defined and sufficiently comprehensive—far from it. In fact, the submitted project was very much such an affair as the extorted concession of King John at Runnymede. With the exception of a considerable control over the national purse, it gave little or nothing to the Diet beyond the privilege of discussing, and giving advice on, such subjects as the government might submit to it!

It is easy to conceive that no little disappointment was felt in the Diet when the royal scheme was laid before it, and in the nation when they saw it set forth in the newspapers—although it must be confessed that expectation had not been very high.

The Diet, however, lost no time in proceeding with the work of organization, and then commenced the discussion of the subjects which were submitted to it in the royal address, as well as those which were from time to time laid before it by the minister whose duty it was to act as the organ of the government. A session of several weeks ensued, during which very many able and animated discussions took place, embracing a very wide range, and including often subjects on which the government had no desire whatever to learn the opinions of the Diet—such as the competency of the body to decide on the qualifications of its own members, &c. In these discussions a great deal of talent was elicited, as well as an unexpected display of capacity to grapple with the most difficult questions originated by the exigency. Several men of commanding intellect and eloquence were revealed, if we may so

speak, to the Diet, the nation, and the world—men whose names are now ringing throughout Germany.

At length the Diet, having gotten through the consideration of the subjects submitted to it, was dissolved, and its members returned to their homes, some of them to be received with ovations at the hands of their delighted constituents. And what now is going to be done? That is a very grave question, which, not being prophets, we do not feel ourselves capable of answering with confidence. We will, however, say a few words.

In the first place, we think that Frederick William has committed the serious mistake—through his great admiration of almost everything that concerns England—of believing that the true way to accomplish the proposed object, is to begin with as little as possible in the shape of concession to the people. Or rather, he seems to think that a sort of constitutional government may be organized with almost nothing in the form of a written and defined charter. But he loses sight of the fact that the times are widely different from those long ages through which England *worked out* her constitution. There is now infinitely more light on the subject of making Constitutions than there was during that long and rude period. No nation, with the example of England before its eyes, will hereafter be content to pass through what she did.

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis.*"

We live fast in these days of steamships, railroads, and electric telegraphs. Everything must now be done with rapidity, if done at all. The slow procedures of the ancients will not suit us. We must reach in a few years, or months, results which with them required long ages. The King of Prussia should bear this in mind. The example of England, in her protracted and dreadful struggles to gain one principle or point after another in her Constitution, will not serve in these days. On the other hand, those in Prussia who demand a constitution ought to remember that the heavens and the earth were not created in one day, although *that* would have been practicable for the infinite Architect. It required a long time to perfect (if we may use the word) the British Constitution; and it is not likely that Prussia either can or will obtain a good one in a day, a year, or even several years.

In the second place, we certainly believe that things cannot remain long as they are now in Prussia; and as we think that the King is too wise and good a man to retreat from his present position and fall back upon the bayonets of his army, we are quite sure that he will go forward, perhaps not immediately, but sooner or later. We are inclined to think that the rising billows of popular—we should say *national*—discontent will rise so high, that in a year or two he will be compelled to give his people another and greatly "enlarged and improved" edition of his present meagre constitution. In that case he will probably dismiss his present cabinet,* and call to the head of a new one his friend Chevalier Bunsen, the able Prussian ambassador at the court of St. James—of all men in Germany the best instructed, in our opinion, in constitutional government. He has been for years in London, and has studied on the spot the British Constitution and all the details of its working. He is the fittest man of Germany to devise and carry into operation a broad, liberal and well-defined Constitution. Indeed, we have been informed that he has, at the request of the King, submitted a sketch of a Constitution of a very complete nature; but his Majesty prefers to make an experiment with his own scheme.

We have said that the state of things in Germany cannot remain long as it is at present. This is our firm conviction. About one year ago M. Guizot said, in the Chamber of Deputies, *toute l'Allemagne est en feu!* And, although there was something of French hyperbole in this strong metaphorical expression, yet there was a great deal of truth in it. There are many elements fermenting there, besides a desire of liberty, well defined and practicable. There is, if we are correctly informed, and we think we are, a strong tendency to rush into the extreme of licentiousness. There is a large amount of low, vulgar infidelity,

* The present cabinet of the King embraces some men of talents—such as Eichhorn—but it cannot be said to be an able one. It will not compare with that of the late King, especially when Stein was at the head of it.

in close alliance with radicalism, socialism, and other wrong economical and moral opinions of one grade and another, which threatens to overthrow the very foundations of society. Still, we trust, that the good sense, kindly feeling, and almost naturally conservative character of the German people, will keep them back from all avoidable excesses. With the bloody pages of the Revolutions of both England and France before their eyes, humanity entire will have cause to weep if the children of Hermann and Luther should plunge into all the horrors of a fratricidal war.

That Frederick William IV. may be so influenced and guided, as to be induced to give his people such a Constitution as will be best for them—such as will render them happy and prosperous—must be the wish —the prayer rather—of all good men. For ourselves, we consider him one of the best sovereigns in Europe, as it regards benevolence of heart, simplicity and purity of domestic life, and general rectitude of intentions. We are very far from thinking that he is not liable to make serious mistakes. We think that his ardent and impetuous temperament will hurry him into many an act which he had better avoid. He may not always be wise in his measures, or in the manner of executing them ; but we believe him sincerely desirous of doing what will be best, so far as he can see, for his people. He is naturally a man of humane and kind feelings. And we have occasion to know that he is prompt to do not only justice, but even grace, where a proper case is presented to him. His position at this moment is eminently difficult, and he needs a large measure of that wisdom which God alone can give. As we have already hinted, we are far from thinking that, with one or two exceptions, he is surrounded by as able men as the exigency of the times demands. That there are such men in Prussia, we do not doubt, nor that they will be shortly forthcoming.

The recent acts of the Prussian government, in giving publicity to the proceedings of the courts; in proposing (if we understand the matter) to withdraw the surveillance of the press altogether from the Diet of Germany, and place it under the control of the government of the country in which it may be; in granting a large amount of religious liberty ; and in the formation of the Zollverein or Customs-Union, all prove that Frederick William IV. must be an enlightened man. On the last named two measures we must say a word.

If we are rightly informed, the late edict on the subject of religious liberty, whilst it does not release any one from bearing his share of the burthens of the Established Church, allows an unrestricted dissent. In other words, it introduces a state of things in this respect, similar to what exists in the British realm—a state of things infinitely better than that which existed a few years ago.

As to the Zollverein, or "Commercial League," it relieves all the portions of Germany which have come into it* from the numerous and vexatious difficulties arising from each kingdom and petty duchy having its own custom houses, and its own tariff. We think it probable that it will have a far-reaching influence upon the political destinies of Germany. It may prove an "entering wedge" to a consolidation of all the northern German States at least—a consummation much to be desired.

Considerable censure has been bestowed upon the conduct of Frederick William IV. in relation to the affair of Cracow, but we think not justly. We have the best of reasons for believing that the King has been greatly grieved by the deceptive and high-handed course which Austria pursued in that business. The case demands a few words.

Cracow, by the partition of Poland among the three great powers, fell, we believe, to Austria. Napoleon in 1807, when he created the grand duchy of Warsaw, annexed Cracow to that duchy. The Congress of Vienna, finding no little difficulty in deciding to which of the two powers that desired it—Austria and Russia—to give it, when they converted the duchy of Warsaw into the modern kingdom of Poland, constituted Cracow, with a small adjacent territory, into a republic,† and put it under the auspices of the great parties to the treaty of Vienna—Austria,

* The portions of Germany which have entered the Customs-Union, embrace more than 28,000,000 of inhabitants.

† Embracing about 137,000 inhabitants, of whom 50,000 are Jews.

Russia, Prussia, France and England. It was not long until Austria renewed the agitation of the question, either under pretence that the republic was a sort of nuisance to its great neighbors, or because she wanted it, as Ahab did Naboth's vineyard. But the late King of Prussia would not listen to the proposition. Not long after the present King ascended the throne of his father, Austria again brought forward the question. Prussia still refused. At last the recent outbreak occurred, and several thousand men, Cracovites and Polish refugees, taking up arms, sallied forth to promote a rebellion in Gallicia or Austrian Poland. This ill-advised and ill-directed movement, although it ended in defeat, gave Austria the occasion she desired for pressing successfully her suit, saying to the still reluctant King of Prussia, that there never could be tranquillity on the borders until the republic of Cracow was abolished. In an evil hour Frederick William IV. consented that Austria (Russia having yielded) might take possession of Cracow, but upon the express condition that she should first gain the consent of France and England. The consent of Prussia having been gained, Metternich did not wait for that of France and England, but, after having taken possession of the city and territory in question, went to work to negotiate with both about the affair as a "*fait accompli.*" France yielded readily enough, whilst protesting against the transaction. England was displeased, but could do nothing but remonstrate. The King of Prussia was greatly grieved, as we know from good authority, but the evil was done. This is a simple history of the case, and sets the conduct of that monarch in a very different light from that in which it is very generally viewed.

But we must bring this sketch of the life and character of Frederick William IV. to a close. We have endeavored to speak impartially and truly of that monarch, but are well aware that this notice will be considered by many as entirely too favorable. This we cannot help. We have given our conscientious opinions respecting his character and conduct. We could not do otherwise, having derived them from sources that are worthy, as we believe, of all confidence. By many in Germany, especially by certain classes of people who hate his Protestant and strictly evangelical faith, he is greatly spoken against. There is an infidelity in that country of the most malignant character, and those who have imbibed it are, without exception, the enemies of the King of Prussia. They hate his religious creed, and by consequence, they hate him. And among the emigrants* from that land, who come to our shores, there are many counterparts of those we have just referred to. Some of these cannot find epithets sufficiently abusive to express all their hatred of his Majesty.†

It would have been very easy for us to have written such a notice of the King of Prussia as would have chimed in with the prejudices of those people among us who think that it is impossible for a king to be either an honest or a sensible man. There are brawlers among us who find it convenient and easy to court popularity with men of ignorant and vulgar minds, by denouncing everything in the shape of monarchy, and all persons who belong to what are called the high ranks. But there are also men, of all parties, who have too much elevation of mind and justice of heart to sympathize, for one moment, with such a spirit.

For ourselves, we dare affirm that we yield to no one in admiration of republican government. We believe that it is the normal one. The Divine Being gave his people—his "chosen nation"—a republican economy; and a glorious commonwealth it was! But when He found

* Whilst there are many truly enlightened, well-informed, and excellent foreigners, who come to us from Germany, France, and other portions of Europe, there are not a few who know very little about the countries from which they have come, save the petty localities in which they were born, and in which they passed their lives down, till the day of quitting their native lands. The opinions of such are very little worth, especially in regard to both facts and men whereof they had no sources of information save the exaggerated, and often baseless and absurd stories which they heard some one or other repeat.

† We have heard Frederick William IV. called, by some of his *compatriots* of the class alluded to in the text, a "liar," a "tyrant," a "knave," a "drunkard," and we know not what all. Such people are entirely welcome to their own opinions of his Majesty, and every one else; but they presume too much, if they think that the people of this country will receive them without examination, or that they will allow them to outweigh those of great and good men in Germany who have the best means of knowing the truth.

that they were not fit for such a government, "He gave them a king in his anger." In both cases, however, he required his people to obey the government *de facto*. And much as we love our invaluable political institutions, and deem them truly incomparable, we should consider ourselves bereft of common sense, if, knowing the state of the world as we do, we should insist upon it, that all other nations are at present prepared for them.

We believe that God permits the nations to decide for themselves what form of government they will have. From the first, our government has acted upon the principle that, in all ordinary cases, the government *de facto* is the government *de jure*. And as we thus expect other nations to treat our government with respect, it is our duty to treat the forms of government which they choose to maintain, with similar respect. It is this that has inspired a confidence in all other governments, in relation to us—be their form what it may—which is in the highest degree honorable to us.

We have spoken of the domestic happiness of Frederick William IV. with deep interest, for we know no greater proof of the goodness of a man's heart than his love for his wife and family, nor a stronger pledge of general rectitude of purpose. We will add that, as the King can find very little time for reading, amid the cares and burthens of government, he still has the distinguished and excellent Humboldt with him several hours daily, in order to derive from the conversation of the greatest *savant* living, that knowledge and instruction which he has no leisure to gain from books.

In terminating this sketch, we have only to remark, that whilst we consider the position of Frederick William IV. to be extremely difficult, and even critical, we think that never had monarch such an opportunity to immortalize himself. Let him be prompt in giving to his people a good Constitution—one corresponding to the intelligence and the demands of the age—and he cannot fail to render his memory illustrious in all coming time. He might, if he were so disposed, rally all Germany around his throne, and create a great and happy empire in the heart of Europe, which would be an effectual barrier against Gallic ambition on the one hand, and Russian on the other. And if Austria and Russia should attempt to hinder or molest him, he need only threaten them both with the restoration of Poland to her ancient independence, and the limits she had in the 16th century. Uniting Germany around him, he could at a word raise up a mighty kingdom on its eastern frontier, composed of the countries inhabited by the western branches of the Slavonic races—Poland, Bohemia, Hungary—and effectually put it out of the power of Austria and Russia ever to trouble the rest of Europe.

HAMLET.

The tragedy of Hamlet has probably caused more of perplexity and discussion, than any other of Shakspeare's plays. Others of them may have more of interest for particular minds, or particular states of mind, or particular periods of life; but none of them equals Hamlet in universality of interest. Doubtless this results, in part, from the hero's being "a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity." His history is the very extraction and efficacy of the thoughts, and feelings, and inward experiences of us all; his life is a picture of blighted hopes and crushed affections, from which we may solve the darkest enigmas of our existence, and over which our aching hearts may bleed themselves into repose. Hamlet, in short, is an universal genius, in the depths and variety of his feelings and faculties, almost rivalling Shakspeare himself, and engaged, not in creating or revealing the true, the beau-

tiful, and the good, but in conflict with the dark powers of the world. If there be a heart, whose best affections have never been breathed upon by hope, nor broken down by despair; which has never been called to weep over the desecration or the degradation of its most cherished objects; which has no springs of life to be sweetened by sympathy, or embittered by disappointment; and which has put forth no promises to be fanned by airs from heaven, or scorched by blasts from hell; such a heart may indeed contemplate the picture of Hamlet without emotion, and may find exemption from the sorrows of life in the iceberg of its own insensibility.

Coleridge very finely remarks somewhere, that Shakspeare's characters are classes of men individualized. Of most of them, this seems to us profoundly true; and Hamlet seems to differ from the others, in that he is the race itself individualized. He is a sort of glass wherein we may all see ourselves, provided we have any self; and it is not so correct to say, that he represents any one man or class of men, as that he represents them all. Hamlet, in short, is the very abridgment and eclecticism of humanity: in the words of another, it is *we* who are Hamlet.

Accordingly, scarce any character in history has provoked so great a diversity of opinion as Hamlet; for the more generic and comprehensive a man is, the more various will the judgments of men naturally be concerning him. One man thinks Hamlet is great, but wicked; another, that he is good, but weak; a third, that he is a coward, and dare not act; a fourth, that he has too much intellect for his will, and so reflects away the time of action. Doubtless there are facts in the representation which, considered by themselves, would sustain any one of these views; but none of them seems reconcilable with all the facts taken together. Yet, notwithstanding this diversity of facts and conclusions, all agree in thinking, and feeling, and speaking about Hamlet as an actual person. It is easy, indeed, to invest with plausibility almost any theory in regard to him; but it is extremely hard to make any theory comprehend the whole subject: and, though all are impressed with the truth of the character, no one is satisfied with another's explanation of it. The question is, why, with this unanimity as to his being a man, do men differ so much as to what sort of a man he is?

In reasoning upon facts, we are apt to forget what complex, many-sided things we are dealing with. We often speak of them as very simple and intelligible things, whereas, in reality, they are most profoundly and inscrutably mysterious: they may indeed be used to explain other things, but they cannot themselves be explained. For example, how many causes, elements, conditions, and processes go to the forming of a rose? The combined agencies of all nature work together in its production—are all represented by it, and inferable from it. Thus facts involve and infer many things at the same time; they present manifold elements and qualities in consistency and unity, and so express a diversity of meanings which cannot be gathered up into a form of logical explanation. Even if we seize and draw out, severally and successively, all the properties of a fact, still we are as far as ever from producing the effect of their combination in the fact itself. It is this mysteriousness of facts that begets our respect for them, our docility to them, and our interest in them: could we master them, we should cease to regard them: could we explain them, we should feel at liberty to substitute our explanations for the things explained. For, to see round and through a thing, implies a sort of conquest over it; and when we get, or think we have got, above a thing, we naturally either overlook it, or else look down upon it: finding or fancying we have mastered a thing, we are apt to neglect it, or, what is worse, put off that humility towards it, which, besides being itself the better part of wisdom, is our only key to the remainder.

In this complexity of facts, is obviously contained the material of innumerable theories; for, "in so great a store of properties belonging to the self-same thing, every man's mind may take hold of some special consideration above the rest;" and it is characteristic of facts, that, seen through any given theory, they always seem to prove only that one, though really affording equal proof to fifty other theories. In short, many of the elements, perhaps all the elements of truth, may meet together in a fact; and nothing is more common than for several minds

to single out different elements of the same fact, and then go on to reason from a part, as from the whole. Hence, there naturally come to be various opinions respecting the same fact: generalizing too hastily from the surface of things, men often arrive at contradictory conclusions, forgetting, that of a given fact, a vast many things may be true in their place and degree, yet none of them true in such sort as to hinder the truth of others. Human life is full of practical as well as speculative errors and mistakes, resulting from this partial and one-sided view of things: seizing some one principle, or being seized by it, men proceed, as they say, to carry it out; never stopping to think how it is limited and restrained on all sides by other principles. Thus men often draw a button so near the eye, as to shut out all the rest of creation, and then go smashing through the world, mistaking their own ignorance or obstinacy for conscientiousness.

Now Hamlet is undoubtedly the most complex character in dramatic literature. He is all varieties of character in one; is continually turning up a new side, appearing under a new phase, undergoing some new development; and before we can measure and map him in any one form, he has passed into another. He thus touches us at all points, surrounds us, as it were, so that great circumspection is required to see the whole of him at once, and so to avoid mistaking him for several persons. This complexity and versatility of character has often been mistaken for inconsistency; hence the contradictory opinions respecting him, different minds taking up very different impressions of him, and even the same mind taking up very different impressions of him at different times. Hamlet, in short, like other facts, is many-sided, and many men of many minds may see themselves in different sides of him; but when, upon comparing notes, they find him agreeing with them all, they are perplexed, and conclude him inconsistent, because they are themselves too one-sided to recognize his consistency. In so great a diversity of elements and principles, they lose the perception of identity, and cannot see how he can be so many and still be but one. Doubtless, Hamlet seems the more real, for the very reason that we cannot understand him; our inability to see through him, or to discern the source and manner of his impressions upon us, brings him closer to nature, and makes him appear the more like a fact, and so widens and deepens his hold on our thoughts. For where there is life, there must naturally be more or less of change, the very law of life being identity in mutability; and in Hamlet, the variety and rapidity of changes are so managed, as only to infer the more intense, active, and prolific vitality. In this multitude of changes, however, it is extremely difficult to perceive the constant principle; these outward contradictions make the character more powerful, indeed, on the feelings, but much less intelligible to the mind; they help us to feel, but hinder us from seeing, the inward vital unity whence they spring.

As is generally the case with Shakspeare's characters, in order to apprehend Hamlet aright, it is necessary to go round behind the text into the elements and processes of his mind, of which the text but gives the results. For one of the excellencies, in which Shakspeare is without a competitor, is that of painting the interior history of minds. While unfolding their present condition, he, at the same time, suggests a long series of preceding conditions; portrays in far-stretching perspective the various stages and changes of a mind, each growing out of, and growing above, the one that preceded it. Among these instances of historical perspective, perhaps there is none more worthy of study than Hamlet.

Up to his father's death, Hamlet's mind, busied in developing its innate riches, had found room for no sentiments towards others but a gentle and generous trust and confidence. Delighted with the appearances of good, and protected by his rank from the naked approaches of evil, he had no motive to pry through the semblances into the reality of surrounding characters. The ideas of princely elevation and of moral rectitude, springing forth simultaneously in his mind, had intertwisted their fibres closely and firmly together. While the chaste forms of youthful imagination had kept his own heart pure, he had framed his conceptions of others according to the model within himself. To the feelings of the son, the prince, the gentleman, the friend, and the scholar,

had lately been joined the feelings of the lover; and his heart, oppressed by the redundancy of hopes and joys that enriched it, had breathed forth its fullness in "almost all the holy vows of heaven." Though soaring at will into the loftiest, or grasping the widest, or scanning the deepest regions of thought, he yet felt how poor and paltry are all the gifts and shows of intellect, compared to purity, and gentleness, and lowliness of heart; could repose, with all the satisfaction which superior natures alone can know, upon the bosom of virgin innocence and virgin loveliness; and in the simple goodness which is unconscious of itself, from its very perfection, could discern a worth which puts to shame the proudest exhibitions and triumphs of mind.

In his father, endowed with every royal and manly quality, Hamlet had realized the bright ideal of character which he aspired to exemplify in himself. Whatever noble images and ideas he had gathered from the fields of poetry and philosophy, he had learned to associate with that sacred name. To the throne he looked forward with hope and with fear, as an elevation from whence to diffuse the blessings of a wise sovereignty, and receive the homage of a grateful submission. To reproduce in himself his father's character, was, in his view, to deserve, and therefore to secure, his father's place; and as the crown was not hereditary, he regarded his own prospects of succession as suspended on the continuance of his father's life, until he could discover in himself the virtues that originated his father's title. In his father's death, therefore, he lost the chief support of both his affections and his pretensions.

But though bereavement and disappointment had thus united to teach Hamlet the power of sorrow, the foundations of his peace and happiness were yet unshaken. The prospects of the prince had perhaps vanished, only to disclose still brighter prospects for the man. He could still love, and trust, and revere; the fire-side and the student's bower were yet open to him; truth and beauty, thought and affection, had not yet hidden their faces from him. His mind, though deeply saddened and subdued, was not diseased; and his bereavement had the effect to quicken and chasten his sensibility without disordering his affections. With a heart, cunning and prompt to discover and appropriate the remunerations of life, he could compensate the loss of some objects, with a more free and tranquil enjoyment of such as remained. In the absence of his father, he could collect and concentrate upon his mother the feelings hitherto shared between them; and in cases like this, the part of an object often exceeds the whole, inasmuch as a religious feeling towards the dead comes in to enrich and sanctify an affection for the living. And even if his mother also had but died, the loss, though unspeakably bitter, would not have been baleful to him; for, though separated from the chief objects of his love, and trust, and reverence, he would still have retained those sentiments themselves in all their strength and beauty. Nay, death would not so much have taken her away from him, as brought her nearer to his feelings and raised her to a higher place in them; as her form vanished from his sight, the sweet, sacred image of a mother, which filial piety loves to cherish, would have come,

> "Apparelled in more precious habit,
> More moving, delicate, and full of life,
> Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
> Than when she lived indeed."

For when those whom such a being loves die with their honors fresh and bright about them, they become, in some sort, omnipresent and immortal to him:

> "The future brightens on his sight,
> For on the past has fallen a light
> That tempts him to adore."

It is not with his mother, however, but with his faith in her, that Hamlet is forced to part; it is not herself, but her honor, that dies to him. To his prophetic soul her hasty and incestuous marriage brings at once conviction of his mother's infidelity and suspicion of his uncle's treachery to his father. In the disclosure of her guilt and baseness his best affections themselves suffer death; for while, to such a mind, death immortalizes the objects of its love, infamy annihilates them. Where he has most loved, and trusted, and revered, there he finds himself most deceived. The

sadness of bereavement now settles into the deep, dark gloom of a wounded spirit; and life appears a burden to be borne, not a blessing to be cherished. In this condition, the appearance of his father's ghost, its awful disclosures and still more awful injunctions, confirming the suspicion of his uncle's treachery, and implicating his mother in the crime, complete his desolation of mind.

But this is not all. The garden of his own life having now become a desert, he feels that he can breathe nothing but desolation over the life which he has once sweetened with the music of his vows. In his terrible visitation he reads the necessity of giving up the gentle, the cherished Ophelia; for he loves her too well to entangle her in the web of horrors from which he sees no escape for himself. But, though he resigns the object of his love, he does not and cannot resign the love itself; and the consciousness that he must leave her whom he loves, and leave her even because he loves her, finishes the death and burial of his hopes.

> "The sigh so piteous and profound,
> As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
> And end his being,"

could only spring from the depths of a wounded spirit, as he gazed, in the anguish of despair, on the beloved one who had written her name all over his thoughts.

So much for Hamlet's internal history until the extinction of his earthly prospects and purposes in the awful words, "Remember me." But amid these accumulated agonies, and though suffering all that he can suffer save remorse and self-reproach, he yet retains all his original integrity and uprightness of soul, and his quick moral sensibilities shrink from the very conception of meanness and wrong. In the depths of his being, even below the region of distinct consciousness, there lurks the instinct and impulse of a moral law that forbids revenge, especially such a revenge as he is called upon to administer. With this impulse of rectitude thus dimly and deeply working within him, the injunction of his father's ghost comes in conflict.

What, indeed, is the quality of the act enjoined upon him? Nothing less, to be sure, than to kill at once his uncle, his mother's husband, and his anointed sovereign. And this deed, thus involving homicide, parricide, and regicide, all rolled into one, he is called to perform, not as an act of justice, and in a judicial manner, but as an act of revenge, and by assassination. Surely this could hardly be expected of one who had the misfortune to live before the dawn of that wisdom which so admirably teacheth, that to kill a father, or mother, or bishop, or king, is but common homicide! How shall Hamlet justify such a deed to the world? How vindicate himself from the reproach of the very crime he is called upon to revenge? For the evidence upon which he is required to act is in its nature available at best only in the court of his own conscience. In view of such an act he might well say to himself:

> "If I could find example
> Of thousands who had struck anointed kings,
> And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
> Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
> Let villany itself forswear't."

Hamlet, then, is called upon to punish one crime, by committing what seems to him another crime; for the same religion which in his mind enjoins filial piety also forbids revenge; so that he dare neither reject nor perform the mandate from the ghost. Thus his conscience is divided, not merely against his inclination, but against itself; it plucks him on, and plucks him off; it provokes the resolution, but prevents the performance. However much he multiplies reasons and motives upon himself in favor of the deed, there yet springs up, from a depth in his nature which reflection has never fathomed, an impulse against it, which he can neither account for nor resist. The truth is, his moral instincts are too strong for his intellectual convictions. It is the triumph of a pure moral nature over temptation in its most imposing and insinuating form—in the form of a sacred call from heaven, or what is such to him. He thinks, indeed, that he ought to perform the act, resolves that he will do it, and blames himself for not doing it; but there is a power within him and yet above him, which, in spite of himself, overmasters his resolutions and thwarts them; and

he cannot do the thing for the simple reason, though he knows it not, and believes it not, that he is too good to do it. The trouble with him, in short, lies not in himself, but in his situation; it all arises from the impossibility of translating the outward call of duty into a free, spontaneous moral impulse; and of course he cannot perform it, until he has so translated it; for he is so constituted, that in such an undertaking he must act from himself, not from another.

It is from this strife between incompatible duties, that Hamlet's perplexity and indecision spring. For escape from this dilemma all his faculties and resources are taxed and strained to the uttermost. His moral sensitiveness, shrinking from the dreadful summons to revenge, throws him back upon his reflective powers, and sends him through the abysses of thought, in quest of a reconciliation between his conflicting duties, so that he may shelter either the performance of the deed from the reproach of irreligion, or the non-performance from the reproach of filial impiety. In this condition springs of thought, and feeling, and action, beyond the reach of our minds, are opened within him. Here, then, we have an example of a great mind so circumstanced that all its greatness has to come out in thought; which, indeed, seems to have been the poet's design.

And it should be especially remarked withal, that the same voice which calls Hamlet to this terrible undertaking, also reveals to him the fearful retributions of futurity; so that in proportion as he is nerved by a sense of the duty, he is at the same time shaken by a dread of the responsibility. "The eternal blazon," which "must not be to ears of flesh and blood," hurries him away from action into meditation on the dread realities of the invisible world; and his resolution is suspended by the apprehensions started up in his mind by the ghost's disclosures respecting "the secrets of its prison house." Nay, his filial reverence itself leads him, first to regret, then to doubt, and finally to disbelieve, that his *father* has laid upon him an injunction so repugnant to his sense of right. Upon reflection he discerns in the nature of the mandate something that makes him question and distrust its source; it clashes with his sentiment of moral rectitude; and he wisely thinks, that "light which leads astray cannot be light from heaven." It seems to him more probable, that the ghost should be a *counterfeit* of his father, than that his *father* should give such an order. He must "have grounds more relative than this."

[*To be concluded in our next number.*]

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The intelligence from Europe is of more than ordinary interest. The British Parliament has met at an earlier period than usual, for the dispatch of business. The only proceeding of which we yet have information, is the re-election of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The composition of that body is stated by the London Quarterly Review to consist of

Whigs, Radicals, Repealers and Chartists, - - - -	327
Peelites, - - - -	80
Protectionists, - - -	236
Two double returns, - -	2
Sudbury disfranchised, - -	2
Undeclared and doubtful, -	11
Total, - - -	658

The change in the persons of the members, is said to be vastly greater than was ever known before—excepting only the election which succeeded the passage of the Reform Act. There were then 280 new members, and in the present instance the number is 223, which, under the circumstances, is a more remarkable change. The alteration in the pursuits of the members is also indicative of political or social change. The number of railway directors, engineers and contractors, of barristers, merchants, retail traders, political writers and lecturers, is greater; while the naval and military officers, the connections of aristocratic and wealthy families, have diminished in numerical force. The intentions of the Russell ministry are yet unknown, not even the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament having yet ar-

rived here. Several failures have taken place in the commercial part of the community, but not so serious in amount as those which have preceded; and it is confidently hoped that the severity of the crisis has passed. A steady influx of gold and silver has rendered the currency less restricted; although discounts still remain at very high rates, and money very difficult to be obtained. The Directors of the Bank of England availed themselves of one portion of the recommendation of the ministry, mentioned in our last—the charging "a high rate of interest;" but omitted to comply with that which urged an enlargement of the amount of discounts and advances; and their proceedings in this respect have called forth considerable animadversion. The number of bills drawn in the colonies, which have been returned in consequence of the late failures, together with the low price of sugar and other colonial products, will yet cause considerable embarrassment; but on the other hand, the slight rise in cotton and grain, will cause a greater buoyancy in the trade with this country; and, although upon the whole, the amelioration is but small, the change will operate to restore confidence, and may prove more stable from being of slow motion. Strong hopes are entertained that the Royal Bank of Liverpool and the Bank of North and South Wales, both of which have suspended payment, will be enabled to resume business. Government stocks are more firm in price; and although the Bank of England still charges eight per cent. discount, many private establishments are content with seven and six and a half per cent. Accounts from the manufacturing districts are still unfavorable, and notwithstanding some little improvement has been evinced, it is to be apprehended that short work and a high price of provisions will be productive of very great distress among the operatives and the laboring population generally.

Ireland still continues to present a melancholy spectacle, and must cause very considerable embarrassment to the present Parliament. Famine appears again to threaten its appearance, while murder and agrarian outrages are so much on the increase, as to have produced a proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant, calling on all well-disposed persons to assist in their repression, and threatening offenders with the utmost rigor of punishment. The worst features in these offences are, that they seem to be committed by persons who have not the excuse of destitution; and that in many instances the victims are resident proprietors, who are exerting themselves to benefit the peasantry in their neighborhoods. The assassination of Major Rowan, of Stokestown, in the county of Roscommon, appears an offence of a most unaccountable character. With three years' rent due from the tenants of his estate, he last year chartered two vessels to assist a portion of them to emigrate, and had just borrowed money to effect large improvements on his estate, by which he expected to employ a large number of persons during the coming winter. While engaged in this and other beneficent employments, he was shot down on his own estate—an occurrence, among others, which most painfully shows the disorganized state of society. A number of Irish members of Parliament, and influential persons, organized, for the purpose of demanding from the government employment for the people, on the unfinished improvements which were commenced last year; and, it is to be hoped, that in the present state of the peasantry, their efforts will be directed to measures of a purely practical character, and that no political feeling will be allowed to thwart the measures so imperatively demanded.

Intelligence has been received of the total loss of the packet ship Stephen Whitney, which left New-York on the 8th October. Mistaking the light upon Rock Island, near Cape Clear, on the South Coast of Ireland, for the old Head of Kinsale, she went broadside on a rock called the West Calf, about four miles inside the Cape, and in less than ten minutes was dashed to atoms, involving in her destruction, the melancholy loss of her captain and no less than 92 of her crew and passengers—18 only, out of 110, having escaped with life—the ship with many articles on board being totally lost.

The commercial and financial difficulties of England do not appear to have reached France: on the contrary securities have been steady, and notwithstanding the negotiation of a loan of 250 millions of francs which was taken by the Rothschilds, and by which a large amount of fresh stock was created, the price of funds rose at the Bourse. A political agitation for the extension of the elective franchise is active in France, and though greatly discouraged by the government, large meetings are held, at which the name of the king is not very respectfully greeted. Louis Philippe suffers much in public estimation from a belief of his interfering personally, with all the details of government, in a greater degree than is consistent with a limited and constitutional monarchy, where the responsibility for such acts is exclusively confined to the ministers. Count Bresson, who figured considerably in negotiating the marriage of the Queen of Spain, and also of her sister to the Duc de Montpensier, lately committed suicide, while ambassador at Naples; and his immediate predecessor at that post, Count Mortier, made a like attempt while laboring under mental alienation. Monsieur Deschappelles, the celebrated chess-player, died in Paris about the beginning of the past month; and Monsieur Parmentier, who was so disgracefully connected with the late proceedings of General Cubieres and Monsieur Teste, died of grief at Lure. It is said that the Archduchess of Parma, Maria Louisa, widow of

Napoleon, has married the Count de Bombelles, one of her ministers. The *Commerce* announces that reports from the Prefects have been received by the Minister of the Interior, which state that the potato crop had been gathered throughout France, and that it was abundant and of good quality, the disease having only shown itself at a few points and its effects being insignificant.

The *Universal Gazette* of Prussia, publishes a letter from St. Petersburgh of the 17th November, which states:—

"The cholera makes fresh progress in the two directions, which it is following in Russia. It has just broken out in the governments of Simbrisk, Kazan, Nijni, Novogorod, Riasan, Poltawa, and Tamboff. Thus far, it does not appear disposed to spread on the side of Podolia and Gallicia, and it even appears to have very little intensity in that neighborhood. In that direction it has only shown itself on one point, at Ickaterinoslaf, where it traversed the Dnieper. Without counting Georgia, Caucasus, and the country of the Cossacks of the Black Sea, it already reigns in sixteen governments. On the 30th ult. it broke out at Moscow."

The latest intelligence from the latter place states the number of cholera patients there on the 16th November, at 105; on the evening of the 17th October, the number was 135.

Spain still continues the victim of intrigue. The French party is in the ascendant, and notwithstanding the constant changes in the ministry, Narvaez appears to be the director of affairs, aided by the queen mother, Christina. An apparent reconciliation has been effected between Queen Isabella and her husband, but a strong opinion is maintained in Madrid that their feelings are as much estranged as ever, and that their present union is only a matter of state necessity. The Carlist and Montemolinist parties are endeavoring to excite civil war in Catalonia and other provinces, but meet with litle encouragement from the peasantry, and are generally routed when met by the queen's troops. Espartero, the exiled general, has been offered the embassy to London; which he has refused, it is said, on account of want of sufficient fortune to sustain the dignity of the station.

The civil war in Portugal having been terminated through the combined intervention of the allies of the queen's government, the parties opposed are busy at the work of intrigue, and are making great exertions to gain the supremacy at the coming elections.

In Italy, Pius IX. still continues to persevere in his judicious reforms. His views all appear to tend towards practical results, and are, for that reason, likely to prove more lasting and effective. A commercial treaty and customs league has lately been concluded between the Pope, the King of Sardinia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany and Duke of Lucca, which may be considered the first step towards a political union of the Italian States. The terms of this treaty will not be made public until it is known whether the King of Naples and the Duke of Modena will join the league, propositions having been made to them to do so. A Paris paper announces that the Sultan has sent Chebel Effendi on a mission to Rome, to express his desire that the protection of the Christians of the Libanus should take place in a direct manner by the intervention of a representative of the Holy See; and the Pope has, in consequence, re-established the office of Patriarch of Jerusalem, and raised to that dignity a simple missionary priest.

The civil war in Switzerland has commenced. The troops of the Federal Government were investing Fribourg, and the bombardment of that place was said to have commenced on the 12th inst.; but the latter fact appears doubtful, as reports of a later date state that the Grand Council of Fribourg had assembled, and demanded a suspension of hostilities, which had been granted by the commander of the Federal forces. Great excitement exists in the Tyrol, in consequence of the events taking place in Switzerland, and which is increased by the movements of the Austrian troops. It is understood that overtures have been made, by the representatives of some of the continental powers, to the British Cabinet, for an amicable mediation to terminate the differences now existing in the Helvetic republic.

Mr. Gutzlaff, the missionary to China, has just completed a voluminous history of that empire, and sent the manuscript to Mr. Cotta, the publisher at Stutgardt. He has published at Hong Kong a universal geography, in Chinese, with sixty large maps; and has begun to compose a dictionary of that language. He has founded a Chinese society, which already numbers 600 members, and includes mandarins and native *savans* of the first rank; and the society has already published a large number of popular works. This establishment was instituted from a conviction that Christianity, and its civilizing results, can only be successfully propagated in China, by the Chinese themselves.

Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the great musical composer, died suddenly, of inflammation of the brain, at Leipsic, on the 4th of November last, aged 30. He was born at Berlin, on the 3d of February, 1808; and was son of the celebrated Archæologist James Solomon Bartholdy, and grandson of the philosopher Mendelssohn. At 8 years of age, he had composed some remarkable pieces, and performed on the piano, at Paris and London, with great success. Six songs for a soprano voice, three motets for mixed chorusses, (already in the press,) a large portion of his new Ortario of Christ, and some other works, were found in his writing desk, after his decease.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Old Wine in New Bottles; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris. By Augustus Kinsley Gardner, M. D. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington street. 1848.

This volume is a republication of a series of letters, written by the author when he was a medical student in Paris, to the Newark *Daily Advertiser*. They are exceedingly entertaining and full of interesting description, good humor and good sense. The author has an observant eye, and while his correspondence lets us into the heart of life in the gay capital, its thousand excitements evidently did not disturb the serenity of his understanding. He appears the same quiet observer in all the various scenes through which he takes us—the theatres, the opera, the hospitals, the *bal masque*. One who wishes to ramble around the city, which seems the physical and social centre of the world, as London does its intellectual and moral, could not choose a more agreeable companion. He is always cheerful and amusing; not narrow in his views of French life, but at the same time thoroughly and indisputably American in his observations and reflections. Many of his opinions are deeply colored with the mode of thinking peculiar to physicians; but that of course does not diminish the gratification of the reader. It is curious to observe how differently the same incident will be regarded by different minds. The following, for example, would hardly have come from a young lawyer, after witnessing an execution by the guillotine:—

"An individual, it is agreed, by all people of sense, may take life in necessary self-defence. What may be thus done by one may be done by another, and so society becomes invested with the same high prerogative, as a *dernier resort*. I do not acknowledge myself under any obligation to incur the trouble, expense and risk of chaining a wild beast of a man, to keep him from preying on his fellow-men. The virtuous portion of the community is not bound, and sometimes is not able, to waste the fruits of its hard and honest labor in building penitentiaries, in which the worthless, aye, and still dangerous existence of a demon may be carefully prolonged, and his body clothed and fed—often much better than the poor who are taxed to pay for it—till the culprit shall be pardoned by an impotent or corrupt executive, to vex the country again with his murders and conflagrations; or till a natural death shall do for the people what they had not the firmness to do for themselves—rid them of an enormous and perilous burden, not imposed by any dictate of natural law."

Here is no sympathy with crime, no inquiry into palliative circumstances. The man who was guillotined had attempted several times to murder his wife, and at last nearly beat her brains out with a hammer. The doctor was evidently glad to see his head cut off. As the reader glides over the description he feels so likewise, though it is only medical and military men, whose nerves are educated out of the sympathetic influence of pain, that can witness such things with a becoming indifference. Perhaps it is owing more to this sympathetic influence, which the subtle fancy can any moment image to the mind, that we have such discordance of opinion respecting capital punishment. The easy confidence with which physicians throw out opinions on social questions is often not only entertaining, but really instructive; we are led to see the matter in a new light. A lawyer is troubled with the uncertainties of jury trials, and the thousand other hindrances to justice; doctors consider all that as an accurately working part of the social machine, and look only to the abstract question. A man who kills his wife ought to be hung, they think; most people have an instinctive feeling to the same effect, because the fact appeals directly to the sense of natural justice. But the doctors go a step further: not only do they have the natural feeling, but, being accustomed to surgical operations, they have also a feeling that they should be perfectly willing to *officiate* in the matter, if no one else were at hand, and that by the mode least painful to the subject. They are terrible slashers. But perhaps their cool mode of thinking contributes, on the whole, to the health of the body politic, no less than their science does to that of the body individual. At all events, however much any one may differ with Dr. Gardner on this and other points, there will be no difference as to the fact of his having written a very readable volume.

The American in Paris. By John Sanderson. In two volumes. Third edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

Since these letters were originally published in 1835, they have had many imitators, some of them displaying much ability; yet, and also after a lapse of more than ten years, which is

a long immortality for such sketches, they have lost none of their original excellence. If it be lawful to use two words utterly outworn, we may express in them a sufficiently comprehensive criticism for a brief notice, and call these volumes "graphic" and "racy." They are picturesque, brilliant, sparkling—everything that is animated. To read them is like seeing fireworks. And yet they fatigue and cloy us. The intense ebullience of the fancy, which is their most remarkable characteristic, affects us, we know not why, sadly and even painfully. We seem to be brought in contact with a burning soul, that is consuming its over sensitive and excitable tenement. The *vis animi* is wearing out the body. After reading a few pages one feels heated and feverish. In this respect these letters are in marked contrast with those of Dr. Gardner, just noticed: they are more brilliant, but not so cheerful. It may be, however, that in this respect our perceptions are too delicate. For those who can bear such writing there is drollery enough, as well as suggestiveness, in these two volumes, to stimulate them for a month. "Here, on the *Boulevard Poissonniere*, or near it, resides Mr. ——, of New Jersey; he has been sent over (hapless errand!) to convert these French people to Christianity. He is a very clever man, and we will ask if he is yet alive: the journals of this morning say three or four missionaries have been eaten up by the Sumatras." This and a thousand other *bon-bons* are in the very spirit of a Parisian *feuilletonist*. One cannot avoid a momentary smile at the absurdity of the idea, though Mr. —— may have done a great deal of good in Paris, notwithstanding.

The Boys' Winter Book: Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller. Harper & Brothers.

It makes one almost sad to see how much better boys are cared for now than they used to be, especially during the annual holidays that are just past. This little volume is another evidence of the increased attention that is paid them. It is very neatly printed, and the wood cuts are well executed. Mr. Miller evidently loves children, and has also excellent taste in matters of literature, anecdote, &c. Our only fault with him is that he writes down *too far*, and is a little childish and goodyish at times, which boys do not like half so well as strong manly writing, that says what it has to say in plain words, and leaves their own active fancies to supply the coloring. Nothing offends their pride more than to be played baby with; they always feel that they are not appreciated, and that their teacher, who approaches them in that way, must be weak in perception. But so it is through life; the pride of the old stands opposed to that of the young:

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;"

and when there comes a young genius, who lives more in a month than others in a year, the proud world is seldom ready to acknowledge him till the struggle of life is past. Then it honors him for bravely dying.

The Lesson of Life, and other Poems. By George H. Baker. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut street. 1848.

A very modestly attired little volume, containing several very gracefully written pieces, betokening good sense, a kind heart, and a genial fancy. The longest piece has many passages of truly poetic description, and is nowhere marred by the affectations of style, which are the fashion of the day with many young gentlemen who presume to come before the world in the character of poets.

The Pictorial History of England. Harper & Brothers.

The republication of this great work is drawing to a conclusion, it having reached the thirty-third number, the whole being to be completed in about forty. It is fairly printed in ample two-column pages, and the engravings very respectable. The usefulness and interest of the work are too obvious to need a comment. It is a compilation from all sorts of histories, and presents a view not only of the progress of the government but also of the people, their religion, manners and customs, national industry, general condition, and gradual advancement in literature, science, and the fine arts. For those who read history only for their own gratification and mental improvement, and not to supply themselves with arms to be used in political or professional employments, such a work must supply a long-felt desideratum. For, in respect of the most picturesque parts of English history, we have hitherto relied more upon the old dramatists and the modern novelists than upon Hume and his successors: Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott have in this sense been our best historians.

We have not had time to examine the tone and merit of the compilation, but it is fair to presume that it is of similar excellence with the many works tending to popularize learning and spread the love of knowledge which have issued from the same press in London; and if so, it is a work which cannot fail in this country of doing good service among the people. It is attractive and will be read, and many who are drawn into reading it will find how many of the noisiest social fancies of the present day which claim to be great discoveries are only new developments of the one Adam, and are in fact as old as the hills. It will lead to reflection, and that is a habit

which, in feverish and fighting times like these, all true men must be glad to see encouraged in every possible way.

Thomson's Seasons; and Goldsmith's Poems. Both Illustrated with Engravings by the Etching Club. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

To find these two familiar friends arrayed in dresses of such elegance, is like meeting an every-day acquaintance in a ball-room: they are so fine one scarcely recognizes them. Yesterday they lay in our chamber, soiled and rusty—one, sooth to tell, with his coat entirely torn off his back; to-day we behold them in blue and gold, and with their pages filled with elegant engravings. For our own part, we feel constrained and awkward in conversing with them in their new attire; but if there were any young lady friend, or relative, a cousin for example, upon whom we desired them to make a favorable impression, we could not present them to her in more attractive costume. They would surely be welcome guests in any parlor.

The Seasons, especially, is as charming a book as one could offer to a lady. It is such a beautiful work of art, so gentle and refining, so well fitted to cause those lovely in themselves to perceive the loveliness of the world around them, and thus to exist in a larger and more various sphere of enjoyment. One cannot but rejoice in the republication of so delightful a book in such a garb. Here in the rough outside of life, in the struggles of business and the coarse contacts of the gross and selfish, one almost fears sometimes that all the refinement of the world is vanishing out of it—that ladies are no longer sensitive to the music of the poets, and have determined to favor only the victors in those less severe and less exacting conflicts that occur in wars on fields of battle. The publication of these handsome editions is a proof that they have not forgotten how to estimate the greatness of those who conquer in ideal regions, as well as of those who dwell wholly in the actual.

Goldsmith would be less one's choice for such a purpose than Thomson, he having been obliged to see so much of the worser part of the world in his youth, that he never quite recovered of it; yet the Deserted Village is excellent reading. Every one knows that "*nihil quod tetigit quod non ornavit:*"—it is refreshing to see that he is at last beautified himself, more according to his deserts than he usually was in his lifetime.

Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ. Daily Scripture Readings. By the late Thomas Chalmers, D.D., L.L.D. In three volumes.—Vol. I. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This volume forms a number in Dr. Chalmers' Posthumous Works, now in course of publication by the Harpers. The second work of the series is entitled "*Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ; or Sabbath Meditations on the Holy Scriptures.*" The third is called "*Theological Institutes;*" the fourth is the author's "*Lectures on Butler's Analogy;*" the fifth embraces "*Discourses.*" We mention the names of the forthcoming volumes for the convenience of many of our readers, who may wish to make themselves acquainted with one of the most distinguished theological writers of his time. The publishers promise also a Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in-law Dr. Hanna, Editor of the North British Review.

The Bethel Flag: a Series of Short Discourses to Seamen. By Gardiner Spring, D.D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of the City of New-York. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

It is unnecessary to examine the literary merits of a series of discourses addressed to seamen by a clergyman whose writings are so highly esteemed by his denomination as Dr. Spring. They are characterized by his usual plainness and sincerity of style, and hence must have, aside from their pious uses, a tendency to improve the minds of the many readers they will of course find, among the class for whom they are intended.

The American Musical Times. A Gazette Devoted to Music, Literature, The Fine Arts, and the Drama. Henry C. Watson, Editor. New-York: W. B. Taylor, 114 Nassau street.

This is the title of the seventh number of a new weekly paper devoted, as its name imports, chiefly to music. Mr. Watson is very well known in the city as an accomplished musician and an able writer on all topics connected with the art. The series thus far has been decidedly the most interesting literary and musical *melange* we have ever seen, and if it is continued with the same spirit the work must surely succeed. The editor promises a series of articles on Instrumentation, to be edited by Mr. George Loder: these will of course be both interesting and valuable to musical students.

The present number of the paper is in mourning on account of the death of Mendelssohn, who was the greatest of the cotemporary composers, and whose grandest work, the oratorio of Elijah, was successfully performed in our city, last month, by our best choral society, the American Musical Institute, under Mr. Loder's direction.

THE

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THE WAR: THE NEW ISSUE.

Our object in this article will be to present to the American people—at least as widely as our humble labors may reach—the great Practical Issue, as it now stands, in regard to the further prosecution of the Mexican War. We laid the foundation for this, in our article in the last number of the Review, on "the President's Message, and the War," and to which we would invite our readers to recur. We think we cannot be mistaken in supposing that a crisis has come in our Mexican relations, which, of necessity, must force political men and political parties into an open and undisguised attitude on the one side or the other of the great issue which has now arisen in those relations.

According to our conception of the clear facts of the case, the President now offers to Congress and the country the project of a war to be prosecuted and maintained, from this time forward, for the following specific object—namely: To COMPEL MEXICO TO SUBMIT TO OUR APPROPRIATING PERMANENTLY TO OURSELVES, WITHOUT ANY JUST CAUSE, AND WITHOUT AN EQUIVALENT, (IF THERE COULD BE AN EQUIVALENT FOR A FORCED DISMEMBERMENT,) CERTAIN LARGE DISTRICTS OF COUNTRY BELONGING TO THAT NATION, ALREADY CONQUERED BY OUR ARMS, AND HELD UNDER MILITARY OCCUPATION, AND WHICH ARE ACCURATELY DEFINED AND DESCRIBED FOR OUR BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE ENTERPRISE TO WHICH WE ARE INVITED. It must be understood that the territory which he now proposes to take or secure, is more extensive than that which he demanded, as his ultimatum, in the conferences of Mr. Trist with the Mexican Commissioners in September last. In those conferences, the President informs us in his late Annual Message, "the boundary of the Rio Grande, and the cession to the United States of New Mexico and *Upper* California, constituted *an ultimatum* which our Commissioner was, *under no circumstances*, to yield." The demand now embraces *both* the Californias. "Early after the commencement of the war," says the Message, "New Mexico and the Califor-

nias were taken possession of by our forces." "These provinces are now in our undisputed possession, and have been for many months." "I am satisfied *that they should never be surrendered to Mexico.*" The present ultimatum of the President, then, embraces Lower as well as Upper California. And the whole territory, taken together, comprising parts of three Mexican States, the province of New Mexico and the two Californias, has an area of nearly 700,000 square miles. The whole area of the Mexican empire, since she has lost Texas, is, we believe, less than 1,500,000 square miles; so that the President proposes to take for the United States a little less than one half of the dominions remaining to that empire.

We desire to be understood as taking the ground distinctly, that from the period of the conferences with the Mexican Commissioners, we have, in effect, so far as Congress, or the country, is called on to become a party to it, a NEW WAR. It wants the formalities of a new war to make it such in legal contemplation, and nothing else. To every moral intent, so far as Congress or the country is concerned, it is a new war—the monstrous birth of that to which it has succeeded. The war which was carried on up to the period referred to, though the real designs of its author were undoubtedly veiled from the public eye, had certain professed objects in view, upon which all appeals to the country for its sanction and support were constantly based. Mexico had injured our citizens, and had not made reparation, as she was bound to do. "In vindicating our national honor," says the President, "we seek to obtain redress for the wrongs she has done us, and indemnity for our just demands against her." It was supposed, of course, that our national honor would be sufficiently vindicated, our wrongs redressed, and the whole end of the war obtained, when we had beaten her forces, with immense odds against us, in every field and fight through two campaigns, had brought her, by the extremity to which she was reduced, to give up her pretensions and complaints on account of the annexation of Texas to the United States, to propose a just and proper boundary between our State of Texas and her dominions, and to tender to our acceptance ample indemnity for our claims. All this she did in the conferences with Mr. Trist. We take the President at his word, in what he has so often said, with the most solemn asseverations, up to that period, that the war was not waged for conquest, but for the redress of injuries, and for indemnity for our claims. And when concessions were offered by Mexico which fully met those objects of the war, the war of course ceased to be prosecuted *for those objects.* The goal was reached, and the enterprise could not be pushed an inch further in that direction. It is true, the submission of Mexico was not accepted; not because of any defect or deficiency in the concessions and indemnity offered, nor, as we have shown in our former article on this subject, because of any inadmissible claims on her part by which they were accompanied; but because, and only because, her submission did not go far enough to satisfy the *secret* purpose of the President in the war. But as a national war, the country had nothing to do with any secret purpose of the President in prosecuting it. So far as the nation was concerned, it was a war for such objects only as had been avowed, and were understood by the nation. The submission of Mexico fully met and covered these objects, or would have done so if it had been accepted. And when that submission was rejected because it stopped short of that extreme humiliation and sacrifice to which it had been the private purpose of the President to reduce that unhappy country, and when the war, after the conferences, was resumed, and prosecuted for the single purpose of bringing down Mexico to the point of that extreme humiliation and sacrifice, we say it was, in effect, a new war; a war to which neither Congress nor the country had as yet committed themselves, and a war to which it remains to be seen whether they *will* ever commit themselves.

We must recur to what took place at the conferences in September, referring the reader for further particulars and proofs, to our former article on this subject. Our army had fought its way up to the gates of the capital of Mexico. Here a parley was sounded; there was a pause in the war; and Commissioners of Peace came together to tender and receive terms of accommodation. The first thing to be

done was to hear the demands of the conquering party. The Project of a Treaty was presented. After consideration, a Counter-Project of a Treaty was offered on the part of Mexico. Then came the *Ultimatum* of the President; and upon this, the conferences were broken off—the Mexican Commissioners finding this ultimatum inadmissible. It is important that we understand perfectly the substance and effect of this transaction. The first demands of the conqueror, according to the habit of diplomacy—generally, we think, a very bad habit—embraced more than was to be insisted on. The Project presented by Mr. Trist, proposed a line of boundary between the two countries, giving to the United States, besides Texas proper, 1st, the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande; 2d, the whole of New Mexico; 3d, the whole of the two Californias. It asked also for certain privileges of transportation and transit across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. And, in consideration of these demands, if conceded, it proposed three things on the part of the United States: 1st, to renounce all claims for the expenses of the war; 2d, to assume and pay the claims of our own citizens on Mexico; 3d, to pay to Mexico such additional pecuniary compensation for the new territory acquired, as it might be worth, over and above the amount of the claims. The sum offered by Mr. Trist is stated to have been "from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars"—the demands of the Commissioner having been first lowered to the ultimatum of the President. This ultimatum excluded from his demands Lower California, and the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. In these conferences, then, the final and ultimate demand of the President was that Mexico, besides giving up Texas proper, should cede to the United States, 1st, the country on the left bank of the lower Rio Grande; 2d, New Mexico; and 3d, Upper California. And for this he would make the stipulations and payments just mentioned.

Now, before this ultimatum was announced, the Mexican Commissioners had presented their Counter-Project of a Treaty; and it is important that we understand precisely how far Mexico was willing, and offered, to go, in making concessions to the demands of the President. Their plan of a Treaty proposed a boundary which yielded Texas proper to the United States; stipulated to maintain the desert country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande in its uninhabited state, as a national frontier, equally secure and beneficial to both countries; and ceded to the United States one-half of Upper California, including the port and bay of San Francisco. Upon this extension of our limits by the grant of Mexico—for the new territory acquired in California alone would have an area equal to that of four States like New York—it was required that the United States should assume and pay the claims of our citizens on Mexico, and should pay such further sum of money to Mexico, as the value of our acquisitions should render just. The country on the left bank of the lower Rio Grande and the territory of New Mexico, with the whole of Lower and a part of Upper California, the Commissioners refused to yield. The preservation of their country on the Rio Grande, and of New Mexico, with their loyal inhabitants, and the possessions and property belonging to them, to the Mexican nation, and under its jurisdiction, they declared to be a condition *sine quâ non* of peace. "Mexico," it was declared, "would not sell her citizens as a herd of cattle!" "Mexico would not put a price on the attachment of a citizen to the land that gave him birth!" Of course, the preservation of these countries to Mexico, was inconsistent with the ultimatum of the President. The conferences, therefore, were broken off, and the war was resumed.

It is essential, here, that we do not commit the error of supposing that the negotiations for peace failed on any other ground than that just stated. Nothing else had any influence or tendency towards this result. The President would not permit his Commissioner to make terms of peace with Mexico, because she would not yield so far at least to his demands, as to give Texas a boundary on the Rio Grande, and cede New Mexico to the United States, in addition to the cession of half of Upper California, which she offered to make. This was the sole cause why the conferences were broken off, and the war renewed. We have not forgotten, that two

or three inadmissible propositions of minor importance were inserted in the Counter-Project of the Mexican Commissioners; but we assert positively that they had no influence whatever in arresting the negotiations for peace. We appeal to the record in the case. We cannot be mistaken. In the last instructions given by the Mexican Government to the Commissioners of that power, dated the day before the Counter-Project was presented to Mr. Trist, it was solemnly declared: "In New Mexico, and the few leagues which intervene between the right bank of the Nueces and the left bank of the Bravo, lies the question of peace or war." Mexico presented no other ultimatum—no other condition *sine qua non* of peace, but this. She presented some claims—she offered some propositions—for the consideration and acceptance of the American Commissioner; but they were not to be insisted on. In reference to these, the Mexican Commissioners, after stating the point on which the conferences were broken off, expressly declare: "The *other points* touched upon in the Project appeared to us *easily settled:* such at least was the opinion we formed during the conferences." It is absurd to suppose that Mexico would have allowed the war to go on, some thousands more of her citizens to be sacrificed, her whole army to be cut up and dissipated, and her proud capital to be taken, merely on the claim which she set up to impose import duties over again on foreign goods which had once paid such duties to the "conqueror," or on that other claim of damages done to her citizens by the necessary progress of our arms in the war. The matter on which the parties separated —and the whole matter—was the ultimatum of the President, demanding the dismemberment of Mexico far beyond what the Government of that country would consent to.

There are one or two other points in this connection, about which it is essential we should not fall into error. One of them is this: that the United States had no claim of right—except only what might arise from conquest in war—to any part or portion of the territory which the President thus resolved to force from the unwilling hands of its proprietor and sovereign. And this remark is as true of the country which he demanded, lying on the left bank of the Bravo, as it is of New Mexico, on both sides of that river, or of California. We are bold to say, that no man who has given himself the trouble to understand the facts, and who has any just perception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and between right and wrong, can doubt the truth of this position. We know the contrary has been asserted in high places—even by the President of the United States, over and over again, in the most solemn form—as well as by partisans and politicians of high and low degree, all over the land. Nevertheless, the truth is as we have stated it—resting on the plainest facts, open and read of all men, and which cannot be argued off from imperishable records. The question of title does not rest on argument. There is nothing in the case to argue about. Unless a man may give himself a valid title to his neighbor's property, *by making a deed of it to himself*, neither Texas nor the United States had the slightest claim of title, antecedent to this war, to the country on the left bank of the Rio Grande. The reader who has done us the honor to look into our previous articles in this Journal, in relation to the Mexican war, will not expect, or need, that we should say more on this matter, in this place.

Another point to be noticed here, and firmly fixed in our minds, is this: that the terms of peace offered by Mexico in the conferences with Mr. Trist, having reference to the original subjects of difference or quarrel between the two countries, did not leave an inch of just ground, so far as those subjects of dispute were concerned, for the United States to stand on in renewing and further prosecuting the war. The points of dispute were, 1st. The annexation of Texas to the United States, giving high offence to Mexico, and causing her to put herself in a threatening and war-like attitude. 2d. The question of a boundary between Texas and the Mexican dominions, which Congress, by the Act of Annexation, expressly reserved to be settled by negotiation. 3d. The pecuniary claims of our citizens, which the President has constantly insisted on as *the* cause for prosecuting the war on our part. Now the terms of peace offered by Mexico, em-

braced each of these points. In regard to the measure of annexation—so wounding to the pride of the Mexican nation, the source of her irritation and anger, and the primal cause, the *causa causans*, of the war—she proposed a line of demarkation between the two countries, which would have cut her off forever from the proper territory of Texas, with its boundary on the Nueces, and thus removed completely this matter as a subject of difference or dispute between the two powers. The course proposed to be taken was particularly judicious, inasmuch as it would have left the United States at liberty to look always to the Congressional Act of Annexation, with the assent of the Republic of Texas, as the true ground of our title; while, at the same time, Mexico might console her wounded pride with the belief, if she chose, that, at last, we were only quieted in our possession of that country by the generous cession which she consented to make. In regard to the question of boundary—which we must look at, all the while, as totally distinct from that of annexation—Mexico made an offer which, in its substance and effect, cannot fail to be regarded, by all just minds, as fairly meeting this question with a view to its proper adjustment. She did not propose to cede the country between the Nueces and the Bravo, but she offered to make the desert the actual boundary. What she insisted on was, that she would not abandon her citizens, having their property and rightful residence on the left bank of the latter river, in the State of Tamaulipas; and that a desert a hundred and twenty miles wide, was a safer and better frontier for both countries, than a narrow stream like the Rio Grande. It is perfectly manifest that she cared nothing for the unimportant territory on the right bank of the Nueces, and between that river and the desert, where Texas had some small settlements. A line of demarkation in the middle of the desert would, no doubt, have been perfectly acceptable to her. The offer she tendered made such a line in effect the boundary. Finally, in regard to the pecuniary claims of our citizens, Mexico offered the most ample indemnity, by tendering the cession of one half of Upper California, including the best bay and harbor she had on the Pacific.

In reference, then, to the original subjects of dispute or quarrel between the two countries, we repeat that the terms of peace offered by Mexico in September last, *did not leave an inch of just ground for the United States to stand on in renewing and prosecuting the war.* These terms were tendered, as we have every reason to say, in perfect good faith, and with an anxious desire to close the war and restore the relations of peace. No one can read the last letter of Instructions from the Minister, Pacheco, to the Mexican Commissioners, or that of the Commissioners to Mr. Trist, accompanying their Counter-Project of a Treaty, without being struck with the marked change of tone, so strikingly different from that which has always, heretofore, characterized the diplomatic correspondence of the Mexican authorities. There is an earnestness, a directness, a manifest sincerity, a nobleness of sentiment, and even a pathos, in the communications we refer to, which, especially if we take into the account the unhappy and distressing circumstances under which they were written, we venture to say, cannot be read by any just-minded person, enemy though he be, without exciting within him a strong feeling of sympathy, and a sentiment of disgust towards that cold-blooded, calculating policy of the President, which could spurn the submission Mexico offered to make, and turning haughtily away, deliberately proceed with his measures of blood and devastation to complete her degradation, and reduce her to the last stage of wretchedness and despair.

Let it, then, be distinctly observed, that when the war was renewed, after the conferences in September, Mexico had tendered her submission to every just demand which the United States had to make upon her, in reference to every original ground of difference between the two countries; and from that time, this nation cannot justly consider the war as prosecuted for any of those objects which, before that period, were regarded as lending a sufficient sanction to its operations. As a national war, as a war waged for national objects, it had already met its complete accomplishment, only that the President refused to make peace on the terms of submission to which the enemy had been brought. We say, with-

out a doubt, that as between us and Mexico, the sense of national justice and honor would have been satisfied, when Mexico had submitted to our annexation of Texas, had offered us the desert this side the Rio Grande as a frontier, and had tendered us ample indemnity for our pecuniary claims; and that the further demands on which the President insisted were altogether his own, in which he has never yet received, as we trust he never will receive, the countenance of Congress or the nation. The war having been begun, Congress made, and hitherto has continued to make, the necessary appropriations for carrying it on. It did not prescribe and limit its operations or its objects; but everything was done under the repeated and solemn pledges made by the President, that peace should be made as soon as terms could be obtained to satisfy the honor and justice of the country—pledges constantly accompanied with the most explicit disclaimers of any purpose to turn the war into one of conquest and dismemberment. We say, with perfect confidence in the indisputable truth of what we assert, that neither Congress nor the country entered into this war with any purpose of conquest and dismemberment. Conquest has not been the object, nor one of the objects, which Congress—the only war-making power in this country—has had in view. It never has been its purpose to demand, as a condition *sine qua non* of peace, that Mexico should cede to the United States the Californias, or New Mexico, or even the belt of country on the left bank of the Rio Grande, or any other territories whatever, properly belonging to her, unless it might be, at her own option, such moderate portion, convenient both to her and to us, as might suffice for indemnity for her indebtedness to our citizens. Congress has been a party to the war only to obtain a peace on just terms, having special reference to the particular matters in dispute between the two powers. It was no party to a war for the conquest and dismemberment of Mexico, such as the war became, expressly and exclusively, after the conferences in September, and which has made it, as we insist, virtually a new war, of which the President is the sole author, and thus far the sole prosecutor. The President was the sole author of the war in the beginning; but Congress became a party to it by a formal recognition of it, and by furnishing the necessary supplies to carry it on. Still, however, there was a virtual limitation and restriction, in the employment of the means placed in the hands of the Executive by Congress for the war, in regard to the objects for which it should be prosecuted. And the President had no more right to undertake, after these objects had been attained, or were within his reach, to employ the means in his hands, and prosecute the war against Mexico, for other objects, not within the well understood designs of Congress, than he had to turn the arms of the United States entirely in some new direction, and find or make some new enemy to conquer, in some other quarter of the world. He knew that Congress had never authorized a war of conquest and dismemberment to be carried on against Mexico; and when he contrived and undertook to carry on such a war, he set himself above his office, and above the Constitution, and trampled every moral and every political obligation belonging to his station, wantonly beneath his feet.

The President, it seems, at the very time when he was giving Congress and the country to understand, by his repeated disclaimers, that he had no purpose of conquest in the conduct of the war, was all the while nourishing this design; and he gave his Commissioner, Mr. Trist, positive instructions not to make peace with Mexico, unless she would consent to dismemberment, exactly on his own terms. His ultimatum embraced territory, having an aggregate area of more than 625,000 square miles. For this territory he was willing to pay twenty millions of dollars, besides the amount of the indebtedness of Mexico to our citizens, which, by an exaggerated estimate, might be five millions. By his own computation, then, one fifth part of the territory he demanded as his ultimatum, or 125,000 square miles, was enough for indemnity—and much more than this was offered to him by Mexico for the sake of peace—and the residue, 500,000 square miles of Mexican territory, more than equal to ten States of the size of New-York or Pennsylvania, was demanded to be delivered up to the United States, on a forced sale, without any the remotest

reference to indemnity, or to anything else that had ever been set up or suggested as a cause or pretence for the war. And it was upon this precise demand of dismemberment, and because it was not submitted to by Mexico, that the war was resumed.

But there is a wide difference to be taken notice of here, between the terms of peace offered to Mexico by the President at the conferences in September, and the objects he proposes now to accomplish by the war, as explained in his late annual Message, since those terms were rejected. The contumacy of Mexico on that occasion effectually closed the door to the grace and clemency of the President. He has now greatly advanced his demands, which, in truth, partake very little of the *moderation* which characterized his ultimatum at the conferences. Then, with a boundary on the Rio Grande, and the territory of New Mexico, he was content to take only Upper California. Now, he must have Lower California also. Then, if Mexico had agreed with her adversary while she was in the way with him, he was content to bear his own expenses of the war, and pay her besides twenty millions of dollars for the territory he demanded, as the value of the cession, over and above indemnity. Now, he will have more territory still, and he will take possession avowedly as CONQUEROR, and there is no longer any talk or pretence of purchase and payment. On the 6th of September, 125,000 square miles of territory might have been enough to take in the name of indemnity for the claims of our citizens, if only Mexico had consented to sell us at the same time 500,000 square miles more, for twenty millions of dollars. But things have changed since that day; and now the President demands something less than 700,000 square miles of territory, wholly in the name of indemnity. In September, the United States would have paid their own expenses of the war; now, Mexico must pay them by indemnity in territory. See with what a just sense of truth, innocence and injury, and with what firmness of purpose and conscious dignity, this change in the policy and demands of the President is announced!—we quote from the late Message:—

"Since the *liberal* proposition of the United States was authorized to be made in April last, large expenditures have been incurred, and the precious blood of many of our patriotic citizens has been shed in the prosecution of the war. This consideration, and the *obstinate perseverance* of Mexico in protracting the war, must influence the terms of peace which it may be deemed proper hereafter to accept. Our arms having been everywhere victorious, having subjected to our military occupation a large portion of the enemy's country, including his capital, and negotiations for peace having failed, the important questions arise—in what manner the war ought to be prosecuted? and what should be our future policy? I cannot doubt that we should secure and render available, the CONQUESTS which we have already made; and that, with this view, we should hold and occupy by our naval and military forces, all the ports, towns, cities and provinces now in our occupation, or which may hereafter fall into our possession." * * * * "Had the government of Mexico acceded to the *equitable and liberal* terms proposed, that mode of adjustment would have been preferred. Mexico having declined to do this, and failed to offer any other terms which could be accepted by the United States, the *national honor*, no less than the *public interests*, requires that the war should be prosecuted with increased energy and power, until a *just and satisfactory peace* can be obtained. In the mean time, *as Mexico refuses all indemnity!!* we should adopt measures to indemnify ourselves, by *appropriating permanently* a portion of her territory. Early after the commencement of the war, New Mexico and the Californias were taken possession of by our forces. * * * * These provinces are now in our undisputed occupation, and have been so for many months. * * * * I am satisfied that *they should never be surrendered to Mexico.* Should Congress concur with me in this opinion, and that they should be retained by the United States *as indemnity!* I can perceive no good reason why the civil jurisdiction and laws of the United States should not at once be extended over them. *To wait for a treaty of peace, such as we are willing to make, by which our relations towards them would not be changed,* cannot be good policy. * * * * Should Congress, therefore, determine to hold these provinces permanently, and that they shall hereafter be considered as *constituent parts* of our own country, the early establishment of territorial governments over them, will be important. * * * * And *I recommend* that such territorial governments be established."

So much of the Message of the President as we have just quoted, may be read as setting forth the avowed and ostensible object of the war, since the conferences in September. We shall see, by and by, that even this avowed object, monstrous

and atrocious as it is, is by no means comprehensive enough to embrace the whole designs of the President. At least he entertains certain speculative purposes, which, if they should ever be realized, would make the design he has deigned to disclose appear tame indeed. But first let us endeavor to settle exactly in our minds the *avowed* object for which the war is now to be prosecuted, since the failure of the negotiations in September, and the terms upon which alone peace is to be made with Mexico—provided the President shall find himself sustained by Congress, as well in the object avowed by him as in the mode of conducting operations and the means of carrying them on.

The plain proposition presented by the President to Congress is this: That we now proceed at once to appropriate permanently to the United States, in full property and sovereignty, and never to be surrendered, the province of New Mexico and both the Californias, holding, besides, the country on the left bank of the Rio Grande, comprising parts of the three Mexican States of Tamaulipas, Coahuila and Chihuahua, for our State of Texas. This is the proposal. New Mexico and the Californias are the countries he refers to, as "the CONQUESTS which we have already made," and which we are now to "secure and render available." By a rule of the Law of Nations, perfectly well settled, the title which a conqueror acquires in war to real property, or territory, amounts to no more than a mere temporary right of possession, until confirmed by a treaty of peace. The title may be confirmed in either of two ways in a treaty: by an actual cession to the conqueror, or by the silence of the treaty in regard to the property or territory, the conqueror at the time holding the possession. This last is the rule of *uti possidetis*, and gives as valid and complete a title as actual cession. In one of these two modes every title to real or fixed property, begun in conquest, must be confirmed. Until such confirmation, the right is a mere usufruct; the conqueror cannot sell and give an absolute title; for, if it should happen, after all, in the chances of war, that peace should come—as come it must, some time or other—without bringing to the conqueror confirmation of his title, the right of the original proprietor and sovereign, which is called his right or benefit of postliminy, becomes paramount, and the purchaser loses his title. When, therefore, the President proposes to Congress that the United States should proceed at once to appropriate to themselves, permanently, the provinces already conquered in war, in full property and sovereignty, and to establish provincial or territorial governments over them, he means to, and he does, in fact, lay down this fundamental position, as the unalterable basis on which our national policy in regard to this war shall rest, now and forever hereafter: That peace shall never be made with Mexico until she shall consent to give up all claim or pretension to these conquered countries. He proposes that we shall enter now, by anticipation, into that full and complete proprietorship and sovereignty, which we can only have in reality, by the law of nations, under a treaty of peace. "To wait for a treaty of peace," he says, "such as we are willing to make, *by which our relations towards them* [these territories] *would not be changed*, cannot be good policy." He proposes an ultimatum, a condition *sine qua non* of peace, not resting in the mere will of the President, or of the treaty-making power—the President and Senate—which possibly, some day or other, might be yielded, but resting in the solemn action of the whole government, and in the recorded will of the nation, and placed beyond the possibility of recall. He proposes to hazard everything, and dare everything, for this object of the war. In his desperation, on account of the mazes of perplexity into which this war of his own seeking and making has brought the country, he proposes to plunge headlong into the profound deep of measures, the bottom of which, or the end of which, neither his own nor any mortal eye may discover. The first conqueror of Mexico chose to cut off all possibility of retreat for his companions in arms, by destroying the ships which had brought them to its shores. The second conqueror of Mexico, more than three centuries in advance of the other in point of time—how much in advance of the other in point of civilization and Christian principle let history answer—proposes to imitate this example

and adopt a measure which shall cut off this country from the possibility of retreat from this war, till Mexico shall submit to dismemberment to the extent of only a little less than one half of her empire. When the war would end, after such a measure should once be adopted, it is not within any man's wisdom to tell; it would end only, we believe, with the utter extinction of her national existence—or of ours. Of all the races of men on this globe, not one has exhibited such obstinacy of resistance, when they have had to fight for country and nationality; not one has shown a will so utterly incapable of being broken and subdued, by whatever calamity and oppression however long continued, and brought under the yoke or rule of a conqueror, as this same Gotho-Spanish race with which we are dealing in Mexico. That the President does not dare to hope for any ready submission of Mexico to his present ultimatum, though seeking to put it out of the power of this country to retreat from this position, is quite apparent from other parts of the Message. How he contemplates dealing with the case in such an event, is not left without some intelligent indication, which shows to our own mind, clearly enough, the desperate infatuation and madness of folly in which he is indulging.

The proposition of the President to Congress speaks, as we have said, of New Mexico and the Californias as "the CONQUESTS which we have already made;" and he asks Congress to proceed at once to render these conquests secure and available to the country, by measures which shall make it impossible for us ever to surrender them, except in the way in which we have acquired them—namely, as conquests, to some superior power. To this complexion, then, in the face of all the solemn disclaimers of the President, has this war come at last. It turns out to be a war of conquest. It was called a war for the vindication of our honor, and the redress of grievances. Mexico had failed to pay some three or five millions of dollars which she owed our citizens, and the war has been prosecuted to compel her to make payment. Under two allegations, both grossly and notoriously false in fact: first, that Mexico could never pay this debt in money, and, therefore, *must* give us territory; and next, that she had refused to give us any indemnity whatever for the debt; the President now declares that we must regard certain vast territories of that power, already overrun by our arms, as CONQUESTS, and proceed to render them secure and available as such. The territories have been already conquered, and subdued by our arms, and are now held in our military occupation, and the object of the war henceforward must be, to secure these conquests, and render them permanent and available. At the conferences in September, an effort was made to turn this conquest into an apparent purchase. It failed, and now the transaction is acknowledged as a conquest. It was a conquest all the while, but it was intended to soften its features, by *forcing* Mexico to yield it in the way of a sale and for a consideration in money. The trick failed, and nothing was left but to call it by its right name.

It is true, the President still manifests his inveterate disposition to put a disguise on the transaction. In the same paper, and almost in the same breath, in which he refers to the territories taken and occupied by our forces as "conquests," and calls upon Congress to secure and make them permanent *as such*, he ventures to quote his own language in a former Message, declaring that "the war has not been waged with a view to conquest," but "with a view to obtain an honorable peace, and thereby secure ample indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as to our much injured citizens who hold large pecuniary demands against Mexico." And to this he now adds: "Such, in my judgment, continues to be the true policy, indeed, the only policy which will probably secure a permanent peace." The juggle of indemnity is still kept up. The war has been waged for indemnity, and not for conquest; and in order to give the case some faint plausibility, he continues to intimate—in the face of demonstrable facts—that the war has been prosecuted to obtain indemnity "for the expenses of the war," as well as for the claims of our citizens. He would have the country believe that the expenses of the war have constituted one of his demands against Mexico; that instead of claiming only a debt of three or five millions, he had claimed this,

and a hundred millions more as due from Mexico on account of the cost of the war. But not one word of this is true. He made no demand through Mr. Trist for these expenses. Mr. Trist expressly renounced any such claim or pretension in the Project of a Treaty he presented. The President was ready to stipulate for the payment of our citizens by our own government, and for the payment to Mexico of twenty millions more, if Mexico would sanction and confirm our conquest of New Mexico and Upper California, by a cession and a treaty of peace, and the country should pay its own expenses of the war. It is not true, then, that the war was waged to obtain indemnity for these expenses, and the President's own Project of a treaty tendered to Mexico, is proof positive to the contrary. There stands the luminous record of that transaction—the conferences in September—and there it will stand forever, to confound all attempts that have been made, or shall be made, to mistify and darken the true nature of this business. The only indemnity for which the war could be said, with any semblance of truth, to have been waged, was indemnity for a debt of three or five millions of dollars. No other indemnity was asked or sought for by the President; *and even this indemnity was tendered by Mexico, and was rejected by the President* —affording a clear demonstration that it was not indemnity at all, in any shape, not even indemnity for our just claims, which constituted the real object of the war from the beginning. The real object was the acquisition of territory. Hence, the expeditions so promptly set on foot, after the war broke out, to Santa Fé and to California, with orders which clearly indicated, from the very first, the settled purpose of the President, not merely that those provinces should be conquered and held by military occupation, as a means of inducing Mexico to come to just terms of accommodation with us, but that, being conquered, "they should never be surrendered to Mexico." This was the design from the beginning, often boldly denied, all along attempted, awkwardly enough, to be disguised, and finally admitted and avowed. Up to the time of the conferences in September, the President flattered himself that Mexico, in her extremity and distress, or somebody or other in Mexico, by a liberal appliance of the money of this nation, would be brought to act as a party to a compact, by which the acquisition of territory he had resolved to make, instead of standing before the country and the world as a naked conquest, should put on the semblance of a free bargain of sale and purchase. In this he was disappointed, because the government of that country would not consent "to sell Mexican citizens as a herd of cattle," or "put a price on the attachment of men to the land that gave them birth." And this has brought him to his confession and his final resolution. He now recommends to Congress to consider and adopt New Mexico and both the Californias, as CONQUESTS, which should never be surrendered, but forthwith secured and rendered permanent by complete and unequivocal acts of proprietorship and sovereignty. Since Mexico refused to give us "indemnity," by *selling* us a portion of these countries for twenty millions of dollars, we must now "adopt measures to *indemnify* ourselves" by a permanent appropriation of the whole to our own use, without money and without price! In other words, and in more truthful language, he proposes that Congress shall adopt the war, as it presents itself to the country since his rejection of the overtures of peace by Mexico, and her offers of ample indemnity for our pecuniary claims, with the unalterable resolution to hold New Mexico and both the Californias —besides the country on the left bank of the lower Rio Grande—as conquered territory, and "constituent parts of our own country," in defiance of Mexico, and without any compensation to her therefor, but in the abused name of indemnity, and never to make peace with her until she consents to this humiliation and dismemberment.

Here, then, is the great Practical Issue before Congress and the country. We regard it as a new issue, on which Congress must be deemed free to act, notwithstanding its committal to the support of the war previous to the presenting of this issue. We have said that the war, from the period of its renewal after the conferences in September, was in effect a new war: Not because there was not all the while a wicked purpose of conquest and

dismemberment towards Mexico on the part of the President, but because Congress was in no way to be deemed to have been committed to such a purpose. The war which Congress had recognized and adopted, and for the support of which it had voted supplies of men and money, was not, so far as Congress was a party to it, a war for conquest in any sense, but is to be deemed to have been prosecuted solely for the purpose of compelling Mexico to come to just terms of accommodation with us; to cease her hostility to us on account of the annexation of Texas; to agree to a just and proper boundary between Texas and her dominions; and to pay or secure to us, or give us full indemnity for, the demands of our citizens on her justice. It was a war, so far as Congress or the country was a party to it, which should have ceased from the hour that Mexico was brought to propose, or accede to, these terms of accommodation. That point was carried—that object of the war was fully gained, as we think we have demonstrated in our former article on the Message. Mexico was ready to give up Texas; to make the desert between the Nueces and the Rio Grande the boundary; and to give us one half of Upper California and the port of San Francisco, for indemnity for our claims. With this the war which Congress was waging against Mexico should have ceased. It was the fault of the President, and not of Mexico, that it did not cease. He set up new claims and pretensions, to which Congress was in no way a party. He demanded the dismemberment of that country—an object of the war to which Congress had given no sanction—which Mexico could not be purchased with money to submit to—and for which, on his own responsibility, he caused the war to be renewed and prosecuted. And this war it is—a war having now for its precise object the consummation of the President's avowed purpose of conquering and dismembering Mexico—in support of which the President invites and demands the co-operation of Congress.

What will Congress do on this momentous Issue? How will Whig Senators and a Whig House of Representatives answer the call and demand which the President now makes upon them? Will they recognize and adopt this war for the conquest and dismemberment of Mexico? The Issue becomes a practical one, since the question must be met by official action. One way or the other it must be decided, and the decision must stand out before the country in official conduct. The object of the war is clearly set forth in the President's Message—to secure a boundary on the Rio Grande, the whole of New Mexico on both sides of that river, and the two Californias, by conquest; and, in general terms, the mode or plan of military operations, by which these conquests are to be secured, is set forth.

"I cannot doubt," says the President, "that we should secure and render available the conquests which we have already made; and that, with this view, we should hold and occupy, by our naval and military forces, all the ports, towns, cities and provinces now in our occupation, or which may hereafter fall into our possession. * * * Besides New Mexico and the Californias, there are other Mexican provinces which have been reduced to our possession by conquest. * * * They should continue to be held as a means of coercing Mexico to accede to just terms of peace. * * * What final disposition it may be proper to make of them must depend on the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico may think proper hereafter to pursue."

The plan of military operations is to subjugate all Mexico—not, the President assures us, as an end, but as a means. "It has never been contemplated by me, as an *object* of the war, to make a permanent conquest of the Republic of Mexico, or to annihilate her separate existence as an independent nation." Still he recommends: 1st. That Congress shall permanently appropriate to the United States forthwith, and never to be surrendered, the provinces of New Mexico and the Californias—nearly one-half of the country within the territorial limits of the Mexican empire. 2d. That we should hold on to all the other provinces, ports, cities and places already in our occupation. 3d. That we should prosecute the war "with increased energy and power in the vital parts of the enemy's country,"—of course, to conquer as far as possible the remaining portions of that country, to be held as the rest, "as a means of coercing Mexico to

accede to just terms of peace." What he means by "just terms of peace," he explains abundantly in the Message. If ever Mexico makes peace with us, it must be by consenting to dismemberment, at least to the extent of losing New Mexico and the two Californias. "What final disposition it may be proper to make of the rest of our conquests must depend on the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico may think proper to pursue!" The meaning of all this, we say, is plain enough. The President proposes, as the *immediate and first* object of the war, recommenced by his orders after the conferences in September, to secure to the United States the permanent conquest and possession of New Mexico and the Californias; and he proposes as a means thereto, so far as may be found practicable, the entire conquest and complete subjugation of the whole Mexican country—to be surrendered, or held, in whole or in part, hereafter, according as "the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico may think proper to pursue," shall seem to render expedient and proper.

The recommendations of the Secretary of War and of the President, and the measures instituted thereupon in the Senate, by the friends of the Executive, for raising thirty new regiments of men—ten regiments of regulars, and twenty regiments of volunteers—in addition to the large force already in the field, and the further force which may be brought into the field under existing laws—and all this for the avowed purpose of widening and extending our military operations and conquests in Mexico—show demonstrably that we are not mistaken when we say, that the grand design of the President is, whether as a means or an end, or let it lead to what it may, to subjugate all Mexico by the power of our arms, as far as it may be found practicable to do so. A few days ago, in debate in the Senate on this subject, General Cass, Chairman of the War Committee, presented a very meagre extract from a letter which he said the Government had received from General Scott, containing "an estimate of the force he [General Scott] deems necessary to carry into effect the plan of operations which is recommended by the Secretary of War." This extract not only furnishes the estimate spoken of, but shows plainly enough what the Secretary's "plan of operations" is designed to accomplish in the subjugation of all Mexico:—

> "Augment this army to fifty thousand men, to enable them to occupy, at the same time, nearly all the State Capitals and other principal cities; to drive guerrilla and other robbing parties from the great highways of trade; to seize into our hands all the ordinary revenues of the country, internal as well as external, for the support of the occupation, and to keep the Central Government in constant motion and alarm, until constrained to sue for peace."

Never was there in so few words, a more complete picture of a subjugated country than that presented in this brief extract, as what should be accomplished and witnessed in Mexico, if General Scott should be furnished with the requisite army, and instructed to execute the Secretary's plan of operations. And precisely what the President is now demanding of Congress is, that it shall adopt and sanction this plan of operations, and give him the means of carrying it into immediate execution. What shall happen when Mexico shall thus be subjugated; when we have permanently appropriated to ourselves New Mexico and the Californias, to secure which is the first avowed object of this complete subjugation; and when "nearly all the State Capitals and other principal cities" shall be conquered and held under our military occupation and authority; in short, when Mexico, as a country, shall be conquered and subjugated, all her revenues, internal and external, seized into our hands, her Central Government dissolved, or finding no resting place, and the whole empire, indeed, brought under the rule of the military power of this Government—what shall happen then, the President professes not to be able to tell. After helping himself to those countries which are his *present* ultimatum, it will depend on "the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico shall think proper to pursue," what disposition shall be made of the residue of the empire. Verily, it was no abstraction this time, with which Mr. Calhoun was dealing, when, recently, he submitted certain Resolutions in the Senate, and sounded an alarm to the country, lest we should shortly find ourselves, with or without any

such purpose, with the Mexican empire on our hands, and the awful question of its disposal—how to hold it, or how to get rid of it—to be met and settled. It was no abstraction which declared, in the language of his second resolution, "That no line of policy in the further prosecution of this war should be adopted, which may lead to consequences so disastrous."

There are now in Mexico, and on their way there, according to official returns, of land forces, about 45,700 men. To these are to be added 5,000 seamen and marines, employed in the same service. In addition to this force, the Executive has authority by existing laws, to raise a further force of 7,000 enlisted soldiers, and 12,500 volunteers for the war. Here is an aggregate force of 70,000 men either in the field, or authorized to be called there immediately. And now the President is asking for authority to raise an additional force of 30,000 men! What part of the motive for this extraordinary demand is to be set down to a desire and determination to make the patronage of the war power in his hands, support the war as long as he chooses to carry it on, and for whatever objects of conquest and robbery, we cannot tell, nor shall we now stop to inquire. We look at this demand as it bears directly on the great question, now brought home to the conscience of every member of the American Congress: Shall this war of the President's, renewed under his orders after just and honorable terms of peace had been tendered by Mexico—a war, having for its avowed object the conquest and dismemberment of Mexico, to an extent which demonstrates that indemnity for our just claims has nothing to do with it, by a plan of military operations which contemplates the complete subjugation of that empire—shall *this* war of the President's be adopted and sanctioned by Congress, which is the sole war-making power of this Government? For ourselves we shall wait, with confidence, yet not without deep solicitude, for the result of the deliberations of Congress on this momentous question. We cannot but flatter ourselves that the President is now to be arrested in his mad career; that Congress, under the lead of wise and patriotic counsels, will now take its stand on those high duties imposed on it by the Constitution, and save the country from the degradation and ruin which the President and his infatuated party are certainly preparing for it. When the House of Representatives shall be called on for supplies of men and money for this war, we look for an answer from the majority of that body worthy of their noble principles, and of the high trust committed to them. It is not for us to suggest the mode of meeting their responsible duties in this regard. They will find a way of doing all their duty—to our gallant army in Mexico—to the country engaged in war with a foreign power—until a peace, really just and honorable to both parties, shall be effected; they will find a way of doing this, without making themselves, or allowing Congress to make itself, a party to a flagrant war of conquest and robbery, waged upon a weak and almost defenceless power. They will take a fit occasion to announce, by some authoritative action, on the part of that body with whom all supplies must originate, for what objects of the war they will, and for what objects they will not, give the President the means of carrying it on. We cannot entertain a doubt that we speak the common sentiment of the Whig party in Congress and throughout the country, when we say, that in the offers made by the Mexican Commissioners to Mr. Trist in September last, a basis was proposed for a peace between the two countries on just terms, which ought to have resulted in a treaty of peace, and which would have resulted in such a treaty, free from every exceptionable condition or demand on the part of Mexico, and entirely acceptable to the people of the United States, if the President had not set up an impertinent and unjustifiable demand, as an ultimatum, for the further dismemberment of Mexico, after she had tendered a cession of territory far exceeding in value the demands he made upon her for indemnity. Such, as we believe, being the settled and abiding sentiment of the Whigs in Congress, they will support the war just so far as it may be necessary to bring Mexico to make a peace with us on terms like these, or on terms equally moderate and just; but they will support no war for the conquest and subjugation of the Mexican nation, or for the destruction, dismemberment or robbery of the Mexican empire. D. D. B.

THE STREAM.

Murmuring river, gently flowing
Onward to the parent sea,
Self-same beauty ever showing,
Singing self-same melody;

In the image of thy life,
Shines an emblem of our day;
Thine with time a mortal strife,
Struggling down a rocky way.

Springing from the mountain clear,
Beams of purest light reflecting;
Dashing on with heedless cheer,
Or in quiet pool collecting:

Thus, by fervid passion urged,
Springs the young soul into life;
Or, by dreamier nature verged,
Images the shapes of life.

1843.

LOVE.

O Love! I would be always thine!
Not lingering or in chill decline,
Till snowy locks, and tears of rheum,
Declare me ripened for the tomb.

No! rather, let my sun descend
Through azure skies to instant night;
As days in burning tropics end,
Unfelt the dull decay of light.

But while on life's bright shore I dwell,
Be mine the splendor and the glow—
Be mine, in golden song, to tell
Thine even balanced joy and woe.

The apparent, heaven-descended, power,
The vision, and the light divine,
Thou gavest me in my natal hour—
O be these gifts forever mine!

1843.

HAMLET.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99.

"The spirit I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape, yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me, to damn me."

Thus the hope that the ghost's tale may be false, and the fear that it may be true, unite to send him in quest of other proofs. The probability seems at once too strong to justify the abandonment, and too weak to justify the execution of the deed. The truth is, the ghost develops Hamlet, and the development it works within him is at war with the injunction it lays upon him. Its supernatural revelations bring forth into clearer apprehension some moral ideas which before were but dim presentiments within him; and its requisitions are thwarted by the very truths which it suggests and unfolds to him, and by the train of reflections which it sets a-going in his mind. Under the disclosures made to him from beyond the grave, his mind attains a kind or degree of development not ordinarily vouchsafed to our earthly being. It is as if he were born into the other world before dying out of this. But the *words* from that other world must be confirmed by *facts* from this, before he can bring himself to trust in them; and therefore

"The play's the thing
Wherein he'll catch the conscience of the king."

When, however, he has caught the king's conscience; when, by holding the mirror up to his soul, he has forced "his occulted guilt" to "unkennel itself;" along with certainty of the crime, he gains food for still further reflection. The demonstration of his uncle's guilt arrests the very purpose for which that demonstration was sought. His own conscience is but startled into a dread of the retribution he has disclosed in the conscience of another. He has sought grounds of punishment in the manifestations of remorse; and the very proofs which, to his mind, justify the infliction of death, themselves spring from a worse death than he has power to inflict. It is thus that Hamlet is distracted with a purpose which he is at once too good a son to dismiss, and too good a man to perform. Under an injunction with which he knows not what to do, he casts about, now for excuses, now for censures, of his non-performance; and religion prevents him from doing what filial piety reproves him for omitting. While he dare not abandon the design of killing the king, he is at the same time morally incapable of forming any plan for doing it. He can only do it, and he does only attempt it, under a sudden frenzy of excitement, caused by some immediate provocation; not so much acting as being acted upon; as an instrument of Providence, rather than as a self-determining agent.

And this view of Hamlet is rather confirmed than otherwise by the motives which he assigns for sparing the king, when he finds him praying. That these motives, too horrible even for a fiend to entertain, are not his real motives, is evident from their extravagance; for if such motives would keep him from doing the deed then, assuredly no motives could have kept him from doing it before. These motives are but the excuses wherewith he quiets his filial feelings without violating his conscience. He thus effects a compromise between his religion and his affection, by *adjourning* a purpose which the one will not suffer him to execute, nor the other to abandon. The question, "Is it not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm?" which he afterwards puts to Horatio, while relating the king's plot against his own life, proves that he had not even then overcome his moral repugnance to the deed.

Properly speaking, therefore, Hamlet lacks not force of will, as some have argued, but only force of self-will; that is, his will is strictly subjected to his reason and conscience, and is of course powerless when it comes in conflict with them; where they impede not his volitions, he seems, as

hath been said, all will. We are apt to estimate men's force of will according to what they do; but we ought often to estimate it according to what they do *not* do; for to hold still often require smuch greater strength of will, than to go ahead; and the peculiarity of this representation consists in the hero's being so placed, that his will has its proper exercise not so much in acting as in thinking. In this way the working of his whole mind is rendered as anomalous as his situation; and this is just what the subject demands. Moreover, in the perfect harmony of the will and the reason, force of will would naturally disappear altogether; for in that case, the will being entirely subject to the law, nothing but the law would be visible in our conduct. And yet, to preserve or restore this harmony of will and reason, is undoubtedly the greatest achievement in human power. Thus the highest possible exercise of will is in renouncing itself, and taking the law instead; so that, paradoxical as it may seem, he may be justly said to have most strength of will, who has, or rather *shows*, none at all. Hamlet is equal to the performance of any duty, but not to the reconciliation of incompatible duties; and he cannot act for the simple reason, that he has equal "respect unto all" the duties of his situation. In a word, his inability is purely of a moral, not of a complexional kind; and this inability is only another name for the highest sort of power.

Hence, doubtless, as some one has remarked, Hamlet would seem greater, were he not so great. In his thoughts, and feelings, and principles, he soars so far above our ordinary standards of greatness, as to dwarf himself by the distance. He who ruleth his spirit *is* greater than he who taketh a city, but he who taketh a city *seems* greater than he who ruleth his spirit. We, in our littleness, estimate greatness by the noise it makes: true greatness moves in harmony, false greatness in conflict, with the moral order of things; the conflict is loud, but the harmony is still. Why, Christianity, when first published, made infinitely less noise than the last French novel: the former came from heaven, the latter came from nowhere, or from a worse place; that has revolutionized the world, this has done and can do nothing but kill time, or rather, kill mind awhile, and then die itself. Who strives only to do what he ought, is silent even in his achievements; he whose only strife is to do what he can, is noisy even in his failures: his noise indeed is a sign he is failing; if he were going to succeed, he would be sure to keep still about it, because, in order to succeed, he must work in depths where the ear cannot penetrate. It is what acts on the surface that makes a noise; it is what works in the centre that does something. Who has ever heard the sun shine? who has not heard a straw-fire blaze?

> "Rightly to be great,
> Is, not to stir without great argument;
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
> When honor's at the stake."

Such, it seems to us, is Hamlet's greatness, and not the less truly his, because he disclaims it. Hamlet, indeed, is emphatically greater than he knows. The man that is not greater than he knows is a very small affair!

Hamlet, it is true, is continually charging the fault of his situation on himself. Herein is involved one of the finest strokes in the whole delineation. True virtue never publishes itself; it does not even know itself. Radiating from the heart through all the functions of life, its transpirations are so free, and smooth, and deep, as to escape the ear of consciousness. Hence people are generally aware of their virtue in proportion as they have it *not*. We are apt to estimate the merit of our good deeds according to the struggles we make in doing them; whereas, the greater our virtue, the less we shall have to struggle in order to do them, and it is purely the weakness and imperfection of our virtue that makes it so hard for us to do well. Accordingly we find that he who does no duty without being goaded up to it, is conscious of much more virtue than he has; while he who does every duty as a thing of course and a matter of delight, is unconscious of his virtue simply because he has so much of it.

Moreover, in his conflict of duties, Hamlet naturally thinks he is taking the wrong one; for the calls of the claim he meets are hushed by satisfaction, while the calls of

the claim he neglects are increased by disappointment. Thus the motives which he resists out-tongue those which he obeys, so that he hears nothing but the voice of the duty he omits. We are of course insensible of the current with which we move; but we are made sensible of the current against which we move by the very struggle it costs. In this way Hamlet comes to mistake his scruples of conscience for want of conscience, and from his very sensitiveness of principle, tries to reason himself into a conviction of guilt. If, however, he were really guilty of what he accuses himself, he would be trying to find or make excuses wherewith to opiate his conscience. For the bad naturally try to hide their badness, the good their goodness, from themselves; for which cause the former seek narcotics, the latter stimulants, for their consciences. The good man is apt to think he has not conscience enough, because it does not trouble him; the bad man naturally thinks he has more conscience than he needs, because it troubles him all the while; which accounts for the well-known readiness of bad men to supply their neighbors with conscience. Of this sort were those men we read of, whose tenderness of conscience was such that they could not bear to take civil oaths, though they did not scruple to break those they had already taken.

And yet Hamlet "thinks meet to put an antic disposition on." This, if, indeed, it be not rather the anticipation of a real than the pre-announcement of a feigned insanity, seems to us a profound artifice of honesty. Hamlet cannot kill his uncle, and disdains to conciliate him; and apparent madness is the only practicable outlet of thoughts and feelings which he scorns to hide. Towards the king as a fratricide, a regicide, and a usurper, as the thief of his father's life, and crown, and queen, he feels the deepest abhorrence. The Lord Chamberlain, as a skillful but unprincipled tool of sovereignty, reckless whom, and caring only for what, he serves, Hamlet regards with the contempt which a man of noble qualities naturally feels for a man of merely useful qualities. To express his sentiments to these in his real character, would be but to defeat his purpose and endanger his life. Since, therefore, in his true character he can only express false feelings, he assumes a false character to express his true feelings. Thus his apparent mental insanity becomes the triumph of his moral sanity. Such, then, appears the true moral aspect and explanation of Hamlet's madness. It is the spontaneous effort of his mind to be true to itself. He resorts to formal hypocrisy as the only available refuge from essential hypocrisy. Moreover, Hamlet sees that in this way he can tent the king's conscience to the quick with impunity. Accordingly it is not till pierced by the shaft, that the king discovers Hamlet's aim; and this discovery is a perfect demonstration of his own guilt. Thus Hamlet turns the very disturbance with which his soul is struggling into a means at once of safety to himself and of punishment to the king. In the uneasy suspicions and remorses which his antics awaken in the king, Hamlet has at the same time proof of his guilt and revenge for his crime; and the setting a wicked man's conscience to biting and stinging him, is always a lawful and even a laudable kind of revenge. Herein Hamlet shows his profound cunning, when he will stoop to cunning. He so lays his plan, that the king cannot possibly detect him, without betraying himself. From the nature of the case, the moment the king shows that he suspects what Hamlet is about, that moment Hamlet knows infallibly what the king has been about.

Of all the perplexities, however, involved in this play, the question of Hamlet's madness is perhaps the hardest of solution. Whether his insanity be real or feigned, or whether it be a species of intermittent insanity, or whether it be sometimes real, sometimes feigned, are questions which, like many that arise on similar points in actual life, can never be fully and finally settled one way or the other. Aside from the ordinary impossibility of deciding precisely where sanity ends and insanity begins, there are, as there naturally must be, peculiarities in Hamlet's character and conduct, resulting from the minglings of the preternatural in his situation, which, as they lie beyond the compass of our common experience, so they can never be reduced to anything more than probable conjecture. If sanity consists in a certain harmony and sympathy between a man's actions and his circumstances, it must be

difficult indeed to say what would be insanity in a man so circumstanced as Hamlet. Of course our own view in this matter will pass for just what it is worth.

Many of us, no doubt, have experienced in ourselves or observed in others an almost irrepressible tendency, in times of great depression, to fly off into extravagant humors and eccentricities. We have ourselves known people, in hours of extreme despondency, to throw their most intimate friends into consternation by their prodigious extravagances; their minds being in a very paroxysm of frolic, when they almost felt like hanging themselves. Such symptoms of wildness and insanity are often but the natural, though perhaps spasmodic, reaction of the mind against the weight that oppresses it. The mind thus spontaneously becomes eccentric, in order to recover or preserve its centre; voluntarily departs from its orbit, to escape what might else throw it from its orbit. This is especially apt to be the case with minds which, like Hamlet's, unite great intellectual power with exceeding fineness and fullness of sensibility. The truth is, almost all extreme emotions naturally express themselves by their opposites: extreme sorrow often utters itself in laughter; extreme joy, in tears; utter despair sometimes breaks out in a voice of mirth; a wounded spirit, in gushes of humor. Hence Shakspeare, with a depth of nature which has often puzzled both readers and critics, has heightened the effect of some of his awfullest catastrophes by making the persons indulge in flashes of merriment: for there is nothing so appalling as a person laughing in distress; it shows that the spirit is loaded to the utmost extent of its endurance. And the same thing often occurs in actual life. Sir Thomas More's wit upon the scaffold, "than the bare axe more luminous and keen," is an instance of this kind, familiar perhaps to us all. It is not to be presumed, we take it, that More's playfulness on this awful occasion sprung from merry feelings; on the contrary, it must have sprung, one would think, from the other extreme of feeling—a man smiling and playing from excess of anguish and terror. In like manner Hamlet's mental aberrations seem to spring, not from deficiency, but from excess of intellectual strength; the conscious, half-voluntary bendings and swayings of his faculties beneath an overload of thought, *to keep them from breaking*. Amid overpowering excitements of his reason and his blood, his intellect is neither crippled by disease nor enthralled by illusion, but distracted with conflicting duties, and hurried away into antics and eccentricities. His mind being deeply disturbed, agitated to its centre, but not disorganized, those irregularities are rather a throwing off of that disturbance than a giving way to it. Goethe's celebrated illustration, therefore, though almost too beautiful not to be true, seems entirely irrelevant and inadmissible. "Here," says he, "is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers; the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces." If Hamlet's mind were really disorganized, broken in fragments, as this expression implies, we do not see how it could alternate, as it unquestionably does, between integrity and unsoundness; between the most exquisite harmony and the most jarring dissonance.

Now the expressions of mirth which come from extreme depression, are obviously neither the reality nor the affectation of mirth. People, when overwhelmed by despair, certainly are not in a condition to *feel* merry, and they are as little in a condition to *feign* mirth; yet, though neither feeling nor feigning it, they do, nevertheless, sometimes *express* it. The truth is, such extremes naturally and spontaneously express themselves by their opposites; the very contradiction between the passion and expression best revealing the unutterable intensity of the passion. In like manner Hamlet's madness, paradoxical and contradictory as the statement may appear, is, it seems to us, neither real nor affected, but a sort of natural and spontaneous imitation of madness, resulting from the successful, though convulsive, efforts of an overburdened mind to brace and stay itself under the burden. The triumphs of his reason over his passion naturally express themselves in the tokens of insanity, just as the agonies of despair naturally vent themselves in flashes of merriment. It is not so correct, therefore, to say that Hamlet *puts* an antic on, as that he *lets* it on; and his pre-announcement of it seems to spring rather from foresight of

a contingency, than from an intention to deceive. He foresees, apparently, that such eccentricities and aberrations will be the natural result of his condition; that, though he can avoid them if he will, it will require an effort to do so; that though repressible, it will not be easy, perhaps not safe, to repress them. Foreseeing, moreover, that by giving nature free course and indulging these aberrations as they rise, he can turn them to a useful purpose, he therefore determines neither to seek nor shun them, but to let them come when they will, and use them when they come.

The character of Hamlet seems designed to exemplify, among other things, the rare but not unnatural contradiction between the inward and the outward, the real and the apparent, whereby men come to seem precisely the reverse of what they are. For, as bad men are generally compelled to appear good, notwithstanding and even because they are bad, so good men are sometimes compelled to appear bad, even because they are good. Thus in Hamlet we have apparent weakness springing from real strength; apparent badness, from real goodness; apparent insanity, from real sanity. In like manner, his unkind treatment of Ophelia, in the famous eaves-dropping scene, appears to spring from his exceeding tenderness of feeling. An arrangement has been made whereby Hamlet and Ophelia are to have an interview, the king and Polonius being behind the curtains meanwhile to overhear what passes between them, with a view to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his supposed insanity; which cause Polonius thinks, and the king hopes, to be disappointed love. Hamlet encounters her there: "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered;" perfectly kind and gentle towards her. Presently, however, his deportment changes, and becomes exceedingly harsh and rude. The question is, why this so sudden and violent change? Now Ophelia is here thrown into a position where she is forced to tell, or act, a falsehood. In her perfect innocence and artlessness, having probably never told, much less acted, a lie in her life, she is of course unable to go smoothly through the part assigned her; she falters, hesitates, becomes embarrassed, and thus betrays by her manner the very secret she is trying to hide. From this involuntary embarrassment Hamlet doubtless instantaneously perceives that something is wrong, and suspects himself to be watched; and his subsequent remarks, though addressed to Ophelia, are rather intended for those who are watching him. To clear up this difficulty on the stage, the king and Polonius are sometimes made to come forward where Hamlet can see them. This, we beg leave to say with all due deference, precludes the chief beauty of the scene, which is, that Ophelia should be so innocent as to betray by her manner, and Hamlet so quick-sighted as to detect, precisely what is going on.

But, though Hamlet's uncivil speeches on this occasion be rather intended for the eaves-droppers than for Ophelia, still he cannot but know she will take them as meant for herself, and accordingly be hurt by them; so that, without other grounds than this, we cannot reconcile his conduct with the assurance, that

> "Forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all this quantity of love,
> Make up his sum."

The discovery of the trick attempted upon him may be a sufficient reason for resuming his antic disposition, but not for using unkind and uncourteous expressions to her. What, then, can be Hamlet's motive in using them? Few circumstances in the play have been so perplexing to critics as this. It seems never to have occurred to them, to seek for the motives of Hamlet's conduct in the result. Now Ophelia comes out of the interview fully convinced that his mind is hopelessly wrecked. Is it not fair to presume, then, that this result is precisely what he intended? Knowing that her heart is entirely his own, and fearing the effects of his unexplainable desertion of her, he therefore wishes to detach and alienate her feelings gradually, and so prevent the danger of a too sudden and violent rupture. In a word, he treats her rudely and unkindly in order to save her. Thus we have apparent harshness springing from real tenderness; and Hamlet's conduct becomes reconcilable with his professions, on the ground of its being, in the words of Lamb, "an ingenious device of love, gradually to prepare her mind, by affected discour-

tesies under the guise of insanity, for the breaking up of an attachment which he knows can never be consummated."

After all, however, it must be confessed, as was intimated in the outset, that there is a mystery about Hamlet, which baffles the utmost efforts of criticism. The deepest and subtilest analysis has hitherto proved unable to clear up the apparent inconsistencies of his character. The central principle, from which these inconsistencies radiate, and in which they are reconciled, lies perhaps beyond any insight less piercing than Shakspeare's. We cannot see, Hamlet himself cannot see, the why and wherefore of his being and doing thus and so. He is subject to impulses below our penetration, and even below his own consciousness. We *feel* the truth and consistency of the character, but the *grounds* of this feeling reach beyond our depth; for in such matters the heart always feels much deeper than the head sees. In the words of another, "Hamlet is a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search. These springs rise up from an unknown depth; a depth in which we feel and know there is a unity of being, though we cannot distinctly perceive it; so that the superficial contradictions of his character have no power to make us doubt its perfect truth." And the character undoubtedly cleaves to us the closer for that, while it includes much of our own consciousness, it also reflects the mystery of our own being. We can neither see through Hamlet nor yet away from him, and the same is the case with ourselves; indeed, this is about all that we know of ourselves.

The idea of Hamlet, which we have been trying to unfold, is, conscious plenitude of intellect, united with exceeding fineness and fullness of sensibility, and guided by a predominant sentiment of moral rectitude. In spite of himself his mind is a perennial spring of "thoughts that wander through eternity;" he is perpetually losing the present in the eternal, the particular in the universal, as genius is apt to do; for genius is, in some sort, intuition of universal truth. His mind, however, is by no means in a healthy state; indeed, no healthy mind could well retain its health in his circumstances. When all was joyous and promising before him, he had sufficient resources without, and his faculties were genially occupied with external objects; but amid his later trials and perplexities, he is forced to seek within himself resources which the world cannot furnish, and his faculties are thrown back upon themselves. Thus his great genius becomes intensely self-conscious, and introspection settles into a sort of chronic disease.

> "By abstruse research to steal
> From his own nature all the natural man—
> This was his sole resource, his only plan;
> Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
> And now is grown the very habit of his soul."

It is in this morbid consciousness of his own powers, that he exclaims: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! in form and motion how express and admirable! in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" Haunted with a sense of the supernatural in his experience; persecuted with duties which he can neither forget nor perform; with all the natural issues of his being closed up, so that he can neither act nor let it alone; and mistaking his outward difficulties for inward deficiency; his mind of course becomes abstracted from surrounding objects, and absorbed in itself; he can do nothing but think, and think, and "eat his own heart;" his self-contemplation causing him to marvel the more at his inactivity, and his inactivity plunging him still deeper in self-contemplation.

And perhaps his consciousness of "genius given and knowledge won in vain," is one source of his overwrought distress. Educated with the noble prospect, and inspired with the noble ambition of blessing others, everything he now meets but stings him with remembrance of the precious opportunity whereof another's crimes have deprived him. In his calmer moments, when his energies are not engrossed in controlling his emotions, he revels amid the very regalities of poetry and philosophy; his mind, rich with the spoils of nature and of art, smiles forth its treasures with the gentleness of a child and the composure of a god; unbending itself in the labors of a giant! In the happiness of youthful confidence, his genius has plucked the flowers which carpet the fields of antiquity, to enwreath the brows of Truth, its modest and

beautiful bride; and the melodies of Eden seem stealing upon us, when, escaping for a moment from the tempest which hath overtaken him, he unclasps to the ear of friendship the record of his intellectual triumph.

Polonius is, in nearly all respects, the antithesis of Hamlet, though Hamlet doubtless includes him, as the heavens include the earth. He is a sort of political ossification or petrifaction, whose soul, if he ever had one, has got wholly absorbed in his understanding. A man of but one method, that of intrigue, and of but one motive, that of interest; wholly given up to the arts of management; with his fingers always itching to pull the wires of some intricate plot; and without any sense or perception of the fitness of times and occasions; he is called to act in a matter where such arts and methods are especially inappropriate and unavailing, and therefore he only succeeds, of course, in overreaching and circumventing himself. In this fanaticism of intrigue, surviving the powers from which it originally sprung, lies the explanation, not only of his character, but of a class of characters, which is as immortal as human folly. Thus in Polonius we have the type of a politician in his dotage; and all his follies and blunders arise from his undertaking to act the politician where he is especially required to be a man. This, we are aware, is making him out a caricature, rather than a character, for a man of but one motive or one feature is a caricature; but it is such a caricature as is occasionally to be met with in actual life.

True to the principles and practices of his order, Polonius studies and deals with men, not to make them wiser or better, but only to make himself better off out of them; and has therefore acquired, in the greatest perfection and greatest abundance, just such a knowledge of human nature as degrades himself, and enables him to degrade others;—the same knowledge, for all the world, that politicians now-a-days seek —and get, and use too. His very trade, indeed, brings him to know men only in conditions where the springs and causes of their actions lie out of themselves. For there is a mechanical as well as a dynamical part in our nature, and few things are more common than for men to get so engrossed in one of these parts, as to lose sight of the other; as, on the one hand, certain physicians, absorbed in the study of our material frame, have come to the conclusion that we had no souls; and, on the other hand, certain metaphysicians, absorbed in studying our spiritual being, have concluded we had no bodies. In certain spheres of action, in the court, the cabinet, the counting-room, and the exchange, among the arts, the games, the interests and the ambitions of life, men are but a sort of machines, to be moved by certain outward, definite, tangible forces: dispose those forces after a certain manner, and you can pretty nearly calculate the results; but in certain other spheres of action, at the fireside and the altar, where the affections, the religions, the dynamics of our nature, are called into play—here men are something far better and nobler than machines; and as they are moved by certain inward, vital, self-determining powers, so we cannot possibly anticipate or control their movements.

Now, it is only in the former spheres of life that Polonius has any real acquaintance with men. Of those innate and original springs of action, which originate and shape the movements of men in spheres of disinterestedness, he has no insight, or even conception. Always looking through his politician's spectacles, he sees men only where, and when, and so far, as they are machines, capable of being played into a given set of motions by a given set of motives; and a long course of observation and experiment has taught him how to adjust and apply, with wonderful precision, the forces and influences which will set them agoing as he desires. From studying nothing but the mechanics of human nature, he has come to regard men as nothing but machines; for what is itself divine, is not to be discerned but by divine faculties; and he presumes men to be nothing but accountants, because, forsooth, he has none but counting-house faculties to view them with.

In matters of calculation, therefore, Polonius is a sage; in matters of sentiment and imagination he is a dunce. He always succeeds in arts of policy, because he never tries to rise above them; like the demagogue who leads the people by first watching their course, and then adroitly rushing ahead of them; a thing that requires but

long legs, a short head, and little or no heart. Polonius, accordingly, has made success his test of merit, and success has made him self-conceited. For such is apt to be the case with artful, intriguing men; generally succeeding, as the world counts success, they naturally estimate merit by success, and thus become as conceited as they are successful. They deserve to be conceited!

From books, also, Polonius has gleaned maxims, but not gained development; can repeat, but not reproduce, their contents; equips, not feeds his mind out of them; uses them, in short, not as spectacles to read nature with, but only as blinds or goggles to protect his own eyes with. He has, therefore, made books his idols, and books have made him pedantic. For he is a conceited old pedant. An exceedingly practical man, he is too fond of the dirt to be in any danger of getting up into the clouds. Craving truth only for the stomach's sake, of course he always has food enough, and his understanding is too enpeptic to think of living by faith; he believes in living on realities: there is no romance about him; no, indeed, he cultivates solider things than that!

To such a mind, or rather, half-mind, the character of Hamlet must needs be a profound enigma. It takes a whole man to know such a being as Hamlet; and Polonius is but the attic story of a man! Of course he cannot find a heart or a soul in Hamlet, because he has none himself to find them with: for it always takes a heart to find a heart, a soul to find a soul; those who have them not always think, and deserve to think, that others are without them. As, in Polonius's mind, the calculative faculties have eaten out the perceptive faculties, so, of course, his premises are seldom right, and his inferences seldom wrong. Assuming Hamlet to be thus and thus, he reasons and acts most admirably in regard to him; but the fact is, he has no eye for the true premises of the case; he cannot *see* Hamlet, cannot understand him; and his premises being wrong, the very correctness of his logic makes him seem but the more ridiculous.

Wherefore, knowing the prince can hope to make nothing by marrying his daughter, he cannot conceive why he should woo her, unless from dishonorable intentions. And he falls into a similar mistake in regard to Ophelia. He thinks she is in danger from Hamlet's addresses to her, that she will fall a victim to some inhuman arts, because he is insensible to her real power: to him she appears all weakness and exposure, because he has no eye to discern her true strength. But, to such a man as Hamlet, a man of heart, of soul, of honor, of religion, of manhood, she is the concentration of whatever is most powerful and most formidable: her virgin innocence, her gentleness, her maiden honor, her sweet, sacred defencelessness, "create an awe about her as a guard angelic placed;" all Heaven, in short, is set for the protection of such a being; but Heaven, alas! is no protection against a brute, much less, against a selfish, heartless, soulless man!

Coleridge has very happily remarked, that "good terrestrial charts can be constructed only by celestial observations." As it is only by the aid of the stars that men can direct their course securely and profitably over the earth, so some men observe the stars only for the sake of profit and security; they look upwards, not, indeed, to learn what is above them, but only that they may the better avail themselves of what is around or beneath them. Such appears to be the case with Polonius in the few precepts with which he accompanies the farewell blessing upon Laertes. Coming from another man, these precepts, it must be confessed, would seem the very perfection of prudential morality, containing here and there a trace of manly, generous sentiment. Coming from Polonius, they seem but the extraction and quintessence of Chesterfieldism, of which the first and great commandment is, act and speak to conceal, not to express, thy thoughts, and avoid to do anything that may injure thyself; for on this commandment undoubtedly hang all the law and the prophets of his morality; and if in this brief abstract of policy, he sprinkles a few elements of manly honor and generosity, it is only to make the compound more palatable to a young mind, that has not so far desiccated itself of heart and soul as to take up with mere policy. The precept,

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man,"

means, in his mouth, be true to thine own interest, and but expresses the common notion, that injustice to others is injurious to one's self. This precept, indeed, has sometimes been urged as redeeming the author from that utter baseness and selfishness which the rest of his conduct so plainly indicates; but to us it seems rather to confirm the view we have taken of him; for it must obviously mean one of two things: either, be true to thine own heart, which is, perhaps, the best morality, or, be true to thine own interest, which is the worst morality; and all the rest of the character seems to warrant, if not to require, the latter construction. What does such a man naturally mean by self? his heart? he don't know that he has one; perhaps he has not; interest being all the heart he has or deserves to have. It has been suggested, that Polonius here forgets himself, and, speaking from memory, unwittingly drops a better sentiment than he is aware of. To which we can only reply, such men as he are seldom guilty of anything so good as forgetting themselves; indeed, their chief misery and meanness is, that they seldom think of anything but themselves.

Polonius would, doubtless, have his son strain at a gnat of indiscretion, and swallow a camel of insincerity; sit up nights to make himself a gentleman, but take no pains to make himself a man. Of course we mean a *fashionable* gentleman; for a true gentleman is, we take it, the finest piece of work that God has yet shown us —except a true lady. Polonius aims, not to plant high principles, nor kindle noble passions, but only to lodge shrewd practical maxims in his son. The whole gist of his instructions to Laertes is, to study and discipline all spontaneousness out of himself; and for those involuntary and unconscious transpirations of character, which reveal that one has a heart, though perhaps with some flaws in it, he would leave no room whatever. In his view "the dictates of an inward sense, whose voice outweighs the world," are but bugbears to frighten children withal; and a virtue which cannot prate about itself, which, moved by secret, vital forces, goes so smoothly, and sweetly, and silently, as not to hear itself, or be conscious of its workings, is not to be thought of or trusted in, much less sought after or approved. In a word, his morality and religion spring altogether from the understanding, not from the conscience nor the heart, and therefore are, in reality and in effect, but two chapters of political economy, one for this world, and one for the next.

And yet Polonius is a great man in his way; many of the world's parasites are but diminutives of him; several modern politicians might, we suspect, be cut out of him. He has the lower faculties, the calculative, in the highest degree; the higher faculties, the imaginative, he has not at all. He is virtuous inasmuch as he keeps below vice, (for there is a place down there, and some people in it;) is honest, because he thinks honesty to be the best policy—a maxim which, by the way, is far from being universally true: for honesty sometimes carries people to the stake, (queer policy that!) and perhaps it would carry more of us to the stake, if we had it; and if it did not carry us to the stake, it might carry us to poverty, and that, some people think, is the next thing to the stake. Polonius, indeed, is free alike from principle and from passion, so that he goes straight ahead, merely from want of susceptibilities for temptation to lay hold of, and keeps himself transparent, because he has got so crystallized, that no dust can stick to him.

Shakspeare's matchless skill, in revealing a character through its most characteristic transpirations, is nowhere more finely displayed than in the instructions Polonius gives his servant, Reynaldo, for detecting the habits and practices of his absent son. In framing plans to "get at truth, though it lie hid within the centre;" how, "with the bait of falsehood, he may take the carp of truth;" and how, "of wisdom and of reach, with windlasses and with assays of bias," he may "by indirections find directions out;" here the old politician is perfectly at home; his mind seems to revel in the mysteries of wire-pulling and trap-setting; and schemes fly together in his head and troll out of his mouth as if they could not help it. In Hamlet, however, he finds an impracticable subject; here all his strategy and sagacity are effectually nonplussed; and the trap with which he essays to catch the truth only springs on himself. The mere torch of policy, nature, or Hamlet, who is

an imbodiment of nature, blows him out, so that he rays out nothing but darkness and smoke whenever he attempts to throw light on the prince. The sport of circumstances, it was only by a chance of circumstances that Hamlet came to know him. Once the honored minister of his royal father, now the despised tool of his father's murderer, Hamlet sees in him only a mean and supple time-server, ready at any time to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning;" and the ease with which he baffles, and puzzles, and plagues the old fox, shows how much craftier one *can* be, who scorns craft, than one who courts it.

Habits of intrigue having extinguished in Polonius the powers of insight and adaptation to circumstances, he of course discerns not the unfitness of his usual methods to the new exigency; while at the same time his faith in the craft which he has hitherto found so successful betrays him into the most overweening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of unconscious grannyism, namely, his pedantic, unseasonable and impertinent trifling and dallying with artful forms and turns of thought and speech, amidst the most serious business, though conceiving and swearing the while that he is using no art at all; where, mindless of the occasion, and absorbed in his frivolous fancies, he appears not unlike the learned dunce in Hudibras, who "could speak no sense in several languages;" and shows what a tedious old fool he is, the moment he leaves to "hunt the train of policy," and forsakes the habitual routine of intrigue and management. Superannuated politicians, indeed, like Polonius, seldom appear wise but in proportion as they fall back upon the resources of memory; for out of these resources, the ashes, so to speak, of long extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them; as a man who *has lost* his sight may seem to distinguish colors perfectly so long as he does not undertake to speak of the colors about him. On the whole, Polonius is a fine exemplification of the truth, that, while wisdom grows more bright and beautiful as it waxes older, aged cunning relapses into garrulous dotage; and that amid the decays of sense, nothing can retain the soul in its dignity but a faith in the truth, and a child-like simplicity of heart which reposes meekly and gently upon a wisdom above its own.

There is one relation, however, in which, from whatsoever motives, Polonius wishes to do his entire duty. He sincerely aims and endeavors to be a good father, and evidently has the welfare, or rather, the interest of his children truly at heart. But here, as elsewhere, the politician is visibly uppermost, perverting his endeavors and thwarting his aims; for Ophelia seems to have grown up what she is rather in spite of her father's instructions, than in consequence of them. The truth is, he has practiced the arts of intrigue until they have grown into second nature; the craft which he adopted as his servant, has become his master; so that in spite of himself the wily magician looks out upon us through the face of the father. It is thus that a principle of action, when once taken home to the bosom, insinuates itself throughout the character, shaping and coloring the whole life into its likeness. The mean and wicked arts which we call in as friends and auxiliaries generally remain as our conquerors and lords; and Satan, invited to a corner of the mind, seldom fails to usurp the whole.

Of all Shakspeare's heroines the impression of Ophelia is perhaps the most difficult of analysis, partly because she is so intensely real, and partly because she is so undeveloped. A perfect rose-bud of womanhood, just ready to burst into development from its own fullness, we feel its riches in the promise, but cannot distinguish the peculiarities that are to characterize the flower. Nipt, too, on the promise of the blossom, the bud perishes "before its buttons be disclosed," leaving us nothing but smiles for its beauty, and tears for its fate.

Ophelia is brought forward but little in the play, and yet the whole play seems pervaded with her presence. Her very absence reveals her; her very silence utters her; we think of her the more for that we miss her society. We see her and Hamlet together scarcely any, yet we can hardly separate them in our thoughts. Of their sweet hours of courtship, when Ophelia "sucked the honey of his music vows," we hear nothing whatever; yet we

know them all, we read their whole history in the impression they have left upon her, subduing her entire being, heart, soul and sense, to the sweet sovereignty of love. Perhaps the reason why Ophelia, though seen so little in the play, affects so deeply and constantly, is, that those about her owe their best development to her influence. Amid the court circle, she is like a voice of music issuing from the bosom of Chaos. Whatever harmony comes from Polonius and the queen, is of her eliciting; all that redeems them from our hatred or scorn, is of her inspiring. Laertes is interesting to us, chiefly for the interest he takes in his sister; he had little hold on our regard, but for the feelings she has awakened within him. Of Hamlet's soul, too, she is the sunrise and the morning hymn, bathing in brightness the birth of a day so awful in its beauty and so pitiable in its woe. The soul of innocence and gentleness, wisdom seems to radiate from her insensibly, as fragrance is exhaled from flowers. It is in such forms that Heaven most frequently visits us.

Ophelia's situation very much resembles that of Imogen; their characters are in perfect contrast. Both appear amidst the corruptions of a wicked court: Ophelia escapes them by insensibility to their presence; Imogen, by firm, steady resistance. The former is unassailable in her innocence; the latter is unconquerable in her strength. Ignorance protects Ophelia; knowledge protects Imogen. The conception of vice has hardly found its way into Ophelia's mind; in Imogen the daily perception of vice has but called forth the power to repel it. Ophelia dreams not but she is surrounded by angels; Imogen knows she is surrounded by devils: knowledge of her situation would ruin the former; ignorance of her situation would ruin the latter. Ophelia's utter ignorance of her father's character begets perfect confidence in him, and therefore requires implicit obedience to his orders; Imogen's perfect knowledge of her father's character begets utter distrust of him, and therefore requires unyielding resistance to his orders. In Ophelia again, as in Desdemona, the comparative want of intelligence, or rather, of intellectuality, is never felt as a deficiency. She fills up the idea of excellence just as completely as if she were all intellect. In the rounded harmony of her character we miss not the absent elements, because there is no vacancy left for them to supply; and high intellect would rather strike us as a superfluity than as a supplement; its voice would rather drown than complete the harmony of the other tones.

Ophelia is exhibited in the utmost ripeness and mellowness, both of soul and of sense, to impressions from without. With her susceptibilities just opening to external objects, her thoughts are so completely engrossed with those objects as to leave no room for self-contemplation. This exceeding impressibility is the source at once of her beauty and her danger. From the lips and eyes of Hamlet she has drunk in assurances of his love, but she has never heard the voice of her own; and she knows not how full her heart is of Hamlet, because she has not a single thought or feeling there at strife with him; the current of her feelings runs so deep that it does not admit of tumult enough to make her conscious of them. In the words of Mrs. Jameson, "She is far more conscious of being loved than of loving, and yet loving in the depth of her young heart far more than she is loved." For it is a singular fact, that though Hamlet gives many disclosures, and Ophelia gives only concealments, many have doubted the reality of his love, while no one has ever thought of doubting the reality of hers.

Critics generally have construed Ophelia's silence respecting her own passion into a wish to hide it from others; but the truth is, she seems not to be aware of it herself; and she unconsciously betrays it in the modest reluctance with which she yields up the secret of Hamlet's addresses to her. The extorted confession of what she has received reveals how much she has given. The soft movements of her bosom are made the plainer by the delicate lawn of silence thrown over it. To the warnings of her brother and the orders of her father she promises and intends implicit obedience, ignorant herself of the fearful truth, and yet betraying it to us by this very ignorance, that those warnings and orders have come too late. Alas! she knows not that the love which she thus consents to shut out of her heart has already entwined itself inextricably with the innermost thread of her life. Even

when despair is wringing and crushing her innocent young soul into an utter wreck, she seems not to know the source of her affliction; and the dreadful truth comes forth only when her sweet mind, which, stringed and tuned in heaven, once breathed such enchanting harmony, lies broken in fragments before us, and the secrets of her maiden heart are hovering on her soul-deserted tongue.

One of the bitterest ingredients in poor Ophelia's cup of sorrow, is the belief that by her repulse of Hamlet she has scared away the music of his mind; and when, forgetting the wounds with which her own pure spirit is bleeding, over the heart-rending spectacle of that "unmatched form and feature of blown youth, blasted with ecstacy," she meets his fatal "I loved you not," with the despairing sigh, "I was the more deceived," we see that she feels not the sundering of the ties that bind her sweetly-tempered faculties in harmony. The singing of this innocent sweet bird has but betrayed her to the hunter's aim; and she feels not the fatal shot because it strikes to the very source of her spirit's life.

And yet we blame not Hamlet, for he is himself but a victim of the same relentless, inexorable power which is spreading its ravages through him over another life as pure and heavenly as his own. Standing on the verge of an abyss which he sees is yawning to ingulf himself, his very effort to frighten her back from it, only hurries her in before him. To snatch a jewel from Mrs. Jameson's casket, "he knows he can neither marry her nor reveal to her the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes; and in his agony he overacts the painful part with which he has tasked himself; like the judge of Athens who, engrossed with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom with such violence that he unwittingly killed it."

Ophelia's insanity absolutely exhausts the fountains of human pity. The breaking of her virgin heart lets loose the secrets which have hitherto enriched it, and their escape reveals the utter ruin of their own sweet dwelling-place. It is one of those pictures surcharged with unuttered and unutterable woe, over which the mind can only brood in silent sympathy and awe; which Heaven alone has a heart adequately to pity, and a hand effectually to heal. Its pathos were too much for our hearts to bear, but for the sweet incense that rises from her crushed spirit, as "she turns thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favor and to prettiness." The victim of crimes in which she has no share but as a sufferer, we hail with joy the event which snatches her from the rack of this world; and, in our speechless pity for such helpless innocence, we seek the sure consolations of hope in the arms of religious faith. In the death of this gentle creature there is a divine depth of sorrow which strikes expression dumb. In their solemn playfulness, the songs with which she chants, as it were, her own burial service, are like smiles gushing from the very heart of woe. Over this picture so awful in its beauty, we can but repeat the sighs of its most gifted commentator: "Ophelia! poor Ophelia! O, far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briars of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life. What shall be said of her! for eloquence is mute before her. So exquisitely delicate is her character, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we dare not consider it too deeply. Her love, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts, as it dies on her own. Her sorrow asks not words but tears; and from the spectacle of her insanity we feel inclined to turn away, and veil our eyes in reverential pity, and too painful sympathy."

The queen's affection for this lovely being is one of those unexpected strokes of character so frequent in Shakspeare, which surprise us into reflection by their very naturalness. Mrs. Jameson compares it to the nightingale of Sophocles singing in the groves of the Furies. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the wicked queen, was necessary, perhaps, to keep us both from underrating the influence of the one, and from overrating the wickedness of the other. The love, too, which she thus awakens in one so depraved goes to prevent the pity which her condition moves from lessening the respect

which her character deserves. It tells us that Ophelia's helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness, and thus serves at once to heighten our impression in favor of her, and to soften our impression against the queen. Besides, the good which Ophelia thus does affords some compensation to our minds for the evil which she suffers, and tends to deepen and prolong our pity by calling in other feelings to its relief and support.

Almost any other author would have depicted Gertrude without a single alleviating trait in her character. Beaumont and Fletcher would probably have made her simply frightful or loathsome, capable of exciting no feeling but disgust or abhorrence; if, indeed, in her monstrous depravity, she had not rather failed to excite any feeling whatsoever. From their anxiety to produce effect in such delineations, most authors would strike so hard and so often as to stun the feelings they wished to arouse. Shakspeare, with far more effect as well as far more truth, exhibits her with that mixture of good and bad which neither disarms censure nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss along with those whom she loves and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of the mother without palliating in the least the guilt of the wife; while the crime in which she is an accomplice almost disappears in the crimes of which she is the victim. Corrupted by the seductions which swarm about her station, her criminal passions blind her to the designs of her wicked but wily associate; and she stops not to consider the nature of her conduct, until its fearful results come in to stab her affections and murder her peace.

To speak of this play as a whole, is a task which we dare not attempt. Nearly all the events of the play seem the work of an inscrutable Providence, or rather they *are* the work of an inscrutable Providence, and *seem* the work of an inexorable destiny. The plan of the drama seems to be, to represent persons acting without any plan: in the words of Goethe, "the hero is without any plan, but the play itself is full of plan." The characters, accordingly, are, for the most part, but the victims of what is done and the authors of what is said. The play forms a complete class by itself; it is emphatically a tragedy of thought; and of all Shakspeare's, this undoubtedly combines the greatest strength and widest diversity of faculties. Sweeping round the whole circle of human thought and passion, its alternations of amazement and terror; of lust, and ambition, and remorse; of hope, and love, and friendship, and anguish, and madness, and despair; of wit, and humor, and pathos, and poetry, and philosophy; now, congealing the blood with horror; now, melting the heart with pity; now, launching the mind into eternity; now, shaking the soul to its centre with thoughts too deep for mortal reach; now, startling conscience from her lonely seat with supernatural visitings;—it unfolds a world of truth, and beauty, and sublimity, which our thoughts may indeed aspire to traverse, but which our tongues must despair to utter.

Of its manifold excellencies a few of the less obvious only need be mentioned. For picturesque effect the platform scenes have nowhere been surpassed. The chills of a northern winter midnight seem creeping over us as the heart-sick sentinels pass before us, and, steeped in moonlight and in drowsiness, exchange their meeting and parting salutations. The train of thoughts and sentiments, which arises in their minds, is just such as the anticipation of preternatural visions would be likely to inspire. As the bitter cold stupefies their senses, an indescribable feeling of dread and awe steals over them, preparing the mind to realize its own superstitious imaginings. The feeling one has in reading these scenes is not unlike that of a child passing a graveyard by moonlight. Out of the dim and drowsy moonbeams apprehension creates its own confirmations; our fancies imbody themselves in the facts around us; our fears give shape to outward objects, while those objects give outwardness to our fears. The heterogeneous elements which are brought together in the graveyard scene, with its strange mixture of songs, and witticisms, and dead men's bones, and its still stranger transitions of the grave, the sprightly, the meditative, the solemn, the playful, and the grotesque, make it one of the most wonderful yet most natural

scenes the poet has given us. Of various other scenes the excellencies are too obvious to need remark. The overpowering intensity of interest in the miniature scene, with its Niagara of thoughts, and images, and emotions, can have escaped no mind that has not escaped it.

The catastrophe of this play is a frightful abyss of moral confusion over which the mind shudders with horror and awe. As we gaze into its dark chaotic bosom, where the guilty and the guiltless have been relentlessly swept away and overwhelmed in indistinguishable ruin, as if by some furious tornado of destiny, our thoughts, affrighted at the awful confusion before us, fly for refuge to the heaven above us. Most truly hath a wise man said, in view of this terrible catastrophe, "It is the tendency of crime to spread its evils over innocence, as it is of virtue to spread its blessings over many who deserve them not; while, frequently, the author of the one or of the other is not punished or rewarded here at all." But there is a heaven above; and though

> "In the corrupted currents of this world,
> Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
> And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law; yet 'tis not so above:
> There is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence."

UHLAND.

Foremost among the living bards of Germany, stands the name of Ludwig Uhland; and if popularity be the test of poetic excellence, and the pledge of lasting distinction—"that life to come in every poet's creed,"—the evergreen chaplet of laurel has seldom encircled a worthier brow. Throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and especially among the youth of that country, the songs of Uhland are familiar as household words; scattered through the land, "like flow'r seeds by the far winds strown," they call forth, whenever they fall on a kindly and genial soil, sentiments of a noble and generous nature; a love of the home circle, and that wider circle of the Fatherland, a lively appreciation of the beauties and harmonies of nature, and a warm sympathy with all that is great or venerable in the ruined monuments of the past. It has been objected by that utilitarian school of critics, who estimate the merits of a work of art as they would the efficiency of a steam engine, by its value as a means of increasing our pecuniary wealth, or ministering to our physical wants, that the poems of Uhland are the puny offspring of a sickly sentimentalism, or the idle fancies of a "mind diseased;" that he fails or neglects to express the advancing spirit of the age; that he lingers too long among the mouldering relics of feudal grandeur, and too carefully avoids all contact with "tower'd cities and the busy haunts of men," preferring to loiter among the forest paths and hold converse with the elfin bands who people the greenwood shades, till he seems spell-bound by their mysterious influences; that his poetry is utterly deficient in strength and vigor, and is, after all, but "such stuff as dreams are made of." These bagmen of literature, with the mercenary quere ever on their lips,

> "What's the worth of *anything*
> But just so much as it will bring?"

would try the fine, ethereal conceptions of genius by the standard of the pound avoirdupois, and test the creations of the poet's fancy by their influence on the rate of exchange. They believe only in the tangible and the actual, and in the pride of their ignorant self-sufficiency, deem that nothing exists save what is appreciable by the senses. Their philosophy recognizes, nei-

ther in heaven nor in earth, such an element as the spiritual. They rear no altars to any unknown divinity. *Cui bono*, in the most secular sense of the phrase, is their test of the beautiful. They would, without compunction, convert the Parthenon into a Fourierite quadrangle, and put up the field of Marathon at auction, in lots to suit purchasers.

It is not in a literary point of view alone, that the name of Uhland deserves honorable mention: his services in the cause of freedom have been neither few nor unimportant, and the universal admiration in which he is held throughout Germany, is a tribute of praise to the virtues of the citizen, as well as to the genius of the poet. A patriot in the war of 1813, he has proved himself, since the overthrow of the common enemy of the German Confederation, a vigilant guardian of the popular liberties from the encroachments of domestic tyranny. In the year 1815, a period of great political excitement in Wurtemburg, his songs were echoed from every tongue; and from the time of his election as a member of the Diet of that principality, in 1809, until his resignation, which occurred a few years ago, in consequence of the liberal complexion of his political views, and the boldness with which he expressed them, he was the constant and unwavering advocate of those great and important constitutional rights which despotism is always most eager to suppress. In this respect he manifests a vast moral superiority over the great oracle of German literature, the "many-sided" Goethe, whose facility of disposition led him to regard with comparative indifference the dangers that threatened his country both from hostile armies without, and arbitrary rulers within its borders, provided only that his individual quiet remained undisturbed and his literary pursuits uninterrupted. He viewed everything from an artistical point of view; even the most momentous interests, present and future, of humanity, seem to have been regarded by him merely as subjects of philosophical speculation. Indeed, his character and principles were none of the strictest, nor was his temperament capable of enduring those restraints to which men of sterner mould easily submit. He was, far more than is compatible with the character of a truly great man, the creature of circumstances—

> "A pipe for fortune's finger
> To play what stops she please;"

and it is well for his reputation that his life flowed on in a smooth and even current, exposed to few of those dangers and trials that call forth the exercise of the loftiest and most self-denying virtues.

Uhland has withdrawn entirely from public life, and now enjoys a competency which renders him independent of the smiles and frowns of princes. His residence is thus described by Howitt, in his "Rural and Domestic Life in Germany:"

> "He lives in a house on the hill-side overlooking the Necker bridge, as you go out toward Ulm; above lie his pleasure garden and vineyard, and here he has a full view of the distant Swabian Alps, shutting in with their varied outlines one of the most rich, beautiful and animated landscapes in that pleasant Swabian land."

Professor Wolff, of the University of Jena, in a paper on German Literature contributed to the London Athenæum for 1835, says, in reference to Uhland:

> "I could write through whole pages and yet not praise him thoroughly to my own satisfaction, for his patriotism, his love of mankind, his noble nature, and all the beautiful qualities of his character. Never was a man so universally loved and revered in Germany, and I never read or heard his name mentioned, without demonstrations of respect, and declarations of sincerest affection."

Uhland is considered by the critics of Germany, as belonging to the Romantic School of poetry, which numbers among its followers the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis, Gleim, Chamisse, and a host of others of less distinction. The characteristics of this class, which dates its origin from the German War of Liberation in 1813, are described by Dr. Wolff as a true perception of the nature of romantic poetry, and its relation to that of the classical school, a more thorough recognition of the intellect and the poetry of the German middle age, a more profound understanding of Shakspeare's greatness, and of the rich treasures of Spanish and Italian poetry, for a true and noble estimation of the treasures of which Germany was indebted

to Lessing and Goethe, and for an unrelenting warfare against characterlessness in literature, wherever it appeared.

The works of Uhland consist of a collection of poems published in 1815, which are the most popular and well known productions of his pen, and two dramas which appeared in 1818 and 1819, in which his powers are displayed to less advantage. He has also written a commentary on the works of Walter Von Dervogelweide, one of the ancient Minnesingers; an "Essay on the Scandinavian Myth of Thor," and "Researches concerning Poetical Traditions." For the last twenty-five years, his poetical energies seem to have been allowed to slumber, either according to Goethe's prediction, because the politician has swallowed up the poet, or because his civic and professional duties have occupied his time to the exclusion of more congenial pursuits. Without entering into a critical analysis of the character of his writings, we shall give translations of a few of his poems, selected chiefly from his ballads and romances, in order that our readers may form some estimate of his poetical powers. Should a feeling of disappointment be experienced in reading them, we beg that some allowance may be made for the difference between American or English and German taste, as well as for the obvious disadvantage presented by the appearance of an author under a foreign garb. Other specimens may be found in "Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe," in "Gostick's Survey of German Poetry," and in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" for 1837. The "Democratic Review" for 1846, also contains "some translations from the Songs and Ballads of Uhland," by W. A. Butler, prefaced by some introductory verses of considerable merit.

The following ballad, which is among the best of the collection, has lately furnished the subject of a beautiful painting from the pencil of Munchen.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

In olden times, erect and proud, a lofty castle stood,
It shone afar, across the land, to Ocean's dark blue flood,
And in the fragrant garden round—a belt of bloom outspread—
Clear sparkling fountains far aloft their rainbow splendors shed.

Therein a haughty monarch dwelt, in lands and conquests great,
And on his regal throne he sat in dark and gloomy state;
His every thought was horror still—each glance with vengeance shone;
A curse was in his ev'ry word—he wrote with blood alone.

Once at the castle bounds appear'd a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden ringlets bright, the other with gray hair;
The elder, with his treasur'd lyre, a well trimmed palfrey rode,
And nimbly by the old man's side his youthful partner strode.

The old man to the younger spake: "My son, thou must prepare!
Recall to mind our deepest lays—attune thy fullest air,
Together summon all thy powers; first love, then sorrow's smart
Behooves us try to-day to touch the Monarch's stony heart."

Within the lofty pillar'd hall, the minstrels twain are seen,
And seated on the throne appear the monarch and his queen—
He, wrapt in dread magnificence, like the red northern light,
His queen with glance as mild and sweet, as beam of full moon bright.

The hoary minstrel struck the strings—he played so wondrous well,
That on the ear more richly still each note appear'd to swell;
In tones of heavenly clearness streamed the youth's sweet voice along,
Like mournful strains from parted souls, amid the old man's song.

They sing of spring-tide and of love—the age ere wo began—
Of freedom, faith, of holiness—the dignity of man;
All lovely things they celebrate, that heave the human breast,
They chant of all high themes that rouse the human heart from rest.

The troop of courtiers gather round, their scorn forgotten now—
Before the throne of God above the king's brave warriors bow;
The queen, entranced in ecstacy, with strange sweet grief oppress'd,
Throws to the tuneful singers down the rose-bud from her breast.

"My people he has led away, will he corrupt my wife?"
The furious monarch cries aloud, his frame with frenzy rife;
Swift at the younger minstrel's breast his gleaming sword he flings,
And thence, instead of golden songs, a blood-red torrent springs.

As if a storm had scattered them, the hearers fled away.
All faint within his master's arms, the youthful singer lay:
He wraps him in his mantle broad, he seats him on the horse,
Erect and firm he binds him there, and with him takes his course.

But now before the lofty gates the hoary minstrel stands.
His own dear harp, the best of harps, he seizes in his hands:
He strikes it 'gainst a column stone—'tis now a broken shell;
Thro' castle-hall and garden then, his dreadful accents swell:

"Wo, wo to you, ye lofty halls, no sweet and soothing tone
Of lyre or song, within your walls, shall ever more be known.
No! sighs and groans alone be yours, and slavery's cringing pace,
Till 'neath the stern avenger's tread, dark ruins fill your place.

"Wo to you all, ye gardens sweet, in the May month's pleasant light—
This dead youth's pallid countenance I here expose to sight;
For this your beauty shall decay—your every spring be dry,
And ye yourselves, in future days, despoiled and desert lie.

"Wo to thee, ruthless murderer! of minstrelsy the pest;
In vain be all thy deeds of arms for glory's blood-stain'd crest;
Thy name shall be forgotten quite, in endless darkness veiled,
And like a sick man's dying gasp, in empty space exhaled."

The old man's voice has died away, but Heav'n has heard his cry;
The walls become a ruined heap, the halls dismantled lie;
One only column still remains, to tell of former might,
And that, already tottering, may fall perchance by night.

Around, where once the garden smiled, is now a desert land,
No tree casts there its grateful shade, no fountain threads the sand,
No history tells the monarch's name, nor line of lofty verse—
Departed and forgotten all! such is the Minstrel's Curse.

"The Ferry" is a little poem which gives a very fair impression of some of the most marked peculiarities of Uhland's manner. He delights in summoning from "the dim mysterious past" the scenes, the thoughts and feelings of that happier time, when the vivid imagination of youth had power to clothe

"the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

and comparing the pictures which hope and fancy then portrayed, with the harsh realities into which experience has since transmuted them. As the contrast of the present with the past generally suggests reflections of a somewhat mournful character, inasmuch as the advancing footsteps of time are constantly crushing some flower that bloomed in our pathway, whose frail life we fondly deemed of perennial duration, the heart of the poet whose sympa-

thies and feelings lie garnered up among the records of departed years, of which his song is but the echo, must often be touched with a sentiment of sadness at the retrospect.

THE FERRY.

Many a year is past and o'er,
Since I cross'd this stream before;
Gleams yon tower in evening's glow,
Sounds, as erst, the river's flow.

Then our passengers were three—
Two, my friends, and dear to me;
One with grave, paternal air,
One in youthful promise fair.

One a life of quiet pass'd,
And in quiet breath'd his last;
But the youth, in foremost rank,
In the storm of battle sank.

So, when o'er those happy days,
Distant far, I dare to gaze,
Still I mourn companions dear,
Reft away, 'mid life's career.

That which ev'ry friendship binds,
Is, the sympathy of minds;
Spirit-hours the past appear,
Spirit forms are with me here.

Take, then, boatman, thrice thy fee—
Willingly I give it thee:
Two whom thou hast ferried o'er,
Earthly bodies wear no more.

"The Ride by Night" exhibits the same peculiarity.

I ride thro' the darksome land afar,
Uncheer'd by moonbeam or twinkling star,
Cold tempests around me lowering;
Often before have I pass'd this way,
When the golden sunshine smiling lay
Among roses freshly flow'ring.

I ride to the gloomy garden ground,
I hear the blasts through the branches sound,
And the withered leaves descending;
'Twas here I wander'd in summers flown,
When love had made all the scene his own,
The steps of my fair one tending.

Extinguished now is the sun's glad ray,
The roses have wither'd and died away,
And the grave my belov'd is holding;
My darksome journey I now pursue,
In the wintry storm, with no star in view,
My mantle around me folding.

"The Shepherd" is a lay of the middle ages, short and simple—its moral the motto of all things earthly—"passing away."

'Twas near a kingly castle wall,
A fair young swain pass'd by;
A maiden from the window look'd—
He caught her longing eye.

"Oh! might I venture down with thee,"
With kindly voice she said;
"How white do yonder lambkins seem,
The blossoms here, how red."

The youth, in answer, thus replied:
"Oh! would'st thou come with me?
Fair glow those rosy cheeks of thine,
Those arms—can whiter be?"

And now each morn, in silent grief,
He came, and looked above,
Till from the casement, far aloft,
Appear'd his gentle love.

This friendly greeting then he sent:
"Hail! maid of royal line."
A gentle answer echoed soon—
"Thanks, gentle shepherd mine."

The winter pass'd, the spring appear'd,
The flow'rs bloomed rich and fair;
The castle bounds he sought again,
But she no more was there.

In sorrowing tones, he cried aloud,
"Hail! maid of royal line."
A spirit voice beneath replied,
"Adieu! thou shepherd mine."

"The Wreath" is a charming little fairy story, told with exquisite delicacy and simplicity. Though the "sterner stuff" of manhood may pass it by as an idle fable, destitute of sense or significance, it will, in all probability, be regarded with favor by the fairer portion of our readers, whose quick perception will soon enable them to unveil its meaning, though expressed in allegorical language.

THE WREATH.

A maiden on a sunny glade,
Was gath'ring flow'rs of varied hue;
There came from out the greenwood shade
A lady fair to view.

She join'd the maid, in friendly guise,
And twined a wreathlet in her hair:
"Tho' barren now, flow'rs hence will rise—
Oh! wear it ever there."

And as the maiden grew in years,
And walked by moonlight sheen,
Indulging soft and tender tears,
To bud the wreath was seen.

And when at length her own true knight
Folded her to his breast,
The joyous flow'rs awoke to light,
As thro' the buds they prest.

Soon in the mother's arms was seen
A child in sportive play;
Then golden fruits, 'mid foliage green,
Burst forth in open day.

But when, alas! her love was laid
In funeral dust and night,
Her wild, disorder'd locks display'd
A leaf with autumn's blight.

She follow'd soon; the wreath still graced
Her brow of pallid hue,
And now, strange sight! together placed
Grew fruits and blossoms too.

"Harald" is a legend of the days of Oberon and Titania, when the "small people," for mirth or mischief, used to play tricks on benighted travellers, and bind with invisible fetters, strong as the chain of destiny, all obnoxious trespassers on their greenwood domains.

HARALD.

With martial train did Harald ride,
A hero bold and good;
Around his march the moonbeams shone,
Within the wild greenwood.

Oh! many a gorgeous banner there
Flings to the breeze its fold,
And many a battle song is heard,
That echoes thro' the wold.

What lurks and rustles in each bush?
Moves upon ev'ry spray?
Drops from the clouds above, and dives
Where foaming streamlets play?

What throws the blossoms here and there?
What sings? glad notes indeed!
What dances thro' the armèd ranks,
Or mounts the warlike steed?

Whence come these kisses, soft and sweet?
These arms so gently prest?
What from the scabbard steals the sword,
And leaves nor peace nor rest?

It is a sprightly band of fays;
No arms their spells withstand—
Already ev'ry warrior there
Is in the fairy land.

The chief alone remains behind—
Harald, the bold true knight;
From top to toe his form appears
In polished steel bedight.

His warriors all have disappeared—
Around lie shield and spear,
And thro' the wild wood riderless
The chargers swift career.

In heavy sadness thereupon
Did haughty Harald ride;
He rode alone by moonshine bright,
All thro' the forest wide.

He hears a purling 'mid the rocks,
Dismounts with hasty fling,
Unclasps his helmet from his head,
And quaffs the cooling spring.

Scarce has the chieftain quench'd his thirst,
His strength of limb is gone,
Perforce he seeks the rocky couch,
There sleeps and slumbers on.

He's slumbered on the self-same stone,
Thro' ages past away;
Upon his breast his head is sunk,
His beard and locks are gray.

When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And howls the forest broad,
'Tis said the aged chief is known
In dreams to grasp his sword.

The "Dream" is decidedly Uhlandish.

THE DREAM.

Join'd hand in hand, a loving pair
A garden wander'd round;
They sat like spectres, pale with care,
Within that flowery ground.

Each kissed the other's pallid face,
Sweet mutual kisses sped;
They stood entwined in close embrace;
Then grief and languor fled.

Two little bells rang sharp and clear—
Swift did the vision flee;
She lay within the cloister drear,
A far-off exile he.

The "Monk and the Shepherd" has a certain picturesqueness about it, which brings the scene depicted as vividly before the eye as if it had been portrayed by the sister art.

THE MONK AND THE SHEPHERD.

MONK.

"Why stand'st thou thus, in silent grief?
Oh! shepherd, tell to me;
Beats there e'en here, a wounded heart,
That draws me unto thee?"

SHEPHERD.

"And dost thou ask? oh! look below
On my belovèd vale;
The wide expanse is flowerless all,
The woodland sere and pale."

MONK.

"Yet sorrow not—what is thy grief?
What, but a mournful dream?
The fields ere long will bloom again,
The trees with blossoms beam.

"Then plant the cross, to which I kneel,
Within the verdant grove;
It boasts nor fruit nor flow'r, but bears
The sign of deathless love."

The "Robber" seems like a sketch of one of the bold outlaws of Sherwood Forest. The portrait would be no disgrace to Robin Hood himself.

'Twas on a pleasant day in spring,
A robber left the greenwood shade,
When lo! along the rugged path,
Came tripping by a gentle maid.

"If 'stead of these wild flowers of May,"
Thus spoke the forest's dauntless son,
"Thy basket bore the wealth of kings,
Thou should'st in safety journey on."

The beauteous pilgrim's parting form
He followed long with eager eye:
Thro' meadows fair, she wander'd on,
And sought the quiet hamlet nigh.

Soon 'mid the garden's lavish blooms,
Concealed, her lovely figure stood;
Then turned the robber back and sought
A shelter in the dark pine wood.

The "Landlady's Daughter" is one of the most popular of German songs, and is said to be a great favorite among the students of the various universities. We have either read somewhere, or the idea is our own, that a political meaning is couched in these verses, the dead daughter representing the spirit of German freedom, and the exclamations uttered by the three students respectively, the sentiments with which its loss is regarded by different minds.

Once over the Rhine three students strayed,
At our landlady's door a halt they made.

"Oh! landlady, hast thou good beer and wine,
And where is that fair little daughter of thine?"

"My wine and beer are fresh and clear;
My daughter lies stretch'd on her cold death-bier."

As into the chamber they took their way,
In a sable coffin the maiden lay.

Then quickly putting the death-veil by,
The first look'd on with a mournful eye:

"Oh! would thou wert living, fair maiden," said he;
"Forever henceforth, my beloved thou should'st be."

The second the veil o'er the features cast,
And turn'd away, while his tears fell fast:

"Alas! that thou li'st on thy cold death-bier—
Thou whom I've loved for so many a year."

The third quickly lifted again the veil,
And press'd a kiss on that mouth so pale:

"I love thee to-day, as through all the past—
I will love thee hereafter while time shall last."

Here is a ballad of the days of the Northmen, containing more strength and nerve than is commonly found in Uhland's poems.

THE BLIND KING.

Why stands, on yonder hilly shore, that band of Northmen bold?
Why thither goes, with hoary locks, that monarch blind and old?
He leans upon his staff, and cries, in agony profound,
Till o'er the intervening strait the island shores resound:

"Give, robber, back, my child to me, from out thy dungeon cleft;
Nought save her lyre and song so sweet to soothe mine age was left.
Thou'st torn her from the verdant shore, while there the dance she led;
This bringeth lasting shame on thee, and bows my aged head."

Forth from his cavern, fierce and tall, the robber stood reveal'd,
He swung his giant sword aloft, and struck upon his shield:
"Why, then, of all thy guards around, did none the foe deter?
Of all the warriors in thy train, will no one fight for her?"

Yet not a warrior leaves the ranks, nor maketh one reply;
The sightless monarch turns around: "Then all alone am I?"
The father's hand his youthful son now grasp'd with fervent zeal:
"Oh! let *me* fight the foe! there's strength in this young arm, I feel."

"Oh! son, the foe is giant strong, and none his might withstand,
Yet thine I feel is valor's stamp, while here I grasp thy hand;
Then with thee take, in song renown'd, my old and trusty glaive,
And should'st thou fall, my aged limbs shall find an ocean grave."

The deep abyss sends o'er the sea a roaring, surging sound,
The blind old monarch listening stands, and all is still around;
But hark! from yonder side there comes the clash of spear and shield,
And echo loud the battle cry and tumult of the field.

Full soon the old king blithely cries, "Oh! what can now be seen?
My own good sword! I heard its clang, I know that sound so keen."
"The robber chief lies overthrown—his meed of blood is won;
Then hail to thee, of heroes chief, thou monarch's valiant son."

Again 'tis silent all; the monarch stands with list'ning ear:
"A rushing sound, as if of oars, across the waves I hear."
"Returning now they're bringing back thy son with spear and shield—
With gleaming locks of golden hair, thy daughter dear Gunild."

A welcome from the lofty rock the hoary monarch gave:
"My age will now pass gladly on, and honored be my grave;
Beside me thou, my son, shalt place my sword that rings so clear,
And thou, Gunild, my dirge shalt sing, oh! ransomed maiden dear."

"Lines to a Nameless One" are somewhat sentimental, and decidedly German in spirit; but pure in feeling and pleasing in expression.

Upon a mountain's summit,
Oh! might I stand with thee,
Where vales and crested forests
We far beneath might see,
On ev'ry side I'd show thee
Where vernal glories shine,
And say, "Were I the owner,
One half at least were thine."

My heart's unfathom'd secret,
Oh! could'st thou search and see,
Where all the songs are sleeping,
That God e'er gave to me,
Whene'er I strove for goodness,
My struggles thou would'st know,
Which, ne'er to thee recounted,
To thee their being owe.

The dead poet, though his earthly voice is hushed forever, "still speaketh." The immortality of genius is his lot—he belongs to that glorious company of

"dead but sceptred sovereigns
Who still rule our spirits from their urns;"

and while his songs preserve the records of the past, which else had perished from mortal memory, they afford the surest pledge of his own exemption from oblivion.

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

There on his bier the poet lies,
His pallid lips are songless now,
A wreath of Daphne's golden hair
Adorns that once inventive brow.

They place around, in fair, white scrolls,
His minstrel lays, the last he sang,
And in his arms all silent lies
The harp that late so clearly rang.

Tho' sunk in death's oblivious sleep,
Round ev'ry ear still floats his lay,
And bitter grief it wakens still,
For him, the lordly, past away.

When months and years had roll'd their course,
Around his tomb the cypress grew,
And they who sadly mourn'd his fate,
Slept in the grave's deep slumber too.

Yet, as with quicken'd strength and power,
Returns the year's delightful prime,
So now, with youth and grace renew'd,
The minstrel roams in his new time.

He mingles with earth's living crowds,
His form no funeral trace displays;
The olden age, that deem'd him dead,
Itself lives only in his lays.

"Walter the True Knight" is a ballad of the middle ages, portraying man's fidelity and woman's inconstancy, contrary to the usual burthen of such ditties, and showing that all damsels were not, in those days, quite so devoted as the "nut brown maid" in the old English song, who refused to abandon her lover, even when he informed her

"That he must to the greenwood goe,
Alone, a bannyshed man."

The valiant Walter rode along,
Our Lady's church beside;
A maiden on the threshold knelt,
By sorrows deeply tried:
"Oh! halt, my Walter true, for me;
Hast thou forgotten—can it be—
That voice of old so welcome?"

"Whom see I here? the faithless maid,
By me belov'd of yore?
But where are now thy robes of silk,
Of gold and gems thy store?"
"Alas! that I my true one left!
For Paradise from me is reft—
With thee again I find it."

With pitying hand he raised the maid,
Upon his courser sprung,
And fast around his stalwart form
With frail, white arms she clung.
"Oh! Walter true, this heart, alas!
Is beating now 'gainst cold dull brass,
And not upon thy bosom."

To Walter's castle on they rode,
There all was still and lone;
The visor from his face she took—
His blooming looks had flown.
"These sunken eyes, these cheeks so white,
Become thee well, thou faithful knight—
I love thee more than ever."

The gentle maid the armor loosed,
Which he, the wronged one, wore.
"What see I here? a sable garb?
What loved one is no more?"
"For one beloved my sorrows flow,
Whom I on earth no more shall know,
Nor ever in the future."

She sank beside his feet, and there
With outstretched arms she lay:
"On me, poor, hapless penitent,
Some pity take, I pray;
Oh! raise me up, and make me blest,
And let me on thy faithful breast
From all my grief recover."

"Forbear, forbear, thou wretched child,
For vain is thy request;
These arms are bound, as if in chains,
And torpid is this breast.
Be sad, as I am sad, for aye!
Love from this heart hath fled away,
And never more returneth."

Thus have we culled, here and there, a few scattered flowers from the wilderness of sweets in which we have lately been wandering; but, like all exotics, when transplanted from the parent soil, they have lost in the process much of their native freshness and vigor. And even if all their "original brightness" has not yet departed, the faint trace of its existence that may still remain, affords but little indication of their beauty when flourishing in a more genial clime. They resemble the plant which, in the masque of "Comus," the shepherd gave to the attendant spirit:

"The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright, golden flow'r, but not in this soil."

W. B.

A PLEA FOR PHILOSOPHY.

Some will have it, that all philosophy is vain; and that the time bestowed upon it, in our colleges and elsewhere, is only wasted, or worse than wasted, in the pursuit of a phantom that can never be reached, while it leads us away continually from the proper use of life. What men need in this world, we are told, is not speculation, but an active apprehension of the living realities with which they are immediately surrounded, and the proper practical use of these for the ends of their own existence. The world is a fact, broadly and palpably spread out before our senses; and our life is a fact, which we are required to turn to right account, by making the best of it for ourselves and others, in the circumstances in which we may happen to be placed. Why, then, should we occupy ourselves with things that lie wholly beyond the sphere of our actual existence, and that can only serve to disqualify us for understanding and using the world as it is? The sense of the world is sufficiently clear of itself for such as are disposed to take things just as they are, without troubling their heads about what they are pleased to call its inward spiritual constitution and design. We have had ample experiment besides of the vanity of philosophy, in the past history of its own achievements. The world has been philosophizing since the days of Pythagoras at least, and from a still earlier date, and yet to what has it come in the end? Has its philosophy made it any wiser or better? Has it accomplished any solid gain whatever for the human race? Is the world improved in any respect by the long exploded systems of Greece, by the profound lucubrations of the schoolmen in the middle ages, or by the vast upheavings of thought which have had place since the days of Immanuel Kant, in the modern metaphysics of Germany? Is it not, in fact, a history of contradictions and confusions, from beginning to end—one system continually surmounting another, only to be as certainly overwhelmed after the same fashion, in its turn? It will be time enough to challenge our respect for philosophy, when philosophy shall have come to some proper understanding, in the first place, of her own mind and meaning. When she shall have become once mistress of herself—a house no longer divided against itself, the very cavern of Æolus where all pent-up minds are struggling perpetually in fierce conflict—it will be time enough to think of proclaiming her mistress of the world. Till then, let her be remanded to her proper dwelling place in the clouds, the land of far-off shadows and dreams. The world has too much serious business on hand, to be interrupted by her pretensions, and may reasonably say, in the language of Nehemiah to Sanballat and Geshem the Arabian of old: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?"

All this is very comfortable doctrine, of course, for those who have no disposition and not much power, possibly, to think for themselves, while they have just as little wish or will to be bound by the thinking of others. Agrarianism, indeed, we may call it, of the most truly democratic order; for is it not something more to level thus the aristocracy of mind, than it is to bring down simply the aristocracy of birth or fortune? Is it not a species of self-exaltation, particularly soothing to the sense we commonly have of our own importance, to be able in this way to compare ourselves so favorably with what has generally been counted the highest order of the world's intellect, and the true nobility of its life? The man who can say of all philosophy, It is mere wind, must needs feel himself in this respect somewhat superior to the great minds which, in different ages, have counted it worthy of their attention and study. It is much, surely,

for any one to have the thought clearly present in his own consciousness: "Pythagoras was a fool, Plato was a fool, Aristotle was a fool; all the old Greek philosophers were fools; the seraphic, irrefragable doctors of the school divinity, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, the whole of them together, were fools; and the same character belongs most eminently to the modern German thinkers, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and all who think it worth while to waste any time upon their speculations: but *I am wise;* for I have sense enough to know that all philosophy is nonsense, and that the less the world is troubled with it the better. *My* life is more rational, and likely to be of far more account at last, than theirs." This, we say, is comfortable; and it is not much wonder, perhaps, that philosophy should be in bad credit with so many persons, when so fair a premium in this way is made to rest on unthinking ignorance and sloth.

And then, the case becomes still worse, of course, when the prejudice of religion comes in, as it is always ready to do, in favor of the same conclusion. It is bad enough, we are told, that philosophy should pretend to interfere with the actual world, in its common life, abstracting men's minds from its practical realities, and amusing them with its own theoretic dreams; but when the evil is made to reach over, in the same form, to the sphere of religion and faith, it is something still more difficult to be endured. And is there not in fact an original, necessary opposition between revelation and philosophy? Is not faith the simple contrary of speculation? Is it not written, "Let no man *spoil* you through philosophy;" plainly implying that we should have nothing to do with it, in the business of Christianity? And is not the history of the church from the beginning full of instruction and warning, in the same direction? Have not all corruptions and heresies sprung from philosophy, undertaking to rule and set aside the simple doctrine of God's word? Witness the flood of Gnostic speculations in the second century; the subsequent errors of Origen and his school; the scholastic subtleties of the Aristotelian theology, at a still later period; and above all, the rationalistic, pantheistic systems, to which the modern German philosophy has given birth. Philosophy and infidelity are found to have, in all ages, a close inward affinity for each other. The first may be considered the elder sister, if not in fact the proper natural mother of the second. That state of the church accordingly is to be accounted the most prosperous, in which religion is as little as possible the subject of speculation; and the man who meddles least with the contents of his faith, in the way of inward thought and reflection, is likely to show himself the best Christian, and make his way most successfully to heaven.

But now, in opposition to all such popular cant,—that can hardly be said for the most part to understand its own meaning,—it is at once an ample reply to say, that philosophy belongs to the very constitution of our life, and cannot be expelled from it therefore without the greatest violence and wrong. For what is it at last, more or less than the endeavor to know ourselves and the world, and the form in which, at any given time, this knowledge reflects itself in our consciousness? And can it be a question at all, whether it be proper and right for us to seek the knowledge of ourselves in this way? It lies in the idea of humanity itself, that it should comprehend within itself such a mode of existence, just as it necessarily includes also the life of art or the law of social, or political organization. The question whether philosophy is to be tolerated and approved, is precisely like the question whether we should approve and tolerate government or art. These are all so many several spheres only of our human existence itself, which are necessary to make it true and complete, and which cannot be sundered from it, without overthrowing, at the same time, its essential constitution. It is not by any arbitrary option or will of ours, that they come to have the right of being comprehended in the organic structure of the world; their right is as old as the world itself, and must stand as long as man and nature shall be found to endure. If any number of men, for instance, in vast world-convention assembled, should pretend to sit in judgment on the right and title of the fine arts, music, sculpture, poetry and the rest, to retain their place in the world, and at last

proceed in form to legislate them out of it, as useless, fantastic, and injurious to religion; to what would such legislation amount in the end, more than to expose the impotence and folly of the congress from which it might spring? The fine arts might say to such a convention: "What have we to do with *thee*, vain, wretched apparition of an hour! Is the nature of man to be thus made or unmade, at thy puny pleasure? *Our* authority is broader, and deeper, and far more ancient than thine." And can it be any more reasonable, I would ask, to think of legislating philosophy out of the world or out of the church, in any similar way? Philosophy is no subject for human arbitrament and legislation, in such magisterial form. The question of its being tolerated and allowed, is not just like the question whether we shall have, or not, a tariff or a national bank. It asks no permission of ours, to exercise its appointed functions in the vast world-process of man's history; it has exercised them through all ages thus far, and it will continue to exercise them, no doubt, to the end of time, in virtue of its own indefeasible right to be comprehended in this process, as an original necessary part of its constitution.

Philosophy is the form, simply, in which all Science is required at last to become complete. It is not, as sometimes supposed, one among the sciences only, in the way in which this may be said of geography for instance, or chemistry, or mathematics; it is emphatically the science of science itself—the form in which science comes to master *its* own nature, in the way of conscious self-apprehension and self-possession. It belongs to the very conception of knowledge, that however distributed into manifold departments and spheres, it should nevertheless be at the last the power of a single universal life. All science is organic, and falls back finally upon the unity of self-consciousness as its centre and ground. This is, however, only to say that it comes to its true general end in the form of philosophy, which is for this very reason the mistress and mother of all sound knowledge in every other view. What can be more irrational, then, and absurd, than to cry out against philosophy as something unprofitable and vain? It were just as reasonable surely to cry out against science in any of its subordinate departments; as some, indeed, most consistent in their fanaticism, have at times pretended to do, in blind homage to a life of sense, or in the service, possibly, of a blind religion. All science has its chaotic disorders and revolutions, its sources of danger and its liabilities to corruption and abuse. But what then? Must we cease to think and inquire, in order that we may become truly wise? Shall we extinguish the torch of knowledge, that we may have power in the dark to fancy ourselves secure from harm? To do so were only to commit violent wrong upon our human nature itself. Man was made for science; he needs it, not as a means simply to something else, but as a constituent, we may say, in the substance of his own being. But his relation to science, in this view, is his relation at the same time to philosophy; for, as we have just seen, science can have no reality, except as it includes in itself a reference at least to philosophy, as that in which alone it can become complete. Man then is formed for philosophy, as truly as he is formed for science; and if we did but consider it properly, we should see and feel that to undervalue and despise the first, is as little rational as it is to undervalue and despise the second. Philosophy is not a factitious interest, artificially and arbitrarily associated with our life, which we may retain or put away from us altogether at our own pleasure; it is the perfection of our intelligence itself, the necessary summit of self-consciousness, towards which all the lines of knowledge struggle from the start, and in which only they are made to reach at last their ultimate and full sense.

What has now been said, does not imply of course that all men are called to be philosophers, and to exercise the functions of philosophy on their own account. When we say of art, that it forms an original constituent sphere of our general human life, we do not mean certainly that every individual is required to be a painter, or musician, or poet, or all of these together, in order that he may fulfil his proper destiny in the world. *Non omnia possumus omnes;* the life of the world is something far more comprehensive and profound than the life of any one man, or any ten thousand men

included in its course. Humanity has its measure in the whole, and not in the separate parts of which the whole is composed. The perfection of the individual does not consist in his being all that the general idea of human life requires, but in this, that he shall truly fill his own place in an organism, which is complete for the purposes that belong to it as a whole. In this sense we say, that art is a necessary constituent of humanity, though few comparatively may be fitted as organs to exercise the functions for which it calls: these functions belong to the organic constitution of our life, as a whole, and for the use of the whole; and where they are not acknowledged or fulfilled, the life itself must be regarded as, to the same extent, mutilated and shorn of its true sense. So in the case before us. Science and philosophy are not necessary for all men, individually and separately taken; but they *are* necessary at all times to Man as an organic whole. The great fact of humanity, the process of the world's life, cannot go forward at all without their presence. It may be enough for the mass of men perhaps to be borne along by the spirit of the age to which they belong, without any clear insight into its constitution and course; but this is not enough for the age itself. Through organs proper for the purpose, it ought to come if possible to a clear understanding of its own spirit and will, so as to be self-conscious and not blind. As we have already said, however, this self-consciousness is philosophy; and towards it at least all human life must continually struggle, so far as it is vigorous and sound. Nay, a bad life must rest in some consciousness too, often, to be sure, very dark, of its own meaning and tendency; and so far this also will have its philosophy. Philosophy and life, in fact, whether men consider it or not, go ever hand in hand together.

It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to think or speak of the world as having power to accomplish its history without philosophy; as much so, as though we should dream that society might exist without government. It would be indeed something most strange and unaccountable, that the human mind should have shown such an inveterate propensity through all ages to speculate in this way, in spite of all discouragement and seemingly bad success, if there had been no reason for it other than its own vagrant curiosity or lawless self-will. The world has never been without its philosophy, as far back as we find it exhibiting any signs whatever of a moral or intellectual life. Christianity wrought no change in it, with regard to this point. Many in modern times have charged the early Church with unfaithfulness to her Master, in permitting the great truths of the Gospel to become a subject of school speculation; as though it might have been possible to have handed them down as mere traditional articles of faith, without their being made to enter thus, with new informing power, into the actual thinking of the world as well as into its actual life. And yet is not the thinking of the world, at all times, inseparably identified with its life; or rather, is it not the very soul through which this itself lives, the central stream that carries all forward in its own direction? If Christianity were to be something more than a religion of blind mechanical tradition; if it should at all make good its claim to be the absolute truth of the world, the eternal consummation of humanity itself; it *must* introduce itself into the actual process of the world's history as it stood, so as to fulfil and not destroy the original sense of it, in all its complicated parts. We might as well ask, that it should not meddle with the sphere of politics, as that it should abjure all interest in philosophy. The early Church soon found herself compelled to speculate. It was part of her mission in the world, to regenerate its intelligence and reason. And so in all periods since, we find philosophy closely interwoven with the activity of the church under other forms, and refusing to part with its authority for the human mind, so far as this can be said to have made any historical progress at all. The Reformers, in the sixteenth century, imagined at first, indeed, that their cause required its entire banishment from the territory of religion; but they were soon compelled themselves to have recourse again to its aid; and in the end, the old order of things in this direction was fully established throughout the Protestant world.

How vain, in view of all this, to quarrel

with philosophy, as though it were an interest false and pernicious in its own nature. We might, with as much reason, quarrel with the waters of the Susquehannah, for making their way towards the sea. The world must think; would not be true to itself, if it ceased to think; and it is not possible that it should be thus actively intelligent, without moving at the same time in the channel of some philosophical system, that may represent more or less clearly the unity of its general life.

It will follow, moreover, from this view of the necessary relation in which philosophy stands to the life of the world, that it is not so entirely without rule and method in its course, as is taken for granted by the wholesale objection we are now considering. If it form an original and essential part of man's constitution, it must have a history, comprehended in the general flow of human history as a whole. But history implies organic unity and progress. It is just the opposite of chaos. Such onward movement, exhibiting the present always as at once the birth of the past and the womb of the future, belongs to the very conception of humanity; as much so as it does also, that it should exist by resolution into a vast system of nations, families and individuals. Distribution in time, and distribution in space, are alike necessary, to represent the one vast, magnificent fact, through which the idea of man is made real. To be human, then, is to be at the same time historical, in the sense here explained. If we should say that the world is not bound together by the force of a common life, at any given time, but is made up of nations and men confusedly thrown into one mass in an outward and mechanical way; it would not be a greater wrong to our nature than it is made to suffer, when this life is not apprehended as a continuous process also, always different and yet always the same, extending perpetually from one generation over to another. In fact, the two conceptions cannot be held asunder. There is no alternative here between *cosmos* and chaos. To be organic at all, the world must be historical; and its history must show itself especially in the progressive development of humanity, as a whole, towards its appointed end. This we might seem justified to assume, as a postulate of religion as well as reason; since in no other view can we conceive of the world as carrying in itself a divine sense and meaning, so as to be the mirror truly of an idea in the mind of God. God is not the author of confusion, either in nature or history. He upholds and rules the world by plan; and this plan takes hold of the end from the beginning, bearing all life steadily forward as a process in its own service. In this way, every sphere of our general human existence comes to its proper evolution only in the form of history; and so we should expect to find it pre-eminently in the case of philosophy, representing, as this does, the inmost consciousness of the race itself from age to age. The idea of an absolutely stationary philosophy, mechanically at hand as something ripe and done, for the use of the world through all time, is an absurd contradiction. How could it then represent the world's *life*, in its ever-flowing actual form? Change and revolution here are not at once contradiction and confusion. May they not be but the necessary action of history itself, as it forces its way onward continually from one stage of thought and life to another? For this process, it should be remembered, is not by uniform movement, in the same direction and under the same character. It goes by stadia or eras; not unlike those great world-cycles which geologists undertake to describe in the primitive formation of the earth, only compressed into much narrower dimensions. Each period has, of course, its own history, including the rise and decline again of its particular life, and the breaking up of its whole constitution finally, to make room for a new spiritual organization; and all this must necessarily be attended with some show of chaotic confusion, to the view, at least, of the superficial thinker; while it is still possible that the whole may be, notwithstanding, in obedience throughout to the same great law of development and progress.

Such an onward movement is found to characterize in fact the course of human thought, as it may be traced from its cradle in the ancient Oriental world, down to the present time. Philosophy has its own history, capable of being studied and understood, like the history of any other sphere of human life. This may be so dark still indeed as to leave room, at many points,

for uncertainty, and controversy, and doubt. All history is open more or less to the same difficulty; but still its general sense, and the force at least of its great leading epochs, are sufficiently clear. It is only the unphilosophical and uninquiring, who pronounce the record of the world's life in this form, a farrago of unmeaning, disconnected opinions and dreams. In proportion as any man can be engaged to direct his own attention to the subject, in the way of earnest thought, he will feel the deep unreasonableness of this presumption. The history of mind he will see to be something more than chaos, "without form and void." Alas for us indeed, if that were all the world here offered to our faith! Order in its outward material structure, only to make room for an interminable soul-chaos within!

It would go far at once to break the force of much of the prejudice that is entertained against philosophy, if only this idea of a historical development in the case of our world-life generally, as its necessary and proper form, were fairly familiar to our minds. We should then understand, that the very same life, in passing upwards through different stages, may be expected to show itself under different phases or aspects, without yet falling for this reason into any self-contradiction; and in this way we would be rescued from the narrow bigotry of measuring all past ages by our own, while at the same time we might be prepared to estimate intelligently the actual advantages of our position, in its advanced relation to the past. As the self-consciousness of the individual has different contents in childhood and riper age, and must necessarily migrate through a succession of forms in order that it may become complete; so we say of philosophy, which may be denominated the self-consciousness of the world as a whole, that it too can assert its proper reality only by living itself, from age to age, upwards into new and higher forms, till the process shall become complete in the full completion of humanity itself—the glorious, all-harmonious millennium of creation. It does not follow, then, that a system of philosophy has been nugatory and null in its own time, because it has come to be exploded, as we say, and superseded by some following system. We have no right to declare the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle vain, and just as little to deride the speculations of the medieval schoolmen as learned nonsense, merely because their authority has long since passed away. The Greek philosophy comprehended both truth and power for the use of the world, in its own time. It entered largely into the growth and education of the human spirit. And in this way it still continues to live also, in the organic progress of human thought. The acquisitions of the past in this form are not lost by the downfall of the systems in which they may have seemed originally to inhere; they are simply translated into the constitution of other systems, and so carried forward in the vast intellectual process to which these belong. In a deep sense we may say of all history, that it is thus a perpetual metempsychosis of the world's life, by which it is always new and yet always the same.

We may easily see, now, how little room there is for the fashionably vulgar imagination, that philosophy has little or nothing to do with the realities of actual life. There is indeed a latitude of meaning sometimes allowed to the term, especially in England and our own country, by which it is supposed to be saved from this reproach in part; though only in such a way as to fall more clearly under the power of it beyond the bounds of such exception. In the sense to which we refer, philosophy is taken to be a scientific insight simply into the nature and force of things empirically considered, as we find ourselves surrounded by them in the actual world. In this way we may have a philosophy of mind, by a sort of spiritual anatomical dissection, and then a philosophy of nature also as something altogether different; and however it may be with the first, it can easily be shown that this last is capable of being turned to many important practical uses. Witness only the wonders that are now wrought by steam, and the brilliant, though silent, action of the electro-magnetic telegraph. Philosophy in *such* shape means something, and has a value that can be made tangible to the world's common sense. It is the glory of our own age, too, in particular, that it is made to carry its salutary power into every nook and corner of our common material

existence. We have a philosophy of farming, a philosophy of manufactures, and a philosophy of trade. We make our shoes and bake our bread philosophically. We talk, with equal ease, of the philosophy of the heavens and the philosophy of a plum pudding. We can go still farther, and admit also the practical use of philosophy, as occupied with the laws of our own reason and will, in the same Baconian style—provided always the process be not pushed too far. The science of mind, as handled by Locke, may help us possibly to think correctly; while the science of ethics, as unfolded in the same way by Paley, may serve to assist us occasionally in distinguishing between right and wrong. But here the concession is required to stop. For philosophy, as the science of *ideas*, or as it is sometimes called, the science of the absolute, which is after all the only proper sense of the term, our common system of thinking is apt to entertain no respect whatever, in the general view now noticed. It is regarded as unprofitable metaphysics, of some service possibly for dialectic practice in the schools, but of no conceivable use besides in our ordinary mundane experience. For does it not in fact profess to go *beyond* the bounds of this experience; showing itself thus to be *transcendental*, as we say, and more fit to be referred to the visionary moon, than to this solid material earth we now inhabit? Is it not, by its own confession, the science of ideas and not the science of *facts*? It is in reference to such philosophy especially, that the question has been triumphantly asked: What has it done to improve the actual life of the world, from the days of Plato down to the present hour? Has it ever manufactured, not a steamboat, not so much as a *pin* only, in the service of the world's comfort? Has it descended at all into contact with the real wants of man? Has it added one luxury to his table, or coined a single dollar of new wealth for his pocket?

The whole force of this plausible representation, we say, is broken by the view we have now taken of the true nature of philosophy, and its necessary relation to the onward historical explication of the great mystery of humanity. The "chief end of man," after all, in this world, is not to create railroads, and telegraphs, and great Lowell establishments, for his own comfort; to seize the reins of nature in a merely outward way, and force her chariot wheels to move subservient to his simply physical accommodation. All this is right, indeed, in its place, and we mean not to undervalue or condemn the march of improvement in such outward form. Man is appointed to be the tamer and subduer of nature, and it is reasonable and fit that this should be brought to serve him, with absolute and universal submission. It is the proper prerogative of Mind, its grand moral vocation, we may say, in the world, thus to assert and proclaim its supremacy over Matter; as it is the true glory of this last, again, to be ruled and filled by the self-conscious presence of the first. But this lordship, to be true and right, must be moral as well as physical, inward no less than outward; it must be the supremacy of man over nature *as man*, and not simply as the potent magician of science, at whose bidding the spirits of the vasty deep stand ready, in shape of steam, tempest and lightning, to execute his pleasure. The only true mastery over the world at last, is that by which man is brought at the same time to master himself, in the clear apprehension and spontaneous election of goodness and truth in their absolute form. This is something more than agricultural chemistry, or the rattling machinery of cotton factories and rolling mills. It is by the power of the spiritual at last, that the full sense of the world, whether as spirit or nature, is to be evolved, and the full triumph of humanity, as sung in the eighth psalm, carried out to its grand consummation. The chief end of man is, not to know and rule the world simply as it stands beyond his particular person, but to know and rule it in the form of reason and will, as the inmost constitution of his own life. As in the case of his person separately considered, the skillful use of his bodily organs for mere bodily ends is in itself no argument of either strength or freedom, but can become of account only as such active power may be itself comprehended in the higher activity of the soul, moving always in obedience to its own law; so here, also, it is nothing less than the same moral self-consciousness and self-government, that can impart either dignity or value to any dominion we may

be brought to exercise over external nature, by virtue of our mere intelligence under any other form. But now this inward supremacy of mind over matter, constituting thus the self-consciousness of the world itself through the medium of the human spirit, is something which lifts us at once into the sphere of philosophy. It is emphatically at last the power of the ideal as compared with the power of the actual, the ascendency of the absolute, (universal reason and universal will,) over the force of all that is simply empirical and particular.

Philosophy, we say then, is supremely practical. It takes hold of life, not indeed upon its immediate surface, but in the very foundations of the great deep of which it consists. Away with the heresy, dishonorable to man and God alike, that this world is ruled supremely by material forces, or simply sensuous interests of any kind. In the face of Heaven, we proclaim it false! Of all forms of power that enter into its constitution, there is none to compare with that which belongs to mind, in the form of the Idea. This is more than tempest, lightning and steam; more than whirlwind, cataract and fire; more than the noise of many waters, or the tumult of the people surging and roaring with passion. Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord, shall the great purposes of this world be ultimately carried. There is nothing under heaven so omnipotent among men, as the presence of an Idea, in its true conception, representing, as it does always in fact, the inmost and deepest consciousness of the world itself. Amid all the thundering noise that marks the progress of history, it is only here at last we communicate with its soul, and are made to understand the true motive power which actuates its wheels. Men may talk as they please about their mechanics, and politics, and tactics—the world is governed, when all is done, by the power of Ideas; and the deepest thinkers, though far out of sight, it may be in the solitude of the closet, are still ever in the end, by divine right, the royal oligarchy, that preside over its affairs, and conduct them forward towards their proper end. No great revolution has ever yet occurred, that took not its birth first from the womb of an Idea. No department of our life can be advanced towards perfection, save through the presence of the same force. And shall we say, then, that philosophy, the science of the Idea, whose very province it is to bring the world to a consciousness of its own life in this form, is not practical? Can we understand ourselves, or possess our own nature fully, in any respect, without its aid? No general activity, whether in the form of thought or will, can deserve to be regarded as at all complete, that is not controlled by the light of philosophy, if not directly, at least in an indirect and circuitous way.

Such being the case, we may not admit, of course, that philosophy is necessarily unfriendly to religion. We have seen already, that it has entered largely into the history of Christianity from the beginning; though efforts have been made from time to time, with more zeal than clear knowledge, to sunder the church entirely from its connection. All such efforts have proved to be of no account thus far, and will continue to be of no account always, just because philosophy is a necessary condition of our general human life; and to renounce the one in this absolute way, were to renounce the other also to the same extent. If Christianity be truly divine, and at the same time truly human, it must so adjust itself to the actual constitution of man in its previous form, or rather so take this up into its own constitution in the way of natural consummation, that nothing belonging to it of right shall be destroyed, but the whole on the contrary show itself, under a higher form, more perfect than before. No wrong to the Gospel can well be more egregious, than that by which its power is limited and restrained to a part only of the general organism of the world's life; while other spheres, clearly included in this from the beginning, are violently thrust out from the range of its action, as hopelessly profane, and incapable of sanctification. It is a libel on Christ, to say that his religion has nothing to do with politics, or the fine arts, or the sciences, or common social life. It *must* unite itself with all these, inwardly and profoundly, so as to transfigure them fully into its own image, before it shall have accomplished its mission in the world. For how else should it deserve to be acknowledged the

universal truth of man's life? And so it is something monstrous also in the same way, to affirm of Christianity, that it has nothing to do with philosophy. Is ignorance then, after all, the mother of devotion; or must the inmost walks of consciousness be barred against the approach of religion, in order to preserve this sound and pure? Christianity claims to be the proper rightful magistracy of man's entire nature, the power to which all belongs, and by which all requires to be occupied and ruled. It must enter then into the thinking of the world, as well as into its willing and working; and it cannot actualize itself in full, except as it is brought to reign thus, with proper symmetrical development, throughout its whole life.

To say that Christianity should have no fellowship with philosophy, comes simply to this in the end, that the contents of faith are not formed to become ever the contents of knowledge; that religion is necessarily something blind in its own nature, incapable of being reflected in the consciousness of its subject under an intelligible form; that it is to be received and held, from first to last, in the way of mechanical outward tradition, on the ground, simply, of the foreign authority by which it comes authenticated to our confidence and trust. But is not religion the inmost life of our human being itself; and must not the precept, *Know thyself*, extend to it always as the necessary issue, in which alone the knowledge for which it calls can become complete? Strange that any should hold it man's privilege and calling, by the indefeasible right of his intelligence itself, to penetrate the interior sense of the world around him in the way of knowledge, and yet count it little better than profane for him to think of penetrating the interior sense of his own nature, as unfolded to his consciousness in the Christian revelation. Is it not the prerogative of intellect, to be self-intelligent? and is it possible then for Christianity to be the absolute truth of humanity, the inmost substance of its very life, without including in itself, at the same time, a capacity at least for being made transparent to its own vision in this way? It lies in its very conception, that it should form thus, when complete, the *self-consciousness* of the world, in its deepest and most comprehensive sense.

This is not to make Christianity dependent on philosophy in any way, for its existence. No process of thinking, on the part of men, could ever originate or discover religion in this form; just as little as it might be supposed to originate or discover the constitution of the natural earth and heavens. Christ, and the new creation revealed through him, are not a *thought* simply, but a fact, such as philosophy has no power either to make or unmake. But this is only to say, that philosophy has no power to make or unmake the world's life in any view. The province of philosophy is not to create truth in any case, but only to make truth clear to itself in the reflected consciousness of its subject. It is truth itself in the form of self-knowledge; and in this view, there is no reason surely why Christianity should treat it as false and profane, but every reason on the contrary that it should be made welcome to the Christian sphere, as its rightful sanctuary and home.

But we are pointed to actual history in proof of its pernicious power in the view now noticed. It has been from the beginning, we are told, the fruitful mother of heresies and corruptions in the church. And has it not ever shown a sort of native affinity with atheism and infidelity? Has it not, more or less, openly proclaimed itself the enemy of Christ, from the days of Ammonius Saccas and Origen down to the days of Immanuel Kant, and from the epoch of the Critical Philosophy onward again, with rapid development, to the culmination of this modern movement in the pantheism of Hegel?

This only shows, we may reply, that philosophy is not of itself Christianity; and still further, that Christianity has not yet fully mastered the inward life of the world. But this is nothing more than we find abundantly made evident to us, in the manifestation of the world's life also under other forms. Art, science, government, all have exhibited, in the progress of Christian history thus far, a more or less unfriendly relation to the Christian consciousness, refusing to acknowledge and accept it as the only proper form of their own being. But what then? Shall we abjure all art, science and politics, for this reason, as necessarily unholy and profane? Or shall we say that their whole past history

has been false and without value, as not springing directly from Christ? And why then should we entertain any such judgment in regard to philosophy, which at last is but the consciousness which enters into all these, and makes them to be what they are in fact? It comes simply to this, when all is done, that philosophy is not of itself Christianity, and that it must necessarily fall into an infidel position, if it assume to be in its own separate nature sufficient for the ultimate purposes of man's life, as comprehended in Christianity, and in Christianity alone. But although philosophy be not thus the actual power of the divine fact itself, it may be said to constitute, nevertheless, the interior fundamental form of the world's life, on which the power in question is required to make itself felt—the posture of humanity at any given time, in its relation to the great regenerative process by which it is thus to be transformed finally into the full image of God. In this view, philosophy is a great fact too—nothing more nor less, indeed, than the self-consciousness always of the world itself, at such stage of its historical development as it may have reached at the time; and as such a fact, it *must* be respected by Christianity, in order that this may at all take hold on the vast world-process to which it belongs, in a real way. That is, Christianity, to conquer fully the world's life, must become philosophical, by endeavoring continually to work itself into the consciousness of the world as it stands, for the purpose of thus helping it forward into a form that may be found fully commensurate at last with its own divine contents. The ultimate problem, of course, is the full reconciliation of the two powers here brought into view, in such way that neither shall be allowed to do violence to the other, but both come finally to harmonious union, as form and substance in the actualization of all that is comprehended in the idea of humanity. But it lies in this conception itself, that they should continually seek each other in the resolution also of this problem, and be more or less interwoven through all the process by which it is to be accomplished. Christianity must enter the *mind* of the world as it is, to secure any permanent power in its life. Philosophy, it deserves to be well remembered and earnestly laid to heart, is the only medium by which the new creation in Christ Jesus can come into triumphant contact with the actual universal life of man, as it stands, in the form either of art, or science, or political organization. An unphilosophical Christianity may be sufficient to save a multitude of individual souls for heaven, but it can never *conquer the world.*

Admitting, too, that philosophy has its dangers for Christianity as well as for life generally, it must be kept in mind that the want of philosophy is always something more full of peril still. Religion cannot be made so practical as to stand in no relation whatever to intelligence and thought. It must ever rest in a theory of some kind, that will be found to rule and condition its influence upon the world. If this theory be not philosophically sound, it will be philosophically unsound and false; and as a medium of communication with the world's life, it will to the same extent be a barrier to the proper power of the Gospel, as appointed for its salvation. We have, indeed, a widely extended school, if we may so use the term, who affect to hold Christianity (greatly differing at the same time, to be sure, about its true form) directly from Christ and the Bible, without the help of any theory whatever, as the medium of its apprehension. But it needs no very deep philosophy certainly—though the case itself shows that it calls for *some*—to perceive the utter vanity, nay, profound absurdity, of every such pretension. The greatest slaves of theory, commonly, are just those who profess to have none; only their theory includes in itself no life, but resolves itself at last into the power of blind, tyrannical, tradition. If we need to be cautioned against philosophy, we need still more perhaps at this time, at least here in America, to be cautioned against the tendency that seeks to bring all philosophy among us into discredit, and which would exclude its authority, only the more effectually to bind the yoke of its own ceremonialism upon our necks.

However it may be with the rest of the world, it is clear indeed that what is wanted among ourselves, to bring our life generally into right form, is not less philosophy than we have at present, but, if it were possible, a great deal more. There is a sad disproportion, in our general

American life, between outward activity and inward consciousness; which implies, however, so far as it prevails, a want of full self-possession and self-control, in the case of our outward activity itself; a want that is extensively felt already throughout the social system to which it belongs, and that may be expected to work itself out sooner or later, if not met with proper seasonable remedy, into the most disastrous, if not absolutely fatal, practical results. We need earnest, profound THOUGHT, born and cradled in the inmost philosophical consciousness of the age, by which to understand the problem we are called to solve as a nation, and so to turn our action to right account. Action, of course, is all important for the proper use of life; it belongs to our nature, not simply to mirror in itself the sense of the surrounding world, but to mould this also into its own image; and it is only under this form, that it can ever possibly show itself complete. Philosophy without action, is always something helpless, and liable to disease, as we see exemplified on a large scale in the history of speculation among the modern Germans. But then, action without philosophy will be found just as little worthy to be trusted also, in the end, for the great purposes of human life. No imagination can well be more false, than to suppose that our American practical talent is sufficient of itself to accomplish all that is comprehended properly in our vocation as a people. Power, to be efficient for moral ends, must be accompanied with light. The force of mind, sundered from the inward illustration that should of right go with it always, is made to resemble, more or less, the force of mere nature, and becomes of the same order with the strength of the whirlwind or mountain torrent. It may carry all before it for a time, but the action, at last, is neither rational nor free. We need not only the energy of will, which now distinguishes us above all the nations of the earth, but the clear insight of speculative reason, also, to clothe our will with its full right to be thus energetic and strong. Let our national spirit be brought to know and possess itself fully in a free way, so that the action of the nation, in all the spheres of its life, may be filled and ruled with the soul of a true self-consciousness, in the form of philosophy, and we shall then be prepared to fulfill indeed the high destiny that seems to be assigned to us on the part of Heaven. Such a union of action and speculation, joined with the vast resources of our outward life, and the mighty scope thrown open to us by the genius of our political institutions, might be expected to carry us, in due time, far beyond all the world has yet been permitted to reach, in the way of moral progress, under any other form. May we not say, indeed, that this is the very problem of problems, which our new-born America is called at this time to solve, for the universal benefit of men in all time to come?

At present, as already remarked, we are manifestly suffering through the want of speculation, and not from its excess. Action is allowed too often to overwhelm or crowd out thought. There reigns among us, indeed, a wide-spread prejudice against philosophy, in its true and proper character, which makes it difficult to secure any earnest attention to its claims in any quarter. In the mean time, besides, to make the case still worse, a false empirical scheme of thought, (since all action must have *some* spiritual bottom on which to rest in this way,) claiming to be philosophy itself, though only its wretched caricature, in fact, has come to underlie our activity on all sides, and is now ready to resist all deeper thinking, as an invasion upon its own rights. The general character of this bastard philosophy is, that it affects to measure all things, both on earth and in heaven, by the categories of the common abstract understanding, as it stands related simply to the world of time and sense. These categories, however, being in themselves the forms or types only of things in this outward world, and representing therefore the conditions merely of existence in space and time—something relative always and finite by the very nature of the case—become necessarily one-sided and false, the moment we attempt to carry their authority beyond these limits, and to apply them to the truths of the pure reason. This has been triumphantly shown by Kant, in his immortal work on the subject; whose argument thus far, at least, can never be nullified by the skeptical use to which it was turned in his own hands, but only makes

it necessary to surmount this skepticism by pressing forward to still higher ground. It should be understood, and borne in mind always, that the skepticism of Kant is not something from which we escape by falling back simply on the sensuous philosophy, once for all demolished by his gigantic criticism. As against *this*, his argument and the bad use he makes of it, are alike legitimate and sound. With the premises of Locke, it is not possible successfully to withstand the reasoning of David Hume; and the reasoning of David Hume, brought to understand itself, and pushed out to its proper universal form, conducts us over with like necessity to the critical Idealism of Immanuel Kant. If our knowledge can have no other ground on which to rest, than that which is offered to us in the forms of the sensible world, as apprehended through categories of thought, simply answerable to their outward and finite nature, it ought to be clear, surely, that it cannot reach, with any true force, and *as knowledge*, to objects that lie beyond this sphere. The system of Locke pretended to do so, indeed, building its faith in the absolute and infinite upon deductions from the simply relative and finite. This pretension, false from the beginning, Kant has fairly and forever overturned, leaving the world, so far as *that* philosophy could help it, without any sure hold upon a single truth beyond the range of its present experience. And yet it is just this false and helpless system of thinking that still insists, too generally among ourselves, on its right to rule our whole life, and that is ready, alas! on all sides, to stigmatize as transcendental nonsense, if not something still worse, every attempt that is made to go beyond itself in the way of earnest and profound speculation.

The whole tendency of this philosophy is towards materialism and infidelity; as we may see abundantly exemplified by its past history in other parts of the world, particularly in France. It may be associated, it is true, with an opposite system; as commonly in this country, where it claims the spiritual and supernatural, indeed, as peculiarly its own province. But so far as such connection goes, it is outward only and traditional, not inward and real. The philosophy itself has no power to reach the spiritual and supernatural, and in pretending to do so, only drags it, in fact, downward into its own sphere, so that it is in the end truly neither one nor the other. It reasons from time to eternity with vast dexterity and ease; establishing, by strict Baconian comparison and induction, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the truth of revelation; but it is all in such a way as turns eternity itself into time, and forces the whole invisible world to become a mere abstraction from the world of sense. The empirical understanding affects to become transcendent, (as Kant calls it,) and may please itself with the imagination of having actually grasped in this way the truth which lies beyond its own horizon; but it is the illusion of one who dreams himself to be awake, and, behold, he is asleep: the object grasped, when all is done, belongs to the sphere of sense, and not to the sphere of spirit. This philosophy makes no room at all for *ideas*, in the proper sense of the term; its ideas are all intellectual abstractions merely, that as such carry in themselves no necessary or universal force. How is it possible, that such a system should have depth or strength; that it should penetrate the interior sense of life, in any quarter; or that it should communicate true spiritual earnestness to the general character and conduct of men, in any direction? All the higher interests of our nature must necessarily be made to suffer, wherever it prevails.

The bad power of this system is widely exemplified among us, in our reigning indifference to philosophy itself, and our want of faith generally in the objects with which it is of right concerned. Speculation and action are very commonly regarded as opposite spheres, only outwardly related to each other; in which view, the first must ever be shorn of all earnest independent interest, on its own account. It is either held to be of no force for actual life at all—the unprofitable metaphysical pugilism, merely, of the schools, by which the world can never be made wiser or better—or else, to save it from such reproach, it is forced to quit the skies wholly, and become the mere shadowy echo of experience and "common sense," as it is called, in the service of directly material ends. It is pursued accordingly either as a pastime

only, or as a restricted trade. Few have any faith in philosophy as the original and rightful mistress of life. Few have any firm, solid belief in the reality of ideas, as anything more than the generalizations of sense, or the wisely calculated results of common utilitarian experience. He is counted too generally to be the best philosopher, whose thinking is found to move most fully in the orbit of the common understanding, while it shows itself at the same time most skillful in discerning the relation between means and end, and is crowned at last with the largest percentage, in the way of practical benefit and profit. The bearing of all this on our national life, is sufficiently plain in every direction. Our literature and science, our economics and politics, nay, our very ethics and divinity, are all made to suffer in the same way. They are not properly scientific.

The defect is particularly obvious and worthy of notice, in our general system of education. Whatever advantages this may possess in other respects, it is characterized almost universally by a sad want of true philosophical spirit. The idea of a separate department or faculty of philosophy, as necessary to complete the conception of a university education, is almost gone from our minds. The prejudice of tradition is indeed too strong, to allow its total banishment from our colleges, in an open and formal way. Every institution feels itself bound to include in its course of studies something which it is pleased to dignify with the title of philosophy, in the shape particularly of metaphysics and ethics, as a sort of crowning distinction in honor of the Senior year. But the crown, alas! is not what it ought to be, the keystone of the academic arch, that binds and supports the whole; it is at best an outside ornament simply, of most light and airy structure, set loosely on its summit, of which, in a short time, no trace whatever is to be fonnd. We may safely say, that the way in which philosophy is taught and studied in our colleges generally, is suited only to bring it into discredit. It stands in no organic connection with the course as a whole; it is handled in the most mechanical and external way, as a thing of simple memory and report; and to complete the misery, it is acknowledged only in a form which subverts its whole sense, by substituting for it a poor parody that is wholly unworthy of its name. In its own nature the most earnest of interests, it is thus metamorphosed into the most frivolous and trivial. We need not wonder, that in such circumstances, it should appear shorn of all strength. We need not wonder, that the interest of liberal study generally, deprived in this way of its proper *soul*, should be made to suffer at every point. An earnest philosophy is indispensable to an earnest education, as through this again it is indispensable to all real earnestness in life. J. W. N.

EVANGELINE.*

Poetry, or rather *the poetic*, is a theme which must be forever re-discussed and re-defined, since it is a matter upon which the uneducated and unreflecting must ever refer to their own individual impressions. Like the divine institution of Christianity, it adapts itself to all hearts and all capacities. There is none so stockish, hard, and full of rage, but poetry may for the time change his nature: the wildest savage has his chants and dances, and though when they are translated to us there is nothing poetic perceptible in them, yet they shall, to him, be poetry. The Chinese have their poems, as well as we ours; but, with the perverseness apper-

* *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie:* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Second Edition. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1848.

taining to most traits of character in our celestial antipodes, what they consider elegant poetic writing, we should class with the maxims of poor Richard. "Keaou Seen Sang," says the Rev. Mr. Smith, a late traveller, "seemed to revel in a paradise of self-complacency, as we sat to listen to his magniloquent intonations of the classics. The impassioned gesture and literary enthusiasm of Keaou, would have led us to believe that his mental enjoyment was very great, and the ideas conveyed by the composition very sublime. But, on translating the immortal fragment, it was frequently found to consist of some such sentiment as these: 'He who makes just agreements, can fulfill his promises; he who behaves with reverence and propriety, puts shame and disgrace to a distance; he who loses not the friendship of those whom he ought to treat with kindness and respect, may be a master.'" These are very sensible worldly maxims, but they are certainly not much more poetic to us than "Time is money," "An honest man's the noblest work of God," or any of the points and antitheses which may occur in poetry, and belong to it, but can exist without it—the pure products of the raised intellect. So, if we are content to seek nearer than China for an illustration, we may discern that what is poetry to one is not so to another; for who has not seen eyes suffused by the recitation of ballads of the most silly character possible? Political elections often engender serious poems of this sort. The Miller doctrine was a myth that gave birth to hymns at once lofty and laughable. The temple of the Mormons, no doubt, echoed to the songs of bards.

In the multitude of tastes between these extreme productions and those of Shakspeare and Milton, there can never be a *consensus omnium* as to the true definition of POETRY, any more than there can be among artists as to what are the requisites of HIGH ART. There is, however, a constant tendency towards such an unanimous agreement, as generations rise up from youth to age, through the experience of passion and the growth of reason. It is very well settled that the names we have just mentioned stand at the head of our poetic literature. Some college students prefer Byron—others Tennyson; Milton they almost universally consider very pedantic and dry; and although they cannot but admit there are some humorous characters in Shakspeare, they would rather see him on the stage than read him. As they grow up into life, however, if they continue (as, alas! but few of them do in our spreading country,) to love literary studies, they see more and more of the greatness of these wonderful men, and acquiesce more and more in the general verdict of the world. Thus the process forever goes on, the pure art of poetry standing before the race like a pillar of fire, seen by all, but seen best by those who are in the van, or now and then seen best of all by the far-reaching eye of genius.

There was one not many years ago that saw it, as it would seem, in its very purity; who had approached, with his self-consciousness all awake, into its empyreal circle, and could define its form and fix its qualities and limits—COLERIDGE, the most poetic of philosophers, and the most profound and candid of critics. His mind seemed peculiarly formed to be at once the exhibiter and expounder of the highest forms of poetry; he could assume the lyric frenzy, and could analyze it also; he not only wooed the pure muse successfully, but without losing his own heart; he united, in short, in one person, the rarest qualities of artist and critic, actor and reflector, doer and observer. The definition of poetry he has given in his Biographia Literariá, and especially in the volume containing the immortal criticism of Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, is one whose excellence appeals to a man's individual growth in the same manner with that of all the great models of art, viz.: it grows better by time, and is more understood the more it is studied. Few persons in active life have leisure to read Coleridge; indeed, it is questionable whether his peculiar, minutely guarded, yet eloquent, philosophical style should be recommended to young persons engaged in active literary or professional pursuits; he is a writer who were perhaps better left to those who cannot avoid him. Any such one who may have fancied that he fully comprehended the distinctions in the definition we are speaking of several years ago, will probably find on re-reading the pas-

sage, ample argument for modesty in the retrospection. And this will arise, not from a certain theory's wedding itself to his mind and confining it to a particular track, but simply from his own personal experience of life; he will understand them better, as he does his Milton and Shakspeare, not from their having educated him, but from his having grown older and thought and suffered more. It is our purpose to recur briefly to these distinctions and principles, culling out and explaining some of the most important of them, and then to apply them to the work under review.

In the first chapter of the second volume of the Biographia, a new edition of which has just been issued by the Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, after a short account of the origin of the Lyrical Ballads, the author proceeds to explain his ideas, first, of a POEM, secondly, of POETRY itself, in *kind* and in *essence*. Of a poem he observes: *First*. That it must be in metre or rhyme, or both; it must have the superficial *form*. *Secondly*. Its *immediate purpose* must be the communication of pleasure. But, *thirdly*. "The communication of pleasure may be the object of a work not metrically composed, as in novels and romances. Would, then, the mere superaddition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle these to the name of poems? The answer is, (and this distinction we italicize, that the reader may observe it carefully,) that *nothing can permanently please which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise*. If metre be superadded, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such as to justify the perpetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact correspondent recurrence of accent and sound are calculated to excite. The final definition, then, so deduced, may be thus worded: A poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having *this* object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole*, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component *part*."

The discrimination here made seems to cover too much; for the gratification received from each part in a true poem must be such as is also compatible with the delight to be inspired by the whole; each must help each and all. But the philosopher does not overlook this in his next paragraph: "If a man chooses to call every composition a poem, which is rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterize the writer's intention. If it were subjoined, that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting, as a tale, or a series of interesting reflections, I of course admit that this is another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a *legitimate* poem, I answer, it must be one, the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting, the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand, to a series of striking lines or distichs, each of which, absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, disjoins it from its context, and makes it a separate whole, instead of an harmonizing part; and on the other hand, to an unsustained composition, from which the reader collects rapidly the general result, unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely, or chiefly, by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution; but by the pleasurable activity of mind, excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air; at every step he pauses, and half recedes, and, from the retrogressive movement, collects the force which again carries him onward. Precipitandus est *liber* spiritus, says Petronius Arbiter, most happily. The epithet *liber*, here balances the preceding verb; and it is not easy to conceive more meaning, condensed in fewer words."

We have quoted largely this characteristic passage for its beautiful clearness and breadth and condensation of thought. But the definition, it must be remembered,

is after all only of a *poem*, and is intended to distinguish that species of writing from *prose*. Evangeline, and many works far inferior to it, come indisputably within the definition. If we wish to examine what are the elements of a *great* poem, we shall find them in the succeeding and concluding paragraphs of the chapter, under the definition of *poetry*. Of course the excellence of a poem as a work of art must be determined by the manner in which it develops those elements. After the form, the question is, how far is the piece *poetic*? Or the examination might be reversely thus: after considering how far the piece is poetic, the only other question must be, how far is the form born of and consonant with the quality of the piece as poetry? For in poetry the form and the spirit are in reality inseparable, and the task of considering them apart, to which our minds are compelled by the infirmity of their constitution, while it is the only way by which we arrive at a clear understanding of the whole subject, leads necessarily through a labyrinth of distinctions in which it is hardly possible to thread one's way without errors.

We might now consider the *form* of Evangeline, and its general *keeping*, and its intellectual ability and merit as a work of taste; the definitions already given being, as we consider, for such an examination, the best standard. But as all these qualities should be subordinate to, and created by, POETRY, we must go still further into the matter abstractly before descending into particulars. Poetry is to all the other qualities what charity is to human abilities; without it all is "sounding brass." It is the father of all metres; all varieties of rhyme are but its outward limbs and flourishes. Let us abandon ourselves once more to the guidance of the adventurous explorer, whose soul lived in the tropics of passion, while at the same time his mind wandered clear and unchilled in the darkest and coldest zones of thought.

"What is poetry? is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts and emotions of the poet's own mind. The poet, described in *ideal* perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by *that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination.* This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, (*laxis effertur habenis,*) reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities; of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgment ever awake, and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry."

"Finally, GOOD SENSE is the BODY of poetic genius, FANCY its DRAPERY, MOTION its LIFE, and IMAGINATION the SOUL, that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole."

To make this perfectly clear, it would be necessary to read, or rather study, the chapters in the preceding volume of the Biographia, leading to the discussion of *the esemplastic power*, up to the point where the author wisely writes himself a letter, advising him to proceed no further—a task we would recommend to none who are not already somewhat versed in metaphysical reading, and have not smattered away the original confidence in their ignorance, which is the surest guide to knowledge. Let us reverently endeavor to explain what he means by the *Imagination* which is the soul of poetic genius, and the *Fancy* which is its drapery. In common parlance these words are used interchangeably: here their meanings are widely different. If the important words in this final sentence are fully understood, we are under no apprehension of being unintelligible, when we speak of the genius of Mr. Longfellow.

What is meant by "good sense" is clear; we understand a vigilant presiding reason, having the common knowledge of the world in greater or less degree under its control: in some of our modern small poets *animal feeling* seems to take its place, and

we then have poems very well sustained, very well clothed, moving very gracefully, but for all that extremely weak and nonsensical. What is meant by motion is also perfectly plain; but the other two words are less easily distinguished, and no man can understand them fully, unless he possesses them in a conscious degree himself, which very many do not. Let us go back to the concluding definitions in the first volume, already referred to:—"The IMAGINATION, then, I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary IMAGINATION, I hold to be the living power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM." That is to say, as we understand it, it is that first principle in the mind of man, which enables him to say, "I exist;" over this the will has no control. "The secondary I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or, where this process is rendered impossible, yet still, at all events, it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital*," etc. "FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definities. The fancy is, indeed, no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space, and blended with, and modified by, that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word CHOICE. But, equally with the ordinary memory, it must receive all its materials ready-made from the law of association."

In brief, it is to the imagination that we owe the *sustaining power* in poetry, and to the fancy its *imagery*. The imagination is the wing—the fancy, the plumage; that is, considering them as distinct qualities, like the "organs" of the phrenologist. But they unite in all proportions, and in all degrees of submission to the primary consciousness. Where the poet, in the open day, with the disappointments of the past, the distraction of the present, and the hopelessness of the future around him; with his judgment all awake, his memory stored with learning and his fancy teeming with images; can resolutely cast himself loose and abandon himself to a rapture that is feigned and yet real—that despises reason, yet never goes beyond it—that in short sets the whole of the faculties of his nature into intense activity—it is by the strength of his imagination that he is enabled to do it; and it is according as this faculty of his mind is put forth, that we feel his power. In some, it is exerted with less of the will than in others. Shakspeare's imagination carried him quite beyond consciousness, so that he utters the divinest songs without knowing it; Milton's had more of the dull clay to contend with, but then, with an Atlas-like strength, he bears the burden to the very sky. Coleridge himself is another splendid example of the power of the faculty he has analyzed. He must have had an almost infinitely greater tenacity of conscious reason to overcome than ordinary men, yet when he does rise, how strong is his flight! He reminds one, though the reader will smile at the application, of what the French Lord says of Parolles, in All's Well that Ends Well: "Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?" Like his own Albatross, he is an unwieldy bird; but when he is once on the wing, "thorough the fog," or on the good south wind, he wins his way with an unconquerable vigor.

Wherever this strength is put forth, and under whatever variety of obstacles, it never fails to be felt. It is indeed "the faculty divine." Whether exerted with more or less of learning, in poetry or prose, in writing or in any other art, or in actual life, it is at once perceived and its force measured according to its degree. It is the contact of soul with soul. In life, it is the essence of character. Men do not affect each other through dry intellect; it is not by argument alone that they sway each other; it is by the strength of the imagination. Some men have weak intellects combined with great force of character: it is almost miraculous what a power they will exert over those around them. In some this power develops itself, through a rough nature, in violence and impetuosity; in others it works smoothly. It makes the tunes, with which, in this jangled and discordant world, the spirits of men play upon each

other. Some are sweet and tender, some rapid and harsh, some melting, others inspiring. In what but the imagination consists the subtle power of great rulers? Mere force of will is not sufficient to account for it. We must estimate the souls even of such men as Napoleon by our own, and certainly all the power of will in the whole human family would never suffice to account for such phenomena, without the presence of that "synthetic and magical power" which ever "struggles to idealize and unify"—a power which, in such extreme cases, seems almost to deprive the soul of its free agency, and make the man a "child of destiny," while in reality it is the excess of liberty.

But the most lovely development of this Imagination, which is the soul's life, is in Poetry and the fine arts. Here it acts not to gain, or primarily to overcome, but to *please*. Here it speaks through beautiful forms, and the delightful play of thoughts. It moves us, but at the same time enchains us. If it awes us it does not make us afraid, but merely quickens in us, for the moment, a kindred thrill. Only here, through poetry and art, is it that man to man is lovely and excellent; only here that his soul expands above the gross things of earth, and aspires to reach the original image of its Maker. The act of adoration is its highest exercise. To pray truly is not, though it should be one's duty to strive to make it so, an act for all times and places, nor is it to be accomplished easily, though to endeavor is all that is required of us. Hence the dim aisles of venerable churches, lofty music, and solemn ceremonies, are assistants to devotion, because they call off the Fancy from its ordinary scenes, and, by turning it to loftier ones, teach it to lead its elder sister the Imagination to retire into its secret closet and there worship the Infinite Majesty of Heaven. Next to this exercise of the soul, there is no art in which it develops itself against more difficulty or with more irresistible power than in music. This art requires infinite learning and infinite physical education. It tasks both body and mind, at the very moment of imaginative rapture. The poet here must soar with his mind crowded to the utmost with mathematical symmetries, and his fingers literally, as well as figuratively, on the strings of his lyre. Hence it is an art in which the imagination is more wondrously near and present than in any other; and also, one in which the great masters are fewer than in any other, and the interval between them and their inferiors, wider. Were it not for this, that the composer can educate himself into such a habit that he can create a whole work in his mind alone, or pass and repass it at will across his fancy, as one may a movement that he has often heard, the productions of the great musical geniuses would be absolute miracles; as it is, the spiritual vigor stands before us more naked in this art than even in poetry. The power of Handel is felt more universally and at once, than that of Milton; many have admired the ever-active and graceful invention of Haydn, to whom Chaucer would be a mere antique; the qualities of Mozart are more instantly moving than those of Shakspeare; and it is easier to understand Beethoven than Coleridge. For the learning of the science supplies in music the place of "good sense" in poetry; and symmetry becomes more readily the habit of the mind than sense.

But poetry, if it is below music in intensity and rapidity, is above it, and above painting and sculpture, in universality. If in it the imaginative power is not so sudden, it is not, on the other hand, confined to so narrow a range. If it does not draw the spirit so near, it enables us to see more of it at a time. If it does not magnify so much, its field of vision is greater. For it is not limited to symmetries of ear-forms, or groups, figures, or views for the eye; it includes all forms and all thoughts. It "brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity." God be thanked for all these lovely arts, but most of all for this—the divinest of all!

Let us now descend from these abstract principles, and endeavor to apply them to Evangeline. But we must first inform the reader more particularly what the book is, than he could learn from the title-page, copied at the beginning of our article. That only informs him that it is a "tale of Acadie," which was the old French name for the peninsula that is now a part of Nova Scotia. The particular place where

the story begins, is Grand Pré, a village of French settlers containing about a hundred families. The time is soon after the expedition against Louisburg. The interest chiefly depends on the misfortunes of the hero and heroine, Gabriel Lajeunesse and Evangeline Bellefontaine—either of whom, by the way, would have had shorter names had we been present at the christening. These two are betrothed and are soon to be married; but before they are so, some English ships come into the harbor with orders to break up the settlement and carry off the inhabitants, which is accordingly done. The wretched people are landed, some at one place, some at another, and are thus scattered throughout this country. Evangeline loses Gabriel, and the whole of the remainder of the tale is an account of her feelings and efforts to find him. At one time she is going down the Mississippi on a cumbrous boat, while he is going up on a swift boat: she feels in her spirit that he is near, but does not know that he has passed, till her boat reaches the new home of his father the next day, and she hears that he has gone to the far West, on a trapping expedition. Not disheartened, she sets off after him the succeeding day, and follows him, always too late to overtake him, even to the base of the Ozark mountains. So passes her whole life, in a fruitless search for her lost lover. She goes everywhere: to the shores of Lake Huron, down the St. Lawrence, to the Moravian Mission—"in cities, in fields, in the noisy camps and battle fields of the army!" At length in her old age she lands, from the troubled sea, at Philadelphia. "Pleased with the Thee and the Thou of the Quakers," she remains there, and joins the Sisters of Mercy, whose duty it is to visit the sick. Finally, in the time of the yellow fever, she sees among the dying at the hospital an old man with thin locks; she utters such a cry of anguish that "the dying start up from their pillows:" it is Gabriel! He just recognizes her, and then the light of his eyes suddenly sinks into darkness, "as when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement." She bows her head; the long agony is over now, and the story ends with her saying, "Father, I thank thee!"—an ejaculation in which, for reasons perfectly clear to ourself, and which we hope to make so to the reader, we could not refrain from heartily joining.

In the first place, the author has chosen to write this tale, not in any usual or natural form of English verse, but in Latin hexameter, or a form intended to resemble it, and without rhyme. The English muse is boldly invoked to permit him to sing (page 90; he has the grace not to request her aid) in lines which are the counterparts of

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

The consequence is, that each line is by itself, and rushes down with a doleful decadence that in a short time carries the reader's courage along with it. Knowing, as Mr. Longfellow of course does, the fate of all similar attempts, it is strange that he should have had the hardihood to have made another. But it is still stranger that one who has so exquisite an ear for the melody of verse, considered by itself, should be so little able to distinguish its propriety considered in connection with a subject, and as aiding to imbody and carry out harmoniously a particular imaginative hue. "Nothing can permanently please which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise:"—the reader will remember that we italicized this sentence in the definition of a poem; it was that we might use it here. We cannot see why this tale should have been written in this measure; there is no consonance between the form and the substance of the narrative. But to show this, let us quote a passage as a specimen. We will take the description of the heroine:—

"Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, as an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Is this natural poetry? Does the narrative *require* these "dying falls?" We answer, no; the measure jars upon us; it is as though we were reading intense prose before a slowly nodding China mandarin. The face falls at the end of every line. Where was the necessity for choosing such a form? It cannot be that the idea of its appropriateness rose up spontaneously in the author's mind on his first conceiving the piece, and that he used it because he *felt it to be the best;* at least it is to be hoped it did not. That motion which Coleridge calls the life of poetry, is here a very melancholy life indeed. It is a "body of this death." Was it because it was a new form, and the author wished to show that "some things could be done as well as others?" Then he should not have attempted it for three reasons: *first*, the motive is unworthy of a poet; *secondly*, the same thing or others very like had been tried before a hundred times, and it is evident to any student that it has never succeeded, because it does not accord with the structure of our language; and, *thirdly*, no one has a right to try such novelties without being, like Collins in his Ode to Evening, successful. Was it because the old forms were exhausted? How much richer would be an imitation, were it necessary to make such, of the melody of Comus, than such a monotonous tune as this! We have tried all ways of reading it, now minding accents and pauses, now reading it as prose; but it is neither one thing nor the other, and whether as prose or verse is equally cold, affected and unnatural. The whole book did not accustom us to it; and from its growing more and more tedious till the end, we do not believe another would, twice as bulky.

But it may be urged, Evangeline is in a walk of art to which strictness of criticism should not be applied. It is not attempted to make the characters natural, but only to make them in harmony with each other. It is raised very high into the poetic region; and the mind which approaches it must for the nonce lay aside common sense and put on spectacles which turn all things to gold. To appreciate such constancy as Evangeline's, one must be very refined indeed. The whole work, in short, is so *fine* that it required these awkward inclined planes of lines, that perpetually carry the reader down—and down—and down-a—in order to make it sufficiently remote and strange. It is a painting on glass, and has laws of its own. The attempt is not to idealize, but to create.

So far as such opinions recognize the propriety of works of art in which the fancy shall give the whole a delicate and peculiar hue, their justice must be admitted, of course. We suffer ourselves to be pleased with transparencies around lamps; we see landscapes in the frost pictures on windows; there are innumerable golden regions above the sunset, and miniatures of them in the glowing coals; nay, faces of angels and devils peep out upon us even from the papered walls. Whatever the fancy permits will come into poetry. There may be good poems as literal as the Tales of the Hall, and others equally good, as fanciful as the Faery Queen. But in one, as much as in the other, the form and *motion* should be, because it must be, created by, and conform with, and belong to, and be a part of the essence of, the whole. For example, take the Ancient Mariner: nothing is more common than the ballad form;

but that form was never so written before. The poetry of the piece takes that old measure and moulds it anew into an eloquent motion peculiar to itself, harmonizing with and heightening its general effect. The verse of the poem is as original as any element of it; but how clearly did it grow to be what it is, under the guidance of the poet of course, yet still *as of necessity*.

But in Evangeline there is no such concinnity. The verse stands out like an awkward declaimer, or a bashful schoolboy rehearsing young Norval, or Hohen Linden. It has no connection with the poetry; the two are in the condition of a couple divorced *a mensa et thoro*, but not *a vinculo matrimonii*; they are mingled but not combined; in mixtion, not in solution. We are not called upon to be first affected with the tale as we proceed, and left to admire at its elegance, but are asked to admire first, and to be affected secondarily. The difference is just this, that the author is affected and not we. He is determined to be fine, and consequently determinately so. "O wad some power the giftie gie us!"—and most especially in writing poetry, for there it is impossible to hide the secret purpose. When the spirit of the Muse is upon us, and we must prophecy; when the whole soul is compelled by an angel with a fiery sword; when, as Milton saith, the poet is "soaring in the high region of his fancy, with his garland and singing robes about him;" then these over-niceties do not appear, or if they do, they are at once pardoned and passed by. When the hot simoom of the Imagination sweeps across the burning wastes of the soul, the birds and beasts which people it fly before the blast, and the silly young estriches of our vanity run till they fall and die; but when the strong north wind of the Will sweeps along with only a great cloud of dust, the silly creatures stick their heads in the sand and abide its utmost fierceness!

The idea, also, that this tale is so very fine as not to be appreciated by common minds, and is therefore exempt from common criticism; that it is in what Mr. Willis would perhaps style a "Japonica" region of the poetic art, and only to be read after a purification, this idea which we have admitted as a supposed excuse for the uncouthness of the measure, is only admissible as such a supposition. For the characters and their motives are old and universal. The popularity of Madame Cottin's tale of the Exile of Siberia, shows how well the world understands the wealth and the depth of woman's affection. But it may be said, that though old and universal this affection is here in a highly refined form. Constancy, it may be urged, it is true, is only constancy whether clad in hoddin gray or pink satin, but that here it is clad in extremely choice raiment.

Now to this we must answer, and this conducts us to the *general style* of the piece, the clothing is not to our taste. It is not really fine, but tawdry; not neat, but gaudy. It pains the eye for want of harmony, and for ostentatious showiness in the coloring. To read the whole book cloys the fancy. The figures and comparisons seldom come in naturally, but are the offspring of conscious choice. The poet has always left him a "conceit, a miserable conceit." There is not a simile in the piece resembling in its essence either of the three that Burns throws in with a single dash in Tam O'Shanter; not one that makes the picture burst upon the eye, and thrills the heart with its imaginative sympathy. But the similes in Milton, it may be said, which he strews in "thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa," are consciously chosen. Not so; though there are minds to whom they must always so appear, not being able to lift themselves up to the height of his greatness.

The comparison in the extract quoted—"Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows," is neither suggested nor suggestive, neither natural nor well chosen, but forced, unapt and *not new*. To one who never had any agricultural experience, it may seem elegant; possibly to such an one it would come naturally; but to our apprehension it is a simile which is not only strained, but degrades rather than exalts. The last line in the extract is another forced simile: "When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." But this is so pretty, that one cannot choose but pardon it. The author is not always so successful. Thus:—

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

This is altogether *too* fine. It is sickening. We cannot away with it. A writer who feeds American boarding-school misses with such *bon-bons*, is fair subject for mirth. He ought to be laughed out of the folly. Next thing his bust will appear in some barber's window in Broadway—if indeed the ideal is not there already. One would think this should suffice for the stars in one poem; but no:—

"Over her head the stars, *the thoughts of God in the heavens!*"

This is *naughty:* we fear we shall never meet Mr. Longfellow in the place he mentions, if he allows himself to use such expressions.

Sometimes he is very ingenious, so much so, that it becomes a pleasure to anatomize his good things. Indeed, in this sense, the poem would not be so tedious, were we not called upon to feel at the same time for the grief of the unfortunate lovers. But there is just the difficulty. How one could elaborate so affecting a plot, in so minutely cool and trifling a manner, exercising his ingenuity on an unusual metre, and in discovering all sorts of pretty comparisons and expressions, passes comprehension. When, for example, his heroine grows old, he says:—

"Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray on her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

The comparison of the turning gray of the hair to the dawn of the morning, has a pleasing fancifulness, but is certainly as remote from real pathos, as likening a boiled lobster to the same phenomenon.* The poet does not *paint* by such similes; they distract from his picture and attract to his ingenuity. The cool *wit* (using the word in its old acceptation) so predominates over the *imagination*, as to cause that faculty to dwindle into *affectation*. If the reader is moved by such writing, it is of his own accord, and out of the disposition of his nature to supply emotion where it is so evidently wanting. We can fancy that one should feel in reading many passages like this, and, indeed, the whole piece, that the writer is giving out in a calm and unnatural monotonous chant, feelings too deep to be allowed egress in spontaneous eloquence; just as many must remember to have felt, when it was common for college students to imitate the impressive oddity of Mr. Emerson's manner, at hearing some unfortunate, meek-eyed, muddy-brained young gentlemen "commune;" or as they would, perhaps, have phrased it, "let the within flow out into the universal." There is a perfect analogy between this poem and its style, and between their thinking and conversation; and it might be added, that the poetry and the thinking are both equidistant from the high and the true. For what degree of vital heat can be felt to exist in a style which gives birth to such flowers of rhetoric, as those we are quoting?—

"Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning."

This is not lavender, mint, or marjoram, "flowers of middle summer;" but is more like rosemary and rue, that keep "seeming and savor" all winter; rather it is a lichen, that might grow on an iceberg.

"She saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!"

The exclamation point is not ours; it is so in the original, and ends a chapter. The reader can attach to it no other legitimate significance, than as indicating the poet's astonishment at his own conception.

But he is very fond of comparisons from Scripture:—

"The trumpet flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were swift humming birds that flitted from blossom to blossom."

Have the old painters, did Rembrandt,

* How much nearer the language of emotion is "the *milky* head of reverend Priam," in the rhetorical passage the first player recites in Hamlet.

represent Jacob's Dream with a rope ladder? The image, to our fancy, is as strange as the likeness of humming birds to angels. Jacob's ladder on Mount Washington, must surely be more like the original.

"Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel."

The *trees* collectively could not have wrestled like *Jacob*, though any one of them might have been said to do so with perfect propriety. We observe the same slight inaccuracy in another place:—

"Their souls with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven."

But here is a Scripture simile from the part of the poem where the reader is asked to be most moved. Evangeline has at last discovered her long-lost Gabriel among the sick in the hospital:—

"Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign and pass over."

This is a temperance in passion, not acquired or begotten, but innate and "from the purpose." One would suppose that the redness of the lips were rather an invitation for Death to enter; or an indication like an auctioneer's flag in the window of a dwelling house, that the inhabitants were moving out.

Frequently we meet with a good thing spoiled by the same coldness that permits these unpleasing extravagancies.

"On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit."

This is very pretty indeed. The tremulousness sufficiently divides the one gleam into many, to make it resemble "sweet *thoughts*." But see what follows:—

"Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian."

If this had stopped with "odors," it would have been well; had it ended with "night," it would have been perhaps half as good; as it is, the whole is bad. The little kitten of a thought is pinched and pinched till it mews horribly. Let us leave it and pass to another:—

"Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle."

So far would have been well, but—

"By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens."

Now the motion of a high soaring vulture, though it be like going up circular stairs in respect that it goes round and round, yet in respect that it is a smooth equable motion, it is very unlike going up stairs. Why an *implacable* soul should go to heaven at any rate, we find no sufficient reason, unless it be to fill out the metre of a very rough line; but perchance Mr. Schoolcraft's Algic Researches might furnish one: we observe so many instances of minute memory of little particulars gleaned out of books of travel and thrust in *for their own sake*, that we are in constant danger of exposing our ignorance. Possibly there may be some superstition among the Indians—whom the author calls, but without giving any note for the authority, "the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children"—to the effect that implacable souls go to heaven, and up circular stairs.

Where a simile occurs which is really expressive, it looks as if it had been laid away in a note-book and copied out for the occasion; thus:—Evangeline beheld the priest's face

"without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken."

This would not be out of place in pleasant prose description: it occurs in what is intended to be a very serious passage. A little on the priest attempted to speak;

"but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow."

But how shall such a comparison as the following be classified?—The Notary has told Evangeline's father a story, which does not convince him, any more than it will the reader, but it puzzles him, so that he stood like a man who fain would speak but findeth no language;

"And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window panes in the winter."

It is sufficient to add to a list of such things, which might be extended to more than equal in number the pages of the poem, a few which are better:—

"In the dead of the night she heard the *whispering rain* fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window."

"The tire of the cart-wheel
Lay *like a fiery snake* coiled round in a circle of cinders."

"Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as *the swoop of the eagle*,
Down the hill-side bounding they glided away o'er the meadows."

"Blown by the blast of fate *like a dead leaf* over the desert."

These have as much naturalness and truth as any of their kind in the piece. But they are not very remarkable. Indeed, it may be observed of all this sort of writing, that where it is not strained it is common. Like singers who force their voices, the authors become incapable of sustaining a full, vigorous tone.

The description of the heroine already given to show the effect of the verse, the doleful hexameters, will serve to show also the general tone of the *style* and the level of the *thought* and *sentiment*. So far as it is melodious and flowing it is pleasing, but with all its labored similes and studied common-place epithets, it fails to flash the picture upon the mind's eye with that imaginative power which is the soul of high descriptive poetry. We are told that Evangeline's father was "stalworth and stately," and "hearty and hale as an oak that is covered with snow flakes:"

"White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves."

Does this comparison bring into the vision at once and irresistibly a clear image? On the contrary, the reader must first fancy an oak tree in winter, and consider wherein it resembles a stout old farmer, and then fall back upon the epithets, which are certainly not the most novel in the world. Stalworth, stately, and the like, have been used before—several times; perhaps they might be found in Mr. James's novels.

The maiden was "fair;" she had "black eyes" that gleamed softly beneath the brown shade of her tresses; she was particularly fair when at noontide she carried ale to the reapers; (at that time of day she would have seemed fairer to the reapers had she, if we may write a hexameter,

Stood in the door of the kitchen and blown a tin horn for the dinner;)

fairer still was she when she went to church, where the bell sprinkled the air with holy sounds as the priest sprinkled the congregation with hyssop; fairest of all, celestially so, when she walked homeward serenely with God's benediction upon her. All this does not make us *see* her. "Serenely," it is true, is a good phrase; it brings an indistinct impression of a sweet young lady walking home from church, and thus affects the ear poetically. But taking the whole together as it stands, and how must Evangeline impress any fancy which is peopled with the beautiful forms of our elder English poets, and our best novelists, with the Shakspeare's ladies and Walter Scott's? Is she a worthy person to be introduced into such company? They would be ashamed of so insipid a creature; Perdita would never endure such a country maid. For with all her graces and different degrees of fairness, there is nothing of her but a name, and a faint impression, not of feminine characterlessness, but of *softness*. There is no soul in her. For seventeen she is so childish as to be silly. What is told about her is told *in such a way*, that while we forget the particulars there is nothing left that is general.

This is perhaps because she is so very

fine and delicate a creature that critics cannot understand or lift themselves up to the exaltation of her refinement. But critics can bear the description of Belphebe. It is not the lusciousness of the imagery that offends in Evangeline. It is simply the absence of the "unifying power," that fuses all into one image, that illumines the creations of the fancy with a steady intense gleam. How delightful is the first introduction of Una:—

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in her heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led."

In truth a most lovely lady! "*As one that inly mourned*"—who can read it without pitying her? Here is no oak tree, kine breath, or hyssop sprinkling comparison; the poet is working in the glow of thought and emotion; he is lost in the gentle music of his song; he is not endeavoring to excite admiration, but to communicate the vision and the dream which his rapt eyes behold. Observe how incongruously, like the couplet in Goldsmith's Elegy, the last line follows its predecessor. Yet in reading the Faery Queen, one never notices such things as blemishes; the level of the song admits them, and the fancy is kept too busy to mind them.

"Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thoughts,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited sprites,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wish to fail, and tongue to fold."
Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.

But in Evangeline one is obliged to notice every line. He is not permitted to lose his attention in the story, in the pictures, in the character, the thought, or emotion. The writer, with his sweet sentences, his pile-driving hexameters, his strained similes and over-nice conceits, is ever directly before him, and whatever of warmth and beauty the kind reader is willing to behold, he must perceive through a cold distorting fog of artificiality. There is no character-drawing in the piece; the hero and heroine are not alive. We shudder at the possible mournfulness of the story, but not at its actual.

"Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline,
Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all youths was Gabriel, son of the
blacksmith!"

Upon what pitch or poetic ground-color was it supposed possible to work in such a consciously affected style, such "make believe good children" kind of thought and sentiment as appears in the passage which this goodly couplet concludes? Or what class of readers were supposed capable of relishing a work which should abound in passages like the following—baby-talk forced into a canter:—

"Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf
of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of
the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair like the silken floss of
the maize hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high;
and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose with a look of wisdom
supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more
than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard
his great watch tick."

This was intended probably to be a little pleasant touch of simple nature; but it is not. It is mere puerility. The painful obviousness of the intent is as fatal to humor as to pathos. Both need the *ars celare artem*, which is here entirely wanting. The last line is so plainly the work of a cold design, that it renders what might otherwise assist in bringing out a domestic picture seem purely goodyish. It would be a pretty thought for Dickens, in some passage where it would first strike the fancy as funny; but here, especially at the beginning of a chapter, all the pleasure that should be derived from the nicety or novelty of the observation is utterly lost. It is belittling one's self to write or read such stuff:—

"There from his station aloft, at the head of the
table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in
endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet
Natchitoches tobacco."

Whoever has observed a Tilly Slowboy with a wondering baby on her knee, which she is seesawing to and fro, and amusing with some great story all about nothing, must have experienced the feeling which this sort of writing cannot but excite. Suppose Tilly is entertaining her charge with a history of the war; she chants hexameters without knowing it, merely to chime with the motion of her knees:—

"President Polk is the crossest old man that
ever was heard of,
Fighting and killing is just what he likes and
he cuts people's heads off
When they don't mind him, like aunty for tea-
table slicing the bread; and
General Scott he went away off to conquer the
Mex'cans,
And he had a great sword, O! ever so long,
and he rode a stout war-horse—
Rode a horse that probably cost him I don't
know how many dollars;
And his epaulettes, my! dear me! they shined
like—*anything shiny*,
And in his cap were feathers enough to stuff
out a bolster—
But when he come to the city, says he, 'I must
put in a new one,'
And he did it—"

But no parody could be made colder and more remote from true poetic eloquence than the style of Evangeline. Nor would it be very easy to write so long a piece, intended to be so affecting, with so little manly thinking.

What shall be said of such an incident as this, and the advice which follows it: When Evangeline and Father Felician are going down the Mississippi in a cumbrous boat, they are one night moored under the boughs of Wachita willows. That very night, under the other bank of the river, a swift boat with Gabriel on board passes upward. The river being there something less than a mile wide, Evangeline feels by some mesmeric attraction that her lover is near, and tells the father so, at the same time adding that it is only her fancy, and that he will not probably understand her:

"But made answer the reverend man, and he
smiled as he answered,"—

(But should smile why the reverend man, we confess we do not perceive here.)

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they
to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the
anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the
world calls illusions."

Most profound Father! so profound that a question arises as to his meaning. If it would please the poor girl to think that her Gabriel was near because she felt so, that was very well; but one does not see how her feeling could have any influence on the actual fact. She might have felt so had he not been passing, and the father's advice would have been just as pertinent; indeed, for aught he knew, he might be a thousand miles away. If the father really meant to say that her feeling was to the actual fact what the buoy is to the anchor, he is talking nonsense; if he meant, as he says, that her words were to her feelings what the buoy is to the anchor, and that *therefore* she should trust to illusions, he is talking worse nonsense. There is no *sequitur*. We can understand Defoe's feeling that he was urged by an overruling impulse to do a particular thing, and his advice in such cases to follow the supernatural guidance; Dr. Johnson's leaping over posts in London streets because he felt that if he could or did, something would turn out well, is no absurdity to those who are particular to see the new moon over the right shoulder; the sudden shooting forward of the memory by which for an instant the present and new seems old and familiar, all the occult dreams of poets and musicians, are easy to understand; but this passage is not. It does not mean anything. Fortunately, the poem being almost wholly narrative, those whose duty it is to criticise it are spared the necessity of remarking upon much of such thinking—thinking which it would never be necessary to notice with severity, did it not appear under a form of much pretension.

If we take the general thought of the piece aside from what is wasted in such nonsense as this, and in dressing what should have been an affecting story in such a masquerading costume that it is ridiculous; that is to say, if we consider the bare plot and the naked thread of the

description, there is nothing in them to be condemned. This is but negative praise, yet it is all they deserve. The story, in decent garb, might have told very well in the monthly magazines. Indeed, it is of a kind which would have borne quite a flowery style, and is perhaps sufficiently poetic for verse—reasonable verse, we mean, for no bard on earth could drag it or any other story safely over the quaking boggy syrtis of these hexameters. The characters, though faintly and unartistically drawn, are yet not wholly unnatural. The hero and the heroine love and wish to be together, as all true lovers should and must—Madame Sand's to the contrary notwithstanding. They have no particular life, being merely impossible combinations of universal qualities; but all the best side of what they are, they are in a very proper and sensible way. Gabriel is simply a manly man, Evangeline a womanly woman, and each is thus not by a superior development but by a common one. They are so, we mean, because the poet tells us *that they are so*, and ascribes to them *common* traits which are universal, and *nothing else*. There is a wide difference between the great universal and the every day. If Evangeline were really the great "historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical," which it is sufficiently apparent from internal evidence it was intended to be, the hero and heroine would have been something more than a stout fellow and a handsome girl; they would have been all that they are and more beside, without being any the less types of humanity. The great names of epic story are by no means such fanciful good creatures. They are not so soft, but are more delicate. Their thoughts and emotions are no less un-individual, but are larger and deeper. They open to us more of the experience of life. Their joy is an exceeding great joy; in their sorrow the "waters come in unto their souls."

Or not to rank the piece with those with which its style and design provoke a comparison—if it be looked upon (that is) not as an artificial attempt to accomplish what it has not accomplished, and what, if it had, would not have been worth accomplishing, but simply as a pastoral poem of such a length—it is not of merit to deserve a place among the best compositions of that kind in the English language. How infinitely more poetic is any one of Crabbe's Tales? or that most exquisite one of Wordsworth, "Michael," the broken-hearted father, whose unfinished sheepfold still remains

> "Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll."

For these are *something*. They are in a legitimate walk of art. They idealize the actual without departing from it. Evangeline mingles the possible with the impossible, till it ends in the incredible. The heroine is a farmer's daughter, and has a heifer of her own, and is not ashamed to "do the milking;" she has woven an "ample and high" clothes-press, with "spacious shelves" full of linen and woollen stuffs, which are the precious *dower* she is to bring to her *husband* in marriage,

> "Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife."

Can the reader suppose for a moment, that a sonsie lass like this ever "saw serenely the moon pass," etc.? Is she a young lady likely to have been troubled with such a mesmeric fancy as that which leads the good Father Felician to philosophize so profoundly? Of course not. She would have talked and thought differently. She might have had just as deep an affection, just as much constancy, delicacy and sensitiveness as are attempted to be ascribed to her, but she would have expressed herself quite otherwise. Rich people have the same hearts as poor people, but they do not talk in the same way; and it takes a much larger experience than a young lady seventeen years old, betrothed to the son of a blacksmith, can be supposed to have had, to enable one in the low plains of poverty to assume the tone of his fellows who walk on the gilded summits of affluence. Characters should be consistent with themselves. If cottage damsels are to be depicted with the sentiments of ladies, we should see nothing of rural life but jessamines and honey-suckles. The whole should be invested with *a harmonizing imaginative atmosphere*. When we have "happy peasantry" scenes upon the stage, Mr. Barry has the Alpine mountains put into the slides, and over

these places such a sky as was never seen elsewhere since the second day of Creation. We cannot be, at the same time, awake and dreaming, in spite of Bunyan's promise.

This great fault of Evangeline, its *want of keeping*, more even than all its faults of style, forces us to deny it merit as a work of the IMAGINATION. It is radically defective as a great poem, in that it lacks a pervading tone. It blends extremes of hue as wide apart as those of the pastorals of Phillips and Wordsworth's Michael. It is too unreal to be real, and too real to be unreal. Like a familiar landscape, done in water colors by a young lady, we recognize just enough to be most intensely aware of the unlikeness. The characters remind one of Punch's designs of Bandits and Scotch Highlanders, worked by boarding-school misses in Berlin wool. The whole piece ought to rank as a work of art with those curious specimens of carving exhibited in museums. It is a series of cubes and spheres and cones in open spaces, cut out of a single piece of soft wood, not for the purpose of producing an effect by its symmetry or beauty of proportion, but to make us admire at the ingenuity of the carver. Or it is like a wonderful piece of inlaid work, which must have cost immense toil, but which, being irregular and formless, expresses nothing but its maker's patient skill. In brief, it is a most labored piece of fine writing. The words are melodiously arranged; the incidents are pathetic; there is much pleasing luxurious description; the natural feelings of the lovers are, in general, correctly, though incongruously drawn; but with all this, the vital spark is wanting. The piece does not display the depth of emotion, nor the height of rapture, necessary to a great poem. It does not burn or glow with heat, but only congeals and coldly glitters. G. W. P.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES: THE WAR DEBT.

"THE age of chivalry is gone;" and glad we are that it is, and very much prefer in the interest of human happiness and human freedom, the sway of what one of our own poets has happily designated as this "bank-note age."

In other words, the material interests of the masses, and not the sword of the soldier, now influence the destinies of nations and the course of political events. This is true even of countries where the will of one man controls, in the absence of any constitutional forms, the whole power of government; and it is yet more emphatically true of countries where the people are their own masters and rulers.

Even imperial Russia, with a foot on either continent of Europe and of Asia, and having in her grasp, moreover, a portion of this our continent—even imperial Russia, where soldiers and serfs make up so large a part of the whole nation, cannot set at naught, or disregard, the influence of this "bank-note age"—when, (we quote at random, and without access to the admirable poem,)

> "Feudal names, and titled land,"
> Are powerless to the notes of hand
> Of Rothschild and the Barings!

In this, our "model republic," we cannot, *à fortiori*, launch into bloody and costly war, and into a career of far-off foreign conquest, without feeling, full soon, the check of the spirit of the age. It were wise that this check should at once be heeded; and in the absence of any higher motives—and it is sad for us to say that higher motives seem not to have influence with the Administration—the admonition of the empty reverberations of the strong iron chambers of the Sub Treasuries, cannot be without its influence in hastening the termination of the untoward war with Mexico.

The *quo modo* it is not now our purpose to consider, nor if it were, would it be an easy task to point it out; for as Mr. Calhoun, in his recent speech in favor of falling back behind a defensive line, well said, "One party can make a war, but it takes two to make peace;" and as yet the party of the second part shows no disposition thereto.

Our present purpose is, by contrasting the position in which this country stood at the commencement of the war with Mexico, and that in which it now stands, in special reference to its finances and its public debt, to ascertain at what direct pecuniary cost we have purchased the glories of conquest, and the renown of unsurpassed military skill and prowess.

This is an inquiry which concerns the present, and yet more concerns the future; for if there has been the highest order of manliness in the conduct of our armies in the field, there has been an entire absence of it in the conduct, counsels and policy of the Cabinet. Rushing, for their own purposes, and in pursuance of personal and party calculations, into this war, they did not dare call upon the generation which was to indulge in the expensive "luxury," and reap its contemporaneous harvest of excitement and glory, to pay for the entertainment; but by borrowing under the meanest and thinnest disguise of Treasury notes, the money necessary to carry on hostilities, and then, by the conversion of these notes into a stock for a long term, saddling the debt upon unborn generations, they shuffled upon times to come the burden which the men of the present day should bear, but which, if asked to bear, they would very soon lighten, by at once bringing the war to a close.

Let us now proceed to ascertain what *thus far* has been the *direct* and avowed cost of this war, leaving to future investigation the possible and probable amount of its *indirect* cost, in the shape of pensions, of claims for damages to property, of horses destroyed or lost—that inexhaustible reservoir of claims which, from the time of *Amy Dardin's* revolutionary stud-horse, to the yet unsatisfied claims for horses lost in the Florida war, has absorbed more public money, as well in the debates on the various propositions, as in the actual allowances made, than would pay for all the horses in the United States—and of the many other *et ceteras* which follow in the train of war.

On the first day of July, 1846, there was a balance unappropriated in the Treasury of the United States of $9,126,439, as is stated in the Message to Congress of President Polk, of 8th December, 1846.

The receipts into the Treasury for the year ending 30th June, 1846, were $29,499,247, and for the same period the expenditures were $28,031,114, leaving a balance of $1,468,133; which, added to the balance in the Treasury on 1st July, 1845, $7,358,306, makes the above aggregate of $9,126,439.

The amount of public debt, including Treasury notes, which, according to the same Message, was outstanding on 1st December, 1846, was $24,256,494. Of that amount there was outstanding on 4th March, 1845, when the present Administration came into power, $17,788,799.

The President's last Message, of December, 1847, states the whole amount of the public debt, including Treasury notes, on 1st December last, at $45,659,659; from which deducting the amount outstanding on 4th March, 1845, we shall have for the addition to the debt up to that time under Mr. Polk's administration, the sum of $27,870,859.

When the loan of *twenty-three millions of dollars* was authorized, 8th January, 1847, it was estimated by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury that the amount thus to be added to the revenue of the Treasury, would "be sufficient to cover the necessary expenditures, both for the war and all other purposes," up to the expiration of the fiscal year, in June, 1848. But in the Message of last December, the President tells us that, in order "to meet the expenditures for the remainder of the *present* year"—(meaning the fiscal year to terminate on 30th June next!)—"and for the next fiscal year to end on 30th June, 1849, a further loan in aid of the ordinary revenue of the government will be needed. Retaining a sufficient surplus in the treasury, the loan required for the remainder of the *present* fiscal year will be about *eighteen millions five hundred thousand dollars!*"

After the *quasi* pledge that no more would be wanted beyond the avails of the twenty-

three million loan till after June, 1848, this was certainly unexpected; and yet the President announces it coolly, and as a matter of course, and as though there had been no disappointment of just expectation, or forfeiture of voluntary pledges. But not only were the proceeds of the twenty-three million loan almost all swallowed up in the past year, but the whole ordinary income, exceeding *twenty-six millions* of dollars, and nearly the whole *nine millions* of unappropriated funds in the treasury on 1st July, 1846, were exhausted. A brief reference to the Treasury Report will explain this matter.

The aggregate *receipts* into the Treasury for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1847, including proceeds of Treasury notes and loans, were - - -	$52,025,989
Add balance in the Treasury, 1st July, 1846, - - - - - - - - -	9,126,439
	$61,152,428
The *disbursements* during the same period were - - - - - - -	59,451,177
Leaving as the total balance in the Treasury, on 1st July, 1847, - - -	$1,701,251
To begin then the fiscal year from 1st July, 1847, to 30th June, 1848, we have the above small balance, the unexpended portion of the twenty-three million loan, about 6 1-4 millions, and the ordinary revenue, which altogether are estimated in the Message at the commencement of the present session to produce -	$42,886,545
The expenditures during the same period—if war continues, as it is too likely to do, and the recommendations of the Message be complied with for increasing the army—will, according to estimates which certainly do not *overrate* them, amount to - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	$58,615,660

So that, instead of having enough, as was promised—or at least held out as probable—from former loans and the ordinary revenue, for "the war and *all* other purposes," up to June 30th, 1848, we find here a deficiency anticipated of near *sixteen millions!*

It is to provide againt this deficiency—the smallest that is likely to occur—and to keep in the treasury a sufficient sum to be prepared for any sudden or unexpected demands, that the new loan of eighteen millions and a half is now asked for.

But if the estimates of the past are to give us the measure of the accuracy of the Administration, in its financial previsions, there is little to encourage confidence in the belief, that even this large loan, if authorized and advantageously negotiated, will, if the war continue, suffice for the wants of the present year. That it will not for those of the year to come, ending on 30th June, 1849, with all the aid to be anticipated from the ordinary revenue, is admitted by the President; for his Message tells us, if "the war with Mexico be continued until 30th June, 1849, it is estimated that a further loan of twenty millions five hundred thousand dollars will be required for the fiscal year ending on that day."

From these *data*, then, it results that the direct cost of the war up to 30th June, 1849, will be, in debt actually incurred, and of which the burden is to be borne by future generations, as follows:—

Amount added to the public debt, 1st Dec. 1846, - -	$27,870,859
Loan of 8th Jan. 1847, for - - - - - -	23,000,000
Loan asked for, for the present year, - - - - -	18,500,000
Loan asked for, for year ending 30th June, 1849, - -	20,500,000
	$89,870,859
But to this sum is to be added the amount appropriated to the army and navy, from the ordinary revenue, over and above the ordinary cost of these arms.	
The expenditures of the War Department, for 1844, were - -	$8,000,000
" " " " 1845, " - -	9,000,000
	$17,000,000
Deducting the appropriation for rivers and harbors—which for the two years amounted to about three-fourths of a million, and of which none have been made since the Mexican war—and taking the mean of the above two years as	

		Amount brought forward,	$89,870,859
the average peace expenditure of the War Department, we have the sum of		$8,500,000	
Deducting this from the total war expenditure of the year ending 30th June, 1847,		41,281,636	
We have for the extra cost,			32,781,217
The expenditures for the year 1847–8, and 1848–9, must yet be conjectural; but as additional forces are asked for, it is quite within limits to assume that the extra war expenditures for each of these years, will at least equal that of 1846–7, which would add to our column			65,562,434
We have still to add the navy expenditures, which, for the year ending June, 1847, were		$7,931,633	
The ordinary navy expenditures for 1844, were	$6,496,990		
" " " 1845, "	6,228,639		
Mean for two years,	of $12,715,629	6,357,814	
			1,573,819
Assuming that for each of the next two years, the extra expenditures will be the same, we have to add			3,147,638
			$192,915,967
According to this showing, such is the direct money cost of this war, over and above, be it remembered, the ordinary peace expenditure for army and navy, calculating that it will last till June, 1849, thus completing *three years.*			
The actual debt that will be entailed upon the country, as shown above, will be			89,870,859
Now the whole debt of the War of Independence, which lasted seven years, and made us a nation, was, as ascertained in 1790, foreign debt,		12,556,871	
Domestic debt,		60,219,022	
			72,775,893
Making an excess of cost of the Mexican over the revolutionary war,			$17,094,966

There is yet another source of expenditure to be added to this amount, which will swell the aggregate very much. According to existing laws, all the volunteer forces, and all the regulars, who shall serve to the end of the war, or be honorably discharged before, and the widows or children of those who die in the service, are entitled to 160 acres of land, or an equivalent in money of $100, for each soldier. As the provisions of this law will undoubtedly be made retroactive, so as to include those in service before its adoption, it is quite reasonable to estimate at 70,000 the number to whom these provisions will be applicable: we find, then, taking the money commutation as the measure, an addition of $7,000,000 to the direct cost of this war.

And then comes the consequential cost, inestimable as yet, but enormous. The pension rolls alone will be more than trebled; the claims for property lost, for havoc, and for the nameless contingencies which attend on war, will be entailed upon generation after generation.

We have referred at the outset of these remarks to the case of *Amy Dardin's* horse, impressed in Virginia for the public service, during the revolutionary war, and compensation for which, after being refused by Congress after Congress, and being still as regularly pressed upon each succeeding Congress, as if no decision had been made—as regularly referred, reported upon, and debated as though it were at each time a new case—was finally made within the last half-dozen years—the discussion having cost more probably than would have paid for all the horses in the revolutionary army.

We still at each session of Congress hear of claims preferred for horses lost in the Florida war; and while we are writing, we see in the report of the proceedings of the *Senate of the United States,* that a bill was introduced on the 6th January, to "allow further time for satisfying claims for bounty lands for military services in the late war with Great Britain," now some thirty-three years past.

Of this bill, Mr. Sevier, a Senator from Arkansas, said: "Pass such a law as this, and no man knows how many old claims will be brought forward, which have been

heretofore rejected by Congress. I believe we have already paid more land claims for military services than we ever had troops in the field. I hope, at least, that some data will be procured from the land office to show how many claims are yet outstanding. This bill, I suppose, is to pay all the old Virginia claims." What distant age could, after this example, hope to see the end of claims for military bounty land that will spring from this Mexican war?

But keeping our attention fixed on the direct money cost of the war, if it should last until June, 1849, which will be, *at least*, $132,000,000, we shall have a war debt upon the country of $89,870,859, as a contrast with our position *before the war*, when the debt was $17,788,799, making the aggregate outstanding debt on July 1st, 1849, $109,659,658. This is a larger sum, with a single exception, than this nation ever before owed.

At the close of the war with England in 1816, on 1st January of that year, our debt was $127,334,033. For twenty years that debt hung upon the country, absorbing all its surpluses, stopping all appropriations for useful and enduring improvements, and forever standing in the way of every generous impulse or proposal for expenditures that would be reproductive. At length, however, the whole debt was paid, and the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report of February, 1836, to Congress, after congratulating them on such a result —the complete redemption, principal and interest, of the whole national debt—recommended, as though after such experience we would never, except in the extremest emergency, resort again to such a costly system of obtaining money, as running in debt for it, that the whole machinery of the Sinking Fund and the Commissioners thereof should be dispensed with.

And costly, indeed, is every such system of national borrowing; for it appears, in our own case, that from 31st December, 1789, to 31st December, 1835, the sum paid by the United States in the shape of interest on the public debt, amounted to $157,629,950! The principal of the debt, which was paid in full during the same time, was $257,452,083; so that in this period, the people paid for the hire of money nearly *two-thirds!* of its whole amount, besides refunding the principal in full. The aggregate of principal and interest paid by the labor and industry of the United States in these forty-five years, was *four hundred and fifteen millions of dollars!* of which the large proportion above stated was for interest, which eats out the substance of borrowing peoples, as of borrowing individuals.

Nor is it only on the score of economy that the policy of borrowing for national expenditures, which, like those of war, are wholly unproductive, and bring no return in money value at least, is to be condemned. The people that are called upon to pay as they go, are no more likely than provident individuals, who practice upon that wise and honest precept, to commit wanton follies or mischievous extravagancies.

In a republic especially like ours—where the people are the governing power, but where, too often, the people are sadly mis-governed by those who profess to be their best friends, and to have the most abiding confidence in their wisdom and justice—in such a polity of government, a resort to loan, treasury notes, or any other form of borrowing, at the outset and for the support of a war, of which the time, the manner and the occasion were wholly of our own choosing, seems to us worse than a mistake; it is a crime against the people.

Either the war is popular, or it is not. It is approved by the nation, or it is not. It has the sanction of those whose votes give and withdraw political station, or it has not.

In the one case, the war, as being in accordance with the popular sentiment, would be sustained; in the other it would be condemned. The most direct, unerring and comprehensive mode of determining this issue, is by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, the appeal to the pocket.

If the taxable people of the United States really think that our quarrel with Mexico was unavoidable, that the war was proper and expedient, and ought to be still further prosecuted, they will not object, as honest and just citizens, to contribute from their earnings or property, whatever may be necessary to carry it on vigorously and successfully.

If, on the other hand, they should believe that this war might have been avoided without loss of honor, or danger to the safety or to the integrity of our territory,

including, since now we must, Texas to the *Nueces*, they have a right to be heard in the premises—to make known their will on the subject, and to cause their will to be respected and obeyed; and in no other manner or way so intelligibly, so unmistakably, as by the visit of the tax-gatherer, can the question be put home to the business and bosom of every family.

At town meetings—in the precincts of the court-house—in the heat and hurry and unscrupulous assertions of the election contest—plain and simple Truth has little chance of fair play. Power, "which is forever stealing from the many to the few," has so many advocates to uphold all its excesses—and war itself always adds such a horde of hungry speculators and contractors to the ordinary retinue of power—that the simple citizen, standing up only for what appears to him right, and anxious to save his country from evil ways, and himself and property from needless expense, has little chance of being heard or listened to, amid the deafening huzzas of the out-and-out supporters of power, the glowing eulogists of war, so long as they themselves are safe from its perils—the needy and supple worshippers of the hand which dispenses contracts, commissions, and the countless patronage which marches in the train of war.

Hence, even a well-meaning and intelligent people, always more occupied with their own daily cares than with the cares of State, may be readily misled and deluded, by interested voices and manœuvres, into the support of measures which, if thoroughly understood by them, would be condemned. But there can be no false gloss put upon the visit of the tax-gatherer; and demagogue tongues, that "can wheedle with the devil," are powerless in the attempt to wheedle the tax-payer into indifference about that portion of his personal and political liabilities and obligations, or to convert into a "privilege," what in his eye seems an unwelcome exercise of "power." He will scan inexorably the motives for such an exercise of authority, on the part of those who, with affected humility, call themselves the "servants of the people." He will follow the dollars which he draws reluctantly from his pocket into that of the smirking official's deputy, who does him the honor to transfer them to his own; he will ruminate about what portion will remain in the pocket of this first receiver, and so on through the pockets of all the various receivers who handle his dollars before they reach the grand depository, or iron-chambered Sub-Treasury; and then, relapsing into thought about the new plough, it may be, he had laid out to buy with the dollars thus taken from him in the name of the people! or the wedding frock to the cherished daughter he was about to give in marriage, or some new books with which he was anxious to gratify the longings of an ingenuous and studious son, for knowledge beyond the reach of his village school or humble paternal roof;—thus ruminating, reflecting, regretting, think you that man will take up with mere *words* about the justice, or expediency, or necessity of the measure which has dashed from him such cherished hopes? Think you he will be content to forego the honest gratification of parental affection, or parental pride, or the expenditures called for by the wants of his household or his farm, and not know the reason why? or be content with other than a good reason? Will such a man think himself repaid for such disappointment, by being told that it is our "destiny" that has led us into war with Mexico; that the superiority of our Anglo-Saxon blood impels us to overrun and thus refine and civilize the feebler and inferior race dwelling on our border; or, in fine, by the assurance that we have in the contest displayed such remarkable warlike propensities and capacities, that we shall thereby become a terror to all other nations, which otherwise might be tempted to do us wrong? Nothing of all this will satisfy our inquirer, even in the economical point of view—much less will it satisfy him in the moral point of view; and when both the pocket and the conscience of the constituent cry out against political measures, those measures would soon be changed.

It is precisely in contemplation of the effect of such an agency upon the interests or the principles of a people, that we say that a direct tax is the true test of the real popularity of the parties which require such a resort; and to such a test all who really believe in the professions they make of trust in the honesty, the patriotism,

and intelligence of the masses, should be willing to resort; and just in proportion as it is found that the instigators of war measures shrink from all legislation which shall invite the co-operation of the people in these measures by direct taxation, just in such proportion is it obvious, either that there is no real confidence in the necessity or expediency of the measures themselves, or none in the patriotism and intelligence of the constituency. Such is exactly the position of this Administration in regard to the Mexican war. They affect to think it a popular war. They affect to believe that the voice of the country is still with them, as well in its conduct as in its commencement; and mistaking the moderation—almost amounting in our eyes to pusillanimity—which, where it cannot praise, refrains from condemnation, they hug themselves with the notion, or would fain be understood as doing so, that the overwhelming tide of a popular war is sustaining and bearing them onward. But they are most cautious to abstain from all propositions that may bring these visions to the test of reality; and seek all the resources of the war by borrowing on the credit of the present, leaving to the future, which will be nothing to them, to redeem the debt in the contracting of which they had no voice, and the benefits from which are to them absolutely null.

It is no answer to this view to say, that the President has recommended, as a war tax, a duty on tea and coffee; since, even if granted by Congress, it would be classed among *indirect* contributions, of which the payment is not tangibly brought home to the consumer, as in the case of a direct contribution, by actual payment to the tax-gatherer.

To the reflecting mind, indeed, which habitually connects cause and effect, it might well be, as was strongly put not many days ago in one of our newspapers, that, as the American mother put to her lips the cup, of which the contents were taxed, to enable her countrymen to press the cup of bitterness, desolation and blood to the lips of Mexican mothers—the reflection might be feelingly brought home to her and her household, that what to them was only an additional money cost, was to others in a distant land, with feelings and affections warm and gushing as their own, the fruitful source of privation, despair and death. But to the greater number, an indirect contribution would recall little, if at all, the cause for which it was levied, and hence produce little moral effect.

But if there be any truth or sincerity in the theories of our polity, which assume for the people, not only all power, but competent knowledge, intelligence and patriotism, it must follow that they should be dealt frankly with on such a question as a foreign war—that there should be no disguise or evasion about it—but that the case should be plainly laid before them, to the end that they may determine, with a full understanding of the consequences, for or against the measure proposed. Not only is it a duty on the part of governors and legislators toward their constituents, to deal thus frankly with them on questions of such deep moment, but it is the right of the constituent to be so dealt by; and if the people properly appreciated their own power and interests, they would be foremost to insist, that government expenditures in general, but especially all expenditures for war, should be furnished by direct taxation; for direct taxation alone will keep alive that perpetual vigilance, which is not less the condition of fiscal economy than of political liberty. The people, therefore, renounce and suffer to pass into abeyance, their most efficient security against wasteful mismanagement and corrupt ambition, when they acquiesce in any other mode of raising a public revenue, than that which would bring home annually to every taxable citizen, the personal cost of government to himself and his family.

Can any one believe, that if the question of this war had been plainly put to the people of the United States, with the condition that its cost should be borne by the generation that was to make it, that they would have consented to its being undertaken? If not, by what right is it undertaken? By what right continued? Why, under the letter of the law, shall tens of thousands of our citizens, and tens of millions of our treasure, be still demanded for the purpose of war; when the governing power for the time being of the nation, dares not put to the people, in the only way practicable, the issue of continued war, with all its moral and political danger, and

its personal and pecuniary loss, or a relinquishment of further conquests, and the withdrawal of our force behind the line of frontier with which ourselves would be content?

To these questions, and others of like nature, which will be asked, the Congress now in session must answer make. To them is assigned the trust and responsibility of deciding for the people, or rather between the people and the executive government. No one looks, no one asks, no one would wish, that anything be refused to the President, which the true interests and safety of the country may require—which the honor of our arms, the common honor of the republic, may demand; but there is a deep and earnest conviction gathering strength every hour, that the war was unnecessarily, at least, begun on our part, and should then without further delay be terminated. There is another feeling no less strong in considerate minds, that every additional day and week of war impairs the ground-work and foundation of our free institutions. It is not that any direct assault upon them is apprehended, from victorious generals returning from foreign conquests, with the spoils of nations in their hands, and obedient legions in their train. There is no such fear, there is no ground—not yet certainly, whatever the future in the event of long-protracted foreign war might produce—for any such fear; for our victorious generals have not ceased to be citizens and republicans. But in the change of character and impressions wrought upon the soldiery themselves, by familiarity with the trade of war, and the habit of lording it over subdued peoples, there is much cause for dread; for these soldiers are to return home to be citizens again, voters, politicians, and to sway as he may, each in his own sphere, the votes and opinions of others. And we who remain at home—is it not too evident, that we too are undergoing a somewhat similar change of feeling and opinions? Is it not within the experience of every one, that the appetite for land plunder, for territorial acquisition, like the fatal thirst of the dropsical patient, increases with the indulgence?

"Crescit indulgens sibi dirus Hydrops
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis."

It is even so already, to a lamentable extent, with the people of these United States. They have indulged in the seductive luxury of extended conquests, and they thirst for more. There is no remedy, no effectual cure, but in getting rid entirely of the cause of the disease; this fatal thirst must be expelled from the system; for most true of a republic, and most applicable to our actual case, is the preceding stanza, in the same fine philosophical ode of the Roman lyric, which may be supposed apostrophizing the genius of the Republic:

"Latius regnes *avidum domando*
Spiritum, quam si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Poenus
Serviat uni."

Such indeed are our legitimate triumphs, not by adding territory to territory, and causing either America to pass under our dominion, but by subjecting our grasping spirit, by giving to the world the example as well as the precepts of contented liberty, of prosperous industry, of overflowing happiness, and of equal justice within our own borders. Our propagandism should be, not by the sword, not by the gospel of gunpowder, but by the plough, the loom, the ship, the schoolhouse and the church, by equality of all before the law, by love of man, by obedience to God. Such is our high privilege—we will not say mission nor destiny, for these terms have been sadly abused, and moreover seem to imply some activity of outward effort, in the fitness of which we by no means concur. It is the silent moral influence of good institutions, producing before the eye and by the assent of all men the greatest sum of human happiness, upon which alone this people should rely for the spread of such institutions, and boasting themselves of their own liberty and freedom of action, carefully abstain from forcing even liberty upon people unwilling or unprepared to receive it.

We do not underrate the value of national glory, and are ready to admit that if the spirit of this age were what was the spirit of ages that are past, and the peace of nations were only to be kept by *fear*, by the dread which each stands in of the other—we might perhaps admit that even at the enormous cost we have already indicated of near *two hundred millions of dol-*

lars, the military renown we have won in the war with Mexico might still, in the language of Burke, be classed as part of the "cheap defence" of the nation. But we hold far other views of this spirit of the age, particularly as it is to be developed on this continent and by this people. We came here, were planted here, a Heaven-directed, God-acknowledging band, earnest for freedom, earnest for right, but not earnest for military glory. We have prospered, not through arms, but through industry, through the instruction taught and the morals inculcated in the school-house, and in the church. Our enterprise has developed itself in the conquests of peace, in the marvels of the steamboat, the railroad, the printing press, and not least, the electric telegraph. The contagion of our example is to be, not in our naval or military successes, but in the scene of universal, wide-spread, solidly founded and law-protected prosperity—of the realization, so far as human imperfection is susceptible of it, of the problem of a people where every sober, industrious and virtuous man may sit down beneath his own roof-tree, secure in the earnings of his labor, equal before the law with the highest, with none to do him wrong or make him afraid.

It is the spectacle of such a people, just to each other, just to other nations, law-abiding and God-fearing, and forever acting, alike in their individual as in their collective capacity, under the ever-present sense of their responsibilities as such—it is such a spectacle that is to make us the "model republic," and not the success of arms. It is the affections, the interests and the blood of the middling classes, always sure to suffer most by the dreadful curse of war, that are to form and govern public sentiment on this continent; and it is not without some hope, that by the faithful exposition here made of the money cost of this present war, we may be lending earnest, though it may be feeble aid, towards bringing it to a close, that the fore going article has been prepared.

RECENT ENGLISH HISTORIANS OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

The study of Greek History is a very different affair now from what it was when Plutarch was accepted for a standard authority, and "Cecrops, who invented marriage,"† was deemed as historical a personage as Alexander of Macedon. Our readers may be presumed to be familiar with, or at least to have some general idea of, the way in which Niebuhr and Arnold (not to mention the more fanciful speculations of Michelet) have taken to pieces and reconstructed the early Roman narrative; and the Greek legends are now subjected to a somewhat similar process by both English and Germans. It certainly does seem strange at first, that an Englishman or German in this nineteenth century should pretend to know more about those remote ages, than the people who lived so much nearer to them—the Roman who flourished at the beginning of our era, and the Greek who wrote hundreds of years before it; but the apparent paradox vanishes when we consider the *historical sense* and habits of philosophical criticism acquired by the moderns. Etymological and philological studies alone have done much. When it has been clearly shown that Livy mistranslated Greek words, and confused old and new meanings of Latin words, and that Apollonius Rhodius misunderstood and misapplied Homeric expressions, we have less hesitation in questioning the accuracy of the avowedly poetical narrative of the one and the more specious history of the other; and the detection of such illusory

* *A History of Greece*, by the Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall. London: Longman & Co. 1835, 1841.
A History of Greece, by Geo. Grote, Esq. London: John Murray. 1846-7.
† Athenæus XIII, 555.

etymologies as those which gave rise to the traditions connected with the Apaturian festival at Athens, and the street Argiletum in Rome, encourages us to apply the same rule of interpretation to other etymologically founded stories.

It is not our intention to take any notice of Goldsmith and Gillies, and others of whom we have a dim recollection from our boyhood. But as Mitford, although pretty well laid on the shelf in his own country, still enjoys on this side the Atlantic the reputation and position of a standard historian, it would hardly be proper in an article on this subject to omit all mention of him. That his qualifications for the task he undertook surpassed those of his predecessors, and that his work was a great improvement on theirs, is freely admitted. But, to waive the consideration of other faults, there is one inherent defect in the book. It is the history of a people generally republican and partly democratic, written expressly to "show up" democracy. Nay, more, it was written with the evident purpose of drawing a modern conservative British moral from the history of ancient Greek republics. Now a man who sets out with a strong political bias in favor of the institutions of any country, is not likely to make a faithful historian; but much more unlikely is he who starts with a predetermination to see everything in the worst possible light, the facts of history being unfortunately for the most part bad enough in themselves, without any gratuitous blackening. Such a course is sufficiently delusive when only contemporaries are under investigation: it is still worse when we undertake to judge of the customs and actions of the men of one age by the standards of another, such inferences, however encouraged by the necessary licenses of the poet and the dramatist, make sad work with ethical and political speculations. We all see the absurdity of the thing when a young lady in a Magazine story, makes a modern lover of Pericles, or some other Greek worthy, and provides him with a heroine of the modern pattern. We are less quick to perceive the fallacy when a modern Platonist turns the Athenian philosopher into a High-Church divine. Still less prompt are we to disentangle ourselves when the political theorist argues from Rome to England, or from Athens to America, either with or without some such intermediate step as Venice, since so many of the important fundamental terms, Aristocracy, Democracy, &c., remain the same. But the error is none the less, because it is the less transparent. Whately has said that "wisdom consists in the ready and accurate perception of analogies;"* but surely *a ready and accurate discrimination of differences* deserves some place in the definition. "Human nature is the same in all ages," we are told; and this text suggests appropriate comments against *unnatural* schemes, as when it is proposed to construct the bricks of the political edifice without straw, or to compose perfection by an aggregate of imperfections. But we must always make allowance, and great allowance, for the effect of habit and experience. If the republican Greeks had no idea of a king, but as a man who "subverts the customs of the country, violates women, and puts men to death without trial,"† their idea was in precise conformity with their experience of the τύραννοι; nor can we blame them for not having admitted that conception of constitutional government which it took centuries of subsequent experiment to realize.

Flattering to English ideas of government and conformable to old tory dogmas, possessing, too, the positive merits it did, Mitford's Greece might well occupy the position it so long enjoyed. But it does great credit to the good sense and judgment of the British public, that when a more liberal as well as more learned successor appeared—indeed, before he fairly had appeared—they were ready to receive and adopt him. It is curious to remark how in this respect monarchical England has taken the start of republican America. With us Mitford still speaks as one having authority, while over the water he is utterly dethroned by Thirlwall, and only to be found in the libraries of secluded parsons and antique country gentlemen.

We should, however, be doing great injustice to the Bishop of St. David's, were we to represent the vindication of the Greek democracies from Mitford's assault either as the sole object of the work or the

* Rhetoric, pp. 104, 105.
† Herodotus, iii. 80, quoted by Mr. Grote.

main ground of its success, though it is incidentally connected with both. Since Mitford's time the study of Greek history had made rapid advances. The labors of C. O. Müller and other eminent Germans had thrown new light upon it. A Greek history was required which should at least embody the results of their researches, even if it added nothing to them. The spirit of the times demanded not merely a more genial political thinker, but a deeper and more finished scholar, than Mr. Mitford.

Thirlwall's history, then, is conceived in a liberal spirit, and displays an erudition which renders it a most valuable book for students. Still it is not in all respects satisfactory, nor is it exactly the kind of book to become universally popular. The author speaks in his preface of two classes of readers,* for the former of whom, undoubtedly by far the larger, the work is principally designed; but the execution of the work is such as to render it far more acceptable to the smaller class. As a book of reference, and what is technically called *cram*, it is unsurpassed. But the style, though clear and argumentative, is the very reverse of brilliant or graphic; and the general tone of the book is to a mere *reader*, what we cannot give a better idea of than by calling it *Hallam's Middle-Ages-ish*. Moreover, the reverend historian has, with an amiable but sometimes embarrassing modesty, been more solicitous to collate and condense the opinions of others than to arrive at decisions of his own, so that in many places the book is chiefly valuable as a synopsis of different views, and in some its very copiousness of information is bewildering. While, therefore, Thirlwall's Greece found an immediate place in the library of every student, it was felt that there was still room for another History of Greece, which should be attractive as well as critical, and give results as well as materials; and the announcement that Mr. George Grote was about to endeavor to supply this want excited a lively interest.

* "One consisting of persons who wish to acquire something more than a superficial acquaintance with Greek history, but who have neither leisure nor means to study it for themselves in its original sources; the other of such as have access to the ancient authors, but often feel the need of a guide and an interpreter."

Mr. Grote is well known to the commercial world as a partner in one of the great London banking houses, and not unknown in the political. His principles are what is generally called *philosophical radical*, that is to say, encouraging the freest range of speculation and discussion, but not countenancing haste or violence in action.* When in Parliament, where he twice represented the city of London, he was chiefly distinguished for proposing and advocating Vote by Ballot. But this method of exercising the franchise, natural and proper as it appears to us, is highly repugnant to English usages and prejudices. Mr. Grote found little support from his own party, and the great clerical wit, usually foremost in the ranks of the reformers, signally contributed to laugh down the proposed reform. More recently Mr. Grote has studied and personally inspected the affairs of Switzerland, and has very lately published in the *Spectator* a series of letters containing a triumphant vindication of President Ochsenbein and the Diet. Amid all his various pursuits he never lost sight of his great literary work, projected at a very early period of his life, (some say before he left the university.) With every allowance for frequent interruptions,† it is probably rather an under-statement of the case to say, that the eight intended volumes (we have a suspicion that they will run over by one or two) will represent twenty years' hard work. And should any one be disposed to think this an over-estimate, we would request him, before pronouncing a positive opinion, to make himself master of *one book* of Herodotus or Thucydides, first making sure that he understands the author's meaning, and then collating and digesting the authorities on all historical and archæological points involved or alluded to. The time thus occupied will give him some measure of that which must have been expended on Mr. Grote's History, into which (supposing the remaining

* And it may be added, much more practical and common sense than one would be led to infer from Sidney Smith's somewhat supercilious remark, that "if the world were a chess-board, he would be an important politician."

† The preface states indeed that the author has only been able to devote "continuous and exclusive labor" to his work for the last three or four years; but farther on in the preface there is an implied admission that the book had made considerable progress before Thirlwall's began to appear.

volumes to equal the promise of the four already published) it is not too much to say that the reading of a life will have been worked, so various are the sources from which Mr. Grote draws his authorities and illustrations. And all this learning is introduced most naturally and appropriately; for the author is one of those rare specimens, a scholar without any of the disagreeable peculiarities of scholars, without pedantry or dogmatism or "shop" of any kind.* Unconnected with academical honors or any sort of academical business as his name was, his appearance as a classical historian subjected him to a most rigorous scrutiny from all those first-class men and medallists who thought they had taken out a patent for all classical learning in the "Schools" and the "Tripos;" and the paucity and triviality of the inaccuracies they have been able to discover bear witness to the accuracy and depth of his work.

His opening is bold and novel. Instead of beginning with the geography of the country, and then passing to the early inhabitants, as Thirlwall and his predecessors generally have done, he commences with the stories about the gods—the Greek Mythology, in fact. With this he immediately connects the legends of the heroic age, all the personages of which he considers equally mythical and fabulous with the gods and goddesses. Hector and Agamemnon are put into the same category with Zeus and Apollo, and authentic history begins only with the first Olympiad. In anticipation of surprise and censure, he thus speaks in his preface:—

"The times which I thus set apart from the regions of history are discernible only through a different atmosphere—that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, entirely unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends—without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this—if he ask me why I do not undraw the curtain and disclose the picture—I reply in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him, on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art: 'The curtain *is* the picture.' What we now read as poetry and legend, was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of the past time: the curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any possibility be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands—not to efface, still less to repaint it."—Preface, pp. xii., xiii.

These legends occupy about 450 pages, or two-thirds of the first volume. Mr. Grote's narrative style in relating them, seems to us remarkably happy—simple without being prosaic, and carrying the reader straight forward through very involved and contradictory stories. The difficulty of telling these old tales in a form acceptable and suitable to modern readers, is confessedly very great, as the singular expedient to which Arnold had recourse testifies. To us, Mr. G. seems to have hit the very thing; but "doctors differ:" a writer in the *Classical Museum* thinks that "his style is too homely, and that he might have risen more with his theme."* We should like to extract a legend or two, that our readers might judge for themselves, but it is more important to examine our author's way of dealing with the nature and historical value of these mythes. We cannot take a better specimen than the "tale of Troy divine," contrasting Grote's broad conclusion upon it with Thirlwall's Euemerizing doubts. The latter, after sketching or rather *hinting at* the story of Troy, in just eleven lines, proceeds thus:—†

"Such is the brief outline [brief indeed!] of a story which the poems of Homer have made familiar to most readers, long before they are tempted to inquire into its historical basis; and it is consequently difficult to enter upon the inquiry without some prepossessions unfavorable to an impartial judgment. Here, however, we must not be deterred from stating our view of the subject, by the certainty that it will appear

* There is but one thing in the book which savors in the least of pedantry—an affectation of purism in spelling the Greek names with Greek instead of Roman letters. This is very harsh in some cases to the ear as well as the eye, the change of spelling involving a change of pronunciation in such names as Alkæus and Phokylides. Nor is Mr. Grote always consistent with himself: why should Perikles be spelt with *k* and Calypso not? Even the same word varies in different volumes: we have *Crete* in the first and *Krete* in the fourth.

* W. M. Gunn, Classical Museum, vol. V., p. 132.

† In this and the following extracts we have occasionally taken the liberty of italicizing a passage.

to some paradoxical, while others will think that it savors of excessive credulity. According to the rules of sound criticism, very cogent arguments ought to be required to induce us to reject as a mere fiction a tradition so ancient, so universally received, so definite and so interwoven with the whole mass of the national recollections, as that of the Trojan war. Even if unfounded, it must still have had some adequate occasion and motive, and it is difficult to imagine what this could have been, unless it arose out of the Greek colonies in Asia; and in this case its universal reception in Greece itself is not easily explained. The leaders of the earliest among these colonies which were planted in the neighborhood of Troy, claimed Agamemnon as their ancestor; but if this had suggested the story of his victories in Asia, this scene would probably have been fixed in the very region occupied by his descendants, not in an adjacent land. On the other hand, the course taken by this first (Æolian) migration falls in naturally with a previous tradition of a conquest achieved by Greeks in Asia. We therefore conceive it necessary to admit the reality of the Trojan war as a general fact; *but beyond this we scarcely venture to proceed a single step.* Its cause and its issue, the manner in which it was conducted and the parties engaged in it, are all involved in an obscurity which we cannot pretend to penetrate. We find it impossible to adopt the poetical story of Helen, partly on account of its inherent improbability, and partly because we are convinced that Helen is a merely mythological person. The common account of the origin of the war has indeed been defended on the ground that it is perfectly consistent with the manners of the age—*as if a popular tale, whether true or false, could be at variance with them.* The feature in the narrative which strikes us as in the highest degree improbable, setting the character of the parties out of the question, is the intercourse implied in it between Troy and Sparta. *As to the heroine, it would be sufficient to raise a strong suspicion of her fabulous nature, to observe that she is classed by Herodotus with Io, and Europa, and Medea,* all of them persons who on distinct grounds, must clearly be referred to the domain of mythology. This suspicion is confirmed by all the particulars of her legend, by her birth, by her relation to the divine twins, whose worship seems to have been one of the most ancient forms of religion in Peloponnesus, and especially in Laconia, and by the divine honors paid to her at Sparta and elsewhere. But a still stronger reason for doubting the reality of the motive assigned by Homer for the Trojan war is, that the same incident occurs in another circle of fictions, and that, in the abduction of Helen, Paris only repeats an exploit also attributed to Theseus. * * * * * If however we reject the traditional occasion of the Trojan war, we are driven to conjecture in order to explain the real connection of the events; yet not so as to be wholly without traces to direct us. We have already observed that the Argonautic expedition was sometimes represented as connected with the first conflict between Greece and Troy. This was according to the legend which numbered Hercules among the Argonauts and supposed him, on the voyage, to have rendered a service to the Trojan king, Laomedon, who afterwards defrauded him of his recompense. The main fact, however, that Troy was taken and sacked by Hercules, is recognized by Homer; and thus we see it already provoking the enmity or tempting the cupidity of the Greeks, in the generation before the celebrated war, and it may easily be conceived that if its power and opulence revived after this blow, it might again excite the same feelings."—Thirlwall, vol. I., pp. 151–153.

Here Homer's statement is received as authoritative; yet only four pages after we find that,

"However near the poet, if he is to be considered a single one, lived to the times of which he sings, *it is clear that he did not suffer himself to be fettered by his knowledge of the facts.* For aught we know, he may have been a contemporary of those who had fought under Achilles, but it is not the less true, that he describes his principal hero as the son of a sea-goddess. He and his hearers most probably looked upon epic song as a vehicle of history, and therefore it required a popular tradition for its basis. * * * But it is equally manifest that the kind of history for which he invoked the aid of the Muses to strengthen his memory, *was not chiefly valued as a recital of real events, that it was one in which the marvellous appeared natural, and that form of the narrative most credible which tended most to exalt the glory of his heroes.*" Vol. I. pp. 157–8.

Now let us hear Mr. Grote. After giving at length (say forty pages) as consistent a narrative of the Trojan siege as can be compiled out of the various poets, historians and logographers, he thus continues his speculations on it:—

"Thus endeth the Trojan war, together with its sequel, the dispersion of the heroes, victors as well as vanquished. The account here given of it has been unavoidably brief and imperfect; for in a work intended to follow consecutively the real history of the Greeks, no greater space can be allotted even to the most splendid gem of their legendary period. Indeed, it would be easy to fill a large volume with the separate incidents which have been introduced into the 'Trojan cycle;' the misfortune is, that they are for the most part so

contradictory, as to exclude the possibility of weaving them into one connected narrative. We are compelled to select one out of the number generally, without any solid ground of preference, and then to note the variations of the rest. No one who has not studied the original documents, can imagine the extent to which this discrepancy proceeds: it covers almost every portion and fragment of the tale. But though much may have been thus omitted, of what the reader might expect to find in an account of the Trojan war, its genuine character has been studiously preserved without either exaggeration or abatement. The real Trojan war is that which was recounted by Homer and the old epic poets, and continued by all the lyric and tragical composers; for the latter, though they took great liberties with the particular incidents, yet worked more or less faithfully on the Homeric scale. * * * * And the incidents comprised in the Trojan cycle were familiarized, not only to the public mind, but also to the public eye, by innumerable representations both of the sculptor and the painter—those which were romantic and chivalrous, being better adapted for this purpose, and therefore more constantly employed, than any other. Of such events the genuine Trojan war of the old epic was for the most part composed. Though literally believed, reverentially cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past by the Grecian public, it is in the eyes of modern inquiry essentially a legend, and nothing more. *If we are asked whether it be not a legend imbodying portions of historical matter, and raised upon a basis of truth—whether there may not really have occurred at the foot of the hill of Ilium a war purely human and political, without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Eôs, without the wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features of the old epical war—like the mutilated trunk of Deïphobus in the under-world—if we are asked whether there was not really some such historical Trojan war as this, our answer must be, that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed.* We possess nothing but the ancient epic itself, without any independent evidence: had it been an age of records indeed, the Homeric epic, in its exquisite and unsuspecting simplicity, would probably never have come into existence. Whoever, therefore, ventures to dissect Homer, Arctinus and Leschês, and to pick out certain portions as matters of fact, while he sets aside the rest as fiction, must do so in full reliance on his own powers of historical divination, without any means either of proving or verifying his conclusions."—Vol. I., pp. 432-5.

Is Mr. Grote then a mere destructive, who applies the besom of skepticism to the heroic age, and sweeps it remorselessly away? No; he restores the old legends in all their integrity to their proper place and function. They have no "objective reality either historical or philosophical;" but "their *subjective* value, looking at them purely as elements of Grecian thought and feeling," is very great. To the expansion of this principle, the remainder of the first volume is devoted.

To understand the true theory of these narratives, we must first consider the intellectual position of the people among whom they sprung up.

"These mythes or current stories, the spontaneous and earliest growth of the Grecian mind, constituted at the same time the entire intellectual stock of the age to which they belonged. They are the common root of all those different ramifications into which the mental activity of the Greeks subsequently diverged: they contain, as it were, the preface and germ of the positive history and philosophy, the dogmatic theology and the professed romance, which we shall hereafter trace, each in its separate development. They furnished aliment to the curiosity and solution to the vague doubts and aspirations of the age; they explained the origin of those customs and standing peculiarities with which men were familiar; they impressed moral lessons, awakened patriotic sympathies, and exhibited in detail the shadowy, but anxious, presentiments of the vulgar as to the agency of the gods; moreover, they satisfied that craving for adventure and appetite for the marvellous, which has, in modern times, become the province of fiction proper.

"It is difficult, we may say impossible, for a man of matured age to carry back his mind to his conceptions, such as they stood when he was a child, growing naturally out of his imagination and feelings, working upon a scanty stock of materials, and borrowing from authorities whom he blindly followed, but imperfectly apprehended. A similar difficulty occurs when we attempt to place ourselves in the historical and quasi-philosophical point of view which the ancient mythes present to us. We can follow perfectly the imagination and feeling which dictated these tales; and we can admire and sympathize with them as animated, sublime and affecting poetry: but we are too much accustomed to matter of fact and philosophy of a positive kind, to be able to conceive a time when these beautiful fancies were construed literally, and accepted as serious reality. Nevertheless, it is obvious that Grecian mythes cannot be understood or appreciated, except with reference to the system of conceptions and belief of the ages in which they arose. We must suppose a public not reading and

writing, but seeing, hearing and telling, destitute of all records, and careless, as well as ignorant of positive history with its indispensable tests, yet, at the same time, curious and full of eagerness for new or impressive incidents; strangers even to the rudiments of positive philosophy, and to the idea of invariable sequences of nature, either in the physical or moral world, yet requiring some connecting theory to interpret and regularize the phenomena before them. Such a theory was supplied by the spontaneous inspirations of an early fancy, which supposed the habitual agency of beings intelligent and voluntary like themselves, but superior in extent of power, and different in peculiarity of attributes." Pp. 460–462.

In those days, then, imagination and sympathy supplied the place of geography and physical science. But many causes, and first of all, "the expansive force of Grecian intellect itself," caused different constructions to be put upon these products of early fancy. Mr. Grote goes through the treatment of the mythes by the earlier philosophers and the dramatic poets, and the *attempts* of the historians to make history of them; Herodotus' adoption of the more plausible Egyptian version of the story of Helen; Thucydides' exposition of the Trojan war as a great political enterprise, an exposition which "would, doubtless, have been historical truth, *if* any independent evidence could have been found to sustain it," but which, in the absence of such evidence, must be viewed as "a mere extract and distillation from the incredibilities of the poets;" and so on down to Euemerus, that disenchanter of the ancient romance, whose name has passed into a familiar word with scholars; and Palæphatus, whose results "exhibit the maximum which the semi-historical theory can ever present: by aid of conjecture, we get out of the impossible and arrive at matters intrinsically plausible but totally uncertified." He then sketches the allegorical theory, and thus decides on the respective merits of the two:—

"If we contrast these two schemes of interpretation, both of them gratuitous, we shall find that the semi-historical theory is, on the whole, the least fruitful and the most delusive of the two. For though allegorical interpretation occasionally lands us in great absurdities, there are certain cases in which it presents intrinsic evidence of being genuine and correct, *i. e.* included in the original purport of the story. No one can doubt that the tale of Atê and the Litæ, in the ninth book of the Iliad, carries with it an intentional moral; and others might be named conveying a similar certainty. But the semi-historical interpretation, while it frequently produces absurd transformations of the original tale, is never, even in its most successful applications, accompanied with any certainty that we have reached the positive truth. After leaving out from the mythical narrative all that is miraculous or high-colored or extravagant, we arrive at a series of credible incidents—incidents which *may, perhaps*, have really occurred, and against which no *intrinsic* presumption can be raised. This is exactly the character of a well-written modern novel, the whole story of which is such as may well have occurred in real life; it is plausible fiction, and nothing beyond. To raise plausible fiction up to the superior dignity of truth, some positive testimony or positive ground of inference must be shown; even the highest measure of intrinsic probability is not alone sufficient. A man who tells us that on the day of the battle of Platæa rain fell on the spot of ground where the city of New-York now stands, will neither deserve nor obtain credit, because he can have had no means of positive knowledge; though the statement is not in the slightest degree improbable. On the other hand, statements in themselves very improbable may well deserve belief, provided they be supported by sufficient positive evidence: thus the canal dug by the order of Xerxês across the promontory of Athos, and the sailing of the Persian fleet through it, is a fact which I believe, because it is well attested, notwithstanding its remarkable improbability, which so far misled Juvenal as to induce him to single out the narrative as a glaring example of Grecian mendacity. Again, many critics have observed that the general tale of the Trojan war (apart from the superhuman agencies) is not more improbable than that of the Crusades, which every one admits to be a historical fact. But (even if we grant this position, which is only true to a small extent) it is not sufficient to show an analogy between the two cases in respect to negative presumptions alone; the analogy ought to be shown to hold between them in respect to positive certificate also. The Crusades are a curious phenomenon in history, but we accept them nevertheless as an unquestionable fact, because the antecedent improbability is surmounted by adequate contemporary testimony. * * * In applying the semi-historical theory to Grecian mythical narrative, it has been often forgotten that a certain strength of testimony or positive grounds of belief must first be tendered before we can be called upon to discuss the antecedent probability or improbability of the incidents alleged. The belief of the Greeks themselves, without the smallest aid of special or contemporary wit-

ness, has been tacitly assumed as sufficient to support the case, provided only sufficient deduction be made from the mythical narrative to remove all antecedent improbabilities; it has been assumed that the faith of the people must have rested originally upon some particular historical event, involving the identical persons, things and places which the original mythes exhibit, or at least the most prominent among them. But when we examine the psychagogic influences predominant in the society among whom this belief originally grew up, we shall see that their belief is of little or no evidentiary value, and that the growth and diffusion of it may be satisfactorily explained without supposing any special basis of matter of fact. *The popular faith, so far as it counts for anything, testifies in favor of the entire and literal mythes,* which are now universally rejected as incredible. We have thus the very minimum of positive proof and the maximum of negative presumption; we may diminish the latter by conjectural omissions and interpolations, *but we cannot by any artifice increase the former:* the narrative ceases to be incredible, but it still remains uncertified—a mere common-place possibility. Nor is fiction always or essentially extravagant and incredible; it is often not only plausible and coherent, but even more like truth (if a paradoxical phrase may be allowed) than truth itself; in the absence of any extrinsic test, we cannot reckon upon any intrinsic mark to discriminate the two." Pp. 570–573.

"To assume a generic difference between the older and the newer strata of tradition—to treat the former as morsels of history and the latter as appendages of fiction—is an hypothesis gratuitous at the least, not to say inadmissible; for the further we travel back into the past, the more do we recede from the clear day of positive history, and the deeper do we plunge into the unsteady twilight and gorgeous clouds of fancy and feeling. It was one of the agreeable dreams of the Grecian epic, that the man who travelled far enough northward beyond the Rhipœan mountains, would in time reach the delicious country and genial climate of the virtuous Hyperboreans, the votaries and favorites of Apollo, who dwelt in the extreme north beyond the chilling blasts of Boreas: the hope that we may, by carrying our researches up the stream of time, exhaust the limits of fiction, and land ultimately upon some points of solid truth, appears to me no less illusory than this northward journey in quest of the Hyperborean elysium." Pp. 575–76.

The discussion is summed up in four conclusions to this effect:—

1. The Greek legends are "a special product of the imagination and feelings, radically distinct from both history and philosophy," and not reducible to either. Some few of them are indeed allegorical, and some have doubtless a substratum or element of fact; but how much is fact and how much more "mythe" we cannot, in the absence of collateral evidence, determine.

2. The personages of the mythical world are a series of gods and men mixed together, and no such series can serve as materials for chronological calculation.

3. The legends originated in an age which had no records, no science and no criticism, but great faith, great imagination, and great avidity for new narrative; "penetrable by poets and prophets in the same proportion that it was indifferent to positive evidence."

4. The Greek mind having become historical, critical and philosophical, detected the inconsistencies and incongruities of the mythes, but was restrained from discarding them entirely by the national reverence for antiquity. So, "whilst the literal mythe still continued to float among the poets and the people, critical men interpreted, altered, decomposed and added, until they found something which satisfied their minds as a supposed real basis. They manufactured some dogmas of supposed original philosophy, and a long series of fancied history and chronology, retaining the mythical names and generations even when they were obliged to discard or recast the mythical events. The interpreted mythe was thus promoted into a reality, while the literal mythe was degraded into a fiction." Pp. 598–601.

Our extracts have been carefully selected, with a view to give the reader a good idea of Mr. Grote's method of dealing with the heroic period of Greek history. And, we ask, is not his treatment of these mythical personages more conservative and respectful than Euemerizing or allegorizing them away? According to his view, Hector, and Andromache, and Œdipus and Antigone exist, as Othello, and Desdemona, and Jeannie Deans, and Lucy Ashton exist. Is not such an existence good enough for them?

In the concluding chapter of this volume, Mr. Grote felicitously illustrates his positions by comparing the mythes of ancient Greece with those of modern Europe. In the former country the mythopœic vein continued in the same course, only with

abated current and influence; in the latter "its ancient bed was blocked up, and it was turned into new and divided channels" by the introduction of Christianity. The old German and Scandinavian kings used to trace their pedigrees to Odin. "After the worship attached to Odin had been extinguished, the genealogical line was lengthened up to Japhet or Noah; and Odin, no longer accounted worthy to stand at the top, was degraded into one of the simple human members of it. * * * * *This transposition of the genealogical root is the more worthy of notice, as it illustrates the general character of these genealogies, and shows that they sprung not from any erroneous historical data, but from the turn of the religious feeling; also that their true value is derived from their being taken entire, as connecting the existing race of men with a divine original.*"

We have ourselves seen the pedigree of an English country gentleman (one of the "protectionists" in parliament) which went, through a Saxon king, straight up to Thor and Odin. To be sure, the member of the family who showed it to us modestly admitted that the descent *previous to the Heptarchy* was not perfectly authenticated.

We pass on to the voluminous and puerile legends of the saints, and the more poetical romances of chivalry. "What the legends of Troy, of Thebes, of the Calydonian boar, of Œdipus, Theseus, &c., were to an early Greek, the tales of Arthur, of Charlemagne, of the Niebelungen, were to an Englishman, or Frenchman, or German of the twelfth or thirteenth century. They were neither recognized fiction nor authenticated history; they were history as it is felt and welcomed by minds unaccustomed to investigate evidence and unconscious of the necessity of doing so. That the Chronicle of Turpin, a mere compilation of poetical legends respecting Charlemagne, was accepted as genuine history, and even pronounced to be such by papal authority, is well known; and the authors of the romances announce themselves, not less than those of the old Grecian epic, as being about to recount real matter of fact. It is certain that Charlemagne is a great historical name, and it is possible, though not certain, that the name of Arthur may be historical also; but the Charlemagne of history and the Charlemagne of romance have little except the name in common; nor could we ever determine, except by independent evidence, (which in this case we happen to possess,) whether Charlemagne was a real or fictitious person."

Thus in the famous story of Roland and Roncesvalles, which Mr. Grote might have specified particularly, (and we are somewhat surprised he did not,) suppose we had nothing but the Turpin Chronicle to guide us, how likely should we be, by "making shots" at the probabilities of the case, to eliminate the real facts of Charlemagne's invasion of Spain, and the surprise of his rear-guard by the Pyrenean mountaineers? But we may bring down these quasi-historical tales to a period much later than even Mr. Grote has attempted. The story of the French frigate *Le Vengeur*, which went down with her colors flying and her men shouting *Vive la Republique!* is well known; and it has also been proved in black and white that the story is a sheer fabrication—that the ship did go down indeed, but not before she had surrendered, and that her captain and many of her crew were saved by the victorious adversary. Now, had only the French-republican version of this affair remained, it might well have imposed on posterity. Here then are two popular stories, *in which the main issue of the narrative is directly contrary to the known fact*—bearing the strongest testimony to the correctness of Mr. Grote's principle. For it must be remembered that he denies, not the existence of a basis of fact to some of the Greek legends, but the possibility of our determining what that fact is. For all that we know to the contrary, Dio Chrysostom's version of the Trojan war may be the true one, and the Greeks may have been the beaten party. For all we know to the contrary, the real Thersites may have had as much resemblance to the Thersites of Homer, as the Fastolfe of history has to the Falstaff of Shakspeare.

All our readers may not be aware that the English historians so late as the seventeenth century began the annals of their country with a mythical personage, *Brute the Trojan*, and carried it down to the Roman invasion through a long line of kings.

"In a dispute which took place during the

reign of Edward I., (A. D. 1301,) between England and Scotland, the descent of the kings of England from Brute the Trojan was solemnly embodied in a document put forth to sustain the crown of England, as an argument bearing on the case then in discussion; and it passed without attack from the opposing party."

Milton's opinion, cited by Mr. Grote, is curious and apposite:—*

"But now of Brutus and his line, with the whole progeny of kings to the entrance of Julius Cæsar, we cannot be so easily discharged; descents of ancestry long continued, laws and exploits not plainly seeming to be borrowed or devised, which on the common belief have wrought no small impression; *defended by many, utterly denied by few.* For what, though Brutus and the whole Trojan pretence were yielded up, seeing they who first devised to bring us some noble ancestor, were content with Brutus the Consul, the better invention, though not willing to forego the name, taught them to remove it higher into a more fabulous age, and by the same remove lighting on the Trojan tales, in affectation to make the Briton of one original with the Roman, pitched there: *Yet those old and inborn kings, never any to have been real persons, or done in their lives, at least, some part of what so long hath been remembered, cannot be thought without too strict incredulity.* For these, and those causes above mentioned, that which hath received approbation from so many, I have chosen not to omit. Certain or uncertain, be that upon the credit of those whom I must follow; *so far as keeps aloof from impossible and absurd,* attested by ancient writers from books more ancient, I refuse not, as the due and proper subject of story." History of England, apud Grote, pp. 641, 642.

Yet the historians of this day begin the history of England with Julius Cæsar, and on strictly analogous principles our Greek historian has concluded that

"Two courses, and two only, are open; either to pass over the mythes altogether, which is the way in which modern historians treat the old British fables, or else to give an account of them as mythes; to recognize and respect their specific nature, and to abstain from confounding them with ordinary and certifiable history. There are good reasons for pursuing this second method, in reference to the Grecian mythes; and when so considered, they constitute an important chapter in the history of the Grecian mind, and, indeed, in that of the human race generally."

* The italics here are Mr. Grote's.

We have now done with the first volume, but Mr. Grote has not yet finished clearing his ground. In the beginning of his second, he attacks the heroic chronology of Fynes Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici,* which he rejects *in toto,* on various accounts, but chiefly for a reason already alluded to, that the introduction of confessedly fabulous personages in a series utterly destroys its value as a basis for chronological computations.

"In the estimate of the ancient chronologers, three succeeding persons of the same lineage—grandfather, father and son—counted for a century; and this may pass in a rough way, so long as you are thoroughly satisfied that they are all real persons; but if in the succession of persons A, B, C, you strike out B as a fiction, the necessary continuity of data disappears."*

He then proceeds to treat of the state of society and manners exhibited in Grecian legend, by poets who, "while professedly describing an uncertified past, involuntarily borrow their combinations from the surrounding present." Here, too, we observe in him a marked difference from his predecessors. The monarchist historians Gillies and Mitford, were sedulous to eulogize the heroic age, at the expense of those succeeding, because it was the age of kingly government. It is hardly necessary to say that Thirlwall has not fallen into this error; but Grote has gone further, and prominently brought out various points of moral improvement in the historical age, as compared with the heroic. He particularly specifies three, the providence of the law with respect to the person and property of orphans, the treatmentof fallen enemies, and the legal punishment of homicide. In alluding to the fortification of towns, he observes:—

"This decided superiority of the means of defence over those of attack in rude ages, has been one of the grand promotive causes, both of the growth of civic life and of the general march of human improvement. It has enabled the progressive portions of mankind first to maintain their acquisitions against the predatory instinct of the ruder and poorer, and to surmount the difficulties of incipient organization; and ultimately, when their organization

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 64.

has been matured, both to acquire predominance, and to uphold it until their own disciplined habits have in part passed to their enemies. This important truth is illustrated not less by the history of ancient Greece, than by that of modern Europe during the middle ages."*

In regard to the state of the arts, Grote and Thirlwall are at variance on an important question. The latter says, "That the art of writing already existed, though probably in a very rude state, before his [Homer's] age, it is scarcely possible to doubt."† The former positively asserts that "neither coined money, *nor the art of writing*, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor imaginative architecture, belong to the Homeric and Hesiodic times." And then in a note, "The σήματα λυγρὰ mentioned in Iliad vi. 168, if they prove anything, are rather an evidence against than for the existence of alphabetical writing at the time when the Iliad was composed."‡ On this famous and much disputed passage, Thirlwall acutely observes, that it "has been the subject of controversy, perhaps, more earnest than the case deserved. It has been disputed whether the tablet contained alphabetical characters or mere pictures. The former seems to be the simplest and easiest interpretation of the poet's words: but if admitted, it only proves, what could hardly be questioned even without this evidence, [?] that the poet was not so ignorant of the art as never to have heard of its existence. * * * And on the other hand, if the tablet contained only a picture or a series of imitative pictures, it would be evident that where the want of alphabetical writing was so felt, and had begun to be so supplied by drawing, the step by which the Greeks adopted the Phœnician characters must have been very soon taken, and it might be imagined that the poet was only describing a ruder state of the art which had acquired a new form in his time."§

And his last suggestion on this point is certainly ingenious and plausible :—

"According to every hypothesis the origin of the Homeric poetry is wrapt in mystery; as must be the case with the beginning of a new period when that which precedes it is very obscure. *And it would certainly be no unparalleled or surprising coincidence if the production of a great work, which formed the most momentous epoch in the history of Greek literature, should have concurred with either the first introduction, or a new application of the most important of all inventions.*"*

This question of writing brings us at once to the Homeric controversy. On this Thirlwall says but little: what he does say, strongly favors the personality of Homer and the unity of the Homeric poems. At one thing we are much surprised: he rejects the existence of the *rhapsodists* as a gratuitous and improbable supposition. In support of the customary hypothesis, Mr. Grote adduces some conclusive instances, particularly the assertion of Xenophon, (Sympos. iii. 5,) that there were educated gentlemen in his time, at Athens, who could repeat both poems by heart; for Xenophon, we know, was a very straightforward and matter-of-fact man, not lightly to be suspected of inaccuracy or exaggeration. Throughout the whole investigation, Mr. G. has shown great discrimination in keeping distinct various questions which have been mixed up with and run into each other—the personality of the poet, the manner in which his poems were preserved, their separate or identical authorship, the time when they assumed their present form, &c. After alluding to the numerous discrepancies of statement respecting the epoch and birth-place of Homer, he is inclined to adopt as the most plausible theory, that he was the *eponymous hero* of the poetical fraternity of Homerids in the Ionic Island of Chios. The date of the Iliad and Odyssey, he places in the century before the first Olympiad. That the poems were preserved by the professional bards without any assistance from manuscripts, he considers proved, by the fact that blindness was not a disqualification for the profession. (Hymn. ad Apoll. 172.) The Wolfian theory that Pisistratus first

* Vol. ii. p. 149.

† Thirlwall, p. 217.

‡ Grote, Vol. II., p. 156. Mitford *accurately* quotes Homer's words γράμματα λυγρὰ, and then goes into a long discussion about γράμμα meaning a picture which he might have been spared the trouble of by merely looking into his Iliad.

§ Thirlwall, p. 242.

* Thirlwall, p. 247.

made two complete poems out of what were before fragmentary ballads, he rejects as "not only unsupported by sufficient testimony, but also opposed to other testimony, as well as to a strong force of internal probability." It "ascribes to Peisistratus a character not only materially different from what is indicated by Cicero and Pausanias, [Wolf's chief authorities,] who represented him not as having put together atoms originally distinct, but as the renovator of an ancient order subsequently lost—but also in itself unintelligible and inconsistent with Grecian habit and feeling."

"To sustain the inference that Peisistratus was the first architect of the Iliad and Odyssey, it ought at least to be shown that no other long and continuous poems existed during the earlier centuries. But the contrary of this is known to be the fact. The Æthiopis of Arktinus, which contained 9100 verses, dates from a period more than two centuries earlier than Peisistratus; several others of the lost cyclic epics, some among them of considerable length, appear during the century succeeding Arktinus; and it is important to notice that three or four at least of these poems passed under the name of Homer. There is no greater intrinsic difficulty in supposing long epics to have begun with the Iliad and Odyssey than with the Æthiopsis; the ascendency of Homer and the subordinate position of Arktinus in the history of early Grecian poetry, tend to prove the former in preference to the latter." Vol. II., pp. 208–9.

But the chief argument is derived from the whole tenor of the poems themselves.

"There is nothing either in the Iliad or Odyssey which savors of *modernism*, applying that term to the age of Peisistratus; nothing which brings to our view the alterations brought about by two centuries in the Greek language, the coined money, the habits of writing and reading, the despotisms and republican governments, the close military array, the improved construction of ships, the Amphictyonic convocations, * * * &c., familiar to the latter epoch, which Onomacritus and the other literary friends of Peisistratus could hardly have failed to introduce, had they then for the first time undertaken the task of piecing together many self-existent epics into one large aggregate. Everything in the two great Homeric poems, both in substance and in language, belongs to an age two or three centuries earlier than Peisistratus." Vol. II., pp. 213–14.

At length we arrive at the great question—the unity of authorship. Mr. Grote, after lamenting the ferocious dogmatism which has too generally characterized this controversy, and confessed the difficulty, with our present limited means of knowledge, of forming a satisfactory conclusion one's self, much more of convincing others, thus continues:—

"Nevertheless no classical scholar can be easy without *some* opinion respecting the authorship of these immortal poems; and the more defective the evidence we possess, the more essential is it that all that evidence should be marshalled in the clearest order, and its bearing upon the points in controversy distinctly understood beforehand. Both these conditions seem to have been often neglected throughout the long-continued Homeric discussion. To illustrate the first point: Since two poems are comprehended in the problem to be solved, the natural process would be, first to study the easier of the two, and then to apply the conclusions hence deduced as a means of explaining the other. Now the Odyssey, looking at its aggregate character, is incomparably more easy to explain than the Iliad. Yet most Homeric critics apply the microscope at once, and in the first instance, to the Iliad. To illustrate the second point: What evidence is sufficient to negative the supposition that the Iliad or the Odyssey is a poem—originally and intentionally one? Not simply particular gaps and contradictions, though they be even gross and numerous; but the preponderance of these proofs of mere unprepared coalescence over the other proofs of designed adaptation scattered throughout the whole poem. For the poet (or the co-operating poets, if more than one) may have intended to compose a harmonious whole, but may have realized their intention incompletely and left partial faults; or perhaps the contradictory lines may have crept in through a corrupt text. A survey of the whole poem is necessary to determine the question, and this necessity, too, has not always been attended to." Vol. II., pp. 219, 220.

The Odyssey (to which Mr. Grote, contrary to the usual opinion, but we think on good grounds, does *not* assign a later date than that of the Iliad) he views as bearing throughout unequivocal proofs of unity of design. With respect to the Iliad his opinion is different, and the theory which he propounds is certainly original and ingenious. That poem presents to him the appearance of "a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions." *It was originally an Achilleis*, comprising the

first and eighth books with the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive. The last two books are a sort of appendix merely, but those from the second to the seventh, together with the tenth, "are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem into an Iliad." The ninth book is a later interpolation, there being many passages in the eleventh and following books, which show that apology and atonement had *not* been offered to Achilles by Agamemnon. This is explained at length, and also the continuity of structure observable in the books marked off as the original Achilleis, and the discrepancies introduced by the remaining books. Having characterized this theory as original and ingenious, we must be excused from expressing any further opinion upon it. Our own opinions about Homer have been always matter of faith rather than reason; we are too much interested in his romance ever to read him very critically; and as to the Teutonic Homeroclasts, we never could force ourselves to go continuously through one of them. On our slight acquaintance with them (and we refer more particularly to Wolf and Lachmann) they appear to us so prosaic and un-ideal and Poco Curante-ish, that, however great their erudition, we do not admit their vocation to criticise poetry at all. With a man who puts the Iliad on the same footing with the Spanish ballads, we can find no common ground.

This brings us to the close of the first part of Mr. Grote's work; about half way through his second volume, and rather more than half way through Thirlwall's first. We shall follow our historians into historical Greece in our next number.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

A MORE singular creature than the devil-fish is not to be found in the American waters. From all that we have been enabled to learn, he is peculiar to the coast of Africa, and in this country to the coasts of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. He is of no value as an article of food, but as a sporting fish is highly prized by the more daring of southern gentlemen; and as he is commonly known as the vampire of the ocean, it may readily be imagined that he is not distinguished for his amiability or the beauty of his personal appearance. His body is large and unsightly, the transverse much exceeding his longitudinal diameter; the thickness of his body varies from three to four feet, and it is only about one-eighth longer than his tail, the entire length usually measuring between sixteen and twenty feet. His mouth is subterminal, and abundantly supplied with small teeth; his eyes are prominent, and skin rough and leathery; he is supplied with a pair of flexible flaps or wings with which he navigates his native element with great velocity; and his snout is *ornamented* by a couple of horns or feelers, which are upwards of two feet in length. With regard to color, his back is an olive black and his belly a muddy white. He is distinguished for his activity, feeds upon small fish, and is in season (for sporting purposes) during the summer months. The intelligence of this monster is also quite as curious as his appearance, for it is recorded of him that he will sometimes seize the anchor of a small vessel, and hurry it hither and thither over the liquid plain at a fearful rate, to the great consternation of the poor sailors. The physical construction of the devil-fish differs materially from that of the whale or porpoise; for it does not, like them, rise to the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing the air of heaven.

That the devil-fish may be taken with a large cord and a mammoth hook seems to be an established fact, and that it requires

a bold-hearted man to grapple with him at all, is equally certain; but the ordinary implements employed to capture him are the cord and harpoon. Of the few sportsmen in our country who have studied the character of the devil-fish, and enjoyed the truly heroic pastime of capturing him, we have never heard of any one who could tell a more interesting story than the Hon. William Elliott, of Beaufort, S. C. The fame of this gentleman having reached our ears, soon after we had conceived the idea of writing and compiling a book on the Game Fish of America, we obtained a letter of introduction, and solicited at his hands a record of his experience. He promptly complied with our request, and did so in a manner which convinced us that he was not only a rare sportsman, but an accomplished gentleman. As we have never personally enjoyed the satisfaction of capturing a devil-fish, we shall avail ourselves of Mr. Elliott's very interesting narrative, regretting, however, that we shall be compelled, for want of room, to select from the matter which we have received, those passages which will be more likely to interest the general reader.

It is the habit of this fish, says Mr. Elliot, to ply its arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost closeness and obstinacy whatever body it has once inclosed. In this way the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings, and overset, by the devil-fish having laid hold of the grapple. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a shoal of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would sometimes, at flood-tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water-fence; the firm posts of which they would clasp, and struggle to uptear, till they lashed the water into foam with their powerful wings. This bold invasion of his landmarks my grandfather was determined to resent. He launched his eight-oared barge, prepared his tackle, notified his neighbors of his plan, and waited patiently for the next appearance of his enemies. It was not many days before they re-appeared. He then manned his boat, and soon glided, with muffled oars, into the midst of the shoal. "May," said my grandfather to his favorite African slave, who acted as his harpooner, "look out for the leader, and strike a sure blow." "Let me 'lone for dat, massa," said May, as, staff in hand, he planted his foot firmly on the bow of the barge. He stood there but a second, when, grasping his staff in both hands, he sprang into the air, and descended directly on the back of the largest devil-fish, giving the whole weight of his body to the force of the stroke! The weapon sunk deep into the body of the fish, and before he had tightened the rope, "May" had already swam to the boat, and been dragged on board by his fellow blackies, who were delighted at his exploit.

The fish now dashed off furiously, with the barge in tow. The bugle sounded the concerted signal. The neighboring planters manned their boats to intercept the barge, so that a small fleet of boats was soon drawn swiftly along with the tide. To conclude my story, the fish was wearied out, drawn to the top of the water, speared to death, and when landed on the beach, measured twenty feet across the back.

Another, and quite a funny story, for which we are indebted to Mr. Elliott, is as follows. The hero was a planter named Jones, who, like a thousand others, was constantly cherishing the illusion, that he was destined to discover the theory of perpetual motion. It so happened, on a certain occasion, that this individual, while floating on the water near Beaufort, S. C., in a small skiff, discovered a devil-fish sunning himself after the manner of the tribe. Jones, says Mr. Elliott, was a sportsman to the back-bone: he cast a glance at the smallness of his boat, but it was a glance only; his eye rested on his bright harpoon, which lay invitingly at his side. He sprang forward, secured his line to the head of the boat, and darted his harpoon at the sportive monster. A violent fall, at full length, into the bottom of the boat, as it shot forward almost from beneath his feet, was the first indication he received that his aim had been good. It was not until some minutes had elapsed, that he had the power to crawl from his recumbent posture, and occupy his seat at the stern, when he soon settled himself and enjoyed the luxury of his situation. The wind fanned his face, his hair streamed off at right angles from his head, and the

water foamed furiously about the stern, as the boat, impelled by more than Triton power, darted through the water with the speed of an arrow. And now he approached his home, and rejoiced to see that several of his friends were assembled on the bluff to welcome his return. But what was their amazement, to behold and recognize Jones, seated upright in the boat, which seemed to fly through the waters without the aid of oars or sail, or any apparent impulsation. Amazement was their first emotion—joy their second; and they shouted forth in triumph, as the thought suddenly flashed upon them, "*Jones has discovered perpetual motion!!*" He shouted to them for assistance, but his voice, tremulous with excitement, never reached their ears. He waved his hat and shouted again; hats waved in return, and a triumphant shout responded from his friends, but no boat came to his rescue. "These violent motions," thought he, "must have an end, and even devil-fish must tire. Friction at least, that which has so often foiled m e, now stands my friend." The fish did pause at last, but not until the boat had been hurried quite out of the harbor, and was floating on the wide Atlantic. It was then that our sportsman left his position at the stern, where his weight was necessary to preserve the equipoise, and cut off with his penknife the line which bound him to his formidable companion. The oars had been lost overboard, but his sail remained to waft him home. But it was late at night when he arrived, exhausted by excitement and fatigue, and explained to his anxious friends the mystery of his unintelligible, but fortunately for him, *not perpetual motion.*

The chase of the devil-fish, continues Mr. Elliott, may now be said to be an established diversion among the planters in the vicinity of Port Royal Sound. They make Bay Point their place of rendezvous, and, well provided with lances and harpoons, sally forth in search of them, at high water, when they enter the inlet to feed upon the shrimps and small fish that abound along the shores. On the ebb tide they return again to the sea, so that the time for seeking them is confined to a few hours in the day. Their presence upon the feeding ground is indicated by a slight projection above the water of their wings. Their movements are peculiar and bird-like. Sometimes, though not often, you may approach him in shallow water; but the best opportunity for harpooning him, is offered by waiting quietly near the spot where he has disappeared, until, having ceased to feed, he strikes out for the deep water, and having reached it, begins a series of somersets, that give the sportsman a capital chance to strike him. You first see the feelers thrown out of the water, then the white stomach, and lastly, the long strange-looking tail. These evolutions are frequently repeated, and his presence is shown to the observant sportsman, by the boiling of the water from below as from a deep cauldron. It must not be supposed, that there is no risk in the pursuit and capture of this formidable game. The spice of danger mingling with this sport, seems to increase its relish. He who wields the harpoon, should have a quick eye, a steady arm, and a cool head; for if he loses his presence of mind and suffers himself to be tangled in the rope, during the furious runs of the fish, he may lose his life.

Another of Mr. Elliott's well-told stories runneth as follows:—On the morning of the 25th of August, three boats might be descried, moving briskly from the Bay Point, shove across Broad River, (S. C.) two of them furnished with tackle, and manned by a party of high spirits, eager for the rapture of this new perilous pastime. A number of amateurs had taken passage in the third boat, which was to perform the duty of a tender. A school of our game having been discovered, a few brisk strokes brought us in the midst of the play-ground of the devil-fish, over a bank two or three fathoms deep. * * * Here, then, we have captured one devil-fish. He lies on the back of Hilton Head Island, at the foot of the Queen's Oak. We congratulate each other on our success, and then betake ourselves to an examination of what is curious or striking in his conformation. We note with surprise his protruding eyes, his projecting horns, his capacious mouth, and his complicated machinery for respiration. We note, too, that, like the great ones of the earth, he is attended by a band of parasites, which, unlike their prototypes, remain attached to their patrons *after they are stranded.* The pilot fish which followed him into shoal

water, adhered so closely after he was aground, that several suffered themselves to be taken by the hand.

Having satisfied our own curiosity, our next thought was to satisfy that of our friends, by towing the prize home. Transferring to our boat the two amateurs who occupied the tender, we supplied her with our anchors in addition to her own, to secure her against being drifted to sea; and saw her fairly off, impelled by sail and oar, with the devil-fish in tow.

We had scarcely got everything ready for another race, when a school of fish were seen sporting in the channel abreast of us! "Have at them!" said our companions in the second boat, as their oarsmen sprang to their oars. We follow them with our eyes: the harpoon is thrown, the boat darts forward, and a black and unsightly object of immense bulk vaults into the air at the head of the boat, then plunges into the depths below, and drags the boat rapidly in its wake. There was no loitering with us, and we soon came within hail. "What cheer, comrades? do you need our help?" "Oh! by no means! *we* can manage him!" "Very well, then, we look out for ourselves;" and we dashed at a fish that was showing himself at intervals astern of the other boat. Again my foot is on the forecastle—again the harpoon is poised—and before five minutes have elapsed, the barb is planted in him, and we are drawn over the placid waters in nearly the same course with our companions.

To the mere lover of the picturesque, the scene which now presented itself must have been full of interest; but to every one possessed of the true spirit of a sportsman, it must have been exciting as it was novel! The winds were hushed, and the wide expanse of water on which we floated was smooth as a mirror. The tender, with her devil-fish in tow, was before us. The flood tide was drifting her up the river, and out of her desired course. See! she has let go her anchors, hauled her fish close up under her stern, and the boatmen are beating off with their oars the sharks, that, having scented the blood, as it flowed from many a ghastly wound, can scarcely be deterred by blows from gorging themselves on the immense but lifeless mass! Further from shore glides the "Sea Gull:" the first energies of the monster fish that impels her have been tamed down, and she tacks across the channel, like a barge beating to windward! Jests, merriment and laughter are rife on board of her; and the mirthful echoes are borne to us over the still waters. Behind her is our own boat—whilome the "Cotton Plant," but baptized anew, after the capture of two hours since, the "Devil-Fish;" and her crew, with less noise, but not with less zest, are enjoying the luxury of the scene. *Three boats, each with a devil-fish!*

The fish, meantime, which we had struck, was moving sluggishly through the water. He had never drawn out half the rope, and seemed as if he did not feel or disdained the harpoon which was fastened in him; when suddenly he darted off at right angles from his former course. "Hillo there! give him more rope! How furiously he goes! Surely the sharks have scented him, too, for he rushes on like a stricken buffalo chased by a gang of prairie wolves! Rope, give him more rope! Head the boat round! helm down—pull, starboard oar!" All in vain. The forty fathoms are out,—she broaches-to broadside,—something must give way, or we capsize! The boat groans in every timber,—the gunwale already kisses the wave, when, shweep! the harpoon fairly bounds out of the fish and flies into the air, as if shot from some submarine swivel! The boat rocks fearfully from side to side, soon settles on an even keel, and the risk and sport are over at the same instant.

One or two hours passed, and our friends had not yet captured the devil-fish. They were in truth quite at his mercy, for he was towing them about the bay wherever his fancy led. Nothing either delayed or diverted his progress. Having no banks now in his way, it was obvious that his speed was becoming greater every moment. Very little of the day, moreover, remained. Far down towards the sea, the white sails of our companion might be seen rolling and bending before the wind, as she went helplessly on towards the breakers. Yet *we* were several miles up the river!! Could we overtake them? was it not too late? However, not a moment was to be lost. Every hand grasped an oar, and every sinew strained to the enervating task. The

devil-fish after all was to be slain by us!!! We reached the spot, and a sign with the hand directed us some distance beyond, where we saw indistinctly the wings of the devil-fish shooting alternately out to the height of a foot or more. We were soon over him, but owing to the rocking of the boat we could not reach his body for some time. "Strike, sir, for the black side of his wing;" but the order was not wanted, for the harpoon was already deep in him. The devil-fish now went to the bottom, but soon re-appeared, and it was not long before we had him within six feet of the boat, when we pierced him with our lance until he was dead. A boat came to our assistance from the shore, and with the two we had already, it was thought we might tow our prize ashore. The sails were all set and we all springing to our oars, but the fish was unmanageable, and had it not been for the wind which blew against the tide we should have swept to sea, or have been compelled to cut the fish loose to save ourselves. Darkness in the mean time had set in, and we were yet almost stationary. Our friends on shore set up lights for us, but these only had a tendency to bewilder, as they were so much scattered. The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness excepting the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the devil-fish, as he now and then emerged on a bed of fire to the surface; and as he mounted the wave with outstretched wings, he appeared to our excited minds like the fabled vampire of the ocean, terrible in the extreme. At nine o'clock we ran aground upon Egg Bank; we could not get the fish over the bank, and reluctantly concluded to abandon him, having first pulled him into about three feet of water. There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and the waves rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which loomed above the water. We cut out our harpoon, pushed our boats through a neighboring swash, and in a few moments found ourselves surrounded by the welcoming eyes of beauty.

ATHENIAN BANQUETS.

THE FIRST BANQUET, IN WHICH IS A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE OF LOVE.

When Pericles was Archon of Athens, there lived in that city a woman named Diotima, a Lesbian, who had a gift of prophecy. Many came from all the cities of Greece, to consult her on the success of their enterprises; but particularly those who had love suits of doubtful issue.

It happened on a feast day, when the citizens of Diotima's ward were merry together at the public table, a young man named Cymon, the son of Melas, began to tell a story of a certain love suit, to which Diotima had predicted a good issue, and which fell out as she foretold. The citizens were very attentive to the young man's story, and when he had made an end, they applauded him so that he blushed, and cried out impatiently, that not he, but Diotima should be applauded. The president of the feast, who lay next to the young man at table, presently whispered something in his ear; and receiving such an answer as he wished, spoke to the guests as follows:

"As I am chosen by you, my friends, to be master of this banquet, and can use my pleasure in every particular, I shall command this young man to take a pitcher of wine and a portion of viands to the prophetess, (whom he seems to admire so much,) by way of a recompense to him, for the pleasure he has given us by his story. What say you to this, Cymon? Will it be a sufficient reward, if we make you the bearer of our present?"

The young man assented very cordially: and while the rest were discoursing, he slipped from the table, and bidding a slave follow with the wine and viands, went instantly to the house of the prophetess;

though the evening was already far advanced. When they reached the house, he took the presents from the slave and sent him away, meaning to give them with his own hands, that the wise woman might the more favor him in a matter of his own, which he meant to advise with her about. While he waited there, calling once or twice, and knocking at the door, a person muffled in a cloak came up the street, and opening the door, bade him enter if he had business with Diotima, for that she would be there speedily. The young man took up the presents and followed the stranger through a court, into which the door opened, and thence into a great banquet room, where his conductor left him. Two torches burning in candlesticks over the door, made a murky light in the place. The floor and ceiling were of wood, rudely carved and painted with symbolic figures. On the walls were figures, very richly colored, representing the battles of the Gods and Titans, and a variety of other actions, all emblematical. At one end of the wall, about a small table set for feasting, stood three couches for as many guests. The couches were beautifully ornamented in the Tyrian fashion, with cushions of Tyrian cloth. On the table stood wine vases and cups of chased silver, such as came, at that period, from Italy and Egypt. At the other end of the hall were many vases of flowers, casting a delicious scent; and on a small altar, opposite the door, offerings of fresh flowers and incense were laid before an ivory group of the Graces, which stood in a niche of the wall.

When the young man had waited some time, a slave entered and lighted a bronze cresset that hung from the ceiling over the table, and which cast an odor in burning as of aloes and frankincense. Then came the prophetess herself, in a white robe, and crowned with flowers. Two others entered after her, one the stranger who had admitted the young man, and the other an uncouth figure, with ragged locks and a satirical physiognomy. These too were crowned, according to custom, and took each a couch on either side of the table; Diotima reclining on the middle one, which was highest. At the sight of this woman, Cymon was struck with amazement; for in all his interviews, he had never seen her without a black veil. She seemed a century, it might be, in years, but full of life, with a countenance more angelic than human. Her skin was of a marble paleness, furrowed with delicate lines. Her eyes cast a supernatural light, and about her lips, that trembled as if with the birth of speech, there lay an expression of pain tempered with amiable gravity, which assured an instant respect in the beholder.

When the three had taken their places, they perceived Cymon standing very much embarrassed at the lower end of the hall; but at the instant, as he was coming forward to apologize, two slaves entered with another couch, which they placed by the table, and respectfully invited him to take his place upon it, the prophetess signifying the same with a cordial motion of the hand. The young man then explained himself.

"I bring you," said he, "excellent Diotima, a present of some wine and conserves from the citizens of this ward. The master of the feast commanded me, and I came."

"If you came willingly," said the prophetess, "we make you welcome; but if unwillingly, then permit us in some manner to signify our good will. Will you feast with us?"

Cymon, in a confused manner, assented, and took the couch offered him, having with difficulty washed his hands in a basin which the two slaves held for him; at which the satirical guest laughed.

"I perceive, friend," said he, "you are either a musician or a drunkard, by the fiddling of your hands. But be comforted; we shall find you plenty of occupation in either capacity."

"You are very obliging," retorted the other; "but you mistake the cause of my trepidation. I took you for a Scythian or a Satyr by the cut of your face, but now you appear to be only some rude fellow."

"Well returned," said the other guest, laughing. "Our friend here has gotten what he gave; as on other occasions."

"He is unlucky, then," replied Cymon, "if he always gets what he gives. It is a poor jester that has never one triumph."

"I understand our friend differently," said Diotima, in a mild manner. "He de-

sires our good will, and would not feel happy to triumph over any of our distresses. He will not fail to make you love him. He is a fortunate lover, whose friends and mistresses favor him in a surprising manner."

"How," said Cymon, laughing—"him? Pray, who is one of his mistresses, reverend prophetess?"

"The Graces," answered she, "are signally kind to him."

Thereat the young man and the other guest laughed very heartily.

"He is like," said the former, "to have full exercise of his quality, for here are three of us against him."

"You mistake me," said Diotima, smiling. "I meant seriously to commend the good disposition and good fortune of our friend. It is true that he has the Graces at his bidding."

"The deities will think you belie them, good Diotima," said Cymon, who had now perfectly recovered himself, "if you name him as one of their favorites." Then turning to the ivory goddesses, he exclaimed, "I appeal to you, companions of the heavenly Venus, whether this fellow is indeed on the list of your favorites?" while he spoke, between jest and earnest, raising a cup of wine to his lips, and fixing his eyes upon the figures.

"If the anger of our guest against me," said Meton, "is abated, (and I confess the rudeness,) I desire you will tell him for my sake in what sense you think I am favored by the Graces; for he imagines you are satirizing me, as I did him—though, indeed, I meant only to infuse a little courage by arousing bold anger in him; and now you see he is all at once witty and companionable."

"I thank you, good Satyr, for the favor," said the young man; "and now, Diotima, pray explain this mystery. I am impatient to hear you speak on that matter."

"If Lysis," said she, turning to the other guest, "is of your mind, I will say what I mean."

"Do so," said Lysis, "by-and-by; but now I would rather hear from your own lips, what you have promised the jester and myself—the story of your own life."

"Have patience with me, young sir," said the prophetess, addressing Cymon, "while I keep a promise with Lysis. When you have heard my story, we will talk of the other matter."

Diotima then called for water, and having washed her hands, she reclined on her left arm, and gesticulating slowly and gracefully with the right, continued the story, while the three guests drank and feasted themselves in silence.

"The Lesbians, who are my countrymen, claim to be the rivals of the Athenians in all matters of taste and refinement, though they confess their superiority in war, and yield them an unwilling obedience. My father exceeded all the other citizens in his cordial hatred of Athens and her democracy, and being equally rich and powerful, was regarded, while he lived, as the leader of the patriotic party. For in Lesbos to be a patriot is to favor aristocracy; but here it is otherwise. My father's taste and opinions made his house a resort of cultivated persons of both sexes, and of all who professed any liberal art or science. Every day we were entertained with music and melodious verse; the most eloquent of the rhapsodists made us familiar with Homer, and the wittiest comedians entertained us with satires on the vulgar. Our nights were passed in banqueting, our mornings in the bath. We sat at evening under the shade of plane trees by cool rivulets, entertained with love tales, or with the sports and conversation of our friends. My early life slid away like a dream. I remember nothing remarkable until my fifteenth year; when I was made suddenly to feel the roughness of fortune, by a decree of the Demos, which banished my father from the Island for life. Taking none with him but myself, whom he tenderly loved, he sailed to Egypt in a vessel loaded with olives, with which, added to a remnant of his property, he meant to establish himself in Egypt, where there is a great colony of the Greeks. Let me assure you, my friends, I was not then what you now see me, a wrinkled old woman, but indeed, not a maid in Hellas might be ashamed of being likened to me: the marble Venus of Lesbos is a copy of my face and form, which the greatest of our artists preferred before all others. My beauty is celebrated in verse that will not perish, and I remem-

ber to have heard, that even Simonides wrote a song upon me, for love's sake only; though my father did not fail to reward him handsomely for every verse."

"My father was in dread lest my beauty should bring some mischief upon him during the voyage, and bade me keep a veil over my face; but one day when there was a great calm, (we were just then on the Rhodian shore,) I laid aside my veil for the sake of coolness, and commanded the female slave who attended me, to draw the curtain that concealed us from the rowers. They lay asleep on the benches—all but one, a young Athenian, who observed the movement of the curtain, and fixed his eyes upon my face. I resumed my veil, not without some apprehensions of the consequences of this imprudence, which were justified by the event; for, on the second day after, the crew rose upon my father and thrust him into the sea. The young Athenian, after this feat, came somewhat rudely into my recess, and informed me that he was master of the galley, that my father had fallen overboard in the night, but that I need not suffer any apprehension on that account, as he meant to be my protector. Imagine my grief and consternation. I threw myself at his feet, and begged he would not injure my honor, or sell me into slavery, but would rather make me his wife, for that now I should have no other protector. The young man's soul was filled with compassion. He raised me from the ground, and with a tender embrace swore that he would be my friend and husband, and that he would die in my defence. I accordingly became his wife, and suffered no inconvenience but sorrow for the death of my father, which afflicted me dreadfully for a long time.

"I soon began to have confidence in my husband, and even loved him a little. He very soon explained that he had designed, with others of the crew, of whom three or four were free Athenians, and the rest slaves, to sell me for a slave in Egypt, expecting a great price by reason of my beauty; that in consideration of his service as inventor and chief executor of the plot, the ship, with its slaves and cargo, was to be his; but that he presently effected an exchange, and partly by threats, and partly by promises of I know not what advantages, he had got me for his own property. And as the others knew nothing of me but through his report, he had misled them with a false account of my person, representing that as by no means the prodigy he had at first conceived it.

"This last confession nettled me not a little, and through all my sorrows I perceived an uneasiness of a very different kind. For the first time in my life, my personal advantages had been underrated. This leaven worked so powerfully, I resolved at last to right myself by a public disclosure; and one morning as we were coming by the western mouth of the Nile, where the Greeks are accustomed to enter Egypt, I let my veil drop as if by accident, while standing upon the stern in sight of my husband's companions. I perceived that they were astonished at my beauty, and that very night my husband was killed and thrown overboard. My horror and remorse may be conceived when I discovered the consequences of my weakness; but there was nothing left me but to bear it in silence. I was sold soon after to a rich Egyptian, who took me to his house, and finding my person agreeable, gave me every advantage and comfort that could be desired. The houses of Egypt resemble those of Athens, but are far more elegant and convenient. Indeed, the manners of the Egyptians surpass ours in most particulars, and I must regard them as a people far in advance of us in everything appertaining to luxury. We are their superiors in war, and might be their governors, did we but know it; and for the arts, nothing can be worse than their taste in these; but they know better than any other people the way to enjoy and make life comfortable.

"I soon became familiar with the language and manners of my master, and my proficiency was such he made a point of conversing with me himself, displaying a vast deal of learning, and singular notions in regard to religion; for I soon found that his opinions of the gods were not like those of my father, but much more mystical and refined. Manes (for that was my master's name) had been a priest of Ammon, in the desert, and had there learned the greater mysteries. The Pharao respected his learning and abilities so much as to grant him a pension with an office of

trust about the court; but because he too much favored the Greeks, the council denied him a judgeship, for which he had solicited, as it would have given him too frequent opportunities of showing his regard for our nation. Nevertheless my good master was a man of virtue above the Egyptian standard, and was faithful not only to his religion, but to the moral intimations of his own breast.

"After two years' residence with him, when I had perfectly acquired the language, and might, but for my beauty, have passed for an Egyptain, he procured me at vast cost an initiation as priestess. The wife of a priest in Egypt, is priestess herself, by virtue of her family and marriage; but if an Egyptian takes a woman of Greece to be his wife, he must procure her this privilege by enormous bribes, because of a law which forbids any but a man or woman of the *pure* land to be initiated. But in Egypt money will do everything.

"At this time Pythagoras was in Egypt, and had become a priest through favor of my husband and others of the Greek faction, who meant to break down the old prejudices. Seeing the military spirit of their nation extinct, and the Pharaos dependant on foreigners for the defence of his territory, they wished to mingle the two nations, declaring that as they were of Egyptian origin, the Greeks should be admitted of the military order, and treated as the brothers of the Egyptians. But these projects and opinions came all to nought.

"Pythagoras came often to our house in Heliopolis to converse with my husband. I remember well his tall, spare figure, and delicate complexion. His appearance and expression were unlike anything I have ever seen, for they combined the expression of an enthusiast with the manners of an aristocrat.

"We lived splendidly at Heliopolis. My husband's palace adjoined the great temple, where the worship of Ammon and of the Sun is daily solemnized. From the windows of the balcony and from the roof, we overlooked the great avenue leading to the temple, along which processions moved on each one of the many feast days of the Egyptians. One half the time we spent in banqueting and celebrations, the remainder in study and the rites of the Sun. My husband instructed me in all the mysteries. I read secretly the books of thrice great Hermes, which treat of polity, medicine, and indeed of all that appertains to this life; I composed poems in the sacred character, and soon had the reputation of the most learned, as well as of the handsomest woman in Egypt. My evening parties, suppers and festivals, were attended by all the nobility and their wives. Young nobles drove in their chariots every morning to my doors. Ambitious mothers sent their daughters to hear my conversations, and great wits were not ashamed to learn my verses, and repeat my good sayings.

"Let me describe to you one of my parties, that you may know how much better the women fare in Egypt, than with you Greeks. Wishing to make a young enthusiast, the daughter of a priest, acquainted with the wonderful Pythagoras, I sent him an invitation by a slave, on a scroll of gilt papyrus. At evening he came in a little bronze chariot, drawn by a spirited horse which he drove with his own hand. Alighting at the door of the court, he gave the reins to a servant, and passing through the court under a canopy of cloth, spangled to represent the heavens, under a shower of perfumes, he advanced to the great staircase, which is opposite the street door. Here my husband met him, clad in a dress of the purest linen of Egypt, and they two came together into the chamber where my friends were assembled.

"Need I describe the formal grace, the learned courtesy of the reception, when my husband, with a serene gravity, conducted his famous guest to a chair not inferior to Pharao's, and placing himself on his right hand, commanded me to sit upon the left? Then how the women and young nobles, who had risen at his entrance, came forward singly and were introduced, the women by myself, and the men by my husband; and how gracefully and soberly Pythagoras received them, rising and doing courtesy to each with a polite inclination of the head?"

"I beseech you, fair Diotima," said Cymon, interrupting her, "relate to us all the particulars of this reception, and the conversation of Pythagoras with your

young friend, if happily she accomplished her desire of hearing him converse. For I have a suspicion of something extraordinary in such a dialogue, though it happened on so courtly an occasion."

"Please, good friend," said Lysis, "Diotima shall tell us what she pleases. Thou art very impertinent to make such a request."

"He thinks there is some love matter in it," said the other; "for I plainly observe a kind of lustre in his eyes."

"It is the wine, good Meton," observed the young man, blushing. "And now, dear Diotima, I will not again interrupt you."

"The room of reception," said the prophetess, continuing her story, "was of vast size, supported by rows of columns of white marble, stained with emblematic figures. The floor was covered with a thick cloth of wool, worked in figures of sphinxes and water lilies, in blue and gold. The roof had many openings, between the beams of gilt cedar, which rested on the columns; through which came a light subdued by passing through colored slabs of transparent stone. The columns were garlanded with water-lilies, which gave a rich perfume, and from opposite openings in the pictured walls, might be heard at intervals the voice of sweet singers, and the soft music of harps and flutes, echoing and accompanying each other. When the guests were seated, a collation was served by a band of black slaves, clothed each in white tunic, to heighten the darkness of their skin."

"Pray tell me," said Mycon, "whether these were Ethiopians."

"No," said the prophetess, "they were from a country of forests beyond the great desert. The Ethiopians resemble the Egyptians. But these blacks hardly resemble men, so uncouth are they. When the black slaves had taken away the collation, which we ate from little plates of glass, the blacks entertained us with songs and dances after their manner, with which the guests, and especially Pythagoras, were wonderfully delighted, and evinced their pleasure by repeated bursts of merriment."

Here the jester Meton made a motion with his hand, and said:

"I confess, good Diotima, this description of yours might continue to entertain a company of young people, though you went on with it until morning. But I am prodigiously stupid at the hearing of all kinds of histories, unless some demon turns them all into jests for me. But this story of yours is far too dull for jesting, and I therefore weary of it. Pray, say nothing more about these garlands and courtesies—let us have a little of the talk that passed. I fancy Pythagoras made a rare ass of himself."

"Hear the fellow!" exclaimed Cymon. "But if *you* are to suffer by him, good Diotima, I am content to suffer with you. Nevertheless, I long to hear something of this conversation. Pray, what was the topic of it?"

As Cymon said this, he took up a vase of wine very suddenly, and put it to his face to hide his confusion, for he was terribly in love with a fair niece of Diotima's who was in the house, and whom he hoped to catch a sight of that night. Nothing would serve him but to talk of love, for he watched an opportunity to let Diotima into his secret, and at the same time to discover the generosity of his sentiments. But Diotima had detected and approved his passion for her niece. But on this occasion he became subject to a certain proverb; for, tipping the vase too far, he poured the wine over his bosom and over the pillow of the couch, on which he leaned with his left elbow. Thereat the others laughed again, and he, covered with confusion, would have run from the room, had not Lysis laid hands upon him.

"Come," said he, "young sir, you shall share the couch with me, since your own is taken by Bacchus."

"Ay," said the jester, "his courage, that I gave him, he lost to the Graces, and now, that his couch is taken by Bacchus, he has nothing left but his youth and his innocence."

Cymon, greatly nettled at this speech, which was spoken in a ridiculously sad voice, began to conceive a suspicion of Meton, and would have violently hurled the vase at his head, had he not been staid by a look from Diotima, who, when he had taken his place upon the couch with Lysis, continued her story as follows:—

"I shall not hesitate, my friends, to relate a part of the conversation of Pythago-

ras with myself, my husband, and the young priestess of Eros; because, not only of Cymon's desire, and yours, good Meton, but because of my first promise to Lysis, that I would relate the history of my life. From the date of this interview I began to live differently, turning all my thoughts upon spiritual matters, that I might attain that prophetic power which it is conceded that I now possess. But before this, even to the thirtieth year of my life, my thoughts had been limited to my pleasures and reputation. Until then I loved glory for the pleasure it brings; now, I loved it no less, but began worthily to pursue it. For I would have you know that the passion of glory, like love, differs in the pure and the impure, not as to the end, but as to the mode of attaining it. For as an honorable lover gains his end by generous and unreserved affection, and the dishonorable by the contrary, thinking only of his own pleasure,"—Here Diotima glanced at Cymon, who crimsoned with delight and shame—"so, the true lover of glory seeks the universal love of men, by cultivating in himself true and loveable qualities, while the falsely ambitious entices men with a show, and feasts upon stolen praises."

"Let us compare him," said Lysis, "to a cunning fisherman, who with a bit of glittering metal draws the fish to his hook."

"And the other," rejoined Cymon, "is like a good shepherd whom the sheep love for the good food he gives them."

"I will compare him," said the jester, "to a jar of sweetened vinegar, which a rascally slave brings you for wine of Cos, when you are so drunk you know no difference of tastes."

"Good," responded Mycon; "and half mankind are drunk all their lives, and know not the taste of true honor."

"Pythagoras," continued the prophetess, "after many kind words and pleasant compliments, drew us gradually to the topic, as I had forewarned him to do, and presently engaged us all in a delightful manner; hearing the word of each, and giving the stupidest remark an elegant turn to the advantage of the person who made it. We were soon quite intoxicated with the beauty of his discourse. The young nobles forgot themselves and their fair companions, and all crowded about us, standing or pushing their seats as near as civility would let them. I took care that a soft strain of music should continue while we talked, which rolled tenderly through the alcoves and took off the harshness of our voices."

"Gods," exclaimed Meton, "I shall begin presently to shed tears, good Diotima, to think I was not there."

But the others bid him be silent, and Diotima continued:

"Pythagoras would not direct his conversation to the young priestess of Eros, more than to the others, for fear of putting her to shame; but shaped all he said with wonderful ingenuity to her thoughts, while he seemed to be answering the question of another, or relating some anecdote to please the whole. I cannot pretend to any recollection of his words, and must repeat his sentiments in my own. He related to us the fable of Eros, and of his birth out of the darkness, and then said that this fable signified the birth of love in the soul; for that the first darkness meant only the selfish instinct of man, out of which love for the parent who cherishes him, springs like a smiling infant full of light and warmth."

"There is hope in this infant," said the jester: "I perceive it will grow a great baby."

At this, Lysis could not help laughing, but Cymon showed signs of violent anger.

"He spoke of Typho," continued the prophetess, "as one with darkness and selfish isolation. That there is a continual war between this evil principle and the first love, the Eros or Horus; for that Typho, dark and cruel, draws all things down to death and isolation; but that love expands and unites, producing a wonderful music or harmony for souls, which is the language, or song, of the gods.

"Love appears first in matter warring with the evil Principle, or with darkness and the fixed. It perpetuates the affinities of all things, and is the cause of the oneness of the world. The planets revolve about the sun according to its law; for as the love of the child causes it to revolve in a manner about the parent, and the love of the wife causes her to move harmoniously in the sphere of her superior, so move the heavenly lovers, the planets

with their sun. Hence the people of the East call the sun the husband of the planets, because they move about him, bound by his love. If the power of the love of two heavenly bodies is equal in each, then are they sun and planets, each to the other, and move in one circle about their common centre; and this is the most beautiful of all heavenly motions. But it usually happens that an inferior is bound to a superior; and then she moves about him as inferior, receiving from him both light and warmth. But all love is mutual even among the stars, and the lover originates it in her he loves, and she in him in her turn. But he is moved according to her power; if equal, equally; if unequal, unequally.

"Then the young priestess, Dione, the daughter of Polias, addressing herself to me, spoke as follows:

"'Pythagoras tells us a new thing, that the most beautiful of all the heavenly motions, is that of an equal about an equal; and I am persuaded the women of Egypt will not agree with him in this; for the oath of marriage makes them superior to their husbands in domestic affairs, nor are they backward in asserting a superiority in all other things. But it seems more beautiful to me, that the husband should be the superior in all important matters, as is the custom among the barbarians and the Greeks.' 'How,' said I, hastily, 'do you see the better kind of women asserting a superiority, or even an equality? or is it only a few discontented weaver's wives who do this, of the kind that are forward to speak at the sacrifices, and in the market? I have seen one of these lead home her infant in one hand and her husband in the other, as the greater infant of the two."

Then began a great contest among the women, as to which was the better condition, that the wife should rule the husband, or the husband the wife, as our law has it. But Dione, with Pythagoras, Manes and myself, remained silent until there should be room for a reasonable word. After the uproar had a little subsided, Manes spoke.

"'I begin to see,' said he, 'my wise friends, that you will never decide this question in theory, but that each of you must discover what is true in practice.'

"Then, as his custom was, he began to relate a fable in the eastern manner."

"Let us hear this fable," said Lysis; "I like an apologue above all things."

Then, when the jester and the young man had signified the same desire, the prophetess spake as follows:

"In Mandara, before Amun had created men, there lived a nation of apes who had speech. The bodies of these apes were inhabited by certain demons, who used them for their own purpose. Barata, a wise spirit, who inhabited the body of a crow, conceived a hatred against the apes because they mocked his chattering, and ridiculed his grave and cunning ways. He determined to destroy them, and set about it in the following manner: Assuming the figure of a very aged ape, he came and stood by a spring where the females came to drink. He stood leaning on his staff, looking into the water, and retaining this position, without change, for a year, acquired the reputation of extreme sanctity; for it is necessary that the fickle should venerate the fixed. At the end of a year, the females began to bring offerings; and the water of the spring was esteemed holy. At the end of a second year, Barata keeping his position, great multitudes flocked to worship him, and throw offerings of fruit into the water, which floated away and were eaten by the crows and other birds friendly to Barata, and who knew his design. At the end of the third year, Barata moved his head as though to speak, and the multitude of females fled away in terror or dropped down in a swoon, so astonished were they to see a motion in him. When they were a little recovered, Barata waved his hand and addressed them as follows: 'Listen to me, ye females who desire sacred knowledge.' When he had said this, a number came forward and approached near him, and some would have embraced his feet. Then he continued, 'Listen to me, ye who desire the prosperity of the just.' When Barata had said this, one only came forward of the multitude that covered, as it stood, a plain broader than Shinar. But when, for the third time, he added, 'Listen to me, you who would reap honor where you have sown idleness,' the whole demoniacal body rushed eagerly to be near him, and in their

haste trampled the single just one to death.

"When my husband came to this part of the story," said the prophetess, "I perceived a movement as of indignation in the listeners, though it was so slight none seemed to observe it. Then, in a grave voice, he continued:

"When Barata saw the multitude attentive, and eagerly expecting what he should say to them, he spoke as follows:

"'I know not what I shall say to win your regard, which I desire above all things. A god inspires me to think him blessed whom you love. What can I more desire than your love, and how can I more deserve it than by making you blessed? But my wisdom is able to do this. Is not all virtue admirable? But what avails virtue unadmired?' Then the multitude murmured, signifying that they cared nothing for virtue unadmired. 'Nay, then,' continued Barata, 'we are nothing without honor. To be honored is to be blessed. I seek to make you blessed by making you honored. If you desire to know by what means, signify as much.' Then the whole multitude screamed an assent, and Barata continued: 'To be honored is to be an equal or a superior. For what honor has an inferior? Ye are miserable inferiors.' 'We know it,' exclaimed many; but some groaned, and would have stoned the sage had they been allowed by the rest. 'To be superior is to have ease, and pleasure, and honor. To be inferior is inconsistent with happiness. But you were made for happiness.' 'We were,' screamed the multitude. 'Go, then,' he continued, 'bid your husbands grant you happiness; refuse any longer to defeat the ends of your being; invent a thousand ways to show your equality, and if possible your superiority; and you will not fail to become the rulers of those whom you serve." So saying, Barata quit the shape he had assumed, and taking that of a griffon, flew away over their heads. Then the multitude of females agreed among themselves to observe the words of Barata, and to conceal them from the males. But failing to accomplish their aim with these, they began to educate their male offspring in a feminine manner, to have them at their service, while the females were permitted to enjoy their ease. Then letters were invented by these demons, and the males being unused to warlike occupation, addicted themselves to sedentary pursuits. And their numbers gradually diminished, for they became a prey to wild beasts and birds, the friends of Barata; and in two centuries their race was extinct, and the crows inhabited their forests."

When Diotima had made an end of the fable, Lysis said, hesitatingly:

"The story, good Diotima, is displeasing to me in many respects, nor do I fully perceive the application of it; though Manes clearly intends to speak of a contest between the sexes which did not begin yesterday, nor will end, as I think, while men and women exist. The conclusion is like a bad verse at the end of a good poem, which the poet is afraid to finish as he began. But now let us hear more of Pythagoras and the wise daughter of Polias. I fancy she might say a good thing or so."

"We were all disappointed as you were," continued Diotima, "with the conclusion of the fable, as well as with the moral of it, and expected to be made amends by what Pythagoras should say further to the young priestess. But seeing that some began to be weary, I proposed games, and among others a game of penalties, that I might compel Dione to repeat verses, which she did with so peculiar a grace, that we were perfectly delighted and snatched away from ourselves. Then, being director of our sports, I commanded Pythagoras to make an oration in praise of Love, which he did, though very unwillingly; and I saw that he turned his eyes away from Dione, who sat blushing and hiding her mouth with her lotus.* Pythagoras looked a little angry and disturbed when I commanded him to make an oration in praise of Love; but when he perceived the guests expectant, and a silence made, he began, hesitatingly, as follows:

"'We are all lovers and beloved—child and parent, brother and brother, husband and wife, friend and friend. But in love there are degrees. We love or hate every living thing when we behold it, because it

* Water lily, carried in the hand by Egyptian ladies at entertainments.—Wilkinson, Man. and Cust. of the Egyptians.

gives pain or pleasure to the eye, and promises pain or pleasure to the soul. The blind love the hand that touches them kindly, and the voice that affects them gently. Pleasure, therefore, is the ground of love, and if we desire to be loved, we must be able to please. By the pleasure we receive our love is measured; but as the dull ear receives no pleasure from the rarest music, the dull heart is insusceptible to the tender pleasures of love. Observe how the touch of the musician's finger draws a sweet tone from the harp; so will the touch of a loving hand draw out a bliss in the soul.

"'The whole action of a true votary of Eros, will be to convey happiness to others, while he seeks the same for himself. But if the votary finds it in vain to do this, appealing to a dull heart, he will cease, and have no more desire to give or to receive his proper pleasure.

"'The friend desires only to please his friend, seeking no reward but that of knowing that he gives pleasure in the manner intended. For if he means only to convey a pleasure of sense, he is satisfied when he succeeds in this. But if he desires also to convey a pleasure to the heart, or to the spirit, he will not be satisfied unless this desire is accomplished.

"'The first kind of love is base in its degree, regarding only the pleasure of the lover, and not that of the person loved. The second is personal and of the heart, and unites friends of all name—husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend. This is the affection that must share the pleasure that it gives with the person pleased; but it is limited to such as are able to return good for good, and pleasure for pleasure.

"'The third and last kind is indifferent who the person pleased may be; but regards all mankind, existing, present, and to be hereafter. This is the love of glory. Its desire is to impress all with a sense of the worth of the universal lover—the lover of glory; and it does this by laying open to all eyes, its own admirable qualities.

"'In the school of sensuous and affectionate pleasure, this Immortal Love takes its first lessons of pleasing, but its own pleasure is only in a persuasion that it is regarded by all men as an universal source or cause of pleasure. Learn, then, O friends, to know when it is that you mistake the sensuous desire of self-pleasure for that true friendship, which can receive only while it gives. And learn to separate your friendship from your love of glory, which, in less or greater circle, includes all your world.'"

Here Diotima paused in her narrative, and the jester would have made one of his sharp speeches, but Cymon, shaking the cup as though to hurl it, put him to silence.

"Pythagoras took an advantage of you, good prophetess," said Lysis, "and fairly revenged himself. You looked for entertainment, and he treated you to a prosy lecture with a moral at the tail of it."

"Ay," rejoined the jester, defending his head with his arm, with a wink at Cymon, "this sage might have said a wise thing or so, had he not been in love. But, alas! the passion makes fools of us."

Cymon, upon this, could not contain his vexation.

"Dear Diotima," said he, "command this joker to keep silence, since you will not let me break his head for him."

But she, waving her hand to the young man, bade him put down the cup which he seemed ready to throw, for that she set a great value on the jester's head for the value of what was in it.

"It is a vinegar-cruet," retorted Cymon, "with the face of a satyr carved on it."

"And thy cranium," rejoined Meton, "shall be compared to a milk pitcher with a straight handle; but the milk is a little turned."

At this sally, Diotima smiled a little, but at the same time looked kindly at Cymon, as if to see how he would bear it. But Lysis, taking up the silver cup out of which he had been drinking, showed Cymon two masks carved on either side of it, one the face of Admetus's shepherd, and the other, of a Pan with pipes.

"There are two sides," said he, "young sir, to every perfect figure; and he is the fool who insists there is but one."

Then Cymon blushed and hung down his head, and the prophetess continued her story as follows:

"When Pythagoras had made an end of his brief oration, of which I have related only the substance to you, having no ability to give it that elegance which it took from him, the guests were silent, as not daring

either to applaud or condemn. But the young priestess, plucking up a spirit, spoke as follows:

"'You spoke, grave sir, of a *love* of glory, as though it were like friendship, or even the same with true love itself, but more universal and refined. Is it necessary to think, then, that the ambitious, who are lovers of glory, are in truth a kind of passionate lovers, and affect fame as if it were a mistress?'

"Dione spoke these words with hesitation and a great deal of blushing, so that we were all ashamed for her, and wished to help out her wise speech; which had so happy an effect upon our spirits, somewhat sunk by Pythagoras's great manner of speaking, (for his voice was like harmonious thunder,) we seemed all to join in her question, and every one looked kindly upon her. Then the Greek spoke again in these words:

"'The lovers of true glory are visited by a comforting spirit, which is pure and holy. It fills them with magnanimity, and grace, and honor. It exalts them to great endeavor for the sake of men: they despise all else for the happiness of men. But the happiness which they desire to give is not solitary, like that of a self-reliant soul, but harmonious, as when a company of friends listen together to sweet music, by which they are made one, and feel as one. This, therefore, is a kind of love: the passion of glory is a kind of love. For the mark of love is, that it desires a harmony or union of pleasure and grief; converting pleasure into bliss, and sorrow into tender sadness. And this it is that teaches the poet to harmonize his sorrows and his pleasures, that others may mingle in them, as in love with himself; for the poet is a lover of glory. And this it is that inspires the speaker with rich power, and gives a pleasure to his voice; for he desires to be mingled in the great sea of divine ideas with the souls of those that hear him. And this it is that urges the hero to the gate of death, defying terror and terrible rage; for he wishes to be mingled in courage with the souls of all the brave, both present, and that have been, and to come. This, then, is a love that we call love of glory, magnanimity, humanity, and by other harmonious appellations; but we might name it the inspiring or comforting spirit, since it is that which inspires all good deeds for the love of man. It makes men lovers of their country and their name, descending on whole companies like a fire from heaven, making all despise death for the love of all.'

"While he said these things," continued the prophetess, "I was in a manner seized upon by the spirit of silence, and the others with me remained mute. But Dione wept passionately, and was not able to hide her tears. But it was the power of his voice and of his eye which moved us, for it seemed as if the sea had spoken to the hills.

"After we had waited a little time in this silence, I rose and invited my guests into the garden. We went out into cool air, under a heaven glowing with stars. The jewel of Athor had sunk behind the western mountains, but Athor herself, the gloomy Night, rested on the hills. Ascending by a great stair to the summit of the sepulchre at the end of the garden, we stood overlooking the city that lay silent like a place of tombs. The Nile was at the full of his rise, and covered all Egypt like a sea. We beheld afar off the glimmer of lights in the island cities, or saw them moving on the waters. Dione leaned on the arm of our guest, and began to ask him many things regarding the heavenly spheres. Then we drew near him, expecting to hear a wonderful discourse of astronomy; nor were we disappointed, for he spake of the all-glorious sun as of the lord of the near worlds, and of the stars as of other suns ruling other worlds. He told us of the sacred circles of the planets and their harmony; of the music of their motion, which is a geometric melody of the mind. But of these you have often heard. Then opening the book of the centuries, he set forth the order of creation, and spoke of man the crowning work of God, declaring that for him all these were made; that in him the Deity, hidden from his own sight, emerges as from a sea, casting up a wave which is his form.

"Need I tell you, my friends, how this discourse affected us? Dione caught the fall of his slow voice as a thirsty soul with open mouth catches large drops of rain over the desert. I confess I listened with

my whole body, for never before had science seemed beautiful to me, until this man mingled it with divine dreams.

"While we stood discoursing and listening, day began to appear. We descended the great stairs, and came in, slow and scattering, to the house, the guests taking their leave of me as they passed; for I and Dione lingered behind with Manes and Pythagoras. When all were gone but the sage and the young priestess, we invited them to retire, which they accepting, were shown each by a train of slaves into sumptuous apartments, not unworthy to be the chambers of princes. But these were princes indeed, for even the Pharao feared Pythagoras; and for Dione, she shone a pure star among the pure."

When Diotima had made an end, Lysis thanked her for the description of the banquet of Pythagoras, but seemed astonished at the boldness of the Egyptian women. "I desire," said he, "good Diotima, that no such sage or prophet may appear in Athens, intoxicating young girls with discourses of this kind."

"And pray," said the prophetess, "what is it that you fear for them, my prudent friend?"

"That they learn to love banquets and conversations, and go a hunting after fine phrases, which nature forbids to any but the poets."

"A very slight consequence you mention," said Cymon, "my kind Lysis. What harm may follow a little affectation?"

"When you are older, good youth, you will find that affectation in speech and manners is not the innocent thing it seems to be."

"How so?" inquired the jester in a grave voice.

"I have long noticed," answered Lysis, "that such as use an unnatural cant phrase, in speech or writing, make bad friends, or rather no friends at all. They are an adaptive kind of persons, surprisingly ready to shape themselves to the disposition of any one whom they wish to please; but are for the most part full of cankerous animosity and contempt."

"But how is it possible," rejoined Cymon, "for the conversation of a wise and unaffected person like Pythagoras, a man, if I may so speak, intoxicated with divinity, to breed this hateful littleness and conceit in any soul?"

"I do not say that he breeds it there," answered Lysis; "but only that he gives occasion for it. When the master sings, the dog barks."

"It is this barking that offends me," said the jester, with the same apparent gravity. "I am accustomed to compare the voices of these people," continued he, affecting a deep seriousness, "to the echoes of speeches which return only the emphasized syllables."

"A stiff comparison," said Lysis, laughing at the gravity of the other; but he continued undisturbedly. "And the faces that speak them, I compare to tragic masks, through which the words of a good poet are pertly delivered. The persons themselves I resemble to an unscoured kneading trough, into which the good housewife carelessly put her dough, but it presently began to corrupt. For the words of the sages themselves, they are like the rain which falls equally into filthy sewers and golden pitchers. And for the effects of their words, I observe the kennels swell most after a summer shower."

Cymon and Lysis applauded this speech heartily, and the prophetess seemed not displeased with it.

"I will add one more," she said, smiling, "to your similitudes. I will compare the words of the wise to the rain that unfolds tender buds; and say that poisonous nightshade feels it as genially as the grass and grain."

"And now, my friends," said Lysis, "let Diotima continue her history; for I see the morning entering."

"For my part," said the young man, "I desire to hear more of this young Egyptian priestess, who seems to be in love with the very wise Pythagoras. Tell us in a few words, dear Diotima, what befell the amiable Dione."

"At another time," answered the prophetess, "I will relate her story, as I had it from hearsay."

"Go on, then, dear prophetess," said Lysis, "with your own story, and let us hear the loves of Dione at another time."

"The morning is well begun," answered she, "and though I desire your company, good friends, I will even break off here,

and, if it pleases you, relate the after-fortune of my life at another time."

"Especially your spiritual history," said the young man.

"As my friends will," answered she; "but why should I be so much of a talker, when here is one to whom the Graces are favorable, and who is better able to please you than I am?"

She said these words in so pleasant and playful a tone, shining with her lustrous eyes upon the rude Meton, he was abashed, and turned his head away. But Cymon now began to show symptoms of discontent; for he had hoped ere this to have found a private opportunity with the prophetess, meaning to disclose his love for her niece; but she, penetrating his thoughts, paid no heed to him, but only joined with Lysis, who was urging the jester to his part in a story, vowing, in jest, that if he did not, he, Lysis, would begin a very prosy one himself. Cymon declared he would rather sleep under Lysis than lie awake under Meton. But the jester, who secretly desired to talk, began presently as follows:

"Since you, good Diotima, wish to hear me, and you, grave Lysis, are of the same mind, I may use my endeavors notwithstanding the youth, whom I pity for his condition," (here Cymon gave a groan,) "which is exactly that of the fox who could not get his head into the narrow-necked jug into which the crane put his dinner."

"Stop, good sir," said the prophetess, beginning to laugh at the sight of Cymon's sad countenance. "This is no story, but a very cruel amusement."

"Before Meton begins his story," said Lysis, "I insist that he tell us in what particulars our friend here resembles the ox."

"Because," said the jester, "it is his fate to be unable to enjoy anything deep or witty, (which is the case with all lovers.) I, who resemble the crane, could sip nothing out of his flat dish; and now, he as little of my witticisms, that have a depth and a pith for a deep sense to get at, (though I say it.) I will tell you a story of an old woman that lived in the Piræus not long ago, and what a cunning way she took to get a living."

"Let the story, good joker, be a short and pithy one, like the farce after the tragedy," said Lysis, "that we may all go home in a good humor."

But the jester, making no reply, continued as follows:

"This old woman sold cresses for a small profit; but she had a little yellow dog, that brought her more money than all her simples, though she kept the best parcels in the market."

When the jester had got thus far with his story, he stopped and lay quite silent, sipping a little wine with a dull expression. The others waited a while, thinking he would go on, but Cymon grew impatient.

"Well," said he, "and what of the dog?"

"This dog," said the jester, "had a familiar demon, who befriended the old woman."

"But is it true?" said the young man.

"As true," answered the other, "as the calendar."

"Pray go on," said Cymon, seeing that the jester did not proceed.

When Meton heard this request, he squeezed up the corners of his eyes with a grin, and proceeded:

"You must know, my young friend, that there are two kinds of demons, the good and the bad; and that every man has one of each appointed him at birth."

"I know it," said the other; "but how for the women? Have they a demon?"

"O yes, several," replied the jester, "but with this difference—that the woman's demon, be it good or evil, is not allowed to manifest itself to her directly, but must appear in some other shape; whereas the man's demon may enter into him directly, and become spiritually visible to himself, without external appearance."

"I never heard that before," said Cymon, with a look of surprise.

"Your not having heard it makes nothing against it," said the jester; "but it is certain that this dog had a demon who was a friendly genius to his mistress."

"Was the dog a female?" said the young man, musingly.

Thereupon Lysis and the jester burst into a laugh, but the prophetess discovered no emotion of any kind.

"I wished to know," said the young

man, "whether the demons of males might inhabit female animals."

"Pray what conjurations have you in hand?" said Lysis, continuing to laugh. But seeing Diotima look offended, he motioned the jester to continue his story; but Cymon would not be put off, and appealed with his question to the prophetess. She assured him mildly,

"Those who profess to know the nature of the good and evil demons, declare they are of no sex, and can inhabit a male or a female body at pleasure."

Meton objected.

"I feel certain to have seen women," said he, "possessed by the male demons, some good and some evil."

But Diotima would not suffer him to proceed.

"I restrict you," said she, "to the finishing of this story, for it is broad morning, and I hear banqueters going home from the ward feast."

Just at this moment there was a noise of voices in the street, some singing, others shouting, as if intoxicated; and while we listened, some began to beat at the gate; and presently it was opened and a number of young men with garlands on their heads, came into the court calling for Diotima. She immediately rose, and going to the door, they saluted her and threw their garlands at her feet, and presented gifts of wine and other delicacies; and one threw a rich robe over her shoulders, and kneeling down kissed her hand as if she had been a princess. She received their gifts, and having dismissed them courteously, returned to the banquet room, where her guests were waiting in some wonder as to the result. When they saw her returning with the purple robe upon her shoulders, having the air of a princess, they were struck with astonishment. But she only dismissed them, after appointing another day to finish her story, and bidding Cymon attend her in another apartment. Then having saluted her, they left the house.

THE NEW MACHIAVEL.

The establishment of a people in the enjoyment of liberty and competency is allowed by all writers to be the noblest work in which a man of great spirit can be engaged; but as the opportunity of composing constitutions and building up institutions of freedom is rare, and happens only once in a century or more, it well becomes the ambitious spirits of those ages which offer none of these fortunate occasions to look about them, lest, for mere want of occupation, they fall into contempt, and play the miserable part of eulogists, and defenders of antiquated systems. Their only chance for distinction lies in being the first to pull down what their fathers established. Military conquerors of the despotic order have rare opportunities of immortalizing themselves in this fashion. The arts which they pursue are well known, and have not yet gone out of use. But of that order of conquerors who busy themselves chiefly about the foundations of their own States, the world is not half so well informed; not because their work is any less difficult and praiseworthy than that of the warlike order, but that it requires a subtlety and refinement of genius which historians either do not always appreciate, or will not be at the pains to set before the world in a proper light.

A great politician, lately retired from office, and who employs the leisure of his old age in reading, and meditation upon his own experience, proposes to write a volume for the use of statesmen, and for politicians, by which he shall guide them to a more systematic and effectual de-

struction of their institutions, than they ever could accomplish under the merely natural impulse of ambition and the love of change.

We happen to be very intimate with the designer of this treatise, which its author means to entitle "The New Machiavel; or a Treatise on the Art of Destroying a Nation from within." The first part will be a profound essay on the nature and uses of Opinion, and of the various arts of creating it. Of this portion a friend quite competent to the task, has promised us a popular review. The author evidently regards it as the most important portion of his work, for at the very page we find this sentence, "The Constitution and Laws of a people rest upon three columns: these are, Prejudice, Interest and Opinion." It is unnecessary to remind the reader that whatever rests upon three legs, if *one* be knocked away, will fall to the ground. Our author believes that the Prejudices of a people, which are quite distinct from their speculative Opinions, are a main support of their government, and he proposes to devote a separate treatise to the art of undermining inherited prejudices.

The third part is of the Interests of a Nation—in what they consist, and how they are most judiciously and easily brought to the ground. As the practical experience of our author lies chiefly in that field, he having been the cause of undermining and annihilating larger and more valuable Interests, than have ever before been ruined by any private adventurer, without detriment to himself, may be regarded as perfectly good authority upon this topic at least.

One principal defect, however, has been noticed by the judicious who have seen these treatises, and that is that the venerable writer, while he tells us how to bring down the edifice of state in a tasteful and magnificent style, so as to make a very fine ruin of it, neglects to show us how to "stand from under;" and while we read "of trains and plots and machinations dire," our enthusiasm is checked by the reflection that some of these grand engineers might possibly be hoist with their own petards, or buried under a falling column. These, it may be, are but the reflections of nervous and over-fearful persons. To give some faint idea of the work, we subjoin a few extracts from the plan.

"To destroy the interests of a nation the most effectual methods are obviously those which will sink the largest amount of labor and capital, or which will turn the labor and capital of the people into the least productive channels. This cannot be done immediately, or in one generation, and the most that we of this time can do is to begin the work.

"Having by a judicious working upon opinion, induced the people to elect an Executive sufficiently ignorant, obstinate, and ambitous, you have then to provide a suitable cabinet for guiding and instigating. You are to keep all real information out of reach and hearing of your Executive, and fill his ear with continual flatteries, so that his opinion of his own judgment, where it is necessary that he have any, be swelled to the largest. He will then be in a good condition to use, for carrying out your grand scheme.

"Having now got your Executive ready, and in good order for the work, you must begin by setting him against something, with which he shall be heartily angry. Anger and pride together, will make him persevere. This may be either some great public institution, as a legislative body, a moneyed corporation, a college, a church, or a neighboring State. If you can engage him in 'a little war,' be content: *little* wars always continue long, and cost more in the end than *great* wars, which agrees with your main design.

"It may be shown that wars of conquest are the best in the world for your purposes: for—

"1. They are the greatest destroyers of property, by sinking productive capital in the maintenance of unproductive bodies of men, armies, navies, office-holders, and the vast crowd of idlers that live upon their means while waiting for offices; which is a great consideration.

"2. By a national debt, increasing the number of speculators, stock-jobbers, and the like.

"3. By the sudden augmentation of the army and navy, a vast number of laborers, mechanics, dealers and contractors, previously engaged in commercial or other economical pursuits for the increase of national wealth, are now engaged in the production of a surplus, which is to be consumed without render or profit to the nation.

"The surplus capital of the nation, which would otherwise have been used for the cultivation of farms, the building of cities, the establishment of manufactories, and the opening of new channels of internal and external commerce, is now directed upon the production of clothes, food, munitions of war, forts, navies, &c., which, instead of being a profitable investment for the surplus of the national wealth, are in fact a perpetual sink and drain, swallowing up in taxes for their after maintenance and support, those earnings of poor men, which would otherwise have just lifted them a little above poverty.

"This last effect is of the greatest importance to your scheme. We know very well, and you must not fail to persuade the people, that a war stimulates the industry of a nation, gives employment to a vast number of persons, and employs a great amount of capital. It is not this first effect, however, but the secondary consequences of war, which should occupy your attention—namely, that all this industry and wealth is employed, so to speak, in digging a pit to throw in the people's money.

"Having got your war well agoing, and the public debts running mountain high, you will now observe a three-fold effect on the nation: *first*, a general stagnation of business, following on the close of the war; *secondly*, a large increase of crime and poverty, through the return of myriads of adventurers; *lastly*, but which will appear more slowly, the enlargement of the class of paupers, and the depression of the working classes generally, through the necessary effects of taxation.

"If the nation enjoyed a free trade before the war, you will now find it necessary to raise your tariffs as high as possible; an operation which will injure some nations and benefit others; but by a skillful adjustment of duties you may succeed in killing off some valuable manufactures and stimulating others that will be of little or no value. Your main reliance, however, will be on taxation. The debt having been incurred, it must be paid; but you will bend all your efforts toward increasing the number of the poor, who are always your very dear friends; and what good man is there that does not wish to increase the number of his friends? To this end you will begin by taxing the necessaries of life, food, fuel, clothes, &c., taking care to persuade the people that the loss will fall upon the traders and producers, who will take good care on their part to sustain little or none of it. The man who saved forty dollars a year will now save but twenty, and he who enjoyed twenty will have nothing to spare; he who lived decently and saved nothing will now live meanly and have nothing, and those who lived meanly and laid up no earnings, will fall into poverty, debt and dependence. Thus by your vast army and navy you have not only conquered the enemy and earned a great name for yourself, but you have conquered and subjected a vast body of refractory citizens, poor people, who will not fail to swell the ranks of the *Reform* party, which is always *yours*."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The late financial crisis has been the subject of long debate in the British Parliament. The matter was brought forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 30th Nov., and committees of investigation have been appointed by both Houses. From the debate it appears the ministers are of opinion that, although the pressure may have been ultimately aggravated by the Currency Act of 1844, yet its real cause was an unprecedented drain on the available capital of the country, partly for the purchase of corn and partly for permanent investment in railroads, which began in the summer of 1846, and acting on an unduly extended state of credit, brought on the revulsion. In 1837 there was a season of great commercial depression, which destroyed the houses whose credit was too much extended. In 1839 occurred a severe drain of gold for purchases of corn, but trade being in a healthy state the commerce of the country was not very materially affected. In October, 1847, the circulation in the hands of the public, including bank post bills, was £19,577,000, being £3,000,000 more than at the same period in 1839; and the private securities lodged with the bank were £21,260,000, also showing an increase of £8,000,000 above Oct., 1839; from which it appears that the pressure was not from the mere want of notes or bank accommodation. In the summer of 1846, the Bank of England had on hand a very large amount of bullion and a large reserved fund; and they, in consequence, reduced the rate of interest to three per cent. There was also at that time an accumulation of deposits of railroad money in the hands of the London bankers, which enabled them to afford facilities to commerce, and made the money market easy. At that time there existed an unlimited expansion of credit. The harvest of 1846 failed and the potato crop also, which caused a great drain of gold from the country for the purchase of corn; and in this period the increased demand of capital for railroads had begun to take place; and the consumption of manufactured articles diminished, in consequence of the high price of food. In January the Bank raised the rate of interest, first to 3½, and afterwards to 4 per cent. The drain of capital for railroads and food increased; and the rate of interest in the money market (not at the Bank) became higher. One of the most important railroad companies announced they were prepared to pay 5 per cent. for money on loan; the Bank fixed the same rate of discount, and then came the panic. The Bank is severely blamed for having imprudently parted with their gold, and having afterwards too suddenly restricted their discounts, by which latter operation a great state of alarm was created. On the 30th July the notes in circulation amounted to £18,892,000; on the 5th August the Bank raised the rate of discount to 5½ per cent., and about that time the great commercial failures began; but these failures, with few exceptions, were then confined to houses in the corn trade. Between May and September the price of corn had fallen no less than 50 per cent.; the average price in May being 102s. per quarter, and in September about 48s. The cost of corn imported, from June, 1846, to Jan., 1847, was £5,139,000; from January to July, 1847, £14,184,000; and the amount from July to October, 1847, was as great as that of the preceding six months, viz., £14,240,000; making altogether an aggregate of about £33,000,000. This was the cost of imports and freight, exclusive of profits made in Great Britain. The demand of capital for railways increased in a like manner. The amount expended on railways in 1841, 1842 and 1843, was about £4,500,000 per annum. In 1844 it rose to £6,000,000, and in 1845 to £14,000,000; in the first half year of 1846 to £9,800,000, and in the last half year of 1846 to £20,600,000; in the first half year of 1847 to £25,755,000; and, if the works had proceeded at the same ratio, they would have required in the last half year of 1847 no less than £38,000,000. Deducting from this about 5 per cent., for Parliamentary expenses and land, which was not a sinking capital, the sum expended on railways would amount altogether to between £80,000,000 and £90,000,000. *The large abstraction thus caused from the capital formerly at the disposal of ordinary commercial enterprise, and the amount also converted into fixed capital, were the leading causes of the pressure.*

Want of confidence in the public mind, also caused a large hoarding of gold and notes, which were thus withdrawn from circulation. Two of the great discount houses in London stopped payment, the others feared to act in such a state of affairs; and thus the discounting business of the country was, in a great measure, thrown upon the Bank of England. "At this time," (October,) says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "the Government saw parties of all descriptions, who said to us, 'We do not want notes; we only want you to

give us confidence.' We asked, 'What will give you confidence?' They replied, 'If we only know that we can get notes, that will be enough. We do not want the notes. You can charge any rate of interest you please. Charge 10 or 12 per cent.; we do not mean to take the notes, we only want to know that we can have them.'" Under these circumstances the Government, on the 25th October, gave the recommendation to the Bank of England referred to in our number of December last, when large amounts which had been kept in the hands of capitalists were again deposited with the London bankers, the amounts drawn from the Bank of England were very materially lessened, and public confidence restored.

On the 29th November, a bill for the suppression of crime in Ireland was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir George Grey, who stated that, so far from the disturbances being general throughout Ireland, in the greater part of that country crime has diminished, and life and property are as safe as in any other portion of the kingdom; and that the crimes against which the bill is directed are held in detestation and abhorrence by far the greater portion of that country. The bill is of a mild character, and had the support of a great portion of the Irish members; it passed a first reading with a majority of 206, only 18 votes being given against it, and on the 13th of December it finally passed the House of Commons by a vote of 173 to 14. A motion for repeal of the union was brought forward by Mr. Feargus O'Connor, on the 7th December, which was negatived by a vote of 255 to 23. Bills have also been introduced for removal of all Roman Catholic and Jewish disabilities, which are expected to pass the Commons; but the passage of the latter through the House of Lords is doubtful. About the 6th of December the coast of Great Britain was visited with terrific gales, and the destruction of shipping and boats has been most extensive. An American ship, the "Robert G. Shaw," was burned to the water's edge, off Weymouth, having been struck by lightning, December 6th. The present suspension of Sir Robert Peel's act for the amendment of the Corn Laws expires on the 1st March next. The President of the Board of Trade, in reply to an inquiry on the subject, stated that it was not the intention of the Government to propose a further suspension; in which case the import duties on wheat will be regulated by the following scale:—When the average price for six successive weeks is under 48s. per quarter, the duty will be 10s. per quarter. At every advance of 1s. per qr. in price the duty will fall 1s., until the price reaches 53s., at which price, and upwards, the duty will be 4s. per quarter. The average price for the six weeks ending 11th December was 52s. per quarter, at which rate the duty would be 5s. Accounts to the 1st January, state that commercial affairs have not improved to the extent which the increased facilities for discount might have been supposed to warrant. In the manufacturing districts there is more employment, more hands are employed, and the short time system is being curtailed; but the produce markets continue depressed. In sugar and cotton there is a decline, and the general consumption is much affected by the state of the public health. The fluctuations in the funds have been less considerable than for a long time previously. On the 1st January consols for the account were 85⅜. The Bank of England has replenished its coffers to the extent of £11,991,376, in both departments, and the position of that establishment is considered safe and satisfactory. The Bank rate of discount was 6 per cent. on the 18th Dec., and was reduced on the 23d to 5 per cent.

The *influenza* prevails very generally throughout Great Britain. The number of deaths has consequently increased to an immense extent. In the week ending November 20th the number in London was 1086; and in the three following weeks, 1677, 2454 and 2416: the latter showing an increase over the average of the same season in other years of 1370, or 130 per cent. Mr. Robert Liston, the celebrated surgeon, died at London, on the 7th December, from a disease of the throat. An account for the year ending 10th October last shows the income of the United Kingdom from taxes, &c., to be £52,579,501, 2s. 1d., and the expenditure to exceed that sum by £327,608, 8s.

The governments of France and England have been in communication, relative to the blockade, by the former, of the river Plata; and on the 13th of November it was stated by Lord Palmerston that he had no doubt, on the arrival of instructions there, a speedy cessation of hostilities would take place. The *grippe* (influenza) is extremely prevalent in many parts of France: 10,000 persons are said to be laid up with it at Lille; at Toulouse, 15,000 out of 55,000 are suffering from that malady; and at Marseilles half the population (of 160,000 souls,) are said to be confined to bed from the same cause. Precautions are being taken in France to prevent the introduction of the cholera. The reform banquets still continue, and are frequented by persons of distinguished character and station. Arrangements have been made by which, after the 1st of January, two mails will be daily dispatched between London and Paris—a day mail and a night mail from each capital. Specimens of cotton grown in Algeria have been sent by the Minister of Commerce to the principal manufacturing towns, with a view to ascertain its quality. The reports have been so favorable that the French government is likely to adopt measures to promote the growth of cotton in Algeria upon an extensive scale. Since 1830, Algeria has cost France half a million of soldiers.

The civil war in Switzerland is terminated by the complete overthrow of the *Sonderbund.* After the capture of Fribourg, the Federal army advanced against Lucerne, and after some sharp fighting on the 22d and 23d of November, in which their superiority in artillery gave them great advantage, this stronghold of the Sonderbund was reduced, and the war virtually concluded. The number of the Federal troops engaged in the war was about 94,000, while their opponents did not muster above one third of that number. The Jesuits are entirely expelled from Switzerland, and their establishments and property forfeited. The cantons of the Sonderbund are to pay collectively and separately all the expenses of the war, to make good all damages done by their troops, and to pay the expenses of the occupation of the Federal forces. The total cost of the war on the side of the Federal government is estimated at 3,163,000*f.* and it is supposed the cost of occupation will be nearly two millions more. The result has created a great sensation in Austria, to which kingdom a considerable portion of the Jesuits have retired. The proposed intervention of the great European powers was rendered abortive by the termination of hostilities. The canton of Neufchatel is in rather an anomalous position. From 1707 to 1805, it was a principality of the crown of Prussia. In the latter year it was ceded to France and granted by Napoleon to Berthier, as a fief of the French empire. In 1814 the king of Prussia resumed possession, and gave to Neufchatel a constitution, and it was, with his majesty's consent, admitted into the Helvetic confederation; without, however, any cession of the rights of the king of Prussia. In the late civil war, that canton, with the approbation of the king, decided on a strict neutrality, and his majesty declared, in precise terms, to the Diet that every violation of this neutrality by the Diet would be regarded as a breach of the peace against himself. The Diet insisted that Neufchatel, as a member of the confederacy, was bound to furnish its contingent for the war, and has declared that it reserves to itself full liberty of action against the defaulting state. Thus between its loyal and conservative predilections, and its Federal relations, Neufchatel is in a most awkward dilemma.

On the 15th of November the Pope on the throne, at the Quirinal, received the members of the consulta, and, to an address from their President, replied in the following terms:

"I thank you for your good intentions, and as regards the public welfare, I esteem them of value. It was for the public good that since my elevation to the Pontifical throne I have, in accordance with the councils inspired by God, accomplished all that I could; and am still ready, with the assistance of God, to do all for the future, without, however, retrenching in any degree the sovereignty of the Pontificate; and, inasmuch as I received it full and entire from my predecessors, so shall I transmit this sacred deposit to my successors. I have three millions of subjects as witnesses, and I have hitherto accomplished much to unite my subjects with me, and to ascertain and provide for their necessities. It was particularly to ascertain those wants and to provide better for the exigencies of the public service, that I have assembled a permanent council. It was to hear your opinions, when necessary, and to aid me in my sovereign resolutions, in which I shall consult my conscience, and confer on them with the ministers and the Sacred College. Anybody who would take any other view of the functions you are called to fulfil, would materially err, as well as they that would see, in the Council of State I have created, the realization of their own Utopias, and the germ of an institution incompatible with the Pontifical sovereignty."

His holiness having pronounced these last words with some vivacity and some heat, stopped a moment, and then resuming in his usual mild manner, continued in the following terms:

"This warmth, and these words are not addressed to any of you whose social education, Christian and civil probity, as well as the loyalty of your sentiments and the rectitude of your intentions, have been known to me since the moment I proceeded to your election. Neither do those words apply to the majority of my subjects, for I am sure of their fidelity and their obedience. I know that the hearts of my subjects unite with mine in the love of order and of concord. But there exist, unfortunately, some persons (and though few, they still exist) who, having nothing to lose, love disturbance and revolt, and even abuse the concessions made to them. It is to those that my words are addressed, and let them well understand their signification. In the co-operation of the Deputies I see only the firm support of persons who, devoid of every personal interest, will labor with me, by their advice, for the public good, and who will not be arrested by the vain language of restless men devoid of judgment. You will aid me with your wisdom to discover that which is most useful for the security of the throne and the real happiness of my subjects."

The deputies were afterwards admitted to pay their homage to the Pope, and, having received his benediction, withdrew. They have expressed their intention of inquiring, among others, into the following subjects:

"As to an equal division of taxes; the diminution or suppression of all charges which fall on the poor classes, or which impede the development of national prosperity; the re-establishment of public credit; the destruction of monopoly, and the extension of commercial liberty; the introduction in the prisons of a regimen which may render the penalty not a punishment which degrades, but a measure which may promote the regeneration of the culprit; the extension throughout the provinces of the munici-

pal system, such as it is at Rome ; and lastly, the adoption of a system of education and public instruction, and of a just and moral policy."

There is no news of importance from Spain or Portugal, except that in the former the insurgents appear to have been almost entirely put down ; and, in the latter, the elections have greatly preponderated in favor of the Cabral party ; the ministerial candidates at Lisbon having all been withdrawn, and those at Oporto defeated.

The cholera has almost disappeared from Constantinople, and is now so slight there as to be little regarded. It still continues to spread in Russia, but has lost its force in Moscow. From the appearance of the disease up to the 22d of November, the number of persons attacked at the latter place was 2360, of whom 1097 died. It has made its appearance, but in a milder form, at Dunaburg, within forty miles of the Prussian frontier. The St. Petersburg Journal of the 18th of November, publishes an imperial ukase for contracting a loan of 14,600,000 silver roubles, for the works of the St. Petersburg and Moscow railroad. The Emperor of Russia has lately published a ukase which involves a great question of international law, having for its object to suspend the exercise of the right of fishing along the coast of the Black Sea, from Anapa as far as Batoumi, in order to prevent assistance to the Caucasus. By this measure the Emperor appears to arrogate to himself an exclusive property in the Black Sea.

Appalling accounts of famine have been received from the Polish provinces of Austria. Out of 328,641 inhabitants no less than 60,820 have died.

Accounts from the East Indies show a state of unusual tranquillity, and in Bombay the greatest commercial confidence prevails. It is said that not a single house there has suspended payment.

In a council of state of the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, held on the 28th ult., the King ratified the treaty of commerce and navigation between China and those two kingdoms. The treaty was signed at Canton, the 20th of March last, by M. Lillienvalch, counsellor of commerce, on behalf of Sweden and Norway, and by the Imperial Commissioner Ki-Yng, on the part of China.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Don Quixote de la Mancha. Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, by CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ. *Carefully revised and corrected, with Illustrations, by Tony Johannot.* In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1847.

This is a very respectable new edition of a book that can never grow old. The illustrations, however, which are either the copies or the worn-out originals of those given in a Paris edition some years since, are not much to our taste. Tony Johannot, the Leach of the French illustrators, is hardly equal to the task of providing scenery for Cervantes; and to those who have seen the elegant engravings of Smirke, these sketchy wood-cuts will possess little attraction.

The translation is by Jarvis, and it appears, and probably is, more exact than that of Smollet, though to those who were early accustomed to that version it cannot but seem less spirited and more artificial.

Of all the books in the world there is none except Shakspeare's plays so full of the vigor of youth as Don Quixote. De Foe had the same minute observation and much of the same vigor, but in comparison with Cervantes he writes like an old battered voyager. In Don Quixote we find all that cool self-possession and confident reliance on the reader's credulity that appears in Mrs. Veal's Ghost and the History of the Plague, joined to the most hearty humor, the most unfailing vivacity, and indeed, all qualities that make an overflowing bodily and mental health. In respect of the bodily part, out of Cervantes, Shakspeare, John Bunyan, De Foe and Sir Walter Scott, all good stomachic writers, any reader of delicate perception would surely choose the former ; Shakspeare's digestion was so good that he appears never to think of dining; Bunyan must have had a powerful organ for solid viands; De Foe could relish the same dinners all the year round, with a few grapes of his own rearing; Scott would have been tremendous at a venison pasty after a long ride ; but to read Cervantes is of itself a cure for dyspepsia. The bodily vigor is so apparent throughout his pages that it is impossible to read without insensibly getting an appetite.

But the mental vigor, the liveliness of fancy,

the air of mirth that pervades the whole, the range of observation, a dozen lives all over Spain crowded into one, and so alive that it appears the writer has much ado to keep himself within proper bounds—these are qualities in which he must rank far below Shakspeare, yet still at the head of all other prose writers. No one has manifested himself to the world with more of the spirit of youth and apparent ignorance of care and sorrow.

Yet Cervantes could not have been a heartless gay man of mere animal life. The preface to his first volume and the prologue to the second bear the tone of reflection. Indeed, some of his episodes show that he had as keen a perception of the pathetic as of the comic, and could have written a serious novel had he chosen to do so. Charles Lamb calls him "the most consummate artist in the book way the world has ever produced." This was the secret of his success; he had infinite nerve; his hand was so steady nothing could shake it. When he had conceived what, if it were not now an old story, we should all consider the most whimsical fiction that ever was thought of, and requiring the most delicate touches, he set himself to work it out with such marvellous ease, such glorious cool strength, as amount almost to the power of a great epic poet. He himself always maintains the most dignified gravity; only by an occasional twinkle of the eye does the reader see that his author, like an old story-teller, is enjoying the fun internally as much as he.

And all this was done by him in advancing age, after a life of adventures and misadventures enough to have bowed any less resolute spirit, and in humble circumstances. How like a true gentleman does he put down the man who had not only anticipated him by writing a second part to Don Quixote, but had gone out of his way to revile him. "What I cannot forbear resenting is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand, as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my injury had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see."

The introduction to this edition contains a memoir of Cervantes, from which the following summary is worth extracting:—

"Born of a family, honorable but poor; receiving in the first instance a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, valet de chambre, and afterwards soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave-depots of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor, like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualling board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers, released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; become a poet by profession, and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negotiations by commission, and writing dramas for the theatre; discovering, when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate, and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last in solitude and poverty; such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. It was not till after the lapse of two centuries that his admirers thought of seeking for his cradle and his tomb; that they adorned with a medallion in marble the last house in which he lived; that they raised a statue to his memory in the public square; and that, effacing the cognomen of some obscure but more fortunate individual, his countrymen inscribed at the corner of a little street in Madrid that great name, the celebrity of which resounds through the civilized world."

The Poetical Works of John Milton; with a Memoir, and Critical Remarks on his Genius and Writings, by JAMES MONTGOMERY; *and one hundred and twenty Engravings from Drawings by* WILLIAM HARVEY. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers.

With the exception of the engravings, which are common-place in design, and by no means delicately executed, this is one of the most elegant editions of Milton ever issued. The paper is excellent, and the type so beautifully fair that an hour's reading seems rather to refresh the eyesight. Bound in cloth, and with gilt edges, these two volumes make as desirable a gift book as the season has produced, and one which ought to be on every parlor table where there is not a Milton already.

We cannot have the fathers of our literature and poetry too much with us. Though the number that read and relish Milton be few, yet it is something to see him daily, and to feel the conservative influence of his presence: where he is there will continue still some esteem for learning, some reverence for sound thinking, some love of nobleness. Even where the only use made of him is to dust him every morning as he lies in gilt edges, with such companions as the annuals and the Book of Beauty, the daily sight of his form will be like the presence

of a strong siding champion, so that Comus, who is the father of much of the light reading of the hour, and his rabble of monsters, will not dare approach.

Mr. Montgomery's preface, though not very profound, shows a true love of the poet, and points out many of his excellencies very clearly. We are glad to learn that in his opinion the poem of Comus "may claim the eulogium which a critic of the purest taste, the late Dr. Aiken, has passed upon it. He says: 'The poem possesses great beauty of versification, varying from the gayest Anacreontics to the most majestic and sonorous heroics. On the whole, if an example were required of a work made up of the very essence of poetry, perhaps none of equal length in any language could be produced, answering this character in so high a degree as the Masque of *Comus*.'" This is truly admirable and satisfactory, and completely condenses and exhausts the whole subject.

There is an equally characteristic passage in Coleridge respecting Shakspeare and Milton, which, for the instruction of youthful admirers of what is commonly understood by *genius*, can never be too often quoted:

"What shall we say? even this; that Shakspeare, no mere child of nature; no *automaton* of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration possessed by the spirit, not possessing it; first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class; to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountains, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion, the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own ideal. All things and modes of action shape themselves anew in the being of Milton; while Shakspeare becomes all things, yet forever remaining himself. O, what great men hast thou not produced, England, my country! Truly indeed—

"'*We* must be free or die, who speak the tongue
Which Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold,
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
Wordsworth.'"

The Haunted Barque, and other Poems. By E. Curtiss Hine. Auburn: J. C. Derby & Co.; New York, Mark H. Newman & Co. 1848.

Many of the pieces in this very neat little volume have considerable poetic merit, and they are all marked by good sense, absence of Tennysonian and Transcendental affectation, and by an easy, natural and generally correct versification. They cannot claim a high place for depth of thought, power of passion, or strength of imagination, but it is refreshing to meet with a new bard, so unexceptionable in tone and sentiment, and with so loving an eye for nature. The descriptive parts are generally the best. The rhyme,

"Drink, brothers! drink, brothers! let the goblet go round,
Mankind ye have reddened with many a *wound*!"

is not good.

A Tour to the River Saguenay, in Lower Canada. By Charles Lanman. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848.

It ought to be an axiom with all travellers, whether South Sea voyagers or summer tourists, that the first business of a describer of actual places and occurrences should be to give his readers perfect confidence in his accuracy and veracity. If they mix up fact and fiction, their writings can have neither the interest of tales, nor of true narratives; the acid and alkali neutralize each other, and the result passes off in a sudden gaseous effervescence.

This little book is a very pleasant collection of sketches, and will while away thirty or forty minutes of time for one who is easily pleased very agreeably. The author is good-humored and complacent. But why did he think it necessary to catch so many trout? Why need he have killed rattlesnakes? We have been in the hills of Catskill, have heard all Ethan Crawford's bear stories, yea, have "camped out" a week together, and put ourselves to great bodily inconvenience, in search of adventures, but with such total failure of success that we are hardened of heart, and will not believe that another can stumble upon them so readily. No one can believe what contradicts his own experience.

But boys are a perpetual wonder to the "old folks." It is many years since we visited many of the scenes Mr. Lanman describes, and it may be that trout, rattlesnakes, pike, &c., may be more plenty now than they used to be. At all events we ought to consider charitably the statements of a writer who has so much good feeling, and who, while he studies to amuse the public, certainly does not, like some of the class, deliberately set himself to make it worse.

Teaching, a Science: the Teacher an Artist. By Rev. Baynard R. Hall, A.M., *Principal of*

the Classical and Mathematical Institute, Newburgh, and Author of "Something for Everybody," &c. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

We have not had leisure to examine this work longer than is necessary to discover that it is written with force, ability and good sense —qualities so obvious in it that it takes but very little time to discover them.

The observations on the study of the classics are worthy of remark. With a clear appreciation of the adaptedness of the old mode of studying them to intellectual discipline, the author is still of opinion that "if not used as a discipline, the dead languages should be *wholly abandoned as a school study.*" Perhaps, as applied to a mode of running over them in private high schools, this may be true; indeed, if they are to be any more superficially taught than they usually are in our colleges, we should be disposed to assent to their abandonment as readily as he. Still any graduate who has been many years in active life, knows whether he would willingly be deprived of his "small Latin and less Greek," and whether they have not contributed more largely to his happiness than he was, in the ignorance of his boyhood, accustomed to expect. For there is a certain refined beauty in the style of the classic authors that is necessary to temper the dry Saxon strength; they are in writing what their cotemporaries were in sculpture—our best models—which we should study, not to imitate, but to enlarge our knowledge and educate our taste. This, we apprehend, more than their intellectual discipline, is a reason why we should endeavor to know all we can of them, and why, if we cannot have full galleries, we should endeavor to possess such as we can obtain. Our legislators, we fancy, who should be familiar with Horace and Virgil, would be less liable to resort to the *argumentum baculinum;* they could not, with the love of grace and propriety which such reading instils, suffer themselves to fall into coarseness: the Augustan polish would have an effect upon their *manners.*

On this account and many others, it is to be regretted that the study of the classics is more and more neglected in our colleges, and that of dry physical science usurping its place.

The following paragraph deserves quoting for its suggestiveness:

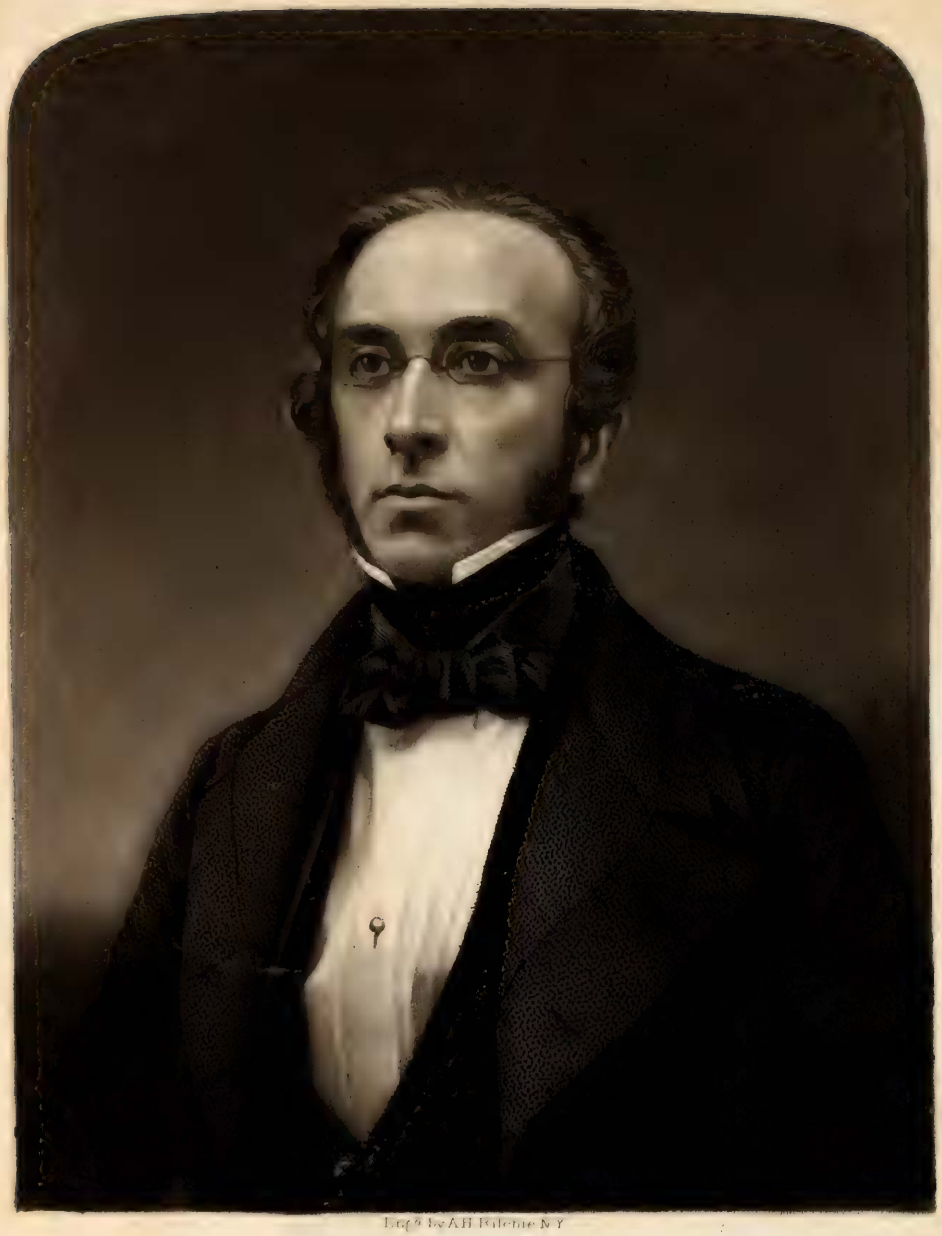
"The difficulty in the way of the necessary brevity arises, in part, from the wish to make a text-book for all sorts of schools at once If primary schools, academies and colleges could be, either by compact or law, kept distinct, honest men could and would make suitable text-books. But the insane spirit of an ultra-democratical and abolition sentiment, is at war with distinctions. It demands inexorably a dead level. It would have lands, houses, education, religion, pleasure, all alike for the mass; and industry, skill, and perseverance, that would naturally place one above another, must be decried and insulted. It says nothing shall be special, private; everything shall be common, public. It allows a community but not an individual. It is as tyrannical, cruel and despotic as the most absolute and barbarous monarchy; it will bend the individual man to its will, or trample on all his sacred rights, sport with his tenderest feelings, yea! stamp with its iron heel upon a man's very heart! 'The people! the people! liberty! liberty!' is its watchword and cry; but it is the people as a mass, as an abstraction, as a soulless body conventional, and liberty to live and act as a crowd! Individuals and individual liberties it abhors and destroys!"

The Angler's Almanac for 1848. John J. Brown & Co.: New-York.

This is a good idea, and has been very well carried out by the proprietors of the Angler's Dépôt in Fulton street. The pamphlet before us contains a great variety of interesting and useful information, and is pleasingly illustrated with woodcuts representing the angler in the enjoyment of his favorite pastime. The work is also neatly printed, and in every respect reflects great credit upon the publishers as well as the editor.

ERRATA.

In the number for January, page 19, nineteenth line from bottom, for "such exceptions" *read* rule and exception: page 21, 12th line from top, first paragraph, for "first" *read* last: 5th from top of same, for "them" *read* three: 22d page, 2d line from bottom, for "repetition" *read* refutation.



Engd by A.H. Ritchie N.Y.

Robt. C. Winthrop.
Speaker.

REPRESENTATIVE FROM MASS.

Printed by A.L. [illegible]

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CALHOUN'S SPEECH AGAINST THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

(SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JAN. 4, 1848.)

The Whig Party hold at present a better position than they have ever held; and for the following reasons:—

They occupy, as a party, a ground perfectly defensible by the usual arguments of morality, such as are common to all nations and ages:

They argue, also, from the Constitution itself, and from the Declaration of Equality and Liberty:

They are in the van of progress, while the opposite party are falling back upon the barbarous and exploded notions of antiquity:

They defend our own rights and liberties, in defending those of a neighbor:

They endeavor to legislate for the future as well as for the present, and foresee dangers which threaten the existence of our free institutions:

They have predicted successfully the consequences of the policy pursued by the opposite party; their predictions being also fairly recorded.

The first of these enumerated advantages of the Whig Party, in its present position, need not be dwelt upon in this article. They have opposed the whole policy of the Administration, from the annexation of the war down to the present time. The Whigs opposed the annexation of Texas because of the difficulties it was to bring with it. When those difficulties were realized, they opposed the policy which aggravated them; and always upon moral and constitutional grounds. First, on the common instinct and prejudice against inhumanities and wrongs of every description; and second, because it is their settled conviction that free institutions cannot be maintained by any but a just and equitable policy. They believe, with certain politicians, that "success is the test of merit," and that this nation will have success in proportion to its deserts. The success of our armies in Mexico has proved that our "merit" in military and other matters is greatly superior to that of the Mexicans; but justice, and not military prowess only, is the safeguard of the nation. Posterity, reading on the one page the history of our wars, will exclaim, "Providence is always on the side of courage and discipline; it favors the strongest battalion:" and on the other, reading of the decline of liberty and the increase of private and public corruption, it will add, "Providence is also on the side of order and equity; it favors the strong constitution, and deserts the uncertain and the corrupt." The Americans

are a warlike people, and know how to join action with obedience. Where the aim and purpose of a discipline is clear to every man, they organize themselves and pursue the common purpose with the greatest energy: be their aim political or military, organization is their forte, and success follows them. But, on the other hand, separate the American from his laws, his religion, and his Constitution, and who more harsh and inexorable; his native energy, converted into a destroying power, directed *against* humanity, makes him the most irresistible of pirates and the most unscrupulous of oppressors. He is the only man that dares, in defiance of all the world, proclaim doctrines peculiarly harsh and aggressive, and with his native insolence mock Heaven itself, claim evil for his good, and instinct for his god. Constitutions of the most severe and conservative character are therefore necessary to the American, not only in military but in civil and religious matters; his freedom is conditional, and requires heavy barriers and severe laws; as the force of the impetuous tide that moves in his veins, so must be the laws that restrain it: conscious of this, he is a lover of law, an organizer, and takes a pride in obeying laws of his own enactment.

Fearful of nothing but the excess of his own passions, he is a respecter of sincere opinion, and the consent of great minds; he listens to antiquity, and venerates the voice of age and of wisdom. His favorite characters are those Statesmen, who have risen by the force of a real, God-given energy, to be the repositories, or the sources, of true opinion. He never inquires about their birth, or their office, but only of their ability and native grandeur of character; he does not worship them, he only respects them for what they can do and say: and they, on their part, when they speak, address, not the passions nor the ignorance, but the courage, the knowledge, and reason of their hearers. When they rise to speak, they consider in their minds that they are addressing free citizens, who know and can judge their sentiments, however heroic, and never appeal to the meanness, the conceit or the avarice of a rabble which they despise.

Nor, in another particular, are we, the American people, inferior to any nation that has ever existed, in referring the principles of our laws and social rights for their validity back to the common conscience and common reason of humanity, to that law which the Creator has planted in the hearts of all men. It is in this original law that we have based our free institutions. We refer back for the grounds of the Constitution—or rather for those rights about which it is erected as a convenient barrier—to the sovereignty of Reason, or as we are accustomed to name it, the sovereignty of the People. We, the whole people, minority and majority, sustain the government. It protects us all, legislates for us all, and represents us all. Our only differences are on questions of opinion, as to what men shall be chosen, and what measures be pursued—who can best represent the whole, and what are the best modes of benefitting the whole. Hence, under the Constitution, and expected by it, parties arise, sustaining opposite men and measures,—each party esteeming its own measures the best for the good of both: the choice is thrown, by our fundamental laws, upon the vote of a majority.

Such at least is the ideal system of our government; but the organization of this system, from various causes, some inherent in our common nature, and some accidental and temporary, is imperfect. At this very moment, a party in power have formed within themselves another party, which is rapidly corrupting the whole body in which it formed: this inner party, being opposed, not to certain measures of their opposites, but to the spirit of the fundamental laws, their men and measures are alike inimical to the fundamental law, given by the Declaration of Rights and the Constitution of the Union, under which all parties are supposed to exist.

The intentions and principles of this party within a party—of this rotten core—are sufficiently well known, and have been sufficiently explained by the journals of the Whig Party. That party, as we have already said, occupies a superior position, as the defender not only of the Constitution, but of the principles of popular liberty, and of all law and organization whatsoever.

If *ever* the consent of great minds should be permitted to sway us in a question of

a purely moral nature, such as that of the right or wrong of the measures proposed by the Administration, then was there never any period when it should have more force than at the present moment. The opinions and arguments of Clay, Gallatin, Webster, Calhoun, and others,—men of the first mark,—always valuable, is now of the utmost importance to the cause of right and of good policy; for this nation is now about resolving whether to adhere to the original grounds of the Constitution, or whether to commence a new epoch in its history, by subverting those grounds and reducing it to a mere temporary and politic formula, to be changed, wrested and distorted at pleasure, to serve the avarice or the ambition of a dominant party. The people of the Union are about to resolve whether they will admit into their fundamental law the fatal precedent of conquest, by which all the nations of antiquity were corrupted, ruined, and extinguished; a doctrine which includes and sanctions every form and degree of despotism, and which is of so evil a nature, it not only renders the peace of the world generally insecure, but insinuates itself into every part of life, produces a corrupt and tumultuous society, and is in turn produced by a dishonest and vicious life in the people themselves.

It is yet to be seen whether the public opinion of this nation is so far fallen as no longer to be called the voice of God; for we know well that then only is the voice of the people the voice of God, when it declares and enforces the laws of God; not as the executioner declares them, or as the villain who destroys another villain, or as the vicious who are strong become instruments of vengeance on the vicious who are weak; but as declaring their adherence to those broad and universal principles of humanity and equity, which, if anything human is divine, are the divinest of human things.

At separate times and with unlike arguments, our most eminent citizens have argued against the scheme of conquest supported by the party in power. The arguments of Mr. Calhoun are directed against the *policy* of the design. He predicts from its adoption the ruin of our present institutions. He advocates the withdrawal of our troops and the occupation of a defensive line upon a boundary to be determined by ourselves. He protests against the idea of extending the Union to include the wretched and barbarous Mexicans. He affirms that they are incapable of liberty, and cannot be organized like educated and disciplined white men. He contends farther against extending the power of the Executive, and predicts that the Union will not endure if the system of conquest is carried out. Mr. Calhoun does not indeed attempt to show, that a nation which violates first principles cannot endure, or be endured, or, that it follows of necessity that if a people disregards the rights and liberties of another people, it spurns down the sole barrier it has against internal oppression and anarchy; but looking at the question rather in a scientific and historical light, he predicts a disarrangement of the system of the Union, either by the introduction of uncongenial powers, should new States be erected in Mexico, or by the overbalance of the Executive power in the nation as it now stands, by the additions of conquered military dependencies and the patronage and power of a great army. To understand him better, let us for a moment contemplate our position.

Hurried on by a false enthusiasm, and the instigation of the contrivers of the war, who have turned every accident to their own advantage, to delude and excite the ignorant, and to astonish and dishearten the good, we have reached a point from which it is equally difficult to advance or to recede. Our forces occupy the forts and cities of Mexico. We have broken both the military and the civil arm of our neighbor, and annihilated the little that remained to her of a regular government. The poor and half savage inhabitants, a corrupt, feeble people, weak in intellect and weak in courage, cannot organize themselves for any effectual resistance.

The question now arises, what shall be done with Mexico? and to this, in answer, three distinct plans are offered.

The first is, to persevere in conquering and subduing, until the whole people are in our hands, and at our mercy; to reduce them to the condition of vassals, and then offer them the liberty of forming States to be finally taken into the Union.

The second proposition is, to fix upon a new boundary, to be determined by our-

selves ; to withdraw the troops from Mexico and to occupy that line, until such time as a peace can be established.

The third is, to retire behind the old boundary, giving up northern California and all the territory offered to be ceded to us by the Mexican commissioners, maintaining only such military posts as may defend us against marauders and guerilleros.

Mr. Calhoun does not allude to this third proposition. It is entertained by those only who reason against the acquisition of new territory upon abstract principles, who do not believe in the ability of the Union to maintain itself over a territory much larger than that which it holds at present. And yet it is hard to perceive any reason why an hundred States such as Ohio, or Massachusetts, should not hold together as well as thirteen, or twenty-five. The solidity of the Union depends upon the unanimity of the States which compose it ; and that unanimity is maintained by likeness of character. Likeness of character will make all alike and harmonious ; and were the whole continent occupied by the original race of the old Colonies, it could not but be one vast Union. We dare not, therefore, oppose the extension of the territory of this nation by every just means, for it is our desire to see it grow in numbers and in power to the utmost that the bounds of nature will allow. The nation may as lawfully desire to extend its limits as the citizen his private bounds ; nor can any objection be urged against the one, not valid against the other. The nations of the world are a community of nations. They have their properties, as individuals have theirs. The boundaries of these properties may be extended by all lawful means ; and if one nation is able to occupy more than another, none need complain. What is theirs, is theirs. Nor was it ever doubted that one nation could purchase territory of another. Purchase implies property—all the conditions of "yours and mine"—just as in private bargains. If one nation attempts to wrest land from another, resistance is a matter of course, and justified in all histories. A nation is treated by all historians, but especially by the sacred chroniclers, as if it were an individual, with but one head and one heart, doing right, or doing wrong, misled by passion, or subject to good advice and abiding by a just conduct. Israel, Egypt, Rome, Tyre, England, France—these names have an individual character, as of moral beings, capable of right and wrong. The nations are land-owners—possessors of the soil of the globe, each with its boundaries and rights ; and whichever of them dares forget its character as a moral agent, becomes the enemy of the rest. The Law of Nations is the equity used in the fraternity of nations ; it differs not from the fundamental equity of society. Its first principles are, liberty and equality ; all the nations that enter into its League are free nations, holding, as such, equal rights before the law, and entitled to an equal representation in a court of International Law, were such a court to be established. This law arose from the contemplation of rights between individuals, in *free* States. Despotical States neither originated, nor do they abide by it. Witness the division of Poland, and the ravages committed by Algerine and Turkish despots: it was impossible for these States to originate International Law, right and wrong with them being determined by the event, or rather, not inquired about. In this knowledge of right and wrong, of mine and thine, or in other words, of the conditions of liberty and equality, the basis of common and international law, the fathers wished to form the Constitution, and not in the vague idea that the Union would last so long as the territory of the States was kept within certain limits.

Even now, then, it is a consolation to know, that while a vestige of a government remains in Mexico, a peace may be concluded, such as shall not violate the laws of nations, or the principles of equality and liberty. We have not yet set the seal of the nation to any violation of the fundamental law of the nation ; the grounds of the Constitution are not yet destroyed by any deliberate act of the whole people ; and if an unhappy necessity shall compel us to occupy the territory originally offered us by Mexico, through her commissioners, we have still left the miserable pretext of indemnity and purchase, to save the honor of our principles.

Our credit is not wholly lost. We have inflicted a dreadful wound upon our weak

neighbor, but we have so far recovered a just temper of mind, as to refrain from trampling upon an injured and broken-spirited people, or from insulting them and the world with offers of liberty and the extension of free institutions. As we have been unjust and violent, even for that very reason we may be the more magnanimous.

The most judicious have inclined, however, to think that we have no prospect of a present peace with Mexico; that a change of rulers will be necessary to secure one. They, therefore, occupy themselves with discussing the alternatives of the entire conquest and occupation of Mexico, or the occupation of a defensive line, to be assumed by us as a line of division.

It is in favor of a defensive line, to be fixed by ourselves, that the distinguished Senator from South Carolina has taken his stand, in a speech not unworthy of himself, or of his reputation: as the occasion, so was the argument; grand, weighty, momentous, and developing the very heart and substance of that system which he has formed to himself, out of the public and private experience of his life. Versed equally in the real and the written history of nations, and observing in their rise and decline, the action of irresistible circumstances, he predicts boldly, that as States have hitherto fallen, so they must continue to fall, through a neglect of the policy to which they owed their rise. The Senator is no fatalist, no predestinarian; his faith in cause and effect is absolute. It is evident to him, that the moral diseases of states are no less real or fatal than those of the body; that a nation which deserts its original policy rushes to as certain decay and disorganization as a man who deserts his first principles.

"Mr. President, there are some propositions too clear for argument, and before such a body as the Senate, I should consider it a loss of time to undertake to prove that to incorporate Mexico would be hostile to, and in conflict with our free popular institutions, and in the end subversive of them.

"Sir, he who knows the American Constitution well—he who has daily studied its character—he who has looked at history, and knows what has been the effect of conquests on free states invariably, will require no proof at my hands to show that it would be entirely hostile to the institutions of the country, to hold Mexico as a province. There is not an example on record of any free state even having attempted the conquest of any territory approaching the extent of Mexico without disastrous consequences. The free nations conquered have in time conquered the conquerors. That will be our case, sir. The conquest of Mexico would add so vast an amount to the patronage of this government, that it would absorb the whole power of the States of the Union. This Union would become imperial, and the States mere subordinate corporations.

"But the evil will not end there. The process will go on. The same process by which the power would be transferred from the States to the Union, will transfer the whole from this department of the government (I speak of the legislature) to the Executive. All the added power and added patronage which conquest will create, will pass to the Executive. In the end you put in the hands of the Executive the power of conquering you. You give to it, sir, such splendor, such means, that the principle of proscription which unfortunately prevails in our country will be greater at every presidential election than our institutions can possibly endure. The end of it will be, that that branch of the government will become all-powerful, and the result is inevitable—anarchy and despotism. It is as certain as that I am this day addressing the Senate.

"Sir, let it not be said that Great Britain furnishes an example to the contrary. * * * * Let it be remembered that of all governments that ever existed affording any protection whatever to liberty, the English government far transcends them all in that respect. She can bear more patronage in proportion to her population and wealth than any government of that form that ever existed; nay, to go farther, than can despotism in its lowest form. I will not go into the philosophy of this. That would take me farther from the track than I desire.

"But I will say in a very few words, it results from the fact that her Executive and her conservative branch of the legislature are both hereditary. The Roman government may have exceeded and did exceed the British government in its power for conquest; but no people ever did exist, and probably never will exist, with such a capacity for conquest as that people. But the capacity of Rome to hold subjected provinces, was as nothing compared to that of Great Britain, and hence, as soon as the Roman power passed from Italy beyond the Adriatic on one side, and the Alps on the other, and the Mediterranean, their liberty fell prostrate—the Roman people became a rabble—corruption penetrated everywhere, and violence and anarchy ruled the day. Now, we see England with dependent provinces not less numerous, scarcely not less populous, I believe, though I have not examined the records; we see her going on

without any serious danger to the government.

"Yet the English have not wholly escaped. Although they have retained their liberty and have not fallen into anarchy and despotism, yet we behold the population of England crushed to the earth by the superincumbent weight of debt. Reflecting on that government, I have often thought that there was only one way in which it could come to an end—that the weight of the pediment would crush it. Look at the neighboring island of Ireland, and instead of finding in her identity, we find that England has to support her out of her laboring and vigorous population—out of her vast machinery and capital, and keep up a peace establishment almost beyond her means. Shall we, with these certain and inevitable consequences in a government better calculated to resist them than any other, adopt such a ruinous policy, and reject the lessons of experience? So much then, Mr. President, for holding Mexico as a province."

"There are some propositions," says the distinguished Senator, "too clear for argument, and before such a body as the Senate, I should consider it a loss of time to undertake to prove, that to incorporate Mexico would be hostile to, and in conflict with, our free popular institutions:" but he is here addressing the Senate of the United States, which is the representative body of all the States; can any man doubt the sincerity of the remark? Does not the veteran statesman *know* the sentiments of that august body? Let us then entertain no fears that Mexico will be seized upon and annexed, for we have his word for it, that the Senate *know* that such an act would be at variance with the spirit and genius of this nation.

The Senator speaks for the nation, in its past, its present and its future; he declares the law that governs the destiny of Republics, but the grandeur of his argument is somewhat diminished by a necessary distinction between the polity of the nation and the polity of individual States.

"The next reason which my resolutions assign, is, that it is without example or precedent, either to hold Mexico as a province, or to incorporate her into our Union. No example of such a line of policy can be found. We have conquered many of the neighboring tribes of Indians, but we never thought of holding them in subjection—never of incorporating them into our Union. I know farther, sir, that we have never dreamt of incorporating into our Union any but the Caucasian race—the free white race. To incorporate Mexico, would be the very first instance of incorporating an Indian race, for more than half of the Mexicans are Indians, and the other is composed chiefly of mixed tribes.

"I protest against such a union as that! Ours, sir, is the government of the white man. The greatest misfortunes of Spanish America are to be traced to the fatal error of placing these colored races on an equality with the white race. That error destroyed the social arrangement which formed the basis of society. The Portuguese and ourselves have escaped—the Portuguese at least to some extent—and we are the only people on this continent which have made revolutions without anarchy. And yet it is professed and talked about to erect those Mexicans into a territorial government, and place them on an equality with the people of the United States. I protest utterly against such a project.

"Sir, it is a remarkable fact, that in the whole history of man, as far as my knowledge extends, there is no instance whatever of any civilized colored races being found equal to the establishment of popular rights, although by far the largest portion of the human family is composed of these races. And even in the savage state we scarcely find them anywhere with equal government, except it be our noble savages—for noble I will call them. They for the most part had free institutions, but they are easily sustained amongst a savage people. Are we to overlook this fact? Are we to associate with ourselves as equals, companions, and fellow-citizens, the Indians and half-breeds of Mexico? Sir, I should consider such a thing as fatal to our institutions."

It is the settled policy of a majority of this nation to recognize no *political* differences among men, excepting those which necessarily arise from age, sex, and mental sanity,—and it is an equally established policy of a minority, to regard no race as capable of liberty but the Caucasian or white race. Because liberty did not originate with the nation as a whole, but was first recognized and established in the individual States, they were regarded—and must be regarded—as the defenders and sources of private liberty; nor was the Constitution itself formed by slaves,—its authors were the freemen of the nation, and they could extend it to whom they pleased. And yet, the number of persons of other races to whom liberty has been granted by the States has been too small for a satisfactory proof that they are capable of liberty. It is not yet proved that Republican institutions *can* exist even

in all *white* nations of the Caucasian tribe; and of that tribe, which embraces a vast portion of the human race, only here and there a free nation, inconsiderable in numbers but powerful in character and intelligence, has been able to establish liberty. But, leaving untouched the question of the capability of various races, we know that republican institutions are the most difficult of all others to be preserved, because they rest upon a certain moral superiority of the people, or rather of the majority of the people, which appears in their Constitutions, their Manners, and their Religion. It has never happened in any age that a stupid, cowardly, and faithless nation have attained to permanent freedom. Free institutions are not proper to the *white* man, therefore, but to the courageous, upright and moral man; and if a race of mongrels or negroes, educated so far as to organize a society, were found to have these qualities, it could not be denied that they were capable of free institutions. We, a nation derived from the Saxon, Norman and Celtic races, claim to be capable of liberty, because we and our ancestors have always discovered more or less of the republican virtues—and for no other reason—not inquiring whether those virtues were an immediate gift of Heaven, or a natural inheritance, or an effect of education.

The framers of the Constitution did *not* extend liberty to the enslaved colored population of the States: the liberation of slaves was a right which all the States, whether of the North or South, reserved for their private exercise, to hasten, delay, or refuse, at their private pleasure. The slave must be freed before he could sustain a relation of freedom to the Nation itself, and his liberty lay in the gift of his master, and of the Individual State.

It is necessary, therefore, to protest against this doctrine of the Senator, that "ours is the government" (solely) "of the white man," for by the admission of this doctrine he would deny to the Individual States that great power to confer liberty and free suffrage upon whom they pleased, be they Indian, African, or mongrel, according to the Sovereign Will of the people. This government is not merely a government of the white man, but of whomsoever the Individual State shall see fit to make free.

Amid these reflections suggested by the Senator, himself a great example of republican and native virtue, one is startled by the following remarks:—

"It has been the work of fortunate circumstances or a combination of circumstances, a succession of fortunate incidents of some kind, which give to any people a free government. It is a very difficult task to make a Constitution to last, though it may be supposed by some that they can be made to order and furnished at the shortest notice. Sir, this admirable Constitution of our own was the result of a fortunate combination of circumstances. It was superior to the wisdom of the men who made it. It was the force of circumstances which induced them to adopt many of its wise provisions. Well, sir, of the few nations who have had the good fortune to adopt self-government, few have had the good fortune long to preserve that government; for it is harder to preserve than to form it. Few people, after years of prosperity, remember the tenure by which their liberty is held; and I fear, Senators, that is our own condition; I fear that we shall continue to involve ourselves until our own system becomes a ruin."

This observation of the Senator, that our admirable Constitution was the work of fortunate circumstances; that it stands, so to speak, in the palm of fortune, to be cast down as it was raised up, at her pleasure; agrees better with the rhetoric of a military adventurer, than of a grave and wise legislator. Nor does it add the least force to that prediction of the destiny of this Union, uttered in the same breath with it. Predictions, if they be not inspired, to gain respect, must rest upon a knowledge of history and of the laws that govern human events; if we believe that fortune presides over those events, it shows more vanity than discretion in us, to predict their issue, or even to raise a finger to control them. But it is not so: the agents in the affairs of men are themselves men, or rather the passions and the reason of men; and those who predict their course, predict from their estimate of the force of passion and reason in men themselves, be they a legislative body or a nation. Had not the Senator known this, he would not have ventured to predict the fall of this Union. Was it by a mighty and incommunicable logic, that he ventured in the same breath to predict the fall of our institutions, and declare them the work of happy accidents?

to raise them on lawless chance, and then declare the law of their continuance? to give them first to fortune and then to the gods?

Absurd conclusion of the Senator! This nation have fortune in their hands, and can whirl her idle wheel backward or forward at their pleasure. They have but to agree that honor and honesty *shall rule,* and they rule—that the Constitution shall remain, and it remains. On that side they have a divine, an omnipotent authority; on the other they are powerless. On the one side, they have fortune—on the other, divinity; here chance, there reason; here favor, there honor; here lying, there truth; here robbery, peculation, conquest, fear, and the sinking of all in mere despond; there law observed, credit, equity, hope, and the fruit of all the past.

And yet—it was only by a figure of rhetoric that the orator appealed to Fortune, to inspire us with a salutary terror; and when he afterward points out the true cause of our danger, and shows that it is rather through forgetfulness that we are falling, it is evident that he is truly no worshipper of Fortune, but a firm believer in the laws of Reason and of Nature.

"Sir, there is no solicitude now for liberty. Who talks of liberty when any great question comes up? Here is a question of the first magnitude as to the conduct of this war; do you hear anybody talk about its effect upon our liberties and our free institutions? No, sir. That was not the case formerly. In the early stages of our government the great anxiety was, how to preserve liberty. The great anxiety now, is for the attainment of mere military glory. In the one we are forgetting the other. The maxim of former times was, that power is always stealing from the many to the few; the price of liberty was perpetual vigilance. They were constantly looking out and watching for danger. Not so now. Is it because there has been any decay of liberty among the people? Not at all. I believe the love of liberty was never more ardent, but they have forgotten the tenure of liberty by which alone it is preserved.

"We think we may now indulge in everything with impunity, as if we held our charter of liberty by "right divine"—from heaven itself. Under these impressions we plunge into war, we contract heavy debts, we increase the patronage of the Executive, and we talk of a crusade to force our institutions, of liberty, upon all people. There is no species of extravagance which our people imagine will endanger their liberty in any degree. Sir, the hour is approaching—the day of retribution will come. It will come as certainly as I am now addressing the Senate, and when it does come, awful will be the reckoning; heavy the responsibility somewhere."

This warning comes from no noisy declaimer, or heated enthusiast. It is the voice of years and of experience. It is not a trope, or stroke of rhetoric; it is the plain announcement of a fact. We have secured our liberty, and believe that it will remain secure, while we are occupied in destroying that of other nations. We think that by augmenting our power we shall only perfect our freedom; forgetful that not power, merely, but lawful forms of power, are the support of freedom. Our power may indeed fret and spend itself in vast enterprises; but we are losing the grand privilege of freemen, to control the councils of the nation: we may retain our domestic freedom, but we are powerless in the affairs of our country. Party Organization, the sole lever of the politician, neglected by one party, and skillfully employed by the other, has wrested the sceptre from our gripe; we have allowed ourselves to believe in Public Opinion, until, too late, it is discovered that Party Organizations are manufactories of public opinion. We have neglected to manufacture a quantum of true and liberal opinion on the side of Justice and the Constitution, and the consequences are just beginning to be felt by ourselves and by the world.

As it was not by fortune nor the concurrence of fortunate accidents, that we arrived at our present condition, but by strenuous and virtuous endeavor for our country and kind, so it will not be by evil fortune that we fall, if fall we must, but by the neglect of those means by which we rose. And what were those means? The purifying first of our own, and next of other minds; the banishment of all but the most elevated passions, the trial of all public questions by the rule of private morality; the fearless and spirited declaration of right opinion, in the face of unpopularity and false enthusiasm, by all who can speak or write with force or with discretion; the constant inculcation of the faith in principles,—that principles are strictly the expression of divine laws "which execute themselves," and must be proclaimed and obeyed by all men and nations who are ambitious of power, or of

permanent and universal wealth:—these means, well used, cannot fail to effect their ends. "But it is also necessary to have faith in the people." What is meant by faith in the people? A question worth answering. Put the case that the same multitude were addressed by two orators, and on the same question and occasion; that the first of these orators considered in his mind that the people he addressed were to be controlled by several passions, fear, vanity, admiration, interest, envy, the lust of power, and the enthusiasm of a novel enterprise; that accordingly, having this opinion of the men he addressed, an opinion drawn necessarily from the study of his own heart, he begins by a skillful flattery,—throws in arguments to the purse, to national vanity, to the admiration of great names, to popular enmities and prejudices, the love of domination and the love of change,—and rousing in his hearers' hearts a tumultuous, uneasy enthusiasm, which then he and his colleagues direct to their ends:—this orator may be fairly said to have no faith in the people; he rather believes that they are creatures of passion, and subject to none but base and selfish impulses. But now the second orator rises, a Chatham, a Webster, a Pericles, a Clay; his generous spirit expands itself through the vast auditory, and he believes that he is addressing a company of high-spirited men, citizens. They see the grandeur in his eye, and before a word has escaped his lips, they are struck with an irresistible sympathy with the man. Then, he speaks. When he says "fellow-citizens," they believe him, and at once, from a tumultuous herd, they are converted into men—into a nation, for the time being; the universal voice is speaking, and every man's soul is attuned by it; a common purpose seizes them, a common energy,—and by a wonderful effect, their thoughts and feelings rise to an heroical height, beyond that of common men or common times. This second orator "had faith in the people;" he addressed the better part of each man's nature, supposing it to be in him;—and it *was* in him.

The great problem of our politics is, to bring the minds of the majority up to a pitch of knowledge and confidence that will enable them to use their private judgment upon public questions and public men. To accomplish this end, every spirited citizen will strain every thought. If he has accumulated wealth, he will apply his acquired knowledge of economy and finance to the consideration of the public finance. If he is a lawyer, his knowledge of the nice differences of rights will serve him to detect the fallacies and dishonesties of men in power. If he is a clergyman, he has the law of God, "which fulfills itself," written in his mind in a clear and legible scripture, easily applied to all events and all actions as a rule. If he is a farmer, or an independent mechanic, he knows that individual liberty begins with him—that representative government is sustained by him—in its original purity and force, and that in his place he is the main pillar of the state, on whom depends finally the Union and the public security; but being no linguist nor much read in the law, he will be compelled to shape his estimate of public men and measures by those plain rules from which all laws spring, and which come to him direct from heaven.

But especially, at this crisis, when the polity of the nation is being settled for a course of centuries, by the establishment of new forms of opinion and new modes of government, it becomes the men of leisure and of letters to throw themselves into the strife; not like gladiators shining with the oil of sophistry, and wielding an unscrupulous sword, but rather firm and sure, organized, with the modern obedience and the modern discipline. If, instead of degrading themselves by idle and aimless production, the frivolous trifling of boys, they would remember that they are citizens of a Republic more magnificent than Athens, and that soon must be the irresistible power of the world—that in this Republic there is no aristocracy but that which rests in native uprightness and sincerity, no fame but that of usefulness, no respectability but in the public service: they would cease from their trifling, and unite their exertions and labors to overthrow the ambitious man who usurps, the impostor who misleads, and the coward who sells himself. If, despising toil and resigning the poor privilege of a little fretful originality, a thing smiled upon and pitied by the truly great, they would join as true fellow-soldiers against lying,

quackery, and tyranny, of whatever kind; in less than an age, the Union would be settled upon eternal foundations, and the men of this age be remembered as the second founders of the Republic.

Men do not respect that which is a growth of accident or fortune, and could they bring themselves to regard the institutions of their fathers as the fruit merely of happy concurrences, they would despise their very liberty, and wish to defy fortune, and let her do her will. Regarding the Union as transitory and fortuitous, we are less grieved with the thought of corruption in the general state: we become accustomed to contemplate its decay, and are less indignant when it is proposed to reduce it to an association for gain. That despair, too, which sometimes affects good men of a feeble temper, may well spring out of this opinion, that we lie at the mercy of chance. To know the obstacle is half to conquer it; to know the danger is almost to escape it, with a spirit of that temper of which freemen are made. Let it, therefore, be fairly seen and defined: different men will see it differently and with different degrees of apprehension; but he cannot be esteemed worthless, or unserviceable, who gives his sole attention to that shape of the public danger which affects him most, and which threatens the most immediate peril.

The Senator has distinctly indicated the present danger of the Republic—"the increasing power of the Executive," its assumption of an authority and an influence beyond the spirit, if not beyond the letter of the Constitution, its aggression upon the liberties of the States and of the nation. It is discovered at last, that in our own, as in the English Constitution, the only effectual control over an Executive backed by a powerful minority, is by the refusal of supplies, or by the affixing of conditions to appropriations.

It is necessary to thelife of all great powers, that they should tend to burst their bonds, and seem continually to threaten tyranny: the power of wrong must be coincident in them with the power of right; and few men there are—there is no man, of a spirit fit to be the chief servant of the nation, who will not sometimes encroach upon liberty; not because he does not love liberty, or that he means to be tyrannical, but because it is in human nature to err. It is, therefore, always necessary for a free people to watch their rulers, and check the career of their ambition. We, the private citizens, must make the man in place respect and fear our free vote, and our free opinion. On perpetual vigilance, and not on a curiously adjusted system of checks and balances, must we rely for the vindication of our rights.

But first, before attempting to check or limit any power, it is necessary to know, to *feel*, its exact weight and importance. It is idle to argue against it, or pretend not to see it—to smile at, or disrespect it; we must estimate it, measure it, take its full dimension, compare it with others and with itself, and finally, consider its growth, permanency, and tenacity of life. A dry study of the Constitution, or of historical commentaries, will not give a true idea, much less a true feeling, of the central power. It springs from each one of us, as from millions of living roots. We concede to it, in the economy of the whole, a power original and forever established; it is the most efficient and unobstructed Executive Power in the world, and able, by keeping a vast number of persons in the hope, or in the fearful and conditional enjoyment, of office, to exercise a direct personal power over one half the people.

When supported by a strong minority in Congress, it can initiate any law it pleases, and suppress any which it thinks may be injurious to itself. It is not afraid of impeachment, for it will always control a strong minority in the Senate and the House. It is not disposed to encroach openly upon the Constitution, but has always advocates and excuses to defend itself against the direct charge. It is instinctively ingenious with the people, and takes care never to seem to injure the landed interests. It never touches, or seems to touch, the liberty of the individual, or of the State, of which the northern and southern Democracy are so exclusively jealous; but it reaches over the heads of both, and eludes both. Its immense power rests unmoved upon the tumultuous sea of opposing interests and passions; the small waves (if we may so speak) of local tumults cannot overturn it. The broader the base the more securely it stands; and should its power ever be extended over

both continents, and over the islands, it would almost inevitably perpetuate itself and rise to an imperial height.

The first symptom of the rise of an imperial power is in the ambition of conquest. The ambition of the people is roused, a secret influence everywhere urges them. It emanates from the Central Power, and the body of intriguers which sustain and use it. The head wishes to feel itself the head, and out of an ambitious wantonness, puts the body in motion. The evil passions of the multitude respond to the ambition of the central faction, and the whole force of the government is precipitated upon enterprises of war. This it does without impairing the liberties of the States, or of the citizens; but these powers forget, that as the head is exalted the body is diminished and debased.

Government is in its very nature aggressive and usurping; tending toward unlimited power and unlimited territory. The checks which hem it in and restrain it, require to be kept up with a lively jealousy. Weaken or impoverish your aristocracy, and your king becomes a despot; yield the powers of the House and of the Senate in the least particulars, and your President has moved so far toward supreme authority.

The limitation of the Presidential term to four years is no security against the steady increase of the power, in the hands of a succession of intriguers, usurpers, and well-managed weaklings. The party now effectually in power have maintained a succession of Presidents, who have each added a little to the power of the office. This party, the original opposers of the Constitution, always insisting upon State rights and democratic liberty, has elected a series of Presidents who have made every use of the Central Power, and showed the greatest readiness to abuse and extend it. Democracy, meanwhile, wisely jealous for its individual rights, but near-sighted, has not observed, and perhaps cannot perceive how the stature of the Executive swells and grows.

The Will of the Nation, permanently expressed in the Constitution, while it established this power, established also certain checks upon it, even within its proper limits. The Executive cannot declare war, nor march an army upon a neighbor's territory, without permission from Congress.

It cannot ratify treaties without the consent of two-thirds of the Senators present.

Its patronage may be diminished by Congress, who have power to vest the appointment of inferior officers in the courts of law, or the heads of departments.

It is liable to impeachment; and the power to be taken away by the decision of the Senate.

It is founded on an oath, by which it swears to become the defender of the Constitution.

These defences are such as would be erected against a power naturally inclined to become absolute.

The conflict in future is not to be that old traditional one of State Rights. What do those vast crowds of foreigners, and migratory persons that people the new lands of the West, know or care about the old jealousies of State Rights? They are under the protection of the Central Government, and their first desire and respect is toward the nation; the State with them is secondary; their sons may understand it, but they never will. Every foreigner who sets foot upon this continent, increases the importance of the Central Government, and diminishes the jealousies of the States.

We repeat, that it is our firm belief, that the danger with us lies not in the fear of a revolt of individual States—our Union having at length become, or fast becoming, a nation—but in a want of perception and foresight, to guard against the excessive influence of the Executive itself.

Under such convictions, what are we to think of the party now in power? That their policy and doctrines will defend us against evils approaching from that quarter?

They know that it is necessary for a nation to be engaged in great enterprises, but they prefer the enterprises of war, and turn the forces of government upon foreign objects.

They cry out against a paper currency, against credit, and indirect taxation; while they are issuing millions of Treasury Notes, secured only by the credit of the nation, and dare not propose a tax adequate to the payment of the mere interest of the public debt.

They oppose the creation of a Bank for the economical management of the public

funds, while they are creating a bank of the worst character, founded on the issue of depreciated paper.

They contend for the Sovereignty of the People, (which no man denies,) while they are engaged in destroying the sovereignty of a neighboring people, and would force a sister Republic to cede, not only her territory, but her citizens, as political slaves.

They talk of progress, and the advance of liberty and enlightenment, nay, even of Christianity; which progress, enlightenment, and liberty, nay, which Christianity, they are eager to force upon their neighbors at the point of the bayonet.

We are no advocates for political consistency in the abstract; as though it were not sometimes the part of a wise man to change his course, and in view of impending ruin to his country, oppose a policy advocated by a party once his own, but ceasing to be his when they depart from principles upon which he has taken his stand; but when it appears that every act of a party in power is at variance with some principle which themselves claim, are we not to regard their inconsistency as a proof that they employ their principles as a veil to their purposes?

Let us never listen, then, for an instant, to their protestations, but watch their measures. The measures of the party now in power, are the measures of unjust men: they are employing the Executive power of the Union, in a way to give it an unnatural and despotical authority; they mean to give it all the vigor necessary to carry out their designs; they care not for the Constitution, nor for the principles of private and public liberty of which it is the sole existing charter.

Can we refuse to listen to the warning—"Who talks of liberty now?" Aye! who? It is time then to begin to talk about liberty. State Rights have had their defenders. The States know very well how to defend their own rights. They know the limits of their own sovereignties, and will defend them. But who will defend the rights and sovereignties of the people?

Every member of this Republic is connected by a slender thread with the Central Power. This thread passes through and above the system of the State, scarcely touching it. By this the Central Power can draw after it every individual citizen as by a line of fate. The millions of lines meet in the hand of the Central Power. Along them moves taxation, the call to arms; influence, fine but sure, moves along them. The people reciprocate influence with their head; but while each one of them knows him alone and his will, he knows them all, and by a superior wisdom can rule one by the knowledge he has of another—by many he can rule one, and this in a thousand ways. By the artifices of the politician, the whole nation is moved through these lines. It is the duty of the people to watch, each man his own, and reciprocate, meeting the worse by a better will.

Government is in its very nature aggressive and usurping. So well persuaded are all men of this, it has become a maxim with politicians, that every great authority in the State should be left open to impeachment, and where impeachment is not allowed, the government is either despotic, or it is nominal—the real power, as in the English Constitution, being in other hands. But it is hardly possible to conceive of an Executive Power more crescent and cumulative in its character than our own; for—to say nothing of its being only apparently subject to impeachment—a vote of two-thirds of the Senate being required for conviction of treason, which would scarcely be obtained against a President supported by a strong party; and unless so supported, he would not venture upon violations of the Constitution—a succession of enterprising usurpers, such as have governed this country since the election of General Jackson, have it in their power to create the popularity, and the popular opinion, upon which they rest.

Nay, it is not yet certain, whether a power completely efficient for the demoralization of the nation might not be created within the limits of the Constitution itself.

Government is not a machine; after all the barriers that political science can devise have been erected about a moral power, disposed to be arbitrary and usurping, it will still, within these formal limits, continue to be arbitrary and usurping; it will still continue to be necessary THAT REALLY GREAT AND TRIED MEN SHOULD BE ELECTED.

The usurpation of the war power, granted by the Constitution to Congress

alone, is at all times easy for an Executive supported by a war-making party. It would be as easy for the present government to involve this country in a war with Great Britain as with Mexico; the means of exciting such a war are fully within the power of the Executive.

"None but a people advanced to a very high state of intellectual improvement are capable, in a civilized state," says Mr. Calhoun, "of maintaining a free government; and amongst those who have had the good fortune, very few indeed have had the good fortune of forming a Constitution capable of endurance. It is a remarkable fact in the history of man, that scarcely ever have free popular institutions been formed that have endured."

They have lapsed first into a democratic anarchy, and then into despotism. Their destroyers begin with engaging the people in unjust wars, by which that tender and virtuous regard for liberty is sapped and destroyed: having become tyrants, they are now ready to become slaves, and need only a master. The despot is always ready, under the cloak of the demagogue. He is the man who confines himself theoretically within the limits of the Constitution, until he has succeeded in destroying its ground-work in the hearts of the people—until he has succeeded in intoxicating them with the consciousness of freedom, and in leading them on to the commission of national crimes, under the names of patriotism, glory, and enterprise. He is no conscious destroyer, but only a godless skeptic, smooth and fluent in speech, active in talent, and simply cold-blooded and dishonest when he dares be so. His tools are, perhaps, men superior to himself in dignity of character, and in obstinacy of purpose, whose narrow understandings he knows well how to darken with sophistries and flatteries. In his own opinion the demagogue is not a bad man; he means only to use the natural and customary means toward influence and wealth. The Union to him is a kind of firm, a combination of great powers for the purposes of defence, enrichment and aggrandizement; in enriching and aggrandizing himself at the expense of this corporation he seems to commit no sin. The Supernal Powers have denied him the knowledge of the true glory of humanity; he does not care to guide—he has not the power of guiding the nation, in the path of justice and honor; he is unconscious of these principles—he regards them as fragile moral formularies, for the better management of fools and children. A formalist in his religion, it is very like he delights in long prayers; a formalist in behavior, it is very like he is a man of smooth and polished address. Or if his game be of a ruder sort, he is ready for the fierce extremes—roughness, cruelty, and profanity of conduct. Yet, under all disguises, the demagogue is one and the same; a liar in his heart, a deceiver of the people, an adroit manager of men in place, a giver of gifts, a maker of promises, a busy, smooth, eloquent, cautious, well-trained, place-seeking, wealth-loving, power-grasping, ape of virtue.

By one mark we are to know him—namely:—

That he earnestly professes one thing, and assiduously practices another.

He professes to economize for the people, and loads them with expenses.

He professes free trade, and advocates an indiscriminate Tariff.

He professes to be jealous of liberty, and goes on to swell the power of the Executive.

He professes a great tenderness of national honor, and plunges the nation into wars of mere robbery.

In a word, he is consistent in his conduct with none of the principles he professes; and he professes those which he thinks will sound best in most ears.

Under favor, therefore, it seems that Mr. Calhoun has not indicated the true causes of the decline of liberal institutions when he says that they are established, and must fall, by good or evil fortune. It would seem rather that not *fortune* but *influence*, is the cause of the rise and decline of free institutions. Given a people wise enough to know a demagogue from a statesman, there were no danger to be apprehended, that their institutions would ever fall into anarchy. The causes of the rise of free institutions are to be sought in the character, and not in the fortune of the people. The Athenians, a tribe of forty thousand luxurious democrats, governing half a million of slaves, gradually wrested power from the hands of the few, and as gradually lost it when their

manners became corrupt. The Romans, a clan of ambitious gentlemen, ruling with difficulty a rude but valiant populace, regarded their state as an engine of conquest, and themselves the predestined governors of the world. They gradually dwindled, and were dissolved and lost in the multitude of their subjects, and the power they had organized passed into the hands of men of other nations, trained in the Roman discipline.

The Greek and Roman republics cherished in their laws none of those sacred principles which can alone give duration to republics. They never dreamed of educating the people—of securing every man his perfect liberty—of the freedom of political opinion, freedom of religion, international equity.

In a word, the safety of the Commonwealth is in the election of such men as represent its principles in their characters: if these are weak, false, narrow, sluggish, or knavish, the machine of government will always work badly; it is a moral, not a mechanical power; its springs are in the hearts and minds of those who move it; their integrity or dishonesty, makes the nation fortunate or unfortunate; their wisdom and moderation saves it; their honor keeps it pure and respectable. Let us, therefore, the people, in selecting our CANDIDATE, ask ourselves, with Jefferson, is he capable, is he honest? Is he a man of grand ability, of tried honesty, of unquestionable courage; open of heart and hand; of a great reputation; able to rule, faithful to his trust? Above all, does he scorn intrigues and private schemes? If he is all this, and no man more so, then is he our CANDIDATE; and if we, the citizens, who profess Whig principles, will unite upon him, laying aside all small fears and trifling doubts, who doubts our ability to elect him?

SONNET.—MIDNIGHT.

Now Melancholy with pale Sorrow sits,
Still listening to the burden of her woe:
Now Murder, blind with fear, uncouthly hits
At Sleep, and wounds himself instead of foe:
Now steals the expectant lover to his fair,
And finds her breathing in a rival's arms:
Now silly boaster, who the Dark would dare,
Turns a blank idiot, through her spectral charms:
Now gasps the sick man on the bed of death,
And marks his emblem in the lamp's blue flame;
While near him nods the nurse with catching breath,
As though her sense by snatches went and came:—
But swift and silent spins the beauteous world,
From night to morn all things are quickly hurled.

CHINA.*

The first of the works whose titles are appended, is in two thick volumes of six hundred pages each, and contains the result of the author's personal observations, together with frequent extracts from the best works hitherto written on China; making in the whole by far the fullest compendium of information respecting that great Empire of the East which our Western World has ever yet possessed. Mr. Williams went to China as Printer to the American Board of Foreign Missions, and resided twelve years at Canton and Macao, "in daily and familiar contact with the people, speaking their language and studying their books." He is evidently an able philologist, and a well-informed, sensible observer. The work is one of the most interesting that has lately appeared, and we cannot do our readers a more acceptable service than to run it over and string together some of the novelties which it adds to the general stock of knowledge.

The narrative of Mr. Smith, who went out in 1844, as agent of the English Church Mission to the cities where there are British Consuls, is quoted by Mr. Williams, so that it does not require a separate notice. It is interesting, but the style is very diffuse.

Chung Kwoh, "the Mid-kingdom," is the most common name for their country among the Chinese. The name China is never used among them, and is supposed to have been taken by foreigners from *Tsin* or *Chin*, a famous monarch, who flourished B. C. 770. The author suggests that it may be the "land of Sinim," referred to in Isaiah xlix. 12. The natives have many other names for their country: sometimes it is called *Sz' Hai*, i. e. [all within] the Four Seas. *Tang Shan*, or the Hills of Tang, also denotes the whole country. For the people, *Li Min*, or Black-Haired Race, is a common appellation; the expressions *Hwa Yen*, the Flowery Language, and *Chung Hwa Kwoh*, the Middle Flowery Kingdom, are also frequently used for the written language and the country—the sense of *Hwa* being that they are the most polished and civilized of all nations. The term "Celestials," which would be an extremely awkward phrase in their language, comes from *Tie Chau*, i. e. Heavenly Dynasty, one of the titles of the present dynasty of *Tsing*.

Our author gives a full account of the topography of the eighteen provinces, and the entire empire—its mountains and rivers, the Great Wall, the Grand Canal, the public roads, and the appearances which the landscapes usually present to the eye. The general aspect of the country is as much modified by cultivation as that of England, but there are no fences or hedges. Temples and pagodas, which are used for inns and theatres as well as idols, sometimes occupy commanding situations. The acclivities of hills under terrace cultivation are often very beautiful. But distant views of cities are tame, from the absence of spires and towers to relieve the dead level of tiled roofs.

Along the sea-coast of southern China the tyfoons (from *ta-fung*, i. e. a great wind) are much dreaded. The people have another name for them, which signifies *iron whirlwind*.

The names given to streets and halls are very curious. Thus the Emperor's Council at Peking is held in the *Kien Tsing Tung*, or Tranquil Palace of Heaven; the Empress resides in the Palace of the

* *The Middle Kingdom; a Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, etc., of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants.* By S. Wells Williams, author of "Easy Lessons in Chinese," "English and Chinese Vocabulary," &c. In two volumes. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam, 1848.

A Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to the Consular Cities of China, and to the Islands of Hong Kong and Chusan. By the Rev. George Smith, M. A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and late Missionary in China. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

Earth's Repose ; near by is the Hall of Intense Thought, where sacrifices are presented to Confucius and other sages, and also the Hall of the Literary Abyss, or Library. In reading these queer titles, one cannot help fancying, what if we had such buildings here, and who would be the fittest persons to occupy them ? whether our transcendental cotemporaries should rather be made to officiate as high priests in a Hall of Intense Thought, or follow their readers into a Literary Abyss ? To pursue such suggestions would however interfere with our present purpose, which is merely to give a diminished picture of an entertaining volume.

The celebrated porcelain manufactories are in the department of Jauchau in Faulang hien, and, it is stated, give employment to a million of workmen. They were established A. D. 1004. Near them is the vale of the White Deer, where *Chu Hi*, the great disciple of Confucius, lived and taught in the 12th century. It is a place of frequent pilgrimage for the Chinese literati, and its beauty and sublimity a constant theme of the poets.

The capital of the province Hupeh, *Wuchang fu*, on the river *Yangtsz' Kiang*, is said to be one of the largest assemblages of houses and vessels, inhabitants and sailors, in the world ; London and Yedo can alone compete with it. Indeed, in the accounts of several other great cities whose names are alike strange and euphonious, one is constantly astonished at the immensity of the population. Any place in China under a half million would seem to be a mere village.

The true name of Canton is *Kwangtung Sāng Ching*, i. e. the capital of the province of Kwangtung. The names of the city gates remind one of the Pilgrim's Progress : thus we have Great-Peace gate, Eternal-Rest gate, Five-Genii gate, Bamboo-Wicket gate, &c. Among the names of the six hundred streets, are Dragon street, Martial Dragon street, Pearl street, (what city was ever without one ?) Golden Flower street, New Green Pea street, Physic street, Spectacle street, &c. These streets are very narrow, being never used for carriages, and for uncleanliness, are probably, if such a state of things can be imagined, much in advance of the dirtiest in New-York. The manufactories of Canton are almost all for foreign trade. The city contains 50,000 persons employed in weaving and embroidering cloth ; there are also 7000 barbers, and 4200 shoemakers. The contempt for the few foreigners residing there, renders their position very irksome and confined. None of them have ever adopted the native costume, the English clerks probably objecting to the shaven poll and indispensable pigtail. The foreign shipping lies at Whampoa, (pronounced *Wompoo*, i. e. Yellow Anchorage.) In the mountainous parts of Kwangtung, there are many tribes who resist every attempt on the part of the lowlanders, to penetrate into the fastnesses. They occasionally come down to Canton to trade, and the Cantonese firmly believe that they possess tails like monkeys.

The last census of China, taken in 1812, makes the entire population of the eighteen provinces amount to 362,447,183. The means and intention of the government to estimate the number of the people accurately are not questioned ; yet the result is so enormous that our author very sensibly considers the subject still open, until further statistics are obtained. The averages of 850, 705 and 671 to the square mile, in the provinces of Kiangsu, Nganhwui, and Chehkiang, are too great to be credited without minute circumstantial evidence. No one can doubt, however, that the population is exceedingly great, and constitutes by far the largest assemblage of human beings using one speech, ever congregated under one monarch. The revenues of the empire are, as might be supposed, still more difficult to ascertain than the population. The government Red Book for 1840, places the total at 58,007,007 taels of $1,33 each, but this is probably only the surplussage sent from each province, for the support of the emperor and his court. The revenue from Canton alone, in 1842, is given in the Red Book at 43,750 taels, whereas it is well known that the collector of customs there was obliged to remit from 800,000 to 1,500,000 taels, and his gross receipts were not far from 3,000,000. The expenditures of the government almost always exceed the receipts, but in what way the deficit is made up does not appear. The salaries of the government officers are not high,

but their exactions are so great, that it is impossible to guess how much they actually receive.

The greatest part of the cultivated soil is employed in raising food for man. Woolen garments and leather are little used, and cotton and mulberry occupy but a small portion of the soil. Grass is never raised. Horses are very little used. The few cattle feed on the waste grounds, and butter, cheese and milk are hardly known. The principal food of the people is pork, ducks, geese, poultry and fish, of which the latter is a great item.

Wood is scarce in China, and coal is the general fuel. All the common metals are abundant, but the processes used in manufacturing them are little known. A native dealer in iron at Canton, for example, can communicate no information as to how it is smelted or forged; it is enough for him that it sells. Lead is imported from the United States, and the lining of a tea chest may have made the voyage from Galena to Canton, and back to St. Louis.

Chinese writers on natural history are almost as curious observers as ours were a few centuries ago. Of the bat, which they style "heavenly rat," "fairy rat," "flying rat," "night swallow," &c., they write, "It is shaped like a mouse; its body is of an ashy black color; and it has thin fleshy wings, which join the fore-legs and tail into one. It appears in the summer, but becomes torpid in the winter; on which account, as it eats nothing during that season, and because it has the habit of swallowing its breath, it attains a great age. It flies with its head downwards, because the brain is heavy," &c. Cats they call "household foxes." One item in the description of the dog is, that it "can go on three legs." The maltese-colored, hairless buffalo is their beast for farming, and hence the picture of a country lad astride one's back playing the flute, is a favorite pastoral image. The Chinese pig is the clumsiest little lump of fat imaginable. His disposition, however, so much resembles that of his western brethren, that the people do not attempt to drive him through their narrow streets. They place a loosely woven cylindrical basket before an opening in his pen, and pull his tail till he runs into it; then lifting it by a pole passed through the top, his legs fall through the meshes, and two men carry him off, squealing somewhat, we may suppose, but unable to do himself any personal injury. The contrivance is equally ingenious and humane. The camel is in use in western China; one species is used to carry light burdens and messages across the deserts of Gobi, and is called *fung-kioh-to*, or *wind-footed camel*, on account of its swiftness. Singing thrushes are kept as pets by the Chinese gentlemen, parties of whom are not unfrequently seen with their cages seated on the grass, or rambling over the fields for grasshoppers. A favorite song bird is a species of the lark, which is called *peh ling*, i. e. "hundred-spirit bird," from its activity and melody. Sparrows and crows are common about Canton. They have also the cuckoo, which is called *kuku*, as with us.

So many kinds of fish are brought to the market of Macao, that if one is able to eat all that the Chinese do, he may have a different species every day in the year. Gold fish were introduced into Europe from China about the end of the seventeenth century. "The effects of culture and domestication in changing the natural form of this fish are as great as is sometimes seen in animals: specimens are often seen without any dorsal fin, and the tail and other fins tufted and lobed to such a degree as to resemble artificial appendages or wings rather than natural organs. The eyes are developed till the globes project beyond the socket like goggles, presenting an extraordinary appearance. Some of them are so fantastic, indeed, that they would be regarded as *lusus naturæ*, were they not so common. Specimens two feet long have been noticed, but usually they are no longer in China than in Europe." One species of fish has the faculty of darting a drop of water at insects on the bank, and so catching them. Oysters and all sorts of shell fish are abundant. The Chinese manufacture pearls by inserting small mother-of-pearl beads into the shell, which in a year are incrusted.

There is a species of spider so large and strong as to successfully attack small birds on the trees. On the hills eastward of Canton are found immense butterflies and night-moths. One of these insects (*Bombyx atlas*) measures nine inches across the

wings. Common crickets are caught and sold in the markets for gaming, the practice being to fight them in bowls. The Chinese naturalists describe the nests of bees, ants, &c., very accurately. "The composition of the characters for the bee, ant and musquito, respectively denote the *awl* insect, the *righteous* insect, and the *lettered* insect, referring thereby to the sting of the first, the orderly marching and subordination of the second, and the letter-like markings on the wings of the last. Musquitoes are plenty in all parts of China, and gauze curtains are considered by the people as a more necessary part of bed furniture than a mattress."

The bamboo is cultivated about villages for its pleasant shade and beauty, and a grove furnishes from year to year culms of all sizes. Its appearance is extremely rural, oriental and elegant. It is applied to so many uses that it may be called the Chinese national plant. The tender shoots are used for food. "The roots are carved into fantastic images of men, birds, monkeys, or monstrous perversions of animated nature; cut into lanthorn handles or canes, or turned into oval sticks for worshippers to divine whether the gods will hear or refuse their petitions. The tapering culms are used for all purposes that poles can be applied to in carrying, supporting, propelling and measuring, by the porter, the carpenter and the boatman; for the joists of houses and the ribs of sails; the shafts of spears and the wattles of hurdles; the tubes of aqueducts and the handles and ribs of umbrellas and fans.

"The leaves are sewed upon cords to make rain-cloaks, swept into heaps to form manure, and matted into thatches to cover houses. Cut into splints and slivers of various sizes, the wood is worked into baskets and trays of every form and fancy, twisted into cables, plaited into awnings, and woven into mats for scenery of the theatre, the roofs of houses and the casing of goods. The shavings even are picked into oakum, and mixed with those of rattan to be stuffed into mattresses. The bamboo furnishes the bed for sleeping, and the couch for reclining; the chopsticks for eating, the pipe for smoking, and the flute for entertaining; a curtain to hang before the door, and a broom to sweep around it; together with screens, stools, stands, and sofas for various uses of convenience and luxury in the house. The mattress to lie upon, the chair to sit upon, the table to dine from, food to eat, and fuel to cook it with, are alike derived from it; the ferule to govern the scholar and the book he studies both originate here. The tapering barrels of the *Sàng*, or organ, and the dreaded instrument of the lictor—one to make harmony and the other to strike awe; the skewer to pin the hair and the hat to screen the head; the paper to write on, the pencil handle to write with, and the cup to hold the pencils; the rule to measure lengths, the cup to guage quantities, and the bucket to draw water; the bellows to blow the fire and the bottle to retain the match; the bird-cage and crab-net, the fish-pole and sumpitan, the water-wheel and eave-duct, wheel-barrow and hand-cart, &c., are all furnished or completed by this magnificent grass, whose graceful beauty when growing is comparable to its varied usefulness when cut down."

The buckwheat is much used in China; it is called by a name which signifies "triangular wheat," a title perhaps quite as appropriate for it as ours. The Chinese consider the rest of the world dependent on them for tea and rhubarb, and foreigners forced to resort to them to relieve themselves of an otherwise irremediable costiveness. Commissioner Lin once actually made use of this as an argument for certain trade restrictions, supposing foreigners would be compelled to purchase of them at any price. Pea-nuts are extensively cultivated, but whether used as an accompaniment to dramatic performances we are left uninformed. Pawpaws are eaten after being cooked. Dried bottle-gourds are tied to children's backs on the boats, to hold them up when they tumble overboard.

The Camella Japonica is as much admired at home as abroad, though the outer barbarians have invented several new varieties. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that Chinese gardeners are also acquainted with the China aster. The tree pæony, with its large and variegated flowers, is much admired. But their great favorite is the jasmine, whose clusters of flowers are often wound in their hair by the women. In the north-eastern provinces,

around Ningpo and in Chusan, the hills are covered with gorgeous azaleas. "Few," says Mr. Fortune, "can form any idea of the gorgeous beauty of these azalea-clad hills, where on every side the eye rests on masses of flowers of dazzling brightness and surpassing beauty. Nor is it the azalea alone which claims our admiration; clematises, wild roses, honey-suckles, and a hundred others mingle their flowers with them, and make us confess that China is indeed the "central flowery land."

The Chinese materia medica is full of valuable information. For example, there are in one work twenty-four sections on the history and uses of the horse. The first explains the character which stands for its name; the second goes into the varieties of the animal, and gives brief descriptions of them. "The pure white are best for medicine. The age is known by the teeth. The eye reflects the full image of a man. If his teeth be rubbed with dead silk-worms or black plums he will not eat, nor if the skin of a rat or wolf be hung in his manger. If a monkey be kept in his stable he will not fall sick." The third section goes on to speak of the flesh as an article of food. Our author recommends "almonds and a rush broth, if a person feel uncomfortable after a meal of horse flesh. It should be roasted and eaten with ginger and pork; and to eat the flesh of a black horse and not drink wine with it, will surely produce death," &c. "The heart of a white horse, or that of a hog, cow, or hen, when dried and rasped into spirit and so taken, cures forgetfulness; if the patient hears one thing he knows ten." "Above the knees the horse has *night eyes* (warts) which enable him to go in the night; they are useful in the tooth-ache." One naturalist rather smiles at another, who reported the metamorphosis of an oriole into a mole, and of rice into a carp: "It is a ridiculous story," says he; "there is proof only of the change of rats into quails, which is reported in the Almanac, and which *I have also seen myself.*" Natural science would appear to have advanced in China about as far as physical had in Italy, when Galileo experimented before the philosophers of Pisa, and they refused to believe that a piece of lead, ten pounds in weight, would not fall ten times faster than one of one pound, because it was contrary to Aristotle.

The Chinese government, as is well known, is in theory purely patriarchal. The emperor is the sire, the nation his household. But it owes its stability not so much to its form as to the prevalence of the Confucian philosophy, which has for so many ages directed the minds of its people. This has led to a state of minute orders and degrees which pervade all ranks of society, and make each man at once his neighbor's supervisor and dependent. In such a condition no man dares oppose unless he has a majority of strength on his side, and thus all are disposed to quietness. Thus also a form of government which, under a progressive philosophy and aided by the Christian religion, might be warmed into genial life and combine perfect stability with the largest liberty, is under paganism a *congealed democracy.* The system of allowing all an equal chance to rise in the State, and promoting all in the exact ratio of desert, could not work badly under a true learning and a true religion. Even as it is, the fact of such an immense people going along for so many centuries with so little interruption, shows how much may be accomplished in the world by one true idea against the downward tendency of man's unenlightened, unchristianized nature.

Although the emperor is the father of this great family, he is bound to rule it according to the published laws of the land. This is the *Ta Tsing LiuhLi*, i. e. Statutes and Rescripts of the Great Pure Dynasty, and contains the laws of the empire arranged under seven heads, viz.: General, Civil, Fiscal, Ritual, Military and Criminal Laws, and those relating to the Public Works; and subdivided into 436 sections, with modern explanatory and limiting clauses. A new edition of these is published by authority every five years. A review of a translation of them in the Edinburgh says, "We scarcely know a European code that is at once so copious and consistent, or is nearly so free from intricacy, bigotry and fiction." Its faults are that it is too minute upon social and relative virtues, that in a Christian State would be left to the admonitions of the pulpit.

The present Emperor is the sixth of the Tsing or Pure Dynasty. He ascended the throne in 1821, and is now in his 67th

year. He has two brothers and three sons. The right of succession is in the male line, provided the Emperor does not nominate, as he may do, his successor. The only hereditary nobility is that of the imperial house or clan, which is divided into twelve orders, and governed by a distinct court under the emperor.

The next principal legal distinction in society is the eight privileged classes which, with the imperial family, constitute the nine ranks of civilians. These ranks are not hereditary but honorary distinctions, and the privilege affects only the degree of punishment of offenders in each rank. (The word *mandarin* is from the Portuguese, and is applied by foreigners, without any authority but wrong usage, to all ranks and officers in the empire.)

Besides these distinctions the mass of the people are further subdivided into different clans, guilds, societies, professions and communities, all of which in some degree assist them against a corrupt magistracy, and enable them to preserve their proprietary if not their personal rights tolerably secure.

The Emperor is assisted in his deliberations by the Nui Koh, or Cabinet, which consists of four *ta hioh-sz'*, or principal, and two *hiepan ta hioh-sz'*, or joint-assistant Chancellors, half Manchus and half Chinese. Under these are ten assistants called *hioh-sz'*, or "learned scholars." The first of the four Chancellors is esteemed the Premier. The present premier of China is Muchangah, a Manchu of great influence and power, and probably an able man; he has held the station twelve years.

The *Kuin-ki Chu*, or General Council, composed of princes of the blood, Chancellors of the Cabinet, the presidents and vice presidents of the six Boards, and chief officers of all the other courts in the capital, selected at the Emperor's pleasure, corresponds somewhat to a *ministry*. The *King Chau*, i. e. Court Transcripts, usually called the Peking Gazette, is compiled from the records of the General Council, and is equivalent to our "official organ."

The principal executive bodies in the capital under these two councils are the *Luh Pu*, or Six Boards:—

1. The *Li Pu*, or Board of Civil Office.
2. The *Hu Pu*, or Board of Revenue.
3. The *Li Pu*, or Board of Rites.
4. The *Ping Pu*, or Board of War.
5. The *Hing Pu*, or Board of Punishments.
6. The *Kung Pu*, or Board of Works.

After these come several important courts:—

1. The *Li Fan Yuen*, or Court for the government of Foreigners, commonly called the Colonial Office.
2. The *Tu-chah Yuen*, i. e. "All-examining Court or Censorate," a kind of perpetual Grand Jury.
3. The *Tung-ching Sz'*, a small body of six officers to receive memorials from provincial authorities, or popular appeals from their judgments, and present them to the Cabinet.
4. The *Ta-li Sz'*, or Court of Judicature, a kind of Supreme Court, whose jurisdiction is mostly criminal.
5. The *Hanlin Yuen*, or Imperial Academy, which is intrusted with the drawing up of national documents, histories, and other works.

There are also the *Taichang Sz'* or Sacrificial Court; the *Taipuh Sz'*, or Superintendent of H. I. M.'s Stud; the *Kwanghih Sz'*, or Banqueting House; the *Hunglu Sz'*, or Ceremonial Court; the *Kwohtsz' Kien*, or National College; the *Ksn Tien Kien*, or Imperial Astronomical [including Astrological] College; and the *Tai I Yuen*, or Supreme Medical Hall.

The other courts of the capital appear to have been subdivided and multiplied to a great degree to give employment to Manchus and to graduates who come from every part of the empire, and thus to strengthen the power of the throne. The total number of civilians in employ is estimated at fourteen thousand, but those dependent on government are many times this amount.

Besides this general government, the eighteen provinces of the empire are incorporated under eleven governments, over which are eight *tsungtuh* or governors general, fifteen *fuyen*, nineteen treasurers, eighteen judges, seventeen literary chancellors, fifteen commanders of the forces, and 1740 prefects of districts. The higher grades of these provincial officers report themselves every month to the throne, sending his majesty a salutatory card on yellow paper in a silken envelope, wishing

him repose. The Emperor or his secretary replies with the vermilion pencil, *Chin-ngan*, i. e. Ourself is well.

The appointment of officers in China being theoretically based on literary merit, the *hioching* or chancellor of a province is a high officer, and ranks next to the *fuyen*. Below the district magistrates come a host of subalterns in all departments.

In the administration of the laws there is so much jealousy of superiors and inferiors, and such a complete system of espionage as tends to destroy honorable fidelity and make bribery, corruption, and extortion thrive. Yet on the whole it is generally the honest and equitable officers who rise. The bad ones get pasquinaded by placards stuck up in the streets, while the good become extremely popular. The higher officers are generally able men.

Their peculiar manner of appealing to ultimate truths in their state papers is sometimes quite amusing. Commissioner Lin, whose only fault was the universal national bigotry, thus began a letter to the Queen of England respecting the interdiction of opium :—"Whereas the ways of Heaven are without partiality, and no sanction is allowed to injure others in order to benefit one's self, and that men's natural feelings are not very diverse (for where is he that does not abhor death and love life ?)—therefore your honorable nation, though beyond the wide ocean, at a distance of twenty thousand *li*, also acknowledges the same ways of Heaven, the same human nature, and has the like perceptions of the distinctions between life and death, benefit and injury." The Commissioner made the old mistake of supposing too much moral perfection in humanity. How differently spoke Lord Melbourne in a subsequent debate in the House of Lords :—"We possess immense territories peculiarly fitted for raising opium, and though he would wish that government were not so directly concerned in the traffic, he was not prepared to pledge himself to relinquish it," &c., &c His Lordship evidently saw the subject in *another light*.

On the whole, there is perhaps the same inferiority in the Chinese administration of justice as compared with that of our own, that exists in their social and moral condition. The machine with them is ingenious, but works clumsily. They effect the ultimate object, but it is at an infinitely greater waste of labor. All departments with them are more corrupt. They suffer from petty exactions. Men are often robbed among them, houses burnt and women stolen. Justice sells at a cheaper rate than here. The reports of their trials are summary. Substitution is allowed for punishment, and whoever can pay may even find men who will suffer death in his place to procure a provision for their families. Torture is still used in their courts. They have riots and insurrections worse than those of Philadelphia. But it is after all a great fact in the world's history that snch an immense pagan population should have gone on so long, and subdued and replenished so large a portion of the earth's surface.

It shows how a single conservative principle, that of reverence for the past, will sustain a people under all the pressure of sin, and dimly enlighten their path for ages through the thick darkness of natural religion. The same principle that lies at the foundation of their government also points out the only road to ambition under it. Reverence for the past has perpetuated a test of merit never applied in any other nation. The Chinese are a race of pedants. Their whole mind turns backward. With a reverence for learning that has led them to make scholarship the chief means of attaining distinction, they cling to old dogmas with a tenacity that leaves no strength for original thinking. From their earliest years the writings of their ancient sages are the only study. Their schools are very strict. Boys acquire in them their strange language and their classical taste at the same time ; and it is probable that the classic writings are so far a key to the difficulties of their tongue that each helps to perpetuate the other.

There are four literary degrees. The first, *siutsai*, is flowering talent. To obtain it the young student must pass through three examinations. The first is held under the *hioching* of the district, who assembles the candidates in the hall of examination, selects a theme, and gives one day to write the essay. When the essays are handed in they are submitted to a board of examiners, and the successful names are pasted upon the walls of the magistrate's hall : this honor is called *hien ming*,

i. e., having a name in the village. The strictness of this primary examination may be judged from the instances of two districts in 1832, when the number of candidates was 2000, and only 13 in one district and 14 in another obtained the *hien ming;* the entire population of the districts was a million and a half. The next examination is before the prefect of the department. If the successful in each district were in the above proportion, there would be generally 200 candidates. The examination is conducted in the same way, and is still more rigorous than the first; the degree is called *fu ming*, having a name in the department. The successful are eligible to a third trial in the provincial city, at which those who again succeed receive the degree of *siutsai*, which has been translated "bachelor of arts."

In the province of Kwangtung, (Canton,) with a population by the census of nineteen millions, there are about 12,000 bachelors. In the city the number of all who have obtained literary degrees is only 300. This degree exempts its possessors from corporal punishment, renders them conspicuous in their native place, and eligible as candidates for the next degree above. It may be obtained by purchase, from $200 up to $1,000 and more being the price, but that does not entitle the possessor to strive higher.

The second degree is that of *ku-jin*, or "promoted men," and entitles its possessors to become officers. The examinations are held triennially in each provincial city of the empire, about the middle of September. Each city has a great hall with numerous cells arranged around an open court. The hall at Canton will accommodate 10,000. The candidates before entering are registered and then searched, to see that no miniature editions of the classics are found upon them, or anything which can assist in the tasks. If anything be found upon them, they are punished with the *cangue*, (the board around the neck,) degraded from the first degree and prohibited another trial; their fathers and tutors are also punished. The furniture of each cell consists of two boards, contrived for a seat and eating table and writing desk. Every menial and officer who enters is searched, and the place carefully guarded by soldiers. The examination lasts three days, and the confinement in the cramped cells often kills old students, who enter again and again in hope of at last succeeding. Father, son, and grandson have sometimes appeared at the same examination. When any one breaks any of the regulations, his name is "pasted out" on the outside of the hall, and he is dismissed till another time. More than a hundred persons are thus "pasted out" every examination.

There are four themes given out the first day, one of which must be in poetry. These are sentences from the classics. In 1828 the 4800 candidates were exercised upon these:—"Tsangtsz' said, 'To possess ability, and yet ask of those who do not; to know much and yet inquire of those who know little; to possess and yet appear not to possess; to be full and yet appear empty." "He took hold of things by the two extremes, and in his treatment of the people maintained the golden medium." "A man from his youth studies eight principles, and when he arrives at manhood, he wishes to reduce them to practice." The fourth essay was to be in pentameters, "The sound of the oar and the green of the hills and water." These four themes are from the Four Books; the next day five are selected from the Five Classics; and the last five, topics concerning doubtful affairs of state, are proposed. These take a free range of discussion.

Twenty-five days are allowed for the ten members of the examining board to read the essays, which, at the usual proportion, would be about 260 each, *per diem*—an agreeable task! But it is dangerous for an examiner to return any unread. One candidate printed his, thus returned, which led to his own degradation, the punishment of the examiner, and the passing a severe law against it in future.

On the 9th or 10th of the moon, the names of the successful are proclaimed by a crier from the highest tower in the city, and next morning the list is hawked about the streets and sent to all parts of the province. Then come salutes and public and social banquets and rejoicings for the victors; of whom there are about 1300 every three years, all over the empire.

The third degree, *tsinsz*, "entered scholars," is conferred after another exami-

nation, every three years at Pekin. The travelling expenses to court are sometimes paid by government. The number admitted varies from 150 to 400. They are all presented to the Emperor, and their names inscribed in the Board of Civil Office, as candidates for office on the first vacancy. At this examination many are degraded from the previously acquired standing for incompetency, and forbidden to appear again.

The highest degree of *hanlin* constitutes one a member of the Imperial Academy, and entitles him to a salary. It is conferred in presence of the highest personages of the realm.

This system is said to be extremely imperfect in practical operation. Private marks are placed upon the themes, and a sufficient sum previously given to the examiner, is very sure to soften the severity of his criticisms. Eight thousand dollars is said to be the price of a bachelor's degree at Canton. It is curious what power there is in money and influence, in all parts of the world. With all their checks, it is said that "it is surprising that any person can be so eager in his studies, or confident in his abilities, as even to think that he can get into office by them alone."

Considerable attention is paid to female education in China, and literary attainments are considered creditable to ladies, as well as small feet. The list of names of authoresses in their annals is a long one. *Yuen Yuen*, the Governor-general of Canton in 1820, while in office, published a volume of his deceased daughter's poetical effusions. (We have never read them, but have no doubt they are very fine.)

The Chinese language is understood by all educated men, among four millions of people. Their philologists arrange all its characters into six classes, called *luh shu*, or six writings:—

The first, called *siang hing*, were originally intended as imitative symbols or pictures of the thing meant; but the resemblance in most of them has long disappeared. The number of these is 608.

The second class, only 107 in number, is called *chi sz'*, i. e., imitative symbols indicating thought; for example, an image of the sun above the horizon, put for morning. These are combined of previous forms, and Chinese writers consider these two classes as comprising all the ideographics in the language.

The third class, *hwui i*, i. e., combined ideas, comprises characters made up of two or three symbols, to express ideas deducible from their positions, but capable of being represented. Thus *sun* and *moon* are joined to mean brightness; *woman* and *broom*, signify wife. Of these there are 740.

The fourth class, *chuen chu*, "inverted significations," include such characters as, by some inversion or alteration, acquire a different meaning. Thus a *hand* turned to the right, means *the right*; to the left, *the left*. There are 372 of these.

The fifth class, *kiai shing*, i. e. uniting sound symbols, contain 21,810 characters —nearly all the language. These are composed of a picture or imitative symbol, united to one which merely imparts a sound to the compound; the former usually partakes more or less of the new idea, while the latter loses its own meaning, and gives only its name. They differ from Arabic numerals, in that the latter can only indicate *meaning* and never *sound*. As an illustration of their origin, suppose the name of a new insect, called *nan* where it was found, was to be written for the first time. The writer would select some character that *was known to have that sound*, and join it with the symbol *chung*, meaning insect; then *chung nan* would mean the *insect nan*. Some might call it *insect south*, but the design of the combination would be the guide. If *nan* were called *nam* or *lem*, in some parts of the country, the people there would give it that name, and the others would not understand them, until the character was written. The similarity in sound of all combinations, into which the same *sound* character should enter, would be an assistant in reading the language, but not in understanding it.

The sixth class, called *kia tsie*, i. e. "honored uses," includes metaphoric symbols, frequently extremely fanciful; the number of these is 508. *Child* under *shelter*, makes one of these; it means *the written character*—characters being considered the well nurtured offspring of hieroglyphics.

The whole number in these six classes is 24,235, though Kanghi's dictionary

contains 44,449; but the first contains thousands that are obsolete and unusual. The burden of remembering so many complicated symbols, whose form, sound and meaning are all necessary to enable the student to read and write intelligibly, is so great that those in common use are abridged and made to bear many meanings. A good knowledge of ten thousand characters would be sufficient to read any work in Chinese or write on any subject; four or five thousand are sufficient for all common purposes, and two-thirds of that number might suffice.

Each character is a word, and must be learned separately, the sound giving but little clue to the meaning. For this reason the grammar of the language is confined to syntax and prosody. Of these the rules are simple. The characters are in general monosyllables, and have many sounds which cannot be written in English, and *vice versa.* Thus *flannel* in Chinese is *fat-lan-yin;* stairs, *sz'-ta-sz';* *impregnable, im-pi-luk-na-pu-li.* There are three principal dialects and an endless variety of *patois,* called *hiang tan* or village brogue, an interpreter of which is attached to almost every officer's court to translate the peculiar phrases of witnesses. The difference between the court dialect and the Canton is illustrated by the sentence, *I do not understand what he says.*

Court dialect.—*Wo min puh tung teh ta kiang shim mo.*

Canton dialect.—*Ngo 'm hiu kü kong mat yé.*

This is almost as great a difference as any in the British Islands.

In surveying Chinese literature the authority is the *Sz' Fu Tsiuen Shu Tsun-muh,* or Catalogue of all the Books in the Four Libraries, i. e., Classical, Historical and Professional writings and Belles Lettres.

At the head of the *Wuh King* is placed the *Yih King,* or Book of Changes, which is held in great veneration for its antiquity and occult wisdom. It was composed in prison by *Wán Wang,* the Literary Prince, about B.C. 1150. It has formed the basis of a species of divination, and the great writers of China ever since Confucius have been endeavoring to explain its aphorisms. The Catalogue enumerates 1450 treatises, memoirs, digests, expositions, &c., on this single book.

The *Shu King,* or Book of Records. This is a series of dialogues on the early history of the empire, compiled by Confucius, and is full of wise maxims. Its morals for a pagan work are good. The knowledge of one true God is plainly intimated in it.

The *Shi King,* or Book of Odes, has another long list of commentators in the catalogue. The extracts from some of the odes are quite poetic. The following shows the rhyme of one of them:—

Kien kia tsang tsang,
Pih lu wei shwang;
So wei í jin,
Tsai shwui yih fang.

"Green yet are the reeds and rushes,
Though the white dews congeal in hoar frost;
That man of whom I speak
Is on the water's farthest shore."

Then comes the list of writers upon the *Li Ki,* or Book of Rites, which has been the great guide of Chinese manners and customs. It gives directions for all the actions of life. The state ceremoniary is founded upon it, and it is the statute book of the Board of Rites at Peking.

Commentaries on the last of the Five Classics, the *Chun Tsu,* or Spring and Autumn Annals of Confucius, are next enumerated. These are followed by the vast number of expositors of the principles of the Five Classics as a whole. Then are given the writers on Filial Duty, who have based their works on the apothegms of Confucius. This is esteemed the highest of all the virtues. Toy books are written upon it for children. The three following stories are from a popular one called the Twenty-four Filials:—

"In the Chan dynasty lived Chung Yu, named also Tsz'lu, who, because his family was poor, usually ate herbs and coarse pulse; and he also went more than a hundred *li* to procure rice for his parents. Afterwards, when they were dead, he went south to the country of Tsu, where he was made commander of a hundred companies of chariots; there he became rich, storing up grain in myriads of measures, reclining upon cushions, and eating food served to him in numerous dishes; but sighing, he said, 'Although I should now desire to eat coarse herbs and bring rice for my parents, it cannot be!'"

"Mang Tsung, who lived in the Tsin dy-

nasty, when young lost his father. His mother was very sick; and one winter's day she longed to taste a soup made of bamboo sprouts, but Mang could not procure any. At last he went into the grove of bamboos, clasped the trees with his hands, and wept bitterly. His filial affection moved Nature, and the ground slowly opened, sending forth several shoots, which he gathered and carried home. He made a soup with them, of which his mother ate and immediately recovered from her malady."

"Wu Măng, a lad eight years of age, who lived under the Tsin dynasty, was very dutiful to his parents. They were so poor that they could not afford to furnish musquito curtains; and every summer's night myriads of musquitoes attacked them, unrestrainedly feasting upon their flesh and blood. Although they were so many, yet Wu would not drive them away from himself, lest they should go to his parents and annoy them more. Such was his affection."

After the Five Classics are given the Four Books, with their commentators.

The first of them is the *Ta Hioh*, Superior Lessons or School of Adults, which has been translated into English.

The second is the *Chung Yung*, or True Medium, also translated.

The third is *Lun Yu*, or Conversations of Confucius. In these occurs the following remarkable passage. In reply to the question whether *one word* will not express the conduct most fitting for one's whole life, he replied, "Will not the word *shu* serve?" which he explains as meaning, "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you." If this be correctly rendered, it shows how near and yet how very far the greatest utilitarian, perhaps, the world has ever seen, was from one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The last of the Four Books consists entirely of the writings of Mencius, one of the early disciples of Confucius. The names of these philosophers are both latinized, the real ones being Mang tsz' and Chung futsz'; *tsz'* and *futsz'* signifying *rabbi* or eminent teacher.

After these comes the Thousand Character Classic; then the Odes for Children, the Juvenile Instructor; Musical Works; the principal Grammars and Dictionaries, Lexicons and Encyclopedias.

Under the second or Historical division of the Catalogue, besides many grave works, there are many biographies. One biographical work is in 120 volumes. Another, the *Lieh Nu Chuen*, or Memoirs of Distinguished Ladies of Ancient Times, by Lu Hiang, B. C. 125, is often cited by writers on female education to show how women were formerly trained in virtues and accomplishments.

Among the statistical and geographical works is the Complete Antiquarian Researches of Ma Twanlin, A. D. 1275, which is considered of great value by philologists and scholars; the present dynasty has published a supplement to it bringing it down to the present time.

The third division of the Catalogue is arranged under fourteen sections, viz., Philosophical, Military, Legal, Agricultural, Medical, Mathematical and Magical writings, works on the Liberal Arts, Collections, Miscellanies, Encyclopedias, Novels, &c., and treatises on the tenets of the Buddhists and Rationalists.

Chu Hi, the founder of the school called the *Ju Kia Lui*, or Literary Family, ought to have been born in Germany. Hear how he reasons on the *Sum* and *Est*:—

"Should any ask whether the immaterial principle or primary matter existed first, I should say that the immaterial principle on assuming a figure ascended, and primary matter on assuming form descended. When we come to speak of assuming form and ascending and descending, how can we divest ourselves of the idea of priority and subsequence? When the immaterial principle does not assume a form, primary matter then *becomes coarse and forms a sediment.*

"Originally, however, no priority or subsequence can be predicated of the immaterial principle and primary matter, and yet if you insist in carrying out the reasoning to the question of their origin, then you must say that the immaterial principle has the priority; but it is not a separate and distinct thing; it is just contained in the centre of the primary matter, *so that were there no primary matter, then this immaterial principle would have no place of attachment!*"

One or two Chinese novels have been translated into English. They form the greatest portion and the worst of their national literature. Some have ingenious plots and characters well sustained, but the most are almost as bad as the modern French ones that abound in our cheap book-shops. There are, it is stated, "thou-

sands and myriads of them." The department of plays and poems also includes an innumerable collection. Many from the Hundred Plays of Yuen have been translated into the French. One published by Pere Premare, in 1731, entitled the Orphan of Chau, was taken by Voltaire as the ground-work of one of his own. The Heir in Old Age and the Sorrows of Han were translated into English by Sir J. F. Davis, and published in 1830.

Chinese essayists are, like many of our preachers and lecturers, in a habit of felicitating themselves and their readers that they were born in the Middle Kingdom, in the land of freedom and enlightenment. Compared with the nations around them, they certainly have some reason for complacency; but in their daily life they are yet very remote from the comforts of modern civilization. Their peculiar style of building is well known from jars and tea sets. Generally their houses are of one story, without cellars, basements or attics. They are built of brick, sometimes of wood and tiled or thatched; it matters but little whether the walls are exactly upright or not. The general arrangement is that of a series of rooms separated and lighted by intervening courts, communicating by a covered corridor, which opens out upon a garden, or by side passages. Thus there is one comfort for the Chinese ladies, that they do not have to carry their pinched feet up and down stairs. Instead of their doors being rectangular like ours, they are sometimes round, or leaf-shaped, or semicircular, and it is not the custom to have them open opposite to each other, lest evil spirits find their way from the street into the recesses of the dwelling. The rooms are lighted only by sky lights, and laminæ of oyster shells or oiled paper are used instead of glass, though that is coming into use in Canton. Warming the house is rare; fuel is scarce and high priced, and cooking is usually done with small portable furnaces. The shops open altogether in front, like ours in Chatham street. Few streets in Chinese cities are more than ten or twelve feet wide. There are no public fountains nor any open spaces except small areas before temples. Fires are very dangerous. All sorts of odors pervade the streets, as all sorts of offal is carefully preserved and carried through them at all hours. They are paved with slabs of stone and are tolerably clean, but not laid out straight; and some of them are singularly irregular, as it is not considered lucky to have the houses even. The names are marked on gateways at the ends. Taverns are numerous in all parts of the country, but there are no boarding houses. All shops close at nightfall, and persons going abroad carry lanterns. Over all the thoroughfares are watch-towers with watchers to look out for fires and strike the hours of the night upon gongs. When fires occur, the officers of government are held responsible; if ten houses are burned within the walls, the highest officer in it is fined nine months' pay; if thirty, a years' salary; if three hundred he is degraded one degree. The police are authorized to pull down houses. They have fire engines like ours, which they hurry through the narrow streets at a tremendous rate.

The pagodas we read of are not merely temples—they are erected to secure good luck, according to the rules of the *fung-shwui*, or wind and water doctrine.

The country in China is generally diversified and full of beautiful landscapes. The facilities for water carriage are so great, that the travelling is mostly that way; their carts and wheel-barrows are mere boxes, with solid wooden wheels. There are 84,000 boats registered as belonging to Canton; their appearance, and the manner of life on the river, has been often described.

Dress undergoes the caprices of fashion in China as well as elsewhere, but the changes are less frequent and striking. The shaven head and queue originated with the Manchus, no longer ago than 1627. A long, thick, black queue is a thing to be proud of; the common people frequently play tricks with it, two or three tying the ends together and testing the strength of their scalps; nothing irritates them more than to cut it off, as to be without one is equivalent to banishment from decent society. Hydrophobia is a national ailment with the Chinese, and if cleanliness be next to godliness, as an old writer observes, it is no wonder they are pagans.

The head-dress of ladies is very becoming. The copious black hair is gathered back in a large oval plait, which is kept in shape and place by a broad pin placed

lengthwise on it, and fastened by a shorter one going across under the plait. The hair of the forehead is drawn back into the knot, and elevated a little in front by combing it over the finger; in front of the knot a tube with flowers is often inserted. No bonnets, caps or veils are worn abroad; a light bamboo hat or umbrella keeps off the sun. The women of Kiangsu wear a band of fur round their heads; a flat piece of straw, trimmed with blue cloth, also serves them for a bonnet. The hair of girls is left unbound; young ladies plait a tress down the neck and from the temples. Both sexes wear false hair.

The dress of gentlewomen is, like that of their husbands, regulated by sumptuary laws; but they are at liberty to make it splendid with rich silks, gay colors, and beautiful embroidery. The neck of the robe is protected by a stiff band; the sleeves are very large and long; there is no girdle or stays, only a loose embroidered tunic reaching half way below the knee. Below this appears the petticoat, which is very pretty and peculiar. Each side of the skirt is plaited about six times, and in front and rear are two pieces of buckrum to which they are attached: the plaits and front pieces are stiffened with lining, and gaily embroidered. When the feet are together the plaits are closed, but in walking they open and shut, disclosing differently colored embroidery.

It is not known whether the practice of compressing the feet arose from the fashion being set by a popular empress, who was club-footed, or originated in the men's desire to keep their wives at home; it began about A. D. 950. All classes practice it except the boat-women, maid-servants, etc. Sometimes it is begun as soon as the child can walk; at others it is deferred till seven or eight. Little girls with little feet, may be seen playing in the street as freely as though the process had not been applied; so that it hurts them less, perhaps, than our tight lacing. Ladies always walk quick, and swing their arms to keep from falling.

Cosmetics are used by them, to the serious injury of their faces. On grand occasions they cover their countenances with white paint, rouge their lips and cheeks, and blacken their eyebrows. "A belle is described as having cheeks like the almond flower, lips like a peach's bloom, waist as the willow leaf, eyes bright as dancing ripples in the sun, and footsteps like the lotus flower." Much care is bestowed upon the toilet; but their dramas do not show that high-born ladies spend most of their time in idleness or dressing.

In washing, the Chinese use a basin of tepid water and a cloth, and "never look so dirty as when trying to clean themselves." Shaving is always done by a barber. Whiskers are never worn, nor mustaches under forty. Both sexes use snuff and tobacco, but it is much milder than ours. Rice is the staff of life. "*Chih kwo fan?*" i. e. Have you eaten rice? is equivalent to, "How do you do?" They use a great variety of culinary vegetables, fruits and preserves, though the proportion of animal food is probably the same as in other countries in the same climate. Pork is the common meat; horse flesh and venison are sometimes seen, and rarely a few kittens and puppies reared upon rice. They have many unpalatable oily dishes and stews, but Mr. Williams states that he never saw any rats or mice in the market. When taunted by foreigners for their omnivorous propensities, the Chinese retort by saying, "You eat cheese, and when it can almost walk." One was asked respecting the rat soup; he replied, "Those who eat it should mix cheese with it, that it might serve us both." Frogs are universally eaten. Indeed, in the way of fish, nothing comes amiss to the Chinese palate, from sharks to water-snakes, and their unrivalled ingenuity is tasked to the utmost to catch them and rear them. Wherever there is a running stream it is turned to account, and tanks are placed in the streets with water running through them, where carp and salmon are fattened till they can scarcely turn round. The most repulsive food is the locusts, grasshoppers, ground grubs, fried silk-worms and the water-snakes. Sugar and molasses are sold in the streets. The milkmen's cry is *Ngau nai!* Women's milk is sold for infants and superannuated people. Cold water is not drank, as cold liquids are considered unwholesome; the common beverages are tea and whiskey, both of which are taken warm.

The separation of the sexes leaves the Chinese alone in his pleasures. Literature being the path of ambition, is not a subject

of general free conversation, and there is scarcely any social barrier between him and the gaming table, the opium pipe, and other animal excitement, except those arising from business and the necessity of sustaining a thrifty reputation. Even brothers and sisters meet under constraint after childhood, and the separation is as strict as the most rigid Grahamite in New England could desire; with this difference, that the Chinese take care to marry their children at a very early age. The preliminaries before marriage are arranged by professional matchmakers, whose office is considered honorable. After the ceremonies and the procession to the bridegroom's house, he takes the hat and mantle from his wife, and sees her, perhaps, for the first time in his life. When he has taken a good look, the guests and friends come in and criticise her openly; the women are said to be unmerciful on such occasions. In small villages the people call upon the newly married at the end of the full moon, when they are received standing near the bedside; the men enter first and pay their respects to the bride, while the husband calls attention to her charms, praises her little feet, her beautiful hands and face, &c.: he then goes out with them into the hall, where a collation is served. The women then enter and make their remarks to try her temper; if she show good temper, her reputation is made. Many are so much in fear of offending, that they endure all that is said without replying.

One of Mr. Smith's acquaintances saw a young lady in the street, and was so smitten, that he sent proposals through a matchmaker to the father: he was a little disappointed after marrying to find that he had got the fifth daughter, instead of the fourth! When a young lady "spills the tea," i. e. loses her betrothed husband by death, she is honored if she refuses a second engagement.

To many careful fathers, and managing mothers, who read these pages, it may seem very fine to have the entire control of their children's marriages, and thus to break their hearts, and make them happy, in a sensible way; but there are some evils attending the system, besides that of freezing the natural warmth of youth into the ice of age. The husband often turns out badly who has no affection, and suicides of brides are not uncommon. One occurred in Canton in 1833, when a young wife on a visit to her parents so pathetically described her sufferings, that she and three of her sisters and friends, joined hands and drowned themselves together in a pond. Another young lady having heard of the bad character of her husband, when the ceremonies were over, said, "Touch me not; I am resolved to abandon the world, and become a nun. I shall this night cut off my hair. I have saved $200, which I give you; with the half you can purchase a concubine, and with the rest enter on some trade. Be not lazy or thriftless. Hereafter remember me." Saying this she cut off her hair, and returned to her father's house. Such cases are not uncommon, and young ladies implore their parents to rescue them from their sad fate; but the old folks generally know best. Fanciful girls often labor to acquire accomplishments, with the view of pleasing some future husband, and when they find themselves fastened for life to some brutal, depraved tyrant, the disappointment is so great that they rush out of the world. The sister of a scholar of one of the missionaries died so in Canton, in 1840. But in the majority of instances, the mothers probably take care to instruct them in sound common sense principles: perhaps the priests contrive to have a finger in the pie, and make them believe they will suffer eternally, if they venture to have any choice; it would not be singular, especially if the priests were to gain by it.

Young children are called by the names of flowers, or some endearing or fanciful epithet, until they enter school. (We have probably imbibed the same custom with our tea; the writer knows a "Daisy" whose name, by and by, will be quite another.) When they enter school, such names as Ink-grinder, Promising-study, Opening-olive, Rising-advancement, are given to young students. The surname afterwards comes first, thus:—*Liang Wăntai Siensăng. Liang* or Millet is the family name, *Wăntai* or Terrace of Letters the given name, and *Siensang*, Mr. or Teacher, the title. Mr. Terrace of Letters Millet, sounds rather odd, but what must the Chinese think of Rev. Charles Gutzlaff? Puns on names are common. Shopkeep-

ers take a *han* or "designation" which applies to themselves and to their shop, and serves to brand goods: thus, *Hoyuen, Kinghing, Yuenki,* meaning Harmonious Springs, Cheering Prospects, Fountains Memorial, may be seen on parcels of tea and silks, (though perhaps our readers may labor under similar disabilities to our own, in regard to the Chinese writing.) Foreigners call both this mark and the goods it denotes a *chop,* (hence probably the phrase, "first chop.")

Common visiting cards are made of slips of vermilion paper, eight inches long and three wide, and are single or folded many times according to the visitor's quality. The name is stamped on the upper right corner, or on the lower corner, with an addition, thus:—"Your humble servant, (*lit.* stupid younger brother,) Pí Chíwăn, bows his head in salutation." If he cannot be received, instead of "not at home," the host sends out to "stay the gentleman's approach," and the card is left. In reply to the remark, "It is a long time since we have met, sir," the host replies, (literally,) "How presume to receive the trouble of your honorable footsteps? is the person in the chariot well?"—which means simply, "I am much obliged for your visit, and hope you enjoy good health." When boys are brought in, the visitor hopes "the boy will perpetuate the literary reputation of his family," (*lit.* he will fully carry on the fragrance of the books.) The father says, "The reputation of our family is not great, (*lit.* hills and fields' happiness is thin;) high expectations are not to be entertained of him; if he can only gain a livelihood, it will be enough." After a few such compliments, the boys say, *Shau pei,* "slightly waiting on you," i. e. pray excuse us, and retire. Girls are seldom brought in, and young ladies never. "Does the honorable great man enjoy happiness?" means, "How is your father?" "Distinguished and aged one, what honorable age?" asks how old he is. If one asks, "How many worthy young gentlemen (sons) have you?" the father replies, "I am unfortunate in having but one little boy," (*lit.* "My fate is niggardly; I have only one little bug." The request, "Make my respects to your mother," for no Chinese gentleman asks to *see* the ladies, is literally, "Excellent longevity hall place for me wish repose." A man speaks of his wife as "the mean one of the inner apartments," "the foolish one of the family;" while another calls her "the honorable lady," "worthy lady," "your favored one," &c.

The common form of a salutation is for each one to clasp his own hands before his breast and make a slight bow, saying, "*Tsing! Tsing!*" i. e. "Hail! Hail!" An invitation to dinner reads, "On the —— day, a trifling entertainment will await the light of your countenance: Tsau Sanwei's compliments."

A description of the Chinese New Year's festivities and congratulations would double the length of this article. The greeting is "*Kunghi!*" equivalent to our *Happy New Year!* More fire-crackers are burnt at this time, than would supply New York for several Fourths-of-July.

Flying kites is a great amusement, both with old and young; they make them of all conceivable shapes, in imitation of birds, butterflies, lizards, &c., and fly them with unequalled skill; contrivances are sometimes attached to make a whistling sound in the air. Fights are rare with the Chinese: "After a vast variety of gesture and huge vociferation of opprobrium, they will blow off their wrath and separate almost without touching each other."

Land is held in freehold, so long as the tithe tax on the produce is paid; and the record of the owner's name in the district magistrate's office as the tax-payer is the evidence of title. The estate goes to the eldest son; but the brothers can remain upon it with their families and devise their portion *in perpetuo* to their children, or a composition can be made. A mortgagee must enter into possession and become responsible for the taxes to make the mortgage valid; and the land may be redeemed any time within thirty years.

The Chinese are an agricultural people, but are rather gardeners than farmers. In arboriculture and horticulture their skill is well known. They have modes of dwarfing trees and forcing them to grow in all manner of grotesque shapes.

In the mechanical arts they are the most ingenious people in the world. The name porcelain was given to their ware by the Portuguese, from its resembling in translucency the inner parts of sea shells,

porcellana. Their silks are the finest that are made. Nankeens come from the central provinces. The producing, manufacturing and packing of tea have become a great business with them, and the trade therein has and must tend to bring them more and more in contact with Christian nations. The real name of tea is *cha,* so that the French and Irish have it nearer right than we. Bohea is the name of the hills where that species is grown; pecco, "white hairs," is so called from the down on the young leaves; souchong, or *siau chung,* means "little plant;" pouchong, "folded sort;" hyson is *hi chun,* i. e., "flourishing spring."

Tea is often repacked in New York. When grocers here receive an order from the South or West for a particular *chop,* &c., which they do not happen to have, they take their tea to a packer, who does it over in Chinese paper, sheet lead, lacquered boxes, covered with characters, &c., &c., according to order. Thus the grocer has his tea of any *chop* or cargo that may suit his fancy. A barbarous practice! But practiced dealers easily detect the disguise.

In physical science the Chinese are of course much behind the western nations. In mathematics they have, however, borrowed much of the practical part from Europe. They have several good treatises on arithmetic, and one, *Tsuimi-shan Fang Sho Hioh,* (!) in 36 volumes 8vo, contains a complete course in geometry, trigonometry, mensuration, &c., with tables of natural sines and tangents and logarithmic sines, tangents and secants, &c., for every degree and minute; in this it is stated that "the western scholar, John Napier, made logarithms." Their year is 365¼ days; sixty years make a cycle, a mode of reckoning introduced B. C. 2637; the present year is the 45th of the 75th cycle, or 4485th since their era. Besides lunar months, the year is divided into twenty-four *tsieh* of about 15 days each; their names have reference to the season, as *rain-water, vernal-equinox, spiked-grain, little-heat,* &c. Their constellations are named from animals, but differ from ours. Even so late as 1820 one of their astronomers makes the heavens consist of ten concentric hollow spheres. A figure of a raven in a circle is the sun; the moon is represented by a rabbit on his hind legs, pounding rice in a mortar. The sun and moon are regarded as the foci of the dual powers, the male and female principles, which are the great ultimate elementary causes in all their philosophy.

They have various modes of measuring time, but at Canton they use watches and clocks, and prefer our division of hours. (N. B.—Our Connecticut readers may rely on this statement's being fairly given from Mr. Williams.) *Time sticks,* or long spiral pieces of prepared clay and saw-dust made to burn slowly, are also used; some of them will last a week. The Almanac is an important government work, containing besides the calendar the lucky and unlucky days. It is published by the Board of Rites, and no one ventures to be without one.

They weigh almost everything, and it is singular that their weights should be in the ratio of ours, thus:—*tael,* 1⅓ oz.; *catty,* 1⅓ lbs.; *pecul,* 133⅓ lbs. Their measures also correspond very nearly to ours. In money they reckon by decimals of gold taels. They have so much counterfeit money that they have a publication like our bank note detectors to find it out. Promissory notes and pawnbrokers' tickets circulate a little; bills of exchange are common, drawn in different parts of the empire.

Chinese troops are not very formidable. They are a peaceful people; and the swarming and generally happy population is the result of a long-continued peaceful policy on the part of the government. Would that our own might in this respect follow their example!

They are a lively race, and some of their caricatures are the most grotesque and laughter-provoking imaginable. They are great consumers of medicine, and though their knowledge of it is, of course, imperfect, they have something like a system, and it is probable there is as little downright quackery among them as among us. Mercury is used in its common forms, and many of the vegetables used here. The doctors sometimes undertake to cure a man for a certain sum; if the first does not succeed, the patient thinks him a cheat and tries another. Some of their physicians, by shrewdness and long practice, acquire great experience and become rich

and influential; a skillful physician is honored as the "nation's hand." Generally they have regular fees. In the cholera time, the profession, finding their remedies of no avail, wisely gave up all treatment. The Chinese, from their slovenly habits, are subject to diseases of the skin; a large proportion of the inhabitants are experienced performers on the Scottish national instrument. Their materia medica includes a great many queer ingredients, and needs very much the influence of the Baconian philosophy.

The Chinese do not appear to be a religious people. Their philosophy is purely worldly, and they have no state hierarchy. They have no human sacrifices, and what is more remarkable, no deification of vice. Indeed, they are in daily life, as well as in religion, as corrupt and decent a people as any of their more enlightened brethren.

Their state religion is not so much a matter of doctrine as of mere ceremony,—the word for doctrine which applies to religious creeds does not apply to this, which seems only a national ritual. There are three grades of sacrifices, the *great*, *medium*, and *inferior*. The objects to which the first are offered are four, viz.: *tien*, the sky, called the imperial concave expanse; *ti*, the earth; *tai miau*, or great temple of ancestors, which contains the tablets of deceased monarchs; and the *shie tsih*, or gods of the land and grain. The medium sacrifices are offered to the sun and moon, the manes of former emperors, Confucius, the ancient patrons of agriculture and silk-weaving, the gods of heaven, earth and the passing year. The inferior to the ancient patron of the healing art, to the innumerable spirits of deceased philanthropists, eminent statesmen, martyrs to virtue, &c., clouds, wind, rain, thunder; the five celebrated mountains, four seas, and four rivers; famous hills, flags, gods of cannon, gates, the north pole, and many other things.

The common people may worship what they please, except the objects of imperial adoration, the heavens and earth; these are reserved for the Emperor, or son of heaven. Confucius did not pretend to understand about the gods, and his teaching all had reference to this life, though he supposed himself commissioned by Heaven to revive ancient learning. "Not knowing life," said he, "how can we know death?" His commentators resolve everything into pure materialism; making nature begin with the primary material principle, which, operating upon itself, resolved itself into the dual powers, or male and female principles—the *yin* and *yang*. But they suppose that pure-minded men and sages are gradually raised up as expounders of these principles, and form with them a Trinity, or class of saints to be worshipped.

The first man, Pwanku, hatched from Chaos by the dual powers, had the task of hewing out the earth. He is painted at the work, which took him 18,000 years. With him are the dragon, the phœnix, and the tortoise, and sometimes the unicorn, divine types and progenitors with him of the animal creation, but whose origin is left in obscurity. He is succeeded by three monstrous sovereigns, whose reigns lasted another 18,000 years. During this time good government commenced, men learned to eat and drink, sleep was invented, and many other improvements adopted; but of all this there is no record because the mysterious tortoise, on whose carapace was written in tadpole-headed characters the history of the anterior world, did not survive. All their mythology is equally abstract and passionless.

The result of all is, that the learned Chinese have no definite religion, but a mere pageant. Sometimes they worship with the Buddhists or disciples of Fo, sometimes with the Rationalists, who believe in a final swallowing up of the individual in the pure, supreme, eternal Reason. On great occasions they worship anything and everything. In 1835, when there was a great drought at Canton, the prefect advertised, offering a reward to whoever could succeed in producing rain by prayers. An altar was erected before his office, and a Buddhist priest prayed there incessantly for three days without success. A public fast was then ordered, still with no avail. At length, the day before the rain came, the prefect gave notice of an intention to liberate all prisoners not charged with capital offences. As soon as the rain fell, the people presented thank offerings, and the southern gate of the city, which had been closed to keep out the hot wind, was opened, accompanied by an odd ceremony of burning the tail of a live sow,

while the animal was held in a basket. The learned men, while they admit the folly of these things, still join in them. "Buddhism," says Dr. Morrison, "in China is decried by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all." The priesthood have the better judgment of the people against them, and are rather feared for the mischief which it is supposed they can do than honored as examples of a pious life.

The ceremonies at funerals vary in different parts of the country. In some parts they make a hole in the roof as soon as a person dies, to let the spirit pass out. The body is coffined arrayed in the richest robes the family can procure; a fan is put in one hand and a prayer on a piece of paper in the other. A coffin is made of boards three or four inches thick, and is rounded at the top; it is called "longevity boards." The body is generally laid in with lime and the lid closed with mortar; the coffin is then kept in or about the house many years, and incense burned before it morning and evening. The Chinese often purchase coffins in their lifetime; the price varies from $5 to $500, and even thousands are sometimes paid for them.

Upon a general survey of the Chinese character, they appear to be as amiable and sensible a family as the race has ever produced. Though jealous of foreigners, they are not so bigoted to their old usages as to reject what are real improvements, when they comprehend them. They take life in a very business-like way, and make the most of it. Whether their very vagueness or almost entire want of a definite religious faith will make it easier to christianize them or not, is questionable. We should think their indifference quite as hard to overcome as a belief in some wild form of superstition. The labor of a Christian missionary among them must be no slight one.

The true way to reach a people so little imaginative in religion must be through education. Here the great difficulties are the language and the old custom; it will go hard to break down what has worked tolerably well for so many hundreds and thousands of years. But the struggle must come; it is the inevitable result of the contact of the weak and false with the strong and true. The only hope for the poor Chinese is their unrivalled docility and quickness of imitation. They wish to know and pursue the right, and their religion and philosophy have kept them at least pure-minded in comparison with other pagan races. One cannot read without pity the history of their efforts to put down opium smoking. Our teetotal societies and license laws are but faint measures compared with those. They tried moral suasion in all sorts of modes; the present work gives one of a series of plates representing the opium smoker's downward progress, also some vigorous writing against it from one of their scholars; the physicians tried medicine; finally government made it penal. Though all has been without much avail, yet the progress of the anti-opium "cause," as our temperance people would phrase it, has shown a right spirit. The same may be seen in their adoption of many foreign inventions.

The result of the English opium war, Mr. Williams's history of which we have not room to sketch, has opened Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, and Shanghai to foreign trade, and cannot but have the effect to extend foreign influence in the empire. It will be as remarkable a fact as any connected with their singular history, should the Chinese now gradually and quietly come up to the standard of western civilization. When the influences are considered that are bearing more and more upon them, their destiny appears one of the greatest mysteries of Providence that time shall solve. G. W. P.

JOHN BULL THE COMPASSIONATE.*

The giant of Rabelais, who devoured windmills, but was choked one summer's day by a pound of fresh butter, has found an antitype in John Bull. That heart-of-oak personage has not been generally supposed to stick at trifles, but it appears from his own asseverations, that he has now and then a fit of compassion, and that his eyes can drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum. When John Bull *is* compassionate, he is a sight to see. There is a contrast of ideas and operations in the spectacle which hardly belongs to what philosophers call the "moral fitness of things." The butter sticks in his throat, while the windmills are rumbling in his belly.

The American system of protecting domestic industry has been the butter in this case—not, alas! the butter that has buttered John's bread, but the identical pound that has stuck in his capacious throat, and thrown him into hysterics of mortal compassion. Can words express how the compassionate John Bull weeps for the misfortunes of his dearly beloved Brother Jonathan? "In his greenness he has made a tariff, and in the simplicity of his heart he has built up a manufacture! What shall be done for our little Brother Jonathan in the day when he shall be spoken of by political economists?" And straightway the compassionate John pulls out a quire of paper and indites a long letter of advice on free trade.

Through multifarious channels has our respectable and compassionate elder brother been pouring out his lachrymations on this matter,—Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, parliamentary speeches, newspaper prosings, ponderous tomes of political economy, etc., etc.—all have wept over us. How *could* we, Americans, and the sons of such a mother, be so unwise—so perverse—so blind to our true interests, as to spin our own yarn! John Bull stood ready to sell us his genuine spinnings, a good pennyworth; but we have chosen to do our own spinning, and get our own pay for it. Was ever any barbarian so perverse? Page after page, and volume after volume of compassionate advice, in this strain, have been wafted to us across the water, until many very worthy people have become half persuaded that John Bull, hot and glowing with the fire of philanthropy, has quite forgotten himself in his disinterested compassion for his neighbors.

Under this impression of John Bull's universal benevolence, neighborly kindness, and all-absorbing love for the human species, one is tempted to call in question the common records of history, and raise an indignant doubt whether such a fair-faced, sweet-spoken, tender-hearted gentleman, has not been shamefully belied in the annals of past ages. "This fellow 's of exceeding honesty, and knows all qualities." Can such things have been done as are read of in the wars of Europe and Asia during a century past? Is it true that the English bombarded Copenhagen? Is Hindostan more than a fiction? Had Clive and Hastings any substantial bodily existence? Is not Ireland a *mythe*, which some political Strauss will by and by evolve from obscurity, and explain without any detriment to John Bull's character for humanity? These windmills are flying very awkwardly in our faces, while John is attempting to "butter us down" with the outpourings of his tender compassion.

The whim of John Bull that his Brother Jonathan ought to do nothing for himself, but have John to do everything for him, is no new whim. Many years ago this same blue-and-buff periodical on which we are now commenting, asked the question, "Who reads an American book?" and straightway discovered that the matter of book-making was all right, for "why should the Americans write books for themselves, when they can import *ours*

**Edinburgh Review, No.* CLXXIV. Art. 4. Macgregor on American Commerce.

in bales and hogsheads?" In spite of such questions, however, and the profound maxims of political wisdom that lay hidden under them, the Americans have at length got to making not only books, but blankets and bandboxes; whereat John Bull has somewhat changed his demeanor, and instead of asking questions he pulls out his handkerchief and falls a-weeping from pure humanity. Brother Jonathan, he declares, will die of a tariff, and leave him inconsolable!

Simple noddies as we Yankees are, we have yet, like "the creature Dougal," a glimmering of sense; and by the help of that glimmering, we can see through John Bull's blubbering philanthropy. We are in no puzzle to discern its genuine character; it does not ring clear, but has a decided twang of Brummagem. When John tells us that we are smart youngsters, and that he loves us as he does his eyes, but that his bowels yearn within him for the miseries which we suffer in spinning cotton, we can but laugh; for as certain as puddings were made to eat, and mouths to open, just so certainly were a man's ribs made to vibrate, with intercostal accompaniments, at what is laughable. We cannot stand it, when a philanthropist who has just mowed down the Sikhs with grape-shot, and thrust his damnable opium upon the Chinese at the mouth of the cannon, turns round and tells us that his whole soul is about to dissolve in pity for an American citizen who pays ninepence too much for a pocket-handkerchief. The words "fatal policy"—"unwise legislation"—"blind fatality"—"bigoted perverseness"—"false position"—"illiberal principles," etc., are all lost upon us;—"Sparrow-shot," said my uncle Toby, "fired against a bastion."

We have done, in a great measure, with importing John's political ideas and doctrines "by the bale and hogshead," more especially such as are not suited to our wants. In plain English, all the world knows that these philanthropic professions of British economists are mere moonshine. They are puffs of their own wares, executed to order for the markets of Birmingham and Manchester. The pedler assumes the garb of the philosopher, and sends out his magazine instead of a newspaper advertisement. We do not blame the English for wishing to get the markets of all the world; but we would have the world to know that the written political wisdom of England is not half so cosmopolitan in its sympathies as it pretends to be. John Bull's heart, if we take his word for it, is expansive enough to take in the whole human family; but we may rely upon it that of all his father's children he loves himself the best. John can sing a variety of pathetic tunes, but they all end in "Buy a broom."

However, let us hear some of John's lamentations over his suffering brother:—

> "The American citizen pays from 95 to 178 per cent. for his window glass; 75 to 150 per cent. on articles of manufactured iron; 133 per cent. on salt; 75 to 150 per cent. on prints and calicoes. In order that he may enjoy these and similar benefits without fear of interruption by the smuggler, he pays for steam revenue-cutters to cruise along the islands and sandbars which fringe the free Atlantic along his coast."

Is not this enough to melt a heart of stone? "Lie down and be saddled with wooden shoes!" says Goldsmith's patriot. 95 per cent. on window glass, and steam revenue-cutters into the bargain! exclaims the Edinburgh Review. O unhappy Americans! What is the small matter of being priest-ridden, king-ridden, aristocracy-ridden, or national-debt-ridden, compared to the miseries of being steam-revenue-cutter-ridden? Truly, if it were not for our humane brother across the water, we should never know half our misfortunes. *He* has no steam revenue-cutters—lucky dog! nor ever heard of a preventive service. There is no such thing in England as being "exchequered." However, let John dry up his tears; we think, with God's help and some patience, we shall survive the horrid infliction of steam revenue-cutters; the country has many things to forget before it will take up that topic as a grievance. John Bull is a knowing fellow, but we counsel him, as he values his reputation for shrewdness, to say no more about our steam revenue-cutters.

As to the 95 per cent. upon glass, and all that, a man with half an eye may see through it. Not to mention that our glass is better than his, we certainly shall claim the privilege of employing our own arithmetic in estimating the profit and loss of

our dealings with so sharp a customer. Like Autolycus, John is always crying, "Come buy, come buy!" and like Autolycus, he is sure to pick your pocket. He has the multiplication table at his fingers' ends, while "free trade" is ever on the edge of his tongue.—95 to 178 per cent. forsooth! No, brother, that will not do. Did you never hear of a fallacy lurking under figures of arithmetic as well as under figures of rhetoric! Did it never enter your noddle that American glass will serve two purposes to your one? It keeps the cold *out* of the house and keeps the money *in*, which yours can never do, because we must send the money out to pay for it. As to the 150 per cent. on calicoes, you may score down as many figures as you please, but we are old enough to remember seeing British calicoes sold among us at 62 cents a yard, before the protective system had an existence, which would be high in the market now at a shilling. That is a fixed fact, which cannot be got over. "Human experience, which is the only test of truth," says Dr. Johnson, "is perpetually contradicting theory." But let us hear John Bull again: he will "condole in some measure," like his friend Nick Bottom:—

> "So long as the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle on taxed salt; to work his land with taxed iron; to dress his wife and daughters in taxed calicoes—not to preserve the national honor, to plant the rapacious eagle on the towers of Cortez, or to humble the obstinate 'Britishers,' but simply that the world may admire the factory girls of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England—so long these statesmen may enjoy a poorly acquired popularity; but the dispelling of that delusion will place them at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves from the false position which they now occupy."

Now, if the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle, and dress himself and his family, according to his own notions of thrift and economy, as he certainly does, why need John Bull go into fits about it? But he is a compassionate soul, and has pangs of grief to see his neighbors pay too much for their calico. If John had no calico of his own to sell, we might possibly lend an ear to his neighborly advice in this matter; but as the case stands, it is quite natural that such advice should be looked on with distrust. His theories of free trade are very fine things on paper, but the perverse obstinacy of real events is such as to render them utterly worthless. Facts, naked facts, are the things we want: throw theories to the dogs. What stuff is this about taxed iron and calico? There ought to be no such thing as iron or calico in the United States, if the English theories of free trade have a particle of truth in them. The protective system should have raised the price of these articles above the reach of any farmer in the Union: nobody would have manufactured them, for nobody would have been rich enough to buy them: where there is no demand there will be no supply. Now what has been the fact? We had no protective system, and we paid England enormously high prices for iron and calico. We adopted a protective system, and now we have iron and calico of our own dog-cheap! Is there a farmer in the country who wishes to go back to the days of untaxed iron and calico? Alas for John Bull's theory of free trade!

And here we are compelled to ask a question:—Does the writer in the Edinburgh really believe that all these horrors of taxed iron and calico and steam revenue-cutters are patiently endured by the people of the United States, merely that the world may admire the factory girls of Lowell? Does he in good sooth persuade himself that the merchants of New York, the sugar-planters of Louisiana, and the farmers of Ohio, sit down calmly under grinding taxation, in their strong desire to enrich only a few Yankee speculators in the towns of New England? Does he, we ask, seriously believe this? We should like to put him to his corporal oath upon it. If he does believe so, we would give a trifle to see the face and eyes of a man capable of such asinine credulity! By what sort of hocus-pocus does he suppose the American people—a people whose wits in money matters, according to the universal belief in England, are as sharp as a two-edged sword—by what sort of hocus-pocus does he believe these people to have become in an instant so enamored of the Lowell factory girls as to suffer taxation and tariffs, and steam revenue-cutters into the bargain, for the mere

pleasure of knowing that the aforesaid factory girls enjoyed the world's admiration? By what charm, what conjurations, and what mighty magic—for such proceedings they are charged withal—have these half a dozen Yankee speculators in Boston so wormed themselves into the affections of the universal Yankee nation, that everybody else is willing to remain poor that this favorite half dozen may become rich? Yet such presumed facts are taken for granted as the basis of an argument in a grave treatise on political economy in the Edinburgh Review! But let us see what ineffable nonsense this writer can put forth while laboring under such a hallucination:—

"The six States of New England, containing one-eighth of the population of the whole republic, produce two-thirds of its cotton factories, three-fifths of its woollens, nearly half its leather, and other articles in almost the same proportion. The single State of Massachusetts owns one-sixth of the manufacturing capital of the nation. As far, therefore, as protection can confer benefit on the producer of the monopolized articles, they, and they alone, have reaped it. The remaining eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth—men to whom a dollar paid by way of salary to a priest, or civil list to a king, appears an oppression to be resisted to the last drop of blood—are content to disburse for the benefit of their Yankee brethren a tribute which, in all probability, would defray the civil expenditure of half a dozen small European monarchies. Nay, they have pressed and compelled the modest and reluctant Yankees to accept it.*** The burthen has been usually borne by the tributary States with that stolid patience, or rather that exulting and applauding self-denial, with which large bodies of mankind are in the habit of offering up their contributions to the cunning few!"

We suppose it would be difficult to crowd into an equally narrow space a greater number of absurdities; but what better could be expected of a man who writes about a people whom he believes to be compounded of contradictions the most impossible in nature?—irritable and patient, haughty and servile, shrewd and stolid, "no ass so meek, no ass so obstinate?" What says he, forsooth? Massachusetts, having most of the manufacturing capital, is, therefore, almost the only State that reaps any benefit from the protective system! Why, he might as well say, that the rock on which the Eddystone lighthouse is built is the only spot that reaps any benefit from that lighthouse. Does this writer suppose, that because the springs of the Nile are in Abyssinia, the land of Egypt can get no water from it? Has he never heard of railroads, canals, and ships of mighty burthen, that unite Lowell with Baltimore, and Charleston, and New Orleans, and Cincinnati? Have we to tell him of the hundreds of thousands of barrels of flour that trundle upon cars from Lake Erie, or the hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton that float in ships from the "tributary States" of the South to that of Massachusetts? Have we to tell this profound political economist of the interchange of millions of dollars' worth of valuable products annually between the "tributaries" of the Mississippi valley and the "tributaries" of New England; and that this interchange, reaching every spot and connecting every spot in the Union, is fed and quickened at every moment of its ebb and flow by the manufacturing capital of the country? Massachusetts the only State that feels the benefit of her manufactures! Why, there is not a plantation on the Mississippi, nor a trading house in the remotest corner of the great lakes, that does not feel it. With this writer's representation before him, a reader would imagine that the Old Bay State was something like the happy valley of Rasselas, or Jericho besieged, that "none went out and none came in;" that she kept all her cash and all her calico to herself. Does he really suppose that the States of the American Union are separated by Alps and Pyrenees, and Chinese walls? and that the terrible squadron of steam revenue-cutters, which his alarmed imagination has conjured up, have hermetically sealed the ports of the "free Atlantic?"

To relieve him from the astounding puzzle into which he has been thrown by the spectacle of eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable of all flesh starving themselves, with their wives and little ones, just for the pleasure of admiring factory girls and rich Bostonians, we will drop a word in his ear:—Good Sir, they do no such thing, the eighteen million irritables that you wot of. They neither starve themselves, nor do they worship Lowell operatives or live Yankees in any

superabundant sort, to their own undoing. The organ of veneration is not so strongly developed under the skull of any citizen of any tributary State; and if perchance some men have exhibited "stolid patience," we will say this for them, it has been nothing like the stolid patience with which John Bull's colonists in Portugal have borne the Methuen treaty. We are of opinion that English political economists will understand this, and why Brother Jonathan will be careful not to buy too many of John Bull's manufactures as long as he can perceive the difference

"'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low!"

In what manner do these eighteen million irritables "disburse" the "tribute," to pamper the Boston magnificoes, and tickle the vanity of the Lowell girls? Some of us would like to know. One thing we *do* know, namely, that, "tributaries" or not, the eighteen millions under the protective system now get substantial Yankee "long cloths" to wear, instead of the flimsy cotton trash which John Bull's free trade used to bring us from England and British India; and if the Edinburgh writer wishes to know the difference, let him ask any good housewife in the United States. What would this philosophical economist have us do, in the warmth of his heart, and the tenderness of his yearnings for our temporal welfare? "Cast off the protective policy," quoth he; "buy British cottons because they are cheaper; pay British laborers because they work cheaper." But we happen to know that they are *not* cheaper; we feel the fact on the very backs of us, that in proportion as we have employed our own labor, and protected our own industry, we have got better shirts for less money. "But you ought not," replies the philosophical Englishman with his free trade hypothesis, "for such a result contradicts all *theory*." To this we think it a sufficient reply to say, we cannot help it. His theory required that calico should have been growing dearer and dearer for twenty years past; yet, in perverse contradiction to this, it has been growing cheaper and cheaper. His theory should have ruined all trade among us by high prices, many years ago; but in strong-headed obstinacy against British theories, our trade has gone on increasing in the most unprecedented manner. But see what it is to have a theory, and to believe in it through thick and thin! "Ruin seize thee, ruthless tariff!" cries the free trade theorist. The Ohio farmer must be in a starving condition, because the cotton mills are chiefly in Massachusetts, and theory says that Ohio pigs can never grow fat where 95 per cent. is paid on window glass. Let him ask the pig that sees the wind of protection, before he lays down such logic before our faces again. But the courageous and persevering political economist, having once taken his stand upon a theory, is not to be driven from it by a few awkward facts. "Whether the yellow fever is in the town or not," said the minister, "it is in my sermon." So the speculating champion of free trade exclaims, "Whether the ruin is in the American trade or not, it is in my *theory*."

John Bull can very easily sit at his own fire-side and persuade himself that all men are fools who will not buy his brass thimbles. He may call this "stolid patience," and disbursing tribute, and the like; he may affect to laugh at our pedlering attempt to "humble the obstinate Britishers;" but he may rest assured that Brother Jonathan is not to be wheedled by theories. One home thrust of a bayonet, as Corporal Trim says, is worth them all. The American laborer knows, by actual trial, that he gets more work, better pay and cheaper clothes to wear under the protective system, than he ever got without it, and he knows that these benefits have grown out of the system. What are paper theories in the face of these facts? The "tributary" farmer of the great West will not leave off chopping down the trees, because the metaphysics of an Edinburgh philosopher have theoretically struck the axe out of his hands. No—he wants blankets, and shoes, and hats; he knows that the artisans of the manufacturing States can furnish him with these necessaries, and can take his corn for the pay, and he knows that this interchange can be effected in half the time it would cost him to carry on the same traffic across the Atlantic for the benefit of British theorists. The whole matter is as plain as a pike-staff to his comprehension, and until you can argue him out of his eye-teeth, he *will* believe in protection.

But the "dispelling of this delusion," the English writer assures us, will be an

awful day for somebody! It may be worth while to inquire what the delusion is, how it is likely to be dispelled, and who are to suffer by the catastrophe. The delusion, to copy the words of the reviewer, is that "the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle on taxed salt, to work his land with taxed iron, &c. Now we submit that government can hardly be carried on in any country without *some* taxation, and if the reviewer waits till this delusion is dispelled, we are of opinion that the awful day which is to overwhelm certain American statesmen, will not happen in this generation at least. How we are to get at the knowledge that we are deluded, must be a puzzle even to the sharp wits of this writer. According to his account, we are the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth; the demand of a dollar for tribute or salary would cause a hundred thousand swords to leap from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened us with taxation; yet all this while we eat taxed salt, plough with taxed iron, and wear taxed calicoes! Would not this writer do well just to drop the dark lantern of his "theory" for a moment, and look at the matter with the plain eyes of common sense? He would then see, not an invincible armada of "steam revenue-cutters," but the steam of the factory, and the steam of the steamboat, and the steam of the ploughed field, combined in one harmonious system of mutual aid, sustenance and activity. He would understand why the Ohio farmer, by wearing Yankee shoes, makes a Yankee market for his produce. He would understand the hypothetical case, that if John Bull should send a squadron of his philanthropical, theorizing political economists, with gun cotton and congreve rockets to burn Boston, and Lowell, and Springfield, and Manchester, and Newburyport, that the immediate consequence of such a humane experiment would be the non-consumption of certain "taxed" Yankee notions in Ohio, and the consequent non-exportation of their value in Ohio produce. Let us pull down our factories, therefore, and the West will eat her own corn!

But the reviewer, to do him justice, appears to have had misgivings as to whether he was, after all, quite right in condemning the protective system on the score of its partial and monopolizing character. Having set out with the assumption that Massachusetts is the only State, or almost the only one, that has reaped the benefits of this system, and that all the rest have pinched themselves to make *her* rich and populous, he subsequently, in his eagerness to pick flaws in the system, discovers that it has been of no use even to Massachusetts herself.

> "Protection has not girt the New England States with Mr. Wakefield's belt of iron; it has not checked in the slightest degree the westward movement and dispersion of the population; it is, in short, as politically worthless as it is economically false."

So protection is not so bad after all, even in the estimation of a champion of free trade: it does *not* monopolize population, nor industry, nor property; it has *not* checked in the slightest degree the westward movement of these elements of national prosperity and power. But it is, *therefore*, politically worthless and economically false. Astonishing! worthless and false, because it is *not* partial and monopolizing?—worthless and false, because it not only pays for labor at home but sends laborers abroad?—worthless and false, because it has *not* built a "wall of brass" round New England to keep her in unsocial and miserly seclusion? Truly the man must have more brass of his own than we should be proud of, who should go into one of the "tributary States" and attempt to recommend himself as a philanthropist, by talking in this fashion. To a person of plain common sense, not schooled in the economies of Edinburgh, it would occur that the system might be pronounced worthless and false, which *did* work all these evils. Could the reviewer have uttered a higher commendation of the protective policy than is contained in his negative specification of its qualities? It was his object to show that the system was narrow, partial, monopolizing; shut up within itself, and shutting up everything around it. Instead of this, he finds it large and liberal, without walls of brass or checks upon movement and dispersion.

Now, then, what sort of a case does this writer make out? We are under a delusion, quoth he, and the dispelling of that

delusion will place the American statesmen at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves beforehand from the false position which they now occupy! Let this writer, or any man who professes to believe him, make the delusion appear; let him "bring Deformed forth, that vile thief that has gone up and down this seven years like a gentleman." Delusion indeed! In times past we had no protection for domestic industry: the American farmer worked his land with high-priced iron, clothed his wife and daughters with high-priced calico, and obtained a scanty market for the produce of his labor. *Now* he gets cheap iron, and cheap calico, and not only cheaper but better; and he finds ten times as wide a market for his produce. Yet a British theorist has the solemn self-possession to tell the American farmer to his face that he is under a delusion to think himself better off than he was before!

The opponents of American industry in this country have been under the impression that they achieved a great object in cutting the tariff down to the standard of 1846. Not so our British economist: he would sweep the whole by the board; for it seems we are still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.

"The latter modification of 1846 hardly deserves notice, and America remains burdened with a system which would be ruinous to countries of less energy and resources."

Let him be answered, that America knows how to adapt the burden to her own back, and that it has been by bearing her own burden, instead of hiring others to bear it for her, that she has been enabled to get ahead so wonderfully.

Surely, if there ever was a delusion in a case of plain matter of fact, it is the delusion of this reviewer, who has muddled his brains in the contemplation of a "theory," till he has come to the belief that American trade, and American industry, and American legislation, have but one sole object, and that object is the Lowell factory girls! All this he professes to believe, because, unless something of the kind be true, his theory is good for nothing. But there happen to be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his political philosophy.

A word about "Britishers." This ungainly barbarism has been of no small use lately to writers on the other side of the Atlantic, when they have attempted to be jocular at our expense. We have no objection to John Bull's cracking a joke even at our own cost, provided the joke be a good one. We patronize Punch, and are content to "pay 95 per cent." for so good a "taxed article." Such is the extent of our "delusion." But we cannot let another day pass without demolishing this "Britisher." Our Transatlantic friends, we perceive, think this word a prodigious joke to bang about our ears. The Edinburgh reviewer, as above quoted, hints (a marvellous witty fellow) that our protective system was meant "to humble the obstinate Britishers." The London Times—as honest a creature as the skin between its brows—exclaims, "Jonathan thinks he has 'done the Britishers,'" and then holds both its mighty sides, and expects the world to help it die a-laughing at such capital fun! Now we must put an end to this, and we *do* put an end to it, by informing these facetious gentlemen and other ambitious jokers in the same line, that this is no joke at all, but a simple exhibition of John Bull's ignorance. The notion that we in the United States call an Englishman a "Britisher," is just as true as the supposition that the citizens of London call their countrymen of the north "Scotchers," and their neighbors across the channel "Frenchers" and "Spanishers." Be it known to John Bull that we not only call a spade a spade, but we call an Englishman an Englishman, a Scotchman a Scotchman, and an Irishman an Irishman, or peradventure a Paddy. When we are uncertain which of the three the creature is, we sometimes call him an Old Countryman, which, we submit, is doing no republican violence to the king's English. But if any personage, foreign or domestic, should announce himself among us as a "Britisher," we should take him for some strange animal—as he certainly would be, if he came over with John Bull's theory of free trade in his head.

"Something too much of this," perhaps, but it serves to show that John Bull's wits are not always so sharp as he imagines, and that he would do well to learn what language we speak in these parts, before he proffers his advice about pulling down the Lowell mills. He doubtless thought

it a very clever thing to sneer at our bad English, and to insinuate that a people who spoke unauthorized vocables, must, of necessity, make bad laws. He forgot Whitechapel, and never dreamed of the barbarisms in speech that are sometimes found on the west side of Temple-bar. But let him talk of "Britishers" again!

If we mistake not, we have succeeded in showing that the plausible theories of the British economists have been contradicted by every part of our national history. "Free trade" is a phrase that has a fine sound; and as a great part of mankind are influenced by words rather than by facts or ideas, the doctrine has made converts of many persons solely by its name. This free trade we enjoyed while we were colonies of Great Britain, and when it was a crime to make a hat or a hob-nail in Massachusetts, and New York, and Virginia. Such free trade is enjoyed at the present day by the inhabitants of the British colonies of Canada and New Brunswick. Does any one wish to know whether of the two, the British or the American system, operates most for the benefit of the people, let him stand upon the boundary line and look to the right and the left; the contrast in favor of our own side, is the remark of every observer, British or American. Look then, we say, once more upon this picture, and upon this. If John Bull really thinks us so badly off, would not he do well for his beloved subjects to keep them on his own side of the line, where there will be no paying 95 per cent. on window glass, if they are so happy as to get any?

The reviewer finds it in his theory that the system with which America is "burdened" would be "ruinous to countries of less energy and resources." Let it be remarked in the first place, that the resources of this country have for the most part grown up under the fostering care of this very system; that they have become developed and augmented and spread, not only over the New England States, but over the Middle States and the mighty West, just in proportion as this system has been applied. So much for the fact. Now let us see what plausibility this assumption of the reviewer (for argument it does not even pretend to be) carries on its own face. When we set out with the protective policy, we had no resources beyond those accomplishments which are said to constitute the devil's beauty—youth and health; we had our own hands to labor with, and we had nothing more. If the protective system could have ruined any nation under the sun, it surely would have ruined us. So far from this, the reviewer confesses that we have thriven wonderfully under its influence, though he is at his wit's end to find some other cause for our prosperity, inasmuch as the American system ought *not* to have prospered, according to his theory. But like the sturdy old Calvinistic dame, he "won't give up total depravity." The notion that protection will cause ruin is stereotyped on his brain, and we are assured that the ruin is coming by and by. Doctor Johnson, who thought "taxation no tyranny," argued somewhat differently. "We did not lay the burden on your back," said he, "when you were a calf, but we do it now because you have grown to be an ox." This was sensible enough in the abstract, on a question merely of the ability to bear burdens; but here is a reasoner who tells us that the calf *has* borne the burden, but the ox *cannot!*

But away with this nonsense about burdens; it is a mere fallacy of speech. A man is burdened by what oppresses him, and he is disburdened by what relieves him. Call your revenue arrangements by what name you will, they must be judged by these results, and by these alone. If the American protective system gives the American citizen better and cheaper goods, a wider range of occupation, better pay for labor, a more extended, more active and more steady and certain market for his labor and his merchandise; if it augments national wealth and private wealth, makes the country independent and the individual independent, brings more abundant supplies of everything needful for life, to every man's door, and gives him more money to purchase those supplies; if the protective system does this to a greater extent than any other system that has yet been tried, the man does but abuse language who calls this system a burden. The enemies of American industry on this side of the Atlantic and on the other side, may ring the changes upon the words "tariff," "burden" and "high duties," and deceive by empty sounds those who can under-

stand nothing but empty sound; but a man who has head-piece sufficient to bite his own bread and butter and to count what they cost him, cannot be duped by such tricks.

In the four quarters of the world, is there a nation better clothed, housed, governed, educated, manned, horsed, and wived? Will any one among us pretend that he believes there is? Well, we have got to be all this under the system that protected American labor, and nobody can deny it. Will the American people then cast aside this system, because a few dreaming pedants in political economy talk to them of a theory of free trade? Surely not, unless their perverse infatuation passes everything that has been put upon record of a people in their senses. But we are advised to *try* the new system; for although the present may be a good one, the other may prove better still. We confess, that when it comes to this we are about done arguing. We are well, we wish to be better; we take John Bull's nostrum, and we shall be—just as we deserve.

In the anticipation of what such a change of policy might end in, should this absurd counsel be listened to, let us look at the picture which is now given to the world of our country, under the full influence of the protective system—a picture drawn, not by a friend of that system, but by an uncompromising opponent—no less a personage than the identical Edinburgh reviewer, in the identical article which has so painfully made out by ingenious theorizing that our domestic industry is all a "delusion"—"politically worthless and economically false"—and that we stand in a "false position," ready to be "cast at the feet of our enemies!"

"There are few phenomena so striking to our eyes, or so suggestive of reflection among all the great social occurrences of this age, as the continuous emigration which takes place to the American Continent. * * * * The endless procession moves ever from East to West, *without regard to the counsels or prophecies or speculations of statesmen.* What do these multitudes care for theories of civil government? * * * * They seek the land of promise, and in nine cases out of ten they find it a land of performance. America is at this day more than ever a great providential blessing to our over-peopled world, because it offers nothing except to the industrious and energetic. * * * * Justice and freedom—not freedom as understood by a political theorist, or a philosophical poet, or a wandering Arab, but simply the license to do as nearly as possible what a man pleases, provided he do not interfere with the rights of neighbors in similar circumstances with himself, * * * * of all this he is certain from the moment he touches American soil. What has Continental Europe to compare with this?"

Nothing, indeed, except *theories.* And thus does this writer, breaking away from the cobwebs of his closet speculations, and looking at the practical and living facts, give utterance to a truth which dashes his own theory to atoms. American industry under the protective policy has moved onward, to copy his own words, "ever from East to West, without regard to the counsels or prophesies or speculations of statesmen." "What does it care for theories of free trade?" But we cannot refrain from quoting the reviewer still further; he is a reluctant witness in favor of the American system, and therefore the more valuable:

"Let us not deceive ourselves: America is still to the bulk of our population the land of requital and redress; the distant country in which oppressions cease, and poverty grows full-fed and bold, in which fortune opens her arms to the courageous, and the least adventurous looks forward to the achievement of independence and contentment before he die."

And this is the land which, we have just been told, is laboring under intolerable burdens, where the people pay 95 per cent. (alas!) upon window glass, maintain those terrible scourges of humanity, steam revenue-cutters, and pamper themselves with a "delusion" that they are well off. This land, where poverty grows full-fed and bold, is the land "worked with taxed iron," where the hard hands of peasants are chained to the plough, "simply that the world may admire the factory girls of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England!!!" The reader, doubtless, will ask, "Why these astounding contradictions?" The answer is plain. This writer was laboring at two distinct points. In the one instance he had a theory to vindicate, in the other he had facts to specify. As his theory was *but* a theory, and proved to be unsound—"politically worthless and economically false"—

the facts came in direct collision with it. That he held fast to his theory after his own facts had falsified it, is more to his credit as a sworn champion than as a practical philosopher; but his faith in it, if faith he has, must be of that sort that will remove mountains.

However, let it not be forgotten that John Bull has compassionate bowels, and that *we* are the special objects of his pity. He pities us that we have no king; he pities us that we have no House of Lords; he pities us that we have no church establishment; he pities us 95 per cent. on window glass, and he pities us fore and aft on steam revenue-cutters. "These be good humors," but his "quality of mercy" seems to us a little "strained," and we are thoroughly inclined to the opinion that such compassion as he is in the habit of bestowing on his customers, "blesses him that gives more than him that takes." In parting, we will give him one word of advice, and that shall be, to spin out no more fine theories of political economy on the topic of this country before he has looked well to the facts. If he will lay this advice to heart, and act accordingly for the future, we will do him the favor to forget that joke of his about the "Britishers," and we will laugh as little as possible at his stupendous mare's nest of the "steam revenue-cutters."

THE ANGELS.

Not always in tumultuous sea,
Our aims and passions madly heave;
Sometimes, the winds sleep peacefully,
And the torn billows cease to grieve.

And thoughts there are of loftier birth,
Than this poor pageantry of dreams;
When, lifted from the shadowy earth,
The soul an hovering angel seems—

Beholds, on earth's maternal breast,
Her children all together laid,
Lulled, slumbrous, into peaceful rest,
And veiled in star-attempered shade.

The striving heart no more exults
Beneath the decent folds of pride;
Joy, the sad eyes of grief insults
No more; and silent, side by side,

Fierce altercations, breathing deep,
Dream, now, of ancient truce renewed;
Hands grasp hands, but for gentle sleep,
Unknown to love's sweet habitude.

Night! festival of banded stars!
Mild empire of the kindly elves!
Remoulding all that passion mars,—
Lost souls restoring to themselves;—

The calmness of the utmost sphere—
Where angels, on eternal thrones,
All silent rest, serene, severe—
With Night full near communion owns.

Pure bliss the empyreal air instills;
Not raised from flushed emotion's deep,
That now with after-sorrow fills,
But like to thine, O sacred Sleep!

On sapphire thrones, eternal they;—
Informing suns, or through the whole,
Glide viewless, in ethereal play,
Through beauteous earth, and weightless soul.

They know the secret of the vast,—
Nor time, nor force their will denies;
No future dread they, grieve no past,—
Theirs are the twin eternities.

Great Sons of Eld! ye hear our voices,
Outcries of woe, and bursts of mirth,
That, mingled with insensate noises,
Thrill in the trembling veil of Earth.

Though piteously we strive and cry,
Like plumeless birds; alike to you,
The flickering light of mortal joy,
The quivering flame of mortal woe!

EPIGRAM.

Alone, above the war of things,
Her aimless way the spirit wings;
So flies the sea-bird o'er the foam,
Nor knows what shore may be her home.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

The name of Brockden Brown had acquired an attractive sound to our ear, before ever we read a line of his writings. The honorable distinction which was awarded to him, as a novelist, by the British press, at a period when it was almost certain that every book with an American imprint would only be mentioned to be carped at, and which, perhaps, more than any other single circumstance, prepared the way for the Transatlantic fame which Irving and others of our countrymen have since so abundantly enjoyed, contributed not a little to impress our boyish imagination with reverence for this remarkable man. As a nation, we have been accused, by the great critics across the water, of an insensibility to the genius of this writer, and the sole glory of duly appreciating his merits has been strongly claimed in the same quarters. We suspect, however, that this charge, and the pretensions with which it is coupled, are somewhat groundless—that the chief fault of our ancestors was, that, while they appreciated and liberally patronized one of the most brilliant of the men of letters in their day, they would persist that Barlow's Columbiad and Dwight's Conquest of Canaan were true poems, and might very properly be placed on the same shelf with, at least, the "Last Judgment," and "Leonidas." Brown was eagerly read in his time; obtained a considerable income from his novels; and received flattering attentions from the learned and the influential of our land. But that since his death he should have fallen into comparative neglect, was nearly unavoidable, from the very character of his writings.

We do not mean to be understood that such works are useless or trivial. We will not go so far as to say, with some whose judgment we respect, that, from its own nature, it is impossible for a novel to live; but we do say that, in the main, every generation will have its own favorites, and that one novelist will, in ordinary cases, succeed to another with a tolerably rapid movement. The Vicar of Wakefield has, perhaps, fixed itself permanently in the hearts of many ages; but this is a rare composition, far above the rank of "Wieland."

It is plain that the novel has a place provided for it among the literary wants of man. Little intervals of business—odd ends and fragments of time—such as would otherwise almost inevitably be given to idle musing, or still worse, to melancholy self-reflection, are, by the aid of these products of the fancy, made to give an agreeable relaxation and refreshment to the mind, with a secret impulse onward and upward in spiritual culture, to be found nowhere else. Neither is it altogether foolishly, we think, that some persons make these books the companions of a tedious voyage, or of a temporary stay at an inn, seeking from them a sort of oblivious exhilaration, that shall for a moment stifle all the vexations of the present circumstances, and remove every anxiety and disquietude of life: just as one sometimes takes an opiate before submitting to a painful surgical operation, or inhales the sulphuric ether when about to take due vengeance on a mutinous tooth. In short, we may easily discover a thousand different ways, in which this species of literature becomes an important provision for the human mind. Among all these circumstances, however, we find no occasion for admitting "Pelham" to the brain of a miss at school, nor the "Sorrows of Werter" to the meditations of a youth desperately in love—with himself. We suppose that nobody under the sun is justified in reading, or blessed in being suffered to read, a romance of any kind, who is not fully competent to understand that a pretty story is not a history of the whole world, and that a fine piece of sentimental philosophy is not the sum of human wisdom and genius.

This department of literature has a distinct character, and a plainly marked boundary, that divides it from all others. The author of a novel, no less than the

dramatist, is required by the nature of his work to observe certain "proprieties." Not that any critical Frenchman, within our knowledge, has ever gone so far as to lay down exact "rules," to which every writing of this kind must be conformed; neither has any Quintilian applied the irresistible power of analysis to the best models in this species of ideal creation. But there is a sort of critical *common sense*, nevertheless, respecting these matters, which we must esteem, for all practical purposes, at least, infallible. A novel is universally understood to be a story of passion; of adventure; of events intricately involved and marvellously extricated; of insurmountable obstacles swept away by the force of heroism, by the violence of love, or by the frenzy of gloomier passions; perhaps of supernatural occurrences and of divine or angelic interpositions; and certainly of experiences passing through the whole range from the depths of grief and anguish to the full rapture of realized wishes and hopes. We generally expect a calm, sunny beginning, among the ardent yet tranquil thoughts of dreamy youth, in the abodes of childish years, and amidst all the delights of nature; a series of events issuing from this point, thickening and confusedly mingling as they proceed —lover and loved playing at cross purposes, thrown into seemingly inextricable confusion, every incident increasing their embarrassment, and proportionally increasing their affection, as the impossibility of its gratification becomes more and more apparent, until they come into a state of downright despair; and lastly, an entire and triumphant unravelling of all the intertwisted threads, and the completion of a perfect web of golden felicity. All this, we say, is generally expected; and that author may, in most cases, be safely said to possess either very insignificant, or else very confident, powers, who ventures to disappoint this common anticipation. It needs some courage, even, to give the chief prominence to any other passion than love. The author of "Caleb Williams" was almost the first who dared, in a decided manner, to transgress the general custom in this respect; and it was not altogether without reason that Brown was, by some, reckoned to be of the school of Godwin—if resemblance in a *single particular* is a sufficient ground for predicating the relation of master and disciple. That Brown was, in the highest sense, original, is nevertheless true. And we do not think it too much to add, that many of the later and more celebrated novelists of Great Britain have many incidents and scenes, not to say characters, which seem to have been rather more than suggested by passages in the fictions of our own countryman.

Charles Brockden Brown was born at Philadelphia, in the year 1771. His family was highly respectable, though involved in the heresy of George Fox. He was always studious, and, in some particulars, he was considerably precocious. After a pupilage of five years with a Mr. Proud, from whom he learnt Latin and Greek, he began to devote his attention, at sixteen, to poetical composition; sketched no less than three epics—of the "six weeks" kind—and made some progress towards their completion. Fortunately, no Joseph Cottle standing ready to publish, the manuscripts soon after fell, by design doubtless, into the fire. In addition to these more magnificent endeavors, it is known that he now and then gratified the vanity, incident to boyish years, of gracing the Poet's Corner of a respectable country newspaper. Subsequently, he studied law—mainly, it is evident, to gratify the wishes of his friends, and without any definite purpose of his own. He never entered on the duties of that profession. He always had one favorite purpose, manifestly, however at times he may have suffered it to lie dormant. From the time of relinquishing his law studies, his attention was turned to literary pursuits; and henceforward he continued to write more or less assiduously until the time of his death. He published no work, of any pretensions, before "Wieland," which appeared in 1798. This was followed, in the next year, by "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," and "Edgar Huntley." In 1801, he published "Clara Howard," and in 1804, "Jane Talbot," which was first issued in England. During the same year of the latter publication, he was married to a lady of New York—where he had spent a considerable portion of his time since he first became known as an author—and was, the rest of his life, permanently settled at Philadelphia. He died in February, 1810.

The main incidents in the life of an author, almost always, are the conception and birth of his books, and their progress in the world. It is in these, therefore, that we are to look for his character, and for the sum of his life. It was, at least, the fortune of Brown to make no very decided and abiding impression on those about him, aside from that which was left on their minds by his writings. We are told, indeed, that he was of a gentle nature; that his manners were, in general, pleasing; that he conversed with ease and effect, and that he was at one time rather skeptical in matters pertaining to religious faith. To the many, he appeared to be only a man much given to reveries and moods of abstraction; and perhaps his absent manner sometimes so unconsciously possessed him, when in society, as to call forth a smile on the countenances of some of the less polite and less intelligent of the circle in which he moved. But all these little incidents, that go to make up an extended biography, after all concern us but little. It is not in circumstances like these, that the real man is exhibited. We are forced to recur to the only sure index and representative—his *work*—in order to gain any correct knowledge, or to form any true judgment.

The first work which finds its way into the world, from the pen of whatsoever writer, has probably within it some true tokens of the power in which it originates. The best qualities of such a mind may indeed be altogether concealed. Its defects may here assume their worst form. The work itself is by no means the measure of what this mind may hereafter create. But a book earnestly written, deliberately put into the hands of a publisher, and willingly exposed in the literary shambles, may be esteemed a rare book indeed, if it contains no certain intimations of the quality of the mind from whence it proceeds.

We do not hesitate to pronounce "Wieland" to be the product of an extraordinary mind—such a work as could proceed from no other than a gifted spirit. We are quite sure that we detect in it the lineaments of a genius fully as original, and profound, and comprehensive, as that of Irving or Bryant. But then we are compelled to add, that Brown never lived to reach that maturity of experience and culture, to which these two have attained. The author of "Wieland" was only a youth—his life never passed that limit. Schiller, and Byron, and Shelley, are all said to have died young; but their youth was manhood compared with his. In years, to be sure, there was not this difference—but youth knows no exact boundary of time. And he lived, too, burdened with an almost constant melancholy and gloom, which he never could wholly overcome, and under the thraldom of which, none of the security and peace, essential to the highest achievements, could ever be his. But for physical inabilities, he might, doubtless, have risen above his mental infirmities, and accomplished results of which he has now left behind only some faint promise; but he was himself destined to be overcome, and he perished in the midst of the conflict.

True genius, we are confirmed, never blazes forth at once with its noonday splendor. Chatterton, indeed, may have written remarkable verses at sixteen, and Pope may have lisped in numbers; but of this we are sure, neither Shakspeare nor Milton, neither Goethe nor Schiller, achieved their greatness without a long and severe process of culture. Re-modellings of Titus Andronicus, hard struggles with the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and anxious pains with Venus and Adonis, must inevitably precede Hamlet and the Tempest. Lycidas, and Comus, and Samson, must appear, as premonitions and exercises of a strength, which only years of wrestling with "evil tongues and evil times" could nurture up for the realization of Paradise Lost. Wallenstein and the Robbers seem scarcely to be products of the same mind; and that Wilhelm Meister was written by the author of the Sorrows of Werter, seems to require some credulity to believe. Yes,—the evolution of genius demands a vehement and long-protracted struggle. None can be developed without it, and the more powerful, the greater the throe of parturition.

Many persons, doubtless, will question whether the species of writing, in which Brown was engaged, was of a character that would tend very much to the promotion of the culture he above all things needed. This suspicion is not without its good reason. Of two such novels as

"Ormond" and "Edgar Huntley," both written in one year, the last, perhaps, considerably worse than its predecessor, and each inferior to the first of all, we should certainly expect little in the way of improving style or the faculty of invention. If these were all the particulars in which culture is necessary, or in respect to which we find the chief necessity, we should have no hope from such a discipline. But we regard the matter far otherwise. The culture we mean is necessarily a hidden work—different in different individuals, and in all indescribable, yet attainable only by means of constant exertion, vigorous action of the mind, in one direction or another. The first question to raise is, evidently, whether there are any true marks of genius in these works already put forth—plain tokens of the presence of a superior energy, that has not yet worked itself clear of the gross impediments and earthly mixtures that surround it. If such a power is detected, then the constant and vehement action which we observe, however it may at first appear to us, is doing a good work, in a manner undefinable and imprescriptible, and moving towards results which we can but imperfectly calculate.

The plot of "Wieland" is not very complicated. The predominant passion is religious enthusiasm. The interest of the narrative is kept up by a constant appeal to the aid of mystery and wonder, rather than by the relation of thrilling adventures, or by impressive and dazzling description. Love, indeed, has a considerable place, but only a subordinate one.

The scene is laid on the banks of the Schuylkill, at only a little distance from Philadelphia. The time is the middle of the last century. The grandfather of Wieland was descended from an ancient and noble family of Germany, but marrying the daughter of a merchant, he and his offspring were degraded from their rank, and cut off from their inheritance. Wieland's father was apprenticed to a trader in London, and served out his full time. Through the want of books and society, he became a man of melancholy and morose meditation. Accidentally meeting with a work containing a full account of the history and doctrines of a certain fanatical sect,(the Camissards,) he at length became deeply interested in its perusal; made it a subject of intense study; and became, in the end, a thorough convert. His religion prompted him to become a missionary among the Indians of our own country. He made a feeble and ineffectual attempt to impart his extravagant notions to the savages along the banks of the Ohio; but soon settled on a farm in the situation already indicated as the scene of the story. Here he married; bought slaves; became wealthy. But in all his pursuits, his peculiar religious notions never left him. He builds a curious chapel, on a height above the river, to which, at noon and at midnight, he constantly repairs, to pay his devotions. Here, at last, at the usual time of his nightly visitation, he is found senseless, with his clothes consumed from his body, and a mysterious cloud of fire overhanging him. He lingers on in the acutest suffering, and dies a horrible death. He had already foretold a terrible retribution for some unperformed duty. His wife soon followed him, overborne by the shock which this astounding and unaccountable occurrence gave to her sensitive mind. Two orphan children are left in possession of their estate, and dependent on the fostering care of a maiden aunt residing in the city. One is the Wieland of our tale, the other is Clara, the narrator. One of the friends of their childhood was Catharine Pleyel, to whom, subsequently, without any very romantic love-making, the former is married. Wieland occupies the paternal mansion, and Clara, from a certain pride of housekeeping, builds a dwelling nearly a mile distant, and settles down with only the immediate society of a female servant.

Wieland inherits the gloomy religious nature of his father. No pains had been taken to impress his mind with precise and rational opinions respecting divine things. His mother was a simple Moravian, devout in her way, but equally careless with her husband about instilling her own peculiar views into the minds of her children. "Our education," says Clara, "had been modelled by no religious standard. We were left to the guidance of our own understanding, and the casual impressions which society might make upon us." At first thought, such a neglect in the religious training of his own children, on the part of one who had been so anxious to convert

a considerable portion of the heathen world, may seem unnatural. A second thought, however, will assure one who knows a little of the ways of this world, that nothing is more common than inconsistencies of this very kind. There are men, who delight to please everybody, and to labor for the improvement of every community—but their own family and their own neighborhood. God seems to require of them some magnificent sacrifice, some heroic endeavor—anywhere but at their own fireside, and in the midst of the circumstances in which fortune has placed them. Wieland inherited violent religious passions. This element of his character, thus unnaturally predominant at the outset, and neglected by the hand of sober and persevering discipline, came at last to overshadow the whole of his being, and to involve himself and the innocent ones about him in hideous ruin.

Not long after, Henry Pleyel, brother of the wife of Wieland, was added to their society, after having spent some years in Europe. His views were skeptical, yet his nature was kindly, his intellect of a high order, and in his fondness for music and poetry, he fully sympathized with each member of the circle into which he was now come. The action of his peculiar views upon Wieland, and the reaction of the faith of the latter against his skeptical arguments and incredulous pleasantries, may doubtless be understood as contributing their share towards the consummation of that fatal growth in which Wieland's superstitious feelings were rapidly progressing. The four spent many hours of gaiety and pastime at the "temple" where the elder Wieland came to so mysterious an end, and which had been refitted into a beautiful summer retreat. This was especially the favorite resort for musical diversion, sometimes for the reading of favorite authors, occasionally for a banquet. Thus were passed six years of uninterrupted happiness.

But a different season was approaching. One evening, a letter of a certain acquaintance, who was travelling in the Southern States, had been the occasion of some slight controversy between Pleyel and his friend. This letter had been received while all were in the "temple," and was accidentally left behind, on returning to the house. In order to settle the dispute, Wieland went for the letter. The scene that followed we shall give in the author's own words. The passage is as good a specimen as we could select, for exhibiting the main characteristics of the author's manner.

"In a few minutes he returned. I was somewhat interested in the dispute, and was therefore impatient for his return; yet, as I heard him ascending the stairs, I could not but remark, that he had executed his intention with remarkable dispatch. My eyes were fixed upon him on his entrance. Methought he brought with him looks considerably different from those with which he departed. Wonder, and a slight portion of anxiety, were mingled in them. His eyes seemed to be in search of some object. They passed quickly from one person to another, till they rested on his wife. She was seated in careless attitude on the sofa, in the same spot as before. She had the muslin in her hand, by which her attention was chiefly engrossed.

"The moment he saw her, his perplexity visibly increased. He quietly seated himself, and fixing his eyes on the floor, appeared to be absorbed in meditation. These singularities suspended the inquiry which I was preparing to make respecting the letter. In a short time, the company relinquished the subject which engaged them, and directed their attention to Wieland. They thought that he only waited for a pause in the discourse, to produce the letter. The pause was uninterrupted by him. At length Pleyel said, 'Well, I suppose you have found the letter.'

"'No,' said he without any abatement of his gravity, and looking steadfastly at his wife, 'I did not mount the hill.' 'Why not?'—'Catharine, have you not moved from that spot since I left the room?'—She was affected with the solemnity of his manner, and laying down her work, answered in a tone of surprise, 'No. Why do you ask that question?'—His eyes were again fixed upon the floor, and he did not immediately answer. At length, he said, looking round upon us, 'Is it true that Catharine did not follow me to the hill? That she did not just now enter the room?' We assured him, with one voice, that she had not been absent for a moment, and inquired into the motive of his questions.

"'Your assurances,' said he, 'are solemn and unanimous; and yet I must deny credit to your assertions, or disbelieve the testimony of my senses, which informed me, when I was half way up the hill, that Catharine was at the bottom.'

"We were confounded at this declaration. Pleyel rallied him with great levity on his behavior. He listened to his friend with calmness, but without any relaxation of features.

"'One thing,' said he, with emphasis, 'is true; either I heard my wife's voice at the bottom of the hill, or I do not hear your voice at present.'

"'Truly,' returned Pleyel, 'it is a sad dilemma to which you have reduced yourself. Certain it is, if our eyes can give us certainty, that your wife has been sitting in that spot during every moment of your absence. You have heard her voice, you say, upon the hill. In general, her voice, like her temper, is all softness. To be heard across the room, she is obliged to exert herself. While you were gone, if I mistake not, she did not utter a word. Clara and I had all the talk to ourselves. Still it may be that she held a whispering conference with you on the hill; but tell us the particulars.'

"'The conference,' said he, 'was short, and far from being carried on in a whisper. You know with what intention I left the house. Half way to the rock, the moon was for a moment hidden from us by a cloud. I never knew the air to be more bland or more calm. In this interval I glanced at the temple, and thought I saw a glimmering between the columns. It was so faint, that it would not perhaps have been visible, if the moon had not been shrouded. I looked again, but saw nothing. I never visit this building alone, or at night, without being reminded of the fate of my father. There was nothing wonderful in this appearance; yet it suggested something more than mere solitude and darkness in the same place would have done.

"'I kept on my way. The images that haunted me were solemn; and I entertained an imperfect curiosity, but no fear, as to the nature of this object. I had ascended the hill little more than half way, when a voice called me from behind. The accents were clear, distinct, powerful, and were uttered, as I fully believe, by my wife. Her voice is not commonly so loud. She has seldom occasion to exert it, but, nevertheless, I have sometimes heard her call with force and eagerness. If my ear was not deceived, it was her voice which I heard.

"'Stop, go no further. There is danger in your path.' The suddenness and unexpectedness of this warning, the tone of alarm with which it was given, and, above all, the persuasion that it was my wife who spoke, were enough to disconcert and make me pause. I turned and listened to assure myself that I was not mistaken. The deepest silence succeeded. At length, I spoke in my turn. 'Who calls? Is it you, Catharine?' I stopped and presently received an answer. 'Yes, it is I. Go not up; return instantly; you are wanted at the house.' Still the voice was Catharine's, and still it proceeded from the foot of the stairs.

"'What could I do? The warning was mysterious. To be uttered by Catharine at a place, and on an occasion like this, enhanced the mystery. I could do nothing but obey. Accordingly, I trod back my steps, expecting that she waited for me at the bottom of the hill. When I reached the bottom, no one was visible. The moon-light was once more universal and brilliant, and yet, as far as I could see, no human or moving figure was discernible. If she had returned to the house, she must have used wondrous expedition to have passed already beyond the reach of my eye. I exerted my voice, but in vain. To my repeated exclamation, no answer was returned.

"'Ruminating on these incidents, I returned hither. There was no room to doubt that I had heard my wife's voice; attending incidents were not easily explained; but you now assure me that nothing extraordinary has happened to urge my return, and that my wife has not moved from her seat.'"

This inexplicable event was treated by Pleyel as a mere deception of the senses. Catharine could not wholly recover her mind from disquietude, although the arguments with which Pleyel maintained his opinion seemed plausible. The sister of Wieland recurred at once in her mind to the death of her father—on which event, from a child, she had been accustomed to ruminate, and which she could never account for as other than miraculous—though she found it impossible fully to credit such a solution. But on the imagination of Wieland himself, the effect of this occurrence was truly momentous. He had long regarded his father's death as the result of a Divine decree—of a supernatural interposition. The affair of this evening sunk his mind into a deep, permanent religious gloom—strong and transforming as that which took possession of the soul of Pascal, after his almost miraculous escape from death, yet wanting all the counterbalancing effect of culture and manly reason that saved the French scholar from every tendency toward insanity. He regarded the voice as supernatural, and his obedience thereto as a narrow escape from some impending danger—perhaps from the fate of his father.

Time wore on. News had come of an immense inheritance in Lusatia, not only of wealth but also of political power, which was the undoubted right of Wieland, and which needed only his presence to secure. Pleyel long and strenuously urged his re-

moval to Europe—in vain. "Was it laudable," said Wieland, "to grasp at wealth and power, even when they were within our reach? Were not these the two great sources of depravity? What security had he, that in this change of place and condition, he should not degenerate into a tyrant and voluptuary? Power and riches were chiefly to be dreaded on account of their tendency to deprave the possessor. He held them in abhorrence, not only as instruments of misery to others, but to him on whom they were conferred. Besides, riches were comparative, and was he not rich already? He lived at present in the bosom of security and luxury. All the instruments of pleasure, on which his reason or imagination set any value, were within his reach." Wieland and Pleyel walked out alone, one evening—and this matter was to be discussed for the last time. They promised their friends, whom they left in the house, a speedy return. But they did not come again until after midnight. They had wandered involuntarily into the "temple." Both had heard once more the mysterious voice—confirming the one in his resolution to remain on the banks of the Schuylkill—announcing to the other that the Baroness de Stalberg, for love of whom he was chiefly anxious to hasten his return to Europe, was dead. The senses of both gave the same report, and Pleyel was, for a moment, confounded. Subsequent tidings confirmed to the latter the message he had heard; and Wieland was forever fixed in his first resolution of remaining where he was.

At this stage, another character is introduced. Carwin appears as a rustic. The first impressions which his countenance and voice make upon Clara are peculiarly vivid, and not altogether unpleasing. Carwin at length becomes a constant guest of the Wieland family, and manifests traits of a cultivated and active intellect, and of a refinement of feeling and expression altogether above his apparent condition. But on all the events of his past life, he maintains an invincible taciturnity. Aside from this singularity, his society was welcome, and his presence always gave pleasure. His intercourse, for a long time, only strengthened the good feelings entertained towards him.

Clara confesses that her affections had been secretly given to Pleyel. On a certain evening, there was to be a rehearsal of a tragedy which they had lately received from Germany. She looked forward with fond anticipations to the approaching interview with Pleyel and her other friends. Usually punctual to a minute, he now delayed. The evening wore on into night, and still he did not come. She was full of apprehension and alarm for his sake. The intended amusement was defeated by his absence; and she returned home, and retired to her chamber. She could not sleep, for the tumult of her thoughts. She did not even lie down. Some time before, she had heard what seemed to be the voice of two ruffians in a closet near her bed, whispering about her murder. In trepidation, she had fled to the house of her brother. But the fright was now remembered scarcely at all—and Pleyel had always regarded it as the result of a dream. She went to this closet, to-night, for a manuscript left by her father. A voice within cried, "Hold, hold!" And yet she unaccountably persisted in her endeavor. The door opened, and a human figure stepped forth. It was Carwin. The danger of Clara was not unlike that of the Jewess Rebecca in the presence of Bois-Gilbert. Her courage was not the same; but like her she escaped, and Carwin left the house.

At morning, she is called on by Pleyel, and his absence on the previous evening is explained. He comes, with what seems to him indubitable proof, to charge upon her the most infamous disgrace. Nothing could shake from his mind the conviction which his own senses seemed to affirm. He heaped the bitterest reproaches on her head, and withdrew, as he said, to embark at once for Europe.

From the fatal night on which the rehearsal had failed, the intense excitement and hurry of events has no interruption till the end. We cannot hint at a tithe of the occurrences that now take place, but there is one overwhelming incident, which the reader of these volumes remembers in spite of all others, and which even seems to be the principal event to which all the rest are but secondary and subordinate. Wieland conceives himself to have received from Heaven a terrible monition of duty. He is called to sacrifice the dearest objects of his affection—to offer up,

through death, his wife and his little ones! Let no one start back from this idea as unnatural—as only horror, without any tragic grandeur or pathos. We want no better assurance of genius of a high order, than the manner in which this most momentous part of the tale is conceived and executed. In only an ordinary mind, such an event as is about to be related would assume a revolting form. The attempt is hazardous, but the author comes off with a full triumph. Wieland gives an account of this occurrence in a free, fearless, and enthusiastic manner, at the close of his trial for murder. We can give but a portion of the impressive and affecting scene; but the whole is an exhibition of the author's highest power.

"While she was gone, I strode along the entry. The fellness of a gloomy hurricane but faintly resembled the discord that reigned in my mind. To omit this sacrifice must not be; yet my sinews had refused to perform it. No alternative was offered. To rebel against the mandate was impossible; but obedience would render me the executioner of my wife. My will was strong, but my limbs refused their office.

"She returned with a light; I led the way to the chamber; she looked round her; she lifted the curtain of the bed; she saw nothing.

"At length, she fixed inquiring eyes upon me. The light now enabled her to discover in my visage what darkness had hitherto concealed. Her cares were now transferred from my sister to myself, and she said in a tremulous voice, 'Wieland! you are not well; what ails you? Can I do nothing for you?'

"That accents and looks so winning should disarm me of my resolution, was to be expected. My thoughts were thrown anew into anarchy. I spread my hand before my eyes that I might not see her, and answered only by groans. She took my other hand between hers, and pressing it to her heart, spoke with that voice which had ever swayed my will, and wafted away sorrow.

"'My friend! my soul's friend! tell me thy cause of grief. Do I not merit to partake with thee in thy cares? Am I not thy wife?'

"This was too much. I broke from her embrace, and retired to a corner of the room. In this pause, courage was once more infused into me. I resolved to execute my duty. She followed me, and renewed her passionate entreaties to know the cause of my distress.

"I raised my head and regarded her with steadfast looks. I muttered something about death, and the injunctions of my duty. At these words she shrunk back, and looked at me with a new expression of anguish. After a pause, she clasped her hands and exclaimed—

"'O Wieland! Wieland! God grant that I am mistaken; but surely something is wrong. I see it; it is too plain; thou art undone—lost to me and to thyself.' At the same time she gazed on my features with intensest anxiety, in hope that different symptoms would take place. I replied to her with vehemence—

"'Undone! No; my duty is known, and I thank my God that my cowardice is now vanquished, and I have power to fulfil it. Catharine! I pity the weakness of thy nature; I pity thee, but must not spare. Thy life is claimed from my hands; thou must die!'

"Fear was now added to her grief. 'What mean you? Why talk you of death? Bethink yourself, Wieland; bethink yourself, and this fit will pass. O why came I hither! Why did you drag me hither?'

"'I brought thee hither to fulfil a divine command. I am appointed thy destroyer, and destroy thee I must.' Saying this I seized her wrists. She shrieked aloud, and endeavored to free herself from my grasp; but her efforts were vain.

"'Surely, surely, Wieland, thou dost not mean it. Am I not thy wife? and wouldst thou kill me? Thou wilt not; and yet—I see—thou art Wieland no longer! A fury resistless and horrible possesses thee—spare me—spare—help—help—'

"Till her breath was stopped she shrieked for help—for mercy. When she could speak no longer, her gestures, her looks appealed to my compassion. My accursed hand was irresolute and tremulous. I meant thy death to be sudden, thy struggles to be brief. Alas! my heart was infirm; my resolves mutable. Thrice I slackened my grasp, and life kept its hold, though in the midst of pangs. Her eyeballs started from their sockets. Grimness and distortion took the place of all that used to bewitch me into transport, and subdue me into reverence.

"I was commissioned to kill thee, but not to torment thee with the foresight of thy death; not to multiply thy fears, and prolong thy agonies. Haggard, and pale, and lifeless, at length thou ceasedst to contend with thy destiny.

"This was a moment of triumph. Thus had I successfully subdued the stubbornness of human passions; the victim which had been demanded was given; the deed was done past recall.

"I lifted the corpse in my arms and laid it on the bed. I gazed upon it with delight. Such was the elation of my thoughts, that I even broke into laughter. I clapped my hands and exclaimed, 'It is done! My sacred duty is fulfilled! To that I have sacrificed, O my God! thy last and best gift, my wife!'

"For a while I thus soared above frailty. I imagined I had set myself forever beyond the

reach of selfishness; but my imaginations were false. This rapture quickly subsided. I looked again at my wife. My joyous ebullitions vanished, and I asked myself who it was whom I saw? Methought it could not be Catharine. It could not be the woman who had lodged for years in my heart; who had slept, nightly, in my bosom; who had borne in her womb, who had fostered at her breast, the beings who called me father; whom I had watched with delight, and cherished with a fondness ever new and perpetually growing; it could not be the same.

"Where was her bloom! These deadly and blood-suffused orbs but ill resemble the azure and ecstatic tenderness of her eyes. The lucid stream that meandered over that bosom, the glow of love that was wont to sit upon that cheek, are much unlike these livid stains and this hideous deformity. Alas! these were the traces of agony; the gripe of the assassin had been here!

"I will not dwell upon my lapse into desperate and outrageous sorrow. The breath of heaven that sustained me was withdrawn, and I sunk into *mere man.* I leaped from the floor; I dashed my head against the wall; I uttered screams of horror; I panted after torment and pain. Eternal fire and the bickerings of hell, compared with what I felt, were music and a bed of roses.

"I thank my God that this degeneracy was transient; that he deigned once more to raise me aloft. I thought upon what I had done as a sacrifice to duty, and *was calm.* My wife was dead; but I reflected that, though this source of human consolation was closed, yet others were still open. If the transports of a husband were no more, the feelings of a father had still scope for exercise. When remembrance of their mother should excite too keen a pang, I would look upon them and *be comforted.*

"While I revolved these ideas, new warmth flowed in upon my heart—I was wrong. These feelings were the growth of selfishness. Of this I was not aware, and to dispel the mist that obscured my perceptions, a new effulgence and a new mandate were necessary.

"From these thoughts I was recalled by a ray that was shot into the room. A voice spake like that which I had before heard—'Thou hast done well; but all is not done—the sacrifice is incomplete—thy children must be offered—they must perish with their mother!——'

The subsequent events may be easily imagined. Only two or three incidents need further be mentioned. Wieland, after his conviction for murder, is confined in prison as a victim of madness. Subsequently, a lucid interval reveals to him the full enormity of all that he has done, and he perishes by his own hand. Clara sinks, as it seems for a time, into an immovable despair. She afterwards recovered, in a measure, her serenity of mind; went to Europe with an uncle; was joined by Pleyel, to whom his severe charges had been shown to be entirely groundless; and was at last married to him she still heartily loved. Carwin confesses his fatal errors, and, so far as is in human power, is forgiven. An unworthy connection with the servant of Clara, as well as an unwarrantable curiosity respecting the affairs of the Wielands, had betrayed him into many difficulties, from which he could in no way extricate himself but by the aid of a singular faculty—which he had in former times carefully cultivated, but which he had long since determined never to use again—commonly named ventriloquism. This name, indeed, is inadequate to express the exact nature of the powers exerted by Carwin, yet we employ this word as the nearest approach to a description of the character of his agency that a single word can give. Of such a kind, then, was the voice first heard by Wieland, when approaching the temple. From such a source were the words heard by him and Pleyel, while talking in the same place—the whispers heard in the closet of Clara—and all the sounds that had any appearance of the supernatural. It was an artfully imitated conversation between Carwin and Clara, that Pleyel had overheard, and from thence inferred the hypocrisy and crime of the latter. Carwin dreamed not, bad as he really was, of what results he was about to be the occasion, and the knowledge of these events made him truly miserable.

Such is an outline of this tale—a meagre synopsis of a work that must be read as the author has written it, in order to convey a just notion of its merits, or to carry to the heart its real power. We cannot forbear stating here our regret, that a man of such celebrity and authority in the republic of letters as Mr. Prescott has since become should have undertaken the biography of one for whom he could claim no higher consideration, and in the increase of whose reputation he could feel no more interest.* When we

* See *Sparks's Am. Biography*, vol. I. The very

see the author of "Wieland" mentioned, in recent works of English criticism, in connection with the most popular names in the same department of literature, as a man of acknowledged originality and genius—in England, we say, where it seems manifest that a foreign novelist of only inferior abilities would very soon be forgotten, if ever heard of at all; we do not, indeed, at once take it for granted that this author was one of the chief spirits of his age, but we do look upon him as deserving a respectful consideration; and we strongly feel, so soon as actual examination has prepared us to assent to all that has been said in his praise elsewhere, that his memory should be intrusted to hands that shall tenderly and sympathetically build up a permanent record of his life. The Life of Brown, which his intimate friend, Mr. William Dunlap, has given us, is undoubtedly much nearer in intent to what we could desire; yet sympathy and good intentions alone will not suffice to make a good biographer. The warm interest and the patient research of Mr. Dunlap should have been added to the talents of Mr. Prescott as a narrator, and his usually discriminating judgment in matters of taste. We do not complain, nevertheless, because both these authors have fallen short of perfection. We should have been content with considerably less than this. But in Mr. Prescott's biography there are one or two particulars in respect to which we must be permitted to express, with all due deference, some degree of dissatisfaction.

We are surprised at the contempt with which this biographer speaks of the agency given to *ventriloquism* in "Wieland." * We are not ignorant of the many low and degrading associations connected with the word, (a word, indeed, that is nowhere found in Brown's own pages,) nor how easy a matter it is by a little misrepresentation of the author's use of this instrumentality, in the development of his plot, to throw ridicule upon the whole story. Whatever was the design of the biographer, he has certainly brought about this last result in the most perfect manner. He has committed the error of representing the novelist as keeping up, all the way through his work, a constant excitement of mystery and wonder—of machinery seemingly supernatural, or, at all events, of the highest order of the unaccountable—a continual belief of some great agency altogether beyond the reach of ordinary experience—all of which proves in the end to be only the low tricks of a miserable juggler. How many will be caught reading a book of which they have received such intimations?

Viewed in its true light, the case is quite different—unless we greatly misapprehend. The whole destiny of the Wielands is made to rest upon the character of Wieland himself. All the calamities that follow, unspeakable as they are, the author very plainly attempted to attach entirely to the uneducated and ungoverned religious passion of the main actor in these events; and he has, beyond question, succeeded. The mistake of supposing the chief agency to be devolved on Carwin, could hardly be made, we think, by one who had given these volumes a thorough, continuous reading. Especial pains seem to have been taken to show how insignificant and how purposeless are the instrumentality of Carwin, and his tricks: nay, the very necessities of the fiction required this agency to be as mean and contemptible as possible. It was absolutely necessary that "confirmations strong as holy writ" should be formed out of "trifles light as air." When it was the main purpose to make out a religious frenzy more powerful than the strongest promptings of reason and the tenderest ties of affection, ought the impulse which sets that frenzy in motion to be sublime, and, to all ordinary minds at least, irresistible? or ought it to be altogether too weak and insufficient to have any influence over a man in his

appearance of haste and indifference which pervades this work—however it may excuse literary defects—ought certainly to have afforded a serious objection to its insertion in so popular and permanent a series of biographies.

* "The key to the whole of this mysterious agency which controls the circumstances of the story is—ventriloquism! ventriloquism exerted for the very purpose by a human fiend, from no motives of revenge or hatred, but pure diabolical malice, or as he would make us believe, and the author seems willing to adopt this absurd version of it, as a mere practical joke! The reader who has been gorged with this feast of horrors, is tempted to throw away the book in disgust, at finding himself the dupe of such paltry jugglery, which, whatever sense be given to the term ventriloquism, is altogether incompetent to the various phenomena of sight and sound with which the story is so plentifully seasoned."—*Life of C. B. Brown*, pp. 141, 142.

right mind? What is the issue? It matters very little to assert that the alleged means by which Carwin produces, indirectly, such tremendous effects, "is altogether incompetent to the various phenomena of sight and sound" which are narrated, when it is known, in the first place, that some of the most wonderful and important of these phenomena are left (precisely according to Mr. Prescott's wish) without an attempt at explanation; and secondly, that as to all the occurrences which are accounted for by ventriloquism, the main efficacy of that power, as well as the *appearances* to which it gives rise, are all derived chiefly from the mind *acted on* rather than from the more ostensible agent and agency. Pleyel, indeed, hears a feigned conversation, in which the voice of Clara is so nearly imitated as to produce a perfect illusion. Here there is nothing that wears the least tinge of a supernatural character. Here all the responsibility rests on the ventriloquist and his art. The illusion depended not at all, for its efficacy, on the mind of Pleyel. He credits the evidence of one of his senses, just as he would do in any other case—and is duped, without himself conspiring with his enemies. But the case of Wieland, we shall attempt to show, was considerably different.

Coleridge asserts, in his oracular way, that Othello was not impelled to the murder of his wife by the passion of jealousy; but that the proofs of the guilt of Desdemona, so far as he was able to judge of them, amounted to a certainty; and that the conduct of a husband, acting under the certainty of the falsehood of his wife, must be referred to some other impulse than jealousy. Now, there is a striking similarity—in certain particulars, though there is abundant diversity in others—between the catastrophe of Othello and that of "Wieland," as well as in the means by which, in each case, the catastrophe is brought about. There is, indeed, nothing that looks in the least like imitation: it is evident that the resemblance in question is purely accidental. Both the dramatist and the novelist drew from the same common fountain—Nature. Othello, as we understand the drama, goaded on into a persuasion which only a mind susceptible of the deepest and most bitter jealousy could have adopted on such trivial grounds, strangles his wife, out of revenge. Wieland, led on by a series of occurrences, most unimportant in themselves, and respecting which he takes no pains to ascertain any other cause than the supernatural one which his impassioned mind first suggests—nay, without even suspending his judgment until something more than his first vague impression should be furnished, as a ground of decision—becomes so fully confirmed in his religious frenzy, that he sacrificed his wife out of obedience to a sense of duty. Now Coleridge regards the few trivial circumstances and chances, that work such a madness in the brain of Othello, as very sufficient reasons for inducing that fatal persuasion, and vents all his wrath, of course, upon Iago. But Mr. Prescott has none of that reverential feeling for his subject, which led the critic of Shakspeare to adopt any conclusion, however absurd, rather than admit his fallibility. He regards the means by which the fatal frenzy of Wieland is wrought up to its highest pitch, as inadequate, unimportant, contemptible; and stops not to look a little further for the justification of his author in the character of Wieland himself, but permits all his indignation to rest on the novelist, who has served up such a "feast of horrors," without the least palliating circumstance to be offered in his defence. Coleridge is certainly wrong—yet he is consistent with himself. We think Mr. Prescott was equally wrong, yet not with just the same consistency. A novelist who had made such a woful mistake as he attributes to Brown, could not, by any possibility, deserve from *his* pen a biography of even two hundred duodecimo pages. But for the weight which will always attach to an opinion coming from so distinguished a source, we should have taken much less pains to point out an error so evident, that few could have ever adopted it, if recommended by any name less influential than that of the author of the three most popular histories of modern times.

The author of "Wieland" had, evidently, a deep and (for one of his years) uncommon knowledge of man. This knowledge is the basis on which all real genius must rest. Brown seems, to be sure, to have had comparatively little acquaintance

with individuals and classes of men. His intercourse with society was, undoubtedly, mainly confined within the limits of a particular circle, in his native city. In his last years, however, he saw more of men in different regions, and became more familiar with their various customs and peculiarities. But a profound knowledge of *man* by no means requires a great latitude of observation—certainly does not depend on it alone. We find in the novels of our author but few practical remarks on men and manners; yet when such do occur, they are usually just and felicitous. His chief power lay in tracing out from the deep, hidden springs of the human soul—from the region of motives, and impulses, and purposes—a connected and consistent series of actions and events moving on to momentous issues.

The circumstances in which a mind like Wieland's is made to spring up and come to maturity, are as adequate as we are able to conceive. In the first place, it is evident that from no quarter of the world could such a mind originate so naturally as from Germany. And then to trace his origin to a family of high and noble blood, and to an individual of ardent poetical temperament, whose love had wrought his temporal ruin, was equally suitable and appropriate. But above all, the morose and solitary habits of his father, his deep fanaticism, and his mysterious and terrible end, have a fit relation to the singular being, who was to bring such overwhelming calamities on those who were embosomed in tranquillity, and plenty, and social happiness. The mother of Wieland ought of necessity to be a disciple of Count Zinzendorf. Clara inherited the qualities of the maternal side, with only the better traits of the Wielands. Her brother gathered up in his nature all the leading characteristics of his paternal ancestors, with only a modifying tinge from the religion of his mother. So far, all is perfectly natural, and the conception truly just.

The gradual progress of Wieland's mind into that extraordinary state, which constitutes the most impressive feature of the whole story, is admirably portrayed, and the means by which it is effected are, in our opinion, every way unexceptionable. The mysterious and dreadful death of the father could not but have a large place in the memory and imagination of one who was just old enough, at the time of its occurrence, to understand all its realities, and yet just enough a child to mingle with his knowledge of the facts every wild and wonderful conception. That violent end is, to the last, a mystery unexplained. It should be so. The novelist had a right to make this demand upon our credulity, and the necessities of his story compelled him to do it. Any attempt at an explanation of this occurrence would have appeared feeble at the close of such exciting scenes as those which follow, and to have preceded them would entirely defeat the purpose for which it was introduced. Yet this was an event equally known to Clara—one which she had equally witnessed at an age susceptible of all the strange emotions which it would be likely to excite in the mind of her brother. It was an incident well known to all the other characters of the tale. That strange calamity was, indeed, an adequate cause for marvel and even for awe; and this was the full extent to which it influenced the mind of any but Wieland.

The voices subsequently heard, too, were accounted for by all the rest, in any other way than as being supernatural. To Wieland, unimportant as in reality they were, they afforded sufficient food for the nurturing and maturing of his frenzy. Once completely involved in these toils, every movement, however trivial, and every attempt at extrication, only binds and entangles him the more. Pleyel is brought under the same external influences—he wonders, and knows not how to satisfy his judgment. He credits a mysterious announcement of what he was already confident must be true, yet he wisely suspends his judgment of the character of that announcement, until some further grounds of decision are afforded. Wieland makes up his mind at once, while everything is vague and uncertain, according to the promptings of a judgment already disturbed with passion. Clara hears mysterious voices in her closet—and she is frightened. Wieland hears, or fancies that he hears, (for the author leaves us to infer that this is mere fancy, and that the mind of the bewildered man has now arrived at that state in which internal and external impulses are easily confounded,) a

voice demanding of him the sacrifice of his wife, as a proof of his disinterested piety —and he *obeys!*

Carwin is a character in whom we at first feel much interest; for we do indeed expect to find in him the key to all these mysteries. Yet it is hardly possible that the reader should ever suppose him to have been introduced as the immediate cause of any supernatural phenomena. We have already begun to suspect that the incidents which produce so great an effect upon Wieland, and so little upon all the rest, have some degree of mysteriousness, indeed, but no very great actual importance. For we see very plainly that we are conversing with real men and women of this world, and that we are not introduced to the island of Prospero; that in such an every-day state of things as has been all along described, no reasonable author could introduce an order of events depending on unheard-of laws, and on unnatural agencies. No sane writer of fiction would be very likely to introduce a Caliban into the family of an ordinary country gentleman like Squire Western, or a Mephistopheles among the quiet and simple inhabitants of "sweet Auburn." Yet, though no reader could justly form any expectation of finding in Carwin a character that should be the author of supernatural events, in a manner strictly accordant with his own nature, we have no doubt that a majority of readers feel more dissatisfaction with the author's development of this personage than with anything else in the tale. This was the most critical part of the whole writing.* The manner in which the author extricates himself from this difficulty, and acquits himself of this task, will afford a tolerably sure test of his powers.

It cannot be too firmly settled in every mind, that there is a Providence which overrules all events; that crime has its own terrible and inevitable consequences; that the error and folly which lead to the same results as crime are equally fatal in their outward effects, and render men equally responsible for those effects. Murder committed in a drunken frolic is not excusable; the strangling and robbery which the Thug believes it to be his positive duty to perform, and for the omission of which he dreads a terrible retribution, render him as amenable to justice as the same deeds would any other criminal; and the infanticide religiously perpetrated on the banks of the Ganges is no less heinous because induced by the religious passion. No action is performed without some motive. Even the madman has an *irrational* motive. Coleridge has taken rather a singular position, in one of his works, where he descants upon a "self-determined will." A man may do this or that—according to our metaphysician—*without motive*, were it only to show that the thing *can* be done without motive! The same author has elsewhere descanted at some length upon Irish bulls. It is in this region of motives, if we mistake not, that authors of fiction are most usually assailable, in all controversies respecting naturalness and consistency. The providential laws are violated, when innocence is suffered to be involved in a series of intolerable calamities, brought about by an innocent agent: that is, such a thing is impossible. But that the guilt of one should be the cause of calamities to another, or to many others, is nothing impossible—nay, it is comparatively common. Now the problem for our author to solve was no less than this: To make Wieland the deliberate agent of a most horrible deed, under a sense of duty. Those who deny that the human will acts under the restraint of any superior law, will need no further reason for such an action than, simply, that he *willed* it. The common sense of every reader, nevertheless, tells him that, in all ordinary states of mind, the phenomenon and the conditions we have mentioned are incompatible—that, to be rendered possible, there must be some intervening mo-

* It has not escaped our notice that the author (in his Advertisement) speaks of Carwin as the "principal person." This may seem a conclusive testimony against our opinion of the purpose which this character was intended to serve. But we must be allowed to doubt that the author means anything more by these words than we have already admitted. It is indeed the character on which the whole, in a certain way, depends, and the one which unquestionably gave the author most pains and perplexity in unfolding. So, also, he speaks of the narrative being told "by the lady whose story it contains"—although no one will pretend that the work is very much like an *autobiography*. Both these expressions seem to be used in rather a loose manner, to avoid the repetition of names, and not for the sake of explaining a story which is not yet told.

tive, depending for its efficacy on a diseased state of the mind. The mental malady of Wieland, we have already seen, would have come to that stage which rendered the act possible, through the operation of only some very trivial incident, so soon as it was possible for him to credit the reality of a direct, sensuous intercourse with the Deity. It is to confirm this faith that Carwin is introduced. The motive on the part of Carwin, however, must not have been pure malignity—else the design of the author would have been entirely frustrated, by removing the whole enormity of the murder, and the whole weight of the reader's horror, upon this inferior agent. Now we conceive that this part of the fiction is admirably managed so as to secure all the ends intended. Carwin carries on a complicated system of deceit, into which guilt—of another and different character, in respect to which we feel little indignation, but abundant loathing—has betrayed him. He never once suspected any serious consequence could follow. And therefore, while the part he has played has a sufficient motive, and falls short of the highest degree of guilt, it nevertheless serves the purpose for which he was introduced on the stage. We despise the man—we look upon him as a degraded, insignificant creature. The whole weight of all the dreadful mystery is left to rest upon Wieland ; and the chief responsibility of the calamities in which his family are overwhelmed is not transferred from their immediate cause.

The excessive dislike and detestation of Clara towards Carwin has, doubtless, contributed to mislead some readers respecting the real magnitude of the agency which he exerts. This horror is perfectly natural—exaggerated as it nevertheless is. The remembrance of that scene, in which Carwin comes forth from the closet at midnight, avowing a fiendish purpose, must awaken no very gentle emotions in the mind of such a woman as the sister of Wieland. Nor could she forget the base heartlessness of the deceitful calumny that had for so long a time alienated Pleyel from his attachment, and induced him to impute to her one of the most infamous of crimes. But even had Carwin been only, as he pretends, the innocent yet careless occasion of the calamity that annihilated the whole family of her brother, her feelings could hardly have been less violent against him than they were. For all these reasons combined, therefore, it is very plain that the reader who enters into entire sympathy with the emotions of the narrator, and does not form an estimate of things from the facts she communicates, entirely independent of her personal feelings, does injustice to the author. He has exactly followed nature in the words which Clara is made to use, but, of course, he expects the reader to bear in mind by whom they are spoken. On certain particulars, as her own expressions plainly show, she is totally unfit for a dispassionate judgment.

Some parts of the closing scenes of Wieland's life are unsurpassed by any passage which we remember in the most celebrated novelists. The tumultuously shifting clouds of madness that chase through his soul in that last hour, and the final moments of sanity, more terrible than all, excite the mind to a feeling of almost supernatural awe. A more vivid, burning impression than that which these powerful passages leave on the mind, is inconceivable. We detect here, very plainly, the workings of a genius kindred to that which gave birth to the tragedy of Macbeth, and to the wild, frantic energies of the Moor of Venice.

We know of few novels that are fuller of moral meaning than "Wieland." It seems to us impossible for any one to read it without receiving some very valuable lessons, such as cannot very soon be forgotten. The dangers of fanaticism, of false notions of the Deity, of a too ready credence of supernatural interpositions, are here effectively exhibited. That direct intercourse of the senses with the Supreme Being is impossible ; that an uncontrolled and irregular flow of the religious feelings is unwise and pernicious ; and that duty never can require of a man any other sacrifice than a renunciation of his attachment to evil ; are truths proved and illustrated on almost every page. And if there is a little excess of tragedy in the events here portrayed, even this fault turns to some good account, by adding to the force and permanence of the impression made by the moral lessons connected therewith.

On one who reads for critical purposes

the whole effect of the work is to leave an exalted opinion of the natural powers of the author. These powers, we have already said, were but imperfectly developed. "Wieland" is not, and could not be, a truly great and finished work. Its main defects are but too obvious, without particularization. Its style, except in rare passages, is not uniformly easy and natural, neither have its sentences, in general, a musical flow and cadence. More faulty still is the almost constant exaggeration of horror—the carrying of tragedy to the utmost extreme of anguish and gloom. The youthful writer had not yet learned to temper his light and shade—if, indeed, "Wieland" may not rather be said to be made up entirely of the latter—neither had he been able to distinguish the boundary that separates the sentiment of pleasurable sadness from the horror of unmitigated suffering and torture. Yet he shows clearly enough, that he was not unconscious of the existence of such a boundary, and that only a little further culture was necessary to put him in full possession of the requisite skill.

But we cannot give ourselves heartily to the work of tracing out and exposing the errors of a youth whose early death and whose uncommon capabilities ought, after the lapse of so many years, to secure him from any but the kindest mention. The gradual progress of his works towards forgetfulness, (as we intimated at the outset,) even his warmest friend could hardly hope to do more than temporarily arrest. There is, therefore, a certain mournful satisfaction in the thought, that even this article, which a few may be disposed to esteem some years too late to attract much notice by its title, is perhaps one of the last efforts to keep alive in the memory of his countrymen, the name of a youth who gave promise of a fame that should exceed that of even our most honored writers. Could Brown have lived to become a complete master of himself, to reduce all his faculties under perfect control; had the long discipline of years and of severe experiences wrought out a way whereby the genial impulses that visited his spirit could find full and free access to the minds of his fellows; envy itself must have done him reverence. But the course of the divine destinies is inevitable—irresistible. The flower that perishes when first opening from its bud is soon forgot, in the midst of full-blown and perfect blossoms. Not altogether such is the fate of Brockden Brown. His novels are still in the Circulating Libraries of our own and other lands; and, what is more satisfactory to know, they are still read by no small number. Such, we doubt not, will be their fortune, for a long time to come. Whatever may afterwards be their fate, they will at least, after having already survived half a century, go down with a good name to the next generation.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF

THE HONORABLE ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

We have presented to our readers in the Review for this month a portrait of the Hon. Robert Charles Winthrop, the present Speaker of the House of Representatives.

This gentleman, whose preferment to the high official station which he now holds, is a well-deserved and appropriate tribute to his personal worth and public service, has won a not less eminent place in the esteem of the Whig party of the Union, by the fidelity with which he has devoted his talents, throughout an active political career, to the advancement of the good of the country.

Mr. Winthrop's participation in the public counsels is attended by a fortunate prestige of name and lineage. In both of these he may be said to be identified with the history of that portion of the country which he represents; and if there be any truth in the ancient notion that an honorable ancestry constitutes a pledge to patriotism and virtue, he has an especial reason to acknowledge its obligations, and to find in them an incentive to the faithful and zealous performance of every public duty. He stands in the sixth degree of lineal descent from John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts—"that famous pattern of piety and justice," as he is called in the early chronicles of New England,—who, emigrating to this shore in 1630, brought with him the confidence and respect of the government he had left, and the most upright and exalted faculty for the duties he came to assume. Grahame, adopting the thought of a classic historian, says of him that "he not only performed actions worthy to be written, but produced writings worthy to be read."

John Winthrop, the eldest son of this worthy, was scarcely less distinguished. He was a man much addicted to philosophical study and especially to physical science, and was one of the early patrons of the Royal Society. Sir Hans Sloane and three other members of that society, some fifty years afterwards, in commending the grandson of this gentleman to the notice of their associates, bear honorable testimony to the good repute in which the ancestor was held. They speak of "the learned John Winthrop" as "one of the first members of this Society, and who, in conjunction with others, did greatly contribute to the obtaining of our charter; to whom the Royal Society in its early days was not only indebted for various ingenious communications, but their museum still contains many testimonies of his generosity, especially of things relating to the natural history of New England."

He was elected Governor of Connecticut for several years, in which station, says Belknap, "his many valuable qualities, as a gentleman, a philosopher and a public ruler, procured him the universal respect of the people under his government; and his unwearied attention to the public business, and great understanding in the art of government, was of unspeakable advantage to them."

He was twice married, his second wife being the daughter of the celebrated Hugh Peters. By this marriage he had several children, amongst them two sons, of whom Fitz John was the elder. He, following in the footsteps of his father, was elected Governor of Connecticut, and held that post for nine years, commencing in 1698 and continuing until the day of his death. The younger son was a member of the Council in Massachusetts under the new charter granted by William and Mary, and was afterwards Chief Justice of the Superior Court of that State. His name was Wait Still, a compound of two family names, and not, as some have supposed, one of those conceits which at that period seemed to strike the fancy of the Puritan fathers. "That middle name," as the learned and accurate President of the Massachusetts Historical Society has been careful to inform us, "was derived from inter-marriage of Adam, his great grand-

father, with the family of Still; and this gentleman," he adds, "*was not designated by a perverse simplicity which characterized the age.*"

Wait Still Winthrop, the Chief Justice, appears to have left but two children, of whom John, the only son, resembled his grandfather in an ardent devotion to scientific research, and like him, became a distinguished member of the Royal Society; his introduction to that body being, as we have seen, greatly facilitated by the respect in which the memory of his ancestor was yet held. Attracted by the love of his favorite studies and his attachment to the society of learned men, he removed to England, where he spent his latter days, and died in 1747.

He left a large family behind him. John, the oldest of his sons, married in Boston the daughter of Francis Borland. He was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, and was one of the most respectable citizens of New London, Connecticut. One of the younger sons of this gentleman was the late Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, the father of the present Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Thirtieth Congress.

Robert C. Winthrop, the youngest son of Thomas L. Winthrop, to whom we have just referred, was born in Boston, on the 12th of May, 1809, and was educated at Harvard; where, in 1828, he received his diploma, and with it, one of the three highest honors awarded to his class. He studied law under the direction of Daniel Webster, and was admitted to the bar of Boston in 1831. He devoted but little attention to the practice of his profession, the bent of his mind inclining him much more to the study of public affairs than to the labors of a vocation which few men pursue but under the spur of a necessity, which, in the present instance, did not exist.

Mr. Winthrop entered into public life in 1834, being then elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and has since continued in the public service. He was the representative of Boston in the State Legislature for six years, during the last three of which he was the Speaker of the popular branch of that body; discharging the arduous duties of this post with an address and judgment which elicited the most honorable confidence and approbation from the body over which he presided.

The House of Representatives of Massachusetts at that time numbered between five and six hundred members. We may suppose the duties of the Speaker in such a body to exact the highest degree of parliamentary skill and tact in their administration. In this school the incumbent found full and adequate experience; and he left it, after his three years' service, with the reputation of an expert and effective proficient in the rules of legislative proceedings.

Mr. Winthrop first became favorably known beyond the limits of his own State, when, in 1837, he visited the city of New York, at the head of the Massachusetts delegation, which assembled there with the delegations from the Whigs from many other States, to celebrate the great triumph of the Whigs of New York in the elections then recently held. It was a great meeting of congratulation, and intended to concert measures for the co-operation of the Whig party in the Presidential canvass which was soon to open. It was a brilliant prelude to the election of 1840, of which the results were at once so glorious and so disastrous.

On that occasion, no one drew more observation in the large crowd there assembled, than the subject of this memoir. His speech in the Masonic Hall, where the congratulations of the occasion were proffered and received, is still remembered by those who were present, as one of the most felicitous and attractive incidents of that memorable exhibition. His vivid and animated eloquence stimulated the already excited feeling of the assembly to the highest key of exultation, and old and young left the scene of this event with common prediction of future eminence to the orator, and more extended renown amongst his countrymen.

His congressional career began in 1840. The resignation, in that year, of the representative from Boston, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, led to the choice of Mr. Winthrop by a majority so decisive as almost to deprive the election of its title to be called a contest. He thus took his seat in the House of Representatives at the second session of the Twenty-sixth Congress. He was a member also of the distin-

guished Twenty-seventh Congress, where, amongst many worthy, he maintained a position with the best. A personal and private affliction compelled him to resign his seat in the summer of 1842, his place being supplied by the Hon. Nathan Appleton, who relinquished it at the close of that session, to enable his friend to resume his former seat at the commencement of the following winter; which the latter did after an election almost without opposition. Mr. Winthrop has continued ever since to represent the city of Boston by a suffrage equally honorable to him and to the constituency whose confidence he has so signally won.

His seven years' service in the national counsels have brought him very prominently before the nation. One of the most accomplished debaters in the House of Representatives, he has participated, to some extent, in the discussion of all the great questions which have been presented to that body, during his connection with it. Habitually abstaining from an obtrusive presentation of his opinions, he has never failed to say a right word at the right season; he has, therefore, always spoken effectively, and in such a manner as to win the esteem and confidence of the House. A steadfast Whig, his position has ever been conservative, strong in the advocacy of the national institutions, careful to guard against encroachments on the Constitution, jealous of the ambition of party leaders, and prompt to denounce the excesses into which partisan zeal has often threatened to plunge the policy of the State. Looking with an enlightened view to the capabilities of the country, and justly estimating the elements of national strength and happiness embraced within the Union as it is, he has always contributed his aid to promote their development through the appropriate action of the Constitution, and by the wise policy of protection and encouragement.

In the attempts of the Administration and its supporters to embroil the country in a war upon the Oregon question, he was the friend of conciliatory adjustment and peace, and had the gratification to find the labors of his compeers and himself in that instance successful.

We may take the occasion to observe here that, in the prosecution of this object, he was the first to propose in Congress a mode of settling the question, which, highly equitable and honorable in itself, was seconded by the approbation of the most judicious persons both at home and abroad. The following resolutions, moved by Mr. Winthrop on the 19th December, 1845, contain the earliest suggestion of an arbitration by eminent civilians. This resort was afterwards formally proposed by the British Government, and if it had not been most unwisely—we must think—refused by the Administration, would have established a happy precedent for the settlement of international differences, and have placed the peace of the world, so far as the example of two of the most powerful nations might tend to establish it, upon the foundation of calm counsel and right reason, instead of leaving it at the mercy of tempestuous passion and the bitter supremacy of the sword.

The resolutions referred to are in these words:—

"*Resolved*, That the differences between the United States and Great Britain, on the subject of the Oregon Territory, are still a fit subject for negotiation and compromise, and that satisfactory evidence has not yet been afforded that no compromise which the United States ought to accept can be effected.

"*Resolved*, That it would be a dishonor to the age in which we live, and in the highest degree discreditable to both the nations concerned, if they should suffer themselves to be drawn into a war, upon a question of no immediate or practical interest to either of them.

"*Resolved*, That if no other mode for the amicable adjustment of this question remains, it is due to the principles of civilization and Christianity that a resort to arbitration should be had; and that this Government cannot relieve itself from all responsibility which may follow the failure to settle the controversy, while this resort is still untried.

"*Resolved*, That arbitration does not necessarily involve a reference to crowned heads; and that, if a jealousy of such a reference is entertained in any quarter, a commission of able and dispassionate citizens, either from the two countries concerned or from the world at large, offers itself as an obvious and unobjectionable alternative."

In the more recent extravagances of those in power, who have committed the nation to all the responsibilities of this odious Mexican war, he has acted with the most enlightened Whigs to give it a direc-

tion as favorable to humanity and justice as the frenzy of the Administration will allow. Utterly opposed to the grounds upon which this war has been waged, and condemning the usurpation of authority, by which the President commenced it, he, nevertheless, did not scruple to vote, with the great body of the Whigs in Congress, the first supplies of men and money, which seemed to be indispensable to the reinforcement of General Taylor at that moment of supposed exigency, of which the Administration took such artful advantage. He has been consistently, ever since, an earnest advocate for peace on terms compatible with the honor and justice of a magnanimous and Christian people.

The same moderation of opinion which appears in this speech, in regard to the great and exciting subjects there referred to, is consistently preserved by Mr. Winthrop upon other topics which have agitated the public. A sincere friend of the Constitution, and earnestly desirous to maintain the harmony of the Union, he has conscientiously, we may say, refrained from those ultra views on the subject of slavery, either in the Northern or Southern aspect of the question, which have so unhappily and so unprofitably distracted some sections of the country. Liberal and tolerant upon that subject, he has firmly maintained his own opinion against those on either side, who we may hope will acknowledge, in their calmer reflections, the wisdom and justice of his moderation.

The recent election of this gentleman to the honorable post he now fills in the House of Representatives, is an expressive token of the good opinion he has won on that theatre where his talents have been most profitably exerted for the benefit of the country. No member of that House might better deserve this distinction. His integrity as a man, his accomplishments as a statesman, and his fidelity as a Whig, render the choice of the House an honor both to the giver and receiver; while his parliamentary skill in the appropriate functions of his office enable him to requite the favor he has received, by the usefulness of his service.

His address to the House, on the recent occasion of taking the chair, exhibits a just appreciation of the duties committed to him, and affords an example of graceful dignity of style which may be commended to the imitation of his successors. It is worthy of being preserved, and we therefore submit it to the judgment of our readers:—

"*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States:*

"I am deeply sensible of the honor which you have conferred upon me by the vote which has just been announced, and I pray leave to express my most grateful acknowledgments to those who have thought me worthy of so distinguished a mark of their confidence.

"When I remember by whom this chair has been filled in other years, and, still more, when I reflect on the constitutional character of the body before me, I cannot but feel that you have assigned me a position worthy of any man's ambition, and far above the rightful reach of my own.

"I approach the discharge of its duties with a profound impression at once of their dignity and of their difficulty.

"Seven years of service as a member of this branch of the National Legislature have more than sufficed to teach me that this is no place of mere formal routine or ceremonious repose. Severe labors, perplexing cares, trying responsibilities, await any one who is called to it, even under the most auspicious and favorable circumstances. How, then, can I help trembling at the task which you have imposed on me, in the existing condition of this House and of the country?

"In a time of war, in a time of high political excitement, in a time of momentous national controversy, I see before me the Representatives of the People almost equally divided, not merely, as the votes of this morning have already indicated, in their preference for persons, but in opinion and in principle, on many of the most important questions on which they have assembled to deliberate.

"May I not reasonably claim, in advance, from you all, something more than an ordinary measure of forbearance and indulgence, for whatever of inability I may manifest, in meeting the exigencies and embarrassments which I cannot hope to escape? And may I not reasonably implore, with something more than common fervency, upon your labors and upon my own, the blessing of that Almighty Power, whose recorded attribute it is, that 'He maketh men to be of one mind in a house?'

"Let us enter, gentlemen, upon our work of legislation with a solemn sense of our responsibility to God and to our country. However we may be divided on questions of immediate policy, we are united by the closest ties of permanent interest and permanent obligation. We are the Representatives of twenty millions of people, bound together by common laws and a

common liberty. A common flag floats daily over us, on which there is not one of us who would see a stain rest, and from which there is not one of us who would see a star struck. And we have a common Constitution, to which the oaths of allegiance, which it will be my first duty to administer to you, will be only, I am persuaded, the formal expression of those sentiments of devotion which are already cherished in all our hearts.

"There may be differences of opinion as to the powers which this Constitution confers upon us; but the purposes for which it was created are inscribed upon its face in language which cannot be misconstrued. It was ordained and established 'to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.'

"Union, justice, domestic tranquillity, the common defence, the general welfare, and the security of liberty for us and for those who shall come after us, are thus the great objects for which we are to exercise whatever powers have been intrusted to us. And I hazard nothing in saying that there have been few periods in our national history, when the eyes of the whole people have been turned more intently and more anxiously towards the Capitol, than they are at this moment, to see what is to be done, here and now, for the vindication and promotion of these lofty ends.

"Let us resolve, then, that those eyes shall at least witness on our part duties discharged with diligence, deliberations conducted with dignity, and efforts honestly and earnestly made for the peace, prosperity, and honor of the Republic.

"I shall esteem it the highest privilege of my public life if I shall be permitted to contribute anything to these results by a faithful and impartial administration of the office which I have now accepted."

The Speaker is not yet forty years of age. He may be presumed to have a lengthened career of usefulness yet before him. We conclude this brief notice with the expression of the hope, that his constituents may long enjoy his services, and open the way for him to higher distinction.

STANZAS.

Dear voice! whose murmurs in mine ear,
In dreamy lapse, I seem to hear:—
Dear form! whose inexpressive grace,
Nor grief, nor time can e'er efface:—

Why, in this lonely still of night,
Return ye thus to ear and sight,
As clear and fair, as when I knew
Her presence and her love through you?

Say, what impels my secret soul,
Exerting fancy's strong control,
These visions of my youth to call
From Passion's spring to sorrow's fall?

Why, in the dull decline of years,
When faded hopes are stained with fears,
When Love with many a grief lies dead,
And reigns pale Sadness in his stead,—

Return ye thus to steal my rest,
And plant an anguish in my breast?
Mean ye unkindly thus to slay
The last sad hope that dared to stay?

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.*

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"We, the People of the United States," says the preamble to the Constitution, "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

"All legislative powers herein granted, shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."

The object of the Constitution was, then, to establish a government for the *whole* people. "We, the People," established for ourselves a National government. The States were already established, and maintained a separate existence; but it was necessary that the *whole people* should be represented, without reference to States; otherwise, there might be an unstable Confederacy, but no Nation—no Union.

A representative government, of which the members have the character of agents for the people, requires that the people be, in some measure, acquainted with the character of their representative agents. It is necessary, for the perfect working of the system, that the voter should be informed, either immediately, or through the general report, of the character of the men for whom he casts his vote. But this end could be attained only by what our author calls "distributive elections;" each district choosing its own representative from among its own citizens. If there were any great names of a reputation extending over the whole Union, they would become the candidates for the higher offices, and might have been elected by a general ticket; but such a course would be impossible for the election of a great crowd of representative agents. Nor would it be a matter of indifference in the result, when the agents of the people came together in the legislative assembly, whether they were or were not citizens of the districts for which they were chosen. For the Congress is not merely a collection of business agents, assembled about matters of mere pecuniary interest. They bear a character of personal and social, as well as of legal substitutes. Not for the people in the abstract, as *one* man might represent them, but the people in detail, with all their various interests and feelings; which could only be represented by an assemblage of many men, sent from all parts of the nation, and bearing with them the features and disposition of all the parts. These substitutes were to combine in themselves the characters of free representatives and voluntary defenders of their own particular districts, as well as of legislators for the whole. And this character, all good representatives have invariably borne.

It was not, then, merely to gratify a Democratic tendency, that the Constitution established distributive elections, but to secure a more perfect and real representation. If it were a matter of indifference whether members were elected by a general ticket, or by distributive elections, then it were a matter of equal indifference whether *all* came from one district, or *one* from every district—and whether the number deputed were a thousand, an hundred, or only ten. Ten men from Georgia might be elected on a general ticket to legislate for the whole Union, were Congress *merely* legislators for the whole. The Constitution, therefore, in establishing the present system of elections, contemplated not only the superior function of the national legislator, as such, but also his inferior and social relation, as a representative of the interests, opinions, and even the passions and prejudices of the people from amongst whom he comes.

* The chapter to which these remarks are introductory, is taken from an unpublished work upon the Science of the Laws, by H. W. Warner, Esq.

The reader will observe, in the following argument, which we think a conclusive one, that the author has touched very lightly on the inferior member of his subject, namely, on the duties and relations of our national legislators in their merely representative capacity, but has restricted himself to a development of the scientific idea of a national legislator, elected, indeed, by his district, and yet, under the Constitution, free to act and vote for what seems to him the good of the whole.—Ed.

Ours is an agency government, and therefore of the kind denominated free; a government, however, that is in theory as remote from pure democracy on the one hand as from pure monarchy on the other. The fathers called it *republican;* meaning thereby to give it not simply a description but a name, and for the very purpose of keeping up this double discrimination. It was not intended that the people should manage it themselves; and yet it was intended to place it under a decisive popular influence and control, by having the agents, who were to be its managers, appointed by the general voice of the country for short terms; re-eligible afterwards, indeed, but only upon condition of their being still acceptable to the people, who were to re-appoint or dismiss them at pleasure by a new expression of the same general voice.

It will be well if we discriminate as the fathers did. There is danger that we may not. The subject is too much declaimed upon to leave the lines of exact truth always visible. The people are daily told without reserve, not only that they are sovereigns, but that their sovereignty is unlimited and unqualified. This is true in a vague sense, but to a *legal* ear it is eminently false.

The thing may be looked at in various lights. In one, the people are above the Constitution itself; for they can pull down the glorious structure if they will, and either rebuild it afterwards, or leave it in ruins. This however is not legal sovereignty. In another view, the people are above, not the Constitution, but the government organized under it; forasmuch as they are the acknowledged proprietaries of the system, the parties in interest, to whom everything belongs, and whose welfare is to be consulted, and their views of policy respected, in all measures of administration. But neither is this the kind of sovereignty with which the laws are technically conversant; being a sovereignty of position and estate, rather than of active control; of circumstantial predominance, than of exerted authority.

Let us be more exact. The people's sovereignty under the Constitution is a power *in* the government as well as over it; a power which the Constitution recognizes and makes use of for its own ends in the established organism of the State, giving it work to do, and in a fixed, unalterable line of action; in short, *a strictly functionary power;* as much so as the power of the President, or of a Judge of the Supreme Court.

It follows, that this sovereignty, besides being of a qualified nature, is also limited in extent. Nor is the measure of it hard to take; being just what remains, of the whole mass of functionary powers organic to our system, after deducting therefrom the powers devolved upon government agents for the performance of their duties. The result is plain enough. Those devolved powers are all *administrative*—appertaining to government in the ordinary meaning of the term; that is to say, to the various offices of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments, familiar to every one's knowledge. Such is the *subtrahend* of our arithmetical problem. What then must the people's *remainder* be? What but the organizing and visitatorial power of the ballot-box—*the electoral sovereignty?*

Nor is this sovereignty original in the people. No functionary power can be older than the organism it belongs to. Much is said about the "reserved rights" of the people, and in a connection to show that rights of power are meant. It is a delusion. How could rights of any sort bearing solely on the government, exist before the government itself? And if they did not pre-exist, how could they be reserved, or *kept back*, when the government was formed? They necessarily took their date from that period. They were the very creatures of the Constitution. And it was by the Constitution that they were first imparted *to* the popular electors. The right of voting at political elections is truly what it has been called, a *franchise*—an

emanation of power from the national fountain-head, descending thence upon those who are to exercise it. To talk of a *reserved franchise*, would be a positive solecism.

Besides, if this electoral sovereignty had been a thing of original right in the people, antecedent to the Constitution, it would belong to every one—man, woman, child—so far at least as there is no want of discretion for the use of it; whereas we do not find it so vested, only a portion—not a third part probably, nor a fourth—of the whole community being legal voters; women and minors having none of it; many adult male citizens having none of it, for lack of the requisite qualifications of residence, property, tax-paying, and the like. How is this? Are these unvoting citizens disfranchised by the Constitution? Is it not more sensible to say, that every franchise being a trust, or at least involving one, the electoral franchise has been given to such only of the people as are deemed fit and competent trustees of so important a power, and qualified to use it with advantage to the republic? Thus, instead of taking away anything from three-fourths of the community, the Constitution simply imparts to the remaining fourth a right of its own creation, which was never theirs before.

And let me add, it does this, not for their sakes in particular, but for the equal good of all without distinction. There is no peculiar value in the privilege of depositing ballots in a box with a hole in it, the act alone considered; nor have they to whom the privilege is not conceded any serious cause of present unhappiness on that account. The only question of interest for them, as for others, is upon the likelihood of results to the country; that is to say, whether the right of suffrage is distributed widely enough among the people, on the one hand, to make the elections duly popular in the spirit of them, and restrained, on the other, to a number sufficiently small and select to make it probable that they will be conducted with reasonable intelligence and prudence, so that upon the whole, the true advantages designed by this part of the constitutional arrangement may be fairly hoped for from its plan of operation.

Of course the *liberty* that waits upon a functionary power, can be no larger than the power is. The people, in their capacity of electors, may do all that is within the proper scope of the franchise; but it is usurpation to do more.

And this enables us to condemn without reserve an opinion strangely prevalent in some parts of the country, to the effect that when a man is chosen to an office, and especially an office of legislation, it is the *right* of his constituents to have pledges from him as to the measures he will advocate or oppose in public life; and even to come upon him afterwards, during his term, with dictatorial instructions on the subject. Nor are the holders of this opinion so inconsiderable, either in standing or ability, as to allow of its being passed over in silence.

Upon what, then, do they ground themselves? The notion seems to be, that an election is a *delegation of power*, and so, that a pledge exacted from the candidate is but a condition annexed to a free gift; in other words, that the electors being the donors of the authority with which the man of their choice becomes thereupon endowed, have a natural right to be served with it in the way they think best.

But here is certainly a misconception. The electors confer no power, not a particle. How can they? They have none to confer. Had they the power themselves, they could exercise it. Otherwise it would not be power. As then they have it not, they cannot delegate or pass it over to another. Suppose the elected officer should die suddenly, and a vacancy happen; would his power fall back upon the electors' hands? No, for again, they could make no use of it. Their right of suffrage would indeed revive; another *congé d'élire* from the Constitution would put them into further action as its functionaries for appointing a successor. This done, their work is ended till new casualties make new room for it. But suppose, instead of dying, the officer plays truant, and is guilty of malversation; can his constituents intrude upon him and amend his doings? No; culprit though he be, the office, so long as he continues in it, is his, not theirs. When his term is up, to be sure, he may be called by them to a species of account. But even that will not be in the way of jurisdictional review; for they can do

nothing, absolutely nothing, with the function he may have abused. They are electors only. They can touch the *man*, should he ask a re-election; they can refuse to trust him again; but this is all the penalty they can inflict.

If then the officer's power is not given him by his constituents, whence, you will say, does it come? I answer, from the Constitution; it is laid up there in waiting for him, against the day of his appointment. The electors choose him, designate him, give him their certificate of approval; the Constitution does the rest.

A member of the lower House of Congress is chosen, we will suppose, by the qualified voters of Ontario or Albany, in the State of New York. He is called the representative of his district. A representative *from* it would be better language; for though he truly represent his own district, that is but a fraction of his representative character, since he stands in just the same relation to every other part of the country. Is this doubted? How then does he get to be a *national* legislator? Can a handful of local electors make him such—that is, give him a sovereign law-making power over twenty millions of people?

The *duties* of the office are as far-reaching as its sway. However obscurely local his appointment may have been, he becomes at once a servant of the commonwealth; voting as freely, and under the very same obligation to vote wisely and properly, for a custom-house at Portsmouth or Mobile; for a breakwater in the Chesapeake; for a railroad, it may be, to Oregon; as for a mole in Buffalo harbor in his own State. His trust, like his commission, is that of a legislator at large for the Union. Who imposes or reposes that trust? Could the voice of Albany or Ontario do it, as the lawyers say, *per se*?

Let not forms deceive us. Let not the idioms of political declamation deceive us. Representatives in Congress have indeed their several constituencies, to which they *seem* to be indebted for everything. The suffrages they receive are all local. The gratitude inspired by these suffrages has of course, and very justly, a corresponding direction. Forms and feelings thus combine to shut the Constitution out of view, and to make men forgetful that there is a very good reason for ordering matters as they are, in this momentous branch of our concerns. The policy of the thing should be considered. Distributive elections must be resorted to in a wide country like ours. We use them, not to alter the character of results, but for convenience sake. It is because the people cannot well act in mass, and fill all the posts of government by a general ticket, so called, that the business has been economically parcelled out among a multitude of territorial districts, each voting for one or more candidates according to the measure of its population, and taking no concern in the election of the rest; the same end being thus secured with ease through the separate action of several hundred communities, which it would be so difficult to reach intelligently and promptly by a combined movement. What better expedient could be hit upon? Organization is the point. The people must have government officers. How best to choose them is the question. Two modes offer:—a general ticket for the whole land, or a host of tickets in detail for all the parts of it. Were the general-ticket scheme adopted, and the entire body of the people put to vote for every officer in the list, one consequence must follow,—the successful candidates would be admitted on all hands to be national agents, national representatives; and the absurdity of their being any of them servants of particular districts in special, and liable to dictation from particular groups of electors, would have no advocates. I take this for granted. But it seems the other mode has been preferred, and so the public service is to be provided for by the self-same people, acting not in mass, but in a vast number of subdivisions. No change of object. National officers are still the thing wanted. And they are wanted for the identical places and functions as before. What difference then in nationality of results? The people act in separate companies, but they all act, and with a common purpose,—namely, to officer the government. In one respect they may be held, in fair construction, to be all active in every part of the work. The arrangement is theirs by which the forms of the proceeding have been adjusted; being the arrangement of the Constitution itself.

Will it be said that Senators, from the peculiarity of their being appointed by the States as such, and not by popular suffrage, are beyond the scope of this reasoning? and that they must be regarded as representing their respective States or State governments, more strictly and closely than they do the country at large? Let us try this.

Have the State Legislators any *original* authority for appointing national Senators? That will not be said. They get their power then from the Constitution. And who made the Constitution? "We, the people," is its own emphatic response. Touching the matter in hand, therefore, the Constitution is a general letter of attorney, by which "we, the people," give to each of the State Legislatures, in trust, an *elective franchise* for filling two places in the National Senate. It is a franchise indeed, and like every other franchise, has a trust annexed to it. For whose benefit, do you ask? That of the *donors*, the nation at large. And thus the State Legislators are the fiduciary agents of the Union for appointing Union Senators.

These Senators again are agents. But whose agents? That is the point. Are they the agents of the agency-legislatures that appoint them, or of the real principals in the whole business, the people of the Union? How can trustees of a franchise, more than of anything else, claim the fruit of it to themselves?

In one respect, a public officer may be looked upon as a result of the joint action of his immediate constituents and the country at large; the office (without which the man were nothing) having its existence by the Constitutional enactment of the nation, while the man (without whom the office would exist in vain) is furnished by the local electors. But because the more extensively popular part of the work is antecedent to the other in order of time, being the effect of a transaction long since past, and seemingly forgotton by many; there is danger lest the noisier and more bustling performance of the hour, however small the theatre it is done upon, however few the actors, may have an undue relative magnitude ascribed to it. Men should ask themselves a question or two in the matter. What is it to provide an office, in comparison with providing an incumbent for the office? And especially, in reference to the jurisdiction, the authority, the power, which the incumbent is to be put in charge of, does it come by the office, or by the man? Is it appurtenant or in gross?—a power, in other words, which the man finds in his station, when he gets there, or which he carries thither in his pocket with his credentials of election?

Let the subject be honestly dealt with. An electoral appointment has no creative energy, save only as regards the connection of the appointed individual with the post to which it advances him. His services it undoubtedly destines to a new employment. And that is all it does. The line of employment, the office, is a thing of earlier date, and which cannot be touched. Its settled pre-existence is indeed assumed by the very act of providing an incumbent for it.

If, then, we can analyze this fixture of the Constitution called *office*, and see what its ingredients are, we may, to some extent, determine what public men possess which their constituents have *not* given them, and over which there can of course be no right of dictation left behind in the legislature, or district, where elections have been made.

The task is easy. Office, wherever it exists, and whatever be the ends it is to answer, is essentially a compound of *duty* and *power:* the *duty* of fulfilling its functionary intent, (for it is always functionary,) and the power requisite for that purpose. This power and duty, therefore, have, in every possible case, their origin and measure from the constituents of the *office*, and not of the *officer* who fills it for the time being; which is just equivalent to saying (where the office is national) that they are the property of the nation, and not in any sense or degree the gift of local electors, or amenable to their control. The very nature of things teaches us this.

And well that it does. We want arguments for minds of various mould, and which are under various influences. If the too prevalent doctrine of the day were to prevail, we might live to see the President and Senate overruling the freedom of the judges, as being their immediate constituents. Why not? What better right have the State Legislatures to put trammels upon Union Senators? Nay, we

might live to see boards of Presidential Electors assemble long after their true function has been exercised and spent, to instruct the political Executive how to bear himself in his high walk of State. If suffrage were essentially a delegation of power, these absurdities would be no longer such. If the authors of men's official preferment were the makers of their officers too, government would not be government; the only sovereignty of the land would be in the local electorships, and the affairs of the nation would be carried on by and for them as such, and in the way of mere diplomacy.

Why will men lose sight as they do of that great act of universal sovereignty, the Constitution? And why will they shut their eyes to the very genius and policy of it on the precise topic in hand?

The best frame of government for any given country, is that which provides best, first, for the rights and interests of the people, and secondly, for its own healthful continuance. Both these objects are vital.

But each of them, it is plain, has exigencies of its own, to be specially looked after by the founders of States. To combine the two successfully, is perhaps the noblest, because the most extensively beneficial achievement, that human wisdom can aim at. In most governments no effort has been made in that direction. I know of none but ours in which the thing has been seriously attempted.

Mark then the most interesting peculiarity of our system, and, God be praised, the most hopeful.

Our Constitutional fathers were not more considerate for themselves than for those who should come after them. They held their own liberty sufficiently dear, but they were true parents, and held the liberty of their children in equal esteem. What did they do? Alike careful of the future and the present—of the remainder in fee, as of the life-estate—they made signal provision for both the one and the other of their objects, by placing each in charge of a distinct portion of the sovereign power; giving the law-making and law-executing management of things to a set of persons who were to be singled out for the purpose, with a scrupulous regard to character and fitness—while the conservative oversight of this agency-corps of government, with a view to saving the republic harmless in their hands at all events, was given to an immense mass of popular electors; too many to be capable of betraying their trust, and yet not numerous enough to include the dregs of society, who might be unworthy of it. Such is our political division of labor. The directly governing sovereignty belongs to official rulers for the time being—an independent, ultimate, administrative power in their hands. But because such power is corrupting and dangerous, these rulers, sovereign though they be, in their place, are held in check by regulations making it necessary for them to apply from time to time for new commissions at the bar of public opinion, or to descened into private life. So that the electoral sovereignty, to which the enormous power of public opinion appertains, is *influentially* paramount, as in truth it should be; though for any purpose of *direct action*, it is co-ordinate with that of governing agents; a power *in* the government as well as theirs, and no more free to trespass upon them, than they are to invade its own domain.

RECENT ENGLISH HISTORIANS OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.)

After the return of the Heraclidæ—which Thirlwall Euemerizes into a Doric invasion and conquest, requiring "many years, probably many generations," for its consummation, and Grote disposes of among the mythes of the legendary age—we pass at once to the definite region of Historical Greece. Not that even here we are entirely freed from uncertainty, but the races and institutions at which we arrive are real and tangible, though in some cases—that of Lycurgus is a well-known instance—a cloud may still hang about their founders. We can always be pretty sure what laws, customs, and form of government existed in each place at a particular time, though something fabulous may still cling to the individual personages of the period. It is here, accordingly, that Mr. Grote takes occasion to bring in his sketch of Grecian geography. Something of the kind is generally considered a necessary introduction to a history: we confess to having some doubts of its indispensability. Arnold's most valuable and interesting work on Rome contains no geographical account of Italy; and yet, singularly enough, Arnold himself has elsewhere insisted on the importance and necessity of the ordinary course;† nay, more, he illustrates its value by immediate reference to Italy, the natural features of which he proceeds to describe in his most felicitous manner. A good map is certainly always a requisite, and with this probably most readers would be satisfied. We half suspect that few persons, except conscientious reviewers like ourselves, peruse these geographical introductions. Both our authors are full and accurate in this part of their work; Grote, the more spirited and interesting of the two, as he has the greater dexterity in rendering a dry subject attractive, and illustrates his details by noting the differences as well as the resemblances of climate, natural productions, cultivation, &c., in Ancient and Modern Greece.

And now before treating of the Peloponnesian Dorians, we have one more troublesome subject to adjust or get over in some way. Every student of Greek and Roman history has been more than once brought to a stand by the *Pelasgi*, an extinct people who seem to have been used as a convenient solution for all the problems in the archæology of the nations around the Mediterranean, much as electricity was once employed in physical philosophy to account for all unknown phenomena. The anxious inquirer, after laboring to shape some definite and consistent conclusion out of the various conflicting statements of ancient writers, and the still more conflicting inferences drawn from every one of these statements by modern scholars, generally has to end by confessing himself hopelessly puzzled. Whoever has worked through Niebuhr, and Thirlwall, and Malden,‡ and Michelet—whoever has tried to form a coherent opinion of his own on the principal questions in dispute: whether the Pelasgians spoke Greek, or something very different from Greek; whether Herodotus ought to have written *Croton* where he wrote *Creston*, or Dionysius ought to have quoted *Creston* where he quoted *Croton;* whether the Tyrsenian Pelasgians came from Greece to Italy or *vice versa*, or whether they ever were in Italy at all; whether the real name of the people whom we know through the Romans as *Etruscans* was *Rasena*, or whether these *Rasena*

* *A History of Greece*, by the Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall. London: Longman & Co. 1835, 1844. *A History of Greece*, by Geo. Grote, Esq. London: John Murray. 1846-7.

† Lectures on Modern History, pp. 123, 124, 125, 128, 129.

‡ Prof. Malden, of the London University, who began a History of Rome for the "Library of Useful knowledge" in 1830. The early numbers were remarkably promising, but under the fatality which seems to attend histories of Rome, it stopped short after the fifth.

only exist in a wrong reading*—whoever has blundered through all this, is struck with agreeable surprise, not unmingled with something like triumphant satisfaction, to find that Mr. Grote "shoots" these troublesome Pelasgi as unceremoniously as if they were so much rubbish. This is his summary method of dispatching them :—

"If any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period of Greece by the name of Pelasgic, it is open for him to do so ; but this is a name carrying with it no assured predicates, no way enlarging our insight into real history, nor enabling us to explain—what would be the real historical problem—how or from whom the Hellens acquired that stock of dispositions, aptitudes, arts, &c., with which they began their career. Whoever has examined the many conflicting systems respecting the Pelasgi—from the literal belief of Clavier, Larcher and Raoul Rochette, (which appears to me at least the most consistent way of proceeding,) to the interpretative and half incredulous processes applied by abler men, such as Niebuhr, or O. Müller, or Dr. Thirlwall, will not be displeased with my resolution to decline so insoluble a problem. No attested facts are now present to us—none were present to Herodotus and Thucydides even in their age—on which to build trustworthy affirmations respecting the ante-Hellenic Pelasgians ; and where such is the case, we may without impropriety apply the remark of Herodotus respecting one of the theories which he had heard for explaining the inundation of the Nile by a supposed connection with the ocean—that 'the man who carries up his story into the invisible world, passes out of the range of criticism.'" Vol. ii., pp. 346, 7.

Certainly this is the pleasantest and most convenient way of getting rid of these Pelasgi ; but after all, is it doing full justice to them and to ourselves ? It strikes us that a student who began with and depended upon Mr. Grote, would be likely to underrate the importance of the question, at least as much as some enthusiastic speculators have overrated it, and to form a most inadequate idea of its bearings. He would find nothing about the extent of ground covered by Pelasgic traces and traditions—in Greece Proper, in Macedonia, around the Hellespont, in the islands of the Archipelago, in Asia Minor, in Italy—nothing about the Pelasgic names, such as *Larissa,** that occur in various parts of Greece—nothing about the *Tyrseni*, and their connection with Greece on the one hand and Etruria on the other—nothing about those imperishable and extraordinary relics, the Cyclopean structures, except indeed Mr. Grote's off-hand disposal of them by adopting the conjecture of a German Professor, that "the character of the Greek limestone determined the polygonal style of architecture."† Now we have always considered the whole Pelasgic question more valuable in reference to Latin, than in reference to Greek history, (though the general opinion, we are aware, tends the other way:) and we are well disposed to adopt Mr. Grote's two main propositions—that the Pelasgic language was not by any means Greek, and that it is impossible to predict with anything like accuracy what element, if any, of the Hellenic civilization and character was due to the Pelasgi ; and it is for these very reasons—because we agree with him so far—that we regret his having handled the subject with such brevity, and not given us some of the prevalent views upon it, even though he ended by rejecting them all. Considered as mere mythes, the traditions about the Pelasgi are sufficiently interesting to deserve repetition at any rate. The old story, for instance, which represented them as a people specially persecuted by the wrath of the gods, has something very impressive and poetical in it. Michelet, who never lets a legend lose any of its romance in passing through his hands, has worked it up in a series of striking tableaux.

The classical passage respecting the Pelasgic tongue, and the few places where it was yet spoken in the time of Herodotus, is the fifty-seventh chapter of Clio :—

* Mr. Grote is unusually liberal to the *Rasena*. He alludes to their existence without the least doubt or suspicion, at the close of the very chapter in which he has been making a clear sweep of the Pelasgi, the Græci, and the ante-Hellenic people generally.

* That *Larissa* is "the city of the *Lar*," or *prince*, and that the *Tyrseni* derived their name of "tower-builders" (τύρσις, τύρρις, *turris*,) from their architectural propensities, seem to us as natural and well-founded case of ethnical etymology as any on record.

† It is but fair to say, however, that Mr. Bunbury, an accurate and accomplished scholar, whose opinions are formed on his own observation of the country, has come to the same conclusion respecting the Cyclopean remains in Italy. Classical Museum, vol ii., p. 147.

"What language the Pelasgians spoke I am not able positively to affirm. But if one must give an opinion, arguing from* the Pelasgians still extant at present, those who inhabit the town of Creston beyond the Tyrseni, (who were once neighbors to the people now called Dorians, and then dwelt in the territory now called Thessaliotis,) and those who founded Placia and Scylace on the Hellespont, (who were fellow-inhabitants with the Athenians,) and all the other towns which were Pelasgic, and changed their name—if one must give an opinion arguing from these, the Pelasgi spoke a barbarian language. If then all the Pelasgians were like these, the Athenians who were Pelasgi must have changed their language along with their transformation into an Hellenic people; for we know that the Crestonians do not speak the same tongue with any of those who live around them, neither do the Placians, but they speak the same with each other. It is clear, then, that they have preserved the same characteristic form of speech (γλώσσης χαρακτῆρα) which they brought with them on emigrating into these places."

This seems tolerably plain; yet in the face of it O. Muller lays down as a fundamental hypothesis that "the Pelasgi were Greeks, and spoke the Grecian language."† We shall not enter into an examination of his *reasons* for so doing, preferring to quote Dr. Thirlwall's opinion, both because it falls more immediately within our present purpose to compare him with Mr. Grote, and because this comparison furnishes an amusing instance of the directly opposite inferences which two learned men will draw from the very same passage:—

"This language Herodotus describes as barbarous, and it is on this fact he grounds his general conclusion as to the ancient Pelasgian tongue. But he has not entered into any details that might have served to ascertain the manner or degree in which it differed from the Greek. Still the expressions he uses would have appeared to imply that it was essentially foreign, had he not spoken quite as strongly in another passage, where it is impossible to ascribe a similar meaning to his words. In enumerating the dialects that prevailed among the Ionian Greeks, he observes that the Ionian cities in Lydia agree not at all in their tongue with those of Caria; and he applies the very same term to these dialects, which he had before used in speaking of the remains of the Pelasgian language.* This passage affords a measure by which we may estimate the force of the word *barbarian* in the former. Nothing more can be safely inferred from it, than that the Pelasgian language which Herodotus heard on the Hellespont and elsewhere, sounded to him a strange jargon, as did the dialect of Ephesus to a Milesian, and as the Bolognese does to a Florentine."—(Thirlwall, vol. i., p. 53.)

Mr. Grote, after some judicious remarks upon the improbability of one language being totally displaced by another, as Herodotus supposed to be the case with the Pelasgian in Attica, accepts with confidence the Greek historian's statement of what he heard with his own ears—the barbaric language spoken by the Pelasgi extant in his day—and observes on Thirlwall's softening away of this statement: "To suppose that a man who, like Herodotus, had heard almost every variety of Greek in the course of his long travels, as well as Egyptian, Phœnician, Assyrian, Lydian, and other languages, did not know how to distinguish bad Hellenic from non-Hellenic, is, in my judgment, inadmissible; at any rate, the supposition is not to be adopted without more cogent evidence than any which is here found." And he continues the argument in a note, with his usual accuracy of discrimination:—

"The words γλώσσης χαρακτὴρ (distinctive mode of speech) are common to both these passages, [of Herodotus,] but their meaning in the one and the other is to be measured by reference to the subject-matter of which the author is speaking, as well as to the words which accompany them—especially the word βάρβαρος in the first passage. Nor can I think, with Dr. Thirlwall, that the meaning of βάρβαρος is to be determined by reference to the other two words: the reverse is in my judgment correct. Βάρβαρος is a term definite and unequivocal, but γλώσσης χαρακτὴρ varies according to the comparison which you happen at the moment to be making, and its meaning is here determined by its conjunction with βάρβαρος. When Herodotus was speaking of

* Mr. Grote quotes τεκμαιρομένοις for τεκμαιρόμενον, probably a misprint.

† Muller's Dorians, i. 1-5.

* The passage referred to here by Dr. Thirlwall is in Clio, 142, where Herodotus says of the Ionic Greek cities, that "they do not all use the same tongue, but four different varieties." Miletus, Myus and Priene have one, Ephesus, Colophon, Lebedus, Teos, Clazomenæ and Phocoœa another, the Chians and Erythrœans a third, and the Samians a fourth. "These are their four characteristic forms of speech."

the twelve Ionic cities in Asia, he might properly point out the differences of speech among them, as so many different χαρακτῆρες γλώσσης; the limits of difference were fixed by the knowledge which his hearers possessed of the persons about whom he was speaking; the Ionians being all notoriously Hellens. So too an author describing Italy might say that Bolognese, Romans, Neapolitans, Genoese, &c., had different χαρακτῆρες γλώσσης; it being understood that the difference was such as might subsist among persons all Italians. But there is also a χαρακτὴρ γλώσσης of Greek generally (abstraction made of its various dialects and diversities) as contrasted with Persian, Phœnician or Latin—and of Italian generally, as contrasted with German or English. It is this comparison which Herodotus is taking when he describes the language spoken by the people of Krêstôn and Plakia, and which he notes by the word βάρβαρον as opposed to Ἑλληνικόν: it is with reference to this comparison that χαρακτὴρ γλώσσης in the fifty-seventh chapter is to be construed. The word βάρβαρος is the usual and recognized antithesis of Ἕλλην or Ἑλληνικός. It is not the least remarkable part of the statement of Herodotus, that the language spoken at Krêstôn and at Plakia was the same, though the places were so far apart from each other. This identity of itself shows that he meant to speak of a substantive language, not of a strange jargon. I think it, therefore, certain, that Herodotus pronounces the Pelasgians of his day to speak a substantive language different from Greek; but whether differing from it in a greater or less degree, (e. g. in the degree of Latin or of Phœnician,) we have no means of deciding."—Grote, vol. ii. Note on pp. 352, 353.

The *barbaric* or non-Hellenic character of the Pelasgian language has then the best grounds for being admitted as a fact. But it is curious to observe, that while this fact breaks up many of the supposed affinities between the Pelasgi and the historical Greeks, it seems to strengthen their connection with another people of authentic history—the Etrusci. One of the standard objections to the Pelasgic origin of the Etrusci is, that if their language were Pelasgian we ought to be able to trace in the Etruscan inscriptions extant some decided similitude to Greek, and no such resemblance can be discovered.* But the supposition that Pelasgic and Greek (i. e. Hellenic) were different languages, removes this difficulty at once. The speculation is an interesting one, but to pursue it here, would involve us in too long a digression, especially as we have yet to notice Mr. Grote's other and most important conclusion respecting the Pelasgi, in which we also coincide with him, viz., that it is impossible to determine which (if any) of the elements of Hellenic civilization and character are referable to them.

The Hellenic national characteristics—those distinguishing institutions and habits which prevailed among the Greeks generally in spite of local differences—are well summed up by Mr. Grote: community of sacrifices and religious festivals; traditional community of blood; a sturdy spirit of individual independence, strongly contrasting with the Asiatic feeling of unlimited obedience to one man; the non-existence of polygamy and child-traffic; a religious horror of castration, and generally of all mutilation of the person, alive or dead; on the other hand, exposure of the person in gymnastic contests, &c., which the Eastern nations regarded as most unseemly.* If we were asked what was the most striking trait of Hellenic character—that which explains and includes the greatest number of their national peculiarities—we should say that it was their respect for the human body, for the mere physical person. The human form was something sacred to them. Hence they regarded the Eastern punishments of cutting off the hands and feet, putting out the eyes, and the practice (for it was not even exclusively a pun-

*Malden, p. 76. Niebuhr, vol. i., p. 111.
Of the Etruscan language, scarcely anything is known with certainty.
The words which we find quoted by Festus, Varro and other Roman authorities, are (even supposing those authorities unexceptionable) independent nouns, throwing no light on the structure of the tongue; and from the inscriptions nothing has been gathered except that *aifil ril* or *avil ril* means *vixit annos*, or *annos vixit*, for antiquarians have not been able to satisfy themselves which is which. Donaldson's attempts to explain the inscriptions (*Varronianus*, ch. 5) are more ingenious than satisfactory. Take, as rather a favorable specimen of them, *ril*, *a year*, connected with ῥέω, *to flow*, from the regular flowing of time!

*Herodotus, Clio, 10, (the story of Gyges and Candaules.) "For with the Lydians, and we may say with all the other barbarian nations, it is a great disgrace even for a man to be seen naked." An analogous difference in European and Asiatic ideas of propriety is observable at the present day. The tight dress of the Frank is an abomination to the Moslem: it has the same effect to him that the appearance of a woman in man's clothes has to us.

ishment) of castration, not merely as barbarities, but as positive impieties. Hence, too, the immense importance they attached to the burial of the dead, and the whole treatment of the corpse after death. With this was naturally connected the cultivation of physical excellence, and the study of physical beauty: so far from the form being concealed as something to be ashamed of, it was rather to be exhibited and contemplated. We see the highest development of this feeling in the anthropomorphic character of their religion, and its expression in their marvellous works of art; but the germ of the sentiment is traceable before art existed: it runs through the whole Homeric psychology. With Homer the body is the man; the souls are mere shades that flit about. The life of the poorest laborer on earth is preferable to a sovereignty in the realms below. We detect this in the very first lines of the Iliad. Achilles' wrath has sent many brave souls of heroes to *Hades,* and made *themselves* a prey to dogs. Here a modern writer would directly reverse the personality.

Now how far can this, or any other trait of Grecian character and civilization, be deduced from the Pelasgi? Malden thinks that the physical element was Hellenic, and the intellectual Pelasgic.* And certainly, according to tradition, the Athenians were of almost pure Pelasgic descent. But then it is also traditionary that some of the rudest and least intellectual Greek tribes, such as the Arcadians, were, to use Malden's own words, "pure Pelasgians rendered Hellenic only by gradual assimilation to their neighbors." So that here we are at a dead lock. The only thing really known about the civilization of the Pelasgi is, that they were people of an architectural turn, who built massive fortifications; beyond this we have no right to affirm anything positively. That part of the Greek institutions where there is most hope of our being able to detect and separate the Pelasgian element, is their theology. Thus there seems good reason to suppose that Apollo was the original chief divinity of the Hellenes, and that Zeus (Jupiter) whose head-quarters at Dodona are unanimously allowed to be Pelasgic, was adopted by them from the Pelasgi. But this distinction, even if thoroughly established throughout, would lead to nothing certain beyond itself.

We are not sorry to quit this perplexing theme, and hasten on to the next resting place—the foundation of the Spartan commonwealth, and the institutions of Lycurgus; although Mr. Grote previously dispatches the early history of Argos, and in this respect his arrangement is to be preferred to Dr. Thirlwall's, as it is pretty evident that Argos was at first the leading power in the Peloponnesus, and that the ascendency of Sparta was an event of later date. At this point, the proper commencement of our politico-historical inquiries, it is curious to note the different views and methods of proceeding adopted by our two historians. Both are disposed to be critical and skeptical, as our readers have already had abundant opportunity of perceiving; but their doubts take a different turn. Grote receives the institutions as having a definite reality and establishment at a very early period, but is incredulous about the law-giver, his opinion of whom coincides with Muller's, that "we have absolutely no account of him as an individual person." Thirlwall admits the personality of Lycurgus, and considers the chronological discrepancies in the various accounts of him inconsiderable, while he believes that every important part of the institutions had existed previous to his time, and that his work was one of re-adjustment, not of creation. Mr. Grote's view has this recommendation, if no other, that it is conformable to the method of dealing with the early Roman history adopted by Niebuhr and Arnold. With the able historian and panegyrist of the Dorians, C. O. Muller, our authors agree and disagree alternately. Grote, as we said above, follows him in regard to Lycurgus, but is directly opposed to him (and consequently to Thirlwall, whose opinion is substantially the same as Muller's) as to the non-peculiarity of the Spartan institutions. Muller, whose work displays throughout the strongest pro-oligarchical, pro-Dorian and anti-Ionian bias, represents the laws of Sparta as the true Doric institutions, and Sparta as the full Doric type. The only authority he deigns to give for this is a passage in *Pin-*

* History of Rome, p. 70.

dar, which we cannot dismiss better than in Mr. Grote's words, that "it is scarcely of any value."* Thirlwall's modified position, that many of the individual Spartan institutions may be traced in other Doric states, is no wise inconsistent with the assertion that there were also elements of the Lycurgan constitution peculiar to itself. We may suppose that Lycurgus detected those qualities in the Dorian character, which rendered it particularly well adapted to receive certain institutions; while, as Mr. Grote well observes, it was the very singularity of these institutions that made them work so impressively on the Grecian mind. Thus both sides are partially right: Muller in the theory that the Dorians generally had a capacity for a military-oligarchical system of government; Grote in the fact that Sparta was the only Doric state in which this idea was fully developed. The people whose institutions most nearly resembled those of Sparta were the Cretans. On this resemblance it may be interesting to compare two distinguished authorities, Aristotle and Polybius. The former observes:—

"The social arrangements of the Cretans are analogous to those of the Laconians; for the latter have their ground cultivated by Helots, and the former by Periœci, and both have public tables; indeed, the Laconians used to call these tables, not *phiditia* as now, but *andria*, as the Cretans do, whence it is evident that this custom came from Crete. The political arrangements are also analogous, for the Ephori correspond exactly to the officers called *Cosmi* in Crete, except that the Ephori are five in number, and the Cosmi ten; and the Laconian Senate is equivalent to the Cretan Council. The office of king formerly existed in Crete; afterwards it was abolished, and the Cosmi have the chief command in war. All have a right to vote at the popular assembly, but this assembly has no power to do anything except ratify the decrees of the Council and Cosmi. The public messes are better managed by the Cretans than by the Laconians, for in Lacedæmon each individual contributes his appointed portion, and if he fail to do this, the law excludes him from participating in the privileges of citizenship; but in Crete, the produce of the earth, the cattle, the public revenues, and the tributes paid by the Periœci, are all appropriated, one half for religious expenses and other public services, the other for the public tables, so that all, men, women, and children, are supported from a common fund.* . . . But the institution of the Cosmi is even worse than that of the Ephori; for the main evil of the Ephoralty, namely, that the election is a mere matter of chance, is also true of the Cosmi, but the compensating expedient which exists in the former case, does not exist in the latter. In Lacedæmon, as the office is open to all, the people, having a share in the supreme authority, desire the maintenance of the constitution; but the Cretans choose their Cosmi, not from the whole people, but from certain families, and the Council from those who have served as Cosmi."†

Polybius wonders "how the most distinguished prose writers of antiquity could have said that the Cretan government was similar to, nay, identical with the Lacedæmonian," and proceeds to mention three very important points of difference:—

"The peculiarities of the Lacedæmonian constitution are, first, the regulations respecting the acquisition of land, of which no one has more than another, but all the citizens must have an equal share of the territory belonging to the state; secondly, their estimation of money, the pursuit of which was from the first dishonorable among them, and consequently, rivalry in wealth has been entirely extirpated from the community; thirdly, that the Lacedæmonian kings preserve an hereditary succession, and the senators hold office for life, and these two manage all state affairs. But with the Cretans everything is the very opposite of this, for their laws suffer every man to acquire as much land as he can, and money is prized by them to such a degree, that the acquisition of it is considered not only necessary but most meritorious. And generally, the tendency to mean traffic and avarice is so prevalent in the country, that the Cretans alone of all men see nothing base in money-making. Moreover, their offices are annual, and their government arranged on democratic principles."‡

* Muller's Dorians, iii. 1, 8. Grote, ii. 456.

* A tolerable approximation to Fourierism, which did not prevent the Cretans from being terribly quarrelsome and disorderly among themselves, as we learn from this very same chapter of Aristotle a little further on.

† Politics, ii. 10.

‡ Polybius, vi. 45–6. The historian's astonishment that a people should see nothing disgraceful in the acquisition of money, is in accordance with the spirit of antiquity. Mr. Grote, in the appendix to his chapter on the Solonian Constitution, (iii. 215,) after tracing the gradual change of moral feeling in this respect, adds, that to do so is highly instructive, "the more so as that general basis of sentiment of which the antipathy against lending money on interest is only a particular case, still prevails largely in society, and directs the current of moral approbation and disapprobation. With

Of the three peculiarities here specified, the existence of the first is, as we shall soon see, exceedingly problematical; the consequence of the second was directly the reverse of what Polybius represents, for the Spartans came to be remarkably venal and avaricious;* the third, if correctly stated, as regards the Cretans, certainly constitutes an important difference. It must be borne in mind, that Aristotle is comparing *analogous* institutions, and the state which he considers analogous to Crete and Lacedæmon, is *Carthage*, which certainly had nothing Doric or Spartan in its national character or social institutions, though some of its political institutions resembled the Spartan—the diarchy, for instance, though even here the resemblance was by no means complete, as the suffetes, so far from succeeding hereditarily, were not even chosen for life. On a similar system of partial comparison, we might class the British government with those of Spain and Prussia, in respect of its principle of hereditary succession to the chief magistracy, and with our own in respect of its representative system, free press, freedom of travel without passports, &c. So, too, we might call the Norwegian government a monarchy or a democracy, looking at it from different points of view. The Spartan government itself was arranged by the Greek political writers, sometimes in one class of governments, sometimes in another; nay, the aristocratical or democratic force of particular elements in it is variously represented: thus in the passage of Aristotle above quoted, the Ephoralty is represented as a democratic institution, while in Plato's Laws, (iv. 112,) one of the speakers says that this institution of the Ephori is "marvellously despotic," (θαυμαστὸν ὡς τυραννικόν.)

Indeed, these Ephori are very troublesome people to deal with. That from being a subordinate magistracy of some sort, they managed to engross the chief power in the state, is well known, but the details respecting them are very vague and contradictory. On this point, neither of our historians are as full as we could wish. Thirlwall says scarcely anything; and we are surprised that Mr. Grote has made not the least allusion to the theory advocated by Muller and others, that the Ephors were originally a *civil* court, who gradually usurped criminal jurisdiction, and through criminal jurisdiction, political power. "It was the regular course of events in the Grecian states, that the civil courts enlarged their influence, while the power of the criminal courts was continually on the decline. As in Athens, the Heliæa rose, as compared with the Areopagus, so in Sparta, the power of the Ephors increased in comparison with that of the Gerusia."* This view is rendered extremely probable by a comparison of Aristotle's, (which Muller must have had in his mind, though he does not directly cite it,) where he says distinctly, that the magistracy of the *hundred and four* at Carthage closely resembled the Ephori, except that the mode of election was different.† Now we know that the *hundred and four* was a civil court, and the great difference in the numbers of the two bodies is only proportioned to the difference in the population of the two states.‡ Thirlwall seems to incline to Muller's opinion, for he states that the Ephors "appear from the first to have exercised a jurisdiction and superintendence over the Spartans in their civil concerns." We must be careful, however, not to involve in our adoption of this position the reception of another which Muller connects with it, namely, that the Ephors were the "agents

many, the principle of reciprocity in human dealings appears, when conceived in theory, odious and contemptible, and goes by some bad name, such as egoism, selfishness, calculation, political economy, &c.; the only sentiment which they will admit in theory is, that the man who has, ought to be ready at all times to give away what he has to him who has not, *while the latter is encouraged to expect and require such gratuitous donation.*"

Exactly the social economy of the Sue and Dickens school. It is worthy of observation also, that some of the most enlightened nations of the present day have not yet got rid of those barbarous absurdities, the Usury Laws.

* "Lycurgus does not try to make the poor rich, nor the rich poor; but he imposes upon both the same subjugating drill—the same habits of life, gentleman-like idleness and unlettered strength—the same fare, clothing, labors, privations, endurance, punishments and subordination. It is a lesson instructive, at least, however unsatisfactory to political students, that with all this equality of dealing, he ends in creating a community in whom the love of money stands powerfully and specially developed." Grote, vol. ii. p. 548.

* Muller's Dorians, iii. 7, 4.
† Politics, ii. 11.
‡ Heeren's African Nations, chap. 3.

and plenipotentiaries of the popular assembly," answering to demagogues and exercising a democratic tyranny. His motive for wishing to make this out is clear enough. That the rule of the Ephori came to be tyrannical and mischievous, all authorities are agreed; and, of course, it is a great point for him if he can put all this evil on the head of his *bête noire*, democracy. But there is really no reason to suppose that the popular assembly, *in which there was no discussion*, and not often a division, ever had any independent weight, much less predominance, in the government; and the indisputable fact, that when Agis III. and Cleomenes III. wished to reform the government on the most democratic basis, the principal resistance offered to them was by the Ephori, is utterly irreconcilable with Muller's supposition. If it were perfectly certain that these officers were chosen upon the most democratic principles from among the people, as he states, it would certainly give plausibility to his argument, but even this is by no means clear. How they were elected is very uncertain. *Not* by lot, for Aristotle's testimony is positive to the effect that *no* officers were appointed by lot in Sparta, yet Plato speaks of the Ephoralty as closely approximating to an office appointed by lot, (ἐγγὺς τῆς κληρωτῆς δυνάμεως.) Elsewhere Aristotle speaks of the manner of election as "particularly childish."* Our own suspicion is, that there was some *dodge* about the matter, some specious contrivance, which pretended to give the choice to the people, but really lodged it with the oligarchy. A contrivance of this kind would be favored by the secrecy of the Spartan government, which was notoriously close and silent in all its transactions—as much so as that of Venice or Russia. And this incidental mention of Venice reminds us of a not inapposite illustration of our meaning, a plan most elaborately fair in appearance, but practically amounting to no security against the evils which it was supposed to prevent—we mean the method of electing the doge; the working of which is thus described by Lord Brougham :—

"In 1249 a new and very complicated manner of exercising the elective power was devised, which continued to be practiced as long as the republic lasted; that is, till the year 1798. First of all, thirty of the Council were drawn by lot, and these again were reduced by lot to nine, who selected, by a majority of seven, at least, of their number, forty of the Council, and those were by lot reduced to twelve. These twelve elected twenty-five of the Council, which were reduced by lot to nine, and the nine selected forty-five, of whom eleven drawn by lot selected forty-one of the Council to be electors of the doge. A majority of twenty-five of these electors required to join in choosing the doge. The prevailing view in this combination of choice and chance must have been twofold—to prevent the combination of partisans, and thus neutralize or weaken party influence, and to prevent the knowledge of the parties who should elect, and thus frustrate or obstruct the exercise of bribery or other undue influence. The first of these objects could not be at all secured by the contrivance, the second could only be most imperfectly attained. 1. In order to try its effect upon party, we must suppose two or more factions to divide the great Council; suppose, too, an aristocratic, which for shortness we shall call the Whigs, and a monarchical, the Tories, and first, suppose them unequal in the proportion of two to one. The chances are, that the first lot gives twenty Whigs to ten Tories, and the second, six Whigs to three Tories. As seven must then concur to choose the forty, it is certain that the minority may make terms; but nothing can be so improbable, as that they should obtain, by holding out, any proportion of the forty which could affect usefully for their purpose the next or fourth operation, the lot reducing the forty to twelve; for unless they get so many of the forty as to give them a fair chance of having seven out of the twelve, they do nothing, a bare majority of the twelve being enough to choose the twenty-five by the fifth operation. The twenty-five then will be all Whigs, and so will of course the nine to which they are reduced by lot. These by the seventh operation will choose eleven Whigs, whom the lot reducing to eight, these eight will choose forty-one, all Whigs, twenty-five of whom will therefore by the tenth and last operation choose a Whig doge. In fact, the whole result is certain, notwithstanding the complication after the two first lots; and the complication then becomes useless. * * * * 2. It may be admitted that the lot threw some impediment in the way of corruption and intimidation, preventing those undue influences from being used towards the greater number of the Council. When, however, the thirty were once drawn and then reduced to nine, it is not easy to see how those nine should be exempt from the arts of the candidates. Even if they were to vote

* Aristot. Polit., ii. 6, 16, iv. 7, 5. Plato, Leg., iii. p. 692.

secretly, the bargain might be made by the candidate or his party that the bribe should only be paid if earned, that is, upon the final election taking place. If we suppose seven of the nine to be thus bought, it is clear that they could secure the event by choosing as many of the forty as made it certain a majority of the twelve should be friendly, and then the election was certain, always supposing, as we have done, that there were a sufficient number of sure votes in the Council itself."—Political Philosophy, vol. ii., pp. 269, 599.

Such a system certainly seems to us παιδαριώδης λίαν, but it was once lauded as the highest refinement of political wisdom. And that some such trickery, some specious and delusive plan which looked like an open election, but in reality was not, governed the election of Ephori, we more than half suspect.

Another hypothetical ultra-democratic institution of Sparta, Mr. Grote totally disbelieves in, though it is generally spoken of as one of the fundamental enactments of Lycurgus—the alleged redivision, namely, and equal distribution of landed property. His arguments on this point, which are exceedingly clear and forcible, are briefly these: That all historical evidences show decided inequality of property among the Spartans; that the historical and political writers who treated of the Spartan constitution previous to Aristotle, viz., Hellanicus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon and Plato, say nothing of this equal distribution; and that Aristotle, in discussing the scheme of equality of possessions, expressly mentions Phaleas of Chalcedon as the author of it. He concludes that the idea must have originated in the reveries of Agis and Cleomenes and their reforming friends. It is certainly unfortunate for the "land-reformers" and "vote-yourself-a-farm" people, that the precedents in ancient history to which they sometimes appeal, should turn out, on examination, to be no precedents at all. Thus the famous Licinian law at Rome, so long supposed to limit the amount of real estate which an individual might own, has been proved to refer not to private property at all, but *to the occupation of public land—ager*, without any qualifying epithet, standing for *ager publicus*, and *possidere* being the technical term for *to occupy.**

We have an idea (partly suggested by the term πολιτικὴ χώρα in the passage of Polybius which we have had occasion to quote) that there may have been a similar misapprehension in relation to Sparta; that there may have been a distribution of *public* land made among the poorer citizens. But as this is a mere conjecture founded only on analogy and a chance expression in one author, and not supported by any positive authority, we should never have ventured to express it, had we not found an almost identical opinion propounded by Dr. Thirlwall. He says:—

"If we suppose the inequality of property among the Spartans to have arisen chiefly from acts of usurpation, by which leading men had seized lands of the conquered Achæans, which belonged of right to the state, their resumption might afford the means at once of correcting an evil which disturbed the internal tranquillity of Sparta, and of redressing a wrong which provoked discontent among her subjects. The kings, we are informed, (Xenoph. de Lac. Rep. c. 15,) had domains in the districts of several provincial towns; similar acquisitions may have been made by many private Spartans before the time of Lycurgus; and his partition may have consisted chiefly in the restoration and distribution of such lands." (Vol. i., p. 305.)

Mr. Grote, however, rejects this supposition as "altogether gratuitous."

Whatever opinion our readers may think it worth their while to adopt on the many disputed points connected with the Spartan government, a few of which we have been tempted briefly to examine, they will probably be disposed to coincide in Mr. Grote's designation of it, as "a close, unscrupulous and well-obeyed oligarchy." With this oligarchy the Athenian constitution, republican as constituted by Solon, purely democratic as re-constituted by Clisthenes, who "took the commons into partnership," stands in marked contrast. In neither of our historians do we find the fashionable comparison of the merits of these two celebrated governments; but Mr. Grote evidently has something of the kind in view, and from an intimation he gives us of his intention to defend the most notorious Athenian demagogues, Cleon and

* Such, at least, is now the opinion of scholars throughout England, and all over Germany, except to use Niebuhr's own expression "in some obscure and isolated corners of Austria."

Hyperbolus, he may be expected to take the extreme Athenian side. The great argument in favor of the Spartan constitution is its stability, a test which would make the Chinese polity the best on earth. Stability may be the accident of a liberal government like the English, or a despotic government like the Russian; it is not absolutely and necessarily desirable of itself. If a government is decidedly bad, its stability is only an additional evil: the best thing that we can wish for such a government, is that it should be unstable. Heaven forbid that we should do anything to underrate or palliate that fickle and hasty legislation, which has too often been the curse of popular governments, and led many a man to adopt in bitterness of spirit, the sentiment which Thucydides puts into the mouth of one of his characters, that "a city with worse laws, if immovable, is preferable to one with good laws that be not binding;" but it were folly to run into the other extreme, and make a blind conservatism atone for all sins of omission or commission. The barbarous cruelty of the Spartans to their serfs, their savage illiberality to strangers as exhibited in the *Xenelasia*, their systematic ignorance, and discouragement of all art, and literature, and eloquence, of all talent except military, are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The best thing to be said of them—and it certainly is very much to their credit—is that the Spartan women were admitted into something like their legitimate sphere, and not treated as mere pieces of household furniture, according to the practice of most nations of that time. And yet, after all, this liberty could only improve the *physique* of the race, without aiding them morally* or intellectually, since the women were no better off for education than the men, all the Lacedæmonians being illiterate on principle. Illiterate on principle—how much lies in these few words! If the Athenians had been like the Spartans, how much should we have had of Greek philosophy, or history, or poetry? Should we ever have had Homer preserved for us? Nay, further, what would have been the effect on the Roman mind, which was conquered by conquered Athens? What upon the modern nations, who in their turn received the impulse from Rome? The inquiry may be extended indefinitely. Spartan fortitude has indeed passed into a proverb; but the influence of Athens on the human intellect is bounded only by the limits of civilization.

The preservation of the regal office was peculiar to Sparta. In the other Greek states the regular course was from monarchy to oligarchy, and through oligarchy, with occasional interludes of usurpation by a despot, to democracy. We have here a wide field for political speculation and remark. Thirlwall has done little more than translate and explain Aristotle, but he has done this admirably. We shall make no apology for transcribing so much of his tenth chapter, as treats of that ultimate condition to which the Hellenic cities naturally tended—democracy:—

"The term democracy is used by Aristotle sometimes in a larger sense, so as to include several forms of government, which, notwithstanding their common character, were distinguished from each other by peculiar features; at other times in a narrower, to denote a form essentially vicious, which stands in the same relation to the happy temperament to which he gives the name of *polity*, as oligarchy to aristocracy, or tyranny to royalty. We shall not confine ourselves to the technical language of his system, but will endeavor to define the notion of democracy, as the word was commonly understood by the Greeks, so as to separate the essence of the thing from the various accidents which have been sometimes confounded with it by writers who have treated Greek history as a vehicle for conveying their views on questions of modern politics, which never arose in the Greek republics. It must not be forgotten that the body to which the terms oligarchy and democracy refer formed a comparatively small part of the population in most Greek states, since it did not include either slaves or resident free foreigners. The sovereign power resided wholly in the native freemen; and whether it was exercised by a part or by all of them, was the question which determined the nature of the government. When the barrier had been thrown down by which all political rights were made the inheritance of certain families—since every freeman, even when actually excluded

* In admitting the superior virtue of the Lacedæmonian women both our historians have rather hastily followed Muller. We think that they are a little too charitable, and that Mr. St. John, in his Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece, has come nearer the mark. We may distrust the gossip of Athenæus, but Plato and Xenophon are pretty good authorities, and the latter especially a most unwilling witness against the Spartans.

from them by the want of sufficient property, was by law capable of acquiring them—democracy might be said to have begun. It was advancing, as the legal condition of their enjoyment was brought within the reach of a more numerous class; but it could not be considered as complete, so long as any freeman was debarred from them by poverty. Since, however, the sovereignty included several attributes which might be separated, the character of the constitution depended on the way in which these were distributed. It was considered as partaking more of democracy than of oligarchy, when the most important of them were shared by all freemen without distinction, though a part was still appropriated to a number limited either by birth or fortune. Thus where the legislative, or, as it was anciently termed, the deliberative branch of the sovereignty was lodged in an assembly open to every freeman, and where no other qualification than free birth was required for judicial functions, and for the election of magistrates, there the government was called democratical, though the highest offices of the state might be reserved to a privileged class. But a finished democracy, that which fully satisfied the Greek notion, was one in which every attribute of sovereignty might be shared, without respect to rank or property, by every freeman.

"More than this was not implied in democracy; and little less than this was required, according to the views of the philosophers, to constitute the character of a citizen, which, in the opinion of Aristotle, could not exist without a voice in the legislative assembly, and such a share in the administration of justice as was necessary to secure the responsibility of the magistrates. But this equality of rights left room for a great diversity in the modes of exercising them, which determined the real nature of a democratic constitution. There were indeed certain rights, those which Aristotle considered as essential to a citizen, which, according to the received Greek notions, could in a democracy only be exercised in person. The thought of delegating them to accountable representatives seems never to have occurred, either to practical or speculative statesmen, except in the formation of confederacies, which rendered such an expedient necessary. Where all the powers of the state were lodged in a certain number of citizens, though they were elected by the whole body of the people, the government was looked upon as an oligarchy; and in fact it seems that in all such cases, the functions so assigned were held for life, and without any responsibility. But still, even in the purest form of democracy, it was not necessary that all the citizens should take an equally active part in the transaction of public business; and the unavoidable inequality in the advantages of fortune and of personal qualities fixed a natural limit to the exercise of most political rights. The class which was raised by its station above the need of daily labor, seemed to be pointed out by nature for the discharge of all offices, and duties which required leisure and freedom of thought. It could only be on extraordinary occasions that the poor man could be willing to leave his field, or his workshop, to take his place in the legislative assembly or the court of justice; and the control which his right, however rarely it might be called into action, gave him over the public officers, who were the men of his choice, was a sufficient safeguard against every ordinary danger to be apprehended from them. But the principle of legal equality, which was the basis of democracy, was gradually construed in a manner which inverted the wholesome order of nature, and led to a long train of pernicious consequences. *The administration of the commonwealth came to be considered, not as a service in which all were interested, but for which some might be better qualified than others; but as a property in which each was entitled to an equal share.* The practical application of this view was the introduction of an expedient for levelling as far as possible the inequality of nature, by enabling the poorest to devote his time without loss, or even with profit, to public affairs. This was done by giving him wages for his attendance on all occasions of exercising his franchise; and as the sum which could be afforded for this purpose was necessarily small, it attracted precisely the persons whose attendance was least desirable. A farther application of the same principle was, as much as possible, to increase the number and abridge the duration and authority of public offices, and to transfer their power to the people in a mass. On the same ground chance was substituted for election in the creation of all magistrates whose duties did not actually demand either the security of a large fortune or peculiar ability and experience. In proportion as the popular assembly, or large portions detached from it for the exercise of judicial functions, drew all the branches of the sovereignty more and more into their sphere, the character of the proceedings became more and more subject to the influence of the lower class of the citizens, which constituted a permanent majority. *And thus the democracy, instead of the equality which was its supposed basis, in fact established the ascendency of a faction, which, although greatly preponderant in numbers, no more represented the whole state than the oligarchy itself;* and which, though not equally liable to fall into the mechanism of a vicious system, was more prone to yield to the impulse of the moment, more easily misled by blind or treacherous guides, and might thus as frequently, though not so deliberately and methodically, trample not only on law and custom, but on justice and humanity. This disease of a democracy was sometimes designated by the term *ochlocracy*, or the

dominion of the rabble. A democracy thus corrupted exhibited many features of a tyranny." Vol. i., pp. 408, 599.

For the best picture of such a democracy in its social and every-day workings, we must have recourse to Plato :—

"When, methinks, a democratic state, thirsting for liberty, has bad servants to supply it, and becomes intoxicated with a too deep and unmixed draught; then, unless its rulers are very yielding and afford it much license, it charges them with being wicked aristocrats, and punishes them." "You are right, said he, for that is what they do." "And those who obey the rulers," I continued, "it insults, as voluntary slaves and men of no account; and it praises and honors the rulers for being like subjects, and subjects for being like rulers. Must they not go to the extremity of freedom in such a state?" "Of course." "And this inherent anarchy," I went on, "extends itself to private houses, and finally descends even to animals." "I do not perfectly understand you," he observed. "For instance," said I, "the father will grow like a boy and be afraid of his sons, and the son like a father, and have neither reverence nor fear for his parents, to show how free he is; and the resident alien is as good as a native citizen, and the native citizen no better than a resident alien, nay, than an absolute foreigner." "I am afraid it is so," said he. "Yes, it is so," said I, "and some other little things like this happen: the teacher is afraid of his scholars, and flatters them, and the scholars despise their teacher; and generally the youth imitate old men, and rival them in words and actions, while the old men, letting themselves down to a level with the youth, become very witty and obliging, in imitation of the young, so as not to appear unpleasant or tyrannical." He assented. "And the last stage, my good sir, of this freedom of the many, as it prevails in such a state, is when servants are on a complete equality with their masters; and I had nearly forgotten to mention the point to which they carry the political equality of the sexes and the free participation of woman in public affairs. * * * * And as regards the animals subject to man, no one would believe without seeing it how much freer they are there than elsewhere; for it is literally according to the proverb, 'Love me, love my dog,' and the very horses and asses are wont to roam about in all the majesty of freedom, running over every one they meet in the streets who does not get out of their way; and all other creatures have a corresponding surfeit of liberty.* * * * * * And you can comprehend the result of all these things together: the popular mind is made tender and irritable, so that if one endeavors to put the least amount of restraint upon it, it frets and will not bear it; and ultimately, you know, they take no care of law or precedent, that no one may be their master any way."—Republic, 562–3.

That much of this pungently satirical description was directly suggested to Plato by the existing state of things in Athens, we can hardly help supposing; and such sketches help us considerably toward the solution of that perplexing problem, why so many of the most eminent Athenians, especially the leading Socratics, openly preferred the constitution of Sparta, odious as that constitution seems to us. It is but human nature to exaggerate the inconveniences which we ourselves suffer. Had Plato, as a Spartan citizen, personally experienced the disadvantages of Spartan rule, the tables might have been turned; and we might have had from his pen a picture equally able, and still more repulsive, of an illiterate and oppressive oligarchy. We are not afraid of having Xenophon's case quoted against us. A gentleman of reputation, leaving his country for political reasons, is not likely to form an impartial judgment on the institutions of the people among whom he finds an asylum; the less so because they, feeling flattered by his preference, pet him in return, and are anxious to make everything appear to the best advantage before him. But we are anticipating a subject on which we hope to say more on some future occasion, when Mr. Grote comes to speak of it. Returning from the digression into which Thirlwall's remarks on the Greek government led us, we will dip into Grote's chapter on the same subject, at the point where he is examining the anti-monarchical feeling of ancient Greece :—

"It is important to show that the monarchical institutions and monarchical tendencies prevalent throughout mediæval and modern Europe have been both generated and perpetuated by causes peculiar to those societies, whilst in the Hellenic societies, such causes had no place; in order that we may approach Hellenic phenomena in the proper spirit, and with an impartial estimate of the feeling universal among Greeks towards the idea of a king. The primitive sentiment entertained towards the heroic king died out, pass-

* Plato does not specify the pigs: The idea of a public promenade for *them* transcended even his imagination.

ing first into indifference, next—after experience of the despots—into determined antipathy. To an historian like Mr. Mitford, full of English ideas respecting government, this anti-monarchical feeling appears of the nature of insanity, and the Grecian communities like madmen without a keeper; while the greatest of all benefactors is the hereditary king who conquers them from without; the second best is the home despot, who seizes the Acropolis and puts his fellow-citizens under coercion. There cannot be a more certain way of misinterpreting and distorting Grecian phenomena than to read them in this spirit, which reverses the maxims, both of prudence and morality, current in the ancient world. The hatred of kings as it stood among the Greeks (whatever may be thought about a similar feeling now) was a pre-eminent virtue, flowing directly from the noblest and wisest part of their nature: it was a consequence of their deep conviction of the necessity of universal legal restraint; it was a direct expression of that regulated sociality, which required the control of individual passion from every one without exception, and most of all, from him to whom power was confided. The conception which the Greeks formed of an irresponsible one, or of a king who could do no wrong, may be expressed in the pregnant words of Herodotus: 'He subverts the customs of the country; he violates women; he puts men to death without trial.' No other conception of the probable tendencies of kingship was justified either by a general knowledge of human nature, or by political experience as it stood from Solon downward: no other feeling than abhorrence could be entertained for the character so conceived: no other than a man of unprincipled ambition would ever seek to invest himself with it. Our larger political experience has taught us to modify this opinion, by showing, that under the conditions of monarchy in the best governments of modern Europe, the enormities described by Herodotus do not take place, and that it is possible by means of representative constitutions, acting under a certain force of manners, customs and historical recollection, to obviate many of the mischiefs likely to flow from proclaiming the duty of peremptory obedience to an hereditary and irresponsible king, who cannot be changed without extra-constitutional force. But such larger observation was not open to Aristotle, the wisest as well as the most cautious of ancient theorists; nor if it had been open, could he have applied with assurance its lessons to the governments of the single cities of Greece. The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to him impracticable: to establish a king who will reign without governing, in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect; exempt from all responsibility without making use of the exemption; receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a known law; surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible straight waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king: the events of our history have brought it to pass in England, amidst an aristocracy the most powerful that the world has yet seen, but we have still to learn whether it can be made to exist elsewhere, or whether the occurrence of a single king at once able, aggressive, and resolute, may not suffice to break it up."—Vol. iii., pp. 15, *seq.*

That last sentence suggests some interesting speculations. There certainly are many supposable cases in which the real power and influence of an English monarch might have been, or may be, brought to a violent trial. If anything had happened to Queen Victoria while she was Princess Victoria, Ernest of Hanover would certainly have undertaken to govern England on ultra-tory principles; but as that personage is not so "able" as "aggressive," he would probably have been put down without much difficulty. Or suppose that the present king-consort had united with his personal advantages, intellectual endowments of a high order, and an ambitious spirit—that he had made himself his wife's master, instead of her dependant—that he had in her name taken hold of political affairs—played off the Protectionists and Free-traders against each other—or given a head and a nucleus to some doubtful interest, "Young England," for instance—might not the personal influence of the crown have made itself sensibly felt in British politics? Might not the antagonist forces have stopped the machine altogether, and rendered a reconstruction of the frame of government indispensable? There is nothing very extravagant in the supposition, that at some period the sovereign of Great Britain may be a man of great ability and energy, and—so much do "circumstances alter cases"—it is possible that the presence of these qualities in an English executive may be as productive of awkward consequences

as the absence of them sometimes is in our own.

Having thus far spoken of Mr. Grote's work in the highest terms, particularly for its lively and attractive style, we are now compelled to express our disappointment at the jejune and summary way in which he has narrated some of the most interesting episodes in Grecian history—the stories relating to the early princes, and especially those told by Herodotus. The substantial authenticity of these narratives he admits, and accordingly mentions their more important details, but with such rapidity that all the romance of the tale vanishes. One instance of this has struck us remarkably—the story of Periander's quarrel with his son, which, in Mr. Grote's *abridgment*, reads like a scrap of an old newspaper. The original legend is so touching and poetical, that we are tempted to translate it *verbatim*, though well aware that no words of ours can convey a proper impression of the Ionic historian's beautiful language:—

"After that Periander had slain his own wife, Melissa, upon that mishap there befel him this other: he had two sons from Melissa, one seventeen, one eighteen years old; these, their mother's father, Procles, that was sovereign of Epidaurus, sent for to himself and treated lovingly, as was but natural, since they were his own daughter's sons; but when he sent them away, he said, on speeding them, 'Do ye know, my sons, who it was that slew your mother?' This word the elder of them made of no account, but the younger, Lycophron by name, was so grieved at the hearing it, that when he came to Corinth he neither saluted his father, (for that he was the slayer of his mother,) nor joined in converse with him, nor answered word to his questioning, until that Periander, possessed with wrath, drove him forth from the palace. And having driven him forth, he inquired of the elder what their grandfather had told them, whereunto the boy replied that he had received them lovingly, but the word that Procles had said, on dismissing them, he remembered not, for he had not taken it to heart. Then Periander said it might not be but that he had given them some secret counsel, and he pressed him with questions; so the other remembered it, and told the speech. Then Periander, perceiving this, and willing to yield nothing, sent a messenger to those with whom the son whom he had driven out was dwelling, and forbade them to entertain him; therefore, when he was expelled from that house and went to another, he was driven from that also, for Periander threatened his hosts and bade them shut him out. Yet he went to another house of his friends, and they received him, as being the son of Periander, though they were in fear. At last, Periander made proclamation that whosoever should admit him into his house, or speak to him, should pay a fine to Apollo, and the amount of the fine was stated; by reason of which proclamation, no one would speak to him nor receive him under his roof—nay, he himself deigned not to attempt what was forbidden, but endured living in the public colonnades. But on the fourth day, Periander beholding him bowed down with squalidness and hunger, was moved to pity, and relaxing from his wrath, approached and accosted him. 'My son, which is preferable for thee, to fare as thou now dost, or to inherit the sovereignty and the good things which I now enjoy, by being friendly to thy father? Thou, who, being my son and the king of prosperous Corinth, hast chosen a wanderer's life in perversity, indulging anger against him towards whom it least befitted thee; for if there hath happened any calamity for which thou holdest me in suspicion, it hath happened to me also, and I bear the greater share thereof, forasmuch as I myself did all. But do thou, now that thou hast learned how much better it is to be envied than to be pitied, and what it is to quarrel with thy parents and betters, depart hence, home.' With these words did Periander come upon him, but he answered his father nothing more than to say that he had incurred a fine to the god by entering into conversation with him. Then Periander, finding how unmanageable and invincible his son's disorder was, fitted out a ship for Corcyra, which island he also ruled over, and sent him out of his sight. And afterward Periander made a campaign against his father-in-law, Procles, as the chief cause of his present difficulty, and took Epidaurus and Procles himself alive. But when, in the lapse of years, Periander had passed his prime, and was conscious of being no longer able to oversee and administer the government, he sent to Corcyra and invited Lycophron to the sovereignty, (for he saw nothing in his elder son, who seemed to him witless;) but Lycophron deigned not even to give an answer to him that brought the message. Then Periander, for he cleaved to the youth, sent to him a second, his sister, his own daughter, thinking that he would be most likely to yield to her; she came and addressed him: 'Wouldst thou, my brother, that the sovereignty should fall to others, and thy father's house be scattered, rather than go thyself and enjoy them? Depart home; cease being thine own tormenter. Pride is a mischievous thing; try not to cure evil with evil. Many prefer feasibility to justice; and many seeking their mother's interests have thrown away their father's. The sovereignty is a slippery possession; many are desirous of it; he is already an old man

and past his prime; give not thine own property to others.' Thus said she to him the most seductive things, as instructed by her father, but he said in answer that he would no wise come to Corinth while he knew that his father was alive. When she had reported this, Periander sent for the third time a herald, that he meant himself to come to Corcyra, and he bade his son return to Corinth, to receive the sovereignty from him. As the youth agreed to these conditions, Periander prepared to sail to Corcyra, and his son to Corinth; but the Corcyræans, on learning the change, slew the young man, that Periander might not come into their country." Clio, chap. 50–54.

Our bare and literal version will give some idea of what the story might be made, in the hands of an elegant writer. Of course it would not be possible or desirable that all the tales of Herodotus should be thus repeated at full length, but we cannot help thinking that a few of them, narrated in suitable language, would add great interest to a history of this kind, and do much to further what ought to be one of the historian's chief objects—encouraging his readers to pursue their study further, and have recourse, when it is in their power, to the original authorities which he consults.

And now other nations come upon the stage, and particularly the people of the Great King, whose previous conquests and military reputation served so much to heighten the renown of the gallant little bands that victoriously resisted them. This glorious struggle has continually been the theme of the poet, the orator, and the patriot, and not without good reason, for it is a triumph unmatched in the pages of any history, except our own. In almost all the cases of regular battles gained against great odds, (we put surprises and ambuscades out of the question,) there have been some counterbalancing physical advantages on the side of the minority, some superior equipment, the result of superior civilization—armor, horses, firearms, or something of the sort unknown to the other party, and rendering the victory less wonderful. But in this instance, the accoutrements and military science and experience of the Persians seem to have been no way behind those of the Greeks; nay, in some departments of warfare, such as archery, it is probable that the Persians were the more skillful. The Greeks gave the fairest proof that they were, in Highland phraseology, "the prettier men." In describing these world-renowned battles, both Thirlwall and Grote have acquitted themselves well, but neither remarkably. Their accounts suffer on comparison with those magnificent pictures of Arnold, which give to Hannibal's campaigns all the interest of a new story. But to say that they fall short of Arnold is no great censure, nor can we feel disposed to blame them much, when we remember how often a "picturesque" historian is tempted to sacrifice accuracy to effect.

With the battle of Marathon terminates Mr. Grote's fourth volume, and here our article must terminate also. We wait with impatience for his observations on later Greek politics and philosophy, the more so because the increased interest and liveliness in the corresponding parts of Dr. Thirlwall's book, induce a hope that Mr. G. will, in a similar manner, continue to rise with his subject. We have accomplished our main purpose, which was to supply, to the best of our small ability, a singular omission on the part of American reviewers. Here are two works which will be, for many years at least, the standard Histories of Greece in the English language; one of them has been completed four years, the other is now about half published; and we are not aware that the least notice has been taken of them by any American periodical. To Mr. Grote's history we are almost positive that there has not been the slightest allusion. We have therefore made bold, in default of abler scholars, to take the matter in hand, deeply regretting that so interesting and important a subject has not attracted the attention of some one better qualified to do it justice.

THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.*

The price of the previous editions of Webster's Dictionary, that of 1828, in two volumes quarto, at twenty dollars, and that of 1840, in two volumes, royal octavo, at fifteen dollars, was such as to keep it out of the possession of the majority of those who desired such a work. The present edition, comprising all the matter of the former ones, after a thorough revisal of the whole, and with large additions, appears in a single volume of fourteen hundred and forty-one pages, crown quarto, in a type, though small, yet beautifully distinct, presenting a page on which the eye can rest with pleasure, and run with ease, at the price of *six dollars*, —an unprecedented achievement in the art of book-making in this country.

The reputation of Webster's Dictionary has been constantly gaining strength with the progress of time. The result, in the first place, of more than twenty years of study and toil—in which we have an example, in a country like ours, most singular and to be admired, of persevering devotion, solitary and unapplauded, to a labor purely literary, requiring extraordinary ability, and capable of yielding no immediate return of profit or honor—this work, surpassing everything in the same department from the mother country, with all her advantages, was an honor to our own land, of which we were quite too insensible. Slighted by some, and by the majority more or less undervalued, from the very fact that it was a home production; while others were repelled, and in a measure blinded to the real merits of the work, by orthographical changes, offensive, because unfamiliar; it has, however, worked its way, and even gained for itself a reputation from the other side of the water.

The work continued to receive emendations from the author's hand, to the very close of his life, which was prolonged, with powers still vigorous, to the age of more than eighty-five years, and to a period of just fifty years after he first conceived the design.

The preparation of the present edition was intrusted to Professor Goodrich, of Yale College, who has devoted nearly three years to this task, for which he is well known to be excellently qualified by the studies which have been the labor of his life as professor of rhetoric. Aware, however, that it is "impossible for any one mind to embrace all the departments of knowledge," the editor has secured the aid of other gentlemen, in particular branches of science, art and literature, who have become responsible for the classes of words relating to their several departments; revising the whole, remodelling or enlarging old definitions, and adding and defining new words. This has been done for the department of law, by the Hon. Elizur Goodrich; ecclesiastical history and ancient philosophy, by Dr. Murdock; chemistry, by Professor Silliman; botany, anatomy, physiology, medicine, and some branches of natural history, by Dr. Tully; Oriental literature, to some extent, by Professor Gibbs; astronomy, meteorology, and natural philosophy, by Professor Olmsted; mathematics, by Professor Stanley; geology, mineralogy, and other subjects, by James D. Dana, Esq.; entomology and practical astronomy, more or less, by Edward C. Herrick, Esq.; and painting and the fine arts, by Nathaniel Jocelyn, Esq.; a general revision of these classes of words, through the first two letters of the alphabet, having been previously made by Dr.

* *An American Dictionary of the English Language:* Containing the whole vocabulary of the first edition in two volumes, quarto; the entire corrections and improvements of the second edition in two volumes, royal octavo; to which is prefixed an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe; with *an explanation* of the principles on which languages *are formed*. By Noah Webster, L.L.D., &c., &c. Revised and enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, Professor in Yale College. WithPronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical and Geographical Names. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1848.

J. G. Percival. We have thus the best possible guarantee for the completeness and accuracy of a most important part of the work. In this way, and by the thorough use which has been made of encyclopedias and of dictionaries of particular arts and sciences, commercial, maritime, and military affairs, domestic economy, agriculture, architecture, &c., a new and valuable feature has been added to the work, distinguishing it from all other dictionaries of the language.

The first point to be considered in judging of a dictionary, respects *the selection of words comprised in the vocabulary.* It is not desirable to include all such words as may have been licentiously used by some eccentric writer, in a single instance, where of course they interpret themselves, or every possible word that can, by composition or inflection, be analogically formed; for their introduction would serve only to corrupt the language. Nor is such a work the place for those terms of art or science, which occur only in special treatises, where they are of course defined; while it is of the first importance that such technical and scientific, or for any other reason unfamiliar terms, as the general reader may occasionally or frequently meet, should be embraced and clearly defined. In this work great pains have been taken, both to leave out the words which should be excluded, and to collect all which should be introduced; and when we learn that in this manner, some thousands of words have been added in this edition, this fact alone is evidence of a great enhancement of value. As specimens of their character, we select a few, mostly under letter C :—

Calembourg; Canal-boat; Cam, (in mechanics;) Canonicity; Canterbury, (a stand for music, portfolios, &c.;) Cantabrigian; Casino; Cassava; Cast-iron; Catharine-wheel (in architecture;) Catafalco; to Chair and Chairing, [Eng.;] Chaparral; Charte, [Fr.;] Chief-justice; Cheval-glass; Cheroot; Chiltern hundreds; Chinchilla; Childe; Circulating medium; Cirrus, Cumulus, Stratus and Nimbus, and their compounds, with definitions by Prof. Olmsted; Classis; Clinker; Clique; Close-corporation; Club-house, (fully explained in the present English sense;) Coffer-dam; Cold-shoulder, (to give the;) Collapse; Common-carrier, with his liabilities explained; Communist; Congreve-rocket; Cordon sanitaire; Couleur de rose; Coup d'état; Corn-law; Coventry, (to send to;) Cream-cheese; Croton-oil; Coupon; Edge-rail; Eminent domain; Flying buttress; Gradient; Kyanize; Juste-milieu; Left-handed marriage; Maronite; Middleman, (in Ireland;) Orotund; Quartern loaf; Quantitative and Qualitative, (in chemistry;) Rancho; Silhouette; Silicated; Stand-point; Steeple-chase.

These are but a few among others of the same sort. It will be seen that they are, for the most part, the very words for which a dictionary is most needed.

It is in the *definitions* that the chief value of a dictionary lies. In this respect, the superiority of Dr. Webster's over other English dictionaries, has been settled beyond dispute. He who attempts this difficult task must set out with the true idea of the work; and even then he may show, that to have a correct theory is one thing, and to carry it out successfully in execution, quite another. The meaning of words consists of a primary or radical signification, and of secondary senses proceeding from it, according to laws revealed in the philosophy of language. This primary signification is by no means always the most general. Words pass from one particular sense, to another allied to the first by resemblance or analogy; or from one object to another, the two being linked by some usual or constant connection. Also, instead of merely leaping from particular to particular,—or, we should rather say, by a continuance of this very process,—they expand into a general and comprehensive signification. In other cases, however, the primary meaning is general, and the secondary are limitations of the same as applied to particular subjects. It is to be remarked, that the first law, that of expansion, works chiefly in the early growth of languages; while the other, which may be called that of limitation or sub-division, prevails as they advance in cultivation. Not unfrequently, some ambitious secondary sets up for itself, declares independence, as it were, and sends off in a new direction a progeny having no apparent connection with the original stock. For instance, the word *digest*, meaning primarily to distribute—and hence, first, to arrange methodically, as a body of law, and second, to dispose of food introduced into the stomach—from this point moves to the laboratory, and there sig-

nifies a certain process of dissolving or softening substances by a gentle heat; from the same point, again, it starts off in another direction, and an affront is said to be digested, when it is brooked—and, by the way, this word *to brook*, comes from a Saxon original, meaning to chew, eat, or digest—and by the same figure an insult may be swallowed or stomached. The growth of words is as regular, and at the same time as irregular and diversified, as that of trees and plants; not forgetting the suckers which shoot up from the old root, and the branches which sometimes strike down and take root anew.

It is the duty of the lexicographer to seize, if possible, the primary meaning of words. And, since no root shoots up and ramifies to absolute infinity, and as every general signification is bound by usage to determinate consequential meanings and specific applications, and not ordinarily allowed the full range of its capacity, the lexicographer is required to enumerate, define and exemplify particular senses, and to deduce and arrange them in a logical manner. A word thus defined as it should be, is distinguished from all others from which it really differs, though they may have with it the same radical or the same general sense, or—while in this respect agreeing or differing, as the case shall be—may coincide with it in some particular meaning or application. Now, if, in disregard of these principles, a word be defined by synonyms—that is, by annexing all or sundry of those with which it agrees in its general or radical sense, and adding to the same all those with which it coincides in any of its several applications, and which are even then only a partial equivalent—it is evident, that we are set afloat on a sea of confusion. It is true that a dictionary constructed on such a plan—or no plan—of mere aggregation, may, to one already master of the language, furnish useful hints for the memory; or to one but partially versed in it, may be an assistance in guessing out the meaning of a passage; but for certain definite information, such as shall give to one familiar with the use of the words, a fuller insight, precise, enlarged, and logical notions of the words, and for a learner shall fix with absolute certainty the meaning in a given case,—for this we should search in vain, and spend our time and labor for nought.

To illustrate our meaning, in part, by example. In Richardson's Dictionary, we find the following definition of the word *execute*, which, on the plan of his work, is made to answer for all the derivatives, *executor, executive, execution, executioner:*

> "To follow out, (sc.) to the end; to the fulfilment or completion; to the act, effect, or full performance; and thus to act, to use, to perform, fulfil, or complete: to perform, (sc.) the sentence or adjudication of the law, and thus to kill, or put to death; to slay."

From this labored attempt at definition, who would infer, that to execute a deed or a lease, signifies, not to vacate the premises or put in possession, but to sign and seal the instrument of conveyance? Or, supposing this by some means known to the inquirer, how is he to learn that the executor of a will is not the testator, who signs and seals it, but the person appointed by him to carry it into effect? In the meanwhile, he would be likely to get no idea of executive power, or of the executive department of the government, or of the executive himself, other than what is appropriate to a sheriff or a hangman. In what connection, to execute, means to use, we cannot conjecture. Why not say, to execute is, to take? for to execute vengeance is certainly to take vengeance. Nor are all possible applications of the general meaning, as here defined, allowable in use. Thus he who should follow out ultra free-trade principles to all their consequences, or carry them out in full effect, could not be said (except in a figure) to execute them; principles are applied, not executed.

This example, which is really a favorable specimen of Richardson's manner of definition, we lighted on almost at random. He was led to this neglect of the real, practical ends of a dictionary, by a false theory—by setting out with principles radically wrong. His work has its value for scholars, in the numerous quotations from writers of every period of our literature; but, notwithstanding the partiality and the high expectation with which it was received among us, those who have tried it, have undoubtedly found, that for the

ordinary uses of a dictionary, it is of little worth.

Mr. Richardson has led us almost to lose sight of Mr. Webster. We should like to set in contrast with his some of the definitions in the work of the latter. But our limits allow us to do little more than remark in general, that they are prepared in accordance with the principles we have laid down, in a manner far superior to any other work in the language, and—the present improvements and additions included—so well, in most cases, as to leave little or nothing to desire. We have the several meanings of a word properly deduced and arranged, and fully and precisely explained; authorities given; pertinent examples quoted, when needed; words specified, or classes of words, with which the given word may stand in connection; English or American peculiarities, and obsolete or vulgar usage indicated; combinations of words explained, and the curious historical origin of many common phrases laid open. Technical, scientific, and philosophical terms, and names of objects in nature, are defined, not merely in a general way,—as to say, for instance, that iodine is a substance in chemistry, that Platonism is the doctrine of Plato, or that lichen is a kind of moss—a too frequent fault of Dr. Johnson,—but we have definitions, or descriptions, though popular in form, yet as complete as are to be found in elaborate treatises. Our Boards of Education, if this work should be circulated as widely as it ought to be, may spare themselves the trouble of appending glossaries to their volumes for the people. Nor have we merely such a definition of a thing, as may designate precisely what is intended; but commonly a brief summary of all that is most important to be known respecting it. So that—biography and history excepted—we have in this work a condensed encyclopedia of all knowledge, which, for the purposes of ordinary reference, is even preferable to voluminous cyclopedias, general or special.

The work is chiefly indebted for its value in relation to scientific and technical matters, to the labors of the present editor and his coadjutors. As specimens of new definitions of this class, we would refer to such words as zoophyte, caddis-worm, coral, quartz, feldspar, pyrites, conchoidal, infusoria, echinus, &c., by Mr. Dana; lightning, libration, clouds, horizon, declination, steam-engine, by Prof. Olmsted; and transcendentalism, Platonism, nominalist, pietist, Nestorian, &c., by Dr. Murdock. In every class of words not only have new definitions been added, but the former ones improved, by the addition of new senses, the correction of errors, and by receiving greater fullness and precision. These various improvements appear on every page.

In *Etymology*, Dr. Webster struck out an entirely new path, in which he labored with incredible patience and zeal, and with such success, that in this department no English or American scholar, before or since, has any claims to comparison with him. He tells us that, after writing through two letters of the alphabet, finding the need—as a guide to correct definition—of more thorough etymological knowledge than previous inquirers could give, he went back and spent ten years in this study! Undoubtedly, he might have arrived, in some cases, at conclusions more certain and satisfactory, could he have added to his own, the results and the methods of inquiry of the later German philologists. But the same tree which, in that intellectual hot-bed, has yielded so rich fruit, he reared and cultivated with success, even in so sterile a clime. The fruit of his labors, besides what appears in the dictionary, is treasured in an unpublished work half as large, a Synopsis of twenty Languages, containing the working-out of his etymological problems.

That, in those wide generalizations, in which are traced the germs from which our words have arisen, he fell into no errors, he himself never imagined. But particular mistakes here are of little consequence, compared with that of the correctness of his fundamental principles. They were briefly these: that some physical idea was the earliest root of every meaning given to words; that, as phenomena were first named, and things named from their phenomena, the radical idea was generally some variety of motion, including of course the action of living bodies. Of their soundness, we can all have evidence, not only from the exigencies of the case, and the nature of the human mind, but by observing, as we may, in the later

formations of language, the operation of the very same laws, to such an extent as to prove that they must also have controlled the earlier changes which lie hidden from ordinary inspection. As respects etymologies less remote, the work is fully reliable; and in the many English words which have words corresponding in the different languages of Europe, all are exhibited. In the department of etymology, the present editor has made little change, but has taken care to have the words from other languages given with correctness.

The *Orthography* of Dr. Webster has undergone some important changes in this edition, which will, we think, render it generally satisfactory. Some of his proposed improvements, founded on etymological grounds, of little importance, yet too violent to be generally acceptable among us,—though such things are differently received in Germany and France,—have been dropped. Those founded on reasons of analogy and convenience, have been generally retained. But, says the objector to all improvements, our orthography ought not to be unsettled. Now, the fact is it has never yet been settled. A somewhat greater uniformity prevails, than was the case two centuries since; when the same word was spelled several different ways on the same page, and even in the same sentence, and perhaps with something like half a dozen more lettters than we think necessary at present. Nearly a hundred years ago, Dr. Johnson said of the English orthography, "It has remained to this time unsettled and fortuitous;" and the same is in a measure true, even now. And why is this? Why did even Johnson's authority fail to settle it? Simply, because he overlooked those principles on which alone it could be settled; those principles which, for two centuries, have been struggling against chance and capricious custom, and have gradually brought the present degree of order out of the original chaos. In countenancing such outrageous anomalies and irregularities as he found existing, he could not arrest this progress, though he may have hindered it, and delayed the period of fixedness. Had he attempted something like what Dr. Webster did; had he, without excluding the existing forms, at the same time suggested improvements, founded on those principles of analogy and of the rejection of superfluities, which the mind of the nation in its language was unconsciously striving to realize; it is possible, that before this time, the contending elements would have found a level.

In attempting here, what Dr. Johnson left undone, Dr. Webster has rendered a service of no little value. There could certainly be no advantage in having to stop the pen, or interrupt the current of thought, to ascertain, by an effort of recollection, or a reference to authority, that *tameable*, for instance, had an *e* in the middle; and again, that *blamable* had not; and the same of *moveable* and *immovable*, and many others. And why should not *metre* conform to *diameter?* why should not *centre*, and a few others, follow in the wake of *cider* and *chamber*, and a large class, all from French words in *re?* and why should not *labour*, *honour*, &c., fall at once into rank, dropping the useless *u*, as they must do sooner or later? The inconvenience to multitudes, resulting from capricious irregularities; the labor and perplexity they cause to every child who learns to write; the difficulty which they add to others, tending to deter foreigners from acquiring our language—thus obstructing the influence of the English and American mind—are disadvantages of no trifling moment. Words are a means, not an end. Civilization exhibits itself in nothing more decisively, than in simplifying and rendering less cumbrous, all the mere instruments by which its results are effected. Shall not language, the great instrument of civilization itself, share as far as possible in the same benefit?

For a full explanation of the orthography of Dr. Webster, as it appears, modified, in this volume, the reader is referred to pp. viii. and lxxxi. of the introductory part.

The topic of *Pronunciation* remains. This part of the work was one requiring nicety of ear, with observation, taste, good judgment, added to thorough and scientific study of the subject. These qualifications belong, in an eminent degree, to the editor of this volume. He has accordingly made it as pefect a pronouncing dictionary, as the nature of the case admits.

Sounds cannot be depicted to the eye, nor is there any scale of articulations, as of musical sounds, to measure them with exactness. The standards employed must be words of which the pronunciation is supposed already known. But there may be uncertainty or diversity here, and of course uncertainty and diversity throughout. For instance, in the new dictionary of Dr. Worcester, *care, fair, bear, where,* and some others, are referred to, to fix a certain standard sound in the Key. But the pronunciation, perhaps the most prevalent in this country, of these very words, differs essentially from the best English usage. In the work before us, they are marked with the long sound of *a*, as in *fate*,—the true English pronunciation, except as this sound is modified by the *r* following, which causes it to vanish with the faint sound of *e* or *a* short, as is explained in the remarks connected with the Key. Thus, by a simpler notation, the true pronunciation is given with greater certainty. To multiply marks and distinctions, tends only to confuse and perplex. To attempt to represent every different shade of the same general sound, is useless; for this, if for no other reason, that hardly two persons can be found agreeing precisely in their actual pronunciation of scarcely any word. Dr. Worcester gives *move* as the standard for the vowel sound in *rule, true,* &c., which is not the pronunciation to which we are accustomed. The two are distinct in Webster. The single letter *a* has, we are told by a friend, who has given attention to the subject, no less than twenty distinguishable sounds in our language. It is mathematically demonstrable, that the number of possible positions or motions of the vocal organs is absolutely infinite; and each difference does in reality vary the sound. The method of notation employed in this work, is remarkable for its simplicity and intelligibility, combined with precision in answering its end. The Key is Webster's, somewhat enlarged, and is now placed, for convenience, at the bottom of each page.

We should not omit to mention the Pronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical and Modern Geographical Names, which have been prepared under the direction of Professor Porter, of Yale College. Their utility is obvious.

Persons aspiring to eminence in any walk of literature, in public life, or the sacred profession, should study words—the instrument of thought, as well as the vehicle of expression. He who does this, will not be liable to be tripped up by some paltry quibble in debate; he will see at once how to expose it; he will seize with a quick and firm grasp, the weak points of his antagonist. More than half the disputes in the world are disputes about words, and all are managed by words. "Words are things," said the Frenchman. Lord Chatham knew their value, when he made it his constant habit to study the words of a dictionary in regular course. It was thus he kept his ammunition ready, his armory well stored with weapons always keen and bright. No man could do such execution with words. Jean Paul Richter, who wielded words with a magician's power, continued through life the occupation of dictionary-making, for his mere private benefit. He who would be a skillful or a profound lawyer, or a sound political economist, must study words. The riddles of the latter science turn emphatically upon words. He who would be an orator,—who would acquire something of the precise fitness, the pregnancy of meaning, the terse vigor, the electric energy, of a Chatham or a Demosthenes, must not merely nicely choose and well aim his words, at the time of utterance, but must have learned beforehand their powers, and have them arranged in his mind ready for use.

We may here with propriety also take notice of the example of the author of this dictionary as worthy of imitation; of his perseverance, undaunted by obstacles; his resoluteness in laying his foundations broad and deep; his independence and self-reliance; his ambition, not for ephemeral reputation, but to render a real service to his country and race—to leave something which the world would not willingly let die. When we consider the wide-spread, really immense influence which a work like this must exert among the millions who will call the English their mother-tongue, who will say, the author did not enjoy in his own thoughts, an ample reward? "Happy the man," was said of him by the late Chancellor Kent, "who can thus honorably identify his name with the existence of our vernacular tongue."

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.*

There is no accounting for tastes. Why, therefore, the author of this amusing book should have thought proper to land at Vera Cruz in August, 1846, and proceed thence through Mexico, Queratarо, Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua and Santa Fé, to the valley of Taos, and spend last winter "camping out" among the wolves and hostile Arapahós, in the region about the head waters of the Arkansas river, it is not necessary to inquire. He has left the question so open, however, that one can hardly avoid an opinion upon it. In his preface he very coolly remarks: "It is hardly necessary to explain the cause of my visiting Mexico at such an unsettled period; and I fear that circumstances will prevent my gratifying the curiosity of the reader, should he feel any on that point." We suspect he had no other motive than the national instinct for getting himself into a "scrape;" or if he had, it must have been the charitable purpose, in which he has been eminently successful, of entertaining us with a volume of spirited sketches of adventures.

The first is the more probable supposition, for the John Bull character in its best phase was never more unmistakably developed than it is in these pages. We see all his vanity, his weaknesses, his wonderful stomach, his hearty enjoyment, his invincible pugnacious courage. The spirit with which his book is written may be judged by the following extracts from his preface:—

"With a solitary exception, I have avoided touching upon American subjects; not only because much abler pens than mine have done that country and people more or less justice or injustice, and I wished to attempt to describe nothing that other English travellers have written upon before, and to give a rough sketch of a very *rough* journey through comparatively new ground; but, more than all, for the reason that I have, on this and previous visits to the United States, met with such genuine kindness and unbounded hospitality from all classes of the American people, both the richest and the poorest, that I have not the heart to say one harsh word of them or theirs, even if I could or would.

"Faults the Americans have—and who have not? But they are, I maintain, failings of the head and not the heart, which nowhere beats warmer, or in a more genuine spirit of kindness and affection, than in the bosom of a citizen of the United States."

The suspicion crossed our mind, as we read this, that it was but an ingenious paragraph designed to promote the sale of these sketches among us Jonathans; but it was unworthy of our better discernment. There is no counterfeiting Mr. Bull's manner when he undertakes to praise his prodigious son; it is so kind and patronizing, and comes with such weight, that actually it almost makes one fancy that we are "somebody" after all! Moreover, our author goes still further, even to the extent of taking our view of the character of our neighbors:—

"From south to north I traversed the whole of the Republic of Mexico, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, and was thrown among the people of every rank, class, and station; and I regret to have to say that I cannot remember to have observed one single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican; always excepting from this sweeping clause the women of the country, who, for kindness of heart and many sterling qualities, are an ornament to their sex, and to any nation.

"If the Mexican possesses one single virtue, as I hope he does, he must keep it so closely hidden in some secret fold of his *sarape* as to have escaped my humble sight, although I travelled through his country with eyes wide open, and for conviction ripe and ready. I trust, for his sake, that he will speedily withdraw from the bushel the solitary light of this concealed virtue, lest before long it be absorbed in the more potent flame which the Anglo-Saxon seems just now disposed to shed over benighted Mexico."

* *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.* By George F. Ruxton, Esq., member of the Royal Geographical Society, the Ethnological Society, etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1848.

This is pleasant reading. The writer is evidently a sensible man, and his account of what he saw ought to be received with the confidence due to a frank observer, who certainly does not consider that language should be used to conceal his opinions.

He was in Vera Cruz at the time of the arrival of Santa Anna from Havana, August 16th, 1846. He thinks the furnishing him with a passport to enable him to pass the blockade "a very questionable policy" on the part of our government, which it "is difficult to understand." That Santa Anna had such a passport he seems to consider matter of public notoriety; at all events, the steamer which had him on board passed the blockade under salvos of artillery from the castle, and the crack Mexican regiment, El Onze, the 11th, was drawn up on the wharf to receive him. He saw him walk up from the wharf to the palacio between a double line of troops, preceded by his young wife, a pretty girl of seventeen, who leaned upon the arm of an officer. There were no "vivas," and the party looked anything but pleased at their cool reception. "Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna," he says, "is a hale looking man between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance, and a very well-built wooden leg. His countenance completely betrays his character; indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice, and sensuality are depicted in every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is portly, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing which wins for him golden opinions from the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention."

The description of the Mexican soldiers is equally flattering:—

"Nothing can, by any possibility, be conceived more unlike a soldier than a Mexican militar. The regular army is composed entirely of Indians—miserable-looking pigmies, whose grenadiers are five feet high. Vera Cruz, being a show place, and jealous of its glory, generally contrives to put decent clothing, by subscription, on the regiment detailed to garrison the town; otherwise clothing is not considered indispensable to the Mexican soldier. The muskets of the infantry are (that is, if they have any) condemned Tower muskets, turned out of the British service years before. I have seen them carrying firelocks without locks, and others with locks without hammers, the lighted end of a cigar being used as a match to ignite the powder in the pan. Discipline they have none. Courage a Mexican does not possess; but still they have that brutish indifference to death, which could be turned to account if they were well led, and officered by men of courage and spirit."

He visited the castle and made himself acquainted with the defences of the city. His opinion respecting the bombardment is given as if he were conscious that he was contradicting common report:—

"The town was attacked by the American troops under General Scott, within ten months after my visit. It suffered a bombardment, as is well known, of several days; an unnecessary act of cruelty, in my opinion, since, to my knowledge, there were no defences around the city which could not have been carried, including the city itself, by a couple of battalions of Missouri volunteers. I certainly left Vera Cruz under the impression that it was not a fortified place, with the exception of the paltry wall I have mentioned, which, if my memory serves me, was not even loopholed for musketry. However, temporary defences might have been thrown up in the interval between my visit and the American attack; still I cannot but think that the bombardment was cruel and unnecessary. The castle could have been carried by a frigate's boarders, having but seven hundred naked Indians to defend it."

An ex-officer in the British army would be very likely to underrate any achievement of our troops in Mexico; but certainly he would not wish to publish statements which could easily be proved to be false. The condition of Vera Cruz ten months after he was there was by no means the same as when he saw it; temporary defences *had* been thrown up, and troops thrown in to protect them. He simply means to say that he has not examined the official accounts of the taking of that city, but that from what he saw he "cannot but think," &c.; in other words, what he saw has merely given him a *prejudice* that the bombardment was unnecessary. But it may have been necessary, (that is, as necessary as any act in a bad war,) and yet he have told us nothing but the truth.

All he has to say, that bears upon the war, is merely incidental; and hence, as well as from the manner in which it is said, and the candor, good sense, and good humor manifested in all the rest of the book, one feels an inclination to listen to it with attention, and where it includes statements of things actually seen, to receive them with the degree of confidence they naturally inspire.

Thus we have faith that Vera Cruz was feebly defended when he was there, making allowance for the dashy coloring of a writer of sketches; but that General Scott would have gone to trouble and expense, and waste of life, in order to accomplish in showy and popular manner what might have been done with comparative ease, without bravado, bloodshed, and bulletins, is not to be believed except on better authority than an Englishman's prejudice. Whether also a writer, who in his very preface informs us that he does not believe the Mexicans (excepting the women) possess "one single commendable trait of character," ought not to be fairly suspected of unconsciously underrating the efficiency of their troops, is also questionable. *All* their muskets are certainly not "condemned Tower muskets," or if they are, such arms can be used with some effect; for they have managed to kill off a good many stout fellows and some officers, here and there, at Cerro Gordo and Churubusco, whom their country did not wish to spare quite so soon, and we have no doubt they will pop down a few more before our national honor is satiated. Still there is probably much truth in Mr. Ruxton's observations.

His journey from Vera Cruz to the Capital, was through Jalapa, Perote, and Puebla. Beyond Perote the country was infested with robbers, and he travelled in the diligencia armed with a double-barrel rifle, a ditto carbine, two brace of pistols, and a blunderbuss. Every now and then the driver would look into the window and say, "Ahora mal punto, muy mal punto" —now we are in a very bad place—"look to your arms." At Puebla the coach and its contents were minutely inspected by a robber spy, in the face of the authorities, who took no notice of him. The road from Puebla is very picturesque:—

"We left Puebla early in the morning, and, as day broke, a scene of surpassing beauty burst upon us. The sun, rising behind the mountains, covered the sky with a cold, silvery light, against which the peaks stood in bold relief, while the bases were still veiled in gloom. The snow-clad peak of Orizaba, the lofty Popocatepetl (the hill that smokes) and Iztaccihuatl (the white woman) lifted their heads now bright with the morning sun. The beautiful plain of Cuitlaxcoapan, covered with golden corn and green waving maize, stretched away to the mountains, which rise in a gradual undulating line, from which in the distance shot out isolated peaks and cones, all clear and well defined."

At length the dangerous part of the road is passed.

"We soon after crested the ridge of the mountain, and, descending a winding road, turned an abrupt hill, and just as I was settling myself in the corner for a good sleep, my arm was seized convulsively by my opposite neighbor, who, with half his body out of the window, vociferated: 'Hi esta, hi esta, mire, por Dios, mire!'—Look out, for God's sake! there it is. Thinking a ladron was in sight, I seized my gun; but my friend, seeing my mistake, drew in his head, saying, 'No, no, Mejico, Mejico, la ciudad!'

"To stop the coach and jump on the box was the work of a moment; and, looking down from the same spot where probably Cortez stood three hundred years ago, before me lay the city and valley of Mexico, bathed by the soft flooding light of the setting sun.

"He must be insensible, indeed, a clod of clay, who does not feel the blood thrill in his veins at the first sight of this beautiful scene. What must have been the feelings of Cortez, when, with his handful of followers, he looked down upon the smiling prospect at his feet, the land of promise which was to repay them for all the toil and dangers they had encountered!

"The first impression which struck me on seeing the valley of Mexico was the perfect, almost unnatural, tranquillity of the scene. The valley, which is about sixty miles long by forty in breadth, is on all sides inclosed by mountains, the most elevated of which are on the southern side; in the distance are the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, and numerous peaks of different elevation. The lakes of Tezcuco and Chalco glitter in the sun like burnished silver, or, shaded by the vapors which often rise from them, lie cold and tranquil on the plain. The distant view of the city, with its white buildings and numerous churches, its regular streets and shaded paseos, greatly augments the beauty of the scene, over which floats a solemn, delightful tranquillity."

Alas! this beautiful valley has seen another sight since it was thus looked upon, and its green turf is now the sepulchre of many a brave soldier.

The character of the mass of the city population has not probably improved under the refining influence of a victorious army; and if the following account be not greatly exaggerated, we ought to feel almost as much compassion for our brave occupying troops, many of whom, doubtless, were in early life accustomed to different society, as though they were engaged in actual conflict:—

"On entering the town, one is struck with the regularity of the streets, the chaste architecture of the buildings, the miserable appearance of the population, the downcast look of the men, the absence of ostentatious display of wealth, and the prevalence of filth which everywhere meet the eye. On every side the passenger is importuned for charity. Disgusting lepers whine for clacos; maimed and mutilated wretches, mounted on the backs of porters, thrust out their distorted limbs and expose their sores, urging their human steeds to increase their pace as their victim increases his to avoid them. Rows of cripples are brought into the street the first thing in the morning, and deposited against a wall, whence their infernal whine is heard the live-long day. * * * Mexico is the head quarters of dirt. The streets are dirty, the houses are dirty, the men are dirty and the women dirtier; and everything you eat and drink is dirty. * * * Observe every countenance; with hardly an exception a physiognomist will detect the expression of vice and crime and conscious guilt in each. No one looks you in the face, but all slouch past with downcast eyes and hang-dog look, intent upon thoughts that will not bear the light. The shops are poor and ill-supplied, the markets filthy in the extreme. Let no fastidious stomach look into the shops where pastry is made."

For the manners of the better society of the city, Mr. Ruxton refers the reader to the work of Madame Calderon de la Barca; he confines his own observations to the worst classes, which seem to offer a sufficiently strong excitement to please the most adventurous; he having witnessed two stabbings, one of which was mortal, among the pulquerias and fandangos, in a single night.

He left the capital on the 14th of September, while the artillery was announcing Santa Anna's entrance. On the road towards Queratarо, three days out, his party were menaced by some robbers, who retired on perceiving a foreigner. They were superbly mounted, and well armed with carbine, sword, and pistols; and each had a lasso hanging on the horn of his high-peaked saddle. The leader inquired if the diligencia had many passengers. The two companies parted, wishing each other "buen viage" and "y buena fortuna!"

At Leon, a large town on the borders of Guanaxato, the author had, what he styles a "little affair that was nearly proving disagreeable to him:"—

"Returning from the plaza through a dark, narrow street, I was detected as a stranger by a knot of idle rascals standing at the door of a pulque-shop, who immediately saluted me with cries of 'Texano, Texano, que meura'—let's kill him, the Yankee dog. Wishing to avoid a rencounter with such odds, and with no other means of defence than a bowie-knife, I thought on this occasion that discretion would be much the better part of valor, so I turned off into another dark street, but was instantly pursued by the crowd, who followed, yelling at my heels. Luckily, an opportune and dark doorway offered me a shelter, and I crouched in it as my pursuers passed with loud cries and knives in hand. The instant that they all, as I imagined, had passed me, I emerged from my hiding-place, and ran almost into the very arms of three who were bringing up the rear. 'Hi esta, hi esta!' they shouted, baring their knives and rushing at me. 'Maten le, maten le!'—here he is, here he is: kill him, kill the jackass. The darkness was in my favor. As the foremost one rushed at me with uplifted blade I stepped quickly to one side, and at the same moment thrust at him with my knife. He stumbled forward on his knees with a cry of 'Dios! me ha matado'—he has killed me—and fell on his face. One of the remaining two ran to his assistance, the other made toward me; but, finding that I was inclined to compare notes with him and waited his attack, he slackened his pace and declined encounter. I returned to the meson, and, without telling the Spaniard what had occurred, gave directions for the animals to be ready at midnight, and shortly after we were in the saddle and on the road."

After passing Zacatecas on the 3d of October, the road lay through a volcanic tract, or Mal Pais—an evil land, as such regions are termed by the Mexicans:—

"The valley, between two ridges or sierras, is completely filled up to nearly a level with the sierra itself; it is, therefore, impossible to judge of the height of the tract of ground

raised by the volcano. The crater is about five or six hundred yards in circumference, and filled with a species of dwarf oak, mezquite, and cocoa-trees, which grow out of the crevices of the lava. In it is a small, stagnant lake, the water of which is green and brackish; huge blocks of lava and scoria surround the lake, which is fringed with rank shrubs and cactus. It is a dismal, lonely spot, and the ground rumbles under the tread of the passing horse. A large crane stood, with upraised leg, on a rock in the pool, and a *javali* (a species of wild hog) was wallowing near it in the mud. Not a breath of air ruffled the inky surface of the lake, which lay as undisturbed as a sheet of glass, save where here and there a huge water-snake glided across with uplifted head, or a duck swam slowly out from the shadow of the shrub-covered margin, followed by its downy progeny.

"I led my horse down to the edge of the water, but he refused to drink the slimy liquid, in which frogs, efts, and reptiles of every kind were darting and diving. Many new and curious water-plants floated near the margin, and one, lotus-leaved, with small, delicate tendrils, formed a kind of net-work on the water, with a superb crimson flower, which exhibited a beautiful contrast with the inky blackness of the pool. The Mexicans, as they passed this spot, crossed themselves reverently, and muttered an Ave Maria; for in the lonely regions of the Mal Pais, the superstitious Indian believes that demons and gnomes, and spirits of evil purposes have their dwelling-places, whence they not unfrequently pounce upon the solitary traveller, and bear him into the cavernous bowels of the earth; the arched roof of the prison-house resounding to the tread of their horses as they pass the dreaded spot, muttering rapidly their prayers, and handling their amulets and charms to keep off the treacherous bogles who invisibly beset the path.

"The surrounding country is curiously disturbed, and the flow of the molten lava can easily be traced, with its undulations, and even retaining the exact form of the ripple as it flowed down from the crater. Hollow cones appear at intervals like gigantic petrified bubbles, and extend far into the plain. Some of these, in shape like an inverted cup, are rent, and present large fissures, while others are broken in two, one half only remaining, which exhibit the thickness of the shell of basaltic lava to be only from one to three feet."

He reached Durango on the fourth. This he describes as a picturesque city, with two or three large churches, and some government buildings, fair to the eye but foul within," with a population of eighteen thousand, "seventeen thousand of whom are rogues and rascals." It was during his visit in dread and expectation of an Indian invasion.

"Some five hundred Camanches were known to be in the vicinity toward the *north-east*; so, after a fanfaron of several days, and high mass in the church for the repose of those who were going to be killed, &c., the troops and valientes of the city, with beating drums and flying colors, marched out to the *south-west*, and happened to miss 'los barbaros.' However, it saved them a sound drubbing, and the country the valientes who would have been killed."

The inhabitants of Durango and Chihuahua live in perpetual similar alarms.

Beyond the city of Durango to the north and north-west, stretch away the vast uncultivated and unpeopled plains of Chihuahua, the Bolson de Mapimi, and the arid deserts of Gila. In the oases of these, the wild and hostile Apaches have their dwelling-places, from which they continually descend upon the border settlements and haciendas, sweeping off the herds of horses and mules, and barbarously killing the unarmed peasantry. The Camanches, also, from the distant prairie country beyond the Del Norte and Rio Pecos, make annual expeditions into these States, and frequently far into the interior, for the purpose of procuring animals and slaves, carrying off the young boys and girls, and massacring the adults in the most barbarous manner.

The author, on leaving Mexico, concludes the chapter with some general remarks on the condition of the country, character of the people, etc., the tone of which may be guessed from the extract from his preface. We have only room for one or two paragraphs.

"The Mexicans, as a people, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are deficient in moral as well as physical organization: by the latter I do not mean to assert that they are wanting in corporeal qualities, although certainly inferior to most races in bodily strength; but there is a deficiency in that respect which is invariably found attendant upon a low state of moral or intellectual organization. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and without energy, and cowardly by nature. Inherent, instinctive cowardice is rarely met with in any race of men, yet I affirm that in this instance it certainly exists, and is most conspicuous; they possess at the same time that amount of brutish indifference to

death which can be turned to good account in soldiers, and I believe, if properly led, that the Mexicans would on this account behave tolerably well in the field, but no more than tolerably.

"It is a matter of little astonishment to me that the country is in the state it is. It can never progress or become civilized until its present population is supplanted by a more energetic one. The present would-be republican form of government is not adapted to such a population as exists in Mexico, as is plainly evident in the effects of the constantly-recurring revolutions. Until a people can appreciate the great principles of civil and religious liberty, the advantages of free institutions are thrown away upon them. A long minority has to be passed through before this can be effected; and, in this instance, before the requisite fitness can be attained, the country will probably have passed from the hands of its present owners to a more able and energetic race. On the subject of government I will not touch: I maintain that the Mexicans are incapable of *self*-government, and will always be so until regenerated."

Whether our own unregenerate nation is called upon to propagate with the point of the bayonet, the true political faith among this benighted people, is a question, which it is to be hoped will never need to be discussed before a class of readers who do not look for their opinions to the columns of the daily newspapers.

On the road from Durango to Mapimi, the author had a little adventure with his Mexican muleteer, which may account for some of his prejudice against the nation:—

"*Oct.* 11*th.*—To the rancho of Los Sauces—the willows. The plains to-day were covered with cattle, and horses and mules. In the morning I was riding slowly ahead of my cavallada, passing at the time through a lonely mezquite-grove, when the sudden report of firearms, and the whistling of a bullet passing my head at rather unpleasantly close quarters, caused me to turn sharply round, when I saw my amiable mozo with a pistol in his hand, some fifteen yards behind me, looking very guilty and foolish. To whip a pistol out of my holsters and ride up to him was the work of an instant; and I was on the point of blowing out his brains, when his terrified and absurdly guilty-looking face turned my ire into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"'Amigo,' I said to him, 'do you call this being skilled in the use of arms, to miss my head at fifteen yards?'

"'*Ah, caballero!* in the name of all the saints I did not fire at you, but at a duck which was flying over the road. *No lo cree su merced*—your worship cannot believe I would do such a thing." Now it so happened, that the pistols which I had given him to carry were secured in a pair of holsters tightly buckled and strapped round his waist. It was a difficult matter to unbuckle them at any time: and as to having had time to get one out to fire at a duck flying over the road, it was impossible, even if such an idea had occurred to him. I was certain that the duck was a fable, invented when he had missed me, and, in order to save my ammunition, and my head from another sportsmanlike display, I halted and took from him everything in the shape of offensive weapon, not excepting his knife; and wound up a sermon which I deemed it necessary to give him, by administering a couple of dozen, well laid on with the buckle-end of my surcingle, at the same time giving him to understand, that if, hereafter, I had reason to suspect that he had even dreamed of another attempt upon my life, I would pistol him without a moment's hesitation. Distance from El Chorro thirty-six miles."

On the 26th, at Guajoquilla, he encountered a half-starved Kentuckian, who had just been found and brought in from the sierra, where the remainder of his company were wandering without food and water, if not already dead. They were a party of Santa Fé teamsters, who had left a caravan to proceed across the country to the United States.

"According to his account, the others must long ere this have perished, for when he left them they were prostrate on the ground, unable to rise, and praying for death. In the hope of recovering some of their effects, his companion, after recruiting his strength, had started back to the spot with some Mexicans, but meeting a party of Camanches, they had returned without reaching the place. The next day, however, some vaqueros entered the town, bearing six or seven Americans behind their saddles, and toward the evening two more were brought in, making eleven in all who had arrived. Such miserable, emaciated creatures it has never been my lot to see. With long hair and beards, and thin, cadaverous faces, with cheek-bones projecting almost through the skin, and their mouths cracked with the drought, they dismounted before my door, weak and scarcely able to stand; most of them had entirely lost their voices, and some were giddy and light-headed with the sufferings they had endured. From their account I had no doubt that ten of their party were perishing in the sierra, or most probably had expired; for they were entirely exhausted when the last of those who had arrived left the spot where they had been lying.

After ordering my servant to make a large quantity of strong soup for the poor fellows, and providing for their immediate wants, I proceeded to the alcalde of the place, and told him the story. He at once agreed with me that some steps must be taken to rescue the sufferers if still alive, but he doubted if the people in the town would undertake the expedition, as it was known that the Indians were in the sierras, and in fact in every part, and it was a perfect miracle how the men had reached the town in safety. He also promised me that the men should not be confined, but allowed to go at large on parole, until he had communicated with the Governor of Chihuahua, and that a large room should be provided for them, where they would be at perfect liberty."

Not content with informing the alcalde, our traveller procured four or five rancheros, and went on an expedition after the lost men; but they were unsuccessful, and were obliged to return after their animals had been thirty hours without water.

The matter-of-fact manner in which all this is told is very delightful. The author does not seem to wish to make a display of his humanity or his courage, and hence, although his adventures are often hazardous, he does not offend belief. His prejudices are as open as the day, and they are not such as influence his facts. Although it is evident that he thoroughly hates and despises the Mexicans, yet he does not conceal the behavior of the alcalde in this instance, who certainly did all that he could do for the unfortunate Americans.

Chihuahua, when our author reached it, on the 8th of November, was in a great ferment on account of the expected advance of the Americans. The city contains from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. The population of the whole province is overestimated at 180,000: its area is 107,584 square miles. Not twenty square miles are under cultivation, and at least three-fifths of the whole is sterile and unproductive. At this time the American forces were encamped on the borders of the great desert. In rear of them was the American *caravana* of two hundred wagons of goods, which entering Santa Fé with the troops, had paid no duty there; the duty, therefore, five hundred dollars on each wagon, would have been payable to the Governor of Chihuahua, and would have been serviceable to the Mexicans in enabling them to raise troops.

"They were therefore ordered to remain in rear of the troops, and not to advance excepting under their escort. The commanding officer deemed it imprudent to allow such an amount of the sinews of war to be placed in the hands of the enemy, to be used against the Americans. That this was very proper under the circumstances there could be no gainsaying, but at the same time there was a very large amount of property belonging to English merchants and others of neutral nations, who were suffering enormous losses by the detention of their goods; and as no official notification had been given of the *blockade* of the frontier town of Santa Fé, this prohibition to proceed was considered unjust and arbitrary. My opinion, however, is, that the officer in command of the United States troops was perfectly justified in the course he pursued, knowing well the uses to which the money thus obtained would have been applied."

It is singular that Mr. Ruxton, who would certainly, from the passage here given, and indeed almost the whole of his book, appear to be a fair-minded man, and above petty national prejudice, should suffer himself to be easily led into error whenever he has occasion to speak of our brilliant victories. Thus in the passage mentioning the taking of Vera Cruz, and more especially in a paragraph we shall quote presently respecting the capture of Chihuahua, if there were any foundation for his statements, it would inevitably tend very much to diminish the lustre of our arms. We do not quote him on these points to uphold his views, but because they are the testimony of one who, in every other respect, seems to desire to be impartial. Success, in military affairs, covers a multitude of evils; the glare of glory blinds the popular eye, and the real truth of circumstances does not appear, sometimes, till after the lapse of years. A writer or speaker who should, in addressing the public in a mass meeting, or through a political journal, venture at the present time to hint aught in disparagement of any achievement of any portion of our army in this bad war, would be hissed from the stage or burned in effigy in the streets. Even those most strongly opposed to the war think themselves obliged to succumb to the popular enthusiasm, and affect more pride in our dear-bought vic-

tories than they really feel. Whenever the army is mentioned, it is spoken of with all the praise that language can express; and so we go on, both parties covering it deeper and deeper with glory, till it already outshines even the glittering host that warred on Heaven.

This feeling will do more to perpetuate the war than any other cause. If it continues, it may involve our nation still more seriously hereafter. So long as the fever rages within, it will break out in one quarter or another. It would be better if, while we admit the strength of our nation's right-hand, we could defer awhile rejoicing over the blows it has struck in an unjust contest. At least, let us not magnify them till our people fall into a brutish desire of striking more, merely to show how well it can hit. This is no injustice to any portion of the army. In so far as we know and believe, they all seem to have done their duty, but their success ought not to prevent us from endeavoring to satisfy ourselves fully upon the subject. Indeed, in such a war as this it should be the business of every citizen to hold our soldiers to a strict account before the tribunal of his private judgment, and see particularly, that they, none of them, *go beyond* their instructions.

With these opinions, we quote Mr. Ruxton's statements for what they are worth. His account of the Mexican troops, we cannot but think, underrates their strength, and his views of what has been accomplished by ours are, it may be, wholly the result of prejudice, where they contravene our extra Picayune correspondence and official dispatches.

He left Chihuahua under an escort, which, he says,

"Consisted of two or three dragoons of the regiment of Vera Cruz, which had been several years in Santa Fé, but had run away with the governor on the approach of the Americans, and were now stationed at Chihuahua. Their horses—wretched, half-starved animals—were borrowed for the occasion; and the men, refusing to march without some provision for the road, were advanced their 'sueldo' by a patriotic merchant of the town, who gave each a handful of copper coins, which they carefully tied up in the corners of their sarapes. Their dress was original and uniform (in rags). One had on a dirty broad-brimmed straw hat, another a handkerchief tied round his head. One had a portion of a jacket, another was in his shirt-sleeves, with overalls, open to the winds, reaching a little below the knees. All were bootless and unspurred. One had a rusty sword and lance, another a gun without a hammer, the third a bow and arrows. Although the nights were piercingly cold, they had but one wretched, tattered sarape of the commonest kind between them, and no rations of any description.

"These were regulars of the regiment of Vera Cruz. I may as well here mention that, two or three months after, Colonel Doniphan, with nine hundred volunteers, marched through the state of Chihuahua, defeating on one occasion three thousand Mexicans with great slaughter, and taking the city itself, without losing *one man* in the campaign.

"At Sacramento the Mexicans intrenched themselves behind formidable breastworks, having ten or twelve pieces of artillery in battery, and numbering at least three thousand. Will it be believed that these miserable creatures were driven from their position, and slaughtered like sheep, by nine hundred raw backwoodsmen, who did not lose *one single man* in the encounter?"

At El Paso our author found four American prisoners whom he endeavored to assist in escaping. The soil of this department is very rich, and should it ever fall into the hands of the Americans, it will soon, he says, become a thriving settlement; for the hardy backwoodsman, with his axe on one shoulder, and rifle on the other, will not be deterred by the savage, like the present pusillanimous owners of the soil, from turning it to account.

The view of the Anglo-Saxon missionary detachment under Colonel Doniphan, and the observations upon our service which follow it, deserve quoting as nearly entire as our limits will permit:—

"Staying at Fray Cristoval but one night, I pushed on to the ruins of Valverde, a long-deserted rancheria, a few miles beyond which was the advanced post of the American troops. Here, encamped on the banks of the river in the heavy timber, I found a great portion of the caravan which I have before mentioned as being en route to Chihuahua, and also a surveying party under the command of Lieutenant Abert, of the United States Topographical Engineers.

"Provisions of all kinds were very scarce in the camp, and the game, being constantly hunted, soon disappeared. Having been invited to join the hospitable mess of the officers of the Engineers, I fortunately did not suffer, although

even they were living on their rations, and on the produce of our guns. The traders, mostly young men from the eastern cities, were fine, hearty fellows, who employ their capital in this trade because it combines pleasure with profit, and the excitement and danger of the journey through the Indian country are more agreeable than the monotonous life of a city merchant. The volunteers' camp was some three miles up the river on the other side. Colonel Doniphan, who commanded, had just returned from an expedition into the Navajo country for the purpose of making a treaty with the chiefs of that nation, who have hitherto been bitter enemies of the New Mexicans. From appearances no one would have imagined this to be a military encampment. The tents were in a line, but there all uniformity ceased. There were no regulations in force with regard to cleanliness. The camp was strewed with bones and offal of the cattle slaughtered for its supply, and not the slightest attention was paid to keeping it clear from other accumulations of filth. The men, unwashed and unshaven, were ragged and dirty, without uniforms, and dressed as, and how, they pleased. They wandered about, listless and sickly-looking, or were sitting in groups playing at cards, and swearing and cursing, even at the officers if they interfered to stop it, (as I witnessed.) The greatest irregularities constantly took place. Sentries, or a guard, although in an enemy's country, were voted unnecessary; and one fine day, during the time I was here, three Navajo Indians ran off with a flock of eight hundred sheep belonging to the camp, killing the two volunteers in charge of them, and reaching the mountains in safety with their booty. Their mules and horses were straying over the country; in fact, the most total want of discipline was apparent in everything. These very men, however, were as full of fight as game-cocks, and shortly after defeated four times their number of Mexicans at Sacramento near Chihuahua.

"The American can never be made a soldier; his constitution will not bear the restraint of discipline, neither will his very mistaken notions about liberty allow him to subject himself to its necessary control. In a country abounding with all the necessaries of life, and where any one of physical ability is at no loss for profitable employment; moreover, where, from the nature of the country, the lower classes lead a life free from all the restraint of society, and almost its conventional laws, it is easy to conceive that it would require great inducements for a man to enter the army, and subject himself to discipline for the sake of the trifling remuneration, when so many other sources of profitable employment are open to him. For these reasons the service is unpopular, and only resorted to by men who are either too indolent to work, or whose bad characters prevent them seeking other employment.

"The volunteering service, on the other hand, is eagerly sought, on occasions such as the present war with Mexico affords, by young men even of the most respectable classes, as, in this, discipline exists but in name, and they have privileges and rights, such as electing their own officers, &c., which they consider to be more consonant to their ideas of liberty and equality. The system is palpably bad, as they have sufficiently proved in this war. The election of officers is made entirely a political question, and quite irrespective of their military qualities, and, knowing the footing on which they stand with the men, they, if even they know how, are afraid to exact of them either order or discipline. Of drill or manœuvring the volunteers have little or no idea. 'Every man on his own hook' is their system in action: and trusting to, and confident in, their undeniable bravery, they 'go ahead,' and overcome all obstacles. No people know better the advantages of discipline than do the officers of the regular service; and it is greatly to their credit that they can keep the standing army in the state it is. As it is mostly composed of foreigners—Germans, English, and Irish, and deserters from the British army—they might be brought to as perfect a state of discipline as any of the armies of Europe; but the feeling of the people will not permit it; the public would at once cry out against it as contrary to republican notions and the liberty of the citizen.

"There is a vast disparity between the officers of the regular army and the men they command. Receiving at West Point (an admirable institution) a military education by which they acquire a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the science of war, as a class they are probably more distinguished for military knowledge than the officers of any European army. Uniting with this a high chivalrous feeling and most conspicuous gallantry, they have all the essentials of the officer and soldier. Notwithstanding this, they have been hitherto an unpopular class in the United States, being accused of having a tendency to aristocratic feeling, but rather, I do believe, from the marked distinction in education and character which divides them from the mass, than any other reason. However, the late operations in Mexico have sufficiently proved that to their regular officers alone, and more particularly to those who have been educated at the much-decried West Point, are to be attributed the successes which have everywhere attended the American arms; and it is notorious that on more than one occasion the steadiness of the small regular force, and particularly of the artillery, under their command, has saved the army from most serious disasters."

Our author, in saying of the Mexicans generally that they have "not one single

virtue," does not, it must be confessed, leave upon the reader a very favorable impression of their character; yet in comparison with his remarks upon the people of New Mexico, his former expressions are quite faint:—

"In their social state but one degree removed from the veriest savages, they might take a lesson even from these in morality and the conventional decencies of life. Imposing no restraint on their passions, a shameless and universal concubinage exists, and a total disregard of moral laws, to which it would be impossible to find a parallel in any country calling itself civilized. A want of honorable principle, and consummate duplicity and treachery, characterize all their dealings. Liars by nature, they are treacherous and faithless to their friends, cowardly and cringing to their enemies: cruel, as all cowards are, they unite savage ferocity with their want of animal courage; as an example of which, their recent massacre of Governor Bent and other Americans may be given—one of a hundred instances."

The city of Santa Fé, judging from his report, cannot have much improved since the visit of an acquaintance who traded there many years ago:—

"The appearance of the town defies description, and I can compare it to nothing but a dilapidated brick-kiln or a prairie-dog town. The inhabitants are worthy of their city, and a more miserable, vicious-looking population it would be impossible to imagine. Neither was the town improved, at the time of my visit, by the addition to the population of some three thousand Americans, the dirtiest, rowdiest crew I have ever seen collected together.

"Crowds of drunken volunteers filled the streets, brawling and boasting, but never fighting; Mexicans, wrapped in sarape, scowled upon them as they passed; donkey-loads of hoja—corn-shucks—were hawking about for sale; and Pueblo Indians and priests jostled the rude crowds of brawlers at every step. Under the portales were numerous monté tables, surrounded by Mexicans and Americans. Every other house was a grocery, as they call a gin or whisky shop, continually disgorging, reeling, drunken men, and everywhere filth and dirt reigned triumphant."

"Although I had determined to remain some time in Santa Fé to recruit my animals, I was so disgusted with the filth of the town, and the disreputable society a stranger was forced into, that in a very few days I once more packed my mules, and proceeded to the north, through the valley of Taos."

From the valley of Taos the author crossed over to the head waters of the Colorado, thence back to the valley of the Red Fork of the Arkansas, where, with the exception of occasional visits to a small fort inhabited by a few hunters, he spent the winter in the region around the base of the Rocky Mountains. In May he started from this fort in company with some Americans, for Council Grove, Fort Leavenworth and St. Louis, from which city he came by the lake route to New York in July, and reached Liverpool in August—making a pleasant little excursion of somewhat over twelve months.

Near the conclusion of his book he favors us with his opinion in general respecting the war, and also with his views on slavery, neither of which, although his idea of the former is very correct, and all his remarks conceived in a manly spirit, is worth quoting here. We do not think it necessary to look to foreigners for our political opinions, and it is only where he appears as an observer that his statements are of value; his *eyes*, his testimony as an unbiassed witness, are all that we can make use of.

The incidental paragraphs bearing upon our Mexican relations, which we have given nearly all of, scarcely make a feature in the volume, which is simply a personal narrative of adventures. We should have been better pleased, had it not been necessary to have given most attention to these paragraphs, to have extracted many more of the choice pieces of description in which the book abounds, and thus to have given our article a more agreeable direction. As it is we cannot bring ourselves to leave it without culling a few extracts which will give the reader some idea of its interest.

A View in the Mountains.—"Before me lay the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak lifting its snowy head far above the rest; and to the southeast the Spanish Peaks (Cumbres Españolas) towered like twin giants over the plains. Beneath the mountain on which I stood was a narrow valley, through which ran a streamlet bordered with dwarf-oak and pine, and looking like a thread of silver as it wound through the plain. Rugged peaks and ridges, snow-clad and covered with pine, and deep gorges filled with broken rocks, everywhere met the eye. To the eastward the

mountains gradually smoothed away into detached spurs and broken ground, until they met the vast prairies, which stretched far as the eye could reach, and hundreds of miles beyond—a sea of seeming barrenness, vast and dismal. A hurricane of wind was blowing at the time, and clouds of dust swept along the sandy prairies, like the smoke of a million bonfires. On the mountain-top it roared and raved through the pines, filling the air with snow and broken branches, and piling it in huge drifts against the trees. The perfect solitude of this vast wilderness was most appalling. From my position on the summit of the dividing ridge I had a bird's-eye view, as it were, over the rugged and chaotic masses of the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast deserts which stretched away from their eastern bases; while, on all sides of me, broken ridges, and chasms and ravines, with masses of piled-up rocks and uprooted trees, with clouds of drifting snow flying through the air, and the hurricane's roar battling through the forest at my feet, added to the wildness of the scene, which was unrelieved by the slightest vestige of animal or human life. Not a sound, either of bird or beast, was heard—indeed, the hoarse and stunning rattle of the wind would have drowned them, so loud it roared and raved through the trees."

Pike's Peak at Daybreak.—"Daybreak in this wild spot was beautiful in the extreme. While the deep gorge in which I lay was still buried in perfect gloom, the mountain-tops loomed gray and indistinct from out the morning mist. A faint glow of light broke over the ridge which shut out the valley from the east, and, spreading over the sky, first displayed the snow-covered peak, a wreath of vapory mist encircling it, which gradually rose and disappeared. Suddenly the dull white of its summit glowed with light like burnished silver; and at the same moment the whole eastern sky blazed, as it were in gold, and ridge and peak, catching the refulgence, glittered with the beams of the rising sun, which at length, peeping over the crest, flooded at once the valley with its dazzling light."

A Travelling Companion.—"From Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening, as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to anything lying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie where I had killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made, on the remains of the two carcasses, had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as soon as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remnants of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and, if we halted for a short time to adjust the mule-packs or water the animals, he sat down quietly until we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, and was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on, or loped round and round, licking his jaws, and in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him."

Contentment better than Riches.—"In the early part of the night, when the storm was at its height, I was attracted to a fire at the edge of the encampment by the sound of a man's voice perpetrating a song. Drawing near, I found a fire, or, rather, a few embers and an extinguished log, over which cowered a man sitting cross-legged in Indian fashion, holding his attenuated hands over the expiring ashes. His features, pinched with the cold, and lank and thin with disease, wore a comically serious expression, as the electric flashes lighted them up, the rain streaming off his nose and prominent chin, and his hunting-shirt hanging about him in a flabby and soaking embrace. He was quite alone, and sat watching a little pot, doubtless containing his supper, which refused to boil on the miserable fire. Spite of such a situation, which could be termed anything but cheering, he, like Mark Tapley, evidently thought that now was the very moment to be jolly, and was rapping out at the top of his voice a ditty, the chorus of which was, and which he gave with peculiar emphasis,

'How happy am I!
From care I'm free:
Oh, why are not all
Contented like me?'—

Not for an instant intending it as a satire upon himself, but singing away with perfect seriousness, raising his voice at the third line, 'Oh, why are not all,' particularly at the 'Oh,' in a most serio-comical manner. During the night I occasionally shook the water out of my blanket, and raised my head to assure myself that the animals were safe, lying down to sleep again, perfectly satisfied that not even a Pawnee would face such a storm, even to steal horses. But I did that celebrated thieving nation gross injustice; for they, on that very night, carried off several mules belonging to the other train of wagons, notwithstanding that a strict guard was kept up all the night."

A Night in the Snow.—"The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead,

expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me, with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stones in the memoranda of my journeyings.

"Once, late in the night, by keeping my hands buried in the breast of my hunting-shirt, I succeeded in restoring sufficient feeling into them to enable me to strike a light. Luckily my pipe, which was made out of a huge piece of cotton-wood bark, and capable of containing at least twelve ordinary pipefuls, was filled with tobacco to the brim; and this, I do believe, kept me alive during the night, for I smoked and smoked until the pipe itself caught fire, and burned completely to the stem.

"I was just sinking into a dreamy stupor, when the mules began to shake themselves, and sneeze and snort; which hailing as a good sign, and that they were still alive, I attempted to lift my head and take a view of the weather. When with great difficulty I raised my head, all appeared dark as pitch, and it did not at first occur to me that I was buried deep in snow; but when I thrust my arm above me, a hole was thus made, through which I saw the stars shining in the sky, and the clouds fast clearing away. Making a sudden attempt to straighten my almost petrified back and limbs, I rose, but unable to stand, fell forward in the snow, frightening the animals, which immediately started away. When I gained my legs I found that day was just breaking, a long, gray line of light appearing over the belt of timber on the creek, and the clouds gradually rising from the east, and allowing the stars to peep from patches of blue sky. Following the animals as soon as I gained the use of my limbs, and taking a last look at the perfect cave from which I had just risen, I found them in the timber, and, singular enough, under the very tree where we had *cached* our meat. However, I was unable to ascend the tree in my present state, and my frost-bitten fingers refused to perform their offices; so that I jumped upon my horse, and, followed by the mules, galloped back to the Arkansas, which I reached in the evening, half dead with hunger and cold."

How it makes one feel.—"Apart from the feeling of loneliness which any one in my situation must naturally have experienced, surrounded by stupendous works of nature, which in all their solitary grandeur frowned upon me, and sinking into utter insignificance the miserable mortal who crept beneath their shadow, still there was something inexpressibly exhilarating in the sensation of positive freedom from all worldly care, and a consequent expansion of the sinews, as it were, of mind and body, which made me feel elastic as a ball of Indian rubber, and in a state of such perfect *insouciance* that no more dread of scalping Indians entered my mind than if I had been sitting in Broadway, in one of the windows of Astor House. A citizen of the world, I never found any difficulty in investing my resting-place, wherever it might be, with all the attributes of a home; and hailed, with delight equal to that which the artificial comforts of a civilized home would have caused, the, to me, domestic appearance of my hobbled animals, as they grazed around the camp, when I returned after a hard day's hunt."

Comfortable Lodgings.—"The night before reaching Caw River we encamped on a bare prairie, through which ran a small creek, fringed with timber. At sundown the wind, which had blown smartly the whole day, suddenly fell, and one of those unnatural calms succeeded, which so surely herald a storm in these regions. The sky became overcast with heavy inky clouds, and an intolerably sultry and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere. Myriads of fire-flies darted about, and legions of bugs and beetles, and invading hosts of sand-flies and mosquitos, droned and hummed in the air, swooping like charging Cossacks on my unfortunate body. Beetles and bugs of easy squeezability, Brobdignag proportions, and intolerable odor, darted into my mouth as I gasped for breath; while sand-flies with their atomic stings probed my nose and ears, and mosquitos thrust their poisoned lances into every part of my body. Hoping for the coming storm, I lay without covering, exposed to all their attacks; but the agony of this merciless persecution was nothing to the thrill of horror which pervaded my very bones when a cold, clammy rattlesnake crawled over my naked ankles; a flash of lightning at the moment revealing to me the reptile, as with raised head it dragged its scaly belly across my skin, during which time, to me an age, I feared to draw a breath lest the snake should strike me. Presently the storm broke upon us; a hurricane of wind squalled over the prairie, a flash of vivid lightning, followed by a clap of deafening thunder, and then down came the rain in torrents. I actually revelled in the shower-bath; for away on the instant were washed bugs and beetles; mosquitos were drowned in millions; and the rattlesnakes I knew would now retire to their holes, and leave me in peace and quiet."

G. W. P.

A WORD ON TREACHERY.

Treachery has always a mixture of duplicity and dishonesty, and no man can justly be styled a traitor, who maintains an open and steady opposition to any power. He, we think, is the real traitor who enters into a cause in order to betray it; or who vacillates in his duty and allows his affection to go over to the enemy. He, too, is a traitor of the blackest dye, who abuses his country's confidence, or employs its revenues or its power in unlawful enterprises: his treachery is of a character more to be feared and abhorred than that of an Arnold, for it is more subtle, more difficult to detect and punish, and works evil on a grander scale. He, too, is a subtle traitor, who misrepresents the finances or the designs of the government in his official correspondence with the people: citizens do not vote men into office to give them an opportunity of carrying out their private schemes; they are there to do their duty, to work for the people, and not to manufacture false estimates, or hatch schemes of conquest.

It is a very common notion, that to be a traitor, one must have given up a fortress, or surrendered a body of troops, or sent information to the enemy, or the like overt acts; but this is only a vulgar and visible kind of treason: is not he also your enemy, who injures and insults you by false information of your affairs? and being in your confidence, and bound to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; is he not a true and genuine betrayer of you, if he does otherwise? The information is necessary to you; you cannot exercise your prerogative as a freeman, to decide in your private thoughts, or give your public opinion upon the course government should take; you cannot vote correctly or do anything rightly as a citizen, without a true and full account of the condition of your government. He, then, to me is a traitor, who deceives me in particulars so important to me, and I write him down as such in my remembrance.

Or, to put another case, imagine that you know of a man, who, for the sake of a proconsulship over a conquered province, will make use of you and your free government, established for your benefit and comfort, to defend you against enemies from without, and traitors within—to urge you into a war that you hate, that brings no honor to yourself, and entails debt and tyranny upon your children; does he not stand in the shoes of a traitor? It is for himself only, and not for you, that he bestirs himself so briskly, and puffs so many fine speeches in your ears, stuffed with epithets of honor and fame.

Ten thousand brave men and good soldiers are led into the field against a rabble of thieves and Indians, to be swept down by grape-shot, or to die of fever and rheumatic cramps, and all to please the vile ambition of a few aspiring gentlemen. Was it for *our* good that all this ravage was committed? Or was it to satisfy a private ambition? But if to satisfy a private ambition, then of what character was that ambition? of a treacherous, or of a patriotic character? Do these ambitious gentlemen suffer any of the ills which they inflict? Did *they* lie down with our brave troops and spirited officers in the wet ditches, to die there—or rise from a feverish couch at beat of drum, to be swept down by the hateful shot of the Mexican? He, we think, is the real traitor, who deceives the people and betrays them to death; and he the true patriot, who, when his country is in danger, rushes to the front rank in her defence.

Never yet have this people endured so bitter an insult as that speech addressed to them by their President, when he stigmatized the opposers of this Mexican War with the name of traitor. His country will never forget nor forgive it—never! Nor is this shuffling Report of the Treasurer a less disgraceful affair—a worthy fellow to the message that preceded it; yet it excites less indignation, because it discovers a cowardly fear of public opinion; the Treasury is afraid to tell how much money it has spent, and means to spend, and so gives the people an under estimate. This is like the proceedings of dishonest jobbers, who cheat a bargainer with underrating the cost; a proof that they respect neither themselves nor the man with whom they have to deal.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

By the arrival of the Hibernia we are in possession of news from London to the 29th January. Specie still continues to be received in England, and by the weekly account of the Bank, issued on the 27th January, we find the amount in its vaults has increased to the sum of £13,176,812, and its notes in active circulation to be £19,111,880. On the 27th, the Directors gave notice that their rate of discount would be reduced from five to four per cent.; a measure supposed necessary to prevent their being excluded from the discount market, some large establishments in that line having intimated to their depositors that three per cent. was their maximum rate. Three per cent. consols had risen to 89¼. The prices of this stock during last year will show the fluctuations in Government securities. On the 1st January, 1847, the stock (which was then closed for the January dividend) was sold for the opening at 93⅞ to 94, exclusive of the dividend. Soon after, the failure of the crops and the state of Ireland, caused a depression. In March, the loan of £8,000,000 was taken at 89½; but on the 1st of April this loan fell to 1 discount. At the June shutting of consols, the price was 88½, from which period it fell rapidly. On the 19th of October, some few bargains were done for money, at from 78¾ to 79¼. On the publication of the letter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which we have before referred, a rapid improvement of nearly 3 per cent. took place; and since that time, with some slight reactions, prices gradually advanced; and on the 1st of January last, consols for the opening were at 85 ex. div. The trade and commerce of the country show symptoms of improvement; accounts from the manufacturing districts show a gradual increase of the employment of operatives. Some few failures have taken place during the last fortnight; but they are stated to be of minor importance, and the demand for most articles of foreign and colonial produce has been extensive, and at improved prices. The cotton market was steady, but not active, and a slight depression had taken place in the price of bread stuffs.

A grave question affecting the Church of England, has arisen in consequence of the nomination of Dr. Hampden to the vacant See of Hereford. On the receipt of the *congé d'élire*, by the Dean and Chapter, the former and a portion of the Chapter commenced a strong opposition to the nominee, on account of some tenets professed by him; the election, however, was formally completed, and Dr. Hampden was confirmed by the Vicar General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, on that occasion, refused to entertain an opposition which was then attempted. The objectors have since had recourse to the Court of Queen's Bench, and the question to be decided by that tribunal appears in fact to be, whether the nomination by the crown is imperative on the Dean and Chapter, and the election consequently a mere form; or whether the latter body have the right of rejection; in other words, whether, in the appointment of Bishops, the Church is or not under the entire control of the Sovereign. Considerable excitement has been raised on the subject of the national defences. The Duke of Wellington has written a letter setting forth their entire inadequacy in case of a war, and states, that from the use of steam navies, the country would be at the complete mercy of the French, who, in a few days from the announcement of hostilities, would be able to land such a force as could not be prevented from reaching London. This opinion appears to be entertained by several other military men, and the erection of defensive works, on the south and east coasts, is strongly urged; in consequence of which, surveys are being made, which will doubtless lead to the construction of some very costly works. This panic has crossed the Channel, and the French appear inclined to pursue a similar course, in order to protect themselves from invasion from England. There are numerous accounts of shipwrecks and disasters at sea. The British steam frigate "Avenger," a first-class war-steamer, of 650 horse power, built in 1845, was wrecked on the Sorelli Rocks, near Tunis, and totally lost. A portion of her crew reached the latter place, but it is feared the greater part perished. Accounts have also been received, that the British brig of war "Snake" was wrecked, and became a total loss, on the 29th of August, on a reef near Mocambo, ten miles south of the island of Mozambique. The influenza has been for some time on the decline in England. From the official report, it appears that the deaths in the metropolitan districts, for the week ending 22d January, were 1401, being an excess of 294 over the winter average; only 89 deaths occurred that week from influenza. McQueen, in his "Statistics of the British Empire," states that in that kingdom "there are 2,250,000 horses, of the total value of £67,000,000, of which more than 1,500,000 are used in agricul-

ture, and that their value is £45,000,000. The number of black cattle in the kingdom is about 14,000,000 to 15,000,000, of the value of £216,000,000; the number of sheep 50,000,000, whose value is estimated at £67,000,000. The number of pigs of all ages, breeding and rearing, is calculated to be upwards of 18,000,000, which, taking one-third at £2 each, and the remainder at 10s. each, gives a value of £11,870,000 as the capital invested in pigs alone; making the total amount of capital invested in the above species of agricultural stock, £346,270,000." The estimated amount of foreign grain, corn and meal imported into Great Britain, from the 5th of July, 1846, to the 10th of October, 1847, exceeded 12,926,907 quarters, at the cost to the importers, of £33,452,775.

Isaac D'Israeli, author of "The Curiosities of Literature," and other celebrated works, died on the 19th of January, of influenza, at his country seat, Bradenham House, in Buckinghamshire, aged 82 years. He was the only child of Benjamin D'Israeli, a Venetian merchant, who resided at Enfield, near London. His collegiate studies were pursued at Amsterdam and Leyden, where he acquired several modern languages and much classic knowledge. In 1786 he proceeded to France, and there turned his attention to French literature. He returned to England and commenced authorship, by writing some verses in the Gentleman's Magazine, and in 1791, wrote a "Defence of Poetry," which he soon suppressed. Being in a situation of pecuniary independence, he devoted his whole life to letters. His "Commentary on the Life and Reign of Charles I." procured him the Honorary Degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford. In 1839 he was struck with blindness, but this calamity did not prevent his publication of the "Amenities of Literature," which his daughter's aid enabled him to produce. Miss Caroline Lucretia Herschell, sister to the celebrated Astronomer, Sir William Herschell, died at Hanover on the 9th of January, at which place she was born on the 16th of March, 1750. She was the constant companion and sole assistant of her brother in his astronomical labors, to the success of which her indefatigable zeal, diligence, and singular accuracy of calculation, not a little contributed. She performed the whole of the laborious duties of his astronomical assistant, attending both his daily labors and nightly watches; and executed extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render his labors available to science, as well as a multitude of others, relative to objects of theoretical and experimental inquiry, in which, during his long and active life, he was engaged. For the performance of these services she was in receipt of an income, granted to her by George the Third, sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits. She was an Honorary Member of the Royal Astronomical Society, and of the Royal Irish Academy. Some years since the Gold Medal of the former Society was awarded to her. The present Astronomer of that name was her favorite nephew.

In Ireland the trial of offenders is progressing under the Special Commissions, and notwithstanding the state of the disturbed districts, the administration of justice is not impeded. Eleven persons have been capitally convicted, and a large number, found guilty of crimes, have been transported or committed to prison for various terms. Assassinations and threatening notices still continue, and some of the latter have been received by Catholic priests. The law restricting the right of possessing arms is being enforced. In some parts, fever and influenza, both of a malignant description, prevail, and local destitution still continues. In the counties of Meath and Cavan, numbers of small farmers are disposing of their property with a view of emigrating in the spring; and there are numbers holding respectable positions in society, who intend leaving for America or the British Colonies.

The Princess Adelaide, sister to the King of the French, died on the 28th of December, after a few days' illness; her disease was the *grippe*, but no serious apprehensions had been entertained. By her death the King loses a counsellor, on whose judgment he was accustomed to place great reliance. The hesitation of the Duchess of Orleans to consent to her husband's accepting the crown, when offered to him, was overcome by the firmness of the princess, and since that period she had been consulted on all questions in which the family interest was concerned. She died in possession of great wealth, the bulk of which goes to the Duke of Montpensier. The *Journal des Debats* states that the defensive works (in anticipation of an English invasion) which are resolved to be executed will cost 64,195,700 francs. On the 1st January there were 306 manufactories of domestic sugar in operation; the quantity manufactured, or lying over since last year, was 39,903,489 killogrammes; that sold for consumption, 20,514,994; and the duty levied on the article, 19,388,495 francs. The customs-duties on imports and exports, for the last year, amounted to 134,117,730 francs, being a diminution of 19,841,178 francs, as compared with the year previous. A debate in the Chamber of Deputies on a motion, having for its object to inculpate M. Guizot with having encouraged and sanctioned the sale of an office of Refendary in the Court of Accounts, terminated in favor of the ministry by a vote of 225 to 146. On the 1st Jan., intelligence reached Paris of the arrival of the celebrated Abd-el-Kader at Toulon. The the Ex-Emir, hemmed in between the troops of Emperor of Morocco, and the French cavalry, under General Lamoriciere, surrendered to the latter on condition that he should be allowed to fix his residence in Egypt or Syria. These

terms being ratified by the Duc d'Aumale, Governor of Algeria, the fallen chief proceeded to Toulon in a government steamer. The terms of his surrender are not acted upon by the Government, and he is kept in confinement, and treated with considerable rigor, for the purpose of compelling him to renounce his intended residence. It is said that he will be confined in Fort Lamalque, until an answer can be received from Mehemet Ali, as to whether he will consent to receive the Emir in Egypt, and give a guarantee to the French Government that he shall not leave that country.

The following description of Abd-el-Kader's person is given in the *Toulonnais*:—"Abd-el-Kader is of middling height. The expression of his countenance is mild, and rather mystical than warlike. His complexion has not that perfect purity which distinguishes the Arab aristocracy; his face is pitted with small marks, which look like the traces of small-pox; and in the middle of his forehead is a small tattoo mark. His beard is very black, but not thick. His costume is so simple, that it is, perhaps, not quite devoid of affectation."

In Switzerland, the dominant party are proceeding in a course of violence and injustice. Formal sentence of proscription and confiscation has been published against thirty-one of the principal citizens of Fribourg, all of them untried, and they are condemned jointly and severally to pay a fine of 1,200,000 Swiss francs, or about $350,000, besides the loss of civil rights, and the banishment of fifteen of them for six years. Convents are suppressed and their property confiscated. A contribution of 460,000 Swiss francs is imposed on the Bishop of the diocese and nine convents situated in the canton, not belonging to the Jesuits; and all church property is placed under the control of the State.

The Monastery of St. Bernard, which has been known for centuries to all Europe, by the piety, courage, and benevolence of its hardy inmates, has not escaped the ravages and plunder of the successful party in Switzerland—between which kingdom and the Sardinian dominions it is situated. Although its inmates belonged to a religious order against which no political accusation had been preferred; by a decree of the 2d December, it was deprived of its ecclesiastical patronage, and sentenced to pay a very heavy fine. In vain the monks declared that the exaction would be their ruin, and that it would put an end to the hospitality which their house had exercised for 850 years; the Diet was inexorable, and on the 18th of December, at 2 o'clock in the morning, certain federal commissaries and a body of armed soldiers entered the monastery, and taking an inventory of all the goods and chattels which it contained, established a military garrison within its ancient walls. Against this act of aggression the monks have entered a solemn protest.

The Pope has dispatched a note to the Vorort, deploring the intelligence which has reached him of the expulsion of religious bodies, in contravention of solemn guarantees contained in the compact of 1845, and of various acts of sacrilege committed in churches. The Diet at its meeting, on the 14th January, resolved not to notice the Pope's protest, and denied the right of any foreign power to invoke the benefit of the federal pact; they also deny the charges of sacrilege, and declare that the Nuncio and upper clergy had been fomentors of troubles, and had encouraged the Sonderbund to resistance. The English minister has presented a friendly note to the President of the Diet, recommending a general amnesty, and the French Government have made a strong remonstrance against the proceedings now in progress.

The Minister of Finance, at Madrid, has presented his budget to the Chambers. The receipts are said to amount to 1,283,631,000 reals, and the expenses are to be reduced to that amount. Espartero is in Madrid and appears to enjoy great popularity, both at Court and among the people. The Chambers have been engaged in a very violent discussion of a proposal to impeach Salamanca for peculation while in the ministry. He threatens retaliation against Mon and Pidal, his former colleagues, and declares he is prepared to prove that the former, during his ministry, made away with about half a million of dollars of the public money, which he invested in the French funds. The influenza is raging at Madrid; as many as 122 persons have died in one day.

The arrival of Austrian troops in Italy still continues. It is said their number in that country amounts to 75,000, the ordinary number being only 30,000; and the Government of Austria has given immense orders for arms and projectiles. In Rome 12,000 percussion muskets have been received from France; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany is about giving orders for arms in England, and is applying to the French Government for muskets. Lombardy is in a state of great excitement, and a general rising against the Austrians is not thought unlikely. Pavia has been the theatre of scenes of bloodshed. On the 8th January, the students of this University came to blows with the Austrian garrison, and many of the combatants on both sides were left dead on the gronnd. Pavia is only four hours' drive from Milan, and is situated on the very frontier of the Sardinian States. On the 9th, the struggle was renewed with great rancor on both sides. Ten persons were killed, and forty seriously wounded. The University was closed, and most of the students have crossed the frontier, and entered the dominions of Charles Albert of Sardinia.

The following are some of the principal provisions of the *motu propriu* decree of the Pope relative to the organization of the Minis-

try, and which appear to give general satisfaction. The administration of the Holy See is, in future, to consist of nine departments, namely: foreign affairs, interior, public instruction, grace and justice, finance, commerce, fine-arts, manufactures and agriculture, public works, war, and police. The chiefs of those departments are to compose the Council of Ministers. State affairs are not to be brought before that council until the Consulta (the deputies) shall have examined them and given its opinion. Ministers are to be responsible for the acts of their respective administration, and the subaltern officers are to be likewise accountable for the execution of the orders they may have received. The important affairs of the State are not to be submitted to the approbation of the sovereign until they shall have been discussed in the Council of Ministers. The latter are to appoint all public functionaries and officers, the consuls-general, the governors, and the councillors of the Government, the professors of the university and provincial colleges, the military commanders and officers, &c.; the Pope only reserves to himself the nomination of the cardinals, nuncios, &c. The Council of Ministers is to meet every week under the presidency of the Secretary of State. The latter is to be a cardinal, and his deputy a prelate; but the other Ministers may be indifferently clergymen or laymen. Twenty-four auditors are attached to the Council of Ministers.

Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Parma, widow of the Emperor Napoleon, died on the 17th of December last. By her decease the Duke of Lucca succeeds to the Duchy of Parma. Great discontent exists in his dominions, to keep down which, he has applied to the Austrian Government for troops.

In Sicily affairs are in a terrible state. The people at Palermo are in revolt against the government; the streets are barricaded, and there have been several collisions between the people and the troops, in which the latter lost upwards of 60 men. On the 14th January, 4,500 troops were dispatched from Naples to put down the insurrection. In the latter place there is also great excitement, and the Austrian government requested permission from the Pope, to march 30,000 troops through the dominions of the Church, to assist in keeping quiet the Neapolitan population, but a peremptory refusal was given by the Pope. Letters from Turin state that the King had ordered an intrenched camp to be formed on the heights of Valenza to accommodate 30,000 troops, to defend the country against any attack of the Austrians.

Christian VIII., King of Denmark, died on the 19th January. He was born 18th September, 1786, and succeeded to the throne December 3, 1839. He married Princess Charlotte Frederica, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in 1803, and was divorced from her in 1812. He afterwards married Princess Caroline of Schleswig-Holstein. The Crown Prince, Frederick Charles Christian, was born October, 1808.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Cambridge: George Nichols. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1848.

The dedication of this volume, the sonnet on the succeeding page, and several of the pieces of rhyme, are in such bad taste, as to render it impossible to speak the truth of them without seeming discourteous. When an individual comes with his wife into a parlor, and launches forth into a history of their loves and sufferings, their hopes, trials, experiences, and the like, most people naturally prefer to sit apart and leave him to those whose duty it is to entertain such visitors. But the case is different when one comes thus before the public; for the public is an entertainer who is not obliged to endure bores, and at whose parties no one has a right to appear in mourning, or in any affected mode of dress or speech, designed to attract attention to himself. Each one there must bring what he actually has in him of amusement and instruction, or he will be discovered to be an unwelcome intruder; and it will be the duty of critics, who are the marshals of the saloons, to signify "*molliter*," as the law maxim has it, that his absence, or better behavior, would be desirable.

There is no reason why Mr. Lowell should come with his affairs before the world in the character of a weeper and seeker. If he would avoid the affectation, and *be a* MAN, he might do infinitely better. All of us have our private griefs; every man and woman, like Winifred Jenkins, have their secrets to expose; but it is not generally thought noble or grateful to nurse them, make capital out of them, and write rhyme about them. A man, especially, is called upon to lay aside every weight, and resist the heartcracking shocks that flesh is heir to,

with a stubborn resolution. The great poets were those who, with all their sensitiveness, were able to bear the load of regrets with the strength and pride of youth; they did their work and left their tears to the biographers.

The small poets, some of them, favor us with their autobiographies before they have done anything. It is an easily besetting affectation, now when we know so much of literary life in past days, to fancy ourselves poets, and scholars, and thinkers, and then to sit down under that agreeable delusion, and address our countrymen. A great deal of labor is saved by it, and though we must always, one would suppose, have a secret misgiving that we were not Shakspeares and Miltons, yet we can, with very little merit, gather around us circles and cliques of admirers, who will make us extremely comfortable.

We wonder that Mr. Lowell, who is so full of bravery, and has such hatred of "shams," does not consider that it would be far more manly in him to *do something* before asking so much sympathy of the candid reader. He can write, if he will try, we are willing to believe, much better than he has. He has an ear and an eye, but when it comes to thinking he falls at once into the slough of profundity; and as for imagination, he seems either so slothful, or so cautious, that all he ever shows of himself is a peculiar state of affectedness which must be altogether foreign to the life of any soul of common perception and experience. Let him be as *strong* and *brave* as he can be, and *talk about it less;* he will gain far more in the end. Whatever of real strength he brings to his work will be sure to manifest itself. The "Present" seems to him "poor and bare;" so it does to us; but both we and he, and all of us, must labor and accomplish, whatsoever we do accomplish, for ourselves or our country, in this very Present, in spite of its poverty and bareness.

Coleridge, around whom probably the Present seemed as poor and bare as around any man living, found time to analyze the poetic genius in such a masterly way, that what he has written on the subject is a repository to which we may recur again and again for instruction in the first principles of the poetic art. "Imagery," says he, "(even taken from nature, much more when transplanted from books, as travels, voyages and works of natural history,) affecting incidents; just thoughts; *interesting personal or domestic feelings;* and with these the art of their combination, or intertexture in the form of a poem; may all, by incessant effort, be acquired as a trade, by a man of talents and much reading, who has mistaken an intense desire of poetic reputation for a natural poetic genius; the love of the arbitrary end for the possession of the peculiar means. * * * A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself. At least I have found, that when the subject is taken immediately from the author's *personal sensations* and experiences, the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge of genuine poetic power."

These opinions he then illustrates and enforces, but with any to whom they are not intuitively apparent it is wasting speech to attempt to make them clearer.

Poetry is a life; but it is, at the same time, an art. The naked record of experiences, emotions or perceptions does not alone constitute poetry. The poet must go out of himself and into his art; he must assume a character, which must be the reflection of his own, and must then work at his subject in the same way that a sculptor, painter, or musician works at his. Some of Burns's most passionate songs were composed for money, and while his own personal thoughts were all of other matters: how completely he assumes the artist; affectation rises to imaginative power; the unreal becomes more real than the real, and bears up the poet himself, so that he takes on a higher existence. This is pure poetic power, and such an ever-cumulative existence is the true life of the poetic soul.

A young poet has much study before him to purge his head of shadows, and his heart of vanities, as well as much labor in the mechanical departments of poetry, before he can deserve half the praise which he will receive from his friends, and from those who are willing to overlook radical defects, and see only occasional beauties in his verses.

Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This exceedingly interesting republication has reached its thirteenth number, which nearly completes the first half of the entire work. Most of our readers are probably so well acquainted with its merit that we need occupy space here only to mention the gratifying circumstance of its great popularity. Those whom the chances of life have placed in a position where it is their duty to act as conservators of literature, feel a keener joy in such things than other people; it is to them not a little refreshing, after wandering through a cheap bookstore, and reading the titles advertised in the daily papers, and the regularly manufactured puffs, to find that so excellent a work as Chambers's, for young readers, actually *sells.* It shows that there is yet a good supply of old-fashioned boys and girls in the country, and that the French novels, though they have overrun the land, have not yet gotten the field entirely to themselves.

But these tracts are not for boys and girls only, nor need any reader pass them by because they are intended for "the masses." We plead guilty to having wasted the better part of an evening very agreeably with the "Life of *Henri Quatre*," the "Anecdotes of Serpents," "Anecdotes of Cats," and the "Sister of Rembrandt:" the Scotch are capital story-tellers, but poor metaphysicians.

The work has an immense circulation abroad, the average weekly impressions being, according to the statement of the Messrs. Chambers on the cover, 115,000—an almost incredibly large number. Some sheets have reached 200,000; and of one, the "Life of Louis Philippe," they have printed 280,470 copies.

It is to be hoped the republication will have equal success, for so far as we have examined it, it seems most admirably calculated, both in design and execution, to foster the love of knowledge and encourage a taste for healthy reading, and thus secondarily for sound thinking.

The Philosophy of Life, and Philosophy of Language, in a Course of Lectures. By Frederick Von Schlegel. Translated from the German, by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The demand for exceedingly *fine wire* to be used in making temporary magnets for telegraphic purposes, has in all probability been the inducing cause of the present republication. At all events, here is a quantity of the article; sufficient, if it could be translated into the material form, to furnish all the batteries now in operation in the country, or that will ever be needed when we have private and public lines between every city and village, and men ride on railroads through forests of posts and under skies of cobweb. The only difficulty would be, that the material itself is drawn so very fine, that it would be, perhaps, impossible to produce any thread sufficiently attenuated to wind it, and so effect the necessary insulation.

We can read the book, it is true; it exhibits a vast deal of reading and copiousness of illustration; but the thread is often almost covered up in tedious explanations, and when clearly defined, is nothing worth tracing out. We rise from the perusal of a chapter with the feeling one experiences in escaping from the long-winded conversation of a dull, learned proser.

So much for a general criticism. If we go much further, it is at the risk of being prosy also, for it is not possible to go into this wire-spinning operation and come out prepared to manufacture solid cast-iron ideas. After looking steadily for an hour through the wrong end of a spy-glass, one's eyes become so accustomed to seeing everything brought into miniature, that common sights appear too large and rough; besides, in order to skim out the fine particles in such a great dish of German soup, it would be necessary to make a sieve with very minute interstices—a painful operation, and not very profitable, since it would take a very protracted skimming to fish off wholesome particles enough to make a comfortable dinner for stomachs accustomed to the full diet of our English literature and philosophy.

Yet we would not be understood as wishing, from intolerance, or a prejudice against German philosophizing, to depreciate these Lectures. There is a great deal in them that is true and good, and indeed one might be sure that anything from the pen of so thorough an understander and admirer of Shakspeare as Von Schlegel, would be marked by a substratum of common sense and right feeling, however crude and visionary it might appear on the surface. There is nothing, it may be safely said, without the trouble of reading them, in these Lectures prejudicial to the state or to the Christian faith.

A witty friend of ours has adopted a humorous mode of classifying individuals in society, which may be equally expressive applied to books. He does it partly by signs and gestures. Thus of such a one he says, "He is a pleasant man, but"—here he imitates with his thumb and forefinger the action of a very minute gimlet; of another he observes, that "his conversation did not particularly interest him"—at the same time moving his hands as though he were turning a carpenter's bit; and so on, through the several varieties of augers, from those of active motion, with which the workman makes at each turn a complete revolution, to the enormous species which they use for perforating pump logs, and which require several violent efforts to carry round.

Now Von Schlegel is a learned man, and, as we believe, a good one; he writes with a great show of wisdom; yet for all this, we cannot read his speculations without being reminded of our friend's whimsical comparison. He is "a *pleasant man, but*"—we seem to see the little industrious gimlet eating in with incessant rapidity. In brief, Von Schlegel, though a man to be respected for his learning and his character, is slightly a perforator; he drills a small hole through the two parietals and draws his fine wire quite through the brain—in at one side and out at the other.

Observe how coolly the driving screw is attached in his preface:—

"These fifteen Lectures on the Philosophy of Life are intended to give, as far as possible, a full and clear exposition of the most interesting topics that can engage human attention. In the opening, they treat of the soul, first of all, as forming the centre of consciousness; and secondly, of its co-operation with mind or spirit

in science, that is, the acquisition of a right knowledge of man and nature, and of their several relations to the Deity. These matters occupy five Lectures of the whole series. The next three treat of the laws of Divine wisdom and providence, as discernible in outward nature, in the world of thought, and in the history of mankind. The last seven contain an attempt to trace the development of man's mind or spirit, both within himself and in science and public life. Tracing its gradual expansion, as unfolded either by the legitimate pursuit of a restoration to original excellence, or by the struggle with the opposing spirit of the times, they follow the human race through its progressive gradations, up to the closing term of perfection."

Now, were it not necessary that some one should read a little further, and endeavor to offer a word or two of opinions and reasons therefor, we should for our own part cry, "Heigho, here's Philosophy!" and close the work here. The last sentence of the above would be as much as we should care to read, of such, for several days. But let us look into the opening chapter:—

"But when philosophy would pretend to regard this long succession of ages and all its fruits, as suddenly erased from the records of existence, and for the sake of change would start afresh, so perilous an experiment can scarcely lead to any good result, but in all probability, and to judge from past experience, will only give rise to numberless and interminable disputes."

So it might be supposed.

"Such an open space in thought—cleared from all the traces of an earlier existence (a smoothly polished marble tablet, as it were, the *tabula rasa* of a recent ephemeral philosophy)—would only serve as an arena for the useless though daring ventures of unprofitable speculation, and could never form a safe basis for solid thought, or for any permanent manifestation of intellectual life."

At this rate the reader must see that a cranium of ordinary thinness and density will soon be eaten through and through. It is very fatiguing to sit by the margin of a lazy stream and watch the chips and sticks that float along its surface.

But whoever undertakes the volume will perceive before the end of the chapter, if the preface did not convince him, that he has a task before him. After defining the nature of man to be threefold, consisting of spirit, soul, and body, the author concludes:—"The spirit of man, like the soul, divides and falls asunder; or, rather, is split and divided into two powers, or halves—the mind, namely, into understanding and will, the soul into reason and fancy. These are the four extreme points, or, if the expression be preferred, the four quarters of the inner world of consciousness."

From this it is pretty apparent to what degree of tenuity the wire is to be drawn, and how minutely the trephining operation is to be applied.

In the next chapter, beginning with the soul, he considers "the loving soul as the centre of moral life, and of marriage;" in this there are many sensible observations, and those who like to have the stream run slowly and can amuse themselves with the chips, will find in it, as doubtless in the whole book, very agreeable pastime.

German metaphysics are pleasant enough reading if one will only allow his mind to recoil and recover its natural elasticity; indeed if one can study hem in this way, simply as a mental exercise, and keep the distinctions out of his head when he wishes to use it for profit or enjoy its power in contemplative revery, they will be to him refreshing exercise. But alas! how many lose themselves in those labyrinths of distinctions; how many travel in them till they part with the delightful sense of novelty, and came to fancy themselves in the direct highway to great truths, while they are only making such progress as those who should canter new hobby-horses upon old familiar grounds.

Scenes at Washington; a Story of the Last Generation. By A Citizen of Baltimore. Harper and Brothers.

The first and most conspicuous part of the title of this volume is common, and does not sufficiently indicate its character. Few persons, after looking at the back of the book, would open it expecting to find a queer compound of Calvinistic faith, Democratic politics, and what was intended to be views of fashionable society at Washington, under the Jeffersonian administration. The story is told with clearness, and the author is not affected in his style, though the characters all are in their manners. They are a funny set of people; unlike any ever were seen or heard of in the actual world.

Still, the tale displays much more than common ability. It is legitimately written. Without exhibiting any great depth or warmth, it is very clear and logical, and is well sustained. Its politics are shallow and erroneous; so also may possibly be the views it encourages in matters which come less directly under our notice; it has likewise frequent provincialisms in style. But, in general, it is a very good religious novel—one of the best of its kind.



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THE FUTURE POLICY OF THE WHIGS.

If it were necessary to choose between a party well led but without principles, and a party well principled but without leaders, we should not be slow in the decision; for it is not the men, however admirable, but the principles they represent, that give dignity and interest to a war of opinion.

A party without principles is no party, but a combination of interested office-seekers, enticing the weak and ignorant to vote for them. It is a body without a soul, an organization without laws, and must always vacillate in a contemptible medium. It cannot change its policy with a just regard to circumstances, without suffering by the charge of inconsistency; all its measures are selfish, and all its admissions are compromises; it is disreputable and without force.

It becomes then a part of self-respect as well as of prudence in the Whig party, to let it always be distinctly known, why, and on what suggestion, they advocate particular men, and particular policies. They may advocate a tariff, or a tax, suited to the year or to the age; but if, with the change of circumstance, they think it best to dispense with these, they have not therefore ceased to be Whigs.

The difference between the parties lies deeper than the reasons of a temporary policy. At different times parties will change their ground, and even alternate opinions, because the necessity of the times demands it. It would not be any subject of wonder, if, at some future day, hypothetical pedants should be heard crying up free trade principles, on the side of the present opposition, and the good sense and prudence of the party permit them to do so. A regular army may allow ancient Pistol and the blackguards to follow the camp. Ancient Pistol, that battered hypothesis of valor, may help to terrify the weak among the enemy.

But, as we now stand, and for this century at least, free trade is not a Whig measure. The labor of the freeman, be it in the shop, the mine, or the field, continues to require protection.

We repeat it, the differences of party are not mere temporary differences of policy; they arise rather from general views of human nature, and its necessities. The better to explain our meaning, let us endeavor to characterize the opposite parties, as they are actuated by adverse motives, and mark the contrast. This contrast is in nothing more marked than in the doctrine concerning liberty:—

For, your Whig refers all rights and liberties back to their original source in the individual, and holds that society is established for the protection of those rights and liberties. Whereas, your ultra Democrat believes, or affects to believe, that each person gives up or resigns his free mind, on entering into the social compact, to the decision of caucusses and majorities.

The one side holds, that this very decision by majorities is not established by any merely natural law, but by a constitutional regulation; while the other side contends, that the majority, assembling when and where they please, can assume power over individuals—to govern the few by the many—to keep each one in fear of a multitude, and to make right and wrong by acclamation. That way tends ultra Democracy.

Hence, too, arises the extreme doctrine of instructions: for, while your Whig distinguishes in his national legislator a two-fold relation, one to the people he represents, and one to the nation as a whole; holding also, that he is a lawful legislator, not only for those who voted for him, but for those, also, who voted against him, and in brief, for every man, woman, and child in his district; and that, notwithstanding this, he is also a law-maker for the nation at large, and bound to protect and foster it;—your ultra Democrat, deriving all the power of the legislator from the voices that chose him, and not from the Constitution, requires that he shall not dare expand his thought, so as to become a protector of the nation, but shape every opinion by the narrow interest of his Constituents. They make no distinction between the honor of the man who has tacitly pledged himself, by his election, to certain principles, and the duty of the national legislator who is bound by the superior law of conscience and the Constitution, to promote the honor and prosperity of his nation.

From the beginning, the one party has been characterized by a constant endeavor to identify the interests of the people with those of the government; while the other has as clearly opposed every national measure, which should call the creative and protective functions of the government into action.

More remarkable still does this difference between the two parties appear, in popular judgments on the conduct of the Executive; for, while your ultra Democrat approves of every step of his Executive, no matter how unconstitutional, while he is supported and encouraged by the opinion of his party, your Whig looks to the Constitution, and expects the Executive to keep within the letter and within the spirit of that instrument. This difference, it is evident, proceeds directly from the different ideas of liberty entertained by the two parties; one regarding the government as unchangeable except by a solemn decision of the nation in convention, the other treating it as inferior in authority to the public opinion of a day. From these last, therefore, it meets with little favor and less respect; and they are rather gratified than otherwise, by the encroachments of a popular President. They do not make that distinction between the private honor of the President, which binds him, by the pledge of election, to the opinions and measures of his party, and that superior relation which he holds to the nation, without distinction of party, as its executive head, under the laws.

The doctrine of the one party, that the whole people, as sole and sovereign source of power, established the Constitution for a guarantee of individual freedom, and a source of all authority, is the doctrine of liberty; it places each citizen in a free relation to his neighbor, and affords a rule for public opinion to judge by, in weighing men and measures. Ultra Democratic doctrine, on the contrary, indulges men in a perpetual revolution, cutting off the past from the present, and the present from the future; making its own decrees utterly forceless and contemptible, by deriving their authority from acclamation, instead of placing it where it belongs, under the Constitution of the whole people.

It is the desire of the Whig party to establish an accurate though not an illiberal Construction of the laws; and that every public act shall be done under the spirit of the Constitution. Their maxim is, that the laws cannot be too much improved, and cannot be too well observed: they would have no man or body of men, majorities or minorities, exert a shadow of real power over their neighbors; and they refer all power and authority

whatsoever back to its original source, the will of the nation as a whole, expressed in the Cnstitution. This is the real sovereignty of the people.

These principles, drawn out into various conclusions, create a body of opinion and policy:—the right or rather the duty of internal improvement, which obliges the government to facilitate internal and external commerce, by sufficient roads, harbors, and means of intercommunication; the support of credit by such an employment of the public funds as shall equalize and regulate exchanges—a measure suggested by the pure spirit of nationality, and defended on the ground that it is the duty of the nation to regulate and facilitate all transactions not of a merely local character; the protection of every species of industry by such a discrimination in duties as shall sustain a competition of domestic with foreign products; the maintenance of a high rate of wages for every species of labor, that the free laborer may feel the superior advantages of free government, and not find himself depressed by the unrestrained competition of the capital and labor of foreigners. In a word, legislating for no part as a part, but for all parts as members of the whole, the party of the Union and the Constitution judge every measure by its bearings upon the common good, viewing all propositions in the spirit of a liberal legislation, as far as possible removed from that of a tyrannous and usurping many. It seems unnecessary to urge, that such opinions and policy would flow from none but the most elevated views of humanity, such as reject all sectional and private arguments.

Are there any weak enough to think, that a party to which the Union owes its existence and safety, and from which have constantly flowed all measures for the benefit of the whole, can cease, or lose its *unity* for an instant? No! a consciousness of a common purpose, and a steady adherence to the form and spirit of a government which took its birth from the bosom of the nation, renders their dissolution impossible. They began with the Union; they go along with it, and gather strength with it, contending successfully, though not without reverses, against the most formidable enemy that can threaten a State, namely, a false social philosophy, set up to hide the true sources and purposes of government, and confounding the sovereign will of a great nation, expressed in its laws and forms of power, with a sudden decision of a jealous crowd, whose ears tingle with the lies and flatteries of wily politicians.

Since the adoption of the Constitution, no crisis has occurred so important, or which has developed so clearly the real principles of the opposition, as the war with Mexico. Begun with deliberation and carried on with ardor by the leaders of the party in power, it was checked and denounced by their opposers, because it seemed to be a departure from that just and equitable line in which we had been moving. The collected arguments against the war establish the surprising fact, that we enjoy a form of government whose fundamental maxims differ in no particular from those of the law of nations, or, as it has been styled, the law of conscience—and that to sin against *our* law is to sin against humanity; that it is impossible to step beyond its limits, without trespassing upon some natural right, either of men or nations; and that we shall seek in vain for better principles than those imbodied in our fundamental laws.

It is not now to be settled by a controversy between Pacificus and Helvedius, whether "the powers of declaring war and making treaties are, *in their nature*, executive powers." Those powers are well understood and established in their proper place: had the deliberative *reason* of the nation been in a badly ascertained opinion of a majority, or in an Executive able to construct at pleasure the opinion of such a false majority, this government could not boast itself a popular government, nor claim to be settled upon any undisputable maxims. The Executive stands, in a true theory of the Republic, as the agent of the naked *will*, and Congress as the instigating heart and guiding *reason*, of the nation: a division invented to escape from despotism, and of a nature so profound and real, the disposition to neglect or disregard it, betrays at once an ignorance of the necessities, or a contempt for the character of the government. A tainted school of Federalism formerly wished to confound these powers: time and circumstance have established the absolute necessity of making the separation as distinct and clear in practice as in theory. If the naked will of

the Executive moves one step of itself, in national enterprises, either with or without the aid of public opinion, it violates the right of Congress, to whom the people have committed the consulting and predetermining power. Should the Executive employ the army in making harbors or canals, without consent of Congress, the cry of usurpation would have come from those very men, who now contend that the President did right when he sent an army into Mexico, in time of peace: had he sent the same troops to Lake Ontario, to build a harbor there for the aid of commerce, would any have been found so bold as to excuse him? And is the will of the Executive freer in the perilous enterprises of war, than in the harmless works of peace? It will never satisfy or save this people, to commit such questions to a few learned lawyers, to try if they can find a precedent for this or that usurpation in the books: Whig principles, *party* principles, familiar to the people, must determine them; we must resolve that our State shall not split upon *that* rock; we will have no usurpers, at least; we will have a President who knows how to keep within bounds. To decide and to act, are things different in nature; and usurpation is merely assuming to decide and act together, where it is only given to us to act. Our Executive must not plan enterprises for the nation; the people have conferred that power upon Congress—upon their deliberative assemblies; the Executive cannot, without usurpation, do more than execute, or refuse to execute, what is proposed by the council of the whole.

Are we wrong, therefore, in saying of the Future Policy of the Whigs, that this point, of Executive usurpation, is one of the most important issues? What next to this, and perhaps of equal importance, have they to keep in view?

Next to suppression of present evils, is the adoption of plans for future good. The party in opposition have raised up every obstacle before the mad ambition of the war party, to compel them, if possible, to bring hostilities to a close. So far, only, they were successful, as to rouse the better spirit of the nation against the spirit of aggression and conquest. The mere drain and exhaustion of life and treasure, have done as much to end the war as all other causes. The evil of a public debt, was one which might be cast upon posterity, or which, at worst, was not difficult to bear; the loss of valuable lives in battle, was not an argument of much weight with a people notoriously careless of their lives; the supply of the treasury by foreign funds, prevents any serious drain upon the moveable capital of the cities; the gains of the great harvest and the famine are not yet exhausted or forgotten; it is hard to show the people that disasters lie in wait for them; their ears are occupied with philanthropical discourses and all the pathos of successful war; they dare not believe that their rulers are doing wrong: it is a thought too painful and troublesome to be entertained by a prosperous people. We must be made miserable before we can begin to be wise.

The policy of the party in power appears first in the getting up and management of the war; second, but not less marked, in the management and collection of the revenue. To defend the first, they advance certain doctrines of "right of conquest," "progress of the species," "Anglo-Saxon destinies," and the like, veiling their designs with these philanthropical pretences. A philanthropical hypothesis seems to be the ace card in the modern game of politics, and the player has one ready in his sleeve, to whip out upon occasion. If you argue with a becoming spirit against killing and robbing, your ears are deafened with a ranting discourse on your destinies, as if there were any comfort to be derived from that. Destiny! my friend—do you say it is my destiny to be a thief? Perhaps it may be with you to lead; but the path is one in which it fits not my disposition to follow you.

If you contend, with a becoming directness and warmth, for the protection of free labor, and of the interests of the country, you are interrupted, and talked down, by a genius with long hair, who politely assures you that you mean well, but err through simplicity: the philanthropists to whom all human affairs have been intrusted by a special decree of Providence, have resolved that all nations ought to be treated as one nation, and no regard be had to petty differences of race, climate, manners, morals, industry, or liberty. The occupations of life are to be divided up amongst them; England is to make all the wearing apparel, machinery, and movea-

ble conveniences, while America attends only to commerce and agriculture. France will make our shoes, Italy our religion and our summer hats, Germany supply our thoughts, and Africa furnish out our sympathies. Thus will this jolly round ball of earth be no longer several ant-hills, but rather one vast formicary. This is all the purpose we have been able to discover in a free trade argument, that occupations should be restricted to particular nations. What benefit is to come from the arrangement it requires the mind of a mystic to perceive.

But if the fancied advantages of free trade are hypothetical and hard to be appreciated, the arguments against its contrary are no less so: While England is raising a hundred, and this nation twenty-five millions of dollars through tariffs laid on by free trade theorists, we are entertained by our long-haired philosopher with the following thesis: "That a tariff is unjust, because it taxes one class to enrich another." These two hypotheses, first, that each nation should produce some one commodity, or set of commodities, proper to itself; and the other, that a protective tariff is unjust "because it taxes one man to enrich another," include the whole free trade argument;—they are at once, theory, arguments and premises.

If it were true, that a tariff affording protection, enriches one man to the loss of another, then would those free trade legislators who proceed to raise half the revenue of England, and the whole of that of America by tariffs, be proved guilty of inflicting a great wrong upon their respective countries; but as matters now stand with them, they are charged, not with the error of imposing tariffs, but with having imposed them in such a manner and in such a form as to do with them the greatest possible amount of injury. Thus, while they cry out against discriminating duties, and argue for the *ad valorem*, they discriminate in favor of particular articles, such as tea and coffee, and bread stuffs, in the very teeth of that favorite maxim of free trade, that "if a tariff is laid it must be for revenue." In times of scarcity, an ad valorem duty upon articles of food, yields a better revenue, the duty rising with the price, but no sooner was there a scarcity of food in England, the duty was lowered to a rate merely nominal. The policy was advocated as a just and necessary policy, and the ministry were praised for it, but it threw down and forever annihilated the doctrine, that "revenue alone is to be regarded, in the adjustment of duties;" it proved that if tariffs are used at all, it is necessary to discriminate, lest in raising revenue, we depress and injure the people.

The English ministry were bound by a maxim of free trade, as their economists teach it to our democracy, to have kept on the duties, and to have realized all the revenue possible from the rise of the prices of bread stuffs, and the consequent increase of ad valorem duties.

Though this single instance is an effectual demolition of the maxim of which our free trade speculators make such an efficient use, it may not be a waste of time to add another for the sake of clinching the nail. Revenue, then, is the sole thing to be thought of when we are laying duties: admit it, and your *ad valorem*—your duty measured by the price—becomes absurd. Suppose a certain class of imported articles—coarse woollen cloths, for example—are in common use by all the people, and are counted among the necessaries of life, as they would be were there no manufactures of them in the country. Through excessive importation the price has fallen and the duty with it; the market is supplied and all the people are using the goods. The state wants revenue: by doubling, or trebling, or quadrupling the duty on these cloths, it will raise additional revenue; the people must have the cloths, and will pay double for them; the additional duty *must*, therefore, be laid, for "revenue alone is the thing to be considered in laying duties." Thus it appears from both instances, not only that your ad valorem principle is an absurdity, for to raise a proper revenue you must neglect it, but that the "largest revenue principle" is inhumane, and takes advantage of the hunger and nakedness of the poor. So it appears that these two maxims stand in a ridiculous opposition to each other, and are equally contemptible, the "ad valorem" for its having no meaning at all, and the "largest revenue" principle, for its being both weak and wicked.

Once more, let us admit the maxim, that revenue alone is to be regarded in laying duties, why then are they not laid upon exports as well as upon imports? Free

trade economists tell us that the *consumers* of imported articles pay the duties, and not the producers, or the wholesale purchasers. If this be true, what more necessary or proper than duties upon exports also, and so double your revenue? If you laid export duties upon Ohio corn, not the farmer, nor the corn dealer, would pay them—say you—but the consumers in other parts of the world. Is it then your excessive tenderness for consumers in other parts of the world, that keeps you so silent on the policy of export duties? "O no! we know very well that it is not possible for us to regulate the price of corn in the European markets, and if the price were raised artificially by imposts here, the producers would suffer." What of that? what of that, my sage economist? your duty is to raise the revenue by the most efficient and convenient means, and you are not to go about protecting—odious word!—these Ohio farmers, by laying all your duties on imports, and allowing them to go scot free, paying not a dollar of revenue! It is an outrage on humanity, when you know that Ohio farmers wear homespun and pay no revenue, to discriminate for them, and lay your duties upon other men. This is taking money out of his pocket who wears English broadcloth, to put it into the Ohio farmer's, who is content with homespun—a discrimination quite intolerable and oppressive: the Democracy should look to it.

But no, we have not seen the picture in all lights yet, for now it grins a fool, and now stares a knave; in a third view it will perhaps show a mixture of both.

"In laying duties," say our economists, "we are to discriminate, not for protection, but for revenue." Instance that an ad valorem duty is laid upon foreign manufactured cloths, and all articles of wear, be they light summer fabrics or heavy and costly broadcloths; nothing of the kind shall escape, for now we are broaching a new war and must raise a great revenue. Discriminate, however, we must, for our object is revenue and nothing else. Here, on our list, is the article of foreign silk fabrics: a vast quantity is yearly imported; they are evidently a necessary of life, and will bear an enormous duty; for the people are attached to their use, and will pay double rather than give them up; and if we find them disposed to give up the silks, and substitute linen and cotton because the duty is high, then up with duties on linen and cotton, and so force the people to buy. All goes on well for a year or so, and we are raising a large revenue, with duties carried to the top of endurance, when suddenly, to our amazement and sorrow, the goods cease to be bought, and the revenue falls off. Certain traitorous capitalists, conspiring against the revenue, and thus rendering aid and comfort to the enemy, have erected mills, and manufactured articles of silk, cotton and linen to undersell the imported. The country is all at once supplied with silk manufactures of admirable quality—but the revenue! the revenue! what are we to do? The process is easy: lower your duties suddenly, ruin all the manufactures, and when they are well out of the way, and their mills converted to other uses, raise the duties again as soon as you please, and I will insure you as large a revenue as ever. You may repeat this process as often as you choose, and realize a great deal of revenue by it. The whole art is to find out the commodities which are most necessary to the people, and lay on heavy duties; your principle is to discriminate for revenue, and not for protection. When you saw that high duties on certain articles, which your discrimination marked for revenue, operated to protect them, you were astonished to find that there *was no* discrimination for revenue which was not also one for protection. If you taxed one import heavily, you were obliged to tax all others which could be substituted for it, else it was of no avail. Your ad valorem principle made high prices advantageous, and, as the goods rose, your profits rose in proportion, notwithstanding the falling off of buyers; till, on a sudden, the whole vanishes, and while you were thinking to discriminate for revenue only, you protected manufactures, and so far, were guilty of the sin of protecting the industry of your countrymen. You knew of no better way to mend this error than by ruining those whom your protection had enriched, and then starting anew with your ad valorem and discriminating duties.

Unfortunate economists! compelled, as it were, by the very laws of nature, to violate your own maxims!—for, if you taxed the farmer's grain, then that wrathful and intelligent person would eject you

from office; and, if you use high tariffs, so graduated as to raise a great and constant revenue, then you protect not only the pernicious manufacturer, but the farmer too, allowing his produce to go free; when you were striving, with a laudable zeal, to avoid protection of all kinds, as a policy hateful to you, you are compelled to create a host of enemies by breaking down all the manufactories, and are thus again in danger of ejectment!

But the economist is not so easily balked. His forgetive brain teems with expedients. He invents a new phrase—Incidental Protection.

The economist, laying down his maxim, that the revenue should be so raised that no one class or body of men should be enriched at the expense of the rest, advanced, in the same breath, this other, that duties should be collected with a view to revenue only, and not to protection. The first required him to regard, and the second not to regard, the effects of different modes of taxation. The first was universally a protective, the second a universally indifferent and selfish maxim. To reconcile these two incompatibles, he forges a new phrase, "incidental protection." He told the people that he was for *incidental protection.* He was for protection, but it must be incidental. He would raise the revenue as he best could, and if any protection followed he had no objection—this was incidental protection. Some persons, not of the wisest, mistook this for a patriotical testimony; others said, that there could be no such thing—that a tariff for revenue was directly opposite to a tariff for protection; for, after the first treasury harvest from a high tariff on imports, manufactures would spring up, and the duties fall off. That then, to raise any revenue, it would be necessary to lower the duties so as to break down the home manufactures again, and reap another harvest on imports. That a protective was therefore the opposite of a revenue policy; that the protection which was incidental to high and profitable duties was the plague of the treasury, and continually lessened its receipts; and that, if revenue was the sole purpose of a tariff, and of its discriminations, it was the mortal enemy of protection. These arguments, however, had but little weight, so euphonious and pleasing were the words "incidental protection."

When this became stale, our economist took a new start. It had not yet occurred to him, that every profitable duty on imports, however small, is protective to an extent proportioned to its weight; because it causes in some degree the substitution of home-made articles if low, and of home manufactured, or of other articles, if high. The economist conceived in his imagination a certain happy medium of duties which should not be quite sufficient to create home manufactures, and should yet yield a good revenue; which should not be so heavy as to stop importation, nor so light as to yield less than might be got from them. Now, having attained this point, (for the experiment was tried,) he observed that it coincided most unluckily with the point at which manufactures began to spring up. If the duties were raised to this point of greatest yield, then manufactures began; for this point was found to be itself determined by the beginning of manufactures; and it would soon become necessary to lower the duty. In short, the point itself was one at which in the nature of things you could not remain. It was found that it would be necessary to keep the duties just below the point where protection would begin, and so the tariff, with its ad valorem affix, could never be made to yield as much as it was desired and ought, without giving a protection which undermined it.

A word now upon *ad valorem,* an adjustment of duties according to the value of the commodity imported. This is an application of a very necessary rule of taxation to the collection of tariffs: lands, houses, valuable furniture, slaves, cattle, in brief, all kinds of real estate and chattels, must in general be taxed according to their appraisement, or their market value at the time; it would be gross injustice to tax a house just so much, because it was a house, or a clock because it was a clock. But in the case of duties this *ad valorem* principle (admired by the ignorant for its Latin name) often works great injustice. In times of scarcity, when there are large importations of food into a country, it is an inhumanity to suffer duties to rise with prices; this is to aggravate the public distress, and voluntarily to assume the office

of an avenging angel. In all such instances it should be a rule of political economy to keep the duties at a moderate rate, and lay them by the quantity, and not by prices. But the ad valorem works equal injustice when prices fall, as in the case of railroad iron at this moment: as the English economists were obliged to *lower* the duty on bread stuffs, to save the operatives from ruin, it is equally the duty of Congress to *raise* the duty on railroad iron to save the industrious Germans in the iron factories of Pennsylvania from ruin. By the operation of the *ad valorem* duty, the price of iron has been unnaturally lowered of late, and our valuable factories of iron are failing under the influx of English iron, thrown into this market at unnaturally low prices, through the distresses of the railroad companies in England. To be sure, we mean not to compare the distresses of our own operatives thrown out of employment, with those of the English, at the point of starvation; but if an action of government was right to prevent a *great* injustice in the one case, it was equally so to prevent a less one in the other: right and wrong are not measured by less and more; he is as truly an oppressor who does a little wrong, as he who does a great one; as our ancestors well knew when they refused to concede Great Britain the right to tax us even in the value of a sixpence. The justice lies in doing all for the good of the nation, with an eye to its present necessities; and he is but a pedant who mistakes adherence to a maxim through thick and thin for a mark of virtue. The *ad valorem* applied to tariffs, works injustice in every way; not only when prices fall, but when they are excessive; in the one case diminishing the duty absurdly, and in the other increasing it absurdly. But it not only does evil to producers, but also impairs the revenue. For when there is a great importation and prices fall, the treasury, by keeping its duties at a medium, would reap a good harvest and the people be never the worse for it. And when the prices of imports rise, the duties rise with them, and so force the people to manufacture for themselves. In the one case the revenue is impaired, in the other there is an unnatural stimulus upon production, which the fall of prices will soon abate and bring ruin upon the new manufactories. In fine the ad valorem applied to imports, is in theory an absurdity, and in its effects a gross oppression.

There was a time when legislators regarded the wealth and happiness of the people, but now their whole attention is directed upon increasing the revenue: to get money is all their thought; their understandings are corrupted, and emit only contradictions and absurdities. To be good economists for a nation it is necessary for legislators to be just men; without a good conscience and a good heart, the greatest ingenuity produces nothing of permanent value to mankind.

In this cultivated and reasoning age the great qualities of the soul are skillfully imitated by the moral theorist; instead of patriotism we have a grand philanthropy embracing the whole human race;—persons infected with this bloating of the heart, lose all the pith and power of affection; their own family, city, or country is too small for them; they must be citizens of the universe, and fraternize with the Calmucks, the Lunary people, and the devil himself. All things must be free—not only trade but the nether limbs of women; and in one breath they propose one universal peace and a masculine costume for ladies. Observe the dullness of these metaphysical sots, who propose a policy for all the world in regard of the condition of men in general, and apply the same to their own nation without regard to its condition in particular. The greatest mark of folly in a man, is to engage in any business on an hypothesis without an eye to conditions. None but madmen will try experiments in business affairs. He who wishes to benefit himself inquires first into all matters concerning himself, and then proceeds by his knowledge of them, and not by any theory of free trade between John and Thomas. On the contrary, John will take good care to give Thomas no advantages; he will have all fair, and make as few affectionate proposals as possible, lest Thomas judge him to be a cheat.

Nothing could better exemplify the necessity of a strict regard to circumstances in a business transaction, or a policy, than the policy of the present Administration in adopting the free trade maxims put forth by British economists. Without entering now upon the question whether the private motives of those English statesmen who have carried the late policy of the English gov-

ernment into effect—for, if it were possible to discover those motives, the knowledge of them would not help us in deciding whether the measures which they advocate will or will not benefit the nation—we may at least inquire into the present condition of England and of the interests which predominate there, in order to find some practical reasons, such as men of business will appreciate, for the adoption of the so-called free trade policy in that country.

England has usually taken care that every great interest shall be protected and flourish in her dominions; her commerce by navigation laws—her agriculture by corn laws, and by scientific cultivation—her manufactures, by the strictest protective policy, have grown up to their present perfection and importance, under the care of government. She is the great example of the fruits of protection; the strongest, richest, wisest, and just at this time, the most powerful monarchy on the globe. Whatever be her errors, her defects or her miseries, there she stands, a witness to the world and to all time, of the fruits of foresight and wisdom. More than that,—England by her example, and by cherishing the seeds of liberty, protecting and encouraging all rightful industry, whether of the hand or of the head, has made herself the patroness and protector of human liberty; and sending colonies into remote regions, carrying with them her laws and principles, has made herself the mother of future empires. And what is this policy that has made England so great? what has it always been, and what will it constantly be? To feed her children from their own soil—to clothe them with their own hands—to hold for them the freedom of their own commerce—to educate them in their own language, literature and religion—protect them with their own proper laws and customs, and govern them by their own free opinions. Such has been the policy of England, always protective, always patriotical.

We are not writing a history of her errors, to enter here upon those exceptions to her general policy, which have impeded, though they could not hinder, her greatness: it is enough for present purposes that we know the course which she has commonly pursued.

Coming now to the example so much quoted by our new philanthropists, as an instance of departure from her general system, namely, the so-called Peel policy, alluded to at first; it is well understood that the manufacturing interest in England, through causes which need not now be dwelt upon, has come to predominate over the commercial and agricultural in a very great degree.

Of the great interests of a nation, namely, the manufactures, the commerce, the agriculture, and the mines, the first named is dependent upon the others, for it is always important to manufacturers, that the products of mines and farms should be rendered to them as cheaply as possible, not only that they may be able to procure the raw products of mines, forests and farms at the least price, to be worked up into articles of trade and of use, but that the workmen, procuring bread, clothing and lodging at an easy rate, may find their wages more than sufficient for maintenance. And let theories of political economy be invented never so refined and unanswerable, it is as certain as the sunrise, that manufacturers will aim at producing such a condition of things as will bring down the price of bread stuffs and raw materials of manufacture to the lowest rates. They will not only buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market, but they will, if possible, use such an influence with government as to cheapen the commodities which they wish to buy. They, therefore, desire a free navigation; for by the competition of foreign vessels with those of one's own country, the rates of transportation are brought down to the lowest possible. Should it happen at any time, that the manufacturing interests of a nation which depends in great part upon a foreign market for its products, should predominate in the national councils, either through want of talent and foresight, or want of capital and energy in the other great interests, doctrines of free trade will naturally spring up and be cherished, just so far as they favor the manufacturing interest, *and no farther.* The duty on bread stuffs will be lowered to content the operatives with less wages; the duty on raw materials for manufacture, to content the owners of the mills, and foreign shipping be admitted to competition with one's own, to lower the rates of transportation. Hence the present Peel

and Cobden policy, so philanthropical to appearance, and so politic and partial in the fact.

The total value of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom in 1838, is estimated by McCulloch at about £117,000,000 sterling, of which at least fifty millions were *exported;* producing, at 10 per cent. profit, an income of five millions sterling to the capitalists, which gives an average of £1000 each, to five thousand families among the educated classes. Here we have an immense body of influential persons enjoying an income by the export of manufactured goods, many of them too, like Peel and Cobden, possessed of vast wealth, accumulated, principally, by the employment of capital in manufactures.

It is surely unnecessary to attribute the motives of a mere agitator, or of a closet theorist, to the leaders of the English free trade party, compelled as they are by the rivalry of our own manufactures in the foreign markets, to furnish everything at the lowest possible rate. It is unnecessary, at least, to attribute any theoretical motives to them, and when the common causes of political movements are considered, it is absurd. There are reasons *enough* to be found, why they should lighten the duties on imported bread stuffs and on certain raw materials of manufacture, without even the arguments of a famine, much less the idle declamations of a few enthusiasts, as ineffectual to change the course of English legislators as would be a mesmeric spell to draw the gold out of their purses. They are not of that persuadable stuff to be led away from their interests by a free trade hypothesis.

The policy of the Peel party has been to lighten the duties on imported articles and supply the consequent deficiency of revenue by taxes on incomes.

A tax upon the incomes of the rich is democratic, and popular, beyond a doubt; and it has the advantage of drawing back into the treasury a part of the interest of the national debt; it is a quiet way of equalizing the burthen of the debt: the nation at large is taxed twenty-seven millions for that debt, which is paid by the Treasury to the stockholders. Now if a good part of this tax is levied upon the rich, by a graduated income tax, it is but making a number of rich men pay the interest of the debt—a very popular kind of taxation; and should the democratic spirit gain ground in England, we may live to see the whole interest of the debt paid in this way by the rich, instead of being paid as now by rich and poor alike.

The income tax yields, at present, about five and a half millions; that it might easily be increased to twenty-seven, may be guessed from the fact, that the total income of capital in railways, funds, banks, manufactures and commerce in the United Kingdom, is reckoned (at 3 per cent.) at about forty-five millions. Now as far as funded property is concerned, a well distributed income tax is but a cancelling of so much of the national debt; and this policy seems likely to gain ground.

To pursue the illustration: in the days when the landed proprietors, the merchants, and the manufacturers, bore an equal sway in the councils of the nation, before the rise and predominance of the manufacturing interest, none of the great businesses of the nation failed of their due protection. But now a new power has arisen, a new manufacturing power, and the vast body of rich manufacturers who command the markets of the world, are in danger of losing those markets, by competition with ourselves—could we by a protective policy, so far encourage our miners and manufacturers as to undersell them at home and abroad. They command and can use the great body of the movable capital of the United Kingdom; they employ millions of pauper operatives, in constant danger of starvation; they are in a situation which compels them to strain every nerve, and exert every influence to save themselves from ruin; they will stick at nothing to accomplish their purposes. They cannot go to war, for that would spoil all; they cannot beat down the wages of their workmen, for these are already at the lowest; they have but two means left, and these are to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; to feed their operatives, and supply their mills *duty free,* and to sell their products in America and elsewhere *duty free:* they are, therefore, free traders on instinct, and having the instinct, they pass, by a natural effect, to the theory. In a word, the great object of English manufacturers, just at this crisis, is to persuade the world that free trade is a capital thing.

The loss to the revenue, through the diminution of duties on imports, amounting, it is said, to some eleven millions sterling, had to be made up by the imposition of additional taxes. Thus, the manufacturers were relieved to the amount of eleven millions, all clear gain to them, and loss to those who bore the compensatory burthen. To say, then, that England has made the experiment of free trade, is merely false; for the principle of the free trade economists is, that the nation shall not be taxed to sustain a particular interest. England has taxed her incomes and other sources eleven millions, to support the manufacturers. Not questioning the wisdom of this policy, or denying that it is a vital point with England to sustain her manufacturers, since by them chiefly she has become the richest nation in the world; admitting, too, that this policy will accomplish its end, and save the British manufacturers from ruin; let us now inquire what policy these free trade leaders would pursue, acting on their present principles, and instigated by the same motives, were they Americans, with a large capital, invested in manufactures in New England.

First, then, at all risks they would sustain the country, labor to preserve its acquisitions, and open for it new sources of wealth. Observing that the States of New England are composed chiefly of a rocky and unfruitful soil, they would not entertain the hope of sustaining a dense population there by agriculture. Seeing, too, the rapid impoverishment of the towns and villages, by the removal of able-bodied men, and of capital, to the new lands of the West, and the ruin of the small farmers, by the influx of cheap provision from the western lands, they would cast about for some means of filling up the loss occasioned by that emigration, and of providing new means of subsistence for those who were thrown out of employment by the stagnation of agriculture. Every part of this new continent, they would say, ought to support an active and wealthy population; but how shall we make New England, or the barren regions of the Southern and Middle States, do this? At present, all these regions lie waste, or are thinly and poorly inhabited; the people have neither means nor leisure, and must soon become miserable and unimportant. The great West grows rich, and fattens by its corn fields; why should we, then, live poor and wretched? is there no way in which we too may prosper? Our commerce is great, but it is a commerce carried on between foreign countries and the great West; we benefit but little by it; it rather impoverishes than helps our country people, for they buy foreign goods with money, and not with produce, making nothing by the exchange; the West is always too strong for them in trade; the cities grow rich by commerce, but the country people grow poorer every day.

It is, therefore, necessary for us to sustain our manufactures, to erect new mills, and make goods to exchange with these southern planters and western farmers, and so reap the grain ourselves that goes else to enrich foreigners. To bring these French and English goods across the ocean costs much, and involves many risks and losses; we will save the country this loss, and by competition we will break down the foreigner in his prices, and make him give more of his own in exchange for western products; by and by we will supply our countrymen of the South and West with all that they now get from foreigners, and that at a less price, exchanging with them for their corn and raw products; our wealth will then begin to overflow, and we will send our products to foreign nations, and bring home riches, and every luxury for ourselves and our countrymen; and thus our nation will be made complete and independent, with a rich interior, producing all the fruits of the earth, a barren region near the sea devoted to manufactures, and a coast adorned with commercial cities.

Are not these reasonings identical in principle with those which actuate the free-traders of England? Their position compels them to sustain their manufactures, for by these they draw to themselves a great part of the wealth which makes them powerful, and defends them against the encroachments and the bad influences of neighboring nations. Human liberty has been upheld and defended by the industry, as much as by the courage of England; but that industry is drawn out by capital, and capital is created by manufactures. It would be impossible for England or for any nation to acquire great power and wealth by agriculture alone; for of all industrial pursuits agriculture is that which

yields the least surplus of profit to the producer. Commerce and exchange may be reckoned the most profitable of all; but manufactures, much more than agriculture, furnish the material and the occasion for commercial enterprise. They create merchandise of a character like specie, exchangeable and easily transportable. Countries, therefore, like England, and the barren regions of our Eastern and Middle States, if they mean to prosper and sustain a thriving population, must engage in manufactures.

Mentally revolving the course that events have taken in the political world, we seem to discover, indeed, no issue towards which they tend more remarkable or more alarming than the establishment of new and unconstitutional powers in the Executive—the powers of creating war, of withholding information, of taxing, and despotically governing, conquered territory; add to these the creation of armies for the sake, if not of patronage, then of new wars and of new unlooked-for uses of power; the formation of a false public opinion, the turning of the powers of the general government upon enterprises confessedly calculated for the aid of an exorbitant ambition. These things, indeed, excite an alarm most reasonable, and that should lead to the most decisive action among conscientious men. It is discovered that the limitation of the Presidential term to a short period, is not a sufficient safeguard to liberty; erroneous precedents, party precedents, grow gradually into law, and the accumulated mass of them are handed from one term to another, like the traditional usurpations of a hierarchy, until in a course of ages, every feature of the original Constitution is buried and forgotten. Though these just fears may, indeed, image forth the *head* of our FUTURE POLICY, we are not, therefore, to forget other things,—to be so occupied with the head and front of the offence as to forget the vile and corrupting body. It is a matter of some importance to the nation that its sources of wealth and power should be kept open, and that the chinks and scuttles, through which its riches are flowing away like water, should be stopped; in a word, that it should not be left a prey to foreign enterprise, and have one great third of its productive power sacrificed to the united selfishness of the remaining two-thirds.

This word "selfishness," so easily and idly employed, does not, it must be confessed, assist the argument; but it may serve here to suggest a reflection not inapt for the conclusion of this article. The wealth of a nation, meaning by its wealth, that moderate surplus of means which is necessary to its freedom and power, is created by at least three distinct and contrasted kinds of industry: indeed, so very distinct and contrasted, they breed opposite habits and permanent differences of character, in those who use them. These are, the production from mines, or from the soil, of the raw material of industry; the manufacture of these materials into commodities; and the transportation and exchange of commodities in trade and commerce. The hamlets, villages and open spaces of the country are occupied by those who produce the crude material; the towns near rivers, canals, and at the meeting of great roads, are chiefly occupied by manufacturers; while cities by the sea, and on great streams, bays and lakes, are the head-quarters of trade, and owe their riches to commerce. We need no argument to show that a nation without commerce can never rise to the first importance, and in all ages statesmen and rulers have become celebrated and respected more by their encouragement of roads, canals, shipping, and all the enterprise of commerce, from the protection of caravans to the founding of commercial cities, than for their successful wars.

Nor is a nation capable of sustaining itself long without a constant attention to agriculture. Egypt, Grece, Rome, China, India, interior Germany, and above all, England, have made agriculture the right arm of the public industry. But what great nation, that has a sufficient respect for itself, does not desire to complete the circle of its industry, and add manufactures to agriculture and commerce? Why should we stupidly insist upon producing and transporting our raw material to other more cunning and ingenious nations? Why must a bale of flax grown in Ohio, be lugged across the scornful billows of the Atlantic, to be worked up in England? Why should not our faithful brothers and countrymen do that for us at home? Patience is exhausted in such an argument; the good sense of the nation is insulted by it.

MONALDI.*

The memory of Allston, which time is year by year ripening into the immortal fame of a great and good artist, must be a sufficient warrant for recalling the attention of the public to a story by him, already several years before it. Or, if it is necessary to apologize for making a book, published seven years ago, the subject of an article, we may acknowledge a higher motive than reverence for its author—a desire to turn the eyes of readers to what they ought not willingly to let die.

It is as much the duty of criticism in literature and art to teach the pure faith directly, as well as indirectly, by pointing out and inveighing against heresies. Not only must we pluck up and lop off the noxious weeds and unhealthy shoots in the garden where we are called to labor, but we must water the flowering shrubs and young fruit trees; we must dig about them repeatedly, at such time as the dew of heaven shall fall most genially upon the upturned clods; yea, we must fertilize the soil wherein they are set, even with such harmless composition as forms the substance of articles and essays. In fine, it is our vocation to call attention to what is to be admired as well as what is to be avoided, to analyze merit as well as demerit, to keep good books alive as well as to put bad ones out of their pain.

Some books come into life stout and vigorous; they make a general acquaintance all at once, and, to hear how they are spoken of, one would suppose that they were going to live forever, and be known all over the world; yet it is marvellous how many of these die off in a short time, and are never thought of afterward. Others there are of a more delicate constitution, and of extremely retired habits, who hardly venture beyond the bookshelves and centre-tables of a few choice friends, but in time come to be reverenced and respected for their learning, or their interesting conversation, and refined manners.

Of this sort is Monaldi. Though it appeared long ago, and came from the pen of our first artist, it scarcely attracted a passing attention; in a few months it was unwritten of and unspoken of; we doubt if many of our distant readers do not here see the very name for the first time, out of the poems of Rogers. Yet this is not because the book deserves, or is destined, to slip away thus quietly into oblivion; but simply, as we shall endeavor to show, because it is one of those exquisite works of art which never make an extensive acquaintance with the world, and only become known even to the refined and discriminating, by slow degrees during the lapse of years.

It was ready for the press, the author informs us, as long ago as 1822, and was finally given to the public in a thin volume of two hundred and fifty pages, "not," he says, "with the pretensions of a Novel, but simply as a Tale." How much thought, and study, and artistic skill he felt it becoming to speak thus modestly of, we shall discover in tracing the course of the story.

A delightful old novel feeling is inspired by the opening paragraph of the introduction:—

"There is sometimes so striking a resemblance between the autumnal sky of Italy and that of New England at the same season, that when the peculiar features of the scenery are obscured by twilight, it needs but little aid of the imagination in the American traveller to fancy himself in his own country: the bright orange of the horizon, fading into a low yellow, and here and there broken by a slender bar of molten gold, with the broad mass of pale apple-green blending above, and the sheet of deep azure over these, gradually darkening to the zenith—all carry him back to his dearer home. It was at such a time as this, and beneath such a sky, that (in the year 17—) while

* *Monaldi; a Tale.* By Washington Allston. Boston: Little & Brown. 1841.

my vettura was slowly toiling up one of the mountains of the Abruzzo, I had thrown myself back in the carriage, to enjoy one of those mental illusions which the resemblance between past and present objects is wont to call forth. Italy seemed for the time forgotten; I was journeying homeward, and a vision of beaming, affectionate faces passed before me; I crossed the threshold, and heard—oh, how touching is that soundless voice of welcoming in a day-dream of home—I heard the joyful cry of recognition, and a painful fullness in my throat made me struggle for words—when, at a sudden turn of the road, my carriage was brought to the ground."

This is not an imitation, but a condensation, and reproduction, of the tone and coloring of an old novel—we say old, in the sense that the stories read, and the impressions produced in childhood, bear an air of antiquity—we mean that it takes hold of the fancy like a story read in youth; while, at the same time, the mature artist is apparent in the delicate purity of the style, and in the beauty of the sentiment. We may be misled by the impression of the whole work, yet it seems that this single paragraph exhibits very plainly these characteristics. It recalls the feelings of boyhood, while, at the same time, it gives promise that we are about to enter on no meagre child-tale, but one of character, thought and passion.

The breaking of the carriage, and the manner of the driver, induce the traveller to suspect him of being leagued with banditti: presently a whistle is heard below which confirms the suspicion, and he compels the fellow to go before him up the mountain. After some time they come to a small plain, or heath, where there is a hovel, before which sits a wretched object, a miserable maniac, worn almost to death; an old woman then comes from the hovel, who directs the traveller to a convent hard by, where he is received and hospitably entertained by a venerable prior. Next morning, the prior shows him the pictures in the chapel, and is about to show him *one*, which he says is worth all the rest, when he is called out, and the traveller, opening a wrong door, comes unawares into the apartment where it is placed.

"I put up my hand to shade my eyes, when —the fearful vision is even now before me—I seemed to be standing before an abyss in space, boundless and black. In the midst of this permeable pitch stood a colossal mass of gold, in shape like an altar, and girdled about by a huge serpent, gorgeous and terrible; his body flecked with diamonds, and his head, an enormous carbuncle, floating like a meteor in the air above. Such was the throne. But no words can describe the gigantic being that sat thereon—the grace, the majesty, its transcendent form; and yet I shuddered as I looked, for its superhuman countenance seemed, as it were, to radiate falsehood; every feature was in contradiction—the eye, the mouth, even to the nostril—whilst the expression of the whole was of that unnatural softness which can only be conceived of malignant blandishment. It was the appalling beauty of the King of Hell. The frightful discord vibrated through my whole frame, and I turned for relief to the figure below; for at his feet knelt one who appeared to belong to our race of earth. But I had turned from the first only to witness in this second object its withering fascination. It was a man apparently in the prime of life, but pale and emaciated, as if prematurely wasted by his unholy devotion, yet still devoted, with outstretched hands, and eyes upraised to their idol, fixed with a vehemence that seemed almost to start them from their sockets. The agony of his eye, contrasting with the prostrate, reckless worship of his attitude, but too well told his tale: I beheld the mortal conflict between the conscience and the will—the visible struggle of a soul in the toils of sin. I could look no longer."

He naturally wishes to know the history of this extraordinary picture, and its author; and the prior accordingly gives him a manuscript which, he says, will gratify his curiosity. This is the story.

The opening chapter then introduces two principal personages of the tale, Monaldi and Maldura, young students and intimate friends at a seminary at Bologna. We wish a few sentences could give an idea of the depth of reflection, the philosophy, the exquisite discrimination in the drawing of character, and the pure, simple elegance of the style. There is a greatness of thought and an elevation in tone which takes the imagination far into the poetic region, and yet the art is so thoroughly hidden that superficial readers, who are accustomed to see the artist through a coarser veil or not at all, must of course skim it over easily and fancy it cold and common.

"The character of Maldura, the eldest, was bold, grasping, and ostentatious; while that of Monaldi, timid and gentle, seemed to shrink from observation. The one, proud and impatient, was ever laboring for distinction; the world, palpable, visible, audible, was his idol; he lived only in externals, and could neither act nor feel but for effect; even his secret reveries having an outward direction, as if he could not think without a view to praise, and anxiously referring to the opinion of others; in short, his nightly and daily dreams had but one subject—the talk and eye of the crowd. The other, silent and meditative, seldom looked out of himself, either for applause or enjoyment; if he ever did so, it was only that he might add to, or sympathize in the triumph of another: this done, he retired again, as it were, to a world of his own, where thoughts and feelings, filling the place of men and things, could always supply him with occupation and amusement.

——"But the honors of a school are for things and purposes far different from those demanded and looked for by the world. Maldura unfortunately did not make the distinction. His various knowledge, though ingeniously brought together, and skilfully set anew, was still the knowledge of other men; it did not come forth as in a new birth, from the modifying influence of his own nature. His mind was hence like a thing of many parts, yet wanting a whole—that *realizing* quality which the world must feel before it will reverence.

——"The powers of Monaldi, however, were yet to be called forth. And it was not surprising that to his youthful companions, he should then have appeared inefficient, there being a singular kind of passiveness about him easily mistaken for vacancy. But his was like the passiveness of some uncultured spot lying unnoticed within its nook of rocks, and silently drinking in the light, and the heat, and the showers of heaven, that nourish the seeds of a thousand nameless flowers, destined one day to bloom and to mingle their fragrance with the breath of nature."

These two friends, the one taking a generous pride in the successes of the other, and the other proud to be admired by him, leave the seminary and pass into the world. Monaldi chooses painting for his profession, and after a few years of persevering study is universally acknowledged to be the first painter in Italy. One of his pictures is thus described at length:—

"The subject of the picture was the first sacrifice of Noah after the subsiding of the waters; a subject of little promise from an ordinary hand, but of all others, perhaps, the best suited to exhibit that rare union of intense feeling and lofty imagination which characterized Monaldi. The composition consisted of the patriarch and his family, at the altar, which occupied the foreground; a distant view of Mount Ararat, with the ark resting on its peak; and the intermediate vale. These were scanty materials for a picture; but the fullness with which they seemed to distend the spectator's mind, left no room for this thought. There was no dramatic variety in the kneeling father and his kneeling children; they expressed but one sentiment—adoration; and it seemed to go up as with a single voice. This gave the soul which the spectator felt; but it was one that could not have gone forth under common daylight, nor ever have pervaded with such emphatic life, other than the shadowy valley, the misty mountain, the mysterious ark, again floating, as it were, on a sea of clouds, and the lurid, deep-toned sky, dark yet bright, which spoke to the imagination of a lost and recovered world—once dead, now alive, and pouring out her first song of praise even from under the pall of death."

Monaldi was fortunate, on the first exhibition of this picture, in having for his leading critic the cavalier S——, a philosopher and a poet, "though he had never written a line as either."

"I want no surer evidence of genius than this," said he, addressing Monaldi: "you are master of the chiar' oscuro and color, two of the most powerful instruments, I will not say of Art, but of Nature, for they were hers from birth, though few of our painters since the time of the Caracci appear to have known it. If I do not place your form and expression first, 'tis not that I undervalue them; they are both true and elevated; yet with all their grandeur and power, I should still hold you wanting in one essential, had you not thus infused the human emotion into the surrounding elements. This is the poetry of the art; the highest nature. There are hours when Nature may be said to hold intercourse with man, modifying his thoughts and feelings: when man re-acts, and in his turn bends her to his will, whether by words or colors, he becomes a poet. A vulgar painter may perhaps think your work unnatural; and it must be so to him who *sees only with his eyes*. But another kind of critic is required to understand our rapt Correggio, or even, in spite of his abortive forms, the Dutch Rembrant."

The cavalier assists Monaldi with that

sort of aid which is no less necessary than criticism to success in art; he thus soon gains fortune and distinction, and is finally honored with a commission from the Pope.

Maldura, on leaving the seminary, goes to Florence, and, his patrimony being sufficient for his subsistence, he determines to win fame as a poet. Unlike his friend, however, he does not love his art for its own sake, but only for the sake of applause. He is well received among the literati, and elected very early a member of the Della Crusca Academy. All goes smoothly with him, till the production of his first long poem, to which he has devoted all his skill, and of the entire success of which he entertains no doubt. At last it is published; he waits, day after day, expecting to hear it praised, till at length, the Count Piccini, "a kind of talking gazette," details to him the manner of its reception at the conversazione. All had ridiculed it except Alfieri; he had said "nothing." Stung to the quick, but full of self-confidence, Maldura determines to have vengeance; and for that purpose he is now bent on gaining not only fame but literary power. He accordingly goes to Rome, and sets to work at a satire and a tragedy. The satire he sends to Florence under a feigned name; it is completely successful, and he regards its triumph as an earnest of the success of his tragedy. He now again mixes in society, which he had for a while abandoned. His manners and reputation for learning, procure him easy admittance to the best circles. Among other friendships, he acquires that of a distinguished advocate, Landi, with whose beautiful daughter, Rosalia, he falls in love. She rejects him, and soon after comes a death-blow to his ambition, from the manager at Florence, to whom he had sent his tragedy.

These double disappointments quench all his hopes and leave only his pride; he turns world-hater, retires to an unfrequented part of the city, and is soon forgotten.

About two years afterwards, Monaldi, being in Rome, accidentally meets his old friend, who reluctantly recognizes him, and, it being near his house, invites him in. Sitting at an upper window, overlooking the Campo Vaccino, they have a long conversation, from which Monaldi at length retires with the melancholy impression that Maldura's brain is unsettled. The view from the window in this splendid chapter, though not above the general tone of the description, may be quoted as complete in itself:—

"The air was hot and close, and there was a thin yellow haze over the distance like that which precedes the sirocco; but the nearer objects were clear and distinct, and so bright that the eye could hardly rest on them without quivering, especially on the modern buildings, with their huge sweep of whited walls, and their red-tiled roofs, that lay burning in the sun, while the sharp, black shadows, which here and there seemed to indent the dazzling masses, might almost have been fancied the cinder-tracks of his fire. The streets of Rome, at no time very noisy, are for nothing more remarkable than, during the summer months, for their noontide stillness, the meridian heat being frequently so intense as to stop all business, driving everything within doors, with the proverbial exception of dogs and strangers. But even these might scarcely have withstood the present scorching atmosphere. It was now high noon, and the few straggling vine-dressers that were wont to stir in this secluded quarter, had already been driven under shelter; not a vestige of life was to be seen, not a bird on the wing, and so deep was the stillness that a solitary foot-fall might have filled the whole air. Neither was this stillness lessened by the presence of the two friends—for nothing so deepens silence as man at rest; they had both sat mutely gazing from the window, and apparently unconscious of the lapse of time, till the bell of a neighboring church warned them of it."

Monaldi had come to Rome to fulfil a commission from the Pope, who had ordered of him a companion picture to a Madonna of Rafaelle. He goes to see the Madonna, which is in a splendid private gallery of the best works of Roman and Venetian art. Here, although almost bewildered with delight, yet in passing a door at the end of the gallery, his eyes fall on an object to which every other immediately gives place.

"It was the form of a young female who was leaning, or rather bending, over the back of a chair, and reading. At first he saw only its general loveliness, and he gazed on it as on a more beautiful picture, till a slight movement suddenly gave it a new character—it was the quickening grace that gives life to symmetry. There is a charm in life which no pencil can reach—it thrilled him. But when he caught a glimpse of the half-averted face, the pearly

forehead, gleaming through clusters of black, glossy hair—the lustrous, intellectual line beneath, just seen through the half-closed eyelids—the tremulously-parted lips, and the almost visible soul that seemed to rush from them upon the page before her—even the wonders of his art appeared like idle mockeries."

This is the same Rosalia Landi who had refused the addresses of Maldura. Her father, who is the owner of the collection, comes in just in time to relieve his daughter and the young artist from embarrassment. The conversation which ensues must not be wholly omitted.

"'Nay,' said Monaldi, 'Rafaelle is one whom criticism can affect but little either way. He speaks to the heart, a part of us that never mistakes a meaning; and they who have one to understand should ask nothing in liking him but the pleasure of sympathy.'

"'And yet there are many technical beauties,' said the Advocate, 'which an unpracticed eye needs to have pointed out.'

"'Yes—and faults, too,' answered Monaldi; 'but his execution makes only a small part of that by which he affects us. But had he even the color of Titian, or the magic chiar' oscuro of Correggio, they would scarcely add to that sentient spirit with which our own communes. I have certainly seen more beautiful faces; we sometimes meet them in nature—faces to look at, and with pleasure—but not to think of like this. Besides, Rafaelle does more than make us think of him; he makes us forget his deficiencies—or, rather, supply them.'

"'I think I understand you: when the heart is touched, but a hint is enough,' said Rosalia.

"'Aye,' said the Advocate, smiling, 'tis with pictures as with life; only bribe that invisible *finisher*, and we are sure to reach perfection. However, since there is no other human way to perfection of any kind, I do not see that it is unwise to allow the illusion—which certainly elevates us while it lasts; for we cannot have a sense of the perfect, though imaginary, while we admit ignoble thoughts.'

"'This is a great admission for you, sir,' said Rosalia; 'tis the best apology for romance I have heard.'

"'Is it? Well, child, then I have been romantic myself without knowing it.—But the picture before us——'

"'I could not forget it if I would,' interrupted Monaldi, with excitement—'that single-hearted, that ineffable look of love! yet so pure and passionless—so like what we may believe of the love of angels. It seems as if I had never before known the power of my art.'

"As he spoke, his eyes unconsciously wandered to Rosalia. The charm was there; and his art was now as much indebted to the living presence as a little before it had suffered from it.

"'If one may judge from his works,' said Rosalia, 'Rafaelle must have been a very amiable man.'

"'We have no reason to think otherwise, answered Monaldi. 'He at least *knew how* to be so; if he was not, his self-reproach must have been no small punishment, if at all proportioned to his exquisite perception of moral beauty. But he was all you believe, according to the testimony of his cotemporaries, by whom he appears to have been as much beloved as admired.'

"'I could wish,' said Rosalia, 'that tradition had spared us either more or less of the great author of that Prophet;'—they had turned to a cartoon by Michael Angelo. 'They say he was morose; and many affect to find in that the reason why he does not touch their hearts. Yet, I know not how it is, whether he stirs the heart or not, there is *a something* in his works that so lifts one above our present world, or at least, which so raises one above all ordinary emotions, that I never quit the Sistine Chapel without feeling it impossible to believe any charge to his discredit.'

"'Never believe it!' said Monaldi, with energy. 'He had too great a soul—too rapt for an unkind feeling. If he did not often sympathize with those about him, it was because he had but little in common with them. Not that he had less of passion, but more of the intellectual. His heart seems to have been so sublimated by his imagination that his too refined affections—I can almost believe—sought a higher sphere—even *that* in which the forms of his pencil seem to have had their birth; for they are neither men nor women—at least like us that walk the earth—but rather of a race which minds of a high order might call up when they think of the inhabitants of the planet Saturn. To some, perhaps, this may be jargon—but not *here*, I venture to hope.' Rosalia bowed. 'Nay, the eloquent confession I have just heard could not have been made had not the spell of Michael Angelo been understood as well as felt.'

"'You have assisted me to understand him better,' said Rosalia, 'and if I do, perhaps I might say, that he makes me think instead of feel. In other words, the effect is not mere sensation.'

"Monaldi answered her only by a look, but one of such unmingled pleasure, as would have called up a blush, had not a similar feeling prevented her observing it. He felt as if he had been listening to the echoes of his own mind.

"'Upon my word, Rosalia,' said her father, 'I did not know you were so much of a connoisseur; 'tis quite new to me, I assure you.'

"Rosalia now blushed, for the compliment made her sensible of her enthusiasm, which now surprised herself: she could not recol-

lect that she had ever before felt so much excited.

" 'Nay, my dear, I am serious—and I need not say how pleased. How you have escaped the cant of the day I can't guess. 'Tis now the fashion to talk of Michael Angelo's extravagance, of his want of truth, and *what not* —as if truth were only in what we have *seen!* This matter-of-fact philosophy has infected the age. Let the artists look to it! They have already begun to quarrel with the Apollo—because the skin wants suppleness! But what is that? A mere technical defect. Then they cavil at the form—those exquisite proportions; and where would be his celestial lightness, his preternatural majesty without them? Signor Monaldi will forgive this strain: perhaps I should not hold it before an artist.'

Monaldi presently retires, leaving the Advocate delighted with his visitor.

" ——'I can almost fancy that we have been talking with Rafaelle. He has not disappointed you, I am sure.'

'"No,' replied Rosalia, 'on the contrary——' She felt provoked with herself that she could say nothing more."

After this interview, and a few subsequent visits at Landi's house, Monaldi thinks of nothing but Rosalia. He becomes nervous in her presence, and she is no less so in his. One evening they attempt to play a duet before the old upright piano, which has a mirror in the back; he lets fall his violin, and, with a stammered apology, something about indisposition, rushes out of the house. When he is gone, Landi asks for his favorite air, but Rosalia is unable to play aught that he recognizes. The next interview leads to a declaration, and, in short, it is not long before Monaldi and Rosalia are man and wife; and he now only desires to find his friend, as he feels assured that no melancholy could long withstand Rosalia's sympathy.

Maldura has gone to Sienna, to take possession of a large estate, left him by a rich relative; but this sudden accession of fortune works no change in his embittered heart. One evening, in a coffee-house, he overhears some one tell of the marriage of Monaldi, the great painter, to Rosalia Landi, daughter of the rich advocate.

From that moment his only purpose is *revenge:* to think that one whom he had always looked down upon, should be rich, honored, and above all, the husband of her who had rejected himself, is inspiration to him. He rushes from the coffee-house, and though it is almost dark, mounts his horse and sets off, unattended, for Rome. Somewhat after nightfall, going up the mountains beyond Radicofani, he is stopped by a robber, in whom he recognizes the famous Count Fialto, the most notorious outlaw and libertine in Italy—infamous particularly for his power over the sex, and his numberless seductions. This man was sometimes tolerated by the gay cavaliers at Rome for his brilliant conversation and it was there Maldura had seen him. The story was, that he had even seduced a nun.

Maldura now tells him that he has need of his services, and money to pay for them. Fialto leads the way to a concealed cavern among the rocks, where they are met and waited on by a haggard and wasted woman whom the robber calls Marcellina, and who obeys him like a slave. Here Maldura unfolds his unholy scheme, which is to employ Fialto to make Monaldi jealous of his beautiful wife. But to secure himself, he ascertains, by suddenly mentioning the Inquisition, that Marcellina is the stolen nun: the life of each thus becomes the pledge of good faith.

They travel together towards Rome, always separating when they come to towns. At Viterbo Fialto sees Monaldi in the inn yard, and learns that he is on his way to Florence to attend to the putting up of a picture in some church; he will be away from home a fortnight at least, and his wife is not with him. That will give them time, and they therefore push on eagerly to take advantage of it.

Arrived in Rome, Maldura takes lodgings in a distant part of the city, while Fialto establishes himself near the painter's house, which he begins to seem to haunt—passing slowly up and down a dozen times a day, stealing glances at the windows, caracoling before it on a restiff horse, affecting to throw something from his pocket into the court-yard, and the like; all to excite the suspicions of the neighbors, so that when Monaldi returns, his arrival is noted among them with shrugs and winks, and one, Romero, a poor mosaic worker, whose shop is opposite, and who dislikes Monaldi, for not, as he thought, praising him enough, now vents

his spleen in dark inuendos. One day Monaldi going out, sees a man at his gateway, who draws down his hat and retreats; the next day he observes from a window the same person standing over by Romero's door, and conversing, apparently, by signs, with some one in his house. Who can he be? He rushes down to the street, but before he reaches it the man is gone. He observes him, also, many times after, always hanging about and avoiding him.

One evening, Landi and he go alone to the opera, Rosalia having declined on account of a headache. They are scarce seated when Landi points out a handsome cavalier in an opposite box. Monaldi looks and sees the *stranger*. "Who is he?" he inquires quickly.

"'Tis the notorious Count Fialto.'

"'Fialto!' repeated Monaldi.

"'What makes you start so?' said Landi.

"'N—nothing.'

"'But you are ill?'

"'No, not at all,' answered Monaldi, endeavoring to assume a cheerful look; 'quite well, I assure you.'

"'I fear you labor too much,' said Landi.

"'Perhaps so. But go on; you were speaking of this Count.'"

Landi then enlarges upon the striking contrast of his noble countenance and his innumerable crimes, especially his sins against women. In the middle of the act, Monaldi observes a person bring him a letter, upon glancing at which, he hastily withdraws. But all is presently forgotten in the delightful music, till, on returning home alone, he perceives a man at his gateway; he steps under a lamp—the man passes quickly, and he sees that it is—Fialto. His heart sinks within him, and he stands in a bewildered revery, till suddenly the closing of a window above arouses him. He looks up and sees a light in his wife's chamber, and a female figure passing from the window.

For the first time, the poison takes deep hold. But his nature does not readily yield; it cannot be—his wife had merely retired early on account of her being unwell—that was all. He enters his house, and finds her sitting in the very room where he had left her.

"'You are home early,' observed Rosalia; 'I hope you have been entertained.'

"'Perhaps too early,' replied Monaldi, hesitating, and almost shuddering at the strangeness of his own voice. 'You seem surprised. What if I should be so at finding you *here!*'

"'Me? why so? Oh, I suppose you thought my headache would have sent me to bed. But it is quite gone off."

"'Indeed! and pray—*who* has cured it?'

"The question seemed forced from him by torture, and his utterance was so thick that Rosalia asked what he said.

"'Your headache. I asked who has cured it.'

"'Oh, my old doctor—nature.'

"'Rosalia!' said Monaldi.

"'What? but what disturbs you?'

"'Nay, what *should?*

"'I am sure I know not.'

"'If *you* know not—but I'm afraid you have passed but a dull evening *alone*.'

"'Oh, no, I have been amusing myself—if it may be called amusement to have one's flesh creep—with Dante. I had just finished the *Inferno* as you came in.'

"'As I came in? The Inferno, I must own, seems hardly a book of entertainment for a lady's bed-chamber.'

"'I don't understand you.'

"'Or will not.'

"'Dear husband!' said Rosalia, looking up with surprise, and a feeling as yet new to her. 'you talk in riddles.'

"'Is it a riddle to ask why you should choose to read in your chamber? For *there you were* when I entered.'

"'Who, I? No, I have not been up stairs this evening.'

"'A lie!' groaned Monaldi, turning from her with an agony that would not be suppressed. 'Oh, misery! 'tis then too—too—'

"A maid servant, at that instant, came in to tell her mistress, that as the night was damp, she had shut her chamber windows, though without orders.

"'You have done well,' said Rosalia.

"'Thank God!' said Monaldi, as he heard this explanation. 'Away—away, forever, infernal thoughts!'

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"'Oh, Monaldi, I am blessed above women!'

"'And dost thou think so?'

"'At least I know not how I could be happier. For what more could I ask, with such a husband?'

"'Or I with such a wife? Amen! with my whole soul.'"

A few days after, Romero sends for Monaldi to give his opinion upon a miniature copy of a Magdalen by Guido, telling him it is ordered by his friend, the Count Fialto. Monaldi, surprised, denies that he has any acquaintance with the man. The

mosaic worker apologizes, saying that he took him to be his friend from seeing him come so frequently out of his dwelling—adding that he came to his shop oftener than *he* should relish, had he a pretty daughter, or—*wife*. Monaldi is almost stunned by this news, and has barely strength to reach his gateway, where, leaning against a pillar, he hears his wife singing a new polacca, the only air upon which their tastes disagreed; another time he would not have noticed it, but now—

"He turned for a moment towards the court of his house, then pressing his hand to his brain rushed from the gate. Whither he was going he knew not; yet it seemed as if motion gave him the power of enduring what he could not bear at rest; and he continued to traverse street after street, till, quitting the city, he had reached Ponte Molle, where, exhausted by heat and fatigue, he was at length compelled to stop.

"It was one of those evenings never to be forgotten by a painter—but one, too, which must come upon him in misery as a gorgeous mockery. The sun was yet up, and resting on the highest peak of a ridge of mountain-shaped clouds, that seemed to make a part of the distance; suddenly he disappeared, and the landscape was overspread with a cold, lurid hue; then, as if molten in a furnace, the fictitious mountains began to glow; in a moment more they tumbled asunder; in another he was seen again piercing their fragments, and darting his shafts to the remotest east, till, reaching the horizon, he appeared to recall them, and with a parting flash to wrap the whole heavens in flame.

"Monaldi groaned aloud. 'No, thou art nothing to me now, thou glorious sun—nothing. To me thou art dead, buried—and forever,—in *her* darkness; hers whose own glory once made me to love thee.'——

——"A desolate vacancy now spread over him, and leaning over the bridge, he seemed to lose himself in the deepening gloom of the scene, till the black river that moved beneath him appeared almost a part of his mind, and its imageless waters but the visible current of his own dark thoughts.

——"The very sense of pain will soon force the faculties to return to their wonted action, to pursue again their plans of peace and hope. * * * The intense longing for relief brought on a re-action. 'No,' said he, starting up, 'some fiend has tempted me, and I have mocked myself with monsters only in my brain—she *is* pure—*she must be!*'"

He returns homeward, but as he crosses his threshold, and pauses for an instant to collect his thoughts, with his hand upon the latch of the door of the ante-room, his wife, from within, mistaking him for a servant, bids him come in, and starts back with an exclamation of surprise when she sees it is he. This awakens his former despair; he thinks she has mistaken him for her gallant. His manner fills her with alarm.

"'Dearest husband, oh, speak to me!' said Rosalia, as soon as she could find words; 'are you ill?'

"'No.'

"'Then why do you look so? Has anything happened?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Oh, do not say so; something must, or you would not be thus.'

"'How thus?'

"'As you never were before.'

"'True, I never—pshaw—there's nothing the matter; and I have told you I am very well.'

"'Nothing!'—This was the first instance of reserve since their marriage. Rosalia felt its chill as from an actual blast, and her arms mechanically dropped by her side. 'Ah, Monaldi! you have yet to know your wife. And yet I ought—I *do* honor your motive; you would spare her pain. But if you knew her heart, you would feel that your unkindest act would be to deny her the privilege of sharing your sufferings.' * * * *

——"There is a certain tone—if once heard, and heard in the hour of love—which even the tongue that uttered it can never repeat, should its purpose be false. Monaldi heard it now; there was no resisting that breath from the heart; he felt its truth as it were vibrating through him, and he continued gazing on her till a sense of his injustice flushed him with shame. For a moment he covered his face; then turning gently towards her, 'Rosalia,' said he, in a softened accent—but his emotion prevented his proceeding.

"'Speak, my dear husband, and tell me that you think me not unworthy to be *one* with you in sorrow.'

——"'My wife! thou art indeed my own!' said Monaldi, clasping her to his bosom. 'Oh, what a face is this! How poor a veil would it be to anything evil. Falsehood could not hide there.' Then quitting her for a moment, he walked up the room. 'I have read her every thought,' said he to himself; 'had they been pebbles at the bottom of a clear stream, they could not have been more distinct. With such a face she cannot be false.' As he said this, an expression of joy lighted up his features, and he turned again to his wife. There needed not a word to interpret his look;—she sprang forward, and his arms again opened to receive her.

"'My own Monaldi!' said the happy Rosalia."

She still presses him to unfold the cause of his agitation, and finally he begins to say that it was owing to something he had learnt respecting the baseness of a person in whom he had once felt an interest, but she interrupts him:—

"'No more,' she said; 'tis enough for me to know that calamity has spared you. Besides, I have no woman's curiosity; or if I have, a friend's misdeed is best buried in silence; 'tis a cause of sorrow into which a wife even may not with delicacy pry.'

"He took her hand without making any answer.

"One day back this sentiment would hardly have struck him; it would have entered his mind only as a part of the harmonious whole which made her character; now it came contrasted with his own dissimulation, and he thought, as he looked on her, that he had never before felt the full majesty of her soul.

"The meaning of his eyes was felt at her heart, and the blushing wife hid her face in his bosom; for, whether maid or wife, a blush is the last grace that forsakes a pure woman; 'tis the abiding hue with her nature; and never is it seen so truly feminine as when, like hers, it reveals the consciousness of merited praise."

But in the midst of this a loud ringing is heard at the door, and presently a servant comes in to say that a person had inquired for Monaldi, but on being told he was at home, had said it was no matter, and went away. This raises again the devil in the husband's breast that his wife's unconscious innocence had just laid. He becomes half frantic, and, in spite of her utmost tenderness, he puts her to the test by naming Fialto, and fiercely recounting a story of a wrong, similar to what he fancies is his own, committed by this man —how he had fixed his eye on a painter's wife—how she would not go to the theatre one evening—"perhaps she pleaded a *headache*,"—how the painter saw Fialto leave the box, and so on—looking into her eyes at every particular as though he would read her soul. Poor Rosalia at first thinks he is crazy, but as he approaches the end of the tale, a light breaks upon her, and she confounds him utterly by saying she understands it all, and no longer wonders at his emotion—the unfortunate husband must be his *friend*.

"'Ah,' said Rosalia, with a melancholy smile, 'that same imagination would be a fearful master over such a heart as yours!'

"'Never can it become so,' said Monaldi, kissing her forehead; 'never while my heart clings to such a reality. Look on me, Rosalia. Oh, how beautiful is Truth when it looks out from the eyes of a pure woman! Such, if ever visible, should be its image—the present shadowing of that hallowed harmony which the soul shall hereafter know in substance.'

"'My husband!' Rosalia could say no more.

"The night now closed upon them, and they sunk to sleep with hearts too full for another wish."

After this Monaldi is master of his suspicions for nearly a month, during which time nothing occurs to excite them afresh. But at length, the evening before he intends to visit Genezzano on business, and be away a day and night from home, Fialto suddenly meets him under his gateway, and thrusts a letter and money into his hand, addressing him as Giuseppe, his servant. The letter is addressed to Rosalia, and purports to be in answer to one from her; it alludes to a meeting while her husband was at the theatre, and agrees to another at twelve the next night. This was Fialto's plan: having corrupted Antonio, one of Monaldi's household, he learns that he was expected to be away that night; by delivering such a letter in such a way, he knows very well that jealousy will bring him home at the hour of the assignation; meantime, through Antonio, he will himself contrive to be caught in Rosalia's bed-chamber, whence he can easily escape, by having a rope ladder ready from the window, and a spy in the street who shall whistle a certain air when Monaldi enters the house.

And so it falls out. The letter convinces Monaldi of his wife's perfidy; yet he will not act without the very last proof of guilt. He dissembles and pretends to leave for Genezzano, but returns at twelve. Fialto, warned of his approach, roughly wakens Rosalia, whose beauty as she lay sleeping almost turns him from his purpose, and leaps from the window just as Monaldi bursts into the room. The frightened Rosalia, supposing her husband to be a robber, throws herself at his feet crying mercy, and is met by his dagger in her bosom.

In the terrible scene which follows, she begs to know why he has done this, till she faints—he urging her to confess, stanches the wound to give her time to repent—she revives—he shows her the letter—she reads it, and prays Heaven to spare him when he shall know the truth—alas! her love manifests it already, and he rushes forth distracted, even while her eyes are closing.

We will hasten rapidly to the end of the tale, for there is no greater injustice to an author than to present extracts from the most passionate parts of his story, or dull the edge of the reader's curiosity by a dry and minute skeleton of his plot.

Fialto meets Maldura that very night, and receives the reward of his villany. Maldura too begins to taste the wages of sin in an overwhelming sense of self-condemnation. Rosalia is soon discovered by the frightened servants; the old house-keeper finding her still warm, sends for a surgeon, who pronounces the wound not mortal; she is enjoined not to speak—not even to inquire for her husband; days and weeks pass by, and she slowly recovers. When Maldura hears of her recovery, it takes somewhat from his great agony of remorse. But he had still blasted Monaldi's peace—perhaps his life—for Monaldi has been searched for in vain ever since the dreadful night. Hence he is still loaded with guilt, and can only avoid himself by mixing in the world and travelling from city to city.

At length, losing his way in the country near Naples, he espies a hut among the ruins of an ancient tomb: there he finds Monaldi, a wretched maniac. He causes him to be conveyed to the nearest village and procures aid, and himself attends him till at length he is restored and hears that Rosalia lives. (Rosalia and Landi had been sent for meanwhile, and await the physician's permission to see him.) But in the same conversation that Maldura, whom he still looks upon as his old friend, tells him of his wife's recovery, he manifests so much gratitude that Maldura is overpowered by the might of conscience, that will not be relieved till he has confessed all his guilt; and this he does with such an impetuous torrent of self-reproach that it kindles again the fire in Monaldi's, brain, so that when Rosalia and her father are brought in expecting to find him sane, they behold only a shrieking madman.

From this time he becomes incurably insane, generally sitting motionless with his eyes riveted to one spot for days together, except when he hears the voice of his wife, which always throws him into a paroxysm of raving. It is after one of these paroxysms that, without speaking to any one, he is seen to go into his painting room; he continues to do so month after month, till he finishes the picture described in the introduction. He then disappears for more than a year, and is finally found in the cottage where the traveller has seen him, whence no entreaty will induce him to depart. Rosalia, to be near him, becomes a boarder at a neighboring convent.

Maldura's repentance is sincere; he becomes a brother of this convent, and dies there two years before the traveller's visit, having procured the picture to be near him, that he might be always reminded what a mind he had blasted.

This is the sum of the manuscript given by the Prior to the traveller. Two days after the venerable father calls him to attend the death-bed of Monaldi, to whose closing hours Heaven has mercifully granted an interval of reason. He there sees Rosalia kneeling by her husband's bedside, and the solemn scene which follows finishes, as with a sublime hymn, the tragic drama of their love and sorrow.

We would not have the reader suppose that such a synopsis, and the scattered extracts it contains, can convey a true idea of this affecting story; but this may nevertheless serve to enable us to interest him in a few observations naturally suggested by it; and, which will be much better, they may excite his curiosity to read it. Indeed, if we were certain it would produce the latter effect, we had rather quit the subject here, and leave the book to the opinions of ladies and scholars; for it is not easy to analyze beauties and point out particular excellencies in works which we love as wholes. Just as lovers are unable to tell what separate feature or attribute of form or motion, most warms their hearts in gazing on their mistresses, whether it be the jetty ringlet, the ruby lip, the sparkling eye, the rosy smile, the graceful gesture, or the silvery voice; so it is with books which touch the same 'invisible *fin-*

isher :' it is not the style alone, the language, the thought, the fancy, or the passion, but the general character, compounded of all these and speaking through them, as the soul of the lover's mistress speaks to him through her charms, that reaches the depth of sympathy. Monaldi is to be loved, in brief, it may be said, because it is a delightful old-fashioned tale, full of reflection, observation, philosophy, character, pictures, true affection—all excellent qualities; because it charms the reader and draws him onward, so that when it is begun it presses to be gone through with; because it takes him into a new and beautiful region, a modification of one that was already familiar, a peculiar Italy, wherein the real and the romantic are brought into actual harmonious contact; because it is told in a pure simple style, that often rises to the most passionate eloquence; because Rosalia is so lovely and so truly intellectual a lady; or to sum up all in one, as Beatrice does her love to Benedict, "for all these bad parts together," or simply because not to like it is impossible.

It may readily be conceived why such a tale should be neglected by the novel-readers of to-day, who only read Mr. Bulwer for excitement, Mr. James out of habit, and Madame Sand for reasons not to be understood: for all such readers, Monaldi is too broadly based on common sense and right thinking; its passion is too lofty and real; it is altogether too quietly wrought, the coloring is too rich and delicate, the tone too deep. It is like a fine old painting, that might hang for years in a row of French daubs and attract no eye-glasses, tin-tubes, or parvenu ecstacies.

But there must be many readers who are better capable of understanding and relishing what is good in novels and tales, and who will be glad to discover one that has food in it. There must be many who were great lovers of good stories in early youth, but have long since, they fancy, exhausted that department so as to be unable to find anything they can read. Some remember Godwin, others Scott, and they have a few old favorites among these, and one or two others, which, for want of newer, they content themselves with re-reading at long intervals. To such as these, our article is especially addressed; and to them we would commend Monaldi as an *unique* in our literature—a short story of love, ambition, revenge, and jealousy, highly dramatic and picturesque, yet embodying thought enough to give it rank with Rasselas or any similar production in the language. Though written in the form of a tale, it has all the condensation of a tragedy; every page hurries along the action, and every page teems also with suggestive reflection. Its style is pure, and finished with the most extreme care; yet it is also perfectly natural and easy.

There is never a word out of place, or a word too much, and yet it flows with a delicious music, that changes with the passion, as it could only have changed under the guidance of natural emotion. It has a peculiar rhythm, and though it is so admirably sustained that the ear soon becomes quite unconscious it is following aught but the accent of the simplest prose which could be written, yet any judge of style will see that this needs more care to restrain it within its required limits than the poetry of such a writer as Tennyson for example, or any who pitch their work upon a level admitting the most astonishing incongruities of expression. Refinement shows itself no less in style than in thought and mode of treatment; the soul of a true artist manifests itself in all that it does; and its sensitive discrimination is as evident in its manner of expression as in its course of thought and fancy. Some writers at the present time, in despair seemingly of expressing themselves in a style sufficiently nice for their over-nice conceits, abandon the attempt, and put on the mask of some strange affectation. Carlyle formerly, in the Life of Schiller, and other things, wrote in a very careful rhetorical style; but it was a cold one, and finding that he had not the time to be so elaborate, and not having the manliness to be natural, he determined, in the true spirit of a wrong-headed misanthrope, to attempt to please the world no more, but thenceforth to defy custom and be independent. Among our writers of less strength of intellect than he, how many we have who have followed the same course! In poetry, we have abundant examples among our transcendental minnows on both sides the water. In prose, we have our Jerrolds, and nearer home,

our regular manufacturers of base coin, who make a trade of passing counterfeit good writing.

Indeed, we have so many such, and the general vice of carelessness in style so affects our hasty-writing age, that the very purity and neatness of the style of Monaldi will at first appear so striking as to seem strained and obtrusive. Yet if we turn suddenly from several weeks of the ordinary current of newspapers and other such writing of the hour, which every one reads, (except those whose necessities oblige them to write it,) to the pages of any of our prose classics, Addison or Goldsmith for example, the same effect will be perceived. The first impression of a pure style is therefore, under such circumstances, no sure test. We must go on at first with an effort, till we become lost in the author; and if we can become so lost, and at the same time still have the consciousness of a pure and graceful flow of expression ever present with us, harmonizing with, not obstructing, the growth of emotion, is not this a higher enjoyment than to lose all consciousness of style whatever? It of course must be; for it is bringing into play another faculty of our nature; pleasing, not lulling, the critical discernment, while the imagination pursues her lofty flight; it is directing our air voyage over a diversified champaign, rather than over a desolate sea, or a region of shapeless clouds.

But the style of Monaldi, though pure, is not rigid; it bends to the story, and this shows how naturally it must have been written. In the opening chapters, it is quiet and reflective, suited to the tone of the thoughtful character-drawing with which the piece commences; as it goes on, we have a vivid epigrammatic dialogue; then the most passionate scenes, all built upon the original reflective back-ground, which is ever coming in, like a prevailing harmony, to sustain the unity of the tone. Finally, nothing can be finer for harmony of style with the thought and with its previous level, than the conclusion. There, where there was so much temptation to be falsely eloquent, the author has so resolutely preserved the dominant tone, that the very melody of the sentences almost gives an effect that we are approaching a concluding harmony; the end begins to be felt a long way off, and at last it dies away with the lofty grandeur of an old Handelian cadence. How far this effect is to be attributed to the pure style, as apart from thought, it is not necessary to ask ourselves, since if the style had not much to do with it, and did not much assist the other, the effect could not be so complete. This conclusion is certainly one of the finest instances of the power of natural reserve in the language.

How admirably suited is this simple, pure, and elevated style, to the tone and passion! We can fancy that a superficial reader of trash should take up the book, and after running over a page or two, throw it, with a flippant sneer at its "purism;" there is a great variety of readers among the educated as well as uneducated, who are not at all *up to* the appreciation of such writing and such thinking, not from any fault of theirs, but because the providence of Heaven did not furnish them with the requisite susceptibility. For all such, Monaldi will be too "*slow*" a book; they will want something more dashy and steaming; they will require stories where the passion overpowers the judgment, and sometimes runs riot with the intellect, in order to be stirred up thoroughly; they cannot conceive a mind so constituted that it shall take on, in the production of a work of art, a higher life *through its whole substance*—in its reason, its apprehension, its invention, its emotion, its consciousness.

But there is a smaller class who can relish all forms of art, from simple fairy stories, where the eye only is amused with pictures, to lofty tragedies, like Hamlet or Macbeth, where the whole soul is brought into activity, and made to experience, as Coleridge says, "a sense of its possible greatness."

These will not fail to be delighted with the beautiful *consentaneousness* of the style and thought, particularly in the opening chapters of Monaldi. The extracts we have given may be sufficient to make this excellence somewhat apparent; but in the entire book it is one of the most striking qualities, and shows how perfectly natural is the purity and restrained elegance of diction which the lovers of a showy rhetoric will be ready to cavil at. For, as the style is elevated, pure, and simple, so is

the thought; we refer to the abstract, dry light, the naked offspring of the intellect. There is not a page that is not laden with observations which seem to be the last fruit of experience. Observe the introduction of the two characters in the opening chapter: there is more genuine truth evolved in those few paragraphs, than would furnish forth a whole swarm of our modern waterflies, "spacious in the possession of dirt"—our transcendental literary Osrics, who only "get the tune of the time, and the outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out." Yet there is no affectation of profundity in Monaldi; not a thought which does not strike the mind as so simple and obvious, it seems wonderful that it should not have been so expressed before. We read with a constant assent, ever unconsciously murmuring, "How true!" When we bring the crude and formless metaphysics of such writers as George Sand and Bulwer upon the retina of the fancy, at the same moment with this true philosophy, their impression is so faint and evanescent, it does not in the least affect its previous image; they do not obstruct the radiance of such thinking any more than the substance of a comet hides the light of the sun. For here we see that the purpose is not display, but an earnest impulse to know the truth and hold it fast. This quality of character, joined to a sensitive organization, leads its possessor, through observation and reflection, to great ultimate truths, which are real discoveries. And these discoveries, when they are original, are expressed in such a way as they never can be when they are acquired; the writer speaks with a guardedness of phraseology and a positive assurance of tone which shows that he has thought the matter over and over, held it in his mind, carefully considered it, applied it in practice, and watched its operation; in short, that it is a *part of himself* and not a mere excursion of his thinking faculty, or a flow of conventional ideas. This is the individualization of thinking. This is original thought. This is the fruit of life treasured and given to the world.

And the result of all such thinking is, that we come back to old, common, and universal views of human nature, with refreshed and clearer insight. Hence all the great artists and thinkers dwell forever among great solemn truths, the same that were known ages ago, but which they, each one, discern afresh, with a vision so keen that they cause others to fancy they see them also, and thus hold them forever in the world's eye. The superficial artists and thinkers fly off into unclassified species and singularities, and cannot dilate themselves to a comprehension of what is grand and eternal—their little optics will not contain so wide a field of vision.

Hence there are many well-disposed persons and very fair judges of every-day books, who will not be able to discover the excellence of the thought in Monaldi. Just as the style will seem to some too still and careful, so to these, the reflections will appear too obvious and not sufficiently fine. They will stumble upon ideas that never entered their minds before, but which come in so naturally that they will fancy them to be familiar visitors; others which they may see are new, will yet appear so easy that they will not deem them worthy of respect; in a word, they will not be able to appreciate the thinking they will meet with here, because they will not be able to lift themselves up to it. As when among a party of grasping and cajoling speculators, comes in a gentleman of refinement and reserve, they fancy he is afraid of them—and even the women often thus despise one who could devour forty thousand of their husbands and brothers while waiting for his breakfast—so when the thoughts of such an one are spread on paper, there are coarse, vain, weak heads enough to smile and say to themselves, "This is harmless stuff!"

The truth is, there is a great majority of minds in the world who never can understand anything but hard knocks: that is the reason we are obliged to take so much pains with our laws, and our constitutions, to keep them in order. All these cannot appreciate any kind of art, let them try ever so much; they can only know what is told them: they have not the *art sense*. How many such can any artist call before his mind's eye! The conceited newspaper critic, who treats you as an inferior all the while you are making a butt

of him; the solemn doctor of divinity, who sits at a concert and nods approval, while the artists are whispering what hollow brass he is, under his very nose! Society is full of such examples; and a sensitive man who has the humble soul of a true artist must be prepared to meet "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," with a cheerful fortitude that looks within for its reward. A great, pure soul, that was born a worshipper of truth, is as much alone in the moiled rabble of the common world, as if it had dropped from some planet nearer the sun.

We have often fancied that if the whole range of thought were gone over, of which the mind is capable, and all thoughts considered with reference to their origin—that then we might arrive at some simple originals, fewer in number than the material elements, which should contain the germs and roots of them all. Thus the plain view of human character and motive set forth in the Holy Scriptures might be seen to be not only true, but the most profound that can be taken; and those torsos of ancient ballads, which abound in all literatures, might be seen to have survived the wrack of time, not by the result of accident, but from their originating in greatness and being thence adapted to the highest as well as lowest conditions of being. For it is as much as the most honest and earnest seeker after truth can do, to conquer the downward inclination to profundity, and when we consider how many there are who have no scruples, but are ever anxiously endeavoring to astonish their fellows in this wise, what wonder is it that generation after generation should be kept wandering in dark mazes and crooked ways, when, if they would but look upward, they might walk in the direct beams of the eternal sun! If one could experience *all,* could go through all the joys, sorrows, love, hope, grief—all that ever was, or can be suffered, and come out of it with a still unblenched resolution, what ideas, what forms of thought and expression, may we suppose such an one would use in addressing his race—supposing his memory perfect and his mind capable of grasping and rending asunder the veil of his spirit? What could he say more than, "I have lived; I have lain down and gat me up day by day; I have eaten and drank; I have loved and been beloved, have hated and taken revenge; hope deserted me, then came resolution; stung by the world's injustice, I turned at bay, and made me a name among men; now I have found no rest, and I am willing to give up my life, for I believe in the mercy of Heaven." But each particular of his experience he would communicate in a large, simple, comprehensive way, that would include all varieties of its kind, and hence would be intelligible to every living being. This would certainly be as great thinking as can be conceived. And still if such an individual were to arise and address the world in that manner, we cannot suppose that he would be understood and reverenced as a teacher. No—not for years. The crowd would still move on, amusing itself with metaphysical bubbles, while the prophet would only have credit for attempting to teach it what it knew already.

We have quoted largely from those parts of Monaldi which contain criticism of painting, not only because anything on that subject from its author must be read with interest, but more for their evident intrinsic merit. The criticism is of that sort which sinks into the mind and is never forgotten. There is hardly a technical word in it, but yet it goes at once to the very root of the matter. It deserves to be treasured along with Mozart's humorous oracular decisions in music.* Still there is nothing in it hard to be understood, and any reader who does not comprehend its main purport at a glance, may rest assured he never will; he may feel its truth in a higher and wider sense as he lives on and grows in experience, but the essence of the distinctions is as manifest in a moment as they ever can be. For they are great simple truths, as obvious as the pres-

* For example:—"Your symphony is too much crowded, and to hear it partially or piecemeal, would be, by your permission, like beholding an ant hill. I mean to say as if Eppes, the devil, were in it: Some compose fairly enough with other people's ideas, not possessing any themselves; others, who have ideas of their own, do not understand how to treat and master them. The last is your case; only do not be angry, pray! But your song has a beautiful cantabile and your dear *Fraenzl* ought to sing it very often to you, which I should like as much to see as to hear. The coda of the minuet may well clatter or tinkle, but it will never produce *music; sapienti sat.* I am not very expert at writing on such subjects; I rather show at once how it ought to be done." *Letter to the Baron V—.*

ence of matter, and at the same time as little considered. Superficial thinkers who read them will say to themselves, "It needed no ghost to tell us that!" but the truly discerning will value them as the exponents of the artist's character and purposes. Those who have hearts themselves will need no panegyrist to point to the greatness or the value to art, of those few sentences about the divine Rafaelle; but there are a sort who will prefer to fancy themselves wiser by reading long pages of technicalities, that never come to the purpose. Mr. Jenkinson, in the Vicar of Wakefield, instructs George how to make a figure among connoisseurs of this calibre: "You will do very well if you observe two rules: always remark that the picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains, and secondly, always praise the works of Pietro Perugino."

Had only the principles which might be deduced from the few passages respecting painting, in the opening chapters of this story, (we have not quoted half of them,) been brought out, illustrated, *invested*, with the care a person would have used toward them to whom they were his whole stock in trade, we should have had volumes instead of paragraphs. But the author of Monaldi was too rich in ideas of his art, and its works, to care to husband his thoughts; neither could he be profuse or ostentatious in the display of them. He simply introduces them because they are essential to the development of his ideal character, whom he, naturally enough, made a painter. And the result is, that they are in reality far more effective than they could have been in the garb of formal criticism.

For they come to us under the modifying influences of the author's imaginative power. That is to say, the tone and keeping of the tale, the expression which seems to clothe the face of him who is all through talking with us, his character as here written down, gives a force and meaning to his words which otherwise they could not have. We know better how Rafaelle must have appeared to him, from the manifestation he has given of himself. We learn to see with his eyes. Hence this tale is fuller of instruction for artists than a cold, ill-natured, or low-minded book could possibly be, though it were stuffed with acuteness and technical learning. The lustre of the painter's radiant soul shines over it; the silent power of his imagination bears us along with him through a more noble and refined life, than we could venture to image to ourselves in this dusty road of ordinary existence. We rise from reading him with a feeling that the old boyish notion of *a gentleman* was not so wholly absurd as the bad world would make us believe. We feel our confidence refreshed, the manly pride invigorated, the resolution established. Come not near us now, thou dark phantom of Care, nor you, ye bitter mockeries of the Past! For here is a charm, that is proof against your most deadly influences—the impierceable armor of the spirit of youth. We feel as we read, that the glory and the dream *shall not* pass away; and that, though we have fallen, yet will we not be utterly cast down, for underneath this gloomy, actual day, there is a greener earth and a serener heaven, where souls who have tasted the fern seed of high conceits, may walk invisible, apart from their muddy vesture of decay!

And what is most excellent in the imagined phase in which this work is conceived and wrought, is that it is not a condition put on, or with difficulty assumed, and widely differing from the writer's actual state, but it seems a part of his *real life*. He must have passed his days in the habit of thinking and feeling he here exhibits as author. For so, and not otherwise, could he have attained this peculiar, marked, simple elegance of style, thought, and tone, upon which we have been commenting. His daily walk and conversation could not have been far below the level of this volume—lofty and pure as it is. Had it been so, we should have had a greater impetuosity and less certainty; we should not have had more of a tendency to fine bursts and relapses, and less perfection in every part. The fire of genius, instead of burning with a steady glow, would have now flamed up, now died away into a fitful glimmer.

But there are many observers who cannot see any fire except that which is wrathfully blazing. They judge of genius by the immediate difficulties it overcomes, and think that alone powerful which bears up its possessors for short periods with

violent throes. Now we should remember that it is not the birds who fly highest that make the most flapping. The bird of our country, whom our poets and artists ought to imitate, measures whole territories without stirring a pinion. His home is in the upper region, and frequently he sails supreme so near the sun that our dull eyes can no more behold him.

Is not this rather the most powerful genius, that can bear up its possessor so that his ideal shall pervade his whole being, and he thus shall come to be the actual embodiment of his own high fancies, and shall address us with the simple humility of one who has unconsciously taken on refinement till it has become a part of his very self? Milton evidently thought so, when he says that for one to write a great epic, his life ought also to be a true poem. And that this is so with all great poets and artists, the meagre accounts we get of them out of their works very plainly show. They are men translated, and speak to us out of the heaven to which their high imagination has raised them. The smaller ones, with whom the vulgar have more sympathy, inasmuch as they think they could easily imitate them, do but flutter up a little to hear the cackling beneath them, and soon cease to be remembered as phenomena.

The same mental constitution, or genius, which guided the author in his taste, and gave him the power of combining so great a carefulness in style and thought, and raised his whole being into a life so fraught with delicacy, tenderness and elegance, as well as abounding in strength, impelled him also in his choice of characters, and in the manner of their development. Never were ideal personages more vividly set before us; and yet their qualities are brought out in such a way that it is a philosophical study to examine the drawings. The author is so constantly pointing out the secret springs of their actions, that we are made acquainted, not with the surface merely, their obvious purposes and doings, but with the motives which lie concealed from their own consciousness, so that we read them inside and out; and as a nice observer may see a little of the Hamlet in all of Shakspeare's high characters, in Prospero, Richard the Third, Macbeth, Henry the Fifth, etc., so here we may see that the principal persons all bear the reflective tinge—enough to place them far above melodrama, and give them no mean position among the best productions of the highest and most rarely successful style of character-painting.

The same characteristics of the artist appear also in the characters themselves, considered as living beings. Love and gentleness shed a benign influence over all of them. Even the wretch Fialto shows pangs of remorse enough to make us pity him, (as Burns pities the "deil;") Maldura repents—indeed, he is in many respects so large-minded and noble, that, bad as he is, we never quite lose a respect for him; Landi is a kind father; Monaldi, though overflowing with impulse, and sensitive to the very motion of the air, bears up for a long while against proofs to which a small soul would have yielded at once, and commands our sympathy longer than Othello does in reading the play, or seeing it with the part of Desdemona a little brought forward, in the hands of a good actress. But what shall be said of Rosalia? Truly, she is "blest above women,"—in fiction at least—for never was there brought before the vision a more perfect picture of a loving wife; never were the girl and the matron so harmoniously combined; never was there created in all the pages of novels and poems, a more charming lady. And yet she is not like any other in the glorious sisterhood. She is an individual, as much as though she had actual being. In brief, she is so truly present to the fancy, and inspires such a feeling, that (all epithets being too poor) it seems most decorous to "let expressive silence muse her praise." She was a most dear lady, but now she is a saint in heaven!

We suspect it was originally intended by the author that her husband should kill her, but that when he came to that place he had not the heart to let him do it, though, perhaps, it had been happier for her, in the end, had they done so. He tries in vain to bring them together after the murderous attempt; but with such natures, could Monaldi's reason have been spared, a re-union could hardly have been happy; there would always be the terrible recollection, and of two such hearts, each would always be borrowing sorrow on ac-

count of the other. The tale ends, therefore, in the only way it could have ended, as pure tragedy; but yet in that lofty walk of tragedy where a faith in Christianity supplies the place of poetic justice —where the characters do not lie down in death under a pall of unmingled woe, but ascend to the skies, and are seen beyond the dark river, passing upward to the gates of paradise.

So concludes this beautiful story, of which we have here spoken in the fullness of affection, partly to introduce to our readers a work which (if it be in print) many of them will read with great delight, and no less to do some reverence to a book which every American lover of good literature may justly refer to with peculiar pride.

G. W. P.

FAME.

Shade of a sound, of nothing bred,
In tongues of fools and weakling brains,
For thee seek we a gory bed,—
Endure for thee a martyr's pains,—
For thee, peace, freedom, life, resign?—
What price, O Fame, for these is thine?

Envy; the soul's advantage lost;
Drear nights, and over-wearied days;
Invention in long torment tost;
False blame, and undeserved praise;
Hate, from the bad, and, from the good,
The doom—to be misunderstood.

Then why this restless, ceaseless toil?
Since well the vain effect appears!
Why gifts abuse, and pleasures spoil,
To reap but anguish, darkness, tears?
'Tis Fame deludes; her subtle fire
Fills all the breast with false desire.

Just as, for torments long endured,
The wooer wins but bitter sweet,
And hates the hour his frenzy cured,
When all his dreams fruition meet;—
So hates my soul her long-sought praise;
Her saddest times are harvest days.

LAMARTINE'S GIRONDINS.*

The work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, has attracted much notice in Europe, as imbodying the opinions of a man of acknowledged genius, on a subject of great and lasting interest. M. De Lamartine offers his book to the public, not as a complete history of the events he relates, but as a sketch in which some of the causes and effects of the French Revolution are rapidly developed; and the particular agency of a small, but powerful party, in the struggle of a nation for its rights, forms the chief subject of investigation. "This recital," says the author, "has none of the pretensions of history, and should not affect its gravity." We own we do not see much reason for this disclaimer: M. De Lamartine's work, as far as it extends, is a *history* in the fullest sense of the word; men and events are drawn, not with the indistinctness of outline and expression which marks a mere sketch, but with the lights and shadows of a finished picture. Every material circumstance, from the flight of the King to the fall of Robespierre, finds its place in this record; and each prominent individual, from Mirabeau to Marat, is portrayed with vigor and seeming truth. The style, though brilliant, is occasionally clouded by metaphysical subtleties; it partakes, too, of that *dramatic* character, which may sometimes lead to the substitution of fiction for fact, but has always the merit of keeping the reader's attention alive, and of imparting to the narrative an interest that seldom flags.

Though M. De Lamartine disclaims for his work the dignity of historical character, it is certainly not with the view of escaping the responsibility of the historian. He has not burthened his work with references to authorities; neither appendix, nor notes, reveal the sources of his information; but he pledges his word, that he has put nothing on record for which he cannot quote both chapter and verse, and if the *truth* of his statements be assailed, professes his willingness to defend it. It would have been better, wherever he differs from his predecessors in matters of fact, to have assigned at once the grounds of that difference. The instances cannot be so numerous or important, as to have much impeded the march of the narrative. Another error which, with due respect be it written, he seems to us to have committed, is the introduction in his book of matter which, though not adventitious, yet might better have been reserved for utterance on another occasion. He is now engaged in the history of the Constituent Assembly, a work in which his just and philosophic view of the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau on the spirit of their age, would appear, certainly, with more propriety.

The death of Mirabeau has been selected by the author, as the starting point of his story. This extraordinary man, notwithstanding his private vices, had in public life an integrity of purpose, which, united with his genius, might have enabled him to secure two objects apparently incompatible—the freedom of the people, and the authority of the crown. The correspondence found in the iron chest at the Tuilleries, proves, that he had pledged himself to the King, so to direct the current of revolutionary opinion, as to preserve to the throne its due share of political influence; but by what means he would have executed this purpose, must be left to conjecture. Mirabeau was not likely to miscalculate his strength: no man of his time possessed in an equal degree the faculty of lifting the veil from the face of the future, nor was there one among the statesmen of that age, who, like him, could mould circumstances to his will, and "pluck safety out of dan-

**Histoire des Girondins.* Par A. DE LAMARTINE. Paris, 1847.
History of the Girondins, or Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. From unpublished sources. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated by H. J. Hyde. 3 vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

ger." His last words prove that he distinctly foresaw, that at his death, France would become the prey of factious fury, and firmly believed, that had his life been spared he could have averted the evil. On this subject, M. De Lamartine is a skeptic, and his doubts rest on the fact, that as far as they are known, the means relied on by Mirabeau seem disproportioned to the end proposed. This may be,—yet the whole current of the world's story shows, that great effects arise from trifling causes; and we learn from the very narrative before us, that on more than one occasion, the Revolution might have been essentially modified by the action of a single determined will.

It was a part of Mirabeau's project, that the King should leave Paris secretly, join De Bouillé's army, and put himself in a position to negotiate on equal terms with his refractory subjects, while the orator himself should remain in the capital, and so operate on the fears and hopes of the National Assembly, as to promote a re-establishment of law and order on a basis too solid to be afterwards shaken. The plan was feasible, yet before it could be executed, he who gave it was carried to the grave, and the King forced to seek counsel and assistance from men who could bring nought to his service, save personal courage and devotion. The project of a flight was, however, adhered to; and on the 20th of June, 1791, the royal family, eluding the guards at the palace, set forth on its adventurous journey. Ill-combined movements on the part of the Marquis De Bouillé, together with the concurrence of fortuitous events, led to the failure of this attempt. Louis was arrested at Varrennes, and carried back to Paris—a sovereign, yet a prisoner. It was then, that for the first time, the word "Republic" was spoken—not by the National Assembly, for a majority of its members still clung to the constitution they had created—but by the Cordeliers and Jacobins, two political clubs, which, even at this date, may be said to have governed France, since in their bosom were engendered those doctrines which, through the medium of affiliated societies, were soon spread and adopted in every quarter of the kingdom.

The National Assembly was, at this period, divided into three parties: the *Monarchists*, who blindly clung to old abuses, and thoroughly detested the Revolution and its works; the *Constitutionalists*, who, full of faith in the newly formed government, wished for this thing of their making a length of life proportioned to its supposed excellence; and the *Republicans*, few in number, but ardent in temper, who saw in what had been done only a ground-work for further change, and looked to time and exertion for the realization of their hopes. The first party was led by Maury, Montlozier, Montesquiou and De Pradt; the second by Barnave, the Lameths and Duport; and the third recognized among its chiefs, one whose name was destined to obtain a terrible celebrity,—Maximilian Robespierre.

Indignant at the King's captivity, (and there were circumstances attending the arrest of Louis, calculated to rouse indignation,) the Monarchists determined to remain in the Assembly silent witnesses of what was to ensue, and show their disapprobation only by a refusal to speak or vote. This was abandoning the field to the enemy; and the first effect of this ill-advised measure was, to encourage the Republicans to try how far the maxims prevalent in the clubs would find countenance and support in the National Assembly. On this occasion, Robespierre was the mouth-piece of his party, and was answered by Barnave, who, as leader of the Constitutionalists, held the doctrine, that the King's person was inviolable, and that his temporary absence could not justify, on the part of the Assembly, a measure so violent as that of deposition. This speech, the ablest that Barnave ever made, and which alone is sufficient to fix his reputation as a great orator, carried with it a large majority of votes, and for a time, all danger was averted of witnessing the death of a constitution which had just been called into life.

The Republicans were not dispirited by this check. The Press, that mighty engine of mischief as of good, enabled them to fill the public mind with angry suspicions. The King, the Queen, the most eminent members of the constitutional party, became objects of reiterated attack. The sarcastic wit of Des Moulins, the subtle sophistry of Brissot, the crazy denunciations of Marat, found daily employment: and the result of these labors was soon visible in tumultuary meetings of the people, and

in petitions to the Assembly, demanding the forfeiture of the crown, and the proclamation of the Republic. But the "pear was not yet ripe,"—the meetings were dispersed—the petitions read with indifference—and the Assembly continued its revision of the constitution, regardless of popular clamor.

We have named three men whose writings were of much influence over the mutable people of Paris. Brissot, eminent as a journalist, soon rose to higher distinction, and became in after years the acknowledged head of the Girondists. "He was," says M. De Lamartine, "at the outset, a Constitutionalist, and by turns the friend of Necker and of Mirabeau; a hireling before he became a statesman, he saw in the people only a sovereign about beginning its reign. The Republic was his rising sun. He hailed its approach as the source of his fortune, but he hailed it with prudence, looking often around to see if public opinion justified his adoration." Camille Des Moulins was a man of different stamp, with more talent, and less ambition, venality, or calculation. The following portrait of him bears the impress of truth:—

"This young student, who became a politician by mounting a chair in the Palais Royal on the first outbreak of the people in July, 1789, preserved in his brilliant style something of his early character. His was the sarcastic genius of Voltaire sunk from the saloon to the mountebank's bench. No man was ever in himself a more striking personification of the people than Camille Des Moulins. He was the mob with its tumultuous, unexpected movements, its mutability, its want of connected thought, its rage interrupted by laughter, or suddenly changed to sympathy and pity for the very victims it immolated. A man so ardent and yet so trifling, so common-place and yet so inspired, so undecided between blood or tears, so ready to drag in the dust what in his hour of enthusiasm he had raised to heaven, must have had over a revolted people an authority proportioned to the resemblance which he bore to them. The part which he played was in conformity with his nature. He did not ape the people—he was the people. His journal, distributed by night in public places, or cried by day with coarse commentaries, has not been swept away with the filth of the time. It remains, and will remain, a Menippean satire steeped in blood."

The character of Marat is not less impressive:—

"Marat was born in Switzerland. A writer without talent, a man of learning without reputation, ardently loving glory, without having received from nature or society the means of becoming illustrious; he avenged himself on all that is great in society or in nature. To him genius was not less odious than aristocracy. He pursued it like an enemy wherever it appeared. He would have levelled creation itself. Equality was his passion, because superiority caused his martyrdom. He loved the Revolution, since it brought all to his level. He loved it even unto blood, because blood washed out the stain of his long obscurity. He was the people's informer; he knew that denunciation was flattery to all that tremble, and that the people trembled. A prophet of demagogism, inspired by insanity, he uttered his night-dreams as the revelations of day-conspiracies. The Seid of the people, he gained its favor by devotion to its interests. Like all oracles, he affected mystery. He lived in seclusion, and never went forth but by night. His communications with his fellow-men were guarded with sinister precautions. A cellar was his home and refuge against poison or the dagger."

Such were the apostles of the new faith, who found eager listeners among a people prepared by centuries of oppression to regard revolt as a duty, and vengeance as a right.

On the 17th of May, 1792, a general meeting of the citizens of Paris was held in the Champ de Mars; to give to it increased solemnity, an altar to Liberty had been erected, and it was proposed, that on that altar a last petition, similar in character to those which before had been presented in vain, should receive the signatures of citizens, and from thence be forwarded to the provinces for approval and concurrence. Such was the ostensible purpose of the meeting, but those who had been most active in promoting it—Danton, Des Moulins, Robespierre, and others—expected from it a course of action far more vigorous. The experiment was to be tried, how far the firmness of the National Assembly would be found available against the force of a mob. On the morning of that day, however, an event sufficiently deplorable in itself, was followed by effects for which the demagogues were unprepared. Two invalid soldiers were discovered concealed under the frame-work of the newly built altar: a rumor ran through the crowd, that they were emissaries of

the King, and placed there for a mischievous purpose. According to mob-law, execution preceded trial, and the truth of the charge was not investigated till the unhappy veterans had been torn to pieces. The news of this outrage reached the ears of Bailly, then Mayor of Paris. He was a just man, and firm as he was just. Summoning the military force with Lafayette at its head, he set forth to arrest and punish the guilty. His advance was resisted,—the troops assailed with clubs, stones and pistol-shots; nor was it till the red flag was unfurled, and the soldiers made their charge, that the dense mass melted away, leaving several hundred dead upon the field. For a time, the triumph of law and order seemed to be complete. The clubs were closed; the instigators of the mob, Danton, Des Moulins, Fréron and others, fled from offended justice, and sought seclusion and safety in the obscurest recesses of Paris; and had as much energy been manifested in the pursuit, as was shown in the conflict, Jacobinism would have ceased to exist. Had Mirabeau been then alive and present to direct the public councils, how many crimes would have been spared! how much misery averted! But Lafayette and Bailly hesitated in the hour of success, and this hesitation ruined all. After an interval of a few days, the agitators crept from their hiding-places—the clubs were re-opened—the press again teemed with denunciations—the dispersion of a lawless mob was represented as a cruel slaughter of unarmed men—the number of sufferers was swelled from hundreds to thousands—and such is the effect on the public mind, of a constant repetition of falsehood, that the lawful actionof the force raised for the protection of Paris, and led by two of the purest men of their time, is spoken of to this day as the "*Massacre of the* 17*th of May!*"

But the hour was approaching, when the Assembly, having completed its labors, was to disappear from the scene, leaving the future operations of government to be carried on according to the forms of the new constitution. The King, liberated from imprisonment, was brought forward to swear to the maintenance of the compact between him and his people. The ceremony adopted on the occasion was imposing. "Military music and repeated salvos of artillery told France that the King and the nation, the throne and liberty, were reconciled in the constitution, and that after three years of strife and agitation, the day of peace had arrived." The King and even the Queen, against whom the hatred of the populace had been especially directed, were received by the fickle multitude with shouts of applause; but this ebullition of French sentiment proved short-lived—the *Vive le Rois* came from the lips, but had no echo in the hearts of the people. The outrages to which Louis had been so long subjected robbed him of all majesty, and notwithstanding the seeming enthusiasm with which he was greeted, after taking the oath of office, his position remained essentially false. "He had consented to accept the forgiveness of his people. He had sworn to carry into effect a constitution from which he had fled. He was a *pardoned* King. Europe saw in him only a monarch escaped from a throne, and brought back to his punishment, the nation a traitor, and the Revolution a play-thing."

It now remained for the National Assembly to take leave of the public; but ere it separated, a motion was made by Robespierre, and carried by a large majority of votes, that no member should be eligible to the new Assembly for the space of four years. The object of the motion is thus explained by M. De Lamartine:—

"Robespierre, knowing his weakness in an Assembly composed of its present elements, wished to exclude these elements from the new legislative body. The law to which he subjected his colleagues, bore equally on himself, but the source of his power was the Jacobin club, and there he had no rival. Instinct or calculation had taught him that the action of a legislature new, inexperienced, and composed of obscure men, would necessarily be controlled by the clubs. It was enough for his purpose that faction should reign; his great popularity made it certain, that sooner or later, he would reign over faction."

When the Assembly met, men were struck by the fact, that among its members few of mature age were seen. It seemed as if young and needy adventurers had been specially chosen with the view of excluding the possibility of sober deliberation, and wise conclusions. Such were the unhappy auspices under which the complicated machinery of an untried government was to be put in motion: and, as

if to give the world an early proof of frivolity and incapacity, the first two days of the session were employed in debating a question of etiquette:—whether or no, the King should be addressed by the title of "Majesty," and be received in the Chamber with covered or uncovered heads! Within the brief space of forty-eight hours, this important question was decided in *two* ways: even Vergniaud, the eagle of the Gironde, is said to have *spoken* on one side, and *voted* on the other.

It was soon evident, that instead of coming together with the honest intention of supporting the constitution, a majority of the Assembly were busily engaged in preparing its overthrow. The Girondists and Mountaineers, far from regarding the King as equally with themselves, a representative of the nation, charged with the double duty of executing the laws, and of restraining within proper bounds legislative action, by the exercise of the veto power, looked upon him as an enemy to be watched and thwarted at every turn; as a dead weight on the progress of national freedom, to be thrown aside on the first occasion; and as that occasion might not occur as soon as wished, they *conspired together* to produce it. Such, in a few words, is the story of the second Assembly, as it may be gathered, not only from the pages of M. De Lamartine, but of every other author of reputation who has written of this eventful period.

The most distinguished of the provincial deputations was, certainly, that from Bordeaux. It was composed of young men, many of them lawyers, and accustomed to speak in public. Though previous education had made them somewhat familiar with matters connected with the science of government, yet their knowledge was merely theoretical. From the philosophy of the age, they had learned that man has natural rights, but they had not learned from experience how far these rights can be claimed or exercised consistently with the public good. A French proverb says, "*Parmi les aveugles, les borgnes sont rois;*" and thus it fared with the deputies of the Gironde: limited as was their knowledge, it sufficed, when combined with ardor and talent, to give them a decided influence over an Assembly composed of men more ignorant and equally inexperienced. One of the chief merits of M. De Lamartine's work lies in the felicity of his delineations of individual character. His history is a gallery of portraits by the hand of a master. Before we proceed to examine the action of the Girondists as a party, it may not be amiss to make our readers acquainted with the moral characteristics of those men whom that party acknowledged as its leaders.

The first of the Bordeaux deputation in talent and fame was, undoubtedly, Vergniaud—a young man whose early cleverness had attracted the notice and patronage of the celebrated Turgot. Originally intended for the church, he had finished the course of preparatory studies, when, struck by the discordance between his tastes and habits of life, and those that would be required of him as a religious teacher, he withdrew from a profession which he could not conscientiously exercise. Returning home, he gave himself up to the cultivation of poesy and belles-lettres; but the spirit of the orator was strong within him, and having one day been overheard addressing with force and feeling an imaginary audience, it was resolved in family council that he should be a lawyer. Scarcely had he entered on this new career, when the Revolution came to open to his ambition the road of political honors. The little fortune he possessed had been exhausted in the payment of his father's debts; he arrived in Paris a pennyless deputy, and his private letters, filled with the details of petty, pecuniary embarrassments, show, that poverty was his companion, even at a time when his eloquence shook France like a reed.

"Vergniaud," says the historian, "born at Limoges, and by profession an advocate, was then thirty-three years old, and had early become a convert to the free doctrines of the day. His calm majestic features revealed the consciousness of power. Facility, that concomitant of genius, pervaded his whole nature, moral and physical. Though a lover of ease, he could, whenever necessity required it, rise at once in the fullness of his strength. His brow was thoughtful, his look composed, and on his lips sat a grave, perhaps melancholy expression. The severe thoughts of antiquity had left their impress on his countenance, though modified by the smiling carelessness of youth. Men loved him at the base of the tribune; when he ascended it, they respected and admired him. The first word that he spoke, the first glance

of his eye, revealed the mighty space between the man and the orator. His sentences had the harmony and richness of verse; he would have been the poet of democracy, had he not been its orator. His passions were noble like his language, and even when addressing the people, he never stooped to the vulgar flattery of adopting the popular forms of speech. He adored the Revolution as the manifestation of a sublime philosophy, destined to exalt the nation, and destroy nothing, save tyranny and prejudice. He had no doctrines—no hatreds—no bigotry—no ambition: even power was to him something too substantial and vulgar to be valued—he sought it not for himself, but for his ideas. Present glory, future fame, were the aims of his existence; when he rose in the tribune, it was to catch sight of them from a higher point of elevation. At a later day, his last look was turned towards them from the scaffold, when, leaving a name immortal in the memory of France, he sprang into eternity, young, beautiful, with all his fresh enthusiasm about him, and a few stains, then washed out in his generous blood."

Though thus fitted by nature to become the leader of his party, indolence, and perhaps self-distrust, prevented this highly gifted man from accepting a position which was pressed upon him by the affectionate admiration of his associates. The post which he thus rejected, was sought and obtained by one who, with less ability, possessed in a higher degree the genius of intrigue so necessary to the success of a faction. We allude to Brissot de Warville.

"He was," says M. De Lamartine, "the son of a pastry cook at Chartres, and had been educated at the same school as his countryman Pétion. A literary adventurer, he assumed the name of Warville, beneath which he concealed the obscurity of his own. A plebeian's nobility consists in not blushing at his origin—Brissot had it not. He stole a title from that very aristocracy against whom he subsequently made war, under the banner of equality. Like Rousseau, in everything but genius, he descended even lower than the Genevese, before he rose to celebrity. Men become worn and sullied when striving for existence amid the corruption of great cities. Rousseau carried his poverty and imagination into the country, where the constant spectacle of rural nature soothes and purifies the soul: he became a philosopher. Brissot displayed his vanity and wants in London and Paris—creeping through the narrow, dirty ways of the adventurer and pamphleteer: he became an intriguer. Yet, though soiled by vices which drew suspicion on his name and morals, he nourished in his heart three virtues, capable of lifting him out of the abyss of degradation: an ardent attachment to a woman whom he had married against the wishes of her family, untiring industry, and a courage exercised in encountering the difficulties of life, and which, at a later period, enabled him to face death with triumphant composure."

Guadet, like Vergniaud, was an eloquent man, and brought to the Assembly a reputation for ability, which was not undeserved. Gensonné's power was in his pen: his style was terse and epigrammatic, and his logic irresistible; on him devolved the duty of drawing up public reports. But a more useful party agent, not from his talents, but character, was Pétion.

"This man was the sovereign of Paris. The populace, with admirable instinct, called him *King Pétion*. He had purchased popularity by democratic speeches in the Constituent Assembly, and the equilibrium which he maintained at the Jacobin club, between the Girondins and Robespierre, made him respectable and important. The friend, at one and the same time, of Roland, Robespierre, Brissot and Danton, and suspected of having secret relations with the Duke of Orleans, he managed, nevertheless, always to be covered with the mantle of devotion to established order. He had thus every apparent title to the esteem of honest men, and the regard of factions; but his best title to popular favor was mediocrity. Mediocrity, it must be allowed, is a stamp always set on the people's idols, either because the crowd loves only what resembles itself, or because Providence, just in its distribution of gifts and faculties, will permit no man to unite in himself three qualities, each irresistible—virtue, genius, and popularity; or, what is more probable still, because the favor of the multitude is of such a nature, that its price is greater than its value in the eyes of virtuous men. Pétion was the people's king, on the condition of permitting the people's excesses. In the official reproaches which he addressed to the mob, he always *introduced an apology for crime, a smile for the guilty, a word of encouragement for misled citizens*. The people loved him, as anarchy loves weakness."

Fresh from the study of the classics, the deputies of the Gironde were republicans. In the clubs, they found many who shared the same political faith, and among them Roland, whose house became a place of common resort to the initiated. Roland was a political economist of moderate talents, and obstinate temper. He had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, and during his residence at

Paris, became closely connected with Brissot, Robespierre, Buzot, and others, who then formed the nucleus of the democratic faction. After the dissolution of the Assembly, he went back to a small country estate near Lyons; but stimulated by the patriotic fervor of his wife, and his own unsatisfied ambition, he soon returned to the capital in search of political preferment, and for a brief period became Minister of the Interior.

Not the least interesting part of M. De Lamartine's work is that which he has given to the memory of the celebrated Madame Roland. She was a woman of great abilities, and possessed many virtues; yet the severe pen of the historian has recorded one anecdote which must tend to diminish the sympathy which otherwise would be felt for the fate of one so able, courageous, and unfortunate. When, on the 20th of June, Marie Antoinette was subjected to the insults of the populace, Madame Roland, on hearing the story, joyfully exclaimed: "How her pride must have suffered! How I wish I had seen her in the hour of humiliation!" Cruel words, —that must have recurred to her memory, when she was herself carried to execution, amid the coarse execrations and filthy revilings of the scum of Paris.

It was at the house of Roland, that the plot was first formed against King and constitution. Brissot and Robespierre—the Gironde and the Mountain—here met for the same treasonable purpose. Three subjects of disagreement existed between Louis and the Assembly: the first was the law respecting non-juring priests; the second, the enactments against emigration and the emigrants; and the third, the policy of going to war with Austria and Prussia. In obedience to the dictates of conscience, and in conformity to the advice of his ministers, the King had opposed his veto to both decrees. With respect to the first, he was morally right, and politically wrong. The non-juring priests were men whom ill-considered laws had placed in a cruel position;—compelled to choose between the sacrifice of duty, either as citizens, or as ministers of the holy Catholic faith, they preferred disobedience to apostacy, aud became martyrs. The debates of the Assembly on this question, as related by M. De Lamartine, show how easily men professing the principles of toleration can, under the influence of political excitement, give the lie to their faith, and sink into abettors of persecution. But it was evident, that the King's refusal to sanction the decree, could do no good: as the quick-sighted Dumouriez wisely observed, "It was better by assenting to the law to subject the priests to legal penalties, than by refusing assent, to deliver them over to massacre." It was not, however, the first time that the unhappy Louis had sacrificed policy to conscience. The second point of difference was one on which the King could not yield without violating the best feelings of his nature: he was required to affix his name to a bloody enactment, specially aimed at the members of his family, and at friends whose only crime was fidelity to him. The wisdom of his opposition to the war is more questionable: the Revolution struck at the principle of monarchy; it was evident that sooner or later, the princes of Europe would combine to repress the growth of opinions so fatal to themselves; to suppose it possible, that any diplomacy could either prevent altogether, or even modify the nature of their interference, was a blunder, and to act upon that supposition, was virtually to justify the suspicions of bad faith which the King's enemies had so busily disseminated. And yet, had the decree been signed as soon as presented, would not other causes of quarrel have been found? Let the reader of M. De Lamartine's volumes pass in review the circumstances of the time, and then ask himself, if the ill-fated monarch could have taken any course that would not have led to the same result? Like the lamb of the fable, at whatever point of the stream he drank, he must have been accused of troubling its waters.

The limits of this review will not permit us to dwell on the events which immediately preceded the fatal 10th of August. The angry debates and insolent denunciations of the Assembly; the insubordination of the army, encouraged by the clubs; the violence of mobs, set on foot by the Girondists and the Mountain; the massacres at Brest and Avignon, forerunners of the bloodshed at Paris; the rising of the 20th of June, when the royal palace was invaded by a mob, led by the butcher Legendre, and the brewer Santerre; the noble inter-

ference of Lafayette, proving only personal courage and political weakness,—all these symptoms and effects of anarchy, are admirably related by the historian, who, whatever may be his own prejudices and predilections, has concealed no fact that can assist the reader in forming a right judgment.

The insurrection of the 10th of August, which involved in one common ruin the King and constitution, was the work of the Girondists, who, notwithstanding causes of jealousy had already arisen between the two factions, were, on this occasion, strongly supported by the Mountain. With the exception of Barbaroux, whose personal exertions had secured the co-operation of several hundred vagabonds from Marseilles and the southern provinces, the most open and active agents in moving the mob of Paris, were Danton, Des Moulins, and Fréron. But when thus lending themselves to the overthrow of the throne in obedience to the babblers of the Assembly, these chiefs of the Mountain well knew, that the fruits of the crime would be gathered by themselves. Like wolves, the two factions had hunted the deer together, and then fought over the bleeding carcase.

Strange as it may seem, it was at this last hour of the monarchy, that the chance was offered to Louis, of annihilating his enemies at a blow, and securing the triumph of the constitution. Notwithstanding the defection of the National Guards, the Swiss troops were victorious in the first onset; they swept their enemies from the Carrousal with a strong hand, and we have the authority of an eye-witness whose judgment, in such matters, never deceived him, for the belief, that had the soldiers been led by a man of energy and capacity, the cause of royalty would have been successful. At a future day, and under circumstances somewhat similar, Napoleon (for it is to him that we allude) proved with what ease a few determined soldiers, under good guidance, can deal with a ferocious mob, who, though strong in numbers, lack the superiority that courage and discipline can give.

Though acknowledging the many claims of the Girondists to distinction, history will not hide the fact, that political sagacity was not among the number. The very qualities they possessed were of a character to mar their usefulness: they lived in a world of their own imagining, and were blind to the exigencies of the real world around them. They wished to try, on a large scale, the value of theories of government borrowed from antiquity, and applicable only to petty states. Their chief error was, in not adopting the existing constitution, and endeavoring to cure its defects by wise and sober legislation. Every exercise of the King's prerogative was met by these misguided men, as if it were an outrage on public liberty. Their decree against non-juring priests produced civil war; their enactments against the emigrants led to further emigration; they sought war with Europe, and, as if to incapacitate the nation for the conflict, labored at the same moment to disorganize the army; and at last, when the royal authority had been humbled and trampled upon, they had recourse to an insurrection of the people, to overturn the government and consign its acknowledged head to the prison and the scaffold. Such was their conduct when assailing royalty, or what they were pleased to term *tyranny*. What was it when acting on the defensive? when called upon to resist a party more thoroughly imbued than themselves with the levelling principle, and which had grown up in their shadow? Forgetting that they had risen through an insurrection, they did not suspect that they might fall by one. The weapon which they had used with such effect against Louis, lay at their feet, and, without a struggle, they permitted another hand to grasp it. The time of action was lost in idle debate. They trusted to the inviolability of public character, when they had themselves violated it in the person of their King. In short, notwithstanding their acknowledged abilities, every step taken by the Girondists, from first to last, bore the stamp of that fatuity which goes before destruction.

M. De Lamartine has given an interesting account of their last night upon earth. It was spent in philosophic discussions, almost as imaginative as their political speculations. We know not whether the speech on the immortality of the soul, attributed to Vergniaud, was his or not;—no reporter could have been present, and the memory of the priest who was permitted to console their last moments, could scarcely have carried

away more than its substance. We remember a pleasing volume entitled, "*The Last Supper of the Girondists,*" written by Nodier. It was avowedly a work of the imagination in its details, but claimed to be founded in truth. What is true in it, was probably derived from the same sources that have served M. De Lamartine, as there is a similarity between the two accounts.

We shall close this brief notice of the Girondists by offering to our readers the following extract from a work little known, written by one of that party, who, escaping from Paris at the time of their downfall, had the good fortune to remain undiscovered till the Reign of Terror had past. We allude to Louvet, whose position enabled him to see and lament the want of foresight and political courage of his friends. When the Convention was organized, the Girondists were the strongest; the designs of Robespierre and the Mountain were sufficiently developed, nor had the popularity of the former reached a height to set punishment at defiance. A little energy at that time, would probably have changed the whole current of future events.

"The Convention," says Louvet, "began its reign on the 21st of September, and the next day, Robespierre and Marat preached insurrection against it in the club; a few weeks after, the first named dared to complain publicly of what he called the calumnies which had been circulated respecting him, and to ask who was his accuser? Instantly, I sprung into the tribune; the accusation which I brought against him produced a strong sensation; more than fifty deputies rose to bear witness to the reality of the crimes I had denounced, the least of which was sufficient to bring that man to the scaffold. If Pétion, who had not then lost his great influence,—if Pétion, whom I appealed to by name, had spoken one quarter of what he knew, a decree would have been obtained on the spot against Robespierre and his accomplice. But Pétion, Guadet, Vergniaud, never answered my appeal, and another (Brissot) was weak enough to blame me in his journal for having brought the accusation. Nevertheless, Robespierre was so astounded, that he requested eight days to prepare his defence. At the time appointed, the tribunes were filled by his friends, as early as nine o'clock. The dictator spoke two hours, but did not refute a single charge. My reply would have crushed him, yet the *Girondists* united with the *Mountain* in preventing me from speaking. This fatal mistake struck me to the heart; from this moment, I felt assured that the men of the dagger would prevail against the men of principle."

Making due allowance for the personal feelings of Louvet, there is but little doubt that his story is true in the main: at the decisive moment, his friends lacked decision. As for the chief of the "men of the dagger," or to speak more correctly, the "men of the axe," we shall say but little. There appears to us (though M. De Lamartine thinks differently) very little mystery about the character of Robespierre. At the outset of his career, he was a philanthropist, and like most philanthropists, hid no small portion of selfishness under his general love of humanity. It is singular that both he and Marat wrote against capital punishment. That he had some ability is certain, from the influence he exercised on all whom he approached. The man who gives rise to strong emotions in others, whether of hatred or friendship, cannot have been an ordinary man; but that he had genius, or even exalted talents, we see no evidence. He seems to have possessed moral courage, and to have known the value of perseverance, and to this tenacity of purpose may be attributed his success.

We are not aware that the historian has adduced in his work any new facts of great importance, but he has certainly presented men and things in a new light. Whatever may be thought of the accuracy of his views either of public affairs or of private character, they are at least offered in a way to command attention. Perhaps the present age is too near to that which witnessed the monstrous spectacle of a nation in a state of anarchy, to judge calmly of the men who were successively borne to the surface by the agitation of the political waters. Yet it seems to us evident, that not one of these heroes of a day was striving for a great principle. The love of power was the besetting sin of all—the love of the people, a mere mask to hide their egotism. That this was the case with the Girondists is a fact recognized by M. De Lamartine, who seems, as he proceeded in his labors, to have become less and less disposed to look upon them favorably, and at last, to have even doubted the sincerity of their attachment to the goddess with the cap and spear. Robes-

pierre and his faction seem, however, to have grown on his esteem, because they sung with more emphasis the national song of *Ca Ira.* We have been somewhat at a loss to account for the strong disposition manifested of late years by French historians, to excuse the crimes and enormities of the men who governed France under the Convention. Is it the result of a sentiment of justice, rising out of a firm conviction, that the Sans Culottes have been aggrieved? Or does national vanity require, that the men who once ruled France should not go down to posterity as mere robbers and cut-throats, whose power had no better foundation than the dread and horror they inspired? Why is Robespierre, at this late day, tricked out in a "tawdry suit of qualifications which nature never intended him to wear?" Why are courage, eloquence, and political sagacity liberally allowed to him? Can his new-found admirers point to one great public measure of his devising,—to one speech of merit which has out-lived the time,—to one act of generous forbearance, or manly audacity? That he was honest in his private dealings is possible, and that he was persevering in purpose is certain,—as certain, as that he was cold, calculating, and cruel. Of Danton, his accomplice and victim, it is scarcely necessary to speak. His whole character may be read in the butcheries of September. He had more energy than his fellow-laborer, or rather he had less hypocrisy, and in that respect, came nearer to humanity. As for the pack who howled in their train—the Couthons, the St. Justs, the Heberts, the Chaumettes, the Henriots, whose very names are pollution to the lips that breathe them,—they were but the willing tools of power, who in their subserviency followed the bent of their base nature. In Spain, and under Philip II., they would have been mutes of the Inquisition;—in their own day and generation, they were purveyors of the guillotine.

The French Revolution, when restricted in its operations to the remedying of abuses, was both just and necessary; but was it necessary, that it should be stained with so much guilt, or attended by so much misery? That beneficial effects have followed it in spite of its beheadings, and *noyades* and *fullibades*, is true; and let thanks be given to an all-wise Providence which has so ordered the course of human events, that even good may grow out of evil.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HERMAN BLENNERHASSETT,

AND MRS. MARGARET BLENNERHASSETT.*

Herman Blennerhassett, Esq., was a descendant of a noble family of Ireland, in the county of Cork. He was born in Hampshire, England, in the year 1767, while his parents were there on a visit. The family residence was Castle Conway, in the county of Kerry, to which they shortly after returned. He was educated with great care; and when a boy, attended the Westminster school, celebrated for its classical excellence, completing his studies at Trinity College, Dublin, whose honors he shared in company with his relative, the celebrated T. A. Emmett. They read law together at the King's Inn Courts, Dublin; were admitted to the bar on the same day, in the year 1790; and between them existed ever after the warmest friendship. Having spent some time travelling in France and the Netherlands, he returned and practiced at the bar in Ireland. Expecting, however, to fall heir to a large estate in a few years, he made but little effort to excel in the law—rather cultivating his taste for the sciences, music, and general literature. At the death of his father in 1796, he became possessed of a handsome fortune; but on account of the troubles in Ireland, in which he became politically involved, he sold the estate to his cousin, Lord Ventry, and went to England, where he soon after married Miss Agnew, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and granddaughter of General Agnew, who fell at the battle of Germantown. Lord Kingsale, and Admiral De Courcey of the navy, both married sisters of Mr. Blennerhassett. The latter expressing rather freely his republican principles in opposition to his relations, finally concluded to visit the United States, and make that country his future home, where he could utter his sentiments and enjoy the benefits of freedom undisturbed by spies or informers.

Before sailing for America, he visited London, and purchased a large library of classical and scientific books, with a philosophical apparatus, embracing various branches, and arrived in New York in 1797. By the aid of his letters, wealth, and his own personal and literary merit, he became acquainted with some of the first families in the city.† Among others of his newly acquired friends, was Mr. Joseph S. Lewis, a rich merchant of Philadelphia, who became his business agent, and for many years his firm friend. Mr. Blennerhassett named his youngest son Joseph Lewis, in token of his regard for that gentleman, who was finally a considerable loser by this connection, and after Mr. Blennerhassett's failure, and the destruction of his house and property, became the owner of the Island. His stay in New York was of only a few months' continuance; when, hearing of the rich valleys and beautiful country on the Ohio river, he crossed the mountains, and after spending a few weeks in Pittsburgh, took passage for Marietta in the fall of the year 1797. Here he passed the winter, examining the vicinity of that place for a spot on which to make his permanent residence. He finally decided on purchasing a plantation on an island in the Ohio river, fourteen miles below the mouth of the Muskingum, and within the jurisdiction of the State of Virginia. The situation was wild, romantic, and beautiful; and as it was chiefly in a state of nature, a few acres only being cleared, he could reclaim it from the forest, adorn and cultivate it to his own taste. Its location also gave him the privilege of

* *From a volume of Biographical Sketches of the First Settlers of Ohio*, by S. P. Hildrede, M.D., of Marietta, written for the Cincinnati Historical Society.

† See American Review, 1845. Article by Mr. Wallace.

holding colored servants as his own property, which he could not do in the Northwest Territory. The island was, moreover, near the settlement of Belprie, composed chiefly of very intelligent and well-educated men—disbanded officers of the American army—whose society would at any time relieve him of ennui. The island itself was a picture of beauty, as well as all of its kind, at that early day, before the hand of man had marred its shores. The drooping branches of the willow laved their graceful foliage in the water; while the more lofty sycamore and elm, with their giant arms, protected them from the rude blasts of the storm, and gave a grandeur and dignity to these primitive landscapes, now only to be seen in the remoter regions of the West.

The island at present known as "Blennerhassett's," was then called "Backus's," who had owned it since 1792. It is said to have been located by General Washington, as he owned a large tract of land immediately below, called "Washington's Bottom," entered by him in the year 1770. It was first surveyed in May, 1784, on a land warrant issued in 1780, and a patent made out by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, in 1786, to Alexander Nelson of Richmond, Virginia, who was a member of a mercantile firm in Philadelphia. By a bill in chancery of the High Court of Virginia, procured by Mr. Blennerhassett to perfect his title, it appears that Elijah Backus of Norwich, Connecticut, bought of James Herron of Norfolk, Va., in the year 1792, two islands in the Ohio river; the principal one being the first below the mouth of the Little Kenawha, then in the county of Monongalia, containing two hundred and ninety-seven acres, for the sum of £250, Virginia currency, or about $833 33. This island is of a very peculiar form, narrow in the middle, and broad at both extremities. In March, 1798, Mr. Blennerhassett purchased the upper portion, containing about 170 acres, for the sum of $4,500; and soon after moved with his wife and child on to his new purchase—living in a large old block-house, standing about half a mile below the upper end of the island, built in the time of the Indian war by Capt. James. Here he resided while conducting the improvements near the upper end of the island, and building his island mansion, which was completed in 1800. Much labor and expense were necessary in preparing the ground for his buildings and gardens. It was covered at this spot with forest trees, which had to be removed and stumps eradicated, so as to leave a smooth level surface, with expensive landings up and down the banks on both sides of the river for convenient access to and from the island. Boats of various sizes were also to be procured, and a company of eight or ten black servants purchased as waiters, grooms, watermen, &c. His outlays, when the improvements were completed, amounted to more than 40,000 dollars. This sum, expended chiefly amongst the mechanics, laborers, and farmers of the new region where money was scarce and hard to be obtained, was of very great advantage to their interests; and Mr. Blennerhassett may be considered as the greatest benefactor, in this respect, that had ever settled west of the mountains. The island mansion was built with great taste and beauty; no expense being spared in its construction that could add to its usefulness or splendor. It consisted of a main building, fifty-two feet in length, thirty in width, and two stories high. Porticoes, forty feet in length, in the form of wings, projected in front, connected with offices, presenting each a face of twenty-six feet, and twenty feet in depth, uniting them with the main building, forming the half of an ellipse, and making in the whole a front of one hundred and four feet. The left-hand office was occupied for the servants' hall, and the right for the library, philosophical apparatus, study, &c. The appearance of the mansion indicated the fortune and the exquisite taste of its proprietor, the grounds being laid out with great care and elegance. A handsome lawn of several acres occupied the front ground, while an extended opening was made through the forest trees on the head of the island, affording a view of the river for several miles above, and bringing the mansion under the notice of descending boats. Well-graded walks, with a carriage-way, led from the house to the river, passing through an ornamental gateway with large stone pillars. A fine hedge of native hawthorns bordered the right side of the avenue to the house, while back of

it lay the flower garden of about two acres, inclosed with neat palings, to which were traced gooseberry bushes, peaches, and other varieties of fruit-bearing trees, in the manner of wall-fruits. The garden was planted with flowering shrubs, both exotic and native, but especially abounding in the latter, which the good taste of the occupants had selected from the adjacent forests, and planted in thick masses; through which wandered serpentine walks, bordered with flowers, imitating a labyrinth. Arbors and grottoes covered with honeysuckles and eglantines were placed at convenient intervals, giving the whole a very romantic and beautiful appearance. On the opposite side of the house was a large kitchen garden, and back of these, orchards of peach and apple-trees of the choicest varieties, procured from abroad as well as from the Belprie nurseries. Lower down on the island was the farm, with about one hundred acres under the nicest cultivation, the luxuriant soil producing the finest crops of grain and grass. For the last three or four years of his residence, a large dairy was added to his other agricultural pursuits, under the management of Thomas Neal, who also superintended the labor of the farm. The garden was conducted by Peter Taylor, a native of Lancashire, England, who was bred to the pursuit; but under the direction of Mr. Blennerhassett, whose fine taste in all that was beautiful, ordered the arranging and laying out of the grounds. The mansion and offices were frame buildings, painted with the purest white, contrasting tastefully with the green foliage of the ornamental shade trees which surrounded it. An abundance of fine stone for building could have been quarried from the adjacent Virginia shore, but he preferred a structure of wood as less liable to be damaged by earthquakes. The finishing and furniture of the apartments was adapted to the use for which they were intended. "The hall was a spacious room; its walls painted a sombre color, with a beautiful cornice of plaster, bordered with a gilded moulding, running round the lofty ceiling; while its furniture was rich, heavy and grand. The furniture of the drawing-room was in strong contrast with the hall; light, airy, and elegant; with splendid mirrors, gay-colored carpets, rich curtains, with ornaments to correspond, arranged by his lady with the nicest taste and harmonious effect. A large quantity of silver plate ornamented the side-boards, and decorated the tables; yet they had not entirely completed their arrangements, when the destroyer appeared and frustrated all their designs for comfort and future happiness. The whole establishment was noble, chastened by the purest taste, without that glare of tinsel finery too common among the wealthy. Their style of living was in unison with the house and furniture, elegant, easy and comfortable."

Mr. B. was a highly intellectual man, greatly devoted to scientific occupations, which his ample library and leisure time afforded every facility for pursuing. He was studious, and fond of experimenting in chemistry, electricity and galvanism. His apparatus, though not extensive, was ample for such experiments as an amateur would wish to make. Astronomy was also a favorite study: a fine telescope enabled him to examine the constellations in their courses; a solar microscope to inspect the minuter bodies of the earth. In music he possessed the nicest taste and an uncommon genius; composing harmonious and beautiful airs, several pieces of which are now remembered and played by a gentleman who, when a youth, was intimate in his family. His favorite instrument was the violincello, on which he played with admirable skill: the spacious hall of the mansion being constructed so as to give effect to musical sounds, the tone of his viol vibrated through it with thrilling effect, calling forth the admiration of his guests. Electricity and galvanism received a share of his attention, and many experiments were made in these wonderful branches of modern science. Among his trials in chemical operations, was that of converting beef into "adipocere," large pieces of which were submerged in the beautiful little cove between the landing and the sand-bar at the head of the island. He fancied it might be used in place of spermaceti for lights; but the cat-fish and perch interfered so much with his trials, that he could never bring the "adipocere" to perfection. He was a good classical scholar; and so highly was he enraptured with Homer's Iliad, that it was said he

could repeat the whole poem in the original Greek. His manners were gentlemanly, and disposition social, hospitable and kind, especially to those with whom he wished to associate, but rather haughty to others. In mind he could not be said to be masculine and strong, but was rather wavering and fickle; easily duped and deceived by the designing and dishonest. He had quite a taste for medicine, and read many authors on that subject; which, with his natural propensities, often led him to think himself attacked with imaginary diseases; and it was sometimes difficult to convince him that they were merely ideal. To his sick neighbors and servants he was kind and attentive, often visiting and prescribing for their complaints, freely tendering his medicines, of which he always kept an ample supply. His own heart being perfectly honest and free from deceit, he was unsuspicious of others, and very credulous in regard to their statements, which often led him into pecuniary losses in his business transactions. In bargaining with a notorious cheat for a quantity of the shells of the river clam, which, in the early settlements of the country, before quarries of limestone were opened, were calcined in log-heaps and used for plastering rooms, the fellow said it was a difficult matter to collect them, as he had to dive under the water where it was six or eight feet deep, and must charge fifty cents a bushel; when, in fact, he could collect any quantity where it was only a few inches. Thinking the man told the truth, he paid him the price, which was at least five times as much as they were worth. He was very kind and charitable to the poor and unfortunate backwoodsmen. A Virginian who had lost his house and furniture by fire, was soon after invited with his wife to dine with him. This man owed him a considerable sum for lent money. After dinner, he told him he would either cancel the debt, or give him an order on his store at Marietta for an equal sum, and let the debt stand. The sufferer was a man of honorable mind and just feelings; he therefore chose not to add to his present obligations, but accepted the cancelling of the debt, which was immediately done. This man still lives, and related the incident in 1846. Many such incidents are known to have occurred while he lived on the island. His wife was still more charitable to the sick and poor in the vicinity, many of whom felt the benefit of her gifts. With all these kind acts fresh in their memories, several of these men were found among the banditti who ransacked his house and insulted his wife, after he had been forced to leave the island from the hue and cry of treason, which maddened and infuriated the public mind in the valley of the Ohio.

In person, Mr. Blennerhassett was tall, about six feet, but slender, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His motions were not very graceful, either as an equestrian or on foot. Forehead full and well formed, with a rather prominent nose and good proportioned face. Eyes weak, and sight imperfect, seeing objects distinctly only when near, so that in reading, the surface of the page nearly touched his nose. They had a nervous, restless agitation, which probably arose from weakness in the optic nerves, requiring the constant use of glasses. Yet, with this permanent and continual annoyance, he was a great student and operator in experiments.

He was also much attached to hunting, shooting quails and other small game on the island. To enjoy this sport he had to call in the aid of other persons whose vision was more acute than his own, who pointed the gun for him at the game, and gave the word when to fire. This person was often his wife, who, with the greatest kindness, attended him in his short excursions, and, with the tact of an experienced sportsman, pointed out the object, levelled the gun, and stood by with the most perfect coolness when he discharged the piece.

His general habits were sedentary and studious, preferring the quiet of his library to the most brilliant assemblies. In conversation he was interesting and instructive, confining his remarks to the practical and useful more than to the amusing. As a lawyer, his wife, who had probably heard his forensic eloquence, has been heard to say that he was equal to Mr. Emmett, and frequently urged him to enter as an advocate at the higher courts of Virginia and Ohio, instead of wasting his time in obscurity, at his philosophical pursuits on the island.

His library contained an ample supply of law books. A list of thirty volumes,

loaned to James Wilson, a lawyer of Virginia, a few days before he left the island, is now among his papers in the hands of his agent at Marietta.

Mr. Blennerhassett dressed in the old English style, with scarlet or buff-colored small clothes, and silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and coat generally of blue broadcloth. When at home, his dress was rather careless, often, in warm weather, in his shirt-sleeves, without coat or waistcoat; and in winter, he wore a thick woollen roundabout or short jacket.

In this quiet retreat, insulated and separated from the noise and tumult of the surrounding world, amidst his books, with the company of his accomplished wife and children, he possessed all that seemed necessary for the happiness of man. And yet, in common with many of the distinguished men of his time, he gave no evidence of that clear religious faith without which there can be no solid contentment in any condition of life. The works of the French skeptics and enthusiasts, which were his favorites, could not guide his intellect to the simple truths of Christianity. He laid out his plan of existence for the indulgence of every lawful pleasure, but lacked those higher motives of action which inspire men with true firmness and dignity.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was more aspiring and ambitious, with a temperament in strong contrast with that of her husband. Her maiden name was Margaret Agnew, the daughter of Captain Agnew, a brave officer in the British service, and at one time the Lieut. Governor of the Isle of Man. General Agnew, who fell at the battle of Germantown, in the American Revolution, was her grandfather; and a monument was erected to his memory by his grand-daughter, after her arrival in America. She was educated and brought up by two maiden aunts, who took great care to instruct her in all the useful arts of housewifery, laundry, pastry, sewing, &c., which was of great use to her in after life, when at the head of a family. They were led to this, in part, from their own limited means, teaching them to be frugal, and the need there is for every woman, who expects to marry, to be acquainted with all the useful branches of housekeeping. In person, Mrs. Blennerhassett was tall and commanding; of the most perfect proportions, with dignified and graceful manners, finely moulded features, and very fair, transparent complexion; eyes, dark blue, sparkling with life and intelligence; hair, a rich, deep brown, profuse and glossy, dressed in the most elegant manner. When at her island home, she often wore a head-dress of colored silk stuff, folded very full, something in the manner of an eastern turban, giving a noble and attractive appearance to the whole person. These were of various colors, but always composed of a single one, either of pink, yellow, or white, adjusted in the most becoming manner and nicest taste, in which particular few women could equal her. White was a favorite color for dress in the summer, and rich colored stuffs in the winter. Her motions were all graceful, and greatly heightened by the expression of her countenance. No one could be in her company, even a few minutes, without being strongly attracted by her fascinating manners. A very intelligent lady, who was familiarly acquainted with her in her best days on the island, and has since visited and seen the most elegant and beautiful females in the courts of France and England, as well as Washington city, says that she has beheld no one who was equal to her in beauty of person, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and in short, all that is lovely and finished in the female person, such as she was when "queen of the fairy isle."

When she rode on horseback, her dress was a fine scarlet broadcloth, ornamented with gold buttons, a white beaver hat, on which floated the graceful plumes of the ostrich, of the same color. This was sometimes changed for blue or yellow, with feathers to harmonize. She was a perfect equestrian, always riding a very spirited horse, with rich trappings, who seemed proud of his burthen, and accomplished the ride to Marietta, of fourteen miles, in about two hours; dashing through and under the dark foliage of the forest trees, which then covered the greater part of the distance; reminding one of the gay plumage and rapid flight of some tropical bird, winging its way through the woods. In these journeys she was generally accompanied by Ransom, a favorite black servant, who fol-

lowed on horseback in a neat showy dress, and had to apply both whip and spur to keep in sight of his mistress. She sometimes came to Marietta by water, in a light canoe, (the roads not being yet opened for wheel carriages,) navigated by Moses, another of the colored servants, who was the principal waterman, and had charge of the boats for the transport of passengers from the island to the main. Her "shopping visits" were made in this way, as she directed the purchase of groceries, &c., for the family use, as well as for the clothing. She possessed great personal activity, sometimes, in fine weather, choosing to walk that distance, instead of riding. In addition to her feats in riding and walking, she could vault with the ease of a young fawn over a five-rail fence, with the mere aid of one hand placed on the top rail, and was often seen to do so, when walking over the farm, and a fence came in the way of her progress. It was performed with such graceful movement, and so little effort, as to call forth the wonder and admiration of the beholder. She was passionately fond of dancing, and greatly excelled in this healthful and charming exercise, moving through the mazes and intricacies of the various figures with the grace and lightness of the "queen of the fairies." Her tastes, in this respect, were often gratified in the numerous balls and assemblies given, at that day, in Marietta and Belprie, as well as at her own house, where the lofty hall frequently resounded to the cheerful music and lively steps of the dancers. With all this relish for social amusements, Mrs. Blennerhassett was very domestic in her habits. She was not only accomplished in all the arts of housewifery, but was also an excellent seamstress; cutting out and making up with her own hands, much of the clothing of her husband, as well as preparing that for the servants, which was then made by a colored female. At that period, when tailors and mantua-makers were rare in the western wilderness, this was an accomplishment of real value. That she was willing to practice these servile arts, when surrounded by all the wealth she could desire, is one of the finest and most remarkable traits in her character, indicating a noble mind, elevated above the influence of that false pride so often seen to attend the high-born and wealthy. She was a very early riser, and when not prevented by indisposition, visited the kitchen by early dawn, and often manipulated the pastry and cakes to be served up on the table for the day. When this service was completed, she laid aside her working dress, and attired herself in the habiliments of the lady of the mansion. At table she presided with grace and dignity: and by her cheerful conversation, and pleasant address, set every one at ease about her, however rustic their manners, or unaccustomed they might be to genteel society. Her mind was as highly cultivated as her person. She was an accomplished Italian and French scholar, and one of the finest readers imaginable: especially excelling in the plays of Shakspeare, which she rehearsed with all the taste and spirit of a first rate actor. In history and the English classics, she was equally well read, and was often called upon to decide a disputed point in literature, under discussion by her husband and some learned guest. Her decisions were generally satisfactory to both parties, because founded on correct reasoning, and delivered in so gracious a manner. Few women have ever lived, who combined so many accomplishments and personal attractions. They strongly impressed not only intellectual and cultivated minds, who could appreciate her merits, but also the uneducated and lower classes. One of the young men, a farmer's son of Belprie, rented and cultivated a field of corn on the island, near the avenue leading from the house to the river, for the sole purpose of stealing a look at her beautiful person, as she passed by on her way to ride or walk, as she was wont to do every pleasant day. Wirt's celebrated panegyric on this lady, was in no way undeserved, although, in appearance, so much like romance.

Eight years had passed rapidly and happily away, since they took possession of their island home. Two children, Herman and Dominic, had been added to their domestic blessings, whose lively prattle and cheerful smiles seemed to make life still more desirable. Parties of the young people from Marietta, Belprie, and Wood county, with occasional visitors from more

distant regions, whom the far-famed beauty of this western Eden had called to see and admire, often assembled at their hospitable mansion. Social parties of the older and more sedate portion of the community, were invited to visit them, and spend several days and nights on the island, especially females of the families where they visited themselves; so that they were as abundantly provided with social intercourse, as if living on the main land. A large portion of their visitors came by water, in row-boats or canoes; as the country was so new, and destitute of bridges across the numerous creeks, that carriages were but little used. If travellers came by land, it was on horseback. A gentleman of taste, who visited the island in 1806, described it as "a scene of enchantment; a western paradise; where beauty, wealth, and happiness had found a home." The wild condition of the surrounding wilderness, and the rude log cabins in which the inhabitants generally lived, by their striking contrast, added greatly to the marvellous beauty of the improvements on this remote island. Steamboats were then unknown, and travelling on the western rivers was slow and painful. Each man, or family, provided their own vessel, usually fitted for their temporary voyage in the rudest manner. A journey of one hundred miles was a long one, more formidable than five hundred or a thousand at this day. The settlement of Belprie was the only one from Marietta to Cincinnati, that showed marks of civilization, in its well-built houses, nicely cultivated farms, and blooming orchards; indicating an intelligent and refined population, who could appreciate the worth of their accomplished neighbors. A gentleman, who once lived in Marietta, and was a great favorite in the family, from his many personal and mental attractions, says: "I was but a boy when they left the island, but I had been a favorite in the family for years, and had passed many of my happiest days in their society. My intimacy in the family of Blennerhassett is like an oasis in the desert of life. It is one of those 'green spots in the memory's waste,' which death alone can obliterate; but the verdure of the recollection is destroyed by the knowledge of their ruin and misfortunes."

In an evil hour this peaceful and happy residence was entered by Aaron Burr, who, like Satan in the Eden of old, visited this earthly paradise, only to deceive and destroy. "Like some lost malignant spirit, he went to and fro upon the earth, to harass and sneer at poor humanity. He was always so courteous, so polite and decorous; so interesting, nay, fascinating, when he strove to engage the attention, that it was impossible to resist his influence. It was the atmosphere of his presence, that poisoned all who came within its reach." In the spring of the year 1805, this intriguing and artful man first visited the valley of the Ohio—his mind restless and uneasy, a disappointed, vexed man, whose hands were still red with the blood of the great and noble-minded Hamilton. No ordinary occupation could satisfy the mind of such a being; but some vast, difficult and grand scheme of ambition must be sought out, on which he could employ his exuberant faculties. Filled with his future project of founding a vast empire in the province of Mexico, with a portion of the valley of the Mississippi, then, as he had ascertained, ripe for revolution—but the plan chiefly confined, at that time, under a cloud of mystery, purporting to be a settlement of the lands he had bargained for on the Washita river—"he descended the Ohio in a boat, landing as a passing traveller, merely to see and admire the far-famed improvements of the island. Mr. Blennerhassett, hearing that a stranger was on his lawn, sent a servant to invite him to the house. The wily serpent sent his card with an apology; but Mr. B., with his usual hospitality, walked out and insisted on his remaining a day or two."

He, however, made a visit of only a few hours; long enough to introduce the subject of a splendid land speculation on the Red river, and to allude to the prospect of a war of the United States with Spain, and the ease with which the Mexicans might, with a little aid, throw off the foreign yoke which had so long oppressed them. He then proceeded on his way. A large portion of the following winter was spent by Mr. Blennerhassett and his lady in Philadelphia and New York, on a visit to his old friend Emmett; where, it is probable, he saw Burr again, and matured the plan

for a participation in the purchase of Baron Bastrop's land on the Washita, as he had addressed a letter to him on that subject before leaving home in December, wishing to become a partner in any purchase he might make of western lands; also offering to aid in the Mexican enterprise, as was afterward ascertained in the trial at Richmond. The next August we find Aaron Burr at Pittsburgh, in company with his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Alston, on his way down the Ohio river. He again visited the island, with his daughter, where she spent several days: he in the mean time taking up his abode at Marietta, where several of the inhabitants received him with marked attention, while others looked upon him with contempt and abhorrence, as the murderer of Col. Hamilton, especially the old officers, friends and associates of that excellent man. It was in September, at the period of the annual militia muster; the regiment was assembled on the commons, and Col. Burr was invited by the commander to exercise the men, which he did, putting them through several evolutions. In the evening there was a splendid ball, at which he attended, which was long after known as the "Burr ball." Early in this month the contract was made for boats to be built on the Muskingum river, six miles above the mouth, for the purpose, as was said, of conveying the provisions and adventurers to the settlement in the new purchase.

There were fifteen large batteaux, ten of them forty feet long, ten feet wide, and two and a half feet deep; five others were fifty feet long, pointed at each end, to push or row up stream as well as down. One of these was considerably larger, and fitted up with convenient rooms, a fireplace and glass windows, intended for the use of Mr. Blennerhassett and family, as he proposed taking them with him to the new settlement; which is an evidence he did not then think of any hostile act against the United States. To these was added a "keel-boat," sixty-six feet long, for the transport of provisions. A contract for bacon, pork, flour, whisky, &c., was made to the amount of $2000, and a bill drawn on Mr. Ogden, of New York, for the payment. The boats cost about the same sum, for which Mr. Blennerhassett was responsible. One main article of the stores was kiln-dried or parched corn, ground into meal, which is another evidence that the men engaged in the expedition were to march a long distance by land, and carry their parched meal on their backs; of which a pint, mixed with a little water, is a day's ration, as practiced by the Western Indians. Several hundred barrels of this article were prepared, some of which was raised on the island, and parched in a kiln built for that purpose.

The boats were to be ready by the 9th of December, rather a late period on account of ice, which usually forms in this month; but they were tardy in making the contract. Col. Burr remained in the vicinity three or four weeks, making a journey to Chillicothe. His son-in-law (Alston) came out and joined his wife at the island, and with her and Mr. Blennerhassett, who accompanied them, proceeded on to Lexington, Kentucky, early in October. Many young men in the vicinity of Marietta, Belprie, and various other points on the river, were engaged to join in the expedition, of which Col. Burr was the leader. They were told that no injury was intended to the United States; that the President was aware of the expedition and approved of it, which was to make a settlement on the tract of land purchased by the leaders in the Baron Bastrop grant; and in the event of war breaking out between this country and Spain, which had for some time been expected, they were to join with the troops under General Wilkinson, and march into the Mexican provinces, whose inhabitants had long been ready for revolt, and prepared to unite with them. This was no doubt the truth, as believed by Mr. Blennerhassett and those engaged under him, whatever may have been the ulterior views of Burr. Not one of all the number enlisted on the Ohio would have hearkened for a moment to a separation of the Western from the Eastern States; and when the act of the Ohio Legislature was passed to suppress all armed assemblages, and take possession of boats with arms and provisions, followed by the proclamation of the President, they almost to a man refused to proceed further in the enterprise.

The batteaux were calculated to carry about 500 men, and probably a large portion of that number had been engaged,

expecting to receive one hundred acres of land for each private, and more for officers. As to their being required to furnish themselves with a good rifle and blanket, it was of itself no evidence of hostility; as it is customary in making all new settlements, for the men to be armed, as was the case with the forty-eight pioneers of the Ohio Company settlers in 1788.

In the mean time a rumor had gone abroad that Col. Burr and his associates were plotting treason on the Western waters, and assembling an army to take possession of New Orleans, rob the banks, seize the artillery, and set up a separate government, west of the Alleghany mountains, of which he was to be the chief. From the evidence on the trial at Richmond, and other sources, it appears that Mr. Jefferson was acquainted with the plan of invading Mexico, in the event of a war with Spain, and approved it, so that Burr had some ground for saying that the government favored the project. But when no war took place, and the parties had become deeply involved in building boats, collecting provisions, and levying men, to which the baseness and treachery of Wilkinson directly contributed, it was thought a fitting time to punish the arch-enemy of the President, who, by his chicanery, had well nigh ousted him from the Chair of State, and had since taken all opportunities to vilify and abuse him.

Another evidence that the government was supposed to favor the enterprise, is the fact, that nearly all its abettors and supporters in the West, until the Proclamation appeared, were of the party called Republicans, or friends of Mr. Jefferson, who hated and despised Burr and all in which he was engaged, as from the character of the man, they thought it boded nothing good.

By the last of October, rumor with her thousand tongues, aided by hundreds of newspapers, had filled the minds of the people with strange alarms of coming danger, to which the mystery that overshadowed the actual object of these preparations greatly added; and many threats were thrown out of personal violence to Mr. Blennerhassett and Colonel Burr. Alarmed at these rumors of coming danger, Mrs. Blennerhassett dispatched Peter Taylor to Kentucky, with a letter, requesting her husband immediately to return, where he had gone on a visit with Mr. Alston. The history of this journey, as related by Peter, in his evidence on the trial, is an amusing sketch of simplicity and truth. He was the gardener on the island for several years, and was a single-hearted, honest Englishman; who, after his employer's ruin, purchased a farm at Waterford, in Washington county, Ohio, where he lived many years, much respected for his industry and integrity. During the month of September and fore part of October, there appeared a series of articles, four or five in number, published in the Marietta Gazette, over the signature of "Querist," in which the writer advocated a separation of the Western from the Eastern States; setting forth the reasons for, and the advantages of such a division. These were answered in a series of numbers, condemning the project, over the signature of "Regulus." They were well written, spirited articles, and both are now understood to have been furnished by Mr. Blennerhassett, to ascertain the public mind on this subject in the West. As one of these neutralized the other, no direct proof can be adduced from them of his designing such a measure. The result, however, was unfavorable to his project, and roused the public mind in opposition, both to the man and the cause he had espoused. Some of the articles by "Regulus" were much applauded by the editor of the Aurora, a leading government paper of that day, who considered the writer a very able and patriotic man. The last of November, Mr. Jefferson sent out John Graham, a clerk in one of the public offices, as a spy or agent to watch the motions of the conspirators in the vicinity of the island, and to ask the aid of the Governor of Ohio in suppressing the insurrection, by seizing on the boats and preparations making on the Muskingum. While at Marietta, Mr. Blennerhassett called on the agent once or twice; talked freely with him on the object of the expedition, and showed him a letter which he had recently received from Col. Burr, in relation to the settlement on the Washita, in which he says that the project of invading Mexico was abandoned, as the difficulties between the United States and Spain were adjusted. He also

mentioned his arrest and trial before the Federal Court, on a charge of "treasonable practices" and "a design to attack the Spanish dominions, and thereby endanger the peace of the United States," of which he was acquitted.

But all this would not satisfy Mr. Graham. He visited the Governor at Chillicothe, laid before him the surmises of Mr. Jefferson; and the Legislature, then in session, on the second day of December, with closed doors, passed an act, authorizing the Governor to call out the militia, on his warrant to any sheriff or militia officer, with power to arrest boats on the Ohio river, or men supposed to be engaged in this expedition, who might be held to bail in a sum of 50,000 dollars or imprisoned, and the boats confiscated: $1000 were placed at the disposal of the Governor, to carry out the law. Under this act a company of militia was called out, with orders to capture and detain the boats and provisions on the Muskingum, with all others descending the Ohio under suspicious circumstances. They were placed under the command of Captain Timothy Buell. A six-pounder was planted in battery, on the bank of the Ohio at Marietta, and every descending boat examined. Regular sentries and guards were posted for several weeks, until the river was closed with ice, and all navigation ceased. Many amusing jokes were played off on the military during this campaign, such as setting an empty tar barrel on fire and placing it on an old boat or raft of logs, to float by on some dark, rainy night. The sentries, after hailing and receiving no answer, fired several shots to enforce their order; but finding the supposed boat escaping, sent out a file of men to board and take possession, who, approaching in great wrath, were still more vexed to find it all a hoax. On the 6th of December, just before the order of the government arrived, Comfort Tyler, a gentleman from the State of New York, landed at the island, with four boats, and about thirty men, fitted out at the towns above on the Ohio. On the ninth, a party of young men from Belprie went up the Muskingum to assist in navigating the batteaux and provisions of parched meal, from that place to the island. But the militia guard received notice of their movements, and waylaying the river, a little above the town, took possession of them all but one, which the superior management of the young men from Belprie enabled them to bring by all the guards, in the darkness of the night, and reach the island in safety. Had they all escaped, they would have been of little use, as the young men engaged had generally given up the enterprise, on the news of the President's Proclamation and the Act of the Ohio Legislature.

Mr. Blennerhassett was at Marietta on the 6th of December, expecting to receive the boats, but they were not quite ready for delivery. On that day he heard of the Act of Assembly, and returned to the island, half resolved to abandon the cause; but the arrival that night of Tyler, and the remonstrances of his wife, who had entered with great spirit into the enterprise, prevented him. Had he listened to the dictates of his own mind, and the suggestions of prudence, it would have saved him years of misfortune and final ruin. In the course of the day of the 9th of December, he had notice that the Wood county militia had volunteered their services, and would that night make an attack on the island, arrest him with the boats and men there assembled, and perhaps burn his house. This accelerated their departure, which took place on the following night. They had learned that the river was watched at several points below, and felt serious apprehensions for their future safety; although the resolute young men on board, well armed with their rifles, would not have been captured by any moderate force. The Ohio river, from the Little to the Big Kenawha, is very crooked and tortuous, making the distance by water nearly double that by land. Col. Phelps, the commander of the Wood county volunteers, took possession of the island the following morning, and finding the objects of his search gone, determined not to be foiled, and started immediately on horseback across the country, for Point Pleasant, a village at the mouth of the Big Kenawha, and arrived there several hours before the boats. He directly mustered a party of men to watch the river all night, and arrest the fugitives. It being quite cold, with some ice in the stream, large fires were kindled, for the double

purpose of warning the guard, and more easily discovering the boats.

Just before daylight the men, being well filled with whiskey to keep out the cold, became drowsy with their long watch, and all lay down by the fire. During their short sleep, the four boats seeing the fires, and aware of their object, floated quickly by, without any noise, and were out of sight before the guard awoke. They thus escaped this well-laid plan for their capture —arriving at the mouth of the Cumberland, the place of rendezvous, unmolested.

On the 13th, Mr. Morgan Neville and Mr. Robinson, with a party of fourteen young men,arrived and landed at the island. They were immediately arrested by the militia before the return of Col. Phelps. A very amusing account of the adventure is given in the "Token," an Annual of 1836, written by Mr. Neville, in which he describes their trial before Justices Wolf and Kincheloe, as aiders and abettors in the treason of Burr and Blennerhassett. So far was the spirit of lawless arrest carried, that one or two persons in Belprie were taken at night from their beds, and hurried over on to the island for trial, without any authority of law. This was a few days before the celebrated move in the Senate of the United States for the suspension of the act of *Habeas Corpus*, so alarmed had they become, which was prevented by the more considerate negative of the House of Representatives. After a detention of three days, these young men were discharged for want of proof. Mrs. Blennerhassett, who had been left at the island, to look after the household goods, and follow her husband at a more convenient period, was absent at Marietta when they landed for the purpose of procuring one of the large boats, that was fitted up for her use, and had been arrested at Marietta; but he was unsuccessful, and returned the evening after the trial.

The conduct of the militia, in the absence of their commander, was brutal and outrageous; taking possession of the house and the family stores in the cellar, without any authority, as their orders only extended to the arrest of Mr. Blennerhassett and the boats. They tore up and burnt the fences for their watch fires, and forced the black servants to cook for them or be imprisoned. One of them discharged his rifle through the ceiling of the large hall, the bullet passing up through the chamber near where Mrs. B. and the children were sitting. The man said it was accidental; but being half drunk, and made brutal by the whiskey they drank, they cared little for their actions.

On the 17th of December, with the aid of the young men, and the kind assistance of Mr. A. W. Putnam of Belprie, one of their neighbors, and a highly esteemed friend, she with her children was enabled to depart, taking with her a part of the furniture and some of her husband's choice books. Mr. Putnam also furnished her with provisions for the voyage, her own being destroyed by the militia, in whose rude hands she was forced to leave her beautiful island home, which she was destined never again to visit.

They kept possession for several days after her departure, living at free quarters, destroying the fences, letting in the cattle, which trampled down and ruined the beautiful shrubbery of the garden, barking and destroying the nice orchards of fruit trees, just coming into bearing; and this too was done by men, on many of whom Mr. Blennerhassett had bestowed numerous kindnesses. It is due to the commander, Col. Phelps, to say, that these excesses were mostly perpetrated in his absence, and that on his return, he did all he could to suppress them, and treated Mrs. Blennerhassett with respect and kindness.

This spot, which, a short time before, was the abode of peace and happiness, adorned with all that could embellish or beautify its appearance, was now a scene of ruin, resembling the ravages of a hostile and savage foe, rather than the visitation of the civil law. Before leaving the island, Mr. Blennerhassett, not expecting to return, had rented it to Col. Cushing, one of his worthy Belprie friends, with all the stock of cattle, crops, &c. He did all in his power to preserve what was left, and prevent further waste. Col. Cushing kept possession of the island one or two years, when it was taken out of his hands by the creditors, and rented to a man who raised a large crop of hemp. The porticoes and offices were stowed full of this combustible article, when the black servants,during one of their Christmas gambols in 1811, accidentally set it on fire, and the whole mansion

was consumed. The furniture and library, a portion of which only was removed with the family, was attached and sold at auction at a great sacrifice, to discharge some of the bills endorsed by him for Aaron Burr a few months after his departure.

With her two little sons, Herman and Dominic, the one six, and the other about eight years old, she pursued her way down the Ohio to join her husband. The young men, her companions, afforded every aid in their power to make her situation comfortable, but the severity of the weather, the floating ice in the river, and the unfinished state of her cabin, hastily prepared for her reception, made the voyage a very painful one. Late in December, she passed the mouth of the Cumberland, where she had hoped to find her husband, but the flotilla had proceeded out of the Ohio into the rapid waters of the Mississippi, and landed at the mouth of the Bayou Piere, in the Mississippi territory. The Ohio was frozen over soon after the boat in which she was embarked left it, and was not again navigable until the last of February, the winter being one of great severity. Early in January she joined the boats of Col. Burr a few miles above Natchez, and was again restored, with her two little boys, to her husband, who received them with joy and gratitude from the hands of their gallant conductors. The whole country being roused from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and the hue and cry raised on all sides to arrest the traitors, Col. Burr abandoned the expedition as hopeless, and assembling his followers, now about one hundred and thirty in number, made them a spirited speech, thanked them for their faithful adherence amidst so much opposition, and closed by saying that unforeseen circumstances had occurred which frustrated his plans, and the expedition was at an end. All were now left, at a distance of 1000 or 1500 miles from their homes, to shift for themselves.

Several of the young men from Belprie, six or eight in number, returned in the course of the spring. Two brothers, Charles and John Dana, remained and settled near the Walnut Hills, purchased lands and entered into the cultivation of cotton. Some time in January, Col. Burr and Mr. Blennerhassett were arrested, and brought before the United States Court at Natchez, on a charge of treason, and recognized to appear in February. Blennerhassett did appear, and was discharged *in chief*, no proof appearing to convict him of any treasonable design.

Burr did not choose to appear, but soon after the recognizance, he requested John Dana, with two others, to take him in a skiff, or row-boat, to a point about twenty miles above Bayou Piere, and land him in the night, intending to escape across the country by land. The better to conceal his person from detection, before starting, he exchanged his nice suit of broadcloth clothes and beaver hat with Mr. Dana, for his coarse boatman's dress and old slouched white wool hat, which would effectually disguise him from recognition by his intimate acquaintance. He proceeded safely for some days, but was finally arrested on the Tombigbee river, and with many taunts and insults taken into Richmond, where he arrived the 26th of March, 1807. No bill was found by the grand jury until the 25th of June, when he was indicted on two bills, one for treason, and the other for a misdemeanor. After a long and tedious trial he was acquitted, on a verdict of "*Not Guilty.*"

Mr. Blennerhassett, supposing himself discharged from further annoyance, some time in June, started on a journey to visit the island, and examine into the condition of his property, which, from various letters, he learned was going fast to waste and destruction. Passing through Lexington, Kentucky, where he had many friends and acquaintances, he was again arrested, on a charge of treason, and for some days confined in the jail, as an indictment had been found against him, as well as Burr, at Richmond. He employed Henry Clay as his council, who expressed deep indignation at the illegality of his client's arrest. "He had been discharged already *in chief*, and why should he be again arrested on the same supposed offence?" But the government was unrelenting, and nothing but the conviction of the offenders could appease their wrath. He was taken, with much ceremony and parade of the law, to Richmond, where he again met Burr, the originator of all his troubles and misfortunes. The magnanimity of the man is well shown, in that he never recriminated, or accused his destroyer with deceiving him,

inasmuch as he had entered voluntarily into his plans, and therefore did not choose to lay his troubles on the shoulders of another, although it is apparent, that if he had never seen Aaron Burr, he would have escaped this sudden ruin to his prosperity and happiness. The following letter is from the pen of Mrs. Blennerhassett, addressed to her husband at Lexington, and displays her noble and elevated mind, as well as her deep conjugal affection. It is copied from the sketch of Mr. Blennerhassett by Wm. Wallace, published in Vol. II. of the American Review, 1845 :—

"*Natchez, August 3d*, 1807.

"My dearest Love :—After having experienced the greatest disappointment in not hearing from you for two mails, I at length heard of your arrest, which afflicts and mortifies me, because it was *an arrest*. I think that had you of your own accord gone to Richmond and solicited a trial, it would have accorded better with your pride, and you would have escaped the unhappiness of missing my letters, which I wrote every week to Marietta. God knows what you may feel and suffer on our accounts, before this reaches to inform you of our health and welfare in every particular; and knowing this, I trust and feel your mind will rise superior to every inconvenience that your present situation may subject you to—despising as I do the paltry malice of the upstart agents of government. Let no solicitude whatever for us, damp your spirits. We have many friends here, who do the utmost in their power to counteract any disagreeable sensation occasioned me by your absence. I shall live in the hope of hearing from you by the next mail, and entreat you, by all that is dear to us, not to let any disagreeable feelings on account of our separation, enervate your mind at this time. Remember that all here will read with great interest anything concerning you; but still do not trust too much to yourself: consider your want of practice at the bar, and do not spare the fee of a lawyer. Apprise Col. Burr of my warmest acknowledgments for his own and Mrs. Alston's kind remembrance, and tell him to assure her she has inspired me with a warmth of attachment which never can diminish. I wish him to urge her to write to me.

"God bless you, prays your

"M. Blennerhassett."

On Burr's acquittal, Mr. Blennerhassett was never brought to trial, but discharged from the indictment for treason, and bound over in the sum of $3000 to appear at Chillicothe, Ohio, on a misdemeanor, "for that whereas he prepared an armed force, whose destination was the Spanish territory." He did not appear, nor was he ever called upon again; and thus ended this treasonable farce, which had kept the whole of the United States in a ferment for more than a year, and like "the mountain in labor, at last brought forth a mouse."

After the trial at Richmond in 1807, he returned to Natchez, where he staid about a year, and then bought, with the remains of his fortune, a plantation of one thousand acres, in Claiborne county, Mississippi, seven miles distant from Gibson Port, at a place called St. Catharines, and cultivated it with a small stock of slaves. While here he continued his literary pursuits, leaving Mrs. Blennerhassett to superintend both indoors and out. The embargo destroyed all commerce, and the war which soon followed put a stop to the sale of cotton, and blasted his hopes of reinstating his fortune from that source. In a letter to his attorney at Marietta, in 1808, wherein he proposes the sale of his island for slaves, he says, that with thirty hands on his plantation, he could in five years clear $60,000 : cotton was then in demand, and brought a high price.

His lady, with her characteristic energy, rose at early dawn, mounted her horse and rode over the grounds, examining each field, and giving directions to the overseer, as to the work to be done that day, or any alteration to be made in the plans, which circumstances required.

They here had the society of a few choice friends in Natchez, and among the neighboring planters. On this plantation they passed ten years, in which time one son and a daughter were added to the number of their children. The daughter died when young.

Retaining still a fond recollection of his Marietta and Belprie friends, he in the year 1818 sent one of his sons to the college in Athens, Ohio, under the care of W. P. Putnam, the son of his old friend, A. W. Putnam. Here he remained a year; at the end of which time, finding his fortune still decreasing, and means much cramped by his endorsements for Col. Burr, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, ten thousand of which were repaid by Mr. Alston, he in 1819 sold his plantation and moved his family to Montreal; the Governor of the province, an old friend, having given him

hopes to expect a post on the Bench, for which he was well qualified.

Misfortune having marked him for her own, soon after his arrival, his friend was removed from office, and his expectations frustrated. He remained here until the year 1822, when he removed his family to England, under an assurance of a post from the government, which was never realized, and resided in the town of Balb with a maiden sister.

It was while at Montreal, with prospects of poverty and blighted hopes thickening around her, that Mrs. Blennerhassett wrote those beautiful and touching lines describing "the island," and her once happy home, which are given below, as well worthy of preservation:—

"THE DESERTED ISLE."

I.

"Like mournful echo from the silent tomb,
That pines away upon the midnight air,
Whilst the pale moon breaks out with fitful gloom;
Fond memory turns with sad, but welcome care,
To scenes of desolation and despair—
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

II.

"To thee, fair Isle! reverts the pleasing dream;
Again thou risest in thy green attire;
Fresh, as at first, thy blooming graces seem;
Thy groves, thy fields, their wonted sweets respire;
Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire.
Oh! why, dear isle, art thou not still my own?
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone.

III.

"The stranger, that descends Ohio's stream,
Charm'd with the beauteous prospects that arise,
Marks the soft isles, that 'neath the glistening beam
Dance in the wave and mingle with the skies;
Sees also *one*, that now in ruin lies,
Which erst, like fairy queen, towered o'er the rest,
In every native charm by culture dress'd.

IV.

"There rose the seat where once, in pride of life,
My eye could mark the queen of rivers flow,
In summer's calmness or in winter's strife,
Swollen with the rains, or battling with the snow.
Never again my heart such joy shall know:
Havoc and ruin, and rampant war, have past
Over that Isle, with their destroying blast.

V.

"The blackening fire has swept throughout her halls,
The winds fly whistling through them, and the wave
No more in spring floods o'er the sand-beach crawls,
But furious drowns in one o'erwhelming grave
Thy hallowed haunts, it watered as a slave.
Drive on, destructive flood; and ne'er again
On that devoted Isle let man remain.

VI.

"Too many blissful moments there I've known;
Too many hopes have there met their decay;
Too many feelings now forever gone,
To wish that thou wouldst e'er again display
The joyful coloring of thy prime array;—
Buried with thee, let them remain a blot,
With thee, their sweets, their bitterness, forgot.

VII.

"And oh! that I could wholly wipe away
The memory of the ills that work'd thy fall;
The memory of that all-eventful day
When I returned and found my own fair hall
Held by the infuriate populace in thrall;
My own fireside blockaded by a band,
That once found food and shelter at my hand.

VIII.

"My children, (oh, a mother's pangs, forbear,
Nor strike again that arrow through my soul,)
Clasping the ruffians in suppliant prayer
To free their mother from unjust control;
While with false crimes and imprecations foul
The wretches, vilest refuse of the earth,
Mock jurisdiction held around my hearth.

IX.

"Sweet Isle! methinks I see thy bosom torn,
Again behold the ruthless rabble throng,
That wrought destruction taste must ever mourn.
Alas! I see thee now,—shall see thee long;
Yet ne'er shall bitter feelings urge the wrong,
That to a mob would give the censure due
To those that armed the plunder-greedy crew.

X.

"Thy shores are warmed by bounteous suns in vain,
Columbia, if spite and envy spring
To blast the beauty of mild Nature's reign.
The European stranger, who would fling
O'er tangled woods refinement's polishing,
May find (expended every plan of taste)
His work by ruffians rendered doubly waste."

In addition to the expectation of office in England, Mr. B. also had hopes of recovering an interest he held in an estate in Ireland: both of these, however, failed. He ultimately resided in the Island of Guernsey, where he died in 1831, aged sixty-three years.

Eleven years after his death, in 1842, when his widow and children were reduced to extreme want, she returned to New York with one of her sons, both of them in very poor health, with the purpose of petitioning Congress for remuneration for the destruction of the property on the island by the Wood county militia in December, 1806.

The petition is couched in very feeling and appropriate language, in which she sets forth the outrages done to the house and property on the island.

"Your memorialist does not desire to exaggerate the conduct of the said armed men, or the injuries done by them; but she can truly say that before their visit, the residence of her family had been noted for its elegance and high state of improvement, and that they left it in a state of comparative ruin and waste; and as instances of the mischievous and destructive spirit which appeared to govern them, she would mention that while they occupied as a guard room one of the best apartments in the house, (the building of which had cost nearly forty thousand dollars,) a musket or rifle ball was deliberately fired into the ceiling, by which it was much defaced and injured; and that they wantonly destroyed many pieces of valuable furniture.

"She would also state, that being apparently under no subordination, they indulged in continual drunkenness and riot, offering many indignities to your memorialist, and treating her domestics with violence.

"Your memorialist further represents, that these outrages were committed upon an unoffending and defenceless family in the absence of their natural protector, your memorialist's husband being then away from his home; and that in answer to such remonstrances as she ventured to make against the consumption, waste, and destruction of his property, she was told by those who assumed to have the command, that they held the property for the United States by order of the President, and were privileged to use it, and should use it, as they pleased. It is with pain that your memorialist reverts to events, which, in their consequences, have reduced a once happy family from affluence and comfort, to comparative want and wretchedness—which blighted the prospects of her children, and made herself, in the decline of life, a wanderer on the face of the earth."

This memorial was directed to the care of Henry Clay, then in the Senate of the United States, enveloped in a letter from R. Emmett, a son of the celebrated man of that name. He says, "She is now in this city residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares upon a son, who, by long poverty and sickness, is reduced to utter imbecility both of mind and body, unable to assist her or provide for his own wants." "In her present destitute situation, the smallest amount of relief would be thankfully received by her. Her condition is one of *absolute want*, and she has but a short time left to enjoy any better fortune in this world."

Mr. Clay presented the memorial to the Senate, with some very feeling and appropriate remarks; having been formerly well acquainted with the family, and employed as his attorney when arrested at Lexington, Ky.

It was taken up and referred to the Committee on Claims, of which the Hon. William Woodbridge was chairman. His report on the memorial is a very able and feeling document, in which he advocates the claim as just, and one which ought to be allowed, notwithstanding it had now been thirty-six years since the events transpired. He says, not to do so "would be unworthy of any *wise* or *just* nation, that is disposed to respect most of all its own honor."

The report sets forth all the circumstances attending the "Burr treason," as described in the foregoing biography. The documents which accompany the report are very interesting, especially the statement of Morgan Neville and William Robinson, Jr., two of the young men who were arrested and tried on the island as partisans of Burr, in Dec., 1806, and written for the future use of Mr. Blennerhassett, a few days after these events transpired. It is given as a correct history of the outrages on the island:—

"*Statement of Messrs. Neville and Robinson.*

"On the 13th day of December, 1806, the boat in which we were was driven ashore, by ice and winds, on 'Backus' island, about one mile below Mr. Blennerhassett's house. We landed in the forenoon, and the wind continuing unfavorable, did not afford us an opportunity of putting off until after three o'clock in the evening, at which time we were attacked by about twenty-five men, well armed, who rushed upon us suddenly, and we not being in a situation to resist the fury of a mob, surrendered. A strong guard was placed in the boat to prevent, we presume, those persons of our party who remained in the boat from going off with her, while we were taken to the house of Mr. Blennerhassett." "On our arrival at the house, we found it filled with militia. Another party of them were engaged in making fires (around the house) of rails, dragged from the fences of Mr. Blennerhassett. At this time Mrs. Blennerhassett was from home.

"When she returned, (about an hour after,) she remonstrated against this outrage on the property, but without effect. The officers declared that while they were on the island the property absolutely belonged to them. We were informed by themselves that their force consisted of forty men the first night, and the third day it was increased to eighty. The officers were constantly issuing the whisky and meal, which had been laid up for the use of the family; and when any complaint was made by the friends of Mrs. Blennerhassett, they invariably asserted that everything on the farm was their own property. There appeared to us to be no kind of subordination among the men; the large room they occupied on the first floor, presented a continued scene of riot and drunkenness; the furniture appeared ruined by the bayonets, and one of the men fired his gun against the ceiling; the ball made a large hole which completely spoiled the beauty of the room. They insisted that the servants should wait upon them before attending to their mistress; when this was refused, they seized upon the kitchen and drove the negroes into the washhouse.

"We were detained from Saturday evening until Tuesday morning; during all which time, there were never less than thirty, and frequently from seventy to eighty men, living in this riotous manner, entirely on the provisions of Mrs. Blennerhassett. When we left the island, a cornfield near the house, in which the corn was still remaining, was filled with cattle, the fences having been pulled down to make fires. This we pledge ourselves to be a true statement of these transactions, as impression was made on us at the time. MORGAN NEVILLE,
WM. ROBINSON, JR."

Charles Fenton Mercer, Esq., also, in September, 1807, soon after the trial at Richmond, made a full statement of his knowledge of the events on which the accusation against Mr. Blennerhassett was founded, as they transpired between the 20th of September and 6th of December, 1806, having been himself at the island in November, with his opinion of the object of the expedition, in which he fully clears Mr. Blennerhassett of any design against the peace and quiet of the United States.

Mr. D. Woodbridge, of Marietta, in a letter to the Chairman of the 2d April, 1842, makes a statement of the loss of property from the attachment of the government, and the riotous conduct of the Wood county volunteers on the island. In August, 1842, while the subject was under consideration, news arrived of the death of Mrs. Blennerhassett at New York, and nothing more was done in the matter.

She who had lived in wealth and splendor, and imparted charity to hundreds of the poor, was indebted to others for a grave. She died in the most destitute condition; and her last days passed under the soothing care of a charitable society of Irish females in New York, by whom she was buried.

The reverses in this accomplished woman's fortune, and in that of her amiable husband, illustrate the uncertainties of human life, and unfold the mysterious doings of Providence with the children of men.

More than forty years have passsd away since these events were transacted, and not a vestige now remains of the splendid and happy home of Herman and Margaret Blennerhassett. All has passed away like the vision of a pleasant dream; while the thousands of passengers, who annually travel up and down the Ohio, in steamboats, still eagerly inquire after, and gaze upon, "the Island of Blennerhassett" with wonder and delight.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE,

AND THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

These are important documents, if not on account of their own intrinsic merits, at least on account of the positions occupied by their authors. If they have not the merit of able state papers, they have the merit of containing some facts very important to be known and duly appreciated by the people of the United States. They have also the merit of containing the strong points of the argument (if the argument have any strong points) in favor of free trade, and a labored defence of that suicidal tariff act of 1846. These documents give us the practical operation of that act during seven months of the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1847, and in part its practical operation for one whole year, commencing December 1st, 1846, and ending November 30th, 1847. Why the practical operation of the act for the latter period was not given in full, is what we should like to know, but which neither the President nor the Secretary has seen fit to inform us. From the facts given, however, we shall be able to ascertain pretty accurately the facts withheld.

The President, for example, states that the amount of revenue paid into the Treasury during the first year of the tariff of 1846, was about thirty-one and a half millions of dollars. But he does not tell us either the amount of exports or imports during that year, and of course we cannot ascertain the average per centum of duties upon the whole importation of that year; but as the amounts of exports and imports for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1847, and also the amount of duties collected on those imports are given, we can ascertain precisely the average per centum of duty upon the whole importation of that year, which will enable us to guess pretty accurately what was the average per centum of duty on the whole importation for the year ending the 30th November. With these data, therefore, we shall be able to test the comparative merits of the tariffs of 1842 and 1846.

Both the President and his Secretary enter into labored arguments to prove the superiority of what they call revenue tariffs over all other tariffs, and especially over tariffs for protection. Thus the President in his message to Congress in December, 1845, says :—

"The object of imposing duties on imports should be to raise revenue to pay the necessary expenses of government. Congress may, undoubtedly, in the exercise of a sound discretion, discriminate in arranging the rates of duty on different articles; but the discriminations should be within the revenue standard, and be made with the view to raise money for the support of government."

What the President means by the phrase, *revenue standard,* will perhaps appear more clearly from the following exquisite piece of reasoning :—

"It becomes important to understand distinctly what is meant by a revenue standard, the maximum of which should not be exceeded in the rates of duty imposed. It is conceded, and experience proves, that duties may be laid so high as to diminish or prohibit altogether the importation of any given article, and thereby lessen or destroy the revenue which, at lower rates, would be derived from its importation. Such duties exceed the revenue rates, and are not imposed to raise money for the support of government. If Congress levy a duty for revenue of one per cent. on a given article, it will produce a given amount of money to the treasury, and will incidentally and necessarily afford protection or advantage to the amount of one per cent. to the home manufacturer of a similar or like article over the importer. If the duty be raised to ten per cent., it will produce a greater amount of money, and afford greater protection. If it be still raised to twenty, twenty-five, or thirty per cent., and if, as it is raised, the revenue derived from it is found to be increased, the protection or advantage will also be increased; but if it be raised to thirty-one per cent., and it is found that the revenue produced at that rate is less than at thirty per cent., it ceases to be a revenue duty. The precise point in the ascending scale of duties at which it is ascertained from experience that the revenue is greatest, is the maximum

rate of duty which can be laid for the bona fide purpose of collecting money for the support of government. To raise the duties higher than that point, and thereby diminish the amount collected, is to levy them for protection merely, and not for revenue. As long, then, as Congress may gradually increase the rate of duty on a given article, and the revenue is increased by such increase of duty, they are within the revenue standard. When they go beyond that point, and as they increase the duties, the revenue is diminished or destroyed, the act ceases to have for its object the raising of money to support government, but is for protection merely."

The object of the above reasoning, if we are able to comprehend it, is to prove that a certain low tariff of, say, fifteen or twenty per centum, will produce more revenue than a high tariff of forty or fifty per centum—that the precise rate of duty which will produce the most revenue may be ascertained by actual experiment, and that rate, whatever it shall be found to be, is the revenue standard. Now this is all mere hypothesis and delusion, without a single fact to support it. There is no such revenue standard, nor is it true that a low tariff will produce as much revenue as a higher one, except where the low tariff prevents smuggling; and we are much mistaken if the President's own figures do not prove this. The President and his Secretary appear to have adopted, as the basis of their system of finance, Dean Swift's celebrated paradox, that in political arithmetic two and two do not make four.

If the President means to say, that a low tariff of five or ten per centum on coarse cotton fabrics, will produce more revenue from those fabrics than a high tariff of fifty or one hundred per centum would do, then he asserts a fact which nobody ever denied or disputed; for the high tariff would be equivalent to a prohibition of the import of the article, and would therefore produce no revenue at all. If this was what the President meant, it was a mere truism, and required no argument to sustain it. But if his meaning was, that an average tariff of twenty per centum on the whole importation, will produce more revenue than an average tariff of forty per centum on the whole importation, then he asserts a palpable and plain absurdity, equivalent to asserting that the half is greater than the whole. The President's parade of argument, therefore, is either for the purpose of proving a truism which nobody denies, or an absurdity which no sensible man believes.

There is a well established principle of political economy, which neither the President, nor the Secretary of the Treasury, nor indeed any of their sect of political economists, seem ever to have learned; which shows, if not the absurdity, at least the futility of their idea of a revenue standard of duties on different articles of import.

The exports of a nation always do, and always should, control the imports, without regard to the rate of the duties. No nation should ever import more than the net proceeds of its exports. If this rule is violated, disaster immediately follows, as our own experience abundantly proves. A government, therefore, which encourages its citizens to import more than the net proceeds of their exports, violates a fundamental principle of political economy. The imports of a nation, however, always do, and always must, exceed by seven or eight per centum, the nominal exports. This excess of imports is caused by the profits, or net proceeds, of the exports above the valuation. Every merchant who exports a cargo of goods expects to realize, not only their original cost, but a profit on them. He expects to exchange his goods for others of more value to him, or for money; and these must be imported or there is an end to commerce. When a nation has got its proportion of the precious metals adjusted to its amount of property, there can be no profit on the importation of specie, because it is worth more abroad than at home, and there will be a profit on the importation of goods and exportation of money. Now, unless a high tariff on imports will prevent the export and sale of our surplus products, to those who are willing to give a good price for them, the rate of duty on the proceeds will not prevent them from being imported. So long, then, as our exports amount to a hundred millions of dollars a year, under a tariff that shall average fifty, or even one hundred per centum, our imports will equal or exceed that amount. It is true that a horizontal tariff of one hundred per

centum upon all importations, would entirely exclude a large portion of our present imports—all those that are produced, or could be conveniently produced, in the country; but other articles would be substituted in their place, so as to equal the full amount of our exports. The only effect, therefore, of a high duty on a given article, such as coarse cotton fabrics, would be to exclude that article and substitute some other in its place to an equal amount and value.

Although an increase of duty, therefore, on cotton goods, may decrease the revenue on that article, yet it does not follow, as the President seems to suppose, that the general revenue will be diminished, although such might be the case. If, for example, the duty on cotton and woollen goods should be increased to such a point as to exclude ten millions of them from our market, and articles paying no duty at all should be substituted in their place, the general amount of revenue would be diminished; but he would be but a shallow politician who could not prevent such a result.

The truth of this theory is proved by the history of every commercial nation in the world. Our imports have exceeded our exports every year since the government was established, with the exception, perhaps, of a single year. The same is true of England, and all other nations, without any regard to the rate of their tariffs. If the advocates of low tariffs will show a single exception to this rule, we will give up the argument.

There is a class of goods, however, upon which high duties will produce less revenue than low duties, although the high duties may not diminish the amount of imports. These are goods of small bulk and great value, such as jewelry, expensive laces, &c. A high duty on such goods would cause them to be smuggled to a great extent, and thus defeat the revenue. But the idea that an average high duty on the staple articles of consumption will prevent them from being imported through the custom-house, is utterly absurd. If it were otherwise, a tariff of two or three hundred per cent. on the transportation of oysters from Baltimore to Cincinnati would prevent them from being consumed in Cincinnati. If our government were to enact a tariff which should be equivalent to an average duty of fifty per centum upon the whole import of the country, it would afford a revenue of fifty millions of dollars, so long as our exports equalled a hundred millions of dollars; and if our exports should equal one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, the duties on imports would equal seventy-five millions of dollars. *The revenue has always been found to rise or fall in amount in proportion as the general average has been raised or lowered.* The President's own figures will show this.

In his message to Congress in December, 1845, he states the exports of domestic products for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1845, to have been of the value of ninety-nine and three-tenths millions of dollars. (We omit fractions less than tenths.) The imports for consumption for the same year, were of the value of one hundred and one millions of dollars, and the receipts into the Treasury on the above amount of imports, was twenty-seven and five-tenths millions of dollars, equal, within a small fraction, to twenty-seven per centum upon the whole import of that year. This was under the tariff of 1842.

In his message to Congress, (December, 1846,) the President says: "The value of the exports for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1846, amounted to one hundred and two and one-tenth millions of dollars. The imports for consumption for the same year, were of the value of one hundred and ten and three-tenths millions of dollars. The duties paid into the Treasury upon the above amount of imports, was twenty-six and seven-tenths millions of dollars," equal to twenty-four and a fraction per centum upon the whole importation for that year. This was also under the tariff of 1842. Although the tariff is the same in different years, yet the average of duties will vary one or two per centum in different years, in consequence of larger proportions of free goods, or goods paying a low duty, being imported one year than another.

In his late message the President states the exports of domestic products for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last, at one hundred and fifty and six-tenths millions of dollars. The imports for do-

mestic consumption, including specie for the same year, were one hundred and sixty and seven-tenths millions of dollars in value. Excluding specie, the imports amounted to one hundred and thirty-eight and five-tenths millions of dollars, the duties upon which were twenty-three and seven-tenths millions of dollars, equal to fourteen and a fraction per centum upon the whole importation, including specie. Excluding specie, which paid no duty, the per centum of duty was seventeen and a fraction. During five months of this fiscal year, the tariff of 1842 was in operation, and in that time seven and eight-tenths millions of dollars were collected, leaving but fifteen and nine-tenths millions to be collected under the tariff of 1846. The actual average tariff of 1846 is, therefore, a good deal less than seventeen per centum; but as our cause does not require us to stand for trifles, we will allow that the average duty under the tariff of 1846 was seventeen per centum. This makes the tariff of 1846 about nine or ten per cent. lower than the tariff of 1842, and the duties paid into the treasury from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars less than they would have been under the tariff of 1842.

In 1845 twenty-seven millions of revenue were collected on one hundred and two millions of imports. In 1846 twenty-six millions of revenue were collected on one hundred and ten millions of imports, and in 1847 but twenty-four millions of revenue (we give the benefit of the fraction) were collected on one hundred and thirty-eight and five-tenths millions of imports, exclusive of twenty-two millions of specie. This enormous amount of exports and consequent imports, was caused by the bountiful harvest in this country and the dearth in Europe, and not in any degree by our tariff; and yet the President and his Secretary have the hardihood, not to say audacity, to argue before the American people the superiority of the tariff of 1846 over the tariff of 1842 as a revenue measure. These high functionaries have not only attempted to maintain the superiority of that miserable delusion, which they have christened a revenue tariff, but they have garbled and perverted the records of the Treasury Department to make them speak favorably of their bantling. Thus the President tells us that

"The net revenue from customs in the year ending on the 1st of December, 1846, being the last year under the operation of the tariff act of 1842, was $22,971,403 10; and the net revenue from customs during the year ending Dec. 1st, 1847, being the first year under the operation of the tariff act of 1846, was about $31,500,000; being an increase of revenue for the first year, under the tariff act of 1846, of more than $8,500,000 over that of the last year of the tariff of 1842."

But facts are stubborn things, and figures will not lie, even to accommodate the President. The above paragraph could have been put into the President's message for no other purpose but to deceive. The object was to make the people believe that the tariff of '46 was more productive of revenue than the tariff of '42, else why not give the exports and imports for the same period of time? Had these been given it would have appeared that twenty-two and nine-tenths millions of revenue were collected on less than one hundred millions of imports, while only thirty-one and five-tenths millions of revenue were collected on nearly or quite two hundred millions of imports, and nearly the same amount of exports. This is too paltry, if not for the man, at least for the officer who wrote it.

During the first year of the operation of the tariff of 1846, the treasury has lost from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars, which would have been raised under the tariff of 1842. But the President and the free trade sect of politicians will, no doubt, tell us, that whatever the treasury may have lost by a low rate of duty, the people have gained; that if the people have more taxes to pay in consequence of the low rate of duties, they have more to pay with; all of which is as false as their theory.

Among political economists of the old school, with Adam Smith at their head, it was held as a maxim, that whatever taxes were collected upon an article of consumption, whether it was by an excise or an impost, must be ultimately paid by the consumer; so that if twenty-five per cent. of duties were collected on an article imported for consumption, the consumer would have to pay twenty-five per cent. more for it than if no duty had been collected on it. This was a plausible but superficial theory, and it was received and

acted on for a long time; but its falsity is susceptible of invincible demonstration.

An *impost* is not strictly speaking a *tax*. Taxes are levied upon citizens and property within the jurisdiction of the government laying the tax. An impost is a bonus which the owner of property is required to pay for the privilege of bringing it within the territorial limits of another government for sale or use. The owner of the property upon which a tax is laid, has no option whether he will pay the tax or not; but the owner of property upon which an impost is laid, has his election, whether he will bring his property within the jurisdiction of the government and pay the impost, or keep it out of that jurisdiction and save the impost. If he chooses to pay the impost and bring it into the country, he will then sell it for the most he can get, without any regard to the impost he has paid on it. Should he attempt to regulate the price by the impost he had paid, he would be laughed at for his folly. Between buyer and seller the duty paid on an article is never inquired after or thought of; the market price is their standard. A large portion of the foreign goods sold in our market, and which have paid a duty of twenty-five or thirty per cent., are sold at auction, and do not bring a cent more than they would, if they had been imported free of duty. *Up to about twenty-five or thirty per cent., there is no doubt whatever, but what the foreign producer, and not the consumer, pays, in some cases, three-fourths, in others, seven-eighths, and in many cases the whole amount of the duties collected on the goods.* It is not, therefore, true that the people have gained what the treasury may have lost, under the operation of the tariff of 1846. During the first year of that absurd measure, the country has lost from ten to twelve millions of dollars, and will continue to lose that much per annum as long as it shall be permitted to remain on the statute book. This has caused large deficits, and will continue to cause still larger deficits, in the treasury, which the President and his Secretary propose to supply by a tax on tea and coffee, now admitted free of duty, by a reduction in the price of the public lands, and by a loan, the present year, of $18,500,000.

It is perfectly right and just to lay an impost on tea and coffee. Indeed, the true policy of this country, and of every country, is to let no article of commerce be imported without paying a small duty. The nation incurs a heavy expense, annually, for the accommodation and protection of the commerce of the country; and every person, whether citizen or alien, who participates in the benefit of that commerce, ought to pay a portion of that expense, for the same reason, that every person who transports his property on railroads and canals ought to pay toll. No foreign goods, therefore, ought to be admitted into the country without paying a duty of at least five or ten per cent. It would, therefore, be good policy to lay a specific duty of at least two cents a pound on coffee, and five and ten cents a pound on tea. Notwithstanding what the President and his Secretary may say to the contrary, yet the experience of all commercial nations proves, that specific duties, where they can be laid, are preferable to *ad valorem* duties. But as their theory of finance is built upon paradoxes, it was to be expected that they would reject experience.

The policy of reducing the price of the public lands for the purpose of increasing the amount of revenue from them, is about as wise as reducing the rates of duty for the purpose of increasing the amount of revenue. The following quotation from the late Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, exhibits his policy in regard to the public lands, and his reasons for it. Although rather long, yet it is such a beautiful specimen of the Secretary's reasoning powers, that we have not the heart to mutilate it:—

"The recommendations in my first as well as second annual Report of the reduction of the price of the public lands in favor of settlers and cultivators, together with the removal of onerous restrictions upon the pre-emption laws, are again respectfully presented to the consideration of Congress. Sales at the reduced price, it is thought, should be confined to settlers and cultivators, in limited quantities, sufficient for farms and plantations, and the pre-emption privilege extended to every *bona fide* settler, and embrace all lands, whether surveyed or unsurveyed, to which the Indian title may be extinguished. The lands remaining subject to entry at private sale on the first of this month were

152,101,001 acres, and the unsurveyed lands to which the Indian title has been extinguished 71,048,214 acres, (per table Z.) The adoption of these two measures, for the reasons stated in my previous reports, would augment the revenue a million and a half of dollars per annum, operating as they would on 223,149,215 acres. It would, at the same time, increase the wages of labor, by enabling a much larger number of the working classes to purchase farms at the low price, whilst it would, at the same time, augment the wealth and power of the whole country.

"When the public lands have been offered a long time for a price they will not bring, the failure to reduce the price is equivalent in its effects to an enactment by Congress that these lands shall not be sold and settled for an unlimited period. The case is still stronger as to the unsurveyed lands: there being an act of Congress forbidding their sale or settlement, and denouncing as criminals, and as trespassers, the American pioneers who would desire to enter in advance into the wilderness, cover it with farms and towns, with the church and the school-house, extend over it the blessings of our free institutions, and enlarge by the axe and the plough, the cultivated area of the American Union.

"Should the system proposed be now adopted, the surveyed as well as the unsurveyed lands opened to pre-emptors, and the Indian title extinguished within the coming year, or that which succeeds it, in addition to Iowa and Wisconsin, we should soon have two new States, Winesota and Itasca, in the great valley of the West, adjoining Wisconsin and Iowa. Instead of draining the old States of their population, the graduation and pre-emption system will, in a series of years, increase their prosperity by giving them customers in the west who will carry to them their products and receive their imports or fabrics in exchange, increasing the transportation upon our railroads and canals, and augmenting our foreign as well as coastwise tonnage. The distribution of the proceeds of the sales of these lands is prevented for at least twenty years by the act of 28th January, 1847, setting apart and pledging their proceeds to the extinguishment of the public debt. So far also as distribution may have been advocated with a view to favor a protective tariff, it is now proved that a tariff for revenue not only yields a larger income than the protective system, but also advances more rapidly, in a series of years, the prosperity of the manufacturers themselves, by the augmentation of their foreign and domestic markets."

The present price of the public lands is one dollar and a quarter per acre, and the Secretary thinks, if their price was reduced to seventy-five or fifty cents per acre, (although he does not say how much,) the revenue from them would be increased one and a half millions of dollars per annum: and, according to the same reasoning, if they were reduced to twenty-five cents per acre, the revenue from them would be still greater, for the same reason that an average duty of twenty-five per cent. on imports, will produce more revenue than fifty per cent. would do. But whether there be a revenue standard of the public lands, or what that standard is, if there be one, we are not informed.

Now it strikes us that the reason more lands are not sold, is because more are not wanted for settlement and cultivation, and not because of their high price. To those who want them, the public lands are very cheap at a dollar and a quarter per acre; to those who do not want them, they would be dear at twenty-five cents an acre. A certain portion of the population of the old States desire annually to emigrate and settle on the public lands. In other words, there is a market for a given number of acres of the public lands every year. The quantity wanted increases as our population increases, nor can it be essentially increased by reducing the price of the lands. If the public lands were reduced to a dime an acre, the great mass of the population in the old States would not buy them. The Secretary's project, therefore, for increasing the revenue, by a reduction in the price of the public lands, would be very likely to result as his project for increasing the revenue from imports, by reducing the rate of duty, has resulted.

By reducing the price of those lands which have been a long time in the market, he would probably divert a part of the current of emigration to those lands, and thereby prevent the sale of those of higher price; which would still farther diminish the revenue. The million and a half of revenue, therefore, anticipated from this project, is not likely to be realized, and that sum will also have to be supplied by loan.

All the Secretary's estimates are based upon the exports, and consequent imports, of 1847, and can, therefore, never be realized except in years of famine in Europe; and yet, according to these estimates, he will want a loan of $18,500,000, to carry on the government the present year. Add to this the million and a half which he ex-

pects, but will not get, from the public lands, and the amount wanted will be twenty millions. Thus he says :—

"The new tariff has now been in operation more than twelve months, and has greatly augmented the revenue and prosperity of the country. The net revenue from duties during the twelve months ending 1st December, 1847, under the new tariff, is $31,300,000, being $8,528,396 more than was received during the twelve months preceding, under the tariff of 1842. The net revenue of the first quarter of the first fiscal year, under the new tariff, was $11,106,257 41 cents, whilst, in the same quarter of the preceding year, under the tariff of 1842, the net revenue was only $6,153,826 58. If the revenue for the three remaining quarters should equal in the average the first, then the net revenue from duties during the fiscal year of the new tariff would be $44,425,029 64. If, however, the comparison is founded on all the quarterly returns for forty-eight years, (as far back as given quarterly in the treasury record,) and the same proportion for the several quarters applied to the first quarter of the year, it would make its net revenue, per table C, $40,388,045. Although the net revenue from duties already received, being $15,506,257 41, during the five months of this fiscal year, would seem to indicate its probable amount not less than $35,000,000, yet it is estimated at $31,000,000 for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1848, and $32,000,000 for the succeeding year, in view of the possible effects of the revulsion in Great Britain. Although our prosperity is ascribed to the famine there, as though Providence had made the advance of one country depend upon the calamities of another, yet it is certain that our trade with Great Britain must be greater in a series of years, when prosperity would enable her to buy more from us (especially cotton) and at better prices, and sell us more in exchange, accompanied by an augmentation of revenue."

To realize the Secretary's anticipations and estimates, our exports, during the present year, must come nearly up to two hundred millions of dollars. Suppose the average tariff on all our imports to be seventeen per centum, which is nearly two per cent. more than it was last year, and that our imports do not exceed our exports more than five per cent., which they probably will not do; then to raise a revenue of thirty-one millions of dollars, will require our exports to exceed one hundred and seventy millions of dollars, which every well-informed man knows will not be the case. We undertake therefore to predict, that instead of thirty-one millions of dollars from the customs, the treasury will not receive over twenty-six, and probably less than twenty-five millions. Had the Secretary given us the imports and exports from the first of December, 1846, to the first of December, 1847, we could have predicted with more confidence. Supposing, then, that all the other estimates and calculations of the Secretary are correct, which they are far from being, and he will need a loan, the present year, of more than twenty-five millions of dollars. Now an addition of seventeen per cent. to the present duties, properly distributed over the whole of our imports, would have produced just about that sum, and this would be a much more statesman-like measure, than a loan of twenty-five millions of dollars in the present, or any other condition of public credit likely to exist, under the administration of President Polk and Secretary Walker.

On the 14th of March, 1842, Sir R. Peel, then Premier of England, made the following exhibit to the House of Commons, as his estimate of the sources and amount of the British revenue, for the year ending the 5th of April, 1843 :—

I estimate the revenues, says the Premier, at—	
Customs, - - -	£22,500,000
Excise, - - -	13,450,000
Stamps, - - -	7,000,000
Taxes, (land tax, we suppose,)	4,400,000
Post Office, - - -	500,000
Crown Lands, - - - -	150,000
Miscellanies, - - -	250,000
Total,	£48,350,000

From the above table it will be perceived that more than one hundred millions of dollars, almost one half the enormous income of England, is derived from the customs. The amount of exports and imports, upon which that enormous sum was to be collected, are not given, and we have not at hand the means of ascertaining, but we may be sure, that the imports rather fell short than exceeded two hundred millions of dollars, and of course, the average duty on the whole import exceeded fifty per centum. This is the English doctrine of free trade! which Secretary Walker lauds so highly, re-

duced to practice, for the British tariff has not since been so modified, as to reduce the amount of revenue from the customs a single million of dollars. The only material reduction in the British tariff, which our free trade party bruit so much, is the reduction of the duties on bread stuffs and provisions, which never amounted to a million of dollars a year.

The population of the United States may be estimated at twenty millions, and until the last year our exports of domestic products, in value, never exceeded about one hundred millions of dollars, sometimes a little more, and sometimes a little less. The population of the British isles may be estimated at twenty-eight millions. There can be no doubt, but what the exports of the United States, in proportion to their population, are, and always have been, equal to the exports of England in proportion to her population. As England manufactures nearly everything for herself, it is natural to suppose that ours would be the largest, but suppose them to be equal; then if twenty millions of people export one hundred millions of produce, twenty-eight millions of people would export one hundred and forty millions of produce; or if we take the last year as the base of our calculations, and that twenty millions of people exported one hundred and fifty millions of produce, then, by the same rule, twenty-eight millions of people would export two hundred and ten millions of produce, so that the average of duties would still be about fifty per centum upon the whole imports of England. This exhibit of the English Premier shows what an enormous amount of revenue may be collected from imports without oppression or inconvenience to the people. Although England collects over one hundred millions of dollars per annum from her commerce, which does not exceed the commerce of the United States more than one-third, yet this enormous sum is annually paid by somebody, with little or no complaint by the people of England, except the trifling sum collected on bread stuffs. Take away the corn laws, which have not yielded a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year for the last twenty years, and there has been little or no complaint by the people of England, about the duties on English imports. The oppressiveness of English taxation proceeds from the excise, the land tax, the window tax, and the hearth tax—in short, from the taxes properly so called, and not from the imports, which, properly speaking, are not taxes. Except for the necessaries of life, no man pays an impost unless he pleases, and the necessaries of life are the subject of imposts to a very small extent in any country, because, as a general rule, every nation produces its own necessaries of life. A nation that depended on other nations for any considerable portion of the necessaries of life, would be in a very precarious condition, and could not long exist as a nation. Besides, the domestic product in every nation always regulates the market for the necessaries of life, such as bread and meat; and hence, the importer, or foreign producer, and not the consumer, must pay the impost on these articles. Therefore it is, that the market price of flour in England regulates the price of flour in Ohio. If a duty of one dollar a barrel is laid on flour in England, flour immediately falls a dollar a barrel in Ohio. If that duty is taken off, flour rises a dollar a barrel in Ohio; so that an English impost on flour is, in reality, a tax on the people of Ohio and others, who supply the English markets, and not on the people of England. A duty of a dollar a barrel, would not raise the price of flour to the consumer ten cents a barrel. The balance of the impost would have to be paid by the producer. Hence, the hundred millions of dollars of revenue, which England annually collects from her commerce, is not paid by the people of England, but by the people of the whole world with whom she deals. This is one of the main-springs of England's power. She levies tribute upon the whole world, but pays tribute to nobody. She merely humbugs the nations with the phantom of free trade.

So long as no duty is imposed on tea, coffee, and spices, an opulent farmer and a comfortable liver in our country will be under no necessity of consuming a single article in his family on which either a tax or a duty has been paid by anybody. How absurd then to talk about an impost being oppressive to the people. What we call the comforts and luxuries of life,

are the principal subjects of duties, and these are usually prized in proportion to their cost. The stronger an article smells of money, the more distinction its use will confer, and the more it will be coveted by those who have the means of paying for it. There is therefore no danger that high duties will ever prevent the importation of foreign products, to the full amount of our exports. The history of English commerce furnishes abundant proof of this fact. A duty of four or five hundred per centum does not prevent the consumption of tobacco in England, from which the government derives an enormous revenue. The greater portion of this revenue, it is true, is paid by the consumers, but up to some thirty or forty per cent. the producer would pay a part. So a duty by our government, of two or three hundred per cent. on wine and silks, would not prevent them from being imported and consumed in large quantities. Who ever heard of an article of luxury being so dear, that nobody would buy it? High duties are as much and even more complained of by producers, than by consumers; but if the duties are included in the price the consumer pays for the goods, the producer would have no cause to complain of the duty. If a duty of a dollar a barrel on flour raised the price of flour a dollar a barrel in the English market, what cause would the American producer have to complain of the duty? Every nation strives, by treaty or otherwise, to have its products subjected to as low a duty as possible by foreign governments; but if the consumer pays the duty, they need give themselves no trouble on that subject. If, then, England collects a revenue of over a hundred millions of dollars on her commerce, how easily could the United States collect half that sum on their commerce. But Mr. Secretary Walker will find that this cannot be done by reducing the duties on imports.

For what purpose the following fanfaronade was put into the Secretary's Report we are at a loss to conceive. Perhaps he thought he could darken counsel by a cloud of statistics and big figures, and thus conceal his blunders from the public eye; but if this was his object, he will find himself mistaken. His facts in the following quotation are all false, and his conclusions absurd, as we shall proceed to show. We owe an apology to our readers, for so long a quotation of such stuff, but we could not well abridge or divide it without marring its beauty. The Secretary says:

"In my report of July 22, 1846, it was shown that the annual value of our products exceeds three thousand millions of dollars. Our population doubles once in every twenty-three years, and our products quadruple in the same period—that being the time within which a sum compounding itself quarter yearly at six per cent. interest will be quadrupled—as is sustained here by the actual results. Of this $3,000,000,000, only about $150,000,000 was exported abroad, leaving $2,850,000,000, used at home, of which at least $500,000,000 is annually interchanged between the several States of the Union. Under this system, the larger the area, and the greater the variety of climate, soil, and products, the more extensive is the commerce which must exist between the States, and the greater the value of the Union. We see then here, under the system of free trade among the States of the Union, an interchange of products of the annual value of at least $500,000,000 among our twenty-one millions of people; whilst our total exchanges, including imports and exports, with all the world besides, containing a population of a thousand millions, was last year $305,194,260, being an increase since the new tariff over the preceding year of $70,014,647. Yet the exchanges between our States, consisting of a population of twenty-one millions, being of the yearly value of $500,000,000 exchanged, make such exchange in our own country equal to $23 81 per individual annually of our own products, and reduces the exchange of our own and foreign products, (our imports and exports,) considered as $300,000,000 with all the rest of the world, to the annual value of thirty cents to each individual. That is, one person of the Union receives and exchanges annually of our own products as much as seventy-nine persons of other countries. Were this exchange with foreign countries extended to ninety cents each, it would bring our imports and exports up to $900,000,000 per annum, and our annual revenue from duties to a sum exceeding $90,000,000. An addition of thirty cents each to the consumption of our products exchanged from State to State by our own people, would furnish an increased market of the value only of $6,300,000; whereas an increase of thirty cents each, by a system of liberal exchanges with the people of all the world, would give us a market for an additional value of $300,000,000 per annum of our exports. Such an addition cannot occur by refusing to receive in exchange the products of other nations, and demanding the $300,000,000 per annum in specie, which could never

be supplied. But, by receiving foreign products at low duties in exchange for our exports, such an augmentation might take place. The only obstacle to such exchanges are the duties and the freights. But the freight from New Orleans to Boston differs but little from that between Liverpool and Boston; and the freight from many points in the interior is greater than from England to the United States. Thus the average freight from the Ohio river to Baltimore is greater than from the latter place to Liverpool; yet the annual exchanges of products between the Ohio and Baltimore exceed by many millions that between Baltimore and Liverpool. The Canadas and adjacent provinces upon our borders, with a population less than two millions, exchange imports and exports with us less in amount than the State of Connecticut, with a population of 300,000; showing that, if these provinces were united with us by free trade, our annual exchanges with them would rise to $40,000,000. It is not the freight, then, that creates the chief obstacle to interchanges of products between ourselves and foreign countries, but the duties. When we reflect, also, that exchange of products depends chiefly upon diversity—which is greater between our own country and the rest of the world, than between the different States of the Union—under a system of reciprocal free trade with all the world, the augmentation arising from greater diversity of products would equal the diminution caused by freight. Thus, the Southern States exchange no cotton with each other, nor the Western States flour, nor the manufacturing States like fabrics. Diversity of products is essential to exchanges; and if England and America were united by absolute free trade, the reciprocal exchanges between them would soon far exceed the whole foreign commerce of both; and with reciprocal free trade with all nations, our own country, with its pre-eminent advantages, would measure its annual trade in imports and exports by thousands of millions of dollars."

This learned Report, in which the Secretary says he has shown that the annual amount of our products exceeds three thousand millions of dollars, we have never seen, and we are therefore unacquainted with the process of reasoning by which he thinks he has shown that magnificent fact. We suppose, however, that he has made use of the statistical tables made out under the direction and superintendence of the Commissioner of Patents. But we care not for his statistics or his estimates. We know, and every man of common sense who will reflect a moment upon the subject, may know, that they are false to an enormous extent. The products of last year, the largest ever made in the United States, did not exceed, and probably fell short of fifteen hundred millions of dollars in value.

It is a well established principle of political economy, that the consumption of a nation must, and always will, about equal its production. If then three thousand millions were produced in a year, three thousand millions must, in some form or other, be consumed in a year, or it would not answer the purpose for which it was produced. Now does any man in his senses believe, that this nation ever consumed, in one year, products of the value of three thousand millions of dollars? Suppose the people of the United States to be twenty millions, and the average consumption of products *per capita* would be one hundred and fifty dollars in value. Now can any man who has any knowledge of the daily fare of the great mass of our population, believe, that men, women, children and slaves consume upon an average products of the value of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum? The thing is wholly incredible. One hundred and fifty dollars would enable each individual to pay two dollars a week for his board, and have fifty dollars a year wherewith to clothe himself. The people of the United States would be much indebted to Mr. Secretary Walker, if he would make good his assertion with regard to their wealth. The great mass of our population do not consume food of the value of thirty dollars a head per year, and although a great many (yet a small number in comparison to the whole) consume ten times that amount, yet if we set down sixty dollars a head as the amount consumed by each individual, it will probably be a liberal allowance, which would make the annual consumption twelve hundred millions for twenty millions of people; and this is probably the full amount of our annual production.

There is another process of reasoning which will conduct us to about the same conclusion. Exclude women and children, and those classes who do not labor, and it will leave about one-fourth of the population for productive laborers. In a population then of twenty millions there will be five millions of productive laborers. Now these laborers must average six hundred dollars each in order to make an aggre-

gate of three thousand millions. But every man who knows anything about labor, knows that such a supposition is utterly absurd. If we suppose each laborer to produce two hundred and fifty dollars a year, it will be a liberal allowance. This would give an annual product of twelve hundred millions. In the division of this product between labor and capital, we should probably be required to give to labor two-thirds, equal to eight hundred millions, and to capital one-third, equal to four hundred milllons. As women and children engage in some labor, it may be thought that our estimate of the number of laborers is too small; but there are those who consider the number of voters in a State where suffrage is universal, a fair measure of the number of productive laborers. If so, then our estimate is too large. But if we have under-estimated the number of productive laborers, we have also over-estimated the product of each laborer, as every man knows who has been either in the habit of laboring himself or employing others to labor for him.

But extravagant and absurd as the Secretary's facts are, his reasoning upon those facts is, if possible, still more extravagant and absurd. Our population, he tells us, doubles every twenty-three years, and our products quadruple in the same time. And by what process of reasoning, gentle reader, do you suppose he arrives at such a sage conclusion? Why, forsooth, the Secretary says, that "any sum compounding itself quarter yearly at six per cent. interest, will be quadrupled in that time." Now if there be the slightest connection between his premise and his conclusion, we are not able to perceive it. Can it be possible that the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States believes that our productions were four times as great in 1847 as they were in 1824, and that they will be four times as great in 1870 as they were in 1847? It is to be feared that the statistics of the learned Secretary have addled his brain, and confounded his powers of ratiocination.

Of this three thousand millions of products, only one hundred and fifty millions are exchanged with foreign nations, equal to only fifteen cents a head on the whole population of the world. The balance is used at home. Of this balance five hundred millions are exchanged annually among the States, equal to twenty-three dollars and eighty-one cents per head of our whole population, and this, we are told, is in consequence of free trade among the States! "If our foreign commerce were increased to ninety cents per head for the whole world, (estimating the population of the world at a thousand millions,) it would give us an annual revenue of at least ninety millions of dollars." Surely, Mr. Secretary, were the sky to fall we should catch larks. "An addition of thirty cents for each individual to the consumption of our products exchanged from State to State, by our own people, would furnish an increased market of the value of only six and three-tenths millions of dollars, whereas an increase of thirty cents each by a system of liberal exchanges with the people of all the world, would give us a market for an additional value of three hundred millions of dollars per annum of our exports." Very true, Mr. Secretary; but should we have the three hundred millions to exchange? The proper way to cook your hare, we are told, is first to catch him. But the Secretary tells us, that, "by receiving foreign products at low duties, in exchange for our products, such an augmentation might take place!" Very like a whale! The only obstacles, says the Secretary, are the duties and the freights. We opine, on the contrary, that our laborers would find other obstacles to an increased production of three hundred million dollars worth of products. "The Canadas and adjacent provinces upon our borders, with a population of near two millions, exchange imports and exports with us, less in amount than the State of Connecticut, with a population of three hundred thousand, showing that if these provinces were united with us by free trade, our annual exchanges with them would rise to forty millions of dollars." Surely, Mr. Secretary, you don't say this in sober earnestness! The Secretary winds up his fanfaronade with the following flourish: "If England and America were united by an absolute free trade, the reciprocal exchanges between them would soon far exceed the whole foreign commerce of both; and with reciprocal free trade with all nations, our own country, with its pre-eminent advantages, would measure its annual

trade in imports and exports by thousands of millions." We have no recollection of ever having read a puff of a quack medicine equal to this.

Some of the Secretary's figures are so strange, that we cannot make head or tail of them, and presume them to be misprints. Take for example the following:—

"By table BB, it appears that the augmentation of our domestic exports, exclusive of specie, last year, compared with the preceding year, was $48,856,802, or upwards of 48 per cent., and, at the same rate per cent. per annum of augmentation, would amount in 1849, per table CC, to $329,959,993, or much greater than the domestic export from State to State. (See tables from 7 to 12, inclusive.) The future per centage of increase may not be so great; but our capacity for such increased production is proved to exist, and that we could furnish these exports far above the domestic demand, if they could be exchanged free of duty in the ports of all nations."

The following paragraph looks very much as though the Secretary either had become or was about to become a Fourierite:—

"When all our capitalists (as some already have) shall surely find it to be their true interest, in addition to the wages paid to the American workman, to allow him voluntarily, because it augments the profits of capital, a fair interest in these profits, and elevate him to the rank of a partner in the concern, we may then defy all competition."

But whatever may be the meaning of this, we are inclined to believe that the Secretary's term of office is too short to enable him to convert the whole United States into phalanxes, groups and series.

On this wise do the President and Secretary argue in favor of the tariff of 1846; but the merits of that act are not confined to the reduction of duties. "It is not only the reduced duties, that have produced these happy results, (says the Secretary,) but the mode of reduction, the substitution of the *ad valorem* for unequal and oppressive minimums and specific duties." But without quoting farther, it may be stated generally, that both the President and Secretary assume the fact, as the basis of their arguments, that a specific duty upon an article which excludes it from our market, is a tax upon the consumer of the domestic article to the full amount of the duty. Thus, a duty of ten cents a yard on cotton goods, which sell in our market for eight cents a yard, is nevertheless a tax on the poor consumer of the domestic article of ten cents a yard; and a duty of a dollar a pair on brogan shoes, would be a tax of a dollar a pair on American brogans, although they could be bought in any quantity for seventy-five cents a pair; and so a duty of one dollar a bushel on wheat, would be a tax on the poor American laborer of one dollar a bushel on all the wheat with which he feeds his poor children, although fifty cents should be the highest price he ever paid for a bushel of wheat. Now this is all *ad captandum vulgus*, and the President and Secretary both know it, and although it might be tolerated on the stump, yet when gravely put forth from the high places they occupy, it is a disgrace to the Republic.

The Secretary also says, "The great argument for protection (by which he means high duties) is, that by diminishing imports the balance of trade is turned in our favor, bringing specie into the country." If the Secretary does not know this to be an untruth, he is even a greater blockhead than we had supposed him to be. We have heard no such argument, by any intelligent advocate of either high duties or a protective tariff, in the last twenty-five years. That some very absurd arguments have been urged, both in and out of Congress, in favor of protecting duties, is very true, but Mr. Secretary Walker must not assume that he refutes the policy of a protecting tariff, by refuting some of the arguments of its advocates. It is true, that the old school political economists advocated high duties, for the purpose of increasing the imports of specie, but Mr. Hume and Adam Smith showed the fallacy of that idea before our revolution, and the doctrine has never prevailed in this country among intelligent political economists. High duties are advocated by those who understand the subject, for the purpose of replenishing the treasury. Protecting duties are advocated for the purpose of increasing and extending the market for our products; for the purpose of securing to the farmers of Ohio, for example, a steady and sure market for all the products of their farms at their own

door, instead of leaving them to seek a market across the Atlantic; for the purpose of enabling them to make their exchanges in Cincinnati instead of Liverpool. Protecting duties may or may not augment the revenue. If they afford complete protection, by excluding the foreign article altogether, they will not augment the revenue, because they will not increase the average of duty on the whole importation; but if the duty is raised, but not so high as to exclude the foreign article, the revenue will be replenished. It does not, however, follow, as the Secretary seems to suppose, that the general revenue will be increased by an increased revenue on a particular article. Protecting duties, therefore, may greatly increase and secure a market for our own products, without either increasing or diminishing the general revenue. The home market, notwithstanding all Mr. Secretary Walker may say to the contrary, is of three times the value to us, that the foreign is or even will be.

Two things are essential to commerce: goods for sale, and a market where they can be sold; in other words, sellers and buyers. If there be no goods for sale, there can be no market, and if there are no buyers there will be no goods for sale. But Mr. Secretary Walker seems to think that if we have plenty of buyers, no matter about the goods, they will come of themselves when wanted. Hence our exports are to equal thousands of millions as soon as free trade shall give us all the world for customers!

"The new tariff," says Mr. Secretary Walker, "is no longer an experiment; the problem is solved, and experience proves that the new system yields more revenue, enhances wages, and advances more rapidly the public prosperity," than the old system, we suppose, though the Secretary does not say so. The experience of a year of famine in Europe, with the most bountiful harvest ever known in this country, has, in the opinion of the Secretary, solved the problem. The experience of a single extraordinary year has overthrown the experience of a hundred preceding ordinary years! And although the revenue from a hundred and fifty millions of exports under the tariff of 1846, was less than the revenue from one hundred and two millions under the tariff of 1842, yet the problem is solved, that the new system produces more revenue than the old! We have no patience to reason longer with so absurd a man, and therefore dismiss him.

We cannot, however, take our leave of the President, without expressing our regret that he should have attempted to disguise the truth in his late Message to Congress. His high station ought to have placed him above all subterfuge or trickery for the purpose of sustaining a favorite theory. This dirty work should have been left to the understrappers of his party in Congress and out of it. When he gave forth the responses of the Treasury department, he should have given them forth fairly, and not have made one-sided statements. Why did he not confine himself to the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last? Why lug in five months of the following year? But if he thought proper to give the amount of revenue under the tariff of 1846, why did he not also give the imports and exports of that year? Was he afraid that the people would see that the revenue under the tariff of 1846 was some ten or twelve millions of dollars less than it would have been under the tariff of 1842? It almost surpasses belief, that a man of common sense could be sincere in the opinion, that a reduction of the duties would increase the revenue; yet it cannot be doubted, that President Polk and his party leaders were sincere in that opinion, or they never would have passed an act which would greatly reduce the revenue, at the same time that they entered upon an expensive war, which would, at least, double the expenses of the Government.

Had they doubled the duties instead of halving them, they would have acted much more like sensible men and practical statesmen. The people will find out by and by, that empirics and demagogues make expensive rulers. They will find it the cheapest course in the end to place capable men at the head of their Government.

D. R.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

JASMIN, THE BARBER POET.*

Las Papillotas! Such is the title of the two volumes of poetry we have before us—a title which would be singular indeed, if it were not accounted for by the profession of the author. Jasmin is, indeed, a *coiffeur*, and performs the menial offices of his profession with all the accuracy of a Figaro; but when his work is done, he does not, like so many of the brotherhood, spend his time in laying in a stock of scandal and gossip, which he may retail the next morning, when standing behind the chair of some fair lady, whose chief delight it often is, to listen to such stories. No! Jasmin, when he has laid aside his razors and his curling-tongs, devotes to the Muses his hours of leisure. This contrast between the vulgar occupation of the poet of Agen, and the truly beautiful poetry we find in his works, is particularly striking, in an age when poetry seems to have sought a refuge in the higher classes of society, and to have become rather the *passetems* of the man of fortune than the conscientious expression of a popular feeling. The class of poets to which Jasmin belongs is, at present, very limited. He is essentially a popular poet. Sprung from the lower orders of society, an artisan himself, he has, in all his poetic effusions, addressed himself to the multitude, not to the select few. In former times it was not uncommon to find a poet thus devoted to the entertainment and to the instruction of the crowd. Judging of past ages, by means of that knowledge of general facts which history affords—for history deigns not to descend into the details of every private life—we almost fancy that there was a time when poetry circulated in the world, as freely as the air we breathe,—when every man was a poet, if not to create, at least to understand and to feel. When the atmosphere is full of mists and vapors, objects seen at a distance appear larger than nature; so when we look back into the past, things become magnified, and we involuntarily exaggerate their dimensions. It is thus in the present case; but yet we think it may be said, that among the ancients, as well as during the middle ages, poetry was more widely diffused, and had a more direct and powerful influence on the destinies of mankind, than it has in modern times. The distance which separated the poet from those who listened to his verses, was then less great. Between them there seemed to be established an electric chain. He often borrowed from the people images, which he returned, after having given to them a new lustre, a new brilliancy, as the glass refracts the rays of the sun with increased intensity. The earlier Greek bards went from place to place reciting their verses, until they became indelibly engraved in the hearts of their hearers. In the middle ages, the minstrel, or the troubadour, was the favorite of all classes. In the castle of the feudal baron, he would arouse the ardent and chivalrous spirit of the guests assembled around the festive board, by the recital of the noble exploits of Arthur and his barons, or the valor of those devoted Christians, who crossed the seas to rescue the sepulchre of their Saviour from an infidel foe; or else he would bewail, in strains so pathetic, the untimely fate of some fair maiden, that every eye would be moistened with tears of pity and compassion. But it was not alone in the mansions of the great, that the voice of the poet was heard. The peasant, too, would lend an ear to his songs, and himself repeat them, to beguile the weary hours of labor; and, alas! how weary must those hours have been, when he knew that it was not he who was to enjoy the fruits of this labor, but his tyrannical master. How different is the occupation of the poet in our own times!

* *Las Papillotas de* Jasmin Coiffeur, Membre de la Societat de Sciencos et Arts d'Agen. Agen: 1835, 1842. 2 vols. 8vo.

Shut up in the narrow confines of a densely populated city, or at best, inhabiting some country-seat, in which he is fortunate indeed, if, at every hour of the day, the shrill whistle of a railroad train does not break in upon his meditations, the only means he possesses of acting on his fellow-men, is the press—a powerful engine indeed, but how inferior, when the heart is to be touched, to the varied tones of the poet's voice when he recites his own verses. The poet, now, is the invisible being who sets the puppets on the stage in motion; in former days he was himself the actor. We may indeed be touched by the thoughts which he expresses, for there is a secret harmony between different minds, which enables them to communicate without any material intermediary; but still, we think that the poet, who addressed himself directly to the public, could more easily awaken deep emotions in the breast of his hearers. Let us not, however, be misapprehended. We would not be understood to express a regret for the past. This is but a simple statement of facts. We belong not to that class of worshippers of all that is gone by, who, in their admiration for what no longer exists, forget the beauties and the blessings of the present hour. The progress of civilization modifies everything. Poetry, in an age of material improvement, and of scientific discovery, cannot be the same as in an age when love and war seemed alone to reign in the world. But it may still, it does still exist, although modified in its manifestation. At a period of high intellectual culture, poetry must, of course, partake in some degree of the philosophical spirit of the times. Happy then, when it does not take the form of the stately and almost supernatural indifference of a Goethe, or the impassioned skepticism of a Byron! But even in these ages of improved civilization, the simple voice of pure and natural poetry is still at times heard. In an age of political and social reform, like our own, when all the idols of the past are falling, one by one, to the ground, there are still some poets, whose poetry flows on in a calm and tranquil stream, and fills the soul with nought but pure and healthful instructions. Nature delights in these contrasts. In a barren soil, she, at times, brings forth flowers; at the foot of the glaciers, she places verdant meadows and genial springs, as if to show that, even when she seems to have become extinct, she can, by the secret forces of which she is the mistress, arise with renovated vigor. Thus in ages of comparative barbarity, she often unexpectedly bursts forth with astonishing force and brilliancy; and in ages when civilization seems to have reached so high a pinnacle, as to leave nothing more for her to do, she still asserts her power, and shows that she is greater than civilization. She is not particular either about the garb in which genius is clothed. She often spurns the glare of pure and elegant form, and pours her richest gifts into a recipient of more homely shape and material. High intellectual culture is not always the necessary companion of genius. It is not alone by the contemplation and study of masterpieces, that the poet is enabled to produce works of which he may say, with the great Roman poet,

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

Imitation is useless. The poet may, it is true, borrow from others, but even that which he borrows must be new—created within him, if it is to go forth in a poetic form. He must surround himself by that spiritual solitude, in which the voice of the world may yet be heard, but in which it only reaches him in a purer and more hallowed tone. Such a poet may well be found in the lower ranks of society. There is, indeed, a youthful force and vigor of intellect in those whose faculties have not been wasted on too vast a number of objects. Their thoughts are concentrated on some few great points. Unincumbered by the immense mass of knowledge which ages have accumulated, they can, when genius lends them wings, take the most bold and lofty flights. Such a child of nature is Jasmin, the barber poet.

Jaques Jasmin, or Jaqueon Jansemin, (as he is called in his native patois,) was born in the year 1787 or 1788 at Agen. His father was a tailor, who, although he did not know how to write, composed almost all the principal *couplets* which were sung in the popular festivities of the neighboring country. Jaques' father and mother were both poor, but he was as happy as a prince

when he was a child, for he had not yet learnt the meaning of those two words—rich and poor. Until the age of ten, he spent almost all his time in the open air playing with his little companions or cutting wood. In the long winter evenings, he would sit at the family fireside on his grandfather's knee and listen to those wonderful stories which we all have heard as children, but which in the child of genius may be said to be the first cause which develops the poetic inspiration with which he is endowed. But these happy days could not last. One day, as he was playing in the street, he saw his grandfather taken to the hospital. "Why have you left us? Where are you going?" were the boy's questions at this melancholy sight. "To the hospital," was the reply; "it is there that the Jansemins must die." Five days afterwards the old man was no more. From that time Jasmin knew how poor he was. How bitter was this experience to him! He felt no longer any interest in his childish pastimes. As he has himself beautifully expressed it, if anything drew from him a smile, it was but like the pale rays of the sun on a rainy day. One morning, however, he saw his mother with a smiling countenance. What then had happened? She had succeeded in gaining admittance for him in a charity school. In six months afterwards he could read; in six months more, he could assist in the celebration of mass; in another six months, he could sing the *Cantum ergo*, and in two years from the time when he first went to school he was admitted into a seminary. Here, however, he remained but six months. He was expelled from thence on account of a rather suspicious adventure with a peasant girl, and perhaps still more because he had eaten some sweetmeats belonging to the director of the establishment. The despair of his family was great at this unexpected event, for they had been furnished with bread at least once a week from the seminary. They were now without money and without bread! But what will a mother not do for her children! His mother had a ring—her wedding ring: she sold it, and the children had bread once more, at least for a few days. He was now to learn a trade; he became the apprentice of a hair-dresser, and as soon as he could, opened a shop. His skill as a *coiffeur*, and, we may add, the charming verses which he had already composed, soon brought him customers. He married, and his wife, who at first objected to his wasting his time in writing poetry, soon urged him to do so when she found that this employment was likely to be profitable. He has since then been able to buy the house in which he lives. The first, perhaps, of his family, he has experienced that feeling of inward satisfaction which the right of possession is so apt to confer, when it has been purchased by the meritorious labors of the hand and the head. He now enjoys that honest mediocrity which seems to be the height of his worldly ambition. Such are the only circumstances of Jasmin's life which we have been able to gather from the poetical autobiography entitled, "*Mons Soubenis.*" The life of a poet is not always interesting. Not unfrequently, its most striking features are the poetic flowers he has himself strewed on his path.

We have already said that Jasmin was a popular poet. To be this, in the true sense of the word, it is necessary to speak the language of the people. This Jasmin has understood. With the exception of two or three pieces in the collection we have before us, all his poems are written in his native patois. But he not only makes use of this language, he defends it against all attacks as the last distinguishing mark between his countrymen and the inhabitants of the rest of France. Among his poems, there is a reply to the discourse of a Mr. Dumon, member of the Chamber of Deputies, in which that gentleman, after having paid, it is true, a just tribute to the genius of the Gascon poet, said that it was not even desirable that the patois should be maintained. The reply of Jasmin is full of an ardent patriotic spirit, and is a noble defence of his native language.

"The greatest misfortune," he says, "which can befall a man in this world, is to see an aged mother, sick and infirm, stretched out on her bed and given over by the doctors. At her pillow, which we do not leave for an instant, our eye fixed on hers and our hand in her hand, we may for a day revive her languishing spirits; but alas! she lives to-day but to die to-morrow! This is not the case, however, with that

enchantress, that musical language, our second mother: learned Frenchmen have sentenced her to death for the last three hundred years, but she still lives; her words still resound. Seasons pass by her, and hundreds of thousands will yet pass.* . . . . . This language is the language of labor; in the city and in the country, it may be found in every house. It takes man at the cradle and leads him on to the tomb. Oh, such a language is not easily destroyed. . . . . Relieve us from our sufferings, but leave us our language! We like to sing even in the midst of distress. It seems as if in singing the gall of grief became less bitter. . . . . But the honor of the country demands it; we will learn French: it is our language, too; we are Frenchmen. Let the people learn it. They will then have two languages, one for the *sansfaçon*, the other for making visits."

There is indeed no vestige of its ancient independence, to which a nation clings more eagerly than to its language. It has always been the endeavor of conquerors to destroy the national language of a conquered nation, as the only means of becoming entirely its master. And in truth, what can be more precious to a people, which has lost its independence, than to refer to its days of freedom in the language of its fathers? When once this tie, which binds it to the past, is destroyed, but little remains of its primitive character. The differences between languages are not arbitrary; they are the expression of the individual genius of the nation to whom they belong. And yet there are men, in this age of wild Utopian schemes, who, in order to carry out their ideas of social reform, would wish to leave but one *common* language to mankind. We say nothing of the practicability of such a project,—which could not even be executed by the means which the tyrannical government of a half civilized country employs to extirpate the language of the unfortunate Poles,—but the very idea is monstrous in itself. Those barbarians, who poured into Europe at the downfall of the Roman empire, have been accused of vandalism because they destroyed the monuments of art which they found on their road. But what was their vandalism, when compared with that of these modern innovators? To destroy all the different dialects of the world to make room for one common language, is not only to destroy all the master-pieces of the past, but to cut in the blossom all future literature. Instead of the beautiful and varied forms, which human thought now assumes according to the language in which it is expressed, we should have but one stereotyped, monotonous and uniform literature, which would itself soon die for want of any impulse or stimulus from without. Fortunately, however, there is nothing to be feared on this ground. You may persecute a popular dialect and endeavor to stifle it in its growth, it will still come forth, even as the wild flower at times springs up in the cultivated soil. Wales has been for centuries subject to England, and Brittany to France, and yet they have maintained their original dialect. Even at this day the Welshman and the peasant of la Balle Bretagne understand each other better than they would understand those whom they call their countrymen. And the Gascon patois, against which innumerable regulations have been made, which is forbidden to be spoken in the schools of Gascony, can still make itself heard through the voice of Jasmin. We can say of his maternal dialect, notwithstanding the persecutions to which it has been subjected, what Galileo said of the earth: *E pur si muove.*

The two finest poems of Jasmin are unquestionably, "*L'Abuglo de Castel-Cueillé,*" (The Blind Girl of Castel-Cueillé,) and *Françonneto.** The first is the touching story of a poor blind orphan. The first canto opens with the description of the preparations for a country wedding. "At the foot of that high mountain where

*We give the first two strophes of this poem in the original, as an example of the language and style of Jasmin:—

L'on pu grand pèssomen que truque l'homme, aci,
Acò quand nostro may, bièillo, feblo, desfèyto,
S'arremozo tonto, et s'allièyto,
Conndannado pel medici.
A soun triste cabès que jamay l'on non quitto,
L'èl sur son èl et la ma dins sa ma,
Ponden-bè, per un jour rebiscoula sa bito;
Mais hèlas! anèy bion per s'escanti donma.
N'es pas atal, Monssu, d'aquelo ensourcillayro
D'aquelo longo muzicayro
Nostro segundo may; de saben francimans,
La conndannon à mort dezunpèy tres cens ans;
Tapla bion saquela; tapla sons mots brounzinon;
Ches elo, las sazons passon, sonen, tindinen;
Et cent-milo-milès enquèro y passaren,
Sounaran, et tindinaran.

* The first of these two poems has been translated into English verse by Lady Georgina Fullerton.

stands Castel-Cueillé, at the season when the fruit begins to ripen on the trees, this song was heard on a Wednesday the eve of St. Joseph's day. The paths should bear flowers, so lovely a bride is about to go forth; they should bear flowers, they should bear fruits, so lovely a bride is about to pass." The bride and Baptiste, her intended, are going, according to the custom of the country, to gather branches of laurel to scatter before the door of the church and before the houses of the guests. But the bridegroom is silent; he speaks not to Angèle; he caresses her not. "On seeing them so cold, so indifferent, you would think they were great folks!" The sadness of Baptiste is not, however, without a cause. His affections are elsewhere engaged. At the foot of the hill lives the young and tender Margaret, the prettiest girl in the village. Baptiste was her lover, they were to have been married, but alas! Margaret has lost her sight after a severe illness, and Baptiste, who has just returned to the village, is, in order to fulfil the wishes of his father, about to marry Angèle, thinking all the while of Margaret. Meanwhile nothing but merriment and mirth are to be heard in the fields, until Jeanne the old fortune-teller appears. She examines the hand of the bride, and exclaims: "God grant, giddy Angèle, that in marrying the unfaithful Baptiste thou mayest not cause a grave to be opened to-morrow." This sinister prediction interrupts for a moment the gaiety of the scene, but the clear voices of the young girls might soon be heard again singing their merry songs. In the young the memory of grief is but short. Baptiste, however, is still sad and silent. The second canto shows us Margaret in her solitary chamber. Baptiste has been three days in the village, and has not yet been to see her. "And yet he knows," she exclaims, "that he is the star, the sun of my night! He knows that I have counted every instant since first he left me! Oh, let him come again and fulfil his promise, that I may keep mine. Without him, what is this world to me? What pleasure have I? The light of day shines for others, but alas, for me it is always night! How dark it is without him! When he is by my side, I think no more of the light of day! The sky is blue, but his eyes are blue; they are a heaven of love for me! a heaven full of happiness like that over my head! . . . . Where is Baptiste! He hears me no longer, when I call him! Like the ivy which lies drooping on the ground, I need some support! But who knows? perhaps he has abandoned me! Alas, what a thought! They must bury me then! But I will banish it from me! Baptiste will return! Oh, he will return! I have nothing to fear! He swore it in the name of the Saviour! He could not come so soon! He is weary, sick perhaps. He intends perchance to surprise me. But I hear somebody! Now then is an end to all my sufferings! My heart does not deceive me! It is he! there he is!" The door opens—but Baptiste does not appear; her little brother Paul enters, saying: "The bride has just passed! I have seen her. Say, sister, why were we not invited? alone of all her friends we are not there." There is in this scene a touch of nature which many poets would perhaps have scorned to delineate, on the ground that it was too trivial. The cry of Margaret, "My heart deceives me not," when she is all the while mistaken, is admirable. Her heart is so full of hope and confidence that she naturally takes the first sound she hears to be that of the footsteps of her beloved. How true and how beautiful! In the heart of woman there are such treasures of constancy and devotion, that she is feelingly alive to the smallest, the most unimportant circumstance which can still make her doubt the infidelity of the one she loves. Alas! what a fathomless depth of despair there must be in her heart when she no longer can doubt; when she must believe.

Margaret, meanwhile questions the child and discovers that Baptiste is the bridegroom. Jeanne, the sorceress, comes in and endeavors to console the young girl, as if there were any consolation for such sorrows but time, or death. "You love him too well," she says; "pray God that you may not love him so much." "The more I pray God, the more I love him, but it is no sin; may he not yet be mine?" Jeanne replies not. Margaret understands this silence, but she affects to appear contented, and the old woman leaves her, believing that she is still undeceived. The third and last canto opens on the following morning—the morning of the day on which the wedding is to be celebrated.

How differently were two young girls awaiting that sunrise. The one, the queen of the day, is preparing for her wedding; on her head she places a wreath, on her breast a nosegay of flowers; and in the midst of happiness she forgets to say a prayer. The other, alone and blind, has neither wreath nor flowers. Her eyes are full of tears; she throws herself down on her knees and prays to God to pardon her the sin she is about to commit. But it is time to go to the church. Angèle, surrounded by her friends, goes as in triumph. Margaret, leaning on her brother, wends her steps too towards the church. But before leaving her room, she has concealed in her bosom a dagger. As they approach the church they hear the sound of the melancholy ewfray singing his doleful song. "Dost thou not hear that sound, sister! Dost thou remember the night our poor father died we heard this sound? He said to thee: 'My child, take care of Paul, for I feel that I am going to leave you.' We all shed tears. Our father died, and was buried here. Here is his grave, and the cross is still on it. But why dost thou draw me so near to thee, as if thou wouldst smother me?" Alas, poor Margaret! It seemed to her as if a voice from the grave had cried: My child! what art thou going to do? But Paul hurries her on; they have entered the church. The bride is at the altar. Baptiste has pronounced the fatal "Yes," when a well-known voice exclaims at his side: "It is he! Baptiste, thou wished for my death: let my blood be the holy water of this wedding!" She is about to stab herself, but surely a guardian angel protects her, for just as she is going to strike, she falls dead. Her grief had killed her! Everything then changes. Instead of the gay songs of the morning, the solemn *De Profundis* is heard, and everything seems to say: The paths should sigh and weep, so beautiful is the one who is dead!

We are fully aware how impossible it is to give a correct idea of the beauties of a poetical composition by means of an analysis. The critic can no more convey to his readers a true notion of the poetic flowers of a work, which he can but dissect as the anatomist dissects a body, in order to lay bare the lifeless skeleton, than the engraver can, with his burin, represent the coloring and the general effect of a picture. But yet by his work, the engraver may give to him who sees it a desire to behold the original from whence it is taken—a desire, which he perhaps would never have felt, had it not been awakened within him by this even imperfect representation. So, too, may we not hope that our readers will wish to see the original from which we have taken this faint sketch? This poem first awakened the literary men of France, and in a measure the public itself, to a sense of the merit of Jasmin. In 1835 he was called upon to read it before the Academy of Bordeaux, and excited by his impassioned delivery an almost unparalleled enthusiasm. He had a similar honor conferred on him in 1840, when he was invited to read the poem of Françonneto before a still larger audience in the city of Toulouse.

The scene of this poem is laid in the south of France, in the 16th century, at the time of the persecution of the Huguenots, when the cruel Marquis of Montluc was covering the country with blood and tears, in the name of a God of mercy. The scene opens at a moment of comparative peace and quiet. The peasants are assembled to dance on the green turf. Among them is *Françonneto la Ponlido de las Ponlidos*, (the belle of all belles.) Like all belles, however, Françonneto is capricious. Surrounded by admirers, she leaves them to hope or to despair, according as they may be of a desponding or cheerful disposition, without pronouncing in favor of any particular one. But in the course of the evening she will be obliged at least to show some degree of partiality, for it is the custom to allow the dancer, who can succeed in tiring his partner out, to take a kiss. What a struggle there was for this kiss! William, John, Louis, Peter, and Paul are out of breath without having obtained the disputed prize! But here comes Marcel the soldier, to whom *Françonneto* is engaged, but for whom she cares perhaps less than for any of her other admirers. Surely he who is accustomed to all the hardships of war, will succeed in tiring out a young girl. But when the will is good the weakest girl is strong! Marcel is outdone; he is obliged to stop. Pascal the smith rushes forward, and in a moment has taken his place; but hardly has *Fran-*

çonneto taken a turn with him, when she stops, and holding up her cheek, receives the kiss. The air rings with the applause of the peasants at the triumph of Pascal. But Marcel the soldier, the favorite of Montluc, is not thus to be trifled with. "You took my place too quickly, young man!" he exclaims, and adds a blow to the insult. "How easily a storm succeeds to the calm! A kiss and a blow! Glory and shame! Light and darkness! Life and death! Hell and Heaven! All these things fill at once the ardent soul of Pascal. When a man is thus cowardly attacked, he needs not to be a *gentleman* or a soldier to avenge the insult without fear. No—look at him! A tempest is not worse! His eyes flash fire, his voice thunders! and seizing Marcel by the waist, he hurls him to the ground." He does not wish to kill him. He is satisfied. His generosity does not disarm Marcel, however; he wishes to continue the fight, but Montluc appears and puts an end to the quarrel. The soldier is obliged to obey, but between his teeth he might be heard to mutter: "They love her and do all they can to cross my love; she laughs at my expense. By St. Marcel, my patron, they shall pay for it, and Françonneto shall have no other husband but me."

Between the first and second cantos, two or three months have elapsed. We again find the peasants met to celebrate New Year's eve, and Françonneto is still the queen of beauty. The festive meeting is however interrupted by the appearance of the man of the Black Wood, the dread of the neighboring country, who comes to announce that the father of *Françonneto* became a Huguenot before dying, and sold her soul to an evil spirit. Ill luck to him who shall venture to marry her. When her husband shall take the bridal wreath from her brow, the Demon will take possession of her soul, and wring his neck. "Great words, high sounding comparisons could not express the appearance of the peasants, who at this dreadful prediction seemed to be changed into stones." *Françonneto* alone remains unmoved. She believes at first that it is but a joke, but when she finds all her companions shrink back from her, she falls insensible to the ground. She is now shunned by all her companions. When she goes to church, they all avoid her. Pascal alone has not abandoned her, and even does not fear to offer her the blessed bread at the altar. What a moment was that for her! "One would think that the bread of a resuscitated God had recalled her to life. But why does she blush? Oh, it is because the angel of love has blown a little of his flame on the embers which lay lurking in her heart. Oh, it is because something strange, something new, hot as fire, soft as honey, has taken root and is growing up in her breast. Oh, it is because she lives with another life; she knows, and she feels it! The world and the priest are alike forgotten, and in the temple of God, she sees but one man, the man whom she loves, the man whom she can thank." She returns home, and then "she does what we all may do; she dreams with open eyes, and without stone or hammer, she builds a little castle, in which by the side of Pascal everything is happiness." But alas! why must she awaken from this dream? She was thinking of love, but reality now breaks in on her with its cold and iron hand; she remembers the prediction that he who marries her, must die. In despair she falls on her knees before the image of the blessed Virgin. "Holy Mother," she exclaims, "without thee I am lost. I love Pascal. I have neither father nor mother, and they all say, that I am sold to an evil spirit. Take pity on me! Save me if this be true! or if they deceive me, prove it to my soul. I will offer thee a candle at *Nôtre-Dame*. Virgin so good, show me by some infallible sign, that thou receivest it with pleasure." Short prayers, when sincere, ascend rapidly to heaven. Sure that she has been heard, the young girl thinks incessantly of her purpose. At times, however, she trembles; fear paralyzes her speech. And then again hope shines in her heart, as a flash of lightning in the dark of the night. The solemn day has come. She goes to the church and presents her offering at the shrine of the Virgin; but alas! her hopes are in an instant blighted. No sooner has she lighted the candle on the altar, than a violent peal of thunder is heard, and the light is extinguished. No doubt can now remain! She is condemned to a cruel fate! The peasants are exasperated, and resolve to set fire to her house. The flames are already spreading over it, when Pascal

interferes and endeavors to save her. But he comes not alone. Marcel is behind him. "Wilt thou marry me?" he exclaims. Pascal makes the same offer. Françonneto, after a struggle between love and duty, accepts Pascal's offer. "I love you, Pascal," she says, "and wished to die alone. But you demand it. I can resist no longer, and if it is our destiny, let it be so, let us die together." Two weeks after this scene, the marriage procession might be seen winding its way down the hill. But Pascal's mother entreats him not to proceed; his fate is decreed, she says, he will surely die. Pascal feels the tears running down his cheeks, but still he holds the hand of his beloved. How those tears affect him! but love is yet the stronger. "Take care of my mother, if anything happens to me," he says to Marcel. But the soldier, too, is shedding tears. "Pascal," he exclaims, "in love as in war, an artifice is permitted. I forged the whole story of Françonneto's being sold to an evil spirit. I paid the sorcerer to frighten you with it, in the hope of forcing Françonneto to marry me. But alas! she preferred thee. I then resolved to avenge myself by putting you both to death. I would have led you to the nuptial chamber, and then have blown you up with myself. Everything was prepared for this crime. But thy mother has disarmed my anger by her tears. She recalls to my mind my own mother, who is no more. Live for her sake. Thou hast nothing more to fear from me; thy paradise descends now on earth. I have nobody left. I return to the wars. To cure me of my love, a cannon-ball is perhaps better than such a crime." He speaks and disappears. The marriage is celebrated. But here the poet stops. He had colors to depict grief; he has none wherewith to represent such happiness!

Beauties of the highest order are profusely scattered throughout these two poems. They are of that kind, however, which makes it extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to render them in any language but that of the original. The patois dialect, in which Jasmin writes, is full of softness and simplicity, but, at the same time, energetic as the race to whom it belongs. In making use of such a dialect, the poet is not obliged, as the French writer is, to weigh every word, in order to ascertain whether it is worthy to be used or not in a poetic composition. Molière and Béranger are the only two French poets, who seem to be so perfectly master of the language in which they write, as to be able to express all their thoughts without circumlocution. To this perhaps, in a great measure, may be ascribed the popularity of the great comic writer, and, if we may so say, the anticipated immortality of the greatest of modern French poets, Béranger. To us many of the French poets who are most admired, and deservedly so, appear very much as would a laborer who wore every day his Sunday dress. They are unfit for performing their common duties for fear of soiling their borrowed dress. From the heights on which they strive to dwell, they can take no part in the ordinary events of life. It seems to us that the merit of the poet is not to ennoble things by so disguising them, as to make it sometimes even difficult to recognize them, but to present them in their natural state, although in a poetic form. That nature, when left to herself, is never vulgar, is a precept which the poet should always bear in mind. Look, for example, at the peasant. He is rough, rude in his speech, but he is not vulgar. Take him to a city, and, in six months, he will be essentially so. In endeavoring to make people forget his humble origin, he will show how out of place he is. When you saw him in the field, you thought him even graceful in his movements. In his new, and to him, uncomfortable dress, you find him awkward. And so it is with everything in nature. Leave things in the place which nature assigns to them, and you will find them all that they should be. But when, no matter from what cause, the beautiful order of nature has been perverted, that which was wont to appear noble and beautiful, is so deformed as to become common and sometimes hideous. The poet then need not fear to represent things as they are. He will make the peasant speak the language of the peasant, and the lord, the language of the lord; for what would be vulgarity in the one is but nature in the other. Jasmin is well aware of this. We never find him endeavoring to give to his verses a borrowed dignity. They are always drawn from the life.

Jasmin has had to resist the temptation

which is thrown in the way of every distinguished man in France, that of establishing himself in the capital. He has resisted it with a constancy worthy of the highest praise. The inducements must have been strong. In Paris, he would have lived in those literary circles in which his talents would have been fully appreciated; but at the same time, he would have experienced the envy of rival authors. At Agen, on the contrary, he lives quietly and admired by all his countrymen. We find among his poems, an epistle addressed to a rich farmer of the neighborhood of Toulouse, who had strenuously urged his going to the metropolis to make his fortune. There is in this piece of poetry an energy and a vivacity of expression, which must have been anything but agreeable to the person to whom it was addressed. "And you too, sir," he says, "do not fear to trouble the peace of my days and nights, but write to me to carry my guitar and comb to the great city of kings! There, you say, my poetic vein and the verses by which I am already known, would cause a stream of dollars to flow into my shop. You might, sir, during a whole month, sing the praises of this golden rain—you might tell me that fame is but smoke! glory nought but glory, but that money is money! I would not even thank you. Money! Is money anything to a man who feels burning in his breast the flame of poetry? I am happy and poor with my loaf of rye, and the water from my fountain. . . . . I enjoy everything. Nothing makes me sigh. I have cried long enough; I mean to make amends for it. Wiser than in the days of my youth, I begin to feel in this world, which we must all leave so soon, that which passes riches."

The muse of Jasmin is generally of a serious turn, but there are, nevertheless, two humorous pieces in the collection before us, which are very excellent. The one is a description of a journey which the poet once took, and in which his travelling companions were quietly discussing the merits of Jasmin, without being at all aware that he was sitting by their side. The reader can easily imagine to what amusing scenes such a mistake might give rise. The other, entitled *Le Chalibari*, is a mock heroic poem, like Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and which, had it been written at an earlier period, might have claimed a place by the side of those two capital poems. The nineteenth century is not exactly the best period for writing a parody of a style of composition, which is now—and we trust ever will be—out of fashion. A satire on the manners and customs of the Middle Ages would be almost as well adapted to our times. There are many other poems in the works of Jasmin which are well worthy of notice, but we have neither the leisure nor the desire to write out an index of the two octavo volumes before us; we therefore dismiss the subject, sincerely wishing that no person who admires true poetry, will take our word for the beauties contained in the poems of Jasmin, but that they will judge for themselves. We are much mistaken, or he will feel something of the pleasure we have ourselves experienced in perusing them, and, we may add, in endeavoring to make them known.

HUMAN FREEDOM.

All created life exists under two aspects, and includes in itself what may be denominated a two-fold form of being. In one view, it is something individual and single, the particular revelation as such, by which, in any given case, it makes itself known in the actual world. In another view, it is a general, universal force, which lies back of all such revelation, and communicates to this its true significance and power. In this form, it is an *idea;* not an abstraction or notion simply, fabricated by the understandiug, to represent its own sense of a certain common character, belonging to a multitude of individual objects; but the inmost substantial nature of these objects themselves, which goes before them, in the order of existence, at least, if not in time, and finds its perpetual manifestation through their endlessly diversified forms. All life is at once ideal and actual, and in this respect, at once single and universal. It belongs to the very nature of the idea, (as a true subsistence and not a mere notion,) to be without parts and without limits. It includes in itself the possibility, indeed, of distinction and self-limitation; but this possibility made real, is nothing more nor less than the transition of the idea over into the sphere of actual life. In itself, it is boundless, universal, and always identical. It belongs to the very conception of the actual world, on the other hand, that it should exist by manifold distinction, and the resolution of the infinite and universal into the particular and finite. All life, we say then, is at one and the same time, as actual and ideal, individual also, and general; something strictly single, and yet something absolutely universal.

These two forms of existence are opposite, but not, of course, contradictory; their opposition involves, on the contrary, the most intimate and necessary union. The ideal is not the actual, and the actual is not, as such, the ideal; separately considered, each is the full negation of what is affirmed in the other; and still they cannot be held for one moment asunder. The ideal can have no reality, except in the form of the actual; and the actual can have no truth, save as it is filled with the presence of the ideal. Each subsists only by inseparable union with its opposite; each is indispensable to the other, as the complement of an existence, that could otherwise have no force. The bond which unites them, accordingly, is not mechanical and outward merely. The life in which they meet, is not to be regarded as, in any sense, two lives. The two forms of existence which it includes, are at the same time the power of a single fact, in whose constitution they are perfectly joined together, in an inward way. The ideal and the actual, the general and the particular, are both present in all life, not by juxtaposition or succession, but in such a way as to include each other at every point. The very same life is both general and particular, at the same time—the ideal in the actual, and the actual in the ideal; and each is what it is always, only by having in itself the presence of the other, as that which it is not.

Take, for instance, the life of a particular plant or tree. Immediately considered, it is something single, answerable to the outward phenomenal form under which it is exhibited to the senses. But it is, at the same time, more also than this. It becomes a particular plant or tree, in fact, only as it is felt to be the revelation of a life more comprehensive than its own, a life that appears in all plants and trees, and yet is not to be regarded as springing from them, or as measured by them, in any respect. The general vegetable life is not simply the sum of the actual vegetation that is going forward in the world. It is before this in order of being, and can never be fully represented by its growth; for in its nature it has no bounds, while this last is always necessarily finite, made up of a definite number of individual existences. Still it is nothing apart from these existences, which serve to unfold its pres-

ence and power; and which, in doing so, and only in doing so, come also to be what they are in truth. The life of each particular tree is thus at once the universal vegetable life, in which all trees stand, and the single manifestation to which this life has come in that particular case. Abstract from it the invisible, ideal, universal force or fact, which as a mere particular tree it is not, but which belongs to it only in common with other trees, and you reduce its existence at once to a sheer nullity: an object absolutely *single* in the world, could never be anything more than a spectral prodigy for the senses. So also, if it be attempted to sunder the particular from the general. Vegetable life can have no reality, save as it shows itself through particular plants and trees. The claims of the particular here, are just as valid and full, as the claims of the general. We have no right to push either aside, in order to make room for the other. The ideal or general cannot subsist without the actual or particular; and it is equally impossible for this last to subsist without the first. They can subsist both, only in and by each other; and it is this mutual comprehension and inbeing of the two precisely, which gives life its proper realness and truth. The *real* is not the actual as such, nor the ideal as such, but the actual and ideal perfectly blended together, as the presence of the same fact.

The same order holds in the sphere of humanity. Every man comprehends in himself a life, which is at once both single and general, the life of his own person, separately considered, and the life at the same time of the race to which he belongs. He is *a man;* the universal conception of humanity enters into him, as it enters also into all other men; while he is, besides, *this* or *that* man, as distinguished from all others by his particular position in the human world. Here again, too, as before, the relation between the general and the particular or single, is not one of outward conjunction simply; as though the man were, in the first place, complete in and of himself, and were then brought to stand in certain connections with other men, previously complete in the same way. His completeness as an individual involves of itself his comprehension in a life more general than his own. The first can have no place apart from the second. The two forms of existence are not the same in themselves, but they are indissolubly joined together, as constituent elements of one and the same living fact, in the person of every man.

All this belongs to our constitution, considered simply as a part of the general system of nature. But man is more than nature, though organically one with it as the basis of his being. His life roots itself in this sphere, only to ascend by means of it into one that is higher. It becomes complete at last, in the form of self-conscious, self-active spirit. The general law of its existence, as regards the point here under consideration, remains the same; but with this vast difference, that what was mere blind necessity before, ruled by a force beyond itself, is now required to become the subject of free intelligence and will, in such way as to be its own law. It is as though the constitution of the world were made to wake within itself to a clear apprehension of its own nature, and had power at the same time to act forth its meaning by a purely spontaneous motion. Reason and will are concerned in the movement of the planet through its appointed orbit, in the growth of the plant, and in the activity of the animal; but in all these cases, they are exerted from abroad, and not from within the objects themselves. The planet obeys a law, which acts upon it irrespectively of all consent on its own part. So in the case of the plant: it grows by a life which is comprehended in itself, but in the midst of all, it remains as dark as the stone that lies motionless by its side; its life is the power still of a foreign force, which it can neither apprehend nor control. The animal can feel, and is able also to move itself from place to place; yet in all this, the darkness of nature continues unsurmounted as before. The intelligence which rules the animal is not its own; and it cannot be said to have any inward possession whatever of the contents of its own life. This consummation of the world's meaning is reached at last, only in the mind of man, which becomes thus, for this very reason, the microcosm or mirror, that reflects back upon the whole inferior creation its true, intelligible image. Here life is no longer blind and unfree. The reason and will, by which it

is actuated, are required to enter into it fully, and to become, by means of it, in such separate form, self-conscious and self-possessed. This is the idea of *personality*, as distinguished from the conception of a simply individual existence in the form of nature. Man finds his proper being at last, only in such life of the spirit.

Personality, however, in this case, does not supersede the idea of individual natural existence. On the contrary, it requires this as its necessary ground and support. The natural is the perpetual basis still of the intellectual and moral. The general character of life, therefore, in the view of it which is before us at this time, is not overthrown by this exaltation, as has been already intimated, but is only advanced by it into higher and more significant force. It still continues to revolve as before, between the two opposite poles, which we have found to enter into it from the start, and exhibits still to our contemplation the same dualistic aspect, resulting from the action of these forces, whose inseparable conjunction at the same time forms its only true and proper unity. It is still at once actual and ideal, singular and universal; only now the union of these two forms of existence is brought to be more perfect and intimate than before, by the intense spiritual fusion to which all is subjected in the great fact of consciousness.

Consciousness is itself emphatically the apprehension of the particular and single, in the presence of the universal. The two forms of life flow together, in every act of thought or will. Personality is, by its very conception, the power of a strictly universal life, revealing itself through an individual existence as its necessary medium. The universal is not simply in the individual here blindly, as in the case of the lower world, but knows itself, also, and has possession of itself, in this form; so far, at least, as the man has come to be actually what he is required to be by his own constitution. The perfection of his nature is found just in this, that as an individual, inseparably linked in this respect to the world of nature, from whose bosom he springs, he shall yet recognize in himself the authority of reason, in its true universal character, and yield himself to it spontaneously as the proper form of his own being. Such clear recognition of the universal reason in himself, accompanied with such spontaneous assent to its authority, is that precisely, in the case of any human individual, which makes him to be at once rational and free. The person is necessarily individual; but in becoming personal, the individual life is itself made to transcend its own limits, and maintains its separate reality, only by merging itself completely in the universal life which it is called to represent.

Personality and moral freedom are, properly speaking, the same. By this last we are to understand simply, the normal form of our general human life itself. As such, it is nothing more nor less than the full combination of its opposite poles, in a free way. In the sphere of nature this union is necessary and inevitable; in the human spirit, it can be accomplished only by intelligent, spontaneous action, on the part of the spirit itself. The individual life in this form, with a full sense of its own individual nature, and with full power to cleave to this as a separate, independent interest, must yet, with clear consciousness and full choice, receive into itself the general life to which it of right belongs, so as to be filled with it and ruled by it at every point. Then we have a proper human existence.

Moral freedom then, the only liberty that is truly entitled to the name, includes in itself two elements or factors, which need to be rightly understood, first, in their separate character, and then in their relation to each other, in order that this idea itself may be rightly apprehended. It is the *single* will moving with self-conscious free activity in the orbit of the *general* will. The constituent powers by which it comes to exist, are the sense of self on the one hand, and the sense of a moral universe on the other, the sense of independence, and the sense of authority or law. It is the perfect union of the single and the universal, the subjective and the objective, joined together as mutually necessary, though opposite, polar forces in the clear consciousness of the spirit.

Let us direct our attention now, for a moment, separately to each of these great constituents of freedom.

Freedom supposes, in the first place, entire INDEPENDENCE on the part of its subject

It can have no place accordingly, as we have already seen, in the sphere of mere nature. God is free in upholding and carrying forward the world, in this form, according to its appointed laws; but the world itself is not free. Its activity is for itself altogether blind and necessary, accompanied with no self-apprehension, and including in itself no self-motion. It is actuated throughout by a foreign force, with no possible alternative but to obey; while yet its obedience carries in itself no light or love, no intelligence or will. Nature is held in slavish bondage to its own law, as a power impressed upon it perpetually from abroad, and in no sense the product of its separate life. The earth rolls round the sun, the sap mounts upward in the tree, the dog pursues its game, with like subordination to a force by which they are continually mastered, without the least power to master in return. Animal impulse and instinct are no better here, than the plastic power that fashions the growth of the plant. There is individual existence in each case, included in the bosom of a general ideal life, and comprising action powerfully turned in upon itself; but there is no independence: the subject of the action hangs always, with helpless necessity, on the action itself, and is borne passively along upon the vast objective stream of the world's life, without concurrence or resistance of its own.

It is only in the sphere of self-conscious spirit, then, that individual independence becomes possible. Hence it involves two things, the light of intelligence and the power of choice. Both of these, in their very nature, refer to an individual centre, or *self*, from which their activity is made to radiate, and towards which, again, it is found continually to return. All knowledge begins and stands perpetually in the consciousness of self; and every act of the will may be denominated, at the same time, an act of self-apprehension.

It belongs to the conception of individual life universally, that it should be in itself a centre of the manifold activities by which it makes itself known. In the sphere of nature, this relation holds in the form only of a blind plastic law, or at least in the form of an equally blind instinct. In the sphere of consciousness, which is above nature, it is no longer blind, but clear. The subject is not simply an individual centre, but knows and seeks itself under this character. In such form first, it attains to what we call subjective independence.

By means of intelligence, the individual self emerges out of the night of nature into the clear vision of its own existence, and is thus prepared to embrace itself as a separate living centre. It is no longer an object merely as before, acted upon from abroad, but is constituted a *subject*, in the strict sense of this term, having possession of itself, and capable of self-action.

Mere intelligence, however, is not of itself independence. If a planet were endowed with the power of perceiving its own existence, without the least ability to modify it in the way of self-control, it is plain that it would be just as little independent as it is in its present state. Consciousness in absolute subjection to nature, would be, indeed, a species of bondage, that might be said to be even worse than that of nature itself. And so if the intelligence were ruled and actuated, not by nature, but by some other intelligence in the like irresistible way, the result would be the same. No matter what the actuating force might be, if it were even the Divine will itself, which were thus introduced into the conscious life of the individual, so as to carry this along with overwhelming necessity in its own direction, the subject thus wrought upon from abroad, without the power of self-impulse, could not be regarded as having the least independence. The case calls for something more than mere intelligence. To this must be joined also the power of choice.

The supposition, indeed, which has just been made, is in its own nature impossible. Reason and will necessarily involve each other; and the light of intelligence, therefore, can never be sundered in fact, (but only hypothetically,) from the motion of choice. Self-consciousness is itself always self-action.

Individual independence, we say, requires the power of choice; that the self-conscious subject shall not be moved simply from abroad, but have the capacity of moving itself, as though it were the original fountain of its own action. If the will be itself bound by a force which is foreign

from its own nature, the man in whom it dwells cannot be free. It lies in the very conception of freedom, that the subject of it should have power to choose his own action, and that this power should involve the possibility of his making a different choice from that which he is led to make in fact. He acts from himself, and for himself, and not in obedience merely to an extraneous power, whether in the sphere of nature, or in the sphere of spirit. The action springs truly and fully out of his own conscious purpose and design, and is strictly the product of that separate living nature which he calls himself.

This is what Kant makes so much account of, in his philosophy, as the *autonomy* of the will. The idea is one of vast importance, notwithstanding the great abuse which has been made of it in his school. The will, in its very nature, must be autonomic in order that it may be free; that is, it must be a law to itself, in such sense that its activity shall be purely and strictly its own in opposition to the thought of everything like compulsion exerted upon it from abroad. It is a world within itself, no less magnificent than that with which it is surrounded in the external universe; and it may not be invaded by any form of power, that is not comprehended from the beginning in its own constitution. All such power, proceeding from earth, or hell, or heaven, must be counted *heteronomic*, and contradictory to its nature. The will can endure no heteronomy. It must be autonomic, subjectively independent, the fountain of its own activity, wherever it is found in its true and proper exercise.

This then is the first grand constituent of Moral Freedom. The idea implies universally the presence of an individual will, which, *as such*, is perfectly unbound from all heteronomic extraneous restraints, and carries in itself the principle of its own action, in the way of law and impulse to itself. There can be no liberty where there is no subjective independence.

But such autonomic will is not of itself at once, as some appear to think, the *whole* conception of freedom. This requires another constituent factor, no less essential than the first; the presence, namely, of an objective universal LAW, by which the individual will is of right bound, and without obedience to which it can never be true to its own nature.

Self-consciousness is itself the power of a life that is general and universal, as well as individual. All life we have already seen to be the union of these two forms of existence in fact; though in the sphere of nature, of course, the fact prevails only in an outward and blind way. With the light of intelligence, however, including in itself the force of self-apprehension and self-action, it must itself enter into the life of the subject under the same character. That is, the union of the general and individual must hold in the form of consciousness itself; so that the subject of this, in coming to know himself properly as an individual being, shall have at the same time the apprehension of a life more comprehensive than his own, and, indeed, truly universal, in the bosom of which his own is carried as the necessary condition of its existence. It is the complete sense of this, theoretically and practically felt, that gives us the fact of personality; which is just the consciousness of an individual life, in the form of reason and will, as the universal truth of the world's life. Reason cannot be something merely particular or private. It is universal in its very nature. It is so theoretically, and it is so, also, of course, practically. In entering the sphere of thought and will, then, as distinguished from that of mere nature, man comes into conscious union with a life which is more than his own, and which exists independently altogether of his particular knowledge or choice. He does not create it in any sense, but is simply received into it as a sea of existence already at hand, and altogether objective to himself as a separate single subject; while he knows it to be in truth, at the same time, the only proper form of his individual life itself subjectively considered. If this were not the case, there could be no room, in his case, for the idea either of intelligence or freedom. A purely particular or single intelligence would be as blind as the stork, which knoweth, we are told, her appointed times in the heaven; and a purely particular or single will, in like manner, would be as little free as the wind, which is said to blow where it listeth, or as a wave of the sea driven of the same wind, and tossed hither and thither without object

or rule. Reason and will, to be truly subjective, must be apprehended always as truly objective, also, and universal. This necessity lies, as we have said, in the very idea of consciousness itself, and is the foundation of all personal life in the case of men.

But the idea now of such universal reason and will, is itself the conception of law, in its deepest and most comprehensive sense. This is nothing more nor less than this boundless objective authority or necessity, in which the individual life of the human subject is required to enter freely that it may be complete.

The *law*, in this character, is of course an idea, not an abstraction. It has in itself, accordingly, the two grand attributes of an idea, universality and necessity.

Its universality is not simply this, that it represents collectively all individual wills, or objects of will. On the contrary, it excludes every sort of distinction and comparison. No individual will, as such, can enter into the constitution of the law. It is absolute, and one within itself, merely revealing its presence through the single wills into which it enters, without deriving from them at all its being and force.

So, again, its necessity is not simply this, that the world cannot be preserved in prosperity and order without it, or that the world itself may have been pleased to agree in establishing its authority as sacred. It is a necessity which is altogether unconditional, and which rests eternally and unchangeably in the nature of the law itself.

As thus universal and necessary, the being of the law is infinitely real. It is not simply the thought or conception of what is right, not a name merely or mental abstraction representing a certain order of life which men are required to observe; but it is the very forms of truth and right themselves, the absolutely independent power by which they exist in the world. As in the sphere of nature, the law is in no respect the product of the forces which are comprehended in nature itself, but forms rather the inmost life of its entire constitution, which could not consist at all if it were not held together by this bond; so here in the sphere of free intelligence also, it is by no other power that the order of life, as thus intelligent and free, can be upheld for a single hour. The world, in its moral no less than in its physical constitution, lives, moves and has its being, only in the presence of the law, as a real existence in no sense dependent upon it for its character. Not indeed as though it might be supposed to exist, with its own separate entity, in no connection with the actual world whatever. As the ideal life of nature, it cannot be sundered from the actual manifestation in which this consists; and as the absolute truth and right of the moral universe, it cannot subsist except through the consciousness of the thinking and willing subjects of which this universe is composed. Abstracted from all subjective intelligence, its objective reality is reduced to a nullity. It is only in the form of reason and will, which have no being apart from self-consciousness, that the law can have any true subsistence whatever. It supposes an intelligible and intelligent universe. But still it is no creature of the universe, no mere image abstracted from its actual constitution. In the order of being, though not of time, it is older than the universe. Without reason and will there could be no law, and yet all reason and will stand in it from the very start, and can enter into no living subject whatever except from its presence, as their ulterior objective source and ground.

Concretely real in this way, and not simply an abstraction, the law has its seat primarily, as Hooker expresses it, in the bosom of God. Not so, however, as if God might be supposed, in the exercise of any private arbitrary will of his own, to have devised and ordained it as a proper scheme after which to fashion the order of the universe. The universality of the law excludes, as we have already seen, the idea of all merely private or particular will, even though it were conceived to be in this form the will of God himself. God's will, however, is not private or particular, but absolute; subjective indeed, in such sense as is required by the nature of personality, but objective and universal at the same time; these two forms of existence, subjective and objective, being with Him absolutely commensurate and identical. God is not the author of the law, as something standing out of himself and beyond himself; he does not *make* it, as a man might

frame an instrument to serve some purpose which he has, under another form, in his own mind. Still less, of course, may the law be said, in any sense, to make *Him*, as though it were a power before Him in authority, determining the manner of his existence. It has its being only in God and from God; not however as something different from the Divine mind itself. It is the necessary form of God's infinitely wise and holy will, as exercised in the creation and support of the actual universe, considered both as nature and spirit.

Thus resident primarily in the Divine will, and identical with it throughout, the law at the same time, in its objective character, passes over into the actual order of the world, and reveals itself here also as a power to be acknowledged and obeyed, under the most real and concrete form. In the sphere of nature the universal and singular are brought together, not directly and immediately, but through the medium of the particular, constituting what we denominate the species or kind, as distinguished from the genus. Thus the tree is not what it is, by receiving into itself at once the universal vegetable life; but only as this life has previously undergone a distinction within itself, by which it may be recognized as vegetation under this or that specific form; it can become a tree, only as it puts on at the same time the type of some particular tree, locust, for instance, or ash, or elm, so as to be known accordingly in this character and no other. And just so in the sphere of the moral world, where the law has to do with intelligence and will. As universal or ideal, it is not carried over at once into the consciousness of each individual subject in an original and independent way; but the case requires necessarily that it should, in the first place, resolve itself into certain particular orders or forms of authority, through which intermediately its presence may afterwards thus actualize itself in full for the single will. As no single man is the human race, but only a part of it, having the truth of his being in the organic relations by which he is comprehended, through the family and state, in the whole; so the law, which is an objective rule and measure for the whole, and only for the parts as comprehended in this, and not as sundered from it, can never come near to any man in the way of an absolutely singular and exclusive revelation. It can reach him really, only by passing *through* the organic system, in which alone it takes cognizance at all of his existence. Under such view, it has an actual concrete being in the world itself, and is wrought objectively into the very constitution of its rational and moral life, as imbodied in the form of human society and made to reveal itself continually in the process of human history.

Such, we say, is the conception in general of the law, which is the other grand factor or constituent of Moral Freedom; the first having exhibited itself to us before in the necessary independence or autonomy of the individual subject. It remains now to consider *how* these two great forces are joined together in its constitution.

Separately considered, they seem to oppose and overthrow each other. If the will be absolutely autonomic and independent in its subjective character, how can it be absolutely bound at the same time by a force that comes from beyond itself, the purely objective authority of law? And if it be thus bound, placed under necessity, comprehended in a power which is broader than itself, and older than itself, how can it be said to be in any proper sense its own law, and the fountain of its own action?

It is clear that no merely mechanical union here can escape the power of this contradiction. If we suppose the single will to be, in the first place, something complete by itself, and then think of the law as existing in the same separate way, each including in itself the claims which belong to it, as they have now been described, the two conceptions must necessarily contradict each other, and cannot be brought in such form to any true reconciliation. If the subject feel himself in mere juxtaposition with the law, having it over against his consciousness as a form of existence different from his own, it will not be possible for him to assert his own independence, without resenting and resisting the pretensions of the law at the same time, as a heteronomic, foreign force. Nor will it be possible for the law, in the same circumstances, to acknowledge or respect the independence of the human

subject. It must necessarily assume the tone of command, arraying against him the majesty of its own everlasting nature, and with the weight of its terrible categoric imperative, *Thou shalt*, crushing his liberty completely to the earth. In such a relation, there is no room for the idea of moral freedom. It is slavish in its very nature. The liberty which the subject may still pretend to assert for himself, becomes necessarily licentiousness and sin; while, on the other hand, any obedience he may seem to yield to the law, as being thus forced and external, can have no reality or worth in the view of the law itself.

Such is the relation which holds in fact between human consciousness and the law in a state of sin. The two forms of existence are still incapable of being absolutely sundered; but they are bound together only in an outward, unfree way. The law cannot relax its right to rule the sinner's will; but it stands over him merely in the attitude of despotic commination. The sinner, too, can never emancipate himself entirely from the sense of the law, for that were to lose his hold upon himself at the same time; but he has it over against him only as an objective might, in whose favor he is required to renounce the separate self, which he has come to regard as his true and proper life. Hence continual rebellion only, and continual guilt. The law, in such circumstances, has no power to bring light or freedom, strength or peace, into the soul. It is necessarily the ministration only of sin and death. Emphatically it works wrath.

In distinction from all such merely outward and mechanical conjunction of the two opposing forces, liberty and authority, from which can proceed at best only a powerless, unfree morality, the true idea of human freedom, we say now, requires their internal *organic* union as constituent elements of one and the same life. The opposition of the two forces, in this case, remains in its full strength; each is left in the possession of its separate independent character; neither is permitted to exclude or overwhelm the other; but the opposition is simply that which belongs to the contrary poles of the magnet, which fly asunder only that they may, at the same moment, be drawn together with the greater force, and whose union, as it is the result, is also the indispensable condition always of the separation out of which it grows. Such polar distinction enters, in fact, into the very idea of concrete existence. Where there is no distinction, there can be no concretion, but only meaningless and powerless abstraction, or, at best, the ideal possibility of an existence which has not yet become real. Distinction, however, involves opposition, or the setting of one thing over against another. Only where this has taken place, then, is there any room for the union that all proper reality implies. But such union shows the two sides thus sundered, to be at the same time necessary to each other. The opposition is polar only, and as such conservative and not destructional. All organized, concrete existence, physical or spiritual, will be found to carry in itself a polarity of this kind.

We may be assisted to a right apprehension of the point in hand, by referring again to the constitution of life, as we have already found it to hold in the sphere of mere nature. The ideal and the actual, a universal generic nature on the one hand, and a particular single existence on the other, enter jointly into the constitution of every plant that springs from the bosom of the earth. These two forces, at the same time, are in their own character truly different and distinct. Their distinction takes the form of actual, direct opposition. What the one *is*, the other *is not*. Each is in itself the negation in full of the other. And yet they are here brought perfectly together, in the constitution of the same life; not by mechanical juxtaposition, but in the way of mutual interpenetration and interfusion, so that each is made to grow into the other, and by such concrescence only, comes to be at last what it is found to be in fact. The two sides of the plant's life still continue to be distinct, and their opposition to each other is by no means abolished in such sense as to be taken wholly out of the way; it still exists, but it exists as something comprehended in a higher action, which is, at the same time, the perfect union and reconciliation of the forces from which it springs. The opposition is polar. The union is organic.

Bring all this into the sphere of con-

sciousness, so that the union in question shall be, not blind and unavoidable, but the movement of clear, spontaneous intelligence, acting from itself and for itself, and we have the conception of Moral Freedom. The existence here is not a mere object, wrought upon by an action strange to itself, but a subject which has come to be possessed of its activity as the very form of its own being. It is as though the planet, moving in its appointed orbit, were made to awake within itself to the clear knowledge of its own nature, with full power at the same time to pursue any course through the heavens that to itself might seem best; while it should still continue true notwithstanding, as before, to the path prescribed for it, no less *bound* by objective law, but bound always only by its own consent. Should such a rational planet, in the exercise of its liberty, strike off from its orbit, affecting to play the part of some wandering comet, it must, in the same moment, become unfree; as much so, at least, as when carried forward in its true course by the force of mere blind natural law. Only the power of choice making it possible for it to become a comet, but yet spontaneously embracing the true planetary motion in fact, identified thus with the sense of law, could constitute it the subject of freedom. Neither as bound simply, nor as simply unbound, would the planet be free; but only as bound and unbound, at the same time, and in the same continuous action; the two forms of existence joined together as the power of a single fact, in the sphere of consciousness; the law coming to its proper expression only in the independence of the subject, and the independence of the subject having no reality, save under the form of obedience to the law.

What may be thus imagined in the case of a planet, to illustrate the conception in hand, is the very constitution of man in his normal state. He is formed for freedom, and becomes complete only in this character, by the possibility he carries in himself of such a living, conscious free union, as has now been mentioned, of the great polar forces of the world's life. He has a will of his own, and he is at the same time under a law which is not himself; he is conscious of both, as making realities in his existence; and, to crown all, he is capable of so acknowledging both, that they shall actually grow into each other as the same consciousness. The union of the two powers, in such case, is not mechanical, but organic and real; as truly so as the flowing together of the ideal and actual, in the constitution of a plant or tree; only with the difference, that what is blindly necessary there, has become here the self-comprehending activity of the living nature itself. This is Freedom. In no other form can it exist for men at all. It is the action of the individual will, moving of its own accord and apart from all compulsion, in the orbit of the law, with clear sense of its authority, and clear private election in its favor, at the same time. This implies, of course, that the will is of the same nature with the law. They are thus related, in fact, as we have already seen. In obeying the law, the will obeys in reality its own true constitution; as much so as fire does, for instance, in exhibiting the properties which show it to *be* fire, and not water. So, in breaking away from the law, it necessarily becomes false to itself, to the same extent. Thus all apparent contradiction is resolved in the idea of freedom as now described. Authority involves necessity, while liberty is the very opposite; and still both are here inseparably joined together, in such way, indeed, that neither can exist at all, in its true form, without the other. Freedom, in order that it may be free, *must* be bound. But in this case it is self-bound; not arbitrarily, however, to a rule of its own invention, which would be again to be unfree, but in obedience to the law, as the necessary form of its own existence. The will of the subject is ruled by a force that comes from beyond itself, and yet it is strictly autonomic at the same time; even as the rose blooms forth always its proper single life, though it is only as filled with the general law of vegetation that it has power to bloom at all. The law so enters the subject, as to become within him a continually self-originated obligation; while his private will is so comprehended in the law, as to find in it no foreign constraint whatever.

Such is the proper theory of human freedom, whether considered as religious or as simply political. It is formed by the union of liberty and authority, so joined together that neither is allowed to exclude

or oppress the other; the two constituting thus the force of a single life. Where this inward organic conjunction of the elements now named is wanting, one of them either excluding the other altogether, or at best enduring its presence only in an outward way, the whole idea must be to the same extent necessarily overthrown. It matters not, in such case, which of the two factors may thus prevail at the cost of its opposite, the result will be the same. In the one direction, we shall have authority turned into despotism; in the other, liberty converted into licentiousness; both alike fatal to all true freedom. To be wholly bound, and to be wholly unbound, come here to the same thing in the end. Either state is to be deprecated as slavery.

The world has a continual tendency to fall over, either to one or the other of these extremes. Thus we have, on one side, authority coupled with blind obedience, and on the other a spirit of insurrection against all legitimate rule, making up to a great extent the history of human life.

Our own age leans especially towards the extreme of exalting individual liberty at the expense of just authority. Time has been, when the whole civilization of the world showed an opposite character. It was necessary indeed, in the nature of the case, that the process of our modern culture, the fruit of Christianity, and the only culture that may be regarded as worthy of the name, should commence in this way. Its foundations were to be laid deep, in the first place, in the sense of law and a corresponding spirit of obedience to its authority. Long ages of discipline were required for this purpose, in the course of which it was hardly possible that wrong should not be done to the idea of freedom, by an undue depression of its opposite element, the liberty of the individual subject. The discipline became, in fact, as we all know, tyrannical and oppressive just in this way, by refusing to recognize the rights of those who were subjected to it, as the time of their minority came to an end, and made it proper that these rights should be brought into full and free exercise. Instead of making it their business to train their subjects for personal independence, the true design of all sound government, both Church and State pursued the policy only of repressing every aspiration in this direction, and sought to hold the world in perpetual vassalage to mere power on their own side; as though a parent, long accustomed to rule his children with absolute control, should, at last, insist on extending over their full adult life itself the same kind of rule, without any regard whatever to the wants and capabilities of their advanced state. The relation between authority and obedience became, in this manner, mechanical and altogether external. Free authority and obedience fell asunder, as though each belonged to a different sphere from the other. The authority claimed to be of divine force for itself, under a fixed outward form; while the merit of obedience was supposed to lie in its blind, uninquiring subjection to the will thus imposed upon it from abroad. In one word, the claims of the subjective were overwhelmed, and well nigh crushed by the towering pretensions of the objective. No wonder that this extreme should at length become insupportably onerous to the ripening consciousness of the Christian world. It opened the way gradually for a powerful reaction towards the opposite side. This gave birth finally, when the fullness of time had come, to the great fact of the Reformation; which may be regarded as a solemn *Declaration of Independence*, on the part of the human mind, against the tyranny by which it had been wronged for centuries, in the name of religion and law. A grand epoch certainly, in the history of the world's life, whose consequences must continue to fill the earth to the end of time. These belong of course, not simply to the Church in a separate view, but to every sphere, whether of thought or action, that is comprehended in our common human existence. Art, science, government, and social life, all have been affected by the change. A new stadium is in progress, for the universal life of the world; having for its object now the full assertion of what may be styled the subjective pole of freedom, in opposition to the long historical process that went before, in favor of its opposite side. Protestantism is the fountain thus of all modern liberty, religious and political alike. Its tendency has been, from the beginning, to break the chains of authority

as previously established, and to engage the human mind to a bold vindication of its own rights in opposition to all blind obedience of whatever kind. Nor is it to be imagined at all, that the new position which has been reached in this way, can ever be surrendered again, in favor of the order which prevailed before. The period of blind submission to the sense of the objective, whether in Church or State, when priest and king were held to be superior by divine right, to the divine constitution itself by which they were created, we may well trust, has forever passed away. But it does not follow at once from this, that the past was all wrong, or that the present is all right. A just consideration of history would lead us rather to suppose, that the new direction it has taken, may itself be liable to abuse, in a way answerable to the wrong which existed before on the opposite side; which would not imply certainly, that we must fall back again to the things we have happily left behind, but only that we should so far right our course, as to steer clear of the rocks that threaten us from either side, and so press forward to the true and proper destiny of our race. That the principle of individual liberty has been, in fact, thus carried to an extreme, at least in some cases, in the progress of the Protestant era, is acknowledged on all sides; and it needs no very profound or extensive observation, to see that our own age in particular is peculiarly exposed to danger just in this direction. It leans constitutionally towards an undue assertion of the prerogatives of the individual life, over against the idea of authority as something absolute and universal.

False liberty, in this form, does not consist, of course, in the open rejection of the law in itself considered. On the contrary, it usually affects to make great account of the law; but it is always only in a mechanical and outward way. The law is not viewed as a necessary constituent of freedom itself, but simply as an outward rule and measure of its supposed rights. The subject starts with his own independence as an interest full and complete in its separate character, and obeys the law accordingly in his way, not by entering it as a life beyond himself, but by requiring it to come first into subjection to his own private will. He has no conception of freedom as the union of liberty and authority. It is for him, at last, the exercise only of separate personal independence on his own part. By the right of private judgment, he means to assert the right of thinking for himself, regardless of the thoughts of all other men; and so also in the case of private will. He does not deny, indeed, that truth and right are universal in their nature, and as such not to be created or controlled by his particular mind. But the authority which belongs to them in this view, remains for him always more or less a mere abstraction. It does not come near to him under a concrete form, in the actual constitution of the world with which he is surrounded. He is without reverence accordingly for the powers by which it is properly represented. He sees nothing divine in history. The Church is to him the mere aggregation of a certain amount of private thinking on the subject of religion. The State is taken to be the creature only of its own members, standing by their permission, and liable of right to be taken down by them, or changed into a new form, at their own good pleasure.

All this involves, of course, an immense error; though it is one which it must ever be difficult to bring home clearly to the consciousness of the popular mind. Liberty without law is licentiousness, whether in the sphere of thought or will; and law, to be real, must be the sense of a general concrete authority, actually comprehended in the constitution of the living world to which we belong. Where this may be wanting, it is not possible that there can be any true religious or political freedom. The exaltation of private independence, the rights of the individual as they are called, at the cost of all proper objective authority, is just as fatal here as the exaltation of authority at the cost of individual rights. There is a vast amount of cant and falsehood abroad on this subject, which it is important we should understand, and against which we have need to stand continually upon our guard.

With any right conception of the nature of freedom as now explained, it will not be possible for us, on the other hand, to fall in with the views of those who would persuade us that the only remedy for the

evils of a licentious individualism, is to be found in casting ourselves once more blindly into the arms of mere outward authority. This were to fall backward to the period which preceded the Reformation, when we should seek rather to make our own period the means of advancing to one that may be superior to both. It is well to see and admit the difficulties of the present; but we are bound to remember also the difficulties of the past, that we may look for salvation only in the form of a brighter and more glorious future. It deserves to be continually borne in mind that mere authority is as little to be trusted for securing the right order of the world, as mere liberty. They are the opposite poles of freedom, and neither can be true to its constitution, except as this is made to include both in a perfectly inward and free way. The evils incident to private judgment are not to be corrected by referring us to an infallible public judgment, ecclesiastical or political, that may do our thinking for us in every case, and then make it over to us in a merely outward way, without any activity on our own part. And just as little of course are the irregularities of private will to be reformed, by handing us over to the rule of a foreign public will, as the measure of all right and wrong for our conscience. It is not in this way, that Christianity especially proposes to make us free. The imagination of a mechanical system of notions and rules brought near to the mind from abroad, to be accepted by it in a blind way, on the ground of authority conceived to be divine, is wholly aside from the true character of the gospel. Christianity is indeed a law; but it is at the same time the "law of liberty," comprehending in itself the true normal mould of our general human life, into which it must be cast in every case, in order that it may be complete; but into which it can be cast, for this purpose, only by its own consent and choice. In truth, no government can be rational and good in the case of men, that does not aim at making them able to govern themselves. The only proper use of government is to educate its subjects for freedom, if they have not yet come to be capable of its exercise; and if this be not proposed, the government becomes to the same extent tyrannical. He is an unfaithful parent who seeks to hold his children in perpetual dependence upon his own judgment, and in perpetual vassalage to his own will, instead of training them as quickly as possible to think and act for themselves. So neither the State nor the Church can have any right to bind the understanding and will of their subjects in slavish obedience to mere authority. The case demands a different relation between the two interests with which it is concerned. Though the authority should be never so benevolent and wise, and the subject of it never so well satisfied to be ruled by it in this way, the result would still be slavery and not freedom. No man can fulfil his true moral destiny, by a simply blind and passive obedience to law. His obedience, to be complete, must be intelligent and spontaneous. In other words, the law must enter into him and become incorporated with his life. The remedy, then, for subjective license, is not such an exhibition simply of outward authority as may supersede the necessity of private judgment altogether. Even an *infallible* authority in this form would not be desirable; for the Divine will itself, if it were made merely to overwhelm the human as a foreign force, must lead to bondage only, and not to freedom.

The case requires, then, such an understanding of the true nature of freedom, as may serve to secure its constitution on both sides. Mere theory, indeed, will not be sufficient, here or elsewhere, to preserve life in its right form; but it is, at least, a most important auxiliary to this object. It is much to know clearly, and still more, steadily to keep in mind, that liberty and law, the activity of private will and the restraining force of authority, are alike indispensable to a right condition of human life; that they are required to enter into it always as polar forces, which organically complete each other; and that the exaltation of either interest at the cost of its opposite, must prove alike fatal to true moral order. It is much to know that the idea of freedom can never be reached by simply opposing one of these powers to the other on either side, as though to insist upon authority were necessarily to wrong liberty; or as though to press the claims of this last, required a rejection of the no less rightful pretensions of the first. That is

at all times a very shallow philosophy, though it be unfortunately very common, which can see contradiction only in the polarity now mentioned, and is urged accordingly to affirm and deny with regard to it, in such a way as to exclude the possibility of any reconciliation between the tendencies thus opposed. No authority can be moral that does not seek liberty as its end: and no liberty can be free that is not filled with the sense of authority as the proper contents of its own life.

That it may be difficult to bring this theory of freedom into practice, is readily admitted; but this forms no proper argument against the truth and value of the theory itself. The difficulty lies in the nature of the subject to which it belongs. Still, however, there is no other way in which it is possible for the end to be secured that is here in view. Man must be at once independent and bound, self-governed, and yet obedient to authority, in order that he may at all fulfil his own destiny, in distinction from the system of mere nature with which he is surrounded. For this he is to be educated and formed, under the influences which are comprehended in human society for the purpose. He comes not to moral freedom at once, but is required to rise to it by regular development, out of the life of nature in which his existence starts, and in which it continues always to have its root. In our present circumstances, moreover, the process is greatly embarrassed and obstructed by a false law of sin, which is found too plainly seated in our constitution. It becomes accordingly a most complicated problem, to bring our common human life, in this view, into its proper form; a problem, whose solution in fact runs through the history of the world's entire social constitution, from the beginning of time to its end. The family, the State, and the Church, are all comprehended alike in the service of this great design. They surround the human subject with the force of law from the cradle to the grave, and from the rudeness of savage life onward through all stages of subsequent social refinement; but it is only that he may be educated for the full use finally of his own proper personal independence, in being set free from all bondage, whether objective or subjective, by the clear spontaneous union of his private will with the law to which it is necessarily bound.

It lies in the very conception of this vast educational process, including as it does not only all stages of the single life from infancy to old age, but all stages also of the general ethical life in the progress of nations, that the two great compound forces by which the problem of freedom is in the course of being solved, should sustain to each other, in their legitimate action, a constantly fluctuating relation; the pressure of authority being necessarily greater, and the sense of independence less, in reverse proportion to the actual development of the true idea of freedom in the subject. Here, of course, a wide field is thrown open for the exercise of political and ethical science, in determining the claims of duty and right, as related to each other in any given stadium of morality. On this, however, we are not called now to enter. It may be sufficient to conclude with the general rule, drawn from the whole subject, that no one can be true ethically to his own position, whether as a child or as a man, high or low, rich or poor, in power or out of power, who, in the use of his liberty, whatever it may be, is not ruled at the same time by a sentiment of *reverence* for the idea of an objective authority extended over him in some form, in the actual social organization to which he belongs. To be without reverence for authority, is to have always to the same extent the spirit of a slave. In no other element is it possible to think what is true, or to act what is right.

J. W. N.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION:

ITS NATURAL AND EXTRAORDINARY CAUSES; ITS CONNECTION WITH THE FAMINE IN IRELAND, AND SCARCITY IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

The Irish famine of 1846–7 will stand out upon the page of history as one of the most striking events of modern times. It will be recorded, not merely as a calamity which has swept away a vast multitude of human beings, but equally as a providential crisis in the history of this nation, which revealed more fully than ever before, the accumulated evils of centuries of misgovernment. For it was not created simply by the sudden destruction of a large portion of the nation's subsistence; it was that almost hopeless and depressed social condition of the people, that at once paralyzed the national energy, when this energy was to be directed into new channels as the only alternative against general starvation. There was then no self-reliance; hence no moral courage. There was hope, but it was hope which trembled over a wide-spread, increasing panic, and rested only on the arm of the national treasury. There was submission, but it was that of despair. There was unexampled patience and endurance, but these gave no creative energy to the people; they produced no enlightened forecast. The subjects of that famine were those, and *those chiefly*, whose minds had been used to the severest laws of servitude, and therefore dependence upon and direction by higher orders of intelligence had become the unchangeable condition of their being. This was their birthright—not the gift of Heaven, but entailed upon them by their masters through successive generations. And when by this signal providence, the possessions of every class became insecure, and the laws of tribute and servitude inoperative, there was to be found no method by which the soil could, at once, be made chargeable with its tenants. They had no power to fulfil legal obligation, while the burden of a higher and moral one, by reason of this inability, now rested with fearful force upon the master. But he had neither the strength to sustain this, nor the courage to direct the energies of his dependents. There were noble exceptions; yet such was the general condition, and such the two classes of mind. When the news of this their deplorable and melancholy condition had gone forth, the sympathies of the whole human family in every quarter of the globe were excited to a degree unparalleled in the history of the world.

No famine in the history of mankind can be compared to it, unless it be the seven years' famine of Egypt. To this it bears a striking analogy, in the magnitude of the calamity, in the corresponding social condition of those who, in Egypt, were most exposed to suffering, and in the relations of the sufferers to the soil of the country.

The first year in Egypt consumed their lands, their gold and silver. During the second, the unhappy Egyptians sold not only their lands, but themselves, as the price of food. The lands of the priests excepted, Joseph purchased for the crown the whole lands of lower Egypt. After the custom of the East, he allotted it into estates, supplied the seed for its tillage, and demanded one-fifth of the crop as rent, to be paid into the royal treasury. It was held by what is now called the Ryot tenure in Asia. It was by this process that the whole people of the Delta were brought into a state of legal slavery. We find here a kindred land tenure, a social condition not dissimilar, and, if not in the duration, in their intensity, a correspondence in the two calamities.

In the last November issue of this Journal, we discussed the permanently existing causes of foreign immigration. They were, the constantly depressed condition of the poorer classes in Europe, the easy land

tenure of America, and the extent and fertility of this land: two classes of influence—the one foreign, the other domestic. The power of the first was seen in the history of the poor laws of England, and in the unequal burden and injustice of her local taxes; that of the second in the extent and richness of the great central valley of America—the Mississippi, and in the legal protection and encouragement given to settlers upon *all* the public domain of the country. In the December number we gave a succinct history of the Irish famine, as the leading extraordinary cause of increase in immigration. We detailed the action of Parliament, enumerating and explaining its score of Acts bearing on Ireland, from the incipient measures of the Executive government at the close of 1845 to the passage of the noted Poor Law, in the summer of 1847. We gave, also, an outline of the voluntary charitable measures of Europe and America, and of the methods by which these contributions were applied, following those who became the almoners of the charity, not only of these but of all nations, in their errand of mercy, through the suffering and sterile regions of that hapless country. In this, we had evidence of a foreign cause of immigration, strong enough to bring that entire people to our shores. In our present writing, we consider chiefly the home evidence of that pressure. It is to be found in the increasing and urgent demands upon our almshouse and the voluntary charities of our city. Both the spirit and the manner in which these have been met, as well as the unequalled and sublime example of charity to a famishing nation, is the highest, the most signal evidence which could be given in the history of human affairs, of the diffusive and heavenly nature of that system of truth which enjoins in the most touching manner the love of our neighbor as the love of self. It was not that thousands were falling by pestilence and disease from ordinary causes, but that they were dying from the want of that *common* bounty, which, like the light and atmosphere of heaven, a Common Parent had caused to abound by spontaneous growth and through the channels of trade over the whole habitable globe. Wherever the news had spread among the nations of Europe, in America, or in the most distant isles of the sea, from thence, with almost the velocity of electric fire, the currents of sympathy and heaven-born charity were seen flowing forth and meeting in a mighty swelling tide over that land of suffering and death: a silent but irresistible argument, above all logic, for the power and diffusiveness of Christian love. It is an argument that proclaims the greatest truth of that love—a common brotherhood among all nations of men, having the same paternity and hoping the same heaven as a final home.

The accidents of life and the forms of misery, in a great commercial city like New York, are numerous and diversified. In no city probably in the world is there a demand for more munificent public charities. For here the nations of the world meet; it is the great entrance-door into the western hemisphere for all classes and conditions of men, whether in quest of fortune, of pleasure, or health. A full history of the charities of New York, would extend our article to undue limits. They rank among the most beneficent and well endowed charitable institutions in America. The following are some of the most important.

The New York Hospital was chartered by the Earl of Dunmore in 1771. For twenty years it was allowed $4000 annually by the provincial legislature. It received patients in 1791. In 1806 the State granted an annuity of $12,500 out of duties and sales at auction. Its officers are twenty-six governors, four physicians and six surgeons, with one physician and two surgeons resident. The poor are received *gratis*, and all others at a price agreed on by the visiting committee.

The Bloomingdale Asylum is the insane department of the Hospital. It was opened in 1808, the first in the United States, and has fifty acres of land, and cost $180,000. Its government is under a standing committee of the board of governors, who visit weekly and direct all its affairs.

The New York Dispensary was established in 1790, to relieve sick and indigent persons unable to procure medical aid. It has eleven attending physicians and an office open daily, and under the charge of an apothecary, for the reception of applicants. Twenty-two thousand patients

were attended in 1841–2 in the city proper, which is divided into three districts. Besides this there are the northern and eastern dispensaries, which together attended in the same year upwards of 27,000 patients. Of these 65 per cent. were foreigners. These institutions receive a small amount of legislative aid, and are supported chiefly by subscription and donations.

The Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children, organized in 1798, for nearly a half century has been sustained chiefly by the contributions of benevolent females. The female thrown upon her own resources, with helpless children to support by her daily labor, is the object of aid. The city is divided into twenty-six districts and a manager appointed to each. This manager inserts in a book the name, residence and circumstances of every person relieved, and the age of her children. No one is assisted until inquiry is made and the character known. Immorality and street begging, when once the party has been cautioned, exclude from the favors of the Society. In 1841, 404 widows and more than 1000 children were aided.

Association for the Relief of Respectable Indigent Females, was founded in 1814, and is directed by a board of twenty-two managers. Any respectable indigent female over 60 years of age, who by her friends pays $50 into the treasury, is entitled to the bounty of the society, and a home in the Asylum during the evening of her days. The home was erected at a cost of $20,000, and has nearly or about 60 inmates.

Assistance Society for the Relief and Religious Instruction of the Sick Poor, organized in 1813. It is under the direction of as many managers as there are wards in the city, each ward being assigned to a manager. During the year 1841 it relieved more than 1000 families, and its auxiliary, the Dorcas Society, distributed 1450 garments. It expends nearly $4000 per annum.

Orphan Asylum of New York, founded in 1806. It is pleasantly located five miles from the centre of the city, and is under the direction of eleven trustees. Orphans, natives or foreigners of all nations, are received at the age of ten or under, and indentured at thirteen. None are permitted to leave without knowing how to read and write. It has a school and library attached.

Protestant Half Orphan Asylum, established in 1835; its object is to receive such children as are left destitute by the death of one parent and by the inability of the other to support them. They are trained to habits of order and cleanliness, and receive the rudiments of a good common education. The trustees become the legal guardians of the children, and have power to bind them out at discretion. More than 1000 have been instructed.

Besides these, there are many societies whose organization and labors we cannot specify. The Ladies' Depository; Ladies' Society for Promoting Industry among the Poor; Howard Sewing Society for Promoting Industry; New York Clothing Society; Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of New York; Fire Department Funds; New England Society; St. Nicholas Society; St. George's Society; St. Andrew's Society; St. David's Society; French Benevolent Society; German Benevolent Society; Society for Relief of Worthy and Indigent Colored Persons; Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which there are 70 lodges in New York city, and 12,000 contributing members. The principle of aid in these lodges, unlike that of most other charitable institutions, limits all charity to members of the institution. Their sick and poor are visited, and in time of need each member can honorably claim aid from funds which he has contributed to raise, without the humiliation of private charity. Such are the regulations, that every member, whatever his circumstances, in sickness or death, must receive a fixed and definite amount. The duty of this association does not terminate with life; it is extended to the remains of the departed brother; it requires members to attend, if need be, the last solemn offices of the dead, whether the departed may have deceased amid the kindred of home or among strangers. No person can become a member, except between the ages of 21 and 50 years. The initiation fee is $5 to $30, and the payment annually thereafter $4 to $10. On the decease of every member, $30 are allowed as a funeral benefit; and for the wife of a member, $15. For the year ending June 30th, 1842, the amount of aid extended in

31 lodges, then existing in New York, was $18,241 25; in 1847, in 70 lodges, about $40,000. This is certainly a noble system of charity; it is, in fact, irrespective of its orders and insignia, a most valuable form of health insurance, and aid to the families of living members, and a most grateful charity to that of those departed. There are several institutions in the vicinity of New York, equal in importance to many we have enumerated. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, incorporated in 1718, 3½ miles from the City Hall, has accommodations for a large number of pupils. It is well endowed, and has an able board of instruction and management.

The New York Institution for the Blind; the Sailor's Snug Harbor, founded in 1801; the Sailor's Retreat, and several benevolent institutions under the direction of the Roman Catholic Church, may also be added to the list.

We come now to a class more entirely public in their aim and objects. The first is the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor. Prior to its organization, in 1843, a committee was appointed to investigate the private and public charities of New York; when it was found that the aggregate amount expended in the previous year by twenty-four out of thirty-two of these societies was $163,345 38, and that twenty had in the same period aided 66,000 persons. This was a large sum to be raised by private, voluntary association for the poor of a single city. "But when it is recollected," observes the committee, "how many similar institutions and religious societies there are among us of whose pecuniary disbursements we have no report, and how immense that stream of charity, which, fed by a thousand rills and flowing from a thousand unobserved sources, constantly dispenses its blessings to the needy, large as this reported sum is, it is but a fraction of the annual aggregate expenditure in the city for this object. In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, there is wanted an efficient system to direct its administration. If charity amongst us were judiciously dispensed, imposture, idleness, and beggary would be repressed, and there would be a visible improvement in the condition of the poor commensurate with our expenditure. But the reverse is true. There has, of late years, been an actual deterioration of character and a progressive increase of pauperism and vagrancy above the ratio and increase of the population. This is shown by official statistics, and the augmented expense of their public support. It is not occasional or accidental, but results from the want of a well-organized system. A large amount of our charity is, in reality, a shield from personal pain—an expedient to escape importunity, or the result of impulse in view of misfortune. The chief end of intelligent charity, the physical and moral improvement of its objects, is defeated, and mendicity, with its usual attendants, idleness, imposture and crime, are encouraged." The defects of the system were summarily stated to be—

1st. An entire want of discrimination in giving alms.

2d. The societies acted independently of each other, and there was especially no reciprocity of intelligence between them; hence, artful mendicants often obtained aid from several societies at the same time.

3d. There was no provision for personal intercourse with the recipients of alms at their own dwellings.

This committee examined also our legal provisions for the poor. It resulted in the certain conviction that they could not embrace all the objects of private benevolence; that after the laws had done their utmost, an immense amount would remain unaccomplished. The object was to devise a better system—one better adapted to the practical exigencies of the city. An agent visited Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and by correspondence in this country and abroad gathered practical information from all available sources. With the aid of this knowledge, the association was organized. Its primary objects were to check indiscriminate almsgiving; to put an end to street-begging and vagrancy; to visit the poor at their dwellings, and carefully examine their circumstances, and extend to them *appropriate* relief; last, and not least, to inculcate habits of frugality, temperance, *industry* and *self-dependence*, and especially to unite the whole city during the winter months in prompt, systematic and wisely directed action.

This was the plan. The entire city, from the Battery to Fortieth street—which now comprises near 400,000 inhab-

itants—was divided into SIXTEEN DISTRICTS. Each of these districts was again subdivided into SECTIONS, making in all near three hundred. For each district there was appointed a responsible committee, and for each section an efficient visitor. It provided a central office of business, and appointed a general agent to superintend all operations of the society. At this office is kept a register of all persons who receive aid and the date of its reception, to which is also added an account of all other aid received by one and the same person from any other source. At the opening of the winter each visitor solicits contributions from all persons residing within his section, to the general fund of the association. The limits of every section are such that each visitor can personally see every family within his own in the space of a few hours. Each visitor is furnished with a manual containing rules by which he is to be guided in dispensing aid. In each district some one or two groceries are designated by the association on which orders are to be given to the poor by the visitors. Aid is rarely given in money, but in groceries and provisions, in clothes and fuel. The committees of each district hold semi-monthly meetings, and oftener, in an inclement period. Every visitor renders to the committee of his district a monthly report of all the persons and families he has aided. The following is a tabular form of the report, and shows fully the nature of a visitor's labors :—

NEW-YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.
VISITOR'S MONTHLY REPORT, OF SECTION No. DISTRICT No. Dated 184

☞ *A mark with a pen thus ,, in the columns, will point out the class to which the person named belongs.* ☜

Nos. of Persons.	Names of Persons Visited.	Residence of Persons.	Foreigners.	Natives.	Colored Persons.	Males.	Females.	Kind of Occupation.	Time in City.	No. in Family.	No. of Visits.	Character.								Unavoidable causes				Education.				Kind of Relief.								Amount Expended. Dols cts.	Remarks.
												Temperate.	Intemperate.	Provident.	Improvident.	Virtuous.	Vicious.	Industrious.	Idle.	Sickness.	Infirmity.	Misfortune.	Old Age.	Can r'd & write.	Cannot do.	Children to S. S.	do. Public.	Food.	Fuel.	Clothing.	Shelter.	Money.	Medicine.	Physician.			
																																				Total.

Remarks.

Signed, Visitor.

These reports are transferred to the General Agent, who forms a condensed report of the operations of the whole city, including statistical and other necessary information, and presents it to the Executive Committee at their stated meetings. To prevent imposition, and to secure prompt relief, a pocket directory is annually furnished to all contributors, who thus become members of the Association, and also to all citizens who desire it, which shows the name, residence, and section of each Visitor; and also blank tickets, by the use of which all applicants are referred. If a citizen is applied to at his residence, or in the street, he has only to learn the number and street of the applicant, and hand to him blank No. 1, filled up as follows. The applicant goes at once to the Visitor in his district, who, after due inquiry at the home of the bearer of the ticket, and finding him needy, fills up and presents him with a Visitor's order No. 2.

No. 1.

Ticket of Reference for the Use of Members.

Mr. *W. R. G.*, Visitor,

No. ——— *Ninth* St.

is requested to visit *John Gray*

at No. ——— *Sixth Avenue.*

Geo. Griswold, Member

N. Y. Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

No. 2.

Visitor's Order.

Mr. *Hayward,*

No. ——— *Fourth* St.

Please let *John Gray*

have the value of *one dollar*

in *Groceries, List No.* 1.*

Feb. 20th, 1848.

W. R. G., Vis.

N. Y. Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

A small pamphlet of eight pages entitled "The Economist; or plain directions about Food and Drink, with the best Modes of Preparation," has been published by the Association, which is presented to every family that receives its aid. The following indicates the character of this pamphlet:—

"If you would be able to purchase by the bushel, beware of buying by the quart; for every measure must make its profit, and he who buys second-hand, is supporting both the seller and himself. On this subject, a little thought will save a great deal of labor. Wisdom to-day is wealth to-morrow. He who has no care but to supply present wants, has no right to expect that he will always be able to do that.

"Be economical in cooking as well as in buying. Boiling and stewing should be in covered vessels. Boiling should be continued constantly, but moderately, for water that boils can ordinarily be made no hotter. There is great waste of fuel, and sometimes of the flavor of food, by boiling too rapidly. On the other hand, the nourishment of many articles is often lost, because they are but half cooked. Among these are peas, beans, and particularly Indian meal, which when made into mush or boiled pudding, can scarcely be over-done. A pint of meal boiled two hours, affords more nourishment than a quart that is boiled but half an hour.

"Soups are not always proper for weak stomachs; but for a change, if not eaten too hot, they are very wholesome and invigorating for persons in health, and all who labor hard.

"*To make a cheap and good Soup.*

"Take a shin of beef, or two pounds from the neck, which will cost - - 8 cents.

Take 1 pound of rice,	- - -	4 "
" 6 do. of potatoes,	- -	4 "
" 1 carrot, parsley, and leek,	-	2 "
" salt and pepper,	- - -	2 "
" half a head of cabbage,	- -	2 "
" 5 gallons of water.	- -	
		22 cents.

"Croton or pure rain water is best. Boil the meat in a close covered pot two hours. Now add the other ingredients, except the seasoning, when, with the addition of the salt and pepper, it will be fit for use. There will be, when done, about four gallons or thirty-two pints of good soup, which will be an allowance of three pints a day for five persons, two days; and the whole cost, except cooking, will be but twenty-two cents. This will be less than the cost of one glass of grog or beer a day, to each individual.

"The strictly temperate man has a clear head, a steady hand, and a good appetite: his temper is under his control; he is respectable, whatever be his station in society. But the man who drinks even a little, suffers in all these respects, and is pursuing a course that often ends in ruin.

"Look at the saving. Three cents a day, amount to eleven dollars and forty cents a year. This sum would supply a small family with fuel through the winter. Six and a quarter cents a day, amount to twenty-two dollars eighty-one cents in a year. This sum would furnish for winter, two tons of coal, one barrel of flour, one hundred pounds of Indian meal, and one hundred pounds of pork.

"Is there a mechanic or laborer, who finds it difficult to provide the necessaries of life for his family, and who spends twelve and a half cents a day for strong drink? let him remember that this small sum will in one year amount to forty-five dollars sixty-two cents, and will purchase, when the markets are cheapest, the following indispensable articles, viz:—

3 tons of coal, - - - -	$15 00
1 load of wood, - - -	1 62
2 barrels of flour, - - -	11 00
200 lbs. of Indian meal, -	3 00
200 lbs. of pork, - - -	11 00
8 bushels of potatoes, - -	4 00
	$45 62

* No. 1 comprises Indian meal, potatoes, beans, salt pork, salt fish, rice and molasses, and is given to the healthy. No. 2, for the sick, comprises fresh meat, black tea, sugar, flour and sago.

"Into a house thus supplied, hunger and cold could not enter. And if to these articles is added what before he has felt able to purchase, abundance and comfort would be the inmates of his dwelling."

As an *incidental* means of aid, the association has, in addition, made arrangements to loan *old stoves* to those who are unable to procure them; to give cast-off clothes and cold victuals, and depots for these things have been established in the several districts.

But scarcely a tithe of the labors of the institution are designed to be expended in ministering to those who personally claim its charity. Each of its three hundred visitors, in carrying out the plan as originally framed, should continually visit and inquire into the condition of every poor person and family within his section during the winter months. The Executive Committee hold monthly meetings throughout the year. In the winter of 1847, the district committees and visitors held more than two hundred meetings of conference, and the visitors made to the central office more than three thousand monthly reports. The rules which guide this class of officers are:—

"To give what is least susceptible of abuse. To give even necessary articles in small quantities, in proportion to immediate need. To give assistance both in quantity and quality, inferior, except in case of sickness or old age, to what might be procured by labor. To give assistance at the right moment; and not to prolong it beyond the duration of the necessity which calls for it; but to extend, restrict and modify it with that necessity."

The moral and higher aims of these officers should be, in the language of the Annual Report of 1846, "to minister to the *moral* necessities of the destitute, which are often the cause of every other, wherever his alms gain him access; and, as opportunity offers, to others beyond the cases relieved." This principle pervading the whole system, each visitor's circle of effort is compressed to a limit that will admit of his attention to those duties; and he consequently regards his work as incomplete, while the moral object is unattained. This beautiful feature of the system has already been productive of very salutary results. Where such improvement is effected, it is uniformly followed by a corresponding change in the habits of families and individuals, which restores them to a permanent self-maintenance. There is a moral grandeur and interest in the enterprise, as thus contemplated, which should secure it a place in every bosom that expands with sympathetic benevolence. It indeed promises much, and great results might reasonably be expected. More than *twenty-six thousand visits* of sympathy and aid have been thus made the past year to the dwellings of the poor in New York city.

The expenses of the institution have continually increased since its organization. In 1845–6 it relieved about 45,000 persons. The aggregate expenditure to date has reached nearly $90,000. Similar organizations have been made in the cities of Brooklyn and Albany, and with corresponding success.

This plan has in it the elements of great power. No system of the kind could be more simple, and combine the same subdivision of labor, with the same central power in the executive advice and control of this labor. Its defects, if it have such, are to be found in the difficulty of procuring visitors of sound judgment, faithful, constant and conscientious in the discharge of their duties. Could such men be induced to systematic and efficient action, not only in alms-giving, but in correcting the numerous economic derangements which so much abound with the poor, and in watching constantly and perseveringly their social and moral condition, it would be unequalled by any kindred institution existing in this country or in Europe.

The Almshouse became a separate department of our municipal organization in 1831. Prior to that, the legal expenditures for the poor were a part of the general and miscellaneous expenses of the city. From the period of this distinct organization to the present, the claims on the department, as well as its facilities, have constantly increased. As will be seen by the following schedule, they have risen from one hundred and twenty-five to four hundred thousand dollars per annum. The ratio of increase is not exact, but this may be accounted for in the necessity for a continued enlargement of the institutions under its control, and in the severity or mild-

ness of the seasons. The gross expenses

In 1830 were	- - -	$125,021 66
" 1831 "	- - - -	134,819 24
" 1832 "	- - -	139,484 45
" 1833 "	- - - -	124,852 96
" 1834 "	- - -	135,374 26
" 1835 "	- - - -	178,095 65
" 1836 "	- - -	205,506 63
" 1837 "	- - - -	279,999 02
" 1838 "	- - -	245,747 35
" 1839 "	- - - -	278,000 00
" 1840 "	- - -	249,958 00
" 1841 "	- - - -	250,000 00
" 1842 "	- - -	238,000 00
" 1843 "	- - - -	254,000 00
" 1844 "	- - -	189,002 62
" 1845 "	- - - -	269,750 00
" 1846 "	- - -	350,000 00
" 1847 "	- - - -	400,000 00

These sums include salaries and all other expenses. The aggregate is $3,953,605 92, and up to the present date the total expense has probably reached the sum of nearly four millions of dollars.

The institutions under the control of this department, are Bellevue Almshouse, Bellevue Hospital, the Nursery, Nursery Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, Small Pox Hospital, Penitentiary, Penitentiary Hospital, City Prison, Colored Home, Office of Chief of Police for expenses for detained prisoners, Harlaem House of Detention, Police Districts for lodging and temporary aid to poor in distress, and lastly, the out-door poor. This latter class is annually increasing in all parts of the metropolis. It embraces native and foreign poor, who have a permanent residence in the city, poor foreigners in transit through it, and requiring aid in transportation.

We speak of the peculiar province and objects of these institutions, as they existed prior to the creation of the commission of emigration in 1847. That divided this province, and limited the objects. The great and swelling stream of foreign population, of which these took cognizance, is now thrown entirely upon the protection of this commission.

Bellevue Almshouse was the receptacle for all foreign immigrants arriving destitute, who could not support themselves, or be supported by their friends. At no period in its history has it been so crowded as during the years 1846 and 1847. The number of paupers received in 1846, was 26,563. The Nursery, first established on Long Island Farms, in 1834, and now temporarily removed to Blackwell's Island, will, ere long, have its permanent location on Randall's Island in nine beautiful and commodious buildings. This is one of the most important eleemosynary institutions of the city, the home of its poor children. They now number upwards of 1000, are here instructed in the elements of a good common school education, and trained to habits of temperance and industry. The Lunatic Asylum, Small Pox Hospital, Penitentiary and Hospital are all on Blackwell's Island; the Asylum and Hospital receive the insane and the contagiously diseased of the city, while the Penitentiary is more properly a House of Correction for all ages. The City Prison, located in Centre street, and called the Tombs, is appropriated to an older and more hardened class of offenders. During 1846, the average number supported in all these institutions was 4,689. On the 1st Jan., 1847, they contained upwards of 3,000, and in the inclement season, while large numbers were arriving from Germany and Ireland, the number at one period exceeded 7,000. The garrets and cellars, the chapel, and even the dead-house at Bellevue, were converted into sleeping apartments. These not sufficing, large shanties were erected for temporary use. The nett increase above the average supported in 1845, was in 1846, about one-fifth. The great and rapid increase from Jan. 1st, to May 1st, 1847, swelled this increase to at least one-third above that of 1846. The expense of the out-door department in 1846, was $46,064,50. From Jan. 1st, to March 1st, 1847, the cost of fuel alone distributed by this department reached the sum of $30,500, and the number of out-door poor relieved was 45,472. The expense of this branch, says the Commissioner, is annually increasing. (See Commissioner's Report, p. 388.) The number admitted to Bellevue Hospital in 1846, was 3,600. Of these 3,000 were foreigners, and 600 native born. The deaths were nearly 13 per cent. "The almost lifeless state of many of those received," says the resident physician, "bearing with them irremediable diseases, adds greatly to the mortality; they enter the wards of the Hospital, to live but a brief space." Consumption carries off great numbers. Their physical energy

exhausted, they enter on ship-board to breathe a foul air, and to subsist on meagre food, till a fever is generated, which here soon carries them off. The condition in which the foreign pauper population came upon us at this period was most melancholy. We cannot well describe it without casting the strongest and deepest censure upon parties connected with their transportation. We designate no parties in particular. The facts existed—most stubborn facts, and they could not have existed as they did, *without a censurable cause.* Prior to the spring of 1847, our general and state laws were wholly inadequate to protect either the immigrant or the city. Large numbers were landed on the shores of neighboring states, and from thence found their way into the city to be supported at its expense; so great was the influx during the fall of 1846, and the winter of 1847; so destitute, emaciated, and diseased, were a large proportion of many cargoes; so like mere merchandise did some of them apparently come upon our shores, that our municipal authority could no longer resist public opinion, and were compelled to an investigation. But wherein was the criminality, when thousands were fleeing from starvation, and pressing in companies into our ships to reach a land of plenty? The scattered dregs of foreign poor-houses, liberated prisoners, large numbers of diseased and debauched, and some idiotic were landed, it is true, as received. If such came in American vessels, the owner and the master, we reply, knew the law, and still more, they understood the moral relations of their position, both to the immigrant and to their country; yet in view of this, there was adopted no systematic plan by which to separate the better from the *morally* prohibited class. The profits of transportation were allowed to more than balance every hazard of wrong. If this be a harsh, it is also a truthful picture. By whose plan do agents traverse the mountain-lands, and the bogs of Ireland, the destitute parishes of Germany, to make interest at every available point, even though this available point be the prison, the poor-house, or among the most degraded wherever found. Two cargoes, numbering in all upwards of six hundred immigrants, shipped late in the fall of 1846 from the parish of Grosszimern, in the Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, were landed in our city too destitute and enfeebled to go at large, without the hazard of becoming, at once, a public charge. The plan of their shipment was soon after developed by a correspondence between the Burgomaster of this parish, and the overseers of parishes in other Duchies, for the avowed purpose, on the part of the latter, of learning the expense and the method by which it was done, and with an intimation, that the same course would soon be adopted by every other parish which felt itself burdened with its paupers. The entire population of Grosszimern amounted to 4000—674 of whom, chiefly paupers, embarked for the United States at the expense of the parish. Besides this, each received $1.50 or $2.00, for his immediate necessities on arrival at New York—the whole cost amounting to $16,850. By this enterprise, says the correspondence, the parish saved a yearly expense of 2500 florins or $833.33. These were the identical paupers, which, added to the native poor of our city, compelled the Commissioner of the Almshouse to transform its work-house, its garrets, and even its dead-house into dormitories. Destitute as they were, the greater proportion were about to be transferred in different directions into the interior, that, if they came back upon the city for support, they might come singly, or in small numbers, and thus, with greater difficulty be identified and made chargeable to their shippers. The Commissioner, with praiseworthy firmness and energy, promptly transferred the entire body to the Almshouse, crowded already as it was. These shippers as promptly compromised the matter, by paying $5000 into the city treasury; thus virtually confessing their knowledge of the legal, if not of the moral nature of the transaction.

The condition of embarkation and of transit has often heretofore been most melancholy for the immigrant. Stimulated by the love of gain and shielding their consciences under the cover of philanthropy, many shippers—*we do not say all*—in transporting the almost naked poor, and sometimes even the very dregs of society from a land of famine, and a country in which they were generally oppressed, have oftentimes crowded them into their vessels without distinction or discrimina-

tion, so long as they could receive an equivalent for freight. Had we space, we could produce evidence of the wretchedness and horrors of some of these voyages, equalled by nothing, or transcended by nothing save in the African slave trade. Crowded together with no regard to sex, and with no proper sanitary care or medical advice, they breathe an atmosphere, which, under any circumstances, must generate the worst diseases. How many vessels come into our port, the one fourth, one fifth, or the sixth of their passengers having found a final home on the deep; with a like number, it may be, prostrated by disease, when a small expense would have saved this suffering and mortality; and yet some of these owners are men of large experience in business, possessing a high order of intelligence, and enjoying in their own dwellings all the luxuries and refinements of life, which science or art can give. Is he not morally and deeply culpable who employs the highest skill, and spares no expense in the model of his ships, while his fellow beings die by scores in a single passage, because there is applied, neither science nor skill to the ventilation and the regimen of these ships? Is he not culpable who permits 300 passengers to be crowded into the steerage of one of these vessels with no suitable companion-way for egress to the deck, and with but one fire and one caboose for all their dietary, when the inevitable result must be disorder, personal filthiness, half-cooked food, and contagious fevers?

In the fall of 1846, with the number of arrivals, all these evils were rapidly augmenting. But pauperism increased in a still greater ratio. The city enjoyed but a nominal protection. The increment of foreign population, was adding a most extraordinary sum to its expenses. The bonding system, by which, instead of a per capita tax, the shipper gave bonds to make good to the city, all expenses incurred on account of immigrants landed by his vessels, was carried on by proxy. His agent, in most cases, and not the ship owner himself, gave bonds. This agent could swear to his own solvency. His evidence was admissible and conclusive. By this process one individual is said, within a few years, to have given bonds to an amount exceeding one million of dollars. The city becomes the plaintiff. The issue is uncertain; for the case, if not clearly made out, is dismissed; if not dismissed, delayed; and in either case the city bears the burden of the costs. On 90,000 immigrants bonded in 1846, there was paid into the city treasury only $12,000; and the whole sum paid under bonds and for commutation amounted to but $22,000. Such was the state of things at the opening of 1847, when the Common Council of the city, by a Committee, represented to Congress the necessity of some legislation by that body for the protection of both immigrants and the city. It resulted in the passage of a bill entitled, an Act to regulate the carriage of passengers in merchant vessels, approved March 22d, 1847. It requires a far better provision for their health and comfort than was ever before made.

Sec. 1 provides:—That no vessel shall take more than one passenger to 14 superficial feet, if the voyage pass not within the tropics; if within them, she may take one for every twenty superficial feet, and if any on the lower or orlop deck, one for every thirty feet. Any master violating these provisions shall be fined fifty dollars, and may be imprisoned one year.

2d. If the number taken exceed this limit by twenty, the vessel shall be forfeited to the United States.

3d. If any vessel shall have more than two tiers of berths, or if these berths are not well constructed and at least six feet in length and eighteen inches in width, for every passenger carried in such vessel, a fine of five dollars shall be paid.

4th. The amount of all these penalties to be a lien on the vessel.

This law had the effect at once to reduce the number taken in each vessel; it obliged shippers to charge higher rates for passage, and was in most cases the means of bringing into the country a better class of immigrants.

The Common Council soon after deputed its Committee to the Legislature of the State, with the basis of an Act which has since become a law. It constituted an independent Commission of Emigration, and transferred the entire control of foreign immigrants from the Almshouse to this body.

It provides, 1st. That for every immigrant passenger, arriving at the port of

New York, one dollar shall be paid to the Chamberlain of the city, and one half said sum for the use of the Marine Hospital, where all the sick are provided for.

2d. Every Master of a vessel shall report under oath to the Mayor on his arrival, the name, place of birth, last legal residence, age and occupation of every immigrant passenger in his vessel, and he shall forfeit seventy-five dollars for every passenger in regard to whom such report is omitted or falsely made, and for refusal or neglect to pay such money, the owner or owners shall be subject to a penalty of three hundred dollars for each passenger.

3d. It constitutes a Commission of Emigration, consisting of the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn; President of the Irish and German Emigrant Societies, besides six responsible and disinterested citizens; these six to form three classes as to time, of two, four and six years, and all vacancies afterward to be filled by the Governor and Senate.

4th. The Act gives to said Commission full power to employ all necessary agency, to provide for the comfort and support of all sick or those likely to become a charge to the city out of this commutation fund; to require bonds from the shipper for all likely to become a permanent charge; to sue and to be sued.

5th. The Commission shall prescribe all rules by which indemnity for care of immigrants shall be claimed in any other part of the State.

6th. All penalties and forfeitures shall be a lien on the ships or vessels bringing immigrants.

In accordance with this law, the Board of Commission was organized on the 8th of May, 1847. Robert Taylor, Esq., was appointed general agent, and Hon. Wm. F. Havemayer, Ex-Mayor, President. Its first duty was to furnish large accommodations for the destitute and sick. The Quarantine Hospitals were already entirely filled. Temporary use was therefore made of all the spare room in the Hospital and Almshouse belonging to the city. As the fever increased at Quarantine, the convalescent were removed to the Almshouse at Bellevue, till from fear of the contagion both in that institution and in the surrounding neighborhood, the Board of Health opposed further admittance. Notwithstanding they had erected a building at Quarantine, one story high and six hundred feet long, the sick so increased that the Marine Hospital, the City Hospital, and the Almshouse were entirely inadequate. They were compelled to lease the large building formerly used as a nursery on Long Island Farms. These were furnished and a physician appointed, yet so greatly was the vicinity excited, that in a few days it was burnt to the ground. Dr. Wilson's private hospital at Bloomingdale, the New York Hospital, and two large government stores, within Quarantine enclosure, were now added to the apartments occupied, till the 12th of June, when further admission to the Almshouse was entirely refused. The out-buildings of the old Almshouse were now fitted up for temporary use, till boats and carriages could be procured for the use of the Board.

"'The state of things,' said the Commission. 'had now become truly appalling—the Health Officer stated that he could not receive any more into the Hospital; admittance could not be obtained for either sick or destitute in the Almshouse; the City Hospital and Dr. Wilson's Hospital were full, and the out-buildings of the old Almshouse were constantly occupied by the sick daily brought in, whilst cases of ship-fever appeared in many parts of the city. Owing to the excited state of the public mind, it became a subject of the utmost embarrassment to know where any shelter could be found for the great number of persons to be immediately provided for. In this emergency the Commissioners fortunately obtained the use of a large unoccupied stone building on Ward's Island, in the East River, about six miles from the city. This building, originally intended for a factory, is one hundred and forty feet in length, forty feet wide and five stories high. On the 13th June, a steamboat was sent to it loaded with bedding, provisions, &c. and with the immigrants who remained unprovided for.'"

As early as June 4th, the Staten Island ferry boats refused to carry patients to the Quarantine. The Board then chartered a boat and purchased carriages which are still kept for this special use. By the arrangement at Ward's Island and the extension at Quarantine, they are now able to meet all the demands upon them. During a part of the season so great was the demand for bedding and clothing for the sick, that upwards of 200 women were

kept at work on these articles, and as early as July 17th there had been purchased and made up for the Marine Hospital and Ward's Island, 10,308 articles of clothing and bedding. Since the organization of the Board, now nearly a year, over 8000 patients have been treated for fever and other diseases, and there have been more than 1000 deaths. Justice Taylor, the General Agent, who was for many years most favorably known and highly appreciated in his connection with our city affairs, and several of the physicians, became victims of the disease. Mr. Taylor is succeeded by Dr. John H. Griscom, a medical gentleman of eminence and sound practical experience.

The following is the number of immigrant arrivals at the port of New York, in the last five years:—

In 1843, - - - - -	42,989
" 1844, - - - - - -	59,838
" 1845, - - - - -	78,789
" 1846, - - - - - -	112,479
" the first four months of 1847 to 1st May, - - -	100,000

From the 5th of May, 1847, to January, 1848, 129,062. The number treated for fevers and other diseases in the last period is 8,354; the number of deaths 1,066, and the total number for whose relief money was expended by the Commission, 10,066. For commutation fees and Hospital fund, the receipts of the Commission on these 129,062 arrivals were $176,000; their expenditure, $125,000. One half of the arrivals of the current year are Germans, few of whom have been a charge to the board.

The number which reached the province of Canada in 1845 was 25,575; in 1846, 32,755; in 1847 to November 1st, 92,000. The total of deaths in 1845–6 on the voyage and at Quarantine was 272, whereas in 1847 the deaths reached the alarming number of 10,000, besides large numbers that died on their way to Upper Canada. These were almost exclusively Irish.

In addition to the number reported by the Board of Emigration, it is estimated that more than 25,000 have during 1847 passed into the United States from Canada. From this source, says the Almshouse Commissioner, the city are now supporting more than one-half as many as are aided by the Commissioners of Emigration. Since the 5th of May, about 500 have been received into the Almshouse from the Canadas alone, and not one dollar has been paid on their account. Besides there are a large number of this class receiving out-door relief, and all chargeable to the city. In his opinion, the law of the 5th of March has not entirely fulfilled the high expectation of its advocates, and needs amendment. But whatever its defects, if it has done nothing more, to have entirely separated these 8,000 fever patients from the city, and thereby prevented the spread of ship-fever among its citizens, and to have dispensed the best medical aid to so great a number, is a work which infinitely transcends, in importance, any amount which it might have cost.

There are other evils connected with the condition of the immigrant which add to the expense of the city. By an order of the House of Assembly of the 11th of October last, we have before us a pamphlet of 156 pages, 12mo. the result of a searching and faithful investigation of a committee of that body into frauds upon immigrants. These are of the most gross and flagrant nature, committed by boarding-house keepers, runners and forwarding agents. Many of the agents, by deceiving, by spurious and artfully worded tickets, make a profit of from $3 to $6 out of each passenger. By this testimony it appeared that the gross receipts of one forwarding house in New York in 1847, were about $125,000. This committee reported a bill which is now before the House, giving the Board of Emigration full power to purchase or lease docks, with enclosures where all immigrants shall be landed; requiring a license from runners and agents, and imposing a severe penalty for the violation of law. The Board of Emigration urge its passage; for the sake of humanity and justice, if not for the credit of our Legislature, it should immediately become law. By the testimony before this committee it appears that the 150 poor Hollanders who found their grave on the lake by the loss of the Phœnix, were not only defrauded, but kept two days on board that propeller at Buffalo, when that vessel was already overloaded, and they had a clear right to a higher class steamer. This pamphlet is filled with startling facts.

For the further protection of the immi-

grant, the Hon. Mr. Grinnell, from the Committee of Commerce, has lately reported to Congress a most important bill. It provides that all vessels of the United States, or of other countries, if employed in the transportation of passengers between Europe and the United States, shall be thoroughly ventilated by companion ways and venteducts; if carrying over two hundred passengers, shall have two cooking ranges; if over four hundred, four ranges; it requires provision, for each passenger on leaving port, of 35 lbs. navy bread, 10 lbs. each of rice, oat meal, wheat flour and corn meal, 35 lbs. of potatoes, 30 lbs. of pork, one gallon vinegar, and 60 gallons of fresh water; that, if not so provided, and passengers are put on short allowance, each may recover by law three dollars for every day so kept; that the Captain shall post up regulations for the health and cleanliness of his ship, and shall have full power to maintain a corresponding discipline; and that, for every violation of the provisions of the Act, the owner or owners shall pay two hundred dollars.

In reviewing these facts, we find, that there has been a most extraordinary demand upon the legal charity of the city during the past two years. Nothing has heretofore equalled it, in the history of these institutions. The demand on its voluntary charity also has been, in like manner, urgent; for, although the current of benevolence has flowed bounteously and freely, there has, at no period, been a greater want of funds; in none have the applications been so numerous beyond the ability to meet them. The numerous local associations we have described still exist. If, at a fair estimate, we sum up their annual charity, with that of the city organization of a later date, at $200,000; if for the Almshouse and the Board of Emigration we add $600,000, in accordance with their reports, a true account; and then add that which never comes to the eye of the public, but finds its way through private and diversified channels, the total amount of our disbursement for the year just closed, can fall but little short of one million of dollars—an extraordinary sum indeed, if it were all expended to alleviate the misfortunes of only 400,000 people, and these, too, forming the first commercial city in America. But the analysis of this sum explains the cause of its demand; it shows the external pressure. We are literally the gate-way for the entrance of the oppressed of the earth into (to them) the land of better promise. It is their resting-place, *in which* to die, from the exhaustion of a previously hard, toilsome existence and famishing voyage, or *from which* to survey the land and to seek out some spot whereon the battle of life shall be less hopeless and severe.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

For the sake of preserving uniformity in arrangement, for the convenience of our readers we shall first dispose of the less exciting topics which refer to Great Britain. The Parliament met on the 3d February. A bill to establish diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome was introduced into the House of Lords, and passed through all stages but the final reading. In the House of Commons, a bill for the relief of Roman Catholics, from the legal disabilities to which they are subject, has been twice read, and is referred to a Committee of the Whole House. On the 17th February, Lord John Russell brought forward the annual Financial Statement. The expenditures for the ensuing financial year, he stated as follows: Funded debt, £27,788,000; the unfunded debt, £752,-600; the consolidated fund, £2,750,000; the expenses of the Kaffir war, £1,100,000; the excess of navy expenditures, £1,100,000; the navy estimates, £7,726,610; the army estimates, £7,162,996; the ordnance, £2,974,835; the miscellaneous estimates, £400,600; the militia, £150,000; making a total of £54,596,500. The income being estimated at £51,250,000, there would be a deficiency which must be met by reduction of the military and naval estimates, or by increased taxation. Looking at the great increase of the French navy, although not apprehending any collision, the ministry could not recommend reduction, and therefore proposed to continue the income tax for five years, and to increase it from three to five per cent. for the next two years, which would leave a surplus of £113,000. This proposition will undoubtedly meet with a most decided opposition in Parliament, and throughout the country: immediately upon its announcement, meetings were held in the metropolis, and at other places, and resolutions passed condemning the scheme. The post office revenue is estimated at £923,-000. The returns of the mortality in 117 districts in England, for the quarter ending December, 1847, have been published, and present several curious particulars, relative to the late epidemic. The mortality in childhood was raised 83 per cent.; in manhood 104 per cent.; in old age 247 per cent. From the age of four to twenty-five, the mortality was, comparatively, not much increased; at the age of ten to fifteen, the healthiest period in life, it was scarcely increased at all—in girls. In cases of old age, and where chronic diseases existed, the influenza was generally fatal. The poison permeating the whole system, fastens chiefly on the mucous membrane, lining the sinuses of the face and head, and the air-tubes of the lungs. The country districts do not appear to have been affected to any extent, a fact which shows how much the purity of the air has to do with epidemic diseases. Dr. Howley, late Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, died at Lambeth Palace, on the 11th February, aged 83. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford; in 1809, he was Regius Professor of Divinity in that University, afterwards Bishop of London, and for the last fifteen years, Archbishop of Canterbury. His successor is Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Chester. In the case of Dr. Hampden, mentioned in our last, no decision has been given, the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench being equally divided. Lord Denman and Justice Earle delivered opinions sustaining the prerogative of the Crown, and the other two Judges were in favor of the application; the result is, that the Court will not interfere, and the Bishop takes his office. The members of the Metropolitan Sanatory Commission have lately made a report, in which they state, that having received much additional information, as to the progress of the *cholera* towards Europe, as to *the means of its prevention*, they find that the disease, as it has lately appeared, in Persia, Trebizonde and Russia, is unchanged in its general character. That the more recent experience in Russia, has led to the general abandonment of the theory of its propagation by contagion; a conclusion in which, after a full consideration of the evidence presented to them, the Commissioners concur. That the views adopted by them of the inexpediency of special Cholera Hospitals, except in cases of peculiar necessity, have been confirmed by coincident adoption of the same conclusions in Russia. That they have received much information tending to establish the conclusion, that cholera is not the sudden disease which has hitherto been supposed; that the commonly known form of the malady is, in reality, its second stage; *and that its first stage is manifested by the premonitory symptom of diarrhea, which is commonly unattended to; but which, if met by the strict observance of proper regimen, and by appropriate medicine, may be arrested, before passing into the more violent and fatal stage of the disease.* They recommend, as one of the most important measures of alleviation, the establishment of local dispensaries, where persons affected with the first stage of the disease, as manifested by the premonitory symptoms, may be immediately placed under the proper treatment, for arresting

its farther progress. On the 26th February, the amount of notes issued by the Bank of England was £27,890,705; the active circulation £18,084,695; the bullion in both departments is £14,569,649. The money market was in rather a feverish state, in consequence of the news from Paris. On the 25th February, consols opened at 88½ and fell to 87¾, but rallied to 88.

The Pope has caused a rescript to be addressed to the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland, demanding an explanation of the charges preferred against certain of the clergy, of fomenting crime by the practice of denouncing from the altar, and admonishing the clergy to abstain from political agitation, and in future to confine their labors to spiritual instruction of the people.

The intelligence from the continent of Europe is of a most important character.

The discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, on the address, in reply to the King's speech on the opening of the Parliament, has been stormy and protracted. It was brought to a close on the 12th February. M. Guizot having declared that he would make no concession, the Chamber divided on the last amendment which had been proposed to the paragraph respecting Reform, when the members were 189 for the amendment and 222 against it; giving a ministerial majority of 33. The address was then carried; the Opposition, in a body, refusing to vote. At this time, all minds in Paris appeared to be occupied with the probable result of the situation of political parties. The ministry, moved by the manifestations within the Chamber, and the excitement throughout the capital, appear at this time to have resolved to yield to the pressure, and M. Guizot, at the close of the debate, delivered an address, which his organ, the *Journal des Débats*, interpreted as a distinct pledge of the government, at a convenient time, to bring forward to the present (late) Chamber a measure of Parliamentary Reform.

Meanwhile another question had arisen out of the incidents of the debate. The menaces of the Government had assailed the right of public meeting, an imprescriptible public right of the people of all constitutional states. The Opposition, putting aside for the moment the Reform question, determined boldly to oppose this pretension of the Cabinet, which they pronounced monstrous. They therefore determined at once to brave the threat, and to hold, in the very heart of the capital, one of those meetings which the Government denounced, but to accompany it with every constitutional precaution which could tend to throw the Government in the wrong, and cover with odium any attempt to suppress it. A Committee of Opposition Deputies was appointed to concert with the Central Reform Committee of the Seine, as to the management of the projected Reform banquet. With the further view to the same object, a meeting of above a hundred Deputies of the Opposition was held on Sunday, the 13th February, at which a public manifesto was agreed on, stating that "they have recognized that the address, as it has been voted, constitutes on the part of the majority, a flagrant and audacious violation of the rights of the minority; and that the Ministers have, by drawing their party into so exorbitant an act, at once infringed one of the most sacred principles of the constitution, violated, in the persons of their representatives, one of the essential rights of the citizens, and, by a measure of ministerial safety, thrown over the country the most pernicious seeds of division and disorder.

"In such circumstances, they have found that their duties acquired a graver, a more imperious character, and that in the midst of those events which now agitate Europe, and pre-occupy France, they could no longer abandon for a single instant the guardianship and the defence of the interests of the nation.

"As to the right of meeting of the citizens, a right which the Ministers seem willing to subordinate to their good pleasure, and confiscate to their profit, the meeting, unanimously convinced that this right, inherent in every free constitution, is, moreover, formally established by our laws, have determined upon resorting to every legal and constitutional means of maintaining it intact, and of consecrating it."

The resolution to hold the banquet was adopted by all the Deputies present, and invitations were given to, and accepted by six members of the Chamber of Peers. It is stated that the Government experiencing much uneasiness at these proceedings, General Jacqueminot called together the colonels of the National Guard of Paris, and interrogated them as to the dispositions of their respective legions, and received answers no way calculated to assure a Cabinet which contemplated an armed repression. It is also said that General Sebastian made similar inquiries of the superior officers of the garrison of the capital, who gave no assurance, but that the troops of the line would support the National Guard, and that their independent action could not be relied on, in case of a popular movement.

The banquet was originally proposed to be held on Sunday, the 19th February, but was postponed till Tuesday, that the population, being engaged in work, might not congregate in such numbers as would give an appearance of menace, and afford an excuse for interference, by force, on the part of the authorities. In the mean time, addresses of support were continually arriving from the provinces, to the members of the Opposition. The Government, on Sunday, after consultation, resolved to allow the banquet to take place, and then to prosecute, in the civil tribunals, the persons who should be prominent in it. On Monday morn-

ing, a programme of arrangements appeared in the Opposition journals, in which it was announced that in consequence of the number of invitations issued, the banquet would irrevocably take place, and proceeded to invite the soldiers of the National Guard, its officers, the students of the schools, &c., to form two parallel lines, between which the parties invited were to place themselves; the *cortège* to be headed by the superior officers of the National Guard, who might present themselves to join in the demonstration. Immediately after the persons invited and the guests, were to be placed a rank of officers of the National Guard; behind the latter, the National Guards formed in columns, and between the third and fourth columns, the young men of the schools, headed by persons chosen by themselves. M. Odillon Barrot, in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, stated the intention of the banquet to be the assertion of the right of citizens to assemble for political discussion, denied by the Ministry, and so to afford an opportunity to settle the question before the legal tribunals. M. Duchatel replied, that the intention of the government, till that morning, was to have allowed the banquet to proceed, under protest, and let the question be tried before the ordinary tribunals; but the manifesto issued by the Banquet Committee that morning had changed everything. The Government were inclined to allow the question to be settled judicially, but could not allow an *imperium in imperio*, and they therefore resolved to suppress the meeting. The Chamber, upon this declaration, broke up in great excitement.

In the evening of Monday, there appeared various proclamations. First came one from General Jacqueminot, addressed to the National Guard, of which he was commander, indicating the terms of the law, "which prohibited all deliberation of affairs of state by the National Guard, as an attack agrinst public liberty, and a misdemeanor against the Commonwealth and the Constitution;" also protesting against the usurpation of his authority by strangers, who sought to convoke his officers and soldiers, and to array them against the government, of which they were the natural supporters. This was followed by another from the Prefect of Police of the city, addressed to the inhabitants of Paris, in which, after alluding to the disquietude which existed in consequence of the manifestations in preparation, it proceeds:—"The government, from motives of public order, but too well justified, and exercising the right invested in it by the laws, and which has constantly been brought into use without dispute, has interdicted the banquet." Here follows a statement of the original intentions of the government, and their reasons for change, as we have before set forth.

These proclamations were posted everywhere throughout the city. Crowds of people assembled, the proclamations were in many cases pulled down, and general excitement prevailed. In the mean time the Opposition Deputies assembled and resolved *not to go to the banquet*, and in the morning papers of Tuesday, there appeared an address signed by Odillon Barrot and most of the Opposition Deputies, from which we extract the substance, as follows:—

"This tardy resolution of Government would not allow the Opposition at so late an hour to change the character of the demonstration. It finds itself, therefore, placed in the alternative either of encouraging a collision between the citizens and the public force, or of renouncing the legal and pacific protests upon which it had resolved. In this position, the members of the Opposition, personally protected by their qnality of Deputy, could not willingly expose the citizens to the consequences of a struggle so injurious to order and liberty. The Opposition has therefore thought that it ought to abstain, and to leave to the Government all the responsibility of its measures. It requests all good citizens to follow its example.

"In thus adjourning the exercise of a right, the Opposition engages itself to the country to establish this right by all constitutional means. It will not be wanting in this duty, and it will pursue with perseverance, and with more energy than ever, the struggle which it has undertaken against a corrupt, violent, and anti-national policy."

It is said there were 100,000 troops of the line in Paris and its neighborhood, and orders had been given for them to occupy the necessary ports, to enforce the determination of the government; but as soon as it was known that the meeting was abandoned, these orders were countermanded, though the troops were kept under arms, and several bodies ordered to patrol the streets.

On Tuesday morning affairs were tranquil, but about 11 o'clock a crowd began to congregate until it swelled to about the number of 20,000. Numbers of workmen, and men in blouses, were also to be seen, marching in order, and apparently under leaders. A large number of students also paraded, singing the *Marseillaise*, and shouting, A bas Guizot! Vive la reforme! Among the crowd were a great number of those scowling, or as the French call them, *sinistre* faces, only seen in public by daylight, at times of great popular commotion. The populace was driven from several places by the military, but no serious collision happened. The Chamber of Deputies was slow in assembling, but commenced business about 2 o'clock, with a debate on the Bordeaux Bank Bill. During the discussion M. Odillon Barrot, with great solemnity, presented a folded paper to the President, and shortly afterwards the Abbé de Genoude presented another. The discussion, meanwhile, drew to a close, and about a quarter to five, M. Sauzet, the Presi-

dent, declared the sitting at an end. M. Odillon Barrot complained that the President had failed in his duty, and been wanting in respect to the Chamber, in not announcing the nature of the documents handed to him. The President replied, that by the rules of the Chamber, he was not bound to make any declaration, until the documents had been submitted to the bureau, which would be done on Thursday, and the contents would then be made known. At the instance of M. Barrot, he acknowledged the receipt of the papers, which related to the impeachment of the Ministers. That presented by M. Barrot, was signed by 53 Opposition members, and was as follows:

"We propose to place the Minister in accusation as Guilty—

"1. Of having betrayed abroad the honor and the interests of France.

"2. Of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people.

"3. Of having, by a systematic corruption, attempted to substitute, for the free expression of public opinion, the calculations of private interest, and thus perverted the representative government.

"4. Of having trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all prerogatives and privileges of power.

"5. Of having, in the same interest, wasted the finances of the State, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom.

"6. Of having violently despoiled the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the Charter, by the laws, and by former precedents.

"7. Of having, in fine, by a policy overtly counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of our two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation."

[Here follow the signatures, M. Odillon Barrot at the head.]

M. de Genoude's proposition was in these terms:

"Whereas the Minister, by his refusal to present a project of law for electoral reform, has occasioned troubles, I propose to put in accusation the President of the Council, and his colleagues."

During the latter part of the day, the people erected barricades in several streets leading into Rue St. Denis, and Rue St. Martin, by tearing up the paving-stones, seizing carts, omnibusses, &c. Most of these were carried by the troops of the line and the Municipal Guard, and at some places severe engagements took place. All Paris presented an aspect of civil war, and the troops remained under arms all night.

In the morning of Wednesday, fresh bodies of troops arrived in the city; and the populace destroyed the electric telegraph in several places, to prevent the transmission of orders to the military, and tore up the rails of the railroads to hinder their approach. During the night the barricades had been removed, but they were re-constructed in the morning, and were defended with such vigor that up to 11 o'clock the troops had failed to take them. The *rappel* was beat, for calling together the National Guard, and but few answered the call till the afternoon, when several legions mustered strongly, shouting, *Vive la Reforme! à bas Guizot! à bas le Ministère!* Sharp firing was kept up between the insurgents and the Municipal Guard.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Vavin (of Paris) put some question to the Minister of the Interior, respecting the passing events. M. Guizot rose and said that the king had sent for Count Molé, who was impowered to form a ministry, which was received with loud cheers. He then added that until their successors were appointed, the ministry considered themselves responsible, and should act according to their best judgment for the interests of the country. M. Odillon Barrot proposed to adjourn his proposition for impeaching the Ministers, and the Chamber concluded its sitting amid the greatest excitement. The announcement of the change of ministry appeared to produce a calm, but it was of short continuance. The night was one of intense excitement and alarm; the work of erecting barricades went on without ceasing. All the trees in the Boulevards were felled, and the lamp-posts thrown down. The appointment of Count Molé having failed to appease the people, MM. Thiers, and Odillon Barrot were appointed ministers, and at 12 o'clock, on Thursday, the latter, accompanied by General Lamoricière, repaired from the Chamber of Deputies to the Ministry of the Interior, where he was formally installed into office, and Gen. Lamoricière invested with the command of the National Guard. The following proclamation was posted on the walls of Paris:

"Citizens of Paris!—The King has abdicated. The crown, bestowed by the revolution of July, is now placed on the head of a child, protected by his mother. They are both under the safeguard of the honor and courage of the Parisian population. All cause of division amongst us has ceased to exist. Orders have been given to the troops of the line to return to their respective quarters. Our brave army can be better employed than in shedding its blood in so deplorable a collision.

"My beloved fellow-citizens!—From this moment the maintenance of order is intrusted to the courage and prudence of the people of Paris, and its heroic National Guard. They have ever been faithful to our noble country. They will not desert it in this grave emergency.

"ODILLON BARROT."

The abdication took place about one o'clock, and the king immediately proceeded to Neuilly,

under an escort of cuirassiers. At the same hour, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Sauzet took the chair, in presence of about three hundred members. Shortly afterwards the Duchess of Orleans, in deep mourning, arrived at the Palace, with her two sons. The Princess appeared at the left door, accompanied by the two Princes, and the Duke de Nemours and Montpensier. The young Count de Paris entered first, led by one of the members of the House. He penetrated with difficulty as far as the semicircle, which was crowded with officers and soldiers of the National Guard. His presence produced a lively impression on the assembly. Almost immediately afterwards the Duchess entered, and seated herself in an arm-chair between her two sons.

The hall was then forcibly entered by a multitude of armed men of the lower orders and National Guards. The Princess and her children then retired to one of the upper benches of the centre, opposite the Presidential chair.

The greatest agitation and uproar prevailed, and when silence was restored, M. Dupin rose and announced to the assembly that the King had abdicated in favor of his grandson, and conferred the regency on the Duchess of Orleans.

A voice from the public gallery—"It is too late."

An indescribable scene of tumult ensued. A number of deputies collected round the Duchess and her children, and the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier. National Guards also rallied round the royal family.

M. Marie then ascended the tribune without being able to speak, his voice being drowned by deafening cries. When silence was restored, M. Marie said, that in the critical situation in which the capital was placed, it was urgently necessary to adopt some measures calculated to calm the population. Since morning the evil had made immense progress. Shall we proclaim the Duke de Nemours or the Duchess of Orleans regent? M. Cremieux, who followed, was of opinion to uphold the new Government. M. Genoude thought that an appeal ought to be addressed to the people. M. Odillon Barrot next ascended the tribune, and advocated the rights of the Duchesse d'Orleans. M. Larochejaquelin supported the appeal to the people. M. Lamartine and M. Ledru-Rollin, insisted on the necessity of appointing a Provisional Government. M. Sauzet here put on his hat, and concluded the sitting. The Princes retired, followed by all the members of the Centre, those of the Left alone remaining in the hall. The insurgents then called, or rather carried M. Dupont de l'Eure to the Presidential chair. The tribune and all the seats were occupied by the people and National Guards, and a Provisional Government was proclaimed amidst a scene which has not been witnessed since the Convention.

"The Provisional Government" issued a proclamation, stating its desire for a republic; adding, that neither the people of Paris, nor the Provisional Government, desire to substitute their opinions for those of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim. It is signed Dupont, (de l'Eure,) Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Bedeau, Michel Goudehaux, Arago, Bethmont Marie, Carnot, Cavagnac, Garnier Pagès. The death of several persons, who were fired on by the troops in defending themselves against an attack at the Hotel of the Foreign Ministry, seems to have infuriated the people. The palace of the Tuilleries was sacked by a mob, and the furniture thrown out of the windows and burned. A successful attack was also made on the Palais Royal, in attempting to repel which, Gen. Lamoricière is said to have been severely wounded if not killed. The excitement in Paris was intense. A rising in the towns of the north is confidently expected. Such are the latest accounts. Whether the Provisional Government will be sustained in the power which it has thus assumed, is yet unknown.

In Naples a revolution was effected in a single day. It commenced on the morning of the 28th January, with a mighty crowd in the street of Toledo, and ended in the evening by chorusses sung in the opera house, in praise of the constitution! The sincerity of the king, who had resolutely refused to grant any concession, or to join the customs league, appears rather dubious, but the grant appears to have made him extensively popular. The Roman Catholic religion is to be the only one permitted. It was proposed that one constitution should include Naples and the Island of Sicily, but the inhabitants of the latter, having completely routed the Neapolitan troops sent to subdue them, refused the offer, and the king was compelled to grant to them their constitution of 1812, which has been accepted on condition, that the Prince Royal shall be Viceroy, and a separate parliament established at Palermo. The French Constitution is the model of that of Naples, with the addition that no religion but the Roman Catholic is to be permitted. The King of Sardinia has also granted the French Constitution to his subjects. In Rome the people, excited by the announcement of constitutions having been accorded to the other Italian States, had demanded a constitution from the Pope. His Holiness had invited the Dominican friar Boerio to examine, in a theological point of view, how far the constitutional form of government was consistent with the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff. Father Ventura had already replied to that demand, that if the Pope wished to transmit to his successors the patrimony of St. Peter, he should grant the concessions necessary to preserve it.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Pictorial History of England: being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with several hundred wood cuts. Vol. IV., Nos. 42, 43 and 44. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The present numbers of this work conclude the fourth volume, which comprises the period from the Revolution to the accession of George III., A. D. 1688—1760. They are devoted to sketches of the National Industry, Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Manners and Customs, and Condition of the People; the Civil and Military Transactions, Religion, Constitution, Government and Laws, occupying the previous numbers of the volume. With the general merits of this compilation our readers, it is presumed, are sufficiently familiar.

These last numbers are particularly interesting, on account of the many illustrations they afford of the progress in knowledge which has been made in the last century and a half, and of the singularities of by-gone fashions and manners. The state of physical science in the middle of the seventeenth century is said to be not unfairly represented by some extracts from the "Archæologia Nova, or New Principles of Philosophy," published in 1663, by Dr. Gideon Harvey, physician to the forces in Flanders. He attacks Descartes for "assuming the erroneous opinions of Copernicus." In another place he says, "In grinding any substance, if you continue the operation beyond a certain point, you shall soon grind it into clods and bigger pieces than lesser." In like wise he deduces the formation of the universe out of chaos. The true reason, he tells us, why a man living is heavier than when dead had never been given. That such is the fact, he assumes from the sinking of a living man at first when he falls into the water, and rising again to the top after having been dead some time. "The reason is, because, through the great heat which was inherent in that man, the heavy and terrestrial parts were the more detained from the centre; they, again, being thus detained, moved stronger toward the centre, and, therefore, make the body heavier during the violent detention, through the great heat which was in the said man when alive; so that, through this great weight, the alive body sinks down to the bottom. Now, when the man is suffocated, and the heat squeezed out of him by the thick compressing parts of the water, then he is rendered less heavy, and immediately leaves the inferior parts of water, as being less weighty than the said profound parts." Women, he thinks, being less compact, are lighter: "Weak and tender women have fallen into the river and have swam upon the water until watermen have rowed to them, and have taken them up; and many weakly women, that were suspected to be witches, being cast into the water for a trial, have been wickedly and wrongfully adjudged to be witches because they were long in sinking; and, alas! it is natural." "No doubt," he *naively* adds, "but their clothes conduced also somewhat to it." In the same profound manner he reasons upon the universe, the earth, tides, &c.

In 1701, it was the fashion for both sexes to carry muffs. They were made very small and ornamented with bows and ribbons. The fashion of patching the face began about 1680. Afterwards, when politics ran high, the party to which a lady belonged, was known by the arrangement of her patches. The Spectator gives a humorous description of the annoyances of a Whig lady who had a natural mole on the Tory side of her brow.

The origin of many odd signs is curiously shown: thus the Boulogne mouth became the Bull and Mouth; the Satyr and Bacchanals was metamorphosed into the Devil and Bag of Nails; and the pious Puritan motto, "God encompasseth us," underwent a singular transformation into the Goat and Compasses! In the reign of George the Second, there was a rage for splendid signs, many of which were made to cost several hundred pounds. Thimble-rigging was then openly practiced in London streets, which were for the most part unpaved. Drinking houses and drinking stands were quite as common as now. In wet weather, the strongest took the wall, the numerous penthouse lids affording the only shelter. Sedan chairs were then used to a great extent. In theatrical representations in Garrick's day, great attention was paid to scenery, but the actors wore the dress of the time. Thus Cleopatra or Semiramis appeared in a powdered commode, a hooped petticoat, a stomacher, and a fan. Even Cato in 1712 was introduced on the stage in a "long wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair;" and Macbeth figured in a court dress of sky-blue and scarlet! Prize fighters with broad-sword, sword and dagger, and single stick, were common, and used to "cut collops out of one another to divert the mob."

One of the favorite cures for consumption in the country, was "a peck of garden shell snails, washed in small beer and fried in a frying pan, shells and all, with a quart of earth worms, and mingled with abundance of strong ale, spices, and drugs."

The English roads were such in 1703, that it took fourteen hours to go from Windsor to London, forty miles. The population of the entire kingdom, at the time of the Revolution, is estimated at seven millions. In the rural districts there were thousands of superstitious notions among young people, relating to courtship and marriage, some of which yet remain.

"Thus a young damsel who was anxious to know something of the husband whom fate had destined for her, was directed to run until she was out of breath, as soon as she heard the first notes of the cuckoo; after which, on pulling off her shoe, she would find in it a hair of the same color with that of her future mate. If she wished to see his full appearance, she was to sow hemp seed on midsummer eve, and command her lover, in a rhyming couplet, to follow and mow; and behold, on looking over her shoulder, she would see him at her heel, scythe in hand! On Valentine's morning, the first bachelor whom a girl accidentally met, was supposed to be her destined husband.* Another way was for her to pare a pippin, and throw the rind over her head; on falling it would show his initials. Or if she had two lovers, she could decide between them by burning two hazel nuts or sticking pippin seeds on her cheeks, to see which would remain longest."

All these things make pleasant reading, and serve to keep up the good old family feeling. Conceited and disagreeable as Englishmen, or rather English *snobs*, sometimes make themselves, it creates a warming of the heart towards that uncomfortable people, to consider how very simple the "old folks," our common great-great grandfathers and grandmothers, used to be, a few hundred years ago. We think it argues no want of nationality in us to look with particular kindness on the manifold infirmities of Queen Victoria's subjects, and still to cherish towards them a becoming brotherly regard. Compared with the M——but there is no need of making a comparison so odorous.

The Library of American Biography. Conducted by Jared Sparks. Second Series. Vol. XV. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1848.

This volume contains the lives of William Richardson Davie, by Fordyce M. Hubbard, and of Samuel Kirkland, by Samuel K. Lothrop. Governor Davie was, as none of our southern readers will need to be informed, one of the most distinguished men in the early history of South Carolina. He was born in England, his father emigrating to the Catawba country in 1763, when his son was seven years old. He studied at Nassau Hall, and in 1776, while a student, served as a volunteer in the vicinity of New York. He afterwards became a lieutenant of a company in Pulaski's legion; then a major, and colonel; distinguishing himself in the various battles of the Revolution which were fought in the South. Towards the close of the war he was appointed Commissary-general of his State; and when the Convention met at Philadelphia, for forming a constitution, he was present as a delegate. At length he was elected Governor, and was afterwards appointed Minister to the French Directory, with Ellsworth, in place of Patrick Henry. He was a man of commanding person, dignified manners, an eminent lawyer, and an unblemished gentleman. In 1803 he was a candidate for Congress, and lost his election by not being in favor of Jefferson. The remainder of his life was passed on his estate, where he died in 1820.

Samuel Kirkland was the father of John Thornton Kirkland, for several years President of Harvard University. He was born in 1741, and after graduating at Princeton, became a missionary among the Indians, within the limits of New York, chiefly among the Oneidas. In this work, and its perils and vicissitudes, he spent the whole of the active part of his life. He died at Clinton, in this ptate, in 1808.

The second series of Mr. Sparks's work, which this fifteenth volume concludes, shows that the materials for American biography are yet by no means exhausted. The list of the lives at the end, exhibits names respecting which there is no less curiosity than attached to those which were selected for the previous series; and there can be no doubt that another series might be made, without at all encroaching upon the boundary that separates the present from the past, which would be equally popular and instructive. It is intended, probably, that the work shall go on as heretofore.

We have need enough, as a people, in the rapid fluctuations of events, to keep an eye backward, in order to preserve our identity. For, as when stout vessels sail before the wind, over the stormy ocean, they seem to be riding faster than the waves, when, in reality, it is not so, and sometimes a heavy roll overtakes and bears them down—so it may be with nations, sailing with the wings of Time, over the restless commotion of human Passions, (and intent on Progress,) suddenly, if the helmsmen regard only the dim light in the binnacle of Reason, and do not consider the mountains of Ambition, ever outstripping their speed, the ship of State is driven under, or lies at the mercy of the raging billows. Hence it is necessary to the prosperity of a state, it might be argued, to treasure the lives of its distinguished men, as well as proper in individuals to desire to read of them.

The present volume is embellished with a well engraved portrait of Mr. Kirkland, from an old picture, and is marked by the neatness and typographical accuracy by which the books of the Messrs. Little and Brown can be generally distinguished.

* The reader will remember the Fair Maid of Perth.



D. D. Barnard

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADMINISTRATION.

The period has come when the country is about to enter on another Presidential canvass, or campaign, as it is usually called. The canvass, of course, does not actually begin till candidates are put in nomination, and are in the field. But already there is a hum of busy preparation all over the land. Parties are beginning to marshal their forces, and count their numbers, and there is an active inquiry everywhere after the great Captains who are to lead out these hosts to the sanguine—not sanguinary—encounter. Truly, these Presidential elections of ours in this country are great political, and great moral spectacles. The President of the United States, though we call him our Chief Magistrate, as if he were only our principal Justice of the Peace, is, nevertheless, a great potentate, and actually exercises more power than the Sovereign of Great Britain, the head of the most powerful empire in the world. And yet we elect our Sovereign every fourth year by universal suffrage, without tumult, without confusion, without civil commotion. The people go to the polls in their respective districts, and deposit their ballots, and the thing is done. The people stay at home and do this thing. The day of voting, when it comes, is usually a more quiet day, except perhaps in the great cities, or in particular localities, than many of the days that precede it, unless it be Sunday, for a month. And thus our Republican King is chosen. At the proper time, with simple ceremonies, he is installed in office, when he enters on his high trusts, and moves forward in the majesty of as much power, to say the least of it, as any mortal man ought ever to be clothed with. This, we say, is a great moral spectacle—this matter of electing, in this quiet way, our own Chief, our own ruler and monarch, for the time being, from out of the body of the people. For a monarch he is, and a great potentate, as experience has abundantly shown, whose will, or whose caprice, directs the most important and eventful public measures, and shapes the career and destiny of the country.

A President of the United States, even when he keeps himself within the letter of the Constitution, rises as the chief executive officer of the nation, to the height of tremendous power. He is invested with many of the higher attributes of sovereignty in government, as such sovereignty is commonly exhibited in the persons of monarchs in other countries—at least where constitutional limitations have found any place whatever. It is worth our while to refer for a moment to some of these attributes of eminent power.

The President may take the Initiative in Legislation, under the clause of the Consti-

tution which requires him to "recommend to Congress such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." He is not merely to recommend *subjects* to their consideration, but "measures;" and there is nothing to hinder him from causing the measures he recommends to be put into form, and sent in in the shape of Legislative Bills, through the agency of the Executive Departments. This, it is well known, is not at all an uncommon thing in practice. And without the agency of these Departments, a legislative committee, if of his own party and principles, answer his purpose just as well. Nor is the initiative in legislation an unmeaning or unimportant thing. It is a substantial power, of great scope and magnitude. It is a power in legislation, if the President chooses to exercise it—at least it may be so under circumstances—only a little less controlling and absolute than that of nomination in appointments to office. Under this very power, to name a single case by way of illustration, the President wrung from Congress a recognition of his war with Mexico—in effect a declaration of war—when if Congress, composed though it was in both Houses of his own friends and party, in large majorities, had been allowed to deliberate, and the members to inform themselves of the true state of things, by the reading and consideration of the public documents in the case, nothing more would have been done, at that time, than to authorize the President to repel any invasion of our proper soil and territory, and for which purpose alone supplies and means would have been placed at his disposal. Instead of this, a war of invasion and conquest on our part, begun by him, was adopted and sanctioned by Congress, and even a legislative declaration obtained, dictated in *hæc verba* by the Executive, that the war existed "by the act of Mexico!"

The President has the power of the Veto—a negative which the Constitution, in terms, makes equal to the affirmative votes of two-thirds of the members of both branches of the Congress, but which practically, as experience shows, is little less than an absolute negative on any and all legislation with which he chooses to interfere.

He is, like monarchs under other systems, the fountain of appointment and of honor. He cannot confer a patent of nobility, but he can confer a patent of office, a much more substantial thing, and quite as much coveted and hankered after, and prized when obtained, in this country, as titles of nobility ever were in any other country. Official rank and station, in truth, constitute our republican noble orders, and are, of course, the only noble orders we have according to law. Our Excellencies and Honorables receive, too, by their commissions, the *estate* along with the title, which the Peer of other countries, at least in modern times, does not always receive with his new dignity. The President creates his own ministry, and changes them at his will. His will in regard to his ministers is altogether more independent and more absolute than that of the King or Queen of England in the same matter. The Queen cannot keep a ministry in place for a day after the Commons have declared against them upon any important part of their policy of government. A declaration of "want of confidence" by the Commons puts an end to them and their policy. It must be this, or there must be an immediate appeal to the country in a new election. The Queen, or King, reigns, but does not govern, as the French maxim has it. If there be not an agreement between the Commons and the ministry, the government does not go on. It must take a new tack. It is different here. With us the ministers must take care to be in accord with the President if they mean to keep their places—and generally they do mean to keep their places. If he be a man to have a will of his own, it is his will that governs. President Jackson declared that these cabinet officers were only *his* agents and instruments, to aid *him* in his government of the country. This makes the President and his cabinet together "a unit," and gives him the virtual command of all the vast patronage of the Executive government in all its departments, in addition to his own direct power of appointment. And with such a power as this in his hands, he knows well enough how to manage a reluctant or refractory Congress. "I have found, sir," said Mr. Webster, in his late noble speech on Mexican affairs, "in the course of thirty years' experience, that whatever measure the Executive Government embraces and pushes, is quite likely to succeed. There is a giving way somewhere. If the Executive Government acts

with uniformity, steadiness, and entire unity of purpose, sooner or later it is quite apt enough, according to my construction of history too apt, to effect its purpose." The cases which illustrate this position—annexation—the war—the further acquisition of territory—are too recent and too remarkable to escape anybody's attention. The President is the fountain of Appointment, of Honor, of Patronage; and no monarch in the world, in any country, employs this power more freely, or more effectively for his own purposes. This is the practice of our Presidents of late years. His Constitutional power is that of nomination, but in effect and in practice, it is the power of appointment. He creates the Ministry; he creates the Judiciary; he creates all foreign ministers and consuls; he creates or controls the creation of the functionaries of civil administration all over the country; he is himself the Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and every commission held in either arm of the public service, is held under his nomination.

Nor is the power of the President bounded by the geographical limits of the States of this Union. Our government, from being merely national, has become imperial. We have our provinces and colonies, disguised under the name of territories, and we are multiplying these possessions. They are no part of the nation, are not represented in it, and have no share in its government. We govern them precisely as colonies are governed in other parts of the world. They are our dependencies, and our sway over them is strictly imperial; and to that extent ours has become an Imperial Republic. We send them governors, and judges, and public attornies, and marshalls; and the President creates them all—just as Victoria sends royal governers and judges, a complete Executive and Judicial Government, at this day, to our neighbors in Canada.

But we have said enough, perhaps, to indicate what we mean when we speak of the attributes of true sovereignty with which a President of the United States is clothed. As the head of the nation, he is invested with great authority, even within the *letter* of the Constitution; and he is now the head of a great *empire* also. When we come to add to all this, the power which the President now-a-days is accustomed to assume, without any warrant of the Constitution, and against its express provisions and injunctions, as his personal purposes or inclinations may prompt or push him on, we cannot fail to see that the President of the United States is what I have called him, a great Potentate, wielding a political authority of tremendous magnitude and importance. The election of such a Potentate becomes, then, a matter of the greatest interest to a people loving liberty and calling themselves free.

It is true, the President is elected only for a short term; and he cannot, by the Constitution, transmit his office, or nominate his successor. Practically, however, he may go far towards nominating his successor. Everybody knows that Gen. Jackson did in fact nominate his successor. No Emperor Augustus ever more explicitly named his Cæsar. But a President may do more than this; he may in his short term of office stamp a policy upon the government and country—a new policy—which can never afterwards be shaken off, and by which the destiny of the whole country shall be changed. This very thing has been done, and, what is remarkable, it was begun by the weakest individual, personally, who has ever filled the office, who was in by accident, and who went through his term without a party. Mr. Tyler carried the measure of Annexation, though it is perfectly certain, that opinion in Congress, by a strong majority, was against him upon it when he began the movement, and opinion in the country was still more strongly against him. In that measure began a departure from the line and limits of the Constitution, from the objects for which the National Government was established, and the proper destiny of the country under it, which has been promptly working out its legitimate consequences—war, public debt, more territory, and a vast increase of Executive Power. It has "brought death into the world and all our woe." The War, and all that comes in its train, sprang from Annexation. The War, too, like Annexation, was purely an Executive measure, literally forced upon Congress and the country by the President—a man, out of office, wholly insignificant, utterly unimportant, enjoying no consideration, and exercising no influence with the American people—a man whose opinions, out of office, on any important question of public policy, would never be asked or cared for

by the country, or any five well-informed men in it. This President has done another thing besides forcing Congress and the country into a war, equally remarkable. He has forced the Senate of the United States into compliance with his grand scheme and policy, the object of his war from the beginning—that of dismembering Mexico and taking large provinces from her on a compulsory sale. He, President Polk, has done this. Nothing is clearer than that a good deal more than one-third of the Senate were utterly opposed and hostile to such a policy and measure, and without the votes of a number of them the Treaty lately before that body could not have been ratified. How was their assent obtained? Why, those who yielded, embraced one evil to avoid another, and a greater evil. They believed the alternative would be a further prosecution of this Executive war, and a still more complete dismemberment, if not the utter absorption, of Mexico. They trembled before the wantonness and madness of Executive power and obstinacy—in the person of Mr. Polk! They looked upon themselves, upon Congress and the country, as involved inextricably in his toils, from which there was no escape, but by his consent, and on his terms. He said, pay me this ransom, and I will release you; and they were willing to get off so, before he should double his demands, which he threatened to do. Annexation was an Executive measure; the War was and is an Executive measure; conquest and Mexican spoliation is an Executive measure. The country at large has had nothing to do with them, except as it has been dragged in to their support, or rather to an unwilling and painful acquiescence in them. And through these Executive measures, the government is to be changed, and the country is to be changed. With Mexican States added to our Union, and more Texan States brought in; with State representation in the Senate multiplied out of all proportion to the popular representation in the House; with a foreign population of strange faces and strange language—peons, serfs and bondsmen—annexed to us and made free, *native* citizens along with us, we shall not know ourselves or know our country.

And all this a President of the United States may do, and bring about all this change, this essential revolution, and carry Congress along with him, and even chain the country to his triumphal car; and he may do all this as President, wielding the potentialities of his eminent and imperial office, when as a man, out of official station, his weight in the community would be about equal to that of a respectable country parson, or village schoolmaster. Such, and so commanding, so powerful for evil, so nearly uncontrollable and irresponsible, is a President of these United States; and we the people go on, electing every four years one of these high Potentates, with very inadequate consideration, it is feared, of the mighty import of what we do, little knowing, oftentimes, whether we are giving ourselves a Republican President, or a supercilious and imperial master—a Constitutional Executive, or a paltry yet powerful tyrant, the Chief Demagogue of an unprincipled party, or else the instrument of the Chief Demagogues of such a party, who will count the blood of the Constitution an unholy thing, and sacrilegiously put up the country as an idle stake in all sorts of dishonest and desperate games of hazard.

As the period is at hand when the country must be engaged in another Presidential Election—another of these solemn and sublime acts of popular sovereignty—it is proper, if such a thing be possible, where everything is under "movement," that we should pause long enough to look about us, to take a view of the ground we stand on and the state of things around us, and to consider whether the point and condition to which we have been brought, especially under the lead of the President last elected, is altogether agreeable and satisfactory, or very far otherwise; and whether it becomes the country to maintain its present position, and prosecute the line of policy and movement on which it has been forced, or to stop short and to retreat, if retreat be not wholly cut off, and it be not too late to stop, in order to find its way back, if it can, at least to some of those intrenched positions behind the Constitution, from which it has sadly wandered, and where, as often and as long as it has occupied them, it has always been safe, prosperous and happy. At least it is proper, when a Presidential term is about to be concluded, and the incumbent himself, or some one representing the same party,

of the same political kidney and complexion, and pledged to the same measures and general policy, or worse if worse can be contrived, is to be offered for the suffrages of the people, that there should be a strict consideration and canvass of the merits of the President and the current Administration; that this work should be entered on with rigid scrutiny, without fear except the fear of God, in the spirit of a true devotion to the interests and the fame of the country, and to the cause of the Constitution, of liberty, and of law, exposing faults and follies though with charity, and above all things exposing, with inexorable decision and firmness, all crimes committed against the Constitution and the country; for, unhappily, it is crime, and hardly faults or follies at all—deliberate, wanton crime, in too many cases, little as the perpetrators may think of it or be conscious of it—which is committed, in these times, against the country. In a work of this sort, it belongs to a public and political Journal like this to take its full share. It will certainly do so—though it will be no new duty or service on which we shall enter. We have done what we could, from the beginning, to make President Polk and his administration known to the American people, and to cause him to be held to a just accountability. We shall follow up this course of proceeding, and with added energy and zeal as the time draws nigh when the country, through the peaceable forms of an election, is to make up, and enter on undying records, its solemn testimony and judgment, in regard to his conduct and acts, his policy and measures, and the manner in which he has acquitted himself in all the high trusts committed to him.

Pursuing this general object at the present time, it will be our special design in the space that remains to us for this article, to bring into one connected view, as well as we can, but of course only in brief and imperfect outline, the prominent features and workings of the policy of President Polk in conducting the affairs of the Government, in order that we may have before us, and that our countrymen may have before them, sketched out and grouped together for easy reference, the main points and matters connected with his administration, to which their attention will have to be principally directed in the approaching campaign, and which will form the principal subjects and topics of investigation and of political labor amongst the people and before the country, in the exciting season that is now just upon us.

The whole duty of the Executive in this country, charged with the conduct of an administration, and the affairs of government, so far as the observance of great cardinal principles is concerned, may be comprehended and summed up in the following propositions:

I. He must take the Constitution for his constant guide and counsellor, and he must take care to keep himself strictly within its authority and limitations, in whatever he does, or directs, or authorizes, or recommends to be done; nor must he refuse or neglect to do whatever the Constitution and laws enjoin upon him as a duty.

II. In the matter of our relations with foreign powers and nations, he must take care that the policy of the Government shall be marked at once with strict justice and high dignity—demanding nothing but what is right, and submitting to nothing that is wrong; abstaining from all interference with the internal affairs and proceedings of any; observing the strictest neutrality towards all contending or belligerent powers; and forming entangling alliances with none.

III. It is his duty to see that the government is made as cheap and economical, in its whole administration, as it can be consistently with due efficiency and a becoming dignity; and especially to avoid the creation of a Public Debt, small or great, except upon some overwhelming necessity involving the vital interests, the defence, or the honor of the nation.

IV. In exercising the powers with which the General Government is invested in order "to provide for the common defence and promote the general welfare"—in exercising its powers in relation to national protection and security, to foreign commerce and internal trade and navigation, and to revenue, and its jurisdiction over the navigable waters of rivers, lakes, bays and harbors—it is the duty of the Executive to take care, as far as his authority and influence may go, that the Government shall, within the limits of a reasonable expenditure, and by a judicious system of physical improvements in proper localities, do what it can to promote, ad-

vance and facilitate intercommunication and interchange between the several States of the Union.

V. In the regulation of foreign commerce and in the conduct of its own proper operations and business; in providing for itself a revenue by duties on imports, and in the management of its revenue and its fiscal affairs; the President must take care, as far as he can, that the Government shall shape its policy with a special reference to the protection and encouragement of home production and home industry; and also so as to affect beneficially, and not injuriously, the general moneyed and business concerns and interests of the community.

VI. The President must so conduct his administration as to make the Government a great Exemplar to the community, of Truth, Justice, Moderation and Virtue; for a profligate or unprincipled government in a republic saps the foundations, and betrays the cause of human liberty.

Taking these few brief but pregnant principles for our guide, and bringing them to bear on the policy and measures of the Administration since Mr. Polk has been at the head of affairs, it will not be difficult to compute the value of his official services to the country; nor will there be any danger of going beyond the mark and doing him injustice, in the severe rebuke and utter condemnation which he cannot fail to receive, for his course and policy in the conduct of affairs, from the country, or at least from all that intelligent and honest portion of it who have themselves any real principles in politics, anything fit to be so called, to stand upon. We believe the principles we have laid down are those of the Whig party everywhere—and there are few enlightened men of any party who would not subscribe to them as abstract propositions; and so glaring and flagrant have been the departures from every one of them in nearly the whole conduct of the Administration, that at least the Whig party, and all who think as we do, and who look upon these principles as of the highest practical bearing and import, cannot fail to raise their voices, and put forth their efforts, in strong, unyielding, and indignant opposition to the President, and to the party that gives him countenance and support.

I. Turning to look for a moment at the treatment which the Constitution has received from the President, we find him putting that sacred instrument aside with a wave of his imperial hand, and, in matters of the highest national concern, marching straight forward to his own objects, with as little regard for the limitations and restrictions it imposes on the Executive power, as if he were the Czar of Russia, or the Grand Sultan, instead of the President of the United States. By a premeditated and deliberate act of deep design, he brings on a collision between the forces of the United States and those of a neighboring power, and plunges the nation into hostilities and flagrant war, from which there could be no escape but at the close of a protracted and most sanguinary conflict. This done, he contrives so to put the matter before Congress, with so little actual information in regard to the real state of affairs, but with our little army far away from home and our own soil, in the midst of the possessions of the Mexican people, and surrounded by overwhelming numbers of an incensed enemy, resolved to give them battle, and altogether the exigency of the case made so urgent, that no proper deliberation could be had, or none was allowed to be had, and in this way the full recognition of the war was secured, and the means obtained for prosecuting it—making it, in effect, a national war, as completely as if it had been originally undertaken and declared by the proper constitutional authority. Once in the war, it became the common cry that we must fight it out.

The House of Representatives, by a decisive vote taken the other day, after the country had been carrying on a war of invasion and conquest in the heart of the Mexican dominions for twenty months, at the cost of a hundred millions of dollars and of many thousands of human lives, solemnly pronounced that this very war had been "begun unconstitutionally and unnecessarily by the Executive of the United States!" And we do not hesitate to affirm that this is to-day the undoubting conviction of eight-tenths of all well-informed persons, of whatever party or political creed, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Nobody, not blinded to the simple truth by political partialities and partisanship, can entertain a doubt of it.

Nor had the President any impulse or motive of patriotism, or of liberal and enlightened statesmanship, to offer as an excuse for this fatal proceeding. He had formed a plan of illustrating his reign of four years, and perhaps securing thereby the succession to himself, by adding vast regions of Mexican territory, and considerable numbers of Mexican population to the United States—a secret, selfish and wicked plan, which he dared not disclose to the American people; since he well knew how sternly the faces of all considerate and disinterested persons would be set against it, and how surely a project of that sort, if known in time, would be repudiated, scouted, disclaimed and discarded by the whole sober sense of the country. His design was to clutch and secure the object, if he could, before the country should be made aware of his purpose; or at least to push matters so far that retreat would be impossible, without personal discredit, when at least he would be sure of the support of his party, and thereby of the acquiescence of large portions of the community, who have never any time to think for themselves, and allow others to think for them—especially in matters of high public concern. He knew very well—it required only a very little observation, and some low calculation, bottomed on the worst aspects of human nature, to know—that the imaginations of men in a country of speculation and enterprise like this, are easily caught and dazzled with what may seem to be a grand movement—something, anything, done or achieved out of the ordinary course of things. If he could fasten his hand on New Mexico and California so as to be able to hold them up to the wondering gaze of the American people as a prize already secured, and only awaiting their acquiescence and consent, he calculated with entire certainty on the issue.

Texas had been annexed—itself a proceeding in utter contempt of constitutional limitations and forms; and there was a question of unsettled boundary, which it was the duty of the President to have fixed by negotiations. That question was, whether the Nueces was the utmost limit of Texas in that direction; or whether any other and what line should be taken beyond it. Mexico had withdrawn herself from all relations with us from the time when we proposed, by an official act, to take Texas to our embrace, while she and Mexico were in a state of war. We had offered to throw our shield over Texas, and we told Mexico that when that was done, if she fought anybody, any further, for the possession of that country, she must fight us. In this state of things Mr. Polk came into power.

Before Annexation was consummated, and while, therefore, Texas was still as foreign to us as Cuba or Canada—while it still remained for Congress to determine and pass upon the final question of her admission to our Union—she being still an independent Republic—the President undertook the defence of that country against a threatened invasion of her old enemy. This was done, he said, because the authorities of that country had invited and appealed to him for support and defence! It was, then, what Texas demanded, and not what the Constitution prescribed or allowed, that governed the decision of the President in that matter. This was his first unauthorized movement towards a war with Mexico. An army was marched to Texas and took post on the Nueces, ready, according to positive instructions from the President, to defend that country and repel all invaders. And thus, if Texas had been invaded by Mexico, as was threatened, the President, in that way and at that time, without the slightest authority from Congress or the Constitution, would have involved us in a war with Mexico. We believe, with the objects he had in view, he would have seen a collision of arms, at that time, with gratification, not as likely to lead to a protracted conflict, but as the probable means of bringing Mexico, weak and timid as he believed her to be, more easily to the point of that heavy sacrifice of territory to which he had resolved to reduce her, than perhaps could be done by naked negotiation, and the mere appliance of money.

This plan failed, because Mexico insisted on putting herself strictly on the defensive against her new enemy, and would not, therefore, venture on an invasion of Texas. The President then set on foot a diplomatic intrigue—it deserves no better name—to effect his grand design of acquiring Mexican territory. He would secure his object by negotiation and voluntary cession, obtained through the weakness or

treachery of some false and corrupted Mexican chieftain, or he would make the failure of the intrigue the occasion and excuse for a military demonstration, and, if need be, for war. He sent a Minister Plenipotentiary to "reside" near that government, as if nothing had happened to interrupt the harmony of the two powers. It was not the object of that mission to find and fix the proper line of boundary between Mexico and Texas, which was simply the duty of the President after Annexation had been consummated, so far as any question of territory was concerned between the two countries. The object was, by threats of war, and judicious pecuniary appliances, to bring Mexico, or some chief or another in Mexico, to consent to sell to the United States large portions of her territory. The Plenipotentiary, it is understood, carried with him proposals for the *purchase*, 1st, of the country up to the Rio Grande—that very country to which it has been so much insisted our title was clear and unquestionable; 2d, the remainder of New Mexico beyond the Rio Grande; and, 3d, a part or all, or nearly all, of Upper California. The amount of our claims upon Mexico—four or five millions of dollars—was to be offered for the first parcel; five millions more for the second; and twenty or twenty-five millions more, according to quantity, for California. The Mexican government refused to receive Mr. Slidell, as a *minister resident*, until the ground for a restoration of friendly relations had been prepared by some proper understanding in regard to the offensive measure of Annexation. Baffled in this attempt, the President did not hesitate about his course. In anticipation, indeed, of this event, he issued orders to the army to take possession, on the ground of indisputable ownership and right, of a part of the very territory which he had been endeavoring to secure by negotiation and purchase.

Thus was this shameful war brought on. It began on the Rio Grande; but with so much certainty had the President calculated on this issue, that our naval forces on the coast of Mexico in the Pacific, under the direction of Com. Sloat, were ready, with instructions of a date long previous, on the first notice of hostilities, to make a demonstration on California, and secure the possession of the principal towns and forts in that quarter. Who could have believed—who among that band of noble spirits who assisted in framing this goodly form of Government, and in putting it into operation, could have believed, that the time would arrive so soon when a President of the United States, a man, too, of no particular force, and having no hold on the popular feeling or confidence, would dare to entertain and devise a project for the dismemberment of a neighboring power, and actually begin a war for this object, into the support of which he should finally wheedle or force the nation, and to carry on that war to the point, or prospect, of ultimate and complete success! Yet all this has been done in the time of the tenth President of the United States, and when the Constitution was not yet sixty years old.

It would be unreasonable to expect that a President who had deliberately set the Constitution aside in order to make a war, would give that instrument much heed or consideration in conducting his military operations.

It was important, in order to carry his war of conquest as promptly as possible towards the heart of the enemy's country, and at the same time to make the war popular at home, if it could be made so, to take advantage of the national and instinctive bravery and enterprise of our people, and to accept the services of such as might be disposed to engage in the work of carrying the conquering standard of the country into a foreign land. It was not difficult to find persons enough who were willing and anxious to bear commissions in such a service. But it so happens, that none but soldiers regularly enlisted in the army of the United States, and under the command of officers, of all grades, appointed and commissioned by the United States, can, by the Constitution, be employed in a war, the operations of which are to be carried on beyond the limits of the Republic. Militia—and all troops are militia, whose company and field officers are appointed and commissioned by State authority—cannot, by the Constitution, be employed in war, except "to repel invasions." Yet the President called for large bodies of volunteers, which, as they are organized and officered, are only militia, and procured the sanction of Congress to his demand, with the design of sending

them, and he did send them, into a foreign land, in a war of invasion and conquest.

It was a natural consequence of a successful war of conquest thus begun and prosecuted, that the President should claim himself to be the conqueror of the countries brought under the power of our arms, and should proceed, in his own name and by his own authority, to establish civil governments over all territories where the submission of the inhabitants should be received, and to institute, in all places under his military occupation, a regular system for the imposition of taxes and the collection of a revenue for the exclusive and independent use of the military chest. The President makes a war of invasion and conquest, employs militia to carry it on, sets up civil governments in conquered places without the aid of Congress, and, finally, undertakes to support his army, in part at least, by a regular Executive system of taxation and revenue. So much for Mr. Polk's observance of the solemn promise which he made to the nation in his inaugural address, and to which he had just then bound himself by a solemn oath. "The Constitution," said he, "will be the chart by which I shall be directed. It will be my first care to administer the government in the true spirit of that instrument, and to assume no power not expressly granted, or clearly implied in its terms."

II. The next rule which we have quoted and laid down as proper and necessary for the government of the President in his official conduct, has been no better kept than that we have just been considering. This rule has reference to the conduct of the President in the matter of our relations with foreign powers. It requires that he shall govern himself in these relations, by the law of justice and of strict right, and that he shall leave all other nations to manage their own internal affairs in their own way. It enjoins upon him the policy and the duty of non-interference, and strict neutrality.

In this connection we can only refer to the line of conduct adopted by him towards England in regard to the Oregon question, without pretending to enter into an exposition of that conduct. It was wholly wanting in moderation, truth and dignity, and but for the timely interposition of the Senate, and the adoption of better councils in that body, he would have inevitably brought the two nations into the conflict and strife of arms. Happily we escaped, in that instance, the consequences which his course and conduct were preparing for us. Unhappily, however, we have not been so fortunate in respect to the line of policy pursued by him towards Mexico.

In following the President, now or at any time, through his tortuous course towards the Mexican nation; whenever, in fine, we undertake to look at the various and contradictory reasons offered by him, at sundry times, to justify his proceedings and his war, we shall need, in order to avoid being misled, to keep this main fact constantly in mind, namely, that his design of dismembering Mexico lay at the bottom of the whole affair. When he sent Mr. Slidell to Mexico, not to soothe that power for the loss of Texas, and to fix the boundary between the two countries on just and liberal terms, but to prosecute a dishonest demand for territory, Herrera was at the head of affairs, and every way disposed to make a just and reasonable accommodation with us. Paredes soon after displaced Herrera. This chief did not at all suit the views of the President. What he wanted was a chief who might be *approachable*, for a consideration, with propositions distasteful and dishonorable to Mexico, and he turned to Santa Anna as the man for his purposes. Santa Anna was then in Cuba, having been expelled from the government and driven into exile by his countrymen. There are abundant grounds for believing that he was invited to return to Mexico by the President, to overthrow Paredes and resume his sway in that distracted country. On the same day on which the President sent his war message to Congress, which was not till he had brought the armies of the two countries into collision, he dispatched an order to Com. Conner, in the Gulf, to admit Santa Anna to pass freely into Mexico, should he present himself for that object. This was in May. In June he was passed in, according to order, and shortly after succeeded in effecting the proposed revolution.

Now the pretence and apology for this intrigue and interference with the internal affairs of Mexico, were, that Paredes was suspected of favoring a monarchical party in that country. In two different procla-

mations, emanating directly from the Government at Washington, and addressed to the Mexican people, it was avowed and declared that a principal object of the war from the beginning had been to put down the monarchists, and secure the triumph of the republican party and system in that country.

That the fatal movement of our troops to the Rio Grande, by which the war was precipitated, and the further prosecution of military operations on the line of that river, had a principal reference to the bringing about of a revolution in the government of Mexico, we suppose admits of no doubt. Hear what is said in one of the proclamations referred to:

"*Reasons of high policy and of continental American interest precipitated events*, in spite of the circumspection (!) of the cabinet at Washington. . . . . When it was indulging the most flattering hopes of accomplishing its aim by frank explanations and reasonings (!) addressed to the judgment and prudence of the virtuous and patriotic government of Gen. D. J. Herrera (!), the misfortune least looked for dispelled this pleasant hope, [that is to say, Paredes assumed the government,] and at the same time blocked up every avenue which could lead to an honorable settlement between the two nations. The new government discarded the national interests, as well as those of Continental America, and elected in preference foreign influences the most opposed to these interests and the most fatal to the future of *Mexican liberty and of the Republican System, which the United States hold it a duty to preserve and protect.* Duty, honor, and dignity itself imposed upon us the necessity of not losing a season of which the monarchical party was taking the most violent advantage, for not a moment was to be lost; and we acted with the promptness and decision necessary in a case so urgent," &c.

The object which the President had in view—the overthrow of Paredes, and the substitution of Santa Anna in his place—is doubtless truly enough stated in this manifesto; but the true motive and the ultimate design are not here disclosed. It was altogether foreign to his duty, and a gross violation of every sound principle, for him to interpose, and that too with the army of the United States, to change the government or administration of affairs in Mexico, upon any ground or pretext of serving the cause of "Mexican liberty and of the Republican System," even if that had been the true and honest motive in the case. But we must refuse to give the President credit for sincerity in ascribing to himself such a motive. It was not Mexican liberty that he was after—it was Mexican territory. There was no feeling or consideration for Mexico in the matter—except such as vultures have for lambs. It was a naked design of dismembering that country, through the treachery and betrayal of a government, or chief, to be set up and established for that purpose, by which he was governed. It was a naked feeling of rapacity which dictated his whole policy. He wanted her territory, and he was resolved to have it. Paredes stood in his way, and he set on foot a plan to revolutionize the government. He believed, undoubtedly, that Santa Anna would be found *purchasable*, and he procured his return to the country. He began in the stupid belief that when he and Santa Anna together had effected a revolution in the government, there would be nothing left to be done but divide the spoils of their victory between them—he to take the land, and Santa Anna the money. He acted under a delusion, as men of small cunning are very apt to do. All that he accomplished was to give back to Mexico her ablest chief and general; to impose on himself the necessity of making the war one of naked and undisguised conquest, and to track his way deep in blood over every rood of ground trodden in his path towards the attainment of his grand object—the dismemberment of a country, for whose "liberty and Republican System" he had professed such tender concern.

III. But we pass to other topics. And we desire it should be understood that we do not profess to do more in this article, than to indicate and present, in the most general way, the several subjects of political debate, connected with the conduct and policy of Mr. Polk and his administration, and arranged with some regard to order and convenience, which, as we suppose, are likely principally to occupy and employ the thoughts and the polemic strife of parties and political men, in the approaching presidential canvass. They are subjects to which it is probable our own humble labors may be a good deal devoted in the stirring period just now at hand.

What, then, shall we say of President Polk and his policy and proceedings, when

we come to consider the question—always a vital one in a republic—whether the government, under his lead, has made, as it was bound to do, the practice of a rigid economy in the public expenditures, a cardinal point in its policy, and whether it has strenuously aimed to avoid creating a public debt? There are some plain facts which must be written down in this connection. As an example of what the Government is doing, it is found that its expenditures, during the present fiscal year, ending on the first of July next, will not be less, probably, than sixty-five millions of dollars. This is one fact. Another is this: that the public debt at the end of the present fiscal year, supposing the war to have ended by that time, and including twenty-five millions of dollars to pay for Mexican territory—a purchase which gives us no domain, but fastens a perpetual curse upon us—will amount, according to the best calculation we have been able to make, only in ascertained and ascertainable items, to the formidable sum of $98,800,000. If peace shall be made on the basis of the treaty lately ratified by the Senate, which is yet a very doubtful issue, still the expenditures will go on outrunning the revenues of the government; and when the fourth of March, 1849, shall come round, bringing the present term of Mr. Polk to a period, the public debt of the country will not be less than one hundred and ten millions, if it shall be less than one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. At the close of the preceding Administration, the amount of the public debt was just about ten millions of dollars, after deducting the balance left in the Treasury. The amount of debt, therefore, created in the time of this Administration, and which it will leave as a legacy to the country, if circumstances the most favorable shall attend it from this time to its close, will certainly not be less than one hundred millions of dollars—it may be a hundred and twenty millions. All this, however, is exclusive of the millions expended, or promised and due, or which will become due, in the shape of bounties in public lands, and other millions with which the Treasury will be burthened for long years to come, in the shape of pensions, and to pay for claims and losses, and all the odds and ends which are sure to follow on after such enterprises as the Administration has been carrying forward. It will take some millions more to replace the stores and munitions which had been gathered in years of peace and laid up for the defence of the country, and which have been expended and destroyed in the career of rapacity and bucaneering ambition, by which the President has illustrated his brief term of official domination.

Sixty-five millions of dollars, then, of current expenditure has been as little as could suffice Mr. Polk for carrying on the operations of the government for a single year. At the end of his four years he will have expended in cash, received into the Treasury from ordinary sources of revenue, and including the balance which he found there when he came in, about *one hundred and twenty-three millions*, and he will have created and saddled upon the country besides a debt of at least *one hundred millions* more. Mr. Adams's administration cost the country, exclusive of payments on account of the public debt, an average yearly sum of about twelve millions six hundred thousand, or about fifty millions five hundred thousand for four years. This contrasts rather strongly with *sixty millions*, exclusive of payments on account of public debt, expended in a single year of Mr. Polk's administration. But there was no war in Mr. Adams's time. There was, however, a war—a war with Great Britain, which taxed and tasked the energies of the country to the utmost—during Mr. Madison's administration; and the comparison of expenditure in this case is as little to the advantage of Mr. Polk. The sum of the expenses for the EIGHT years of Mr. Madison's administration was ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR MILLIONS SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, or an average of eighteen millions a year; while the sum of the expenses for the FOUR years of Mr. Polk's administration, exclusive of payments on account of debt, will be more than TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS; though this will include twenty-five millions to pay mainly for vast barren wastes of desert and mountain in Mexico, or rather for jurisdiction to the Imperial Government at Washington, over such a country, and over the sparse and wretched population that vegetates upon it.

It will be for the country to say whether any sufficient apology can be found for these vast expenditures and this public

debt made and created in Mr. Polk's time. True, we have had a war on our hands, but the country was in profound peace when he took the helm. How came it to be involved in war? A solemn judgment has been pronounced by the representatives of the people, coming most recently from the bosom of their constituency, that the war was unconstitutionally and unnecessarily begun by the Executive Government. That judgment might have added that it was begun for unlawful and criminal objects. Such we believe, to-day, is the sober judgment of the nation. It was a war begun for conquest, spoliation, dismemberment. We had not a just claim upon Mexico which might not have been secured, or a question in dispute with her which might not have been satisfactorily adjusted, by negotiation and through moderate and wise counsels. These vast expenditures, and this oppressive debt, have not resulted from the necessary defence of the country, or of the country's interest or honor. Our soil had not been invaded, nor had our rights been assailed in a way to demand this unreflecting and reckless resort to the *ultima ratio* of battle and blood. There is not a plausibility even on which the President can rely to justify the precipitation of the country into this conflict.

The money expended in war, by far the greater part of it, is so much property or capital destroyed; it is destroyed as certainly as if it had been consumed by fire, or swallowed up in the depths of the sea. At least this is so in this country, and especially when the war is carried on abroad. The men employed in it *produce* nothing, but are taken away from productive employment, and become mere consumers; and deterioration, injury, destruction and death, wait on all material substances, animate and inanimate, used in carrying it on. So much of the capital of the country is actually consumed—capital so much needed in a young community like this, and so essential to the prosecution of works and enterprises for improving the physical condition of the people, in a country comparatively new and fresh, by far the greatest part of which is still a wilderness, and all of which demands new efforts and operations to bring it into a state completely subdued and fitted to the uses and the highest wants of civilized man in an age of movement and progress. We charge Mr. Polk with having inconsiderately, and in the indulgence of designs marked with every impress of bold folly, fatal mischief, and flagrant injustice and iniquity, sacrificed, for the time being, and to the extent of the capital and means consumed in this war, those high and grand interests of the American nation to which we have here referred. He has sacrificed whatever a hundred millions or more, spent in this war, might have done, if it had been so employed, in prosecuting works of internal improvement, in promoting useful inventions, popular education, moral cultivation, learning, and all the arts of peace, and thus elevating the character, and multiplying the comforts, conveniences, and enjoyments of the whole body of the nation. And it has been a clear sacrifice, for we have gained nothing by the war. The war was not necessary to satisfy the world of our prowess and skill in arms; and the national glory we have so dearly won, is only a broader and brighter light in which to read our discredit and dishonor on account of the character and design of the war. For the conquests we have made, and the extension we have given, or are likely to give, to the area of our dominion, we see little in that to rejoice over. We believe it will prove the bane and the curse of the country. We may, by these acquisitions of vast regions of territory beyond our proper limits, with the ignorant and degraded population that belongs to them, convert the Republic which our fathers created for us into an Empire, and our unpretending National Government into a great Power bearing imperial sway over distant provinces and dependencies; we may multiply the States of our Union by bringing in remote districts with strange names and inhabited by strange people, until we have planted a representation of State sovereignties, having a few interests in common and a thousand interests in conflict, in the Senate of the United States, as numerous, or nearly so, as the popular representation in the House of Representatives; destroying the necessary constitutional balance between those two bodies, and putting the political power of the Central Government into the hands of these new, strange, distant, foreign States, with only a handful of population altogether—and that of the worst kind—over such States as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, with popu-

lation enough, and wealth, character, and civilization enough in each to make a respectable nation or empire; all this we may do, and all this we are going to do, if the policy and designs of the present Administration are carried out to their consummation; and when it is done, and fully completed, we shall no longer have a Constitution, or an American Republican Union.

IV. But two or three other topics claim a passing notice before we bring this article to a close. We have spoken of the duty of the government in regard to Internal Improvements, and have laid it down as an undoubted principle that it is bound, in the exercise of its necessary powers, to do what can be done, within the limits of a wise discretion, to give protection, security, encouragement and facility, by means of these improvements, to the operations and movements of internal trade, travel and transportation. The first Congress that sat under the Constitution, by a formal enactment, recognized the duty of performing all necessary and proper acts, and making all necessary and proper provisions "within any bay, inlet, harbor, or port of the United States, for rendering the navigation thereof safe and easy;" and it was then declared that all the expenses of such necessary works should be defrayed out of the Treasury of the United States. This was in 1789. The wants of commerce, in this respect, were satisfied, at that day, with "light-houses, beacons, buoys and public piers," constructed and placed in the bays and harbors of the Atlantic coast. Soon afterwards the works necessary for rendering these bays and harbors "safe and easy" were increased in number and variety; and as early as 1798, Congress set the example of a law for improving the channel of a river in the interior of a State. From this time forward the legislation of Congress went on, strictly within the limits of the Constitutional authority under which the first light-house was constructed, or the first buoy planted, but extending and multiplying the means of rendering navigation safe and easy, as the country itself expanded, and the wants and necessities of trade and transportation, internal and external, increased. Appropriations for harbor and river improvements were made under every administration, from Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Tyler, both inclusive, amounting altogether to more than seventeen millions of dollars. Under Gen. Jackson's administration alone ten and a half millions were appropriated for these objects. It is only in comparatively recent times that it has become a matter of prime importance and paramount interest that the care and consideration of the Government in the matter of these improvements, should be extended to the great lakes and to the Western rivers. A trade of three hundred millions of dollars annually, which has already sprung up in these quarters, renders attention to these lakes and rivers, with a view to increasing the security and facility of their navigation, an indispensable duty, unless the whole system of harbor and river improvements, everywhere, on the Atlantic as well as in the West, is to be abandoned. It is, indeed, the utter abandonment of the whole system and policy everywhere, which is recommended to the country, and insisted on by Mr. Polk in one of the most earnest and elaborate State papers which has ever emanated from the Executive Government. In his Veto Message of Dec. 15, 1847, an appeal is taken from Congress to the people against this whole policy. "In view," he says, "not only of the Constitutional difficulty, but as a question of policy, I am clearly of opinion that the whole subject should be left to the States." Gen. Jackson undertook to draw certain arbitrary distinctions with a view to limit the objects to which appropriation should be made. Other Presidents also have desired to restrict these appropriations to objects of a particular character or class. But this is the first time, we think, that a President has formally proposed and insisted on the utter abandonment of the whole subject by the National Government—to go back, in this particular, to the Confederation, and charge the States with the care and control of all works and operations designed to make navigation "safe and easy," not only in all rivers, but in all bays and harbors, within their respective limits. We do not much wonder that Mr. Polk should become sick of the ungracious task of attempting to cut off the lakes and the great rivers of the interior from the beneficent care and action of the Government, with all the vast commerce which belongs to them, daily growing as it is in magnitude, and involving pretty directly the interests and the business of fully one half the population of the

Union, while that care and action should still be extended to all the wants of commerce on our Atlantic border. We are free to say that justice and fair dealing, and the plainest dictates of duty under the Constitution, require the total abandonment of this policy in all quarters, or else that it shall be applied with an equal hand in whatever quarter urgent demands for its exercise may arise; but we think, at the same time, that until the Government is prepared to go quite back to the plan of the Confederation, to give up its whole jurisdiction over commerce, foreign and domestic, and over all navigable waters—not to build or to maintain a light-house, or plant a buoy—no longer to fill its treasury from duties imposed on imported merchandise—no longer to maintain ships of war at home or abroad for the protection and safeguard of our commercial marine, and no longer to employ consuls and ministers in watching in foreign ports and countries, the interests and concerns of commerce—until the Government is prepared to go thus far in a movement backward, like a crab, we hold, and shall hold, that it is bound, by the same constitutional authority and duty under which it acts in any of the particulars here referred to, to adopt and prosecute a wise and discreet system of harbor and river improvements which shall not slight or neglect the urgent wants of commerce and navigation wherever they exist, or shall be found to arise.

It is a little curious, certainly, to see a President, who finds no constitutional difficulty in the way of paying money out of the national treasury for the construction or use of a canal or railway from ocean to ocean, across Mexican territory, or of sending out ships of war on an expedition to explore the Dead Sea, setting up his doctrines of "strict construction," and his grave doubts, against all propositions for improving harbors and rivers at home. But Mr. Polk is used to looking abroad, instead of taking care of the interests of the nation at home. Oregon, up to "fifty-four forty," at one time was dearer to him, apparently, than the whole country he was appointed to preside over, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean; and so New Mexico and California seem to be now. All his policy and all his energies have been directed to objects at a distance, and out of his own country. He was no sooner in place than his vagrant eye struck out for Queen Charlotte's Island, and San Francisco, and Santa Fé, and Tehuantepec, and the Dead Sea. His dreams were about an "American Continental System," and he threw out a defiance to Russia and England, if they should dare attempt to plant their subjects in any uninhabited part of their own undisputed possessions on the American Continent! The government of Mexico happened not to be in hands to suit him, and he sent an army into that country, proclaiming that a principal object was to revolutionize the government, and place the power in other hands. A hundred millions spent in this object, and in *persuading* Mexico, by arguments spoken in the thunder of cannon and written in blood, to spare to us, who are so straightened for room, the half of her empire—a debt of a hundred millions saddled on the country for objects so worthy, so indispensable, and in such harmony with the designs of the Constitution, and the character and genius of this Republic; this is nothing (the money, we mean,) in the estimation of Mr. Polk—hardly worth considering—while a million, or half a million, or a tenth part of that sum even, spent in works of necessary improvement at home—spent for the benefit of his peace-loving and industrious countrymen at home—seems to strike him with alarm, as tending to the overthrow of the Constitution, or at least to national bankruptcy and ruin.

V. We are not, of course, permitted to wonder, after what we know of the manner in which the attention of the President has been engaged and absorbed in objects outside of the limits of his own country, that he should think it a matter of very trifling importance—if, indeed, he should think of such a matter at all—how the interests and affairs of the business community, how the interests of property, of industry and of labor, may be affected by the measures which the Government shall adopt for the supply of its own exchequer, and for the management of its funds and its fiscal affairs. Everybody knows, upon the slightest reflection, that such considerable operations as those referred to—the imposition of taxes in the shape of duties on imports, and the gathering in of revenue from them to the amount of twenty-five or thirty millions a year; the

receipt of thirty, fifty, or sixty millions a year, by loans or otherwise, into the treasury, and the keeping, management, and disbursement of such vast sums by the Government—that operations like these cannot be carried on at all without producing a strong effect, one way or another, on the business and industry of the country, and on the monetary affairs of the community. Production in every department must be affected by them; currency must be affected by them; employment and prices must be affected by them. The occupations in which whole communities shall engage, the channels into which the industry of the whole country shall be turned, may, and must, to a considerable extent, depend on the action and policy of the Government in the particulars here referred to. To Mr. Polk, however, all this seems a matter of the most perfect indifference. Having certain foreign objects of ambition or particular desire to accomplish, requiring a heavy expenditure of money, he must have a tariff adjusted exclusively to the production of the greatest possible amount of revenue, regardless of the certain and inevitable destruction which it must bring, sooner or later, on particular occupations and forms of national industry, and on the general prosperity of the country. A tariff framed with a view to encourage and secure the largest possible amount of importations, for the sake of reaping the largest possible amount of revenue from the duties on them—this, and nothing less, can satisfy the President, though it be certain to the plainest comprehension that the result must be the depression of all kinds of business, the utter ruin of many, and, if the experiment be continued long enough, inevitable national bankruptcy. If the country *must* have its full supplies of manufactured goods from abroad—its woolens, cottons, iron, and a hundred other things—in order that the Government may tax the imports for revenue, then the production of such articles at home must be given up; and this involves necessarily the ruin of all interests engaged in such production at home. And if these supplies must be received from abroad, and not produced at home at all, or to any considerable extent, the importations must be enormously great, and they must be paid for, at some rate or other, by the current avails of our national industry, or we must soon sink into overwhelming indebtedness. Our resort is necessarily to agriculture; we can go nowhere but to the soil. But those from whom we take our supplies of merchandise have a soil of their own, and no lack of hands to work it; and except in case of a general failure of crops, and the very rare occurrence of a threatened famine, they want, and they will take, very little, almost nothing, comparatively, of the edible productions of our fields. The balance of trade of course runs against us; when we cannot pay in the productions of our industry, in kind, we must pay in gold and silver so long as we have it; and when that fails, as fail it must, since, in the operations of trade, its only legitimate and reliable use is to pay casual balances, then the last stage of national folly, distress and disgrace is reached. But what is all this to the President, so he but gets, in the mean time, his ample returns of revenue? And as little does it seem to concern him, that this is wholy a *gratuitous* mischief and ruin, which his tariff policy is bringing on the country. It admits of the clearest demonstration, that a tariff, arranged on the principles and general basis of that of 1842, and affording ample and equal protection to all the leading objects of our national industry, is a better tariff *for revenue*, if we would only give it steadiness and permanence, than Mr. Polk's tariff of 1846.

The policy of the President in regard to the tariff is of the same character as that which he has adopted in his plan for the management of the fiscal affairs of the government. So far as the Sub-treasury is not a great government cheat—in John Bull's language, an unmitigated humbug—it is a cumbrous machine, giving no facilities or honest advantages whatever to the government, but bearing all the while with the weight of an incubus on the community, and ready at any moment of pecuniary difficulty, to become an instrument of intolerable distress to the whole country. In a country, where the established and universal currency is paper, issued on the basis of gold and silver, and immediately convertible into it, the Government undertakes or professes to repudiate that currency, and to take the gold and silver exclusively for its use as money. It goes to the basis, the foundation, on which the

currency of the country—the universal money of current trade and business—rests, and saps and drains it away for its own selfish and exclusive use. In our apprehension, there could not well be exhibited in any other form, a more wanton disregard of the wants, the convenience, and the interests of the business community. We believe the time is not distant when the practical deformity and evils of this monstrous system will be seen and felt to a degree which the country will find utterly unendurable; unless, indeed, the Administration shall wholly fail, under the *dispensing power* of the Executive, to carry it into effect according to the letter and spirit of the enactment under which it exists.

VI. But this topic of the Sub-treasury, and that of the tariff, we must now leave, without even an attempt to discuss them on their merits. We have done what we promised—which was to indicate the leading subjects, or at least many of them, which we suppose must occupy the attention of the country, and especially of parties and political men, in the approaching canvass. In the merits of President Polk and his administration, whether he shall be a candidate for re-election or not, are necessarily involved the pretensions of the party that supports him, to have its domination perpetuated. In referring to those merits we may, in conclusion, mention one other comprehensive topic, deserving the fullest consideration at the hands of a community, where public virtue forms the whole foundation on which the institutions of the country rest. Has the administration of Mr. Polk been a virtuous administration? Has not its public policy, and its most prominent acts, been, in the main, destitute of all moral unction? Have they not to a great extent been positively unprincipled, and even profligate? We know there are those, seeming to be of amiable and correct deportment in private life, who hold the commission of the grossest political immoralities a very light matter. Mr. Polk may be of that number; we are not. The virtues of no people, under a republican and elective system, can stand before the infectious corruptions and immoralities of the government. As the government, so will the people be, in this respect. We are constrained to declare that we see in the conduct of the President, a most melancholy lack of that sincerity, truthfulness, candor and moderation—that devotion to high principle and to strict justice—which ought to characterize the Chief Magistrate of this great Republic. Compare him, in these moral qualities, with the great model, Washington! Mr. Polk came into his office on the basis of two great falsehoods laid down by his party, and with the aid of a great cheat put forth by himself in person. This last was his letter to Mr. Kane on the tariff. The falsehoods were, first, the declaration of his nominating Convention, that "our title to the *whole* of Oregon was clear and unquestionable;" and the second consisted in calling the proposed measure of annexing Texas to the United States, "Re-annexation"—as if the *State* or *Republic* of Texas had once belonged to our Union, and was only now to be re-united to it; or as if it was only so many square miles of uninhabited territory to which he had once set up a diplomatic pretension, which was now to be added to our national domain. This was a bad beginning, and worse has followed. The President has constantly set up pretences instead of facts to explain and justify his proceedings with Mexico; his real designs from the beginning towards that country were those of the Oppressor and the Spoiler. He has dragged the country after him in a bold career of rapacity and conquest. He has treated the army, which has so nobly fought his battles abroad, with the deepest injustice, and broken its spirit by his appointments, his promotions, and his system of favoritism. He has treated his commanding Generals in the field, from a feeling of petty jealousy, with bad faith, deceit, and gross indignity. The use he has made of the patronage of his office has been in many instances corrupting and degrading to the character and dignity of the nation. His disposition in this respect is shown in the effort he has made, even since he has believed that peace was already made certain, to secure to himself the appointment of officers for ten new regiments to be added to the army, besides the potent voice he would have in the nomination of officers for twenty new regiments more of volunteers. But the theme is too prolific for this article, after the space we have already occupied, and for the present we rest here. D. D. B.

THOMAS MILLER.

"He that can discern the loveliness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, gifted, loveable."—CARLYLE on *Heroes and Hero Worship.*

"Wherever the heart speaks, *there* is always eloquence, interest, and instruction."—SIR E. BRYDGES' *Recollections of Foreign Travel.*

"Everything I see in the fields is to me an object, and I can look at the same rivulet, or at an handsome tree, every day of my life, with new pleasure."—COWPER, (*in a letter to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.*)

THE return of Spring, with its "glad light green," is to most of us a renewal of our youth. The sunshine has a warm, golden look, and appears to cling to the brown earth, trees, and fences. It is happiness to feel its genial influence. We contrast it with

"The winter's drenching rain
And driving snow," (BEATTIE.)

and look forward to the deep and glowing beauty, "the lusty bravery of summer," and to autumn, with its russet stubble fields, transparent air and water, and gay shifting clouds. Nature is ever young, and it is no wonder that the "way of life" of her ardent and sincere admirers never falls "into the sere and yellow leaf." Recollections of our own youth are mingled with walks by the brook side, rambles through meadows and woods; with cool gushing springs, at which we have often knelt and slaked our thirst, and made cups of walnut leaves fastened together by their stems, which proved to be convenient and elegant. The harvest field also has afforded us many hours of heart-felt delight. Raking hay is a great sharpener of the appetite, and what meal can be more delicious than the one eaten under

"Wide branching trees with dark green leaf
rich clad?" LAMB.

And pleasant it is, too, after the fragrant toil of the day, to harness up the horses before the lumbering heavy wagon, which never knew the luxury of springs, and slowly to return to the old homestead in the dusk of the evening, and find the supper-table well covered with food fit for a farm house. Huge bowls of rich samp and milk are rapidly consumed and as rapidly replenished; and how soothing to weary limbs, to repose upon the fresh smelling bed in the large open garret, where we often heard the big drops pattering on the roof, or pouring down in torrents.

"O Lord! this is an hugè rain!
This were a weather for to sleepin in."
CHAUCER.

The quiet of the country undoubtedly deepens the religion of a thoughtful mind, for the current of life there glides along more calmly than in the city, where but little time is left for reflection. A stillness broods over the heart, and over the landscape, on a Sabbath morning. The Sunday last past made a most agreeable impression on us. Rain had fallen during the previous night, but the sun rose bright and clear on Sunday, and every tree, bush and blade of grass glittered in its rays.

"A fresher green the smelling leaves displayed."
PARNELL.

The air was musical with birds; cows were cropping the short, rich herbage beneath some magnificent elm trees on the common opposite the window where we were sitting; and over all was the "blue rejoicing sky." Soon, the church bell rang its peals, summoning the poor and the rich to God's house, some to return thanks for past blessings, and others to implore for strength to bear up under sorrows and afflictions, and fervently to exclaim, "Thy will be done." Oh, it was a cheering and lovely sight to view the old and the young, fathers, mothers, the young maiden with dancing ring-

lets, bright eyes, clear complexion, and neat attire, and children with shining faces, all quietly walking over that "living landscape," beneath those glorious trees, towards the white church from whose tower the sound of the bell came undulating on the ear. It vividly brought to memory that last poetry of Mrs. Hemans:

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound—yet O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

We cannot refrain from copying some lines from *Grahame's Sabbath,* which form a series of perfect and felicitous pictures:—

"How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yester morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellowing from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles with heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen.
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

"With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods.
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray."

Miller's "A Day in the Woods," dedicated to the Countess of Blessington, is a beautifully printed book, and contains a series of tales and poems, told by a number of young persons wandering about in the woods, "with ample interchange of sweet discourse." It smells of green leaves and flowery dells, and you hear the murmuring of brooks. It is full of eloquence and picturesque beauty. He minutely and fondly dwells on old customs and habits, and is so thoroughly acquainted with all the subjects that he writes upon, that it stamps the work with a peculiar value. None but a true poet could have written it.

"His candid style like a clear stream does slide,
And his bright fancy all the way
Does like the sunshine in it play."
COWLEY.

We will make a few selections, that the reader may judge for himself of the exquisite poetical material of Miller's mind.

"See how beautiful the sunshine sleeps on the opening flowers, and those that blow upon the shady banks stand amid light of their own creating. Here comes a heavy bee; he belongs to no hive, but is a free denizen of the hills and woods, and stores his sweets in the bole of some mighty tree, where he can securely feed upon his treasures in the winter, safe from the howling tempest. How gayly he flies along to the deep low music of his own wings! Now he has plunged into that bluebell's cup, head foremost, like a diver who dashes at once to the river depths; so he has plunged through the loosened lustre of the petals, the clear cool crystal of the folded dewdrop, and is now revelling at the fountain of the flower's sweetness. Happy bee! the range of the sunny hills is all thine own; thou canst sail down the fragrant valleys, or carry thy merry minstrelsy through the leafy forest-bowers, then dash away in sunshine and song to the breezy banks of the far-off murmuring river."

"Observe that tall young woman, whose pale face is saddened by sorrow. Solitary and

silent she has ventured again into the green fields, the first time this for many weeks. Her eye has taken a long sweep across the blue heavens. Fain would she glance through the fleecy silver that skirts the loosened clouds,—through the golden portals of Paradise would she peer, along the ranks of winged Cherubim and Seraphim, harp-sounding, and the trumpet-blowing archangels, and there look for one whom she yet loves. Now are her eyes riveted upon a little knot of wild violets. Disturb not her contemplation! a vision is rising before her. Mark those compressed lips: she sees her once beautiful boy, as he lay last spring laughing and tumbling in the sunshine, and running to and fro delirious with joy amongst the flowers! Oh! her eyes are filling with tears, for she now sees two small blanched hands resting upon the ghastly linen; so pale are they that the wan lilies throw not a ray of light upon the frightful whiteness. The few violets, too, that form a wreath around his angelic face, appear to shrink as if they pined for the darkness of the grave to hide the loveliness which death hath claimed. The last time she gazed on flowers was in a still church-yard: some hand threw a few into the grave, and they were soon broken by the heavy clods, that sounded through her heart as they fell upon the little coffin; and that bell—toll! toll! toll! so slowly and sadly. But she is journeying homeward,—a weeping flower worshipper."

"Let us turn to the busy haunts of men—the dark alleys of the metropolis. Mark the open casement opposite. There stands a broken jug which contains a few flowers; a care-stricken woman is gazing fixedly upon them. Saw ye not that faint smile, that small opening of light upon a sky which is nearly all night? Those few flowers, almost withered as they are through long keeping, brought back to her mind the remembrance of by-gone years. She was wafted back on the wings of memory to the cottage of her fathers, and again saw the woodbine-trellised window, through which she had so often watched the lark springing from the 'daisy's side,' by which it had all night slept, and scattering music on the earth as it carolled high up the vaulted heavens; and the neat garden where her beehives stood, ere the humming denizens sallied forth to whisper love into the bosoms of the heath-bells. The cuckoo's song also smote her ear while she gazed upon them, and she imagined cowslips nodded a fresh welcome as if they beckoned her home again. The gray linnet's note, the bird that built yearly in the furze bushes by the sedgy brook and sang so sweetly to the murmuring water, which answered again with its liquid voice, as it welled away through the cresses and water lilies, and beneath the tall rushes that she loved to gather. But she has turned away to soothe her child. Oh, she is a flower worshipper."

Beauties of the Country, with twenty-six illustrations, published by Van Voorst, London, 1837, is a beautifully printed volume, with fine descriptions of rural customs, objects, and rich with Mr. Miller's peculiar eloquence. In his vocation of basket making he has journeyed over the greater part of England, and whether wearied or otherwise, nature in all its various aspects has been viewed by him with a loving heart and fond eye. Every field had its peculiar charm, every hedge was filled with perfume, or associated with boyish and happy days. He has stopped to rest at the wayside inn, and there drank his mug of sparkling, healthy ale, and ate his bit of bread and cheese with a grateful heart, every drop and morsel of it sweetened by toil and his long walk. There he has conversed with farmers and the various classes that gather together at a road-side inn. Many years of careful observation, and his innate poetical feeling, have enabled him to write books full of interest and truth, and such as we verily believe his countrymen will not willingly let die. His is the rare faculty of painting to the eye, old woods, flowery valleys, and flowing rivers, with such minute beauty and force, that it gives a man an intense desire to leave the dust, turmoil, and heat of city life, "humming with a restless crowd," and to plunge into the cool, shady, deep and silent woods. We think of refreshing slumbers, where no noise of vehicles rattling over stony pavements intrudes, but the hum of insects and the fragrant air enter at the window. The dew has fallen, and we have the music of the leaves as the winds on their onward course mildly whisper to them. We are awakened by the song of birds; we behold flowers and grass sparkling with diamond drops and glittering as if with joy, and

"Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams."
MILTON.

How much better all food tastes in the country than in the city. This on many occasions, no doubt, arises from the pure air, change of scene, and exercise; but most certainly the bread and butter, and the milk and cream, meat and vegetables, (freshly gathered from the garden,) are

superior to what are generally procured in the city. But above all, there is generally a *home* feeling among country people, which carries with it many virtues. In cities there is scarcely such a place as home. We merely stay in such a street at such a number, and without the number we could with difficulty find our residences —for entire blocks of houses are often precisely similar in all respects. About the old homestead we love the very grass, and trees, and winding roads, the birds singing over our heads, the flowers blooming about us; and the atmosphere seems to bear joy and health with it. We think that friendships are more apt to strike root and endure in the country, than in the city. For the most part, in cities, what is society so called, but a wearisome round of common places, stereotyped remarks, which give no insight into the character of the individual you are conversing with? and the same style of dress and mode of living and education form classes of which each individual constitutes a fragment, separate, but not distinct. In the country the young pass much time with one another, under the same roof; they are more thrown upon their own resources; they become intimate from the very fact of being acquainted with each other's character, disposition, trains of thought. Public opinion is but little felt, or little heeded, for they scarcely know its influence. There you find much originality, both in thought and observation, with a depth of sincerity, genuine, and fresh from the heart.

The recollections of May-poles on the banks of the silver Trent, of sheep-shearing, and harvest home festivals—

> "The promise of the spring,
> The summer's glory and the rich repose
> Of autumn, and the winter's silvery snow,"
> (Rogers' Human Life,)

have cheered many an hour of Miller's existence in the dark and unwholesome streets of London. He forgets not in his exile in the city, the country walks in frosty weather, the glow it gave to the blood, the deep blue sky, looking far higher than in summer—the hoar frost on the trees and hedges—the freezing showers glazing everything on which they fell; he sees the hard brown buds, but thinks of the tender leaves and rich colors folded beneath their hard sheaths; and the brave little robin, "sacred to the household gods," recalls to mind pleasurable thoughts of childhood, of "The Children in the Wood." And when summer comes, in imagination, he gazes on the sky-lark floating heavenward, and hears the blackbird's mellow voice, and loves the rolling river, the flowers, and grass, and hills and woods, and the village green with its oak, or sycamore, or elm, in the centre, and the old men sitting beneath it when their day's work is done, smoking their pipes, and talking about the weather, the appearance of the crops, the health and prosperity or adversity of their neighbors, while the children are rolling about on the grass. To him the summer's heat is mitigated and sweetened by the fragrant breath of the hay field, and he feels the coolness of the old woods, and sees the cattle standing knee-deep in the running streams. Miller is truly

> "Haunted by the sweet airs and sounds which flow
> Among the woods and waters." Shelley.

A novel with the title of "*Gideon Giles, the Roper,*" appeared in London in 1841, with thirty-six illustrations by Edward Lambert. In this production Miller attempted to produce a true English work, to make the scenery and characters thoroughly English. The chief events of the story are such as had fallen under his own observation, and he wished to express his indignation against an unjust and cruel English law. The story turns upon the fact that a poor man can sell the goods he himself makes, in the town or parish in which he lives, without a license; but let him offer the same goods for sale in the neighboring villages, or at the doors of lonely and out of the way houses, where the inhabitants would be compelled to go miles to purchase such articles as he brings to their doors, and he is liable to a penalty of £40 or three months' imprisonment.

The character of Ben Brust is capitally drawn, and excellently well supported throughout the work. He is described as a man of "remarkable exterior," large and fat, with a countenance that seemed as if it had never known care; there was a kind of "come day go day" appearance about him; he looked, to use a homely phrase,

"a jolly-hearted fellow,"—and such a man in reality was Ben Brust, one who never troubled his head with what his neighbors thought about him, who never worked until he was fairly forced, or thought of obtaining new clothes until the old ones had all but dropped from his back. He looked too fat to think; he was too weighty a man for care to bend down; "waking thought" seldom sat on Ben's eyelids, for he had been heard to say that he never remembered being in bed five minutes without falling asleep; he was a philosopher in his way. If he was hungry he could make a meal in a turnip field; a bean stack was to Ben a banquet; had you named poverty to him he would have stared, and said, he knew no farmer of that name. Still, he loved a good dinner. A comfortable man was Ben Brust. Ben was married: his wife was a thin, spare, cross-grained little woman, with a sharp vinegar aspect, so thin that she was nicknamed "Famine," while Ben was called "Plenty;" he would have bumped down three wives the size of his own, in any fair scale in England. Famine went out to work, while Plenty lay sleeping in the sunshine; she was scratching and saving, washed and cleaned for people in the village. Plenty sat on gates and stiles whistling, or sometimes, standing on the bridge, would spit in the water and watch it float away; and when the day was not very hot indeed, go on the other side to see it come through. "Oh, he is a lazy good-for-nowt," his wife would exclaim, "but I never let him finger a farthing of my gettings; I keep my own cupboard under lock and key, and never trouble him for a bite or a sup, year in and year out; all I desire him to do is to keep himself." Ben, on the other hand, used to say, "A man's a fool that kills himself to keep himself. When a rich man dies he cannot take his wealth with him, and I've heard the parson advise folks to take no thought for the morrow; besides, it was a saying before I was born that there is but a groat a year between work and play, and they say that play gets it; all the comforts of life consist in 'snoring and brusting,' for such were the elegant terms he chose for sleep and food; as to clothes, a flower and a butterfly are finer than anybody in the land." Ben often wondered, too, "why a quart jug was no bigger." Nevertheless, Ben, with all his idleness and love of ale and meat, is a sturdy and fine specimen of a man. "He deals in russet yeas and honest kersey noes," and is ever ready to aid his fellow creatures, and has withal a heartiness and simplicity of character that interest the reader extremely in his fortunes. He can work zealously enough when it is for the benefit of another, in spite of his fondness for a quiet sleep on the soft grass under shady trees, places where he would throw himself down and think how foolish it was for the birds to take the trouble to fly about in the hot sunshine. We read the work to a couple of mechanics in their workshops. At first it hindered their work but slightly, but in the course of half an hour all work had ceased; the hammer and jack plane were quiet side by side. Their day's work was spoiled. We read till late in the evening, and early next morning were called upon to finish it; and so anxious were they to hear the conclusion that they could not go to work. They saw unerringly, how life-like the characters were, and the cares and misfortunes and sterling qualities of Gideon Giles, found a way to their hearts and elicited deep sympathy. It is a noble book, written by a noble man, the owner of "no faint and milky heart." All the characters appear to have been drawn from individuals falling under Miller's own observation, and bits of scenery are described exquisitely, bringing the very places before our eyes.

Pictures of Country Life, and Summer Rambles in Green and Shady Places, with thirty illustrations by Samuel Williams. London, Bogue, 1847, in all respects sustains Miller's previous reputation. The volume contains fifteen essays on various and delightful topics, among others one on Bloomfield's Farmer Boy, a glorious piece of criticism. We have room but for one extract:—

"Dreamers we have ever been; although the stern realities of life have thrown their forbidden shadows athwart the sunshine in which we basked, yet they have never wholly blotted out the brighter visions. Glimpses of far-off places are ever opening before us, and 'green nestling spots,' which we have loved from our boyish days. Nature never wearied us, and the more we have looked upon her face the

greater has been our pleasure; even as a child whose eye tracks the sun-set across the sea, and believes that the trailing pathway of gold ends only on the threshold of heaven.

"The solemn woods have to us seemed like the great cathedrals which God himself had erected, as if a holier religion reigned there than was ever found beneath the towering fabrics erected by the hand of man. The deep roaring of the winds had a sound to us unlike aught earthly; the rustling of the leaves in gentler gales, awoke the heart unaware to prayer; we felt not the same while in the midst of such shadowy scenery. The pillars hewn and carved, and upreared by mortal hands, look not so grand and reverential as an aisle of ancient oaks, tossing their gnarled boughs above our heads, and admitting through the massy roof partial openings of the sky. The organ never fell upon our ears with the same solemnity as the roar of the ocean, beating upon a solitary shore. Between the walls of high and lofty mountains we have felt an inward awe, which the vaulted abbey could never awaken; for over the one hung the great image of the Creator, above the other, the builder man.

"Ruins only approach the sublime when they are gray and vast, and time has erased their history. To us the Pyramids would not convey such images of mysterious and melancholy grandeur as the naked and rugged pile of Stonehenge. The untraceable Past having long since claimed it for his own, and handed it to Eternity, it seems tinged with the first sunshine which broke upon the world, and may catch the last ray which may settle down upon the earth, ere the night of eternal silence and darkness descends upon it."

Some of Miller's glowing descriptions of scenery, of rustic and hearty characters, his admiration

"Of their old piety and of their glee," (KEATS,)

remind us at times of Rousseau. The wanderings of St. Preux in the Pays de Vaud, as described in the twenty-third letter of the New Héloïse, are delicious. We behold him at one time enveloped in a drizzling cloud arising from a torrent thundering against the rocks at his feet; we gaze on yawning abysses, gloomy woods, suddenly opening on flowery plains,—a blending of the wild and cultivated,—horrid caverns, vineyards and cornfields among cliffs and precipices,—where are united almost all seasons in the same instant, every climate in the same spot; the tops of the mountains are variously illuminated, a mixture of light and shade,—the thunder storms far below him,—the purity of the air, producing tranquillity of soul,—joined with the pleasure of looking on new scenes, plants, and birds. The disinterested zeal and humanity of the inhabitants are eloquently described. When St. Preux approaches any hamlet towards evening, the inhabitants are eager to entertain and lodge him in their houses, and he to whom the preference is given was always well pleased. They would receive no pay, and were offended when it was proffered. "The same simplicity exists among themselves: when the children are once arrived at maturity, all distinction between them and their parents seems to have ceased; their domestics are seated at the same table with their masters; the same liberty reigns in the cottage as in the republic, and each family is an epitome of the state." "Ils en usent entre eux avec la même simplicité: les enfants en âge de raison sont les égaux de leurs pères: les domestiques s'asseyent à table avec leur maîtres; la même liberté regne dans les maisons et dans la republique, et la famille est l'image de l'état." No wonder that Julia in her reply to this eloquent epistle exclaims: "La relation de votre voyage est charmante; elle me feroit aimer celui qui l'a écrite quand bien même je ne le connoitrois pas." . .

There is also a beautiful picture of a fine breathing landscape, and the portrait of a happy man, where Werter is represented sitting beneath some lime trees, which spread their branches over a little green in front of a church, where he has a fine view of the country, and is surrounded by cottages and barns, and an old woman lives close by, who sells wine, coffee and cakes. Here Werter sits and reads Homer.*

. . . . . .

* It is rather strange that we have no version, in English, of the "*Sorrows of Werter*," direct from the German. The English one, in common use, is a translation from the French. We have now before us a French translation printed at Maestricht in 1776. It contains two pictures; one represents Charlotte cutting off slices of bread and butter for the children, and the other is a view of Werter's room. In the last letter of this work occurs the following affecting passage. We copy from the French: "Quand dans une belle soirée d'été, tu te promeneras vers la montagne, ressouviens toi de moi; rappelle toi comme tu m'as vu souvent monter de la vallée; leve les yeux vers la cimetière qui renferme ma tombe, et vois aux derniers rayons du soleil comme le vent du soir fait ondoyer l'herbe haute qui la couvre. J'étois tranquille en commençant ma lettre, mais en me retraçant vivement tous ces objets, voilà que je pleure comme un enfant." Now for the English: "When in a fine evening of summer you walk towards the mountains, think of me;

Rural Sketches, with twenty-three illustrations, was published in London by Van Voorst in 1839. We wish that we had room to make several extracts, but must content ourselves with one. In commenting on *Browne's Britannia's Pastorals*, in a most genial manner, he makes use of the following remarks, which form a just criticism on his own writings:—

"There is a green look about his pages; he carries with him the true aroma of the green forests; his lines are mottled with rich mosses, and there is a gnarled ruggedness upon the stems of his trees. His waters have a fresh look and a flashing sound about them, and you feel the fresh air play around you while you read. His birds are the free denizens of the fields, and they send their songs so life-like through the covert that their music rings upon the ear, and you are carried away with their sweet pipings. He heard the sky-lark sing in the blue dome of heaven before he transferred its warblings to his pages, and inhaled the perfume of the flowers he described; the roaring of the trees was to him an old familiar sound; his soul was a rich storehouse for all that is beautiful in Nature."

We find a pleasantly written account of Miller in a late English work, and transcribe it for the gratification of the reader:—

"I had read with considerable interest a work entitled, 'A Day in the Woods,' by Thomas Miller, 'basket-maker,' and felt not a little delighted with his vivid and graphic descriptions of rural and forest scenery. Nothing so natural and fresh had appeared in our literature. Even Bloomfield failed to convey so happy an idea of country life as Miller. One morning I inquired his address, and determined to call on Mr. Miller, trusting to the frankness and amiability which pervaded every page of his book, for his excuse of my introducing myself to him. I had a long walk down St. George's road, Southwark, on a dismal, drizzling November day—and that was no joke, as any one familiar with a foggy day, at that time of the year, in London, can testify. After much inquiry I found out Elliot's Row, to which place I had been directed, and when I had ascertained the group of houses in one of which the poet resided, I had great difficulty in finding out the exact dwelling. The very people who lived next door to Miller did not know of such a person—although half of *literary* London was ringing with his praises, and crying him up as a newly found genius. Such is fame in the mighty metropolis!

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recollect the times you have so often seen me come up from the valley; raise your eyes to the churchyard which contains my grave; and by the light of the departing sun, see how the evening breeze waves over the high grass which grows over me! I was calm when I began my letter; but the recollection of these scenes makes me weep like a child."

A word or two about another translation. Leigh Hunt in the Indicator, in some remarks on Lazarillo de Tormes, observes that the English version of the work is done with great tact and spirit, he knows not by whom, but that it is worthy of De Foe. Lazarillo serves a blind beggar, who, to keep his mug of common Spanish wine safe from the inroads of Lazarillo, holds it in his own hands; but this avails him nothing, for the cunning Lazarillo contrives to suck out some with a reed; the beggar then, to prevent this, places his hand over it. Upon this his antagonist makes a hole near the bottom of the mug, and fills it up with wax, and then taps it gently when he feels thirsty. Lazarillo tells his adventures himself.

ENGLISH VERSION.

"You won't accuse me any more I hope (cried I) of drinking your wine, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it. To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which cunningly dissembling at the time, he let me alone till next day at dinner, not dreaming, God knows, of the old man's malicious intention, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant taking up *the hard but sweet pot* with both his hands flung it down again with all his force upon my face; by the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgment, my forehead, nose and mouth gushing out with blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the can."

We think that the above translation is from the French. We have an old translation with the title page as follows: "Lazarillo de Tormes. Traduction Nouvelle. A Paris, chez Claude Barbin au Palais, sur le Perron de la sainte Chapelle. M.D.C.L.XXVIII. Avec Privilege due Roy." "Vous ne m'accuserés pas maintenant de vous avoir bû vostre vin, lui desois-je. Vous y avés mis bon ordre, Dieu merci. Il ne me dit mot, mais il tourna tant le pot de tous côtés il le tastonna si bien par tout, qu'il trouva malheureusement le trou. Il n'en fit pas semblant sur l'heure: mais le lendemain sans le porter plus loin, comme j'eus ainsté mon pot, ne pensant à rien moins qu'à ce que le malicieux aveugle me gardoit, ie me mis entre ses jambes comme j'avois accoustumé. Tandis que ie beuvois, le visage en haut, et les yeux à demi fermés, l'aveugle enragé prit son tems pour se vanger de moi, et levant à deux mains *ce doux et cruel pot de terre*, il me le déchargea sur le visage de toute sa force. En vérité le pauvre Lazare, qui ne s'y attendoit pas, et que le plaisir de boire tenoit comme ravi, s'imagina dans ce moment que le plancher lui tomboit sur le tête. Le coup de pot fut si bien assené, que j'en perdis connoissance: le pot se mit en mille pièces; il m'en entra quelquesunes bien avant dans le visage, qui me le balafrèrent en plusieurs endroits, et me cassèrent les dents, qui me manquent encore auiourd'hui."

"At length, on inquiring at an humble, but neat looking domicile, I was told by an interesting looking little girl, that her father (the poet) resided there. I entered, asked to see him, and presently he came down stairs. I introduced myself, told him I had read his works, which had delighted me by their truthfulness, and much desired to see him before I left town. He very kindly shook me by the hand, and after some agreeable chat, we made an appointment to dine with each other, at a chop house in the Strand, the next day. The story of his life which he told me on the latter occasion was to the following effect:

"He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in times of old. From childhood (he was then about five or six and twenty) he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and unconsciously his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learned basket-making, by which occupation he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches, but owing to want of patronage, no benefit resulted to him. He at last determined to go to London—that fancied paradise of young authors—that great reservoir of talent—too often the grave of genius. Thither he went, leaving for the present his family behind, and, alighting from the stage-coach, found himself in the Strand—a stranger among thousands, with just seven shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London, however great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets. In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending some little contribution to the periodicals. At length, fortune smiled on her patient wooer. One day, while he was engaged in bending osiers, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. W. H. Harrison, Editor of the Friendship's Offering, an English Annual. That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's, and had been much struck with their originality. He found him out after much labor, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the Offering. Miller told me that he was so poor then that he had not pen, ink or paper; so he got some whitey brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapped, mixed up some soot with water for his ink, and then sat down—the back of a bellows serving for a desk—and wrote his well-known lines on an "Old Fountain." These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread for a wafer and forwarded them, with many hopes and fears, to the editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. 'I never had been so rich before in my life,' said the basket-maker to me. 'I fancied some one might hear of my fortune and try to rob me of it; so, at night, I barred the door and went to bed, but did not sleep all night from delight and fear.' Miller still, to his honor, continued the certain occupation of basket-making, but he was noticed by many—among others, by Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. 'Often,' said Miller, 'have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and, on the same evening, I might have been seen standing on Westminster bridge, between an apple-vender and a baked-potato merchant, vending my baskets.' Miller now tried his hand at a novel, *Royston Gower*, which succeeded well, and then another, *Fair Rosamond*. He read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Jordan took him by the hand, and he contributed a good deal to the Literary Gazette. He is, at the time I write, himself a publisher in Newgate street, London. Miller is rather below the middle height, his face is round and rosy looking, and he wears a profusion of light hair. He has a strong Nottinghamshire dialect, and possesses little or none of the awkwardness of a countryman."

In a future number we shall have something to say of Royston Gower, Henry II., Godfrey Malvern, Jane Grey, etc.—Reader, we have endeavored to give thee some idea (however faint) of the genius of Thomas Miller. We think that no one has written

better on rural life and customs, and it was not till lately, with but few exceptions, that this class of writings has been much cultivated. Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, and Walton's Angler, had much of the spirit of the green fields and woods. Then we had Thomson, Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth, and Keats. Leigh Hunt in all his books, especially "The Months," Miss Mitford's "Our Village," and "Belford Regis," come over the mind like summer air filled with perfume, and the sweet music of country sounds gladdening to the heart and filled with a cordial and cheerful spirit. One can scarcely judge of the influence authors like these exercise with their healthy, sweet, and innocent strains. They see "religious meanings in the forms of nature,"

> "Or in verse and music dress
> Tales of rustic happiness."
>
> COLERIDGE.

They cause us to love the lasting and true, in preference to that which is fleeting and false. They walk the fields musing praise, and find food for gratitude and admiration, from "the cedar to the hyssop on the wall." Their love is sincere. "This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many surrounding seas; that great, deep sea of azure that swims overhead, the winds sweeping through it —the black cloud fashioning itself together—now pouring out fire, now hail and rain," have from boyhood been viewed by Thomas Miller with wonder and delight, and deeply has he studied them. Many of the oppressions of the English law he has attacked with "a free and wholesome sharpness," and his bold and independent nature shines brightly through all his writings. He is a noble instructor

> "In the great church of Nature
> Where God himself is Priest."
>
> G. F. D.

DE BENEFICIIS.

SCIENCE of a generous mind,
Precious use in thee I find:
Use, to show what honor feels,
And to hide what love conceals;
Use, to show the charm of living
And the joy of boundless giving,
Leaving givers doubly blest,
And receivers unoppressed;
Opening fountains in the heart,
Healing anger's jealous smart.
Let me, though in humble speech,
Thy refined maxims teach.
  Honor's every gift should be
Proof of Love's equality.—
Haughty givers most oppress
When they most intend to bless,—
Vested gifts are made in vain,
They reap a curse who give to gain.—
Spirits grave and bosoms kind
Greatest joy in giving find,
When the gift is heart, or mind.
  These thy founded maxims be,
Test of Love's equality.

COLONEL SETH POMEROY.

The scenes and actors in the war of our Revolution have been familiar to us from boyhood. Bunker Hill, Lexington, Saratoga, and Valley Forge, are names which convey distinct ideas to us of the heroic achievements of our immediate ancestors; while Gates, Schuyler, Putnam, Greene, and a host of others no less patriotic, are well known to us as household friends. We have been acquainted with them long; we have seen the stage upon which they acted their parts nobly; we ourselves, in the sense that they lived for posterity, have witnessed the characters which they assumed, and have pronounced our verdict upon them. Though much is still to be written, and doubtless well written, of the war of our Revolution, and of those who achieved our independence, the day will never come in which we or our children will better know those great souls, or more truly honor their imperishable renown.

But there are *other* pages of our history with which we are less acquainted. Back of those days when we first emerged into the world of nations, while we were but "in the gristle of our youth," and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood, we, of the present age, seldom look. Content that we achieved all that we demanded when the days of our majority came, and that not even the strength or discipline of our natural mother could hold us in dishonorable tutelage, we forget the early culture which fitted us for mature action, and the occasions which opened to us in our minority the secret of our strength. We honor those who made us freemen, but forget those who taught us to be men. Like the Olympian victor, we count our years from the first crown we won, overlooking those which witnessed the frequent defeats, the constant struggles, the undismayed reverses, and the unmitigated toil, which prepared us for the conflict, and finally gave us the victory.

The history of New England, in the mind of the great mass of the present generation, dates little farther back than the days of the opposition to the Stamp Act; and yet, for long years prior to that, the character of her population was developing, under the wise but severe dispensation of an overruling Providence, to that very point when it would successfully resist that tyrannous enactment. The three-and-thirty years which preceded the outbreak of 1774, were occupied by a generation worthy to be the fathers of those who achieved our independence. They were the years of toil, of suffering, of undismayed effort, of manly counsel, and fervent prayer, which made the men of the Revolution what they were. Patiently, but with a firm resolution, ever planting itself deeper in the soul, "the fathers had eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth were set on edge." And it was not the Stamp Act, nor the Boston Port Bill, nor the levies of foreign troops, nor the haughty bearing of colonial governors, but the long and steady purpose of the British Parliament, manifested in the oppressive measures of forty years, which gave strength to the arm and indomitable purpose to the effort, which contended for and won our independence.

From among these fathers of the Revolution, the names of a few have descended to our own day, while those of others, no less true-hearted, earnest and patriotic, have been well nigh lost in the crowded current of subsequent events. Of these latter, Col. Seth Pomeroy, whose name stands at the head of this article, was no mean representative. Fortuitously gaining possession of his manuscript writings, a very small portion of which have ever seen the light, it has appeared to us not undesirable to select a few of such as elucidate contemporaneous and doubtful events, and introducing them by a slight notice of the writer, and the scenes which they chronicle, to usher them in this way before the public.

Col. Pomeroy was a native and a resident of Northampton, in Massachusetts Bay. He was descended from one of the

oldest families in the colony, being of the fourth generation from Eltweed Pomeroy, the grand progenitor of all the Pomeroys in the United States, who, emigrating to this country from Devonshire in the year 1633, first settled in Dorchester, near Boston, and afterwards removed to the banks of Connecticut river. This Eltweed is represented to have been a man of good family, tracing his pedigree back to Sir Ralph de Pomeroy, a favorite knight of William of Normandy, whom he accompanied into England, acting a conspicuous part in the battle of Hastings, and afterwards building a castle called Berry Pomeroy, still in preservation, upon the grants which he received from the crown. Disgusted with the tyranny of the Stuarts and Archbishop Laud, and being a man of liberal and independent mind, Eltweed Pomeroy, accompanied by a large number of emigrants, mostly men of good circumstances and in respectable standing, determined to remove to America. Like most of the Dissenters of that age, he was a mechanic, having for many years carried on the business of making guns to a large extent, and with much reputation. Upon sailing for America, he closed his business, and selling the greater portion of his stock in trade, brought with him only his tools. After a residence of several years in Windsor, Ct., the province of Massachusetts Bay offered him a grant of one thousand acres of land on the Connecticut, on the condition of his establishing his business as a gunsmith within the bounds of the province. He did so; and it is a curious fact, that, among the seven generations which have succeeded him, there has been lacking at no time, in the direct male branch of descent, a follower of the original trade. The only article of the tools of the old progenitor of the family, which he brought from England, known to be still in existence, is the original anvil, now in the possession of Lemuel Pomeroy, Esq., of Pittsfield, himself, for more than thirty years, a large contractor with the United States for government arms.

Upon the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, in the midst of those broad intervales which, sweeping from the base of Mount Holyoke, spread themselves towards the north and the south in green esplanades, surrounded by a pure, unmixed, and rigid, puritanic population, whose faith knew no relaxation from the most literal injunctions of the Mosaic law, was the birthplace and home of Col. Seth Pomeroy. From the time of his birth, on the 20th of May, A. D. 1706, until his death, on the 19th of February in 1777, his family was known and respected throughout the colony; and, during a full half of that eighteenth century, no man stood higher in the love, and honor, and esteem of the hardy population of western Massachusetts than he did.

His boyhood and youth, with the intervals of a few weeks of *schooling*, in the phrase of the day, every winter, without which the laws of the Puritans allowed no boy to grow to manhood, were spent in learning the trade of his fathers. He afterwards became so thorough a workman in the making of guns, that the Indians of the Five Nations and of the Canadas sent deputations with their furs, annually, for many years to Northampton to exchange them for his rifles. Indeed, he himself was unexcelled as a certain *shot*, and in his younger days was known to return from his farm, near the foot of Mount Tom, some five or six miles from Northampton, with a deer, a bear, and a wolf, as the result of a single day's sporting. He continued the manufacture of guns, notwithstanding his frequent and long absences from home in the service of th province, for many years, employing many hands, and meeting most of the home demand for muskets from his own works.

Col. Pomeroy was married to Mary Hunt of Northampton, on the 14th December, 1732. From this time, or soon after this, he was largely employed in the public service. At that early day, while the western section of Massachusetts was infested by tribes of roving Indians, and the axe of the pioneer had not yet been heard in the upper valley of the Housatonic, no small portion of the public money, and of the forces at its command, were employed in opening roads through the western frontier to Albany, and in erecting forts on the north-western line of the province. Probably no man in New England was better fitted to superintend duties like these, and no man of that day certainly had more to do with them. To his sagacity, prudence and foresight, accompanied with

great activity and unconquerable resolution, Berkshire county is indebted for the first great thoroughfares through her mountains, and the early access of emigration to her valley. Under a general commission from General Pownall, Col. Pomeroy labored assiduously in this great duty for many years of the early part of his life, and the success which his untiring industry gave eventually to all his projects for the public weal, accomplished much for his future reputation.

In 1745, Pomeroy accepted a commission as Major in the expedition which was raised against Louisburg, on the island of Cape Breton. Perhaps no one event in the early history of the New England colonies more clearly exhibits the temper and spirit of the people, than this does. All Europe seemed convulsed with war. France and England, without adequate cause, became mingled in the melée, and like two mastiffs, scarce rested from recent strife, sprang from their kennels and rushed to the fray. Before the news of an infraction of peace had reached New England, a body of French from Cape Breton had surprised the little English garrison of Canseau, and destroying the fort, plundering the fisheries, and burning the buildings, had carried to Louisburg eighty men as prisoners of war. The people of New England were in great alarm, for they could expect no aid from the mother country, and were of themselves ill able to sustain the burden of a war. The temper of the people, however, was aroused, and Massachusetts, obtaining, by a single vote in majority, the acquiescence of the Legislature to an expedition against Louisburg, prepared for the conflict. Solicited to engage in the enterprise, Pennsylvania furnished a small supply of provisions, New York of ammunition. New England furnished the men. From New Hampshire, Connecticut and Massachusetts, a few more than four thousand troops were enlisted for the expedition. The fishermen of Marblehead, chased from the fishing banks by French privateers, gladly led forth in the enterprise, while to support them, with no knowledge of the science of war, but with hardy frames and fearless hearts instead, gathered the ploughmen of the Merrimac, the lumbermen of the Kennebec, the hunters of the Penobscot, the pioneers of Fort Massachusetts, and the quiet husbandmen from the banks of the Connecticut. On the last day of April, 1745, the little fleet, containing only its one-and-twenty cannon, landed its promiscuous soldiery to bombard a city, whose walls of thirty feet in height, and surrounded by a ditch of eighty feet in width, were fortified by two hundred and thirteen cannon, and manned by sixteen hundred men. On the evening of that day the young Major thus writes in his journal:—

"*Tuesday, April* 30, 1745.—This was a fair, pleasant morning. We came in sight, sun one hour high, of Louisburg. There appeared a great number of French marching up the seaside toward Cabarough Bay, to prevent our people's landing; but as quick as possible, though the sea ran so high as to make it difficult, our boats were on shore, and the men, springing from the foremost, ran to meet the French, and came in shot of them. There was a short but sharp engagement. Two of the French were killed on the spot, one was taken prisoner, and several were wounded, while we had none killed, and two only slightly wounded. The French ran off as fast as they could, our men following them, but the woods being very thick they soon got out of sight. The blood of our boys being up, numbers followed for the woods as fast as they landed, and finally got round them, so that by the next morning they had killed two more, taken three more prisoners, and chased the rest into the town. We all landed safe, though in great danger, and encamped that night on Cape Breton."

After investing the city of Louisburg for more than a month, with no apparent signs of a surrender, it might be supposed that the hearts of the besiegers would be discomfited. That such was not the case, the following letter shows very plainly:—

"*From the Grand Battré,* $1\frac{1}{2}$ *miles north from the City of Louisburg, May the* 8*th*, 1745.

"My Dear Wife:—Notwithstanding the many dangers and hazards I have been in since I left you, yet I have been, through the goodness of God, preserved. Though much worried with the great business I have upon my hands, I cheerfully go on with it. I have much to write with but little time, and shall therefore only give some hints.

"The Grand Battré is ours. Before we entered it, the people had fled out of it, and gone over to the town, but had stopped up the touch-holes of the cannon. General Pepperill gave me the oversight of some twenty smiths in boring them out, and though cannon balls and bombs

hundreds of them were fired from the city and the island fort, striking some the Battré, some the parade, and some in our very midst, yet none of us were hurt, and as soon as we could get the cannon clear, we gave them fire for fire. Louisburg is an exceeding strong, handsome and well situated place, with a fine harbor. It seems impregnable, but we have been so successful hitherto, that I do not doubt but Providence will deliver it into our hands. It looks as though our campaign would last long, but I am willing to stay till God's time comes to deliver the city into our hands, which I do not doubt will in good time be done. We have shut them up on every side, and still are making our works stronger against them. Their houses are compact, for which reason our bombs must do much hurt, and distress them in a great degree.

"My dear wife, I expect to be gone longer from home than I did when I left it, but I desire not to think of returning till Louisburg is taken. I hope God will enable you to submit quietly to his will, whatever it may be, and enable you with courage and good conduct to go through the great business that is now upon your hands, and not think your time ill-spent in teaching and governing your family according to the word of God.

"The affairs at home I can order nothing about, but must wholly leave them, hoping they will be well cared for. My kind love to Mrs. Sweetland, my duty to Mother Hunt, and love to brothers and sisters all.

"My dear wife, if it be the will of God, I hope to see your pleasant face again; but if God in his holy and sovereign providence hath ordered it otherwise, I hope to have a glorious meeting with you in the kingdom of Heaven, where there are no wars, nor fatiguing matches, nor roaring cannon, nor cracking bombshells, nor long campaigns, but an eternity to spend in perfect harmony and undisturbed peace. This is the hearty desire and prayer of him that is your loving husband. SETH POMEROY."

From the cottage in the bosom of New England, where "there is much concern about the expedition," leaving her children, whom she "orders after the word of God," to the care of "Mother Hunt," the wife, care stealing upon her "pleasant face" but making no inroads upon her brave heart, answereth thus:—

"*Northampton, June* 27, 1745.

"MY HONORED AND DEAR HUSBAND:—The 25th instant yours reached me, rejoicing to hear that you were alive and in health, glory to the great Preserver of man. O thou, my longed for, good and tender husband, you are in an enemy's land, but God rules their hearts. I now write not knowing what will befall you; may infinite Power give you to tread upon the high places of the enemy, preserve you from death, be your shield, strength, support, counsellor, deliverer from harm, keeper from evil and all fire, your guide and instructor in all your dangerous engagements and laborious undertakings. Your labors are great, concerns many, and an exposedness to sudden death awaits you. My heart is with you; my soul distressed and much pained for you. May God be my support, in whose hand is the breath of all life and the soul of all living. May God enable me to trust his goodness, faithfulness, and rely on his mercy, till the evil be past and divine gales blow a heavenly calm. My dear husband, suffer no anxious thought to rest in your mind about me, your tender offspring, or business at home. We are all in a Christian land, daily experiencing divine favors. Our neighbors and friends are ready upon all occasions to afford their assistance when needed or required. I am in health, and also the family at present. No evil at any time hath occurred since your departure. Mr. Pease hath been faithful in your shop business, and behaves with good content, and by these presents his due regards. Seth, your other little self and second name, I have sent down to New Haven about a month ago. Our dear and tender parents, brethren and sisters are in health—kinsfolk and all others in this town, not one person sick that I know of. Divine Providence smiles as though our enemy this summer would be restrained, and our peace not disturbed. The whole town is much moved with concern for the expedition, how Providence will order the affair, for which religious meetings every week in town are maintained. My dear husband, I leave you in the hands of God, desiring to submit to his will, whatever it may be.

"Please to write every opportunity. Mr. Sweetland sends his kind love to you. My love to you in the bonds of peace, and may God grant you to see much of Divine goodness; all which is the true desire of your dutiful and loving wife, MARY POMEROY.

"To Major Seth Pomeroy, in the expedition against Cape Breton, these."

Think of that! With hard work all day long, "erecting fascine batteries," viewing salient angles, "boring out the touch-holes of spiked guns," dragging cannon "over boggy morasses, for which Joe Meserve of New Hampshire had invented sledges that they might not stick again in the mud," and "giving the enemy fire for fire," our young Major, "after prayer at night, reads his wife's letter aloud" to his company. "*Fight, my brave boys, for the whole town is moved with concern how Providence will*

order the expedition, and our fathers, and mothers, and wives are holding meetings every week. Fight! for the Lord is on our side. Who shall be against us?"

So, too, the old sire, a relic of the 17th century, born now one hundred and eighty years ago, then past seventy, thus writes:—

"*Northampton June the* 11th, 1745.

"Sir:—I, your mother, relations, and friends are generally well, blessed be God. We want to hear from you and the fleet and army; and a particular account of the bigness and strength of the city Louisburgh, the height of the walls, &c., your power and interest against scaling the walls, for I suppose that if you get inside of the city the place is not taken, for I conclude that every house is so strong that they are after a sort a castle. But these things I must leave to those who are on the spot, who are the best judges. But still we want to hear of all the men of war that came from France being taken. But we desire patiently to wait God's time. In the mean time, for your encouragement, I would inform you and your soldiers, that God, in his providence, hath remarkably stirred up in this town a spirit of prayer for victory in this grand expedition, and I hear also throughout the land, for in this town the parents and some other relations of those gone in the expedition, have constantly set apart some time every week to pray to God for success in this grand affair. And we have reason to conclude that it hath not been in vain; for God hath in a very remarkable manner smiled upon the fleet and army, and we really hope and earnestly pray that the Lord of Hosts and God of Armies would still be on our side, and then there is no danger but your enterprise will be crowned with glory and triumph. Be much in prayer; abstain from all appearance of evil; watch particularly against those sins a soldier's life exposeth one unto; and above all things, keep always the fear of God before your eyes, and that will be a security to you living or dying.

"With respect to your business at home, all goes on well. Your wife manages the affairs with conduct and courage, and indeed those she was unacquainted with before you went away. Pease doth well in a wonderful manner, with a little additional encouragement I promised him.

"My service to the General. My due regards to Com. Warren. The Lord prepare and prosper you, and return you all again to your respective homes, is the desire and prayer of your loving and affectionate father,

"Ebenezer Pomeroy.

"To Maj. Seth Pomeroy at Cape Breton."

Like Cromwell's soldiers, "fighting for truth and no lie," it is not wonderful that the expedition prospered and Louisburg was taken. On the 8th of August, after nearly five months' absence, Major Pomeroy returned home. The traveller of this day, leisurely making his morning toilet, takes his seat after breakfast in the railroad cars, and makes an early dinner with his family in Northampton. As matter of contrast, we subjoin the last entries made in the Louisburg journal:—

"*Tuesday, August* 6*th*, 1745.—Having finished my business in Boston, I set out for Northampton.

"*Wednesday*, 7*th*.—Lodged at Mr. Wareham Williams, and kindly entertained. Early in the morning set out, and arrived at night at Capt. Conniver's, Brookfield. Lodged there upon free cost.

"*Thursday*, 8*th*.—Went this morning over to Brigadier Dwight's, eat breakfast with Madam Dwight. Came to Cold Spring and dined. Arrived home at Northampton about 5 o'clock. Amen."

During the ten years which followed the Louisburg expedition, Major Pomeroy held several offices of trust in the service of his country. In two instances he raised a body of men and marched into what is now the State of Vermont, to repel an expected invasion from Canada. He also had command of Fort Massachusetts on the extreme north-western border of the State, reconstructing its fortifications and enlarging its outposts. It was not until the year 1755, however, that he was again called into the field. Though there had been no open rupture between France and England since the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the French settlements in this country had been gradually making encroachments upon our frontiers. To repel these, General Braddock had been sent to Virginia, to act in conjunction with the colonial force, in that direction; Governor Shirley, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's armies in America, led an expedition against Niagara, and Sir William Johnson commanded an expedition against Crown Point. Of the forces which were furnished by Massachusetts, Pomeroy first commanded as Lieutenant Colonel, and upon the death of Williams, the founder of Williams College in Massachusetts, as Colonel. Nearly five thousand troops were furnished by New England and New York for the enterprise. Advancing from Albany in July, 1755,

they marched to the southern extremity of Lake George, and learning that the enemy had erected additional works at Ticonderoga, Johnson concluded to push forward, intending to make an attack upon that point before the defences should be completed. Before reaching the point of destination, intelligence was received of the advance of a large body of troops under Baron Dieskau, an able French General, to attack them. The army was immediately brought to a stand, and selecting at once as favorable ground as the place would admit, it was resolved to erect fortifications and stand upon the defensive. On the 8th of September, news being received in the camp that a party of the enemy were approaching, Johnson ordered Williams to take command of one thousand men and two hundred Indians, and advance to meet them. Coming unexpectedly upon the whole body of the enemy, the detachment was entirely routed; many were killed, among whom was Williams, and the rest were driven back to the intrenchments. Advancing in pursuit of the fugitives to the camp, which he seemed to have a fair prospect of carrying, Dieskau gallantly attacked the intrenchments and for several hours maintained the contest with great vigor. The final result was, however, that the assailants were completely repulsed with the loss of more than one thousand men, Dieskau wounded and taken prisoner, and the retreating forces being suddenly assailed by a small detachment from the carrying place, abandoned their baggage and took to flight.

The journal of Colonel Pomeroy, kept with great care through the whole time of the expedition, furnishes, according to the estimate of the late William L. Stone—who was perhaps better acquainted with the history of the French War in this country than any man living, and who was preparing a life of Sir William Johnson at the time of his death—"a complete, succinct and clear account of the Crown Point expedition, of great interest in its narrative, and of invaluable worth to the historian." Our limits will permit us to insert but few entries from the journal, and one or two letters, throwing light upon the character of the writer and upon the expedition.

"*Monday, July 7th*, 1775—Showery at night. General Johnson came to Albany. I supped with him at Landlord Luttridge's, and remained in conversation with him until past eleven of the clock. He is a man of large size, with a pleasant face, piercing eye, ready communication, and pleasing manners, though sometimes very abrupt.

"*Wednesday, 9th.*—The army, which was encamped two miles below Albany, the General went down to review, they being mustered in regimental order.

"*Thursday, 11th.*—Gov. Shirley came to town with several officers and two companies of soldiers for his army. At his arrival the cannon in the fort were discharged, and the field officers waited upon the Governor, and drank a glass of wine with him.

"*Tuesday, 29th.*—This day General Lyman gave orders for all our army, now at Stillwater, to remove up to Saratoga. Our stores were put into the bateaux and we all marched off between eleven and twelve o'clock.

"*Thursday, 31st.*—A fair day. Three hundred men were sent up towards the carrying place to mend the roads, and fifty down towards Stillwater to mend the bridges. I sent several men to the fort at Saratoga to search for cannon balls. They dug up about 1100 shot, and brought them to our camp, which was about a mile above the old fort. Saratoga is a rich, fertile soil, full of feed, and though well stocked with cattle and horses, yet loaded with grass more than the cattle can eat.

"*Wednesday, August 6th.*—A fair day. The scouts sent out yesterday returned to-day, bringing no news of the enemy. A soldier, one Bickerstaff, was whipt for profane swearing with one hundred lashes, and drummed out of the army with a rope about his neck, and ordered to be sent to a convenient place, there to be kept till the Crown Point expedition was over."

SETH POMEROY TO HIS WIFE.

"*Albany, July* 15, 1755.

"My Dear:—I have slipped several opportunities, hoping to be able to inform you more particularly how things appear, than I can even now.

"I can only say now, that the army in general are well and in high spirits. I know of nothing now to hinder our marching but want of stores, which we are expecting up the river every day. Governor Shirley is here. Gen. Johnson is here also. So far as I am acquainted with Gen. Johnson, he appears to be a gentleman of great modesty, yet free and pleasant. We have frequent news from the Ohio by Indians whom Gen. Johnson hath sent some time ago to Gen. Braddock. The last came here yesterday, twenty-five days from thence. His army were then not above two days' march from the enemy. The Indians are said to be daily leaving the French, who were trembling for fear. General Braddock marched

with such care and regularity, that the scouts of the enemy are able to get no advantage of the wagons or the army. Upon the whole that I hear, I think there is the greatest probability that Braddock is master of the Ohio before this time. We hear of Indians daily up and down the river, seeking opportunity to pick off our men, but, blessed be God, there hath none fallen into their hands yet, though I daily fear there will. The people in this place are kind, and seem to be hearty to put forward the expedition. Gov. Shirley hath made no public attempt yet to get any of our army with him; what he designs this day, I cannot tell, as he sent a serjeant this morning desiring me to dine with him, and I suppose the rest of the field officers are invited also.

"My love to my children; service to Mr. Ely; and sincere love to my dear wife from her loving husband, SETH POMEROY.

"To Mrs. Mary Pomeroy, at Northampton."

"*Northampton, August 9th*, 1755.

"HONORED AND DEAR SIR:—The most tender regard which I bear to you, constrains me to let you know how I and your family do in your absence, by every opportunity which presents itself; knowing that hereby I may rejoice you in your difficulties, which, if I should refuse to do, I should be unworthy to be called the wife of so tender a husband as yourself. The reading of your departing from Albany, raised, at first, a commotion in my anxious breast for you, but knowing it must be so, I endeavored to calm myself, and commit you to Him who has heretofore protected you, trusting that He will still care for you and for us. You may know by these that I, your anxious wife, am, through Divine goodness, in the enjoyment of health, and I earnestly pray that they may find you so. Your children also are well, and by these present their duty to their tender and beloved father. The business goes on well. Captain Witt's guns are done, though he has not yet come for them. I received yours, dated 21st past, and was exceeding glad to hear of your health. Be kind enough to let me know something particular concerning the general scheme and affair, for I trust to what I have from you. Indeed, I am truly concerned for you and those with you. You have doubtless heard of Gen. Braddock's defeat, and how the salvation of the whole army from destruction was made, under God, by a young American officer named George Washington. I pray this news may not dishearten you. Remember that after the defeat of the Lord's people at Ai, the kings of the land combined together, and thought they would cut them off, but the Lord had other thoughts about them. Such things he has done for his people and will do again. I commend you all to Him who knoweth the end from the beginning. In the expectation of hearing from you often, I, who am your most affectionate wife, subscribe my name,

MARY POMEROY."

SETH POMEROY TO COL. ISRAEL WILLIAMS.

"*Lake George, Sept. 9th*, 1755.

"HONORED AND DEAR SIR:—Yesterday was a memorable day. I, being the only field officer in Col. Ephraim Williams' regiment supposed to be living, think it my duty to let you know what happened the 8th of this instant, which was yesterday. This forenoon until this two of the clock having been spent in council, and many letters to be written, I must be excused for my shortness and imperfections.

"On the Sabbath, just at night, we had news that a large body of men marched up Wood creek southwardly. Supposing that they intended to cut off our wagons, or attack the fort at the carrying place, we sent Monday morning about 1200 men, near 200 of them being Indians, commanded by Col. Williams, Col. Whiting, and Col. Cole of Rhode Island, to attack them. Whiting was in the middle, Cole bringing up the rear, and Old Hendrick, King of the Six Nations, before with Col. Williams. When they had advanced about three miles, the guns began to fire. It was then between ten and eleven o'clock. We put ourselves into as good a position of defence as we could, not knowing but what our men would retreat and bring the enemy upon us. To our great surprise, it was not long before they retreated. Those who came first were bringing wounded men with them, and others soon flocked in by hundreds, a perpetual fire being kept up and drawing nearer and nearer, till nearly 12 o'clock, when the enemy came in sight. The regulars marched, as near as I could tell, about six deep, and nearly twenty rods in length, in close order, the Indians and regulars at the last wing helter-skelter, the woods being full of them. They came within about twenty rods, and fired in regular platoons, but we soon broke their order by firing our field pieces among them. The Indians and Canadians directly took trees, within handy gun shot. They fought with undaunted courage, till about 5 of the clock in the afternoon, when we got the ground. I cannot tell our loss nor the loss of the enemy yet with any certainty. As soon as they retreated, I ran out upon the ground before where I stood to fight, and found ten dead and three wounded. Among these last was the General of the French army and his aid, whom I ordered carried to my tent. He came with full assurance to lodge in our tents that night, and to his great surprise he did, but, blessed be God, as a wounded captive. Col. Williams was shot dead in a moment, and before he had time to fire his gun. Capt. Hawley was also shot mortally before he fired. My brother, Lieut. Pomeroy, I have an account of his being well till the army retreated. He asked,

'What! are we going to run?' 'Yes,' it was said. 'Well,' he replied, 'I will give them one more shot before I run.' Farther of him I do not hear. Our people are out burying their dead now; when they return I can give a more particular account. We design to make a stand here until we have a sufficient reinforcement. What number that must be I cannot now tell, but it is sure the enemy still intend to stop us before we can get to Crown Point. The French General saith, that if we give them one more such a dressing, Crown Point and all their country will be ours. They however design to put a stop to that. But I hope in God they will be disappointed, for I judge, humanly speaking, that all depends on this expedition. Therefore, I pray God would fire the breasts of this people with a true zeal and noble, generous spirit to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. And I trust that all those who value our holy religion and our liberties will spare nothing, even to the one half of their estate. General Johnson was shot in the thigh, but the bone was not broken. Major Gen. Lyman not injured. Both behaved with steadiness and resolution.

"I desire the prayers of God's people for us, that we may not turn our backs upon our enemies, but stand and make a victorious defence for ourselves and our country.

"From your most obedient, humble servant,
"SETH POMEROY."

"*Northampton, Sept. 13th*, 1755.

"HONORED AND DEAR SIR:—These, if you behold them, may inform you, that it is with the utmost fear that I now set pen to paper, lest I write to one in the eternal world, but yet trusting and hoping in Him who has defended you heretofore. On Thursday we had the sorrowful news of Col. William Titcomb's death, and that Col. Goothridge was wounded, and by reason of not hearing of your death, I trusted that you were still alive. This we had more certainly yesterday, for at first it was such an account that we could hardly believe it. We are informed that it was a very bloody battle on both sides, hundreds having been killed, and when those who brought the news left you, you were still engaged. By reason of the superiority of your enemies in number, we are all in the utmost concern to hear the event, and dread it too. You are, though, I conclude, ere this time conquerors, or (I dread to say it) conquered. The assistance by which this comes I expect will be too late to give you any relief, unless it be to assist in carrying off and taking care of the wounded. We are at the utmost loss and wonder that we have not heard from you later, for Wednesday morning was the last news which we had. We fear that the posts are cut off, (as was the post that rode from New Haven between Fort Lyman and you,) for since the scout from Hancock went out, it is high time it was returned, but it is not yet heard from. I have been upon the point of sending one of our sons with these men, but one only being returned from New Haven, with other reasons, I have thought at this present that it was not best.

"Thus far I wrote and went to bed, determining to finish in the morning, but at midnight a cry came at our door with the joyful news of victory, though stained with blood. Blessed be God for that He hath returned to our arms, and hath spared you, when He hath caused others to fall at your right hand, and at your left. The assistance by which I was going to send this was a company of about sixty men, from North and South Hampton, who were to set out on Sabbath morning by about sunrise, but who stopped upon hearing of the victory, and went immediately to follow the direction of the Court in raising two thousand men, who, I hope, will be with you ere long. As you are now involved by the death of others into a greater business, so I hope and pray that you may have a double portion of the Spirit of God to assist, direct, and quicken you in your undertakings, and that you may be made a blessing to the kingdom of Christ and his church in this part of the world, and in due time be restored to me and your family victorious.

"These from your most affectionate and loving wife, MARY POMEROY.

"P. S. Your children are all well, and by these present their duty to their protected father."

The foregoing letters are but a small portion of the correspondence of Col. Pomeroy. These have been selected as specimens of the character and tone of the writings, rather than as any addition to documentary history. In relation to Dieskau, the leader of the French expedition, however, they settle one point which has always been misstated. Even as late as the present year, a very respectable history of the United States, in many respects, copying from other works, asserts that Baron Dieskau, being taken prisoner, was shot dead by a soldier upon the spot, directly after the battle. The facts in the case, as settled by other of these papers than those which we have selected above, are as follows:—

Baron Dieskau, being wounded in the battle, was first found by a private of one of Col. Pomeroy's companies, by whom he was robbed of his watch. Upon being taken to Col. Pomeroy's tent, and his wounds being dressed, he informed the latter of what had happened, who imme-

diately took measures to detect the offender. After some time the watch was discovered, and returned to its rightful owner. Before he left the camp, in return for the kindness he had received, Baron Dieskau presented the watch as a token of his regard to Col. Pomeroy, who ever afterwards carried it until his death. It is still in the possession of the family, having now descended in direct line to the fourth generation, and yet does true service, though at the expiration of ninety-two years. After remaining in this country some time, Baron Dieskau sailed for England, where he died of his wounds.

For eighteen years following the expedition to Crown Point, Col. Pomeroy held many offices of trust in his native State. Those eighteen years constituted the severe minority of New England. Discreet and cautious about uniting with the new measures which an oppressed and indignant people were ever concerting, he was still ever earnest and bold in advocating their rights, and firm in resisting encroachments upon their liberties. No flatteries could blind him to the true perception of the right, no offers of emolument seduce him from his faithfulness to his country. To the Earl of Loudon, who had demanded to know of him in 1756, "whether the troops, raised by the several colonies, would act in conjunction with his Majesty's forces, according to his Majesty's command," he replied, "*Yes; but only upon the condition, that the terms agreed upon by the several governments should not be altered.*" As a commander of the militia of western Massachusetts, as Justice of the Peace under the King's seal; as the senior military officer in the State, and as a member of the provincial Congress, he exhibited at all times an energy of action, an earnestness and sincerity of purpose, a purity of motive, and an independence of unlawful restraint, which gave him great influence over the better portion of all parties in the country.

The early spring of 1775 was marked by no unusual disturbance in New England. To the eye of a stranger, everything would have appeared indicative of quiet and contentment. The winter snows had gradually melted away, and the husbandman drove his team afield, or ploughed the soil without molestation. The forest resounded as wont to the strokes of the hardy woodsman. The mechanic plied his trade undisturbed. Each weekday the schoolboy conned his weary task, and the Sabbath witnessed the gathering of a quiet congregation to hear the Word of God. It was, however, the calm upon the surface only. The second day of April converted that apparent quiet of the elements in the New England population, into a tornado of revenge. The battle of Lexington, like the touch of the magician's wand upon the face of the enchanted sleeper, infused new life into the people. The seeds of oppression, sown through many years, in a single day sprang up a harvest of armed men. From the plains of the Piscataqua, from the distant hills of Hoosac, from the villages and hamlets of Worcester and Essex, the undisciplined yeomanry rushed to the scene of contest. In eight-and-forty hours after Major Pitcairn's call to the militia assembled before the meeting-house in Lexington, "Lay down your arms, you rebels, and disperse," Boston was invested by an army of fifteen thousand men.

Although then entering his seventieth year, Col. Pomeroy was immediately upon the ground, and was elected General-in-chief by the officers assembled, with the concurrence of the Congress at Watertown. Aided first by Ward and then by Putnam, he succeeded in infusing order into the undisciplined ranks of the rude soldiery, and in converting the tumultuous camp into the regularity of a besieging army. For nearly two months, his labors, in conjunction with his brother officers, were directed to enlisting, enrolling, arming and disciplining a regular and efficient army, laboring all day upon the field, and corresponding with the colonial legislatures, the committees, and men of standing in the country, throughout the night. Worn down at length with the unceasing toils of his office, he sought relaxation in the absence of a few days upon his farm on the Connecticut. Arriving there on the evening of the 15th of June, he had barely passed a single night at home, when a messenger from the camp summoned him again to Boston. "We have determined," says Putnam in his letter, "to draw our forces nearer the city, and to take possession of the heights of Charlestown." Foreseeing that such a step would bring about imme-

diate hostilities, and doubting its eventual advantage, the old man unharnessed one of the horses from the team, and ordering him to be immediately saddled, started at noon of the 16th of June for the camp. By riding all the night, and twice obtaining a fresh horse upon the road, he reached the scene of action at two o'clock in the afternoon. The troops of the enemy were then landing from Boston. The heights in every direction were covered with spectators. The balls of the ships of war were sweeping the neck of land over which he must pass to reach Bunker's hill. Alighting from his horse, and remarking to his attendant that he was "too valuable an animal to be shot," he went over the narrow pass on foot, and safely reached the intrenchment. As he appeared in sight, a shout of welcome went up from the troops. Putnam, seizing him by the hand, exclaimed, "You here, Pomeroy? God! I believe a cannon would wake you up, if you slept in the grave!" Refusing the repeated proffers of the general command, though urgently solicited, the old warrior advanced into the trench and took charge of the Connecticut troops. With a gun of his own manufacture, which he had carried thirty years before at the siege of Louisburg, he directed the fire of his men during those two hours of terrible struggle for the birth of American liberties. Towards Pitcairn there existed in the hearts of the colonial troops a deadly hatred. Observing him at the head of a column, which, once repulsed, were now again returning to the attack, he pointed him out to the men who stood at his side, and in a moment Pitcairn fell mortally wounded.

The details of the battle of Bunker Hill are too well known to be repeated here. During the last attack, Gen. Pomeroy's gun was indented by a musket ball, so that he could no longer discharge it. The old man then passed up and down the trench, encouraging his men, loading their muskets, removing the wounded, and directing the last scattering fire, until he perceived that the intrenchments above him had been gained by the British. His men beginning to retreat too hastily, he is said to have cried out, "*Don't run, boys! Don't run! Fight them with the breech of your muskets, as I do! It shan't be said of Seth Pomeroy, that he was shot in the back!*"

At the time of the appointment of Washington as General-in-chief of the colonial troops, Pomeroy received the appointment of Brigadier General. His health, however, had suffered too much from his recent exertions, and he could not with consistency take charge of the arduous duties its acceptance would involve. Declining entering longer into the labors of active service, he retired to his farm, from whence he viewed with unabated interest the progress of the war of our Independence. Notwithstanding his advanced years, the military ardor of his youth had not diminished, and in 1777, at the request of Gen. Washington, though against the earnest remonstrances of his physician and family, he again accepted command. A few weeks, however, had elapsed only after his arrival at his post at Peekskill, before he was again attacked with serious illness. After lingering a few days, his disease overcame his system. He died at Peekskill on the 15th of February, 1777, and was buried there with military honors.

In personal appearance, during the early part of his military life, Pomeroy had few superiors. He was full six feet tall, spare in person, but erect, well built, and of great agility and muscular strength. Without unusual quickness of apprehension, he possessed, what was far better, a sound judgment, which, always coming to its conclusions carefully, was rarely in error. To this he added a firmness of decision, which could not be shaken, and which was undoubtedly the great element of his success in life. He was remarkable for a strict regard to principle, which he oftentimes carried to sternness. His courage, fearless in so many instances that it became proverbial, sprang rather from this absolute adherence to principle, than from indifference to danger. Indeed, it would appear from his journal, that he possessed a sensibility actively alive to every approach of danger, which often led him to exaggerate its importance. He said to his son Lemuel, at a time when he showed some reluctance to go alone through the woods, which

were supposed to be infested with hostile Indians, after the strayed cattle: "Lem, never fear to do your duty. No matter where it calls you, no matter how great the danger, never be afraid to do your duty. But if you are ever tempted to do a mean thing, or a wrong thing, be the greatest coward in the world."

N. S. D.

HONOR.

Honor, fairest bloom of worth,
  Truth the stem, and Love the root,
In the rugged breast of earth,
  Perfects her immortal fruit.

Love, the sober root, below,
  Unseen, holds its humble place;
And, at season, duly grow,
  Stem, and leaf, and buds of grace.

Slow the growth of precious flowers,
  Slow unfolds bright honor's gem;
Struggling winds, and grieffull showers,
  Wet the root and shake the stem.

Would you, truth's immortal flower
  Make the gaze of evil eyes?
Torn from love, it lives an hour,
  And the root forever dies.

Be such idle wish forbid!
  Since so precious seed doth lie
In the flower of virtue hid,—
  Seed of immortality.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHIEF JUSTICE DURFEE.*

The writings of the late Job Durfee, Chief Justice of Rhode Island, have not yet attracted that degree of public attention to which they are entitled; for they are the fruits of one of the most highly gifted minds of our country. Unhappily, his genius was extinguished before having reached, by a considerable distance, its zenith; and many of his valuable and more popular labors, moreover, still remain unpublished. But we trust that the duty of giving to the public a complete edition of them will not be left unperformed; though Rhode Island would seem, indeed, to be somewhat neglectful of her literary reputation. Illustrious as was her early career, no history of the State has yet been written; the lives of several of her founders have not found a chronicler; the military papers of General Greene are allowed to collect ingloriously the dust of time; while not so much as a stone points out the spots where rest the remains of men so learned, and so conspicuous in action, as Roger Williams, Samuel Gorton, and John Clarke.

But we are happy to attempt the discharge of any literary obligation we may owe to a State, the smallness of whose territory is no measure of the greatness of its deserts; and to introduce this interesting thinker to the better acquaintance of our readers, by a brief sketch of his life and writings.

Job Durfee was born in the year 1790, in Tiverton, Rhode Island. The son of a Chief Justice of the court of common pleas for the county of Newport, he enjoyed the advantage of being descended from a family of considerable antiquity, of high respectability and of independent estate. At the age of eighteen, young Durfee was sent to Brown University, where he occupied a place in the foremost rank of scholarship, and of general literary attainments, though without showing any signs of extraordinary precocity, but rather earning a well merited reputation for habits of physical indolence, unusual even in college. The year of his graduation, the goodness of his parts being already recognized, his young ambition had a chance of displaying itself in a Fourth of July oration, which, though published, has shared the oblivious fate of a very large number of patriotic productions of this species; and a twelvemonth afterwards, his unfledged muse made its first attempt to soar, in a poem, pronounced before the Society of United Brothers, in Brown University, with the resounding title of the "Vision of Petrarch."

But writing verses was not, happily, the principal occupation of the young Bachelor of Arts; for, on leaving college, he had entered upon the study of the law, under both the parental eye and roof. Yet, before completing his course of legal studies, being somewhat conspicuous in the place of his nativity from his social position, his liberal education and promising talents, he was invited by his townsmen to represent them in the General Assembly of the State; and he accordingly commenced his public life at the early age of twenty-six.

Four years of Mr. Durfee's legislative career passed away, marked by nothing more

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* What-cheer, or Roger Williams in Banishment. A Poem. By Job Durfee, Esq. Providence: Cranston & Hammond. 1832.

Charge of the Hon. Chief Justice Durfee, delivered to the Grand Jury at the March Term of the Supreme Judicial Court, at Bristol, Rhode Island. A.D. 1842.

An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, Providence, R. I. on Commencement day, September 6th, 1843, by Job Durfee. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 1843.

A Discourse delivered before the Rhode Island Historical Society, on the evening of Wednesday, January 13th, 1846. By Hon. Job Durfee, Chief Justice of Rhode Island. Providence: Charles Burnett, Jr. 1846.

The Panidea: or an Omnipresent Reason considered as the creative and sustaining Logos. By Theoptes, (Hon. Job Durfee, LL.D.) Boston: Thomas H. Webb & Co. 1846.

than a modest and faithful discharge of its ordinary duties. But this was the best possible preparation for success in the future. Accordingly, after having studied for a considerable period the business of a legislator, the laws, and the condition of the people of the State, he brought before the Assembly a subject for legislative action of very great importance. He proposed the repeal of the laws then generally known under the name of the Summary Bank Process. And it was in the speech, by which he advocated his motion for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing these laws, that he first gave to the community "assurance of a man." Indeed, it was not without considerable surprise that the Assembly beheld the young country member, who had rarely given out any other sound in their midst than his simple yea or nay, and the loins of whose mind had always seemed no better girded than those of his person, rise to make a motion likely from its great importance to encounter the determined opposition of the ablest speakers of the house. Nor was their surprise diminished as he proceeded—his somewhat sluggish countenance gradually becoming illumined by the fires of eloquence, and his heavily moulded frame set in lively action by the new spirit which had taken possession of it—to support his position by a masterly exposition of the effects of the existing law, and by an accumulation of well considered arguments in favor of a different system.

The laws then standing upon the statute book of Rhode Island gave to the banks peculiar privileges over individuals in the collection of debts, by authorizing either of the clerks of the court of common pleas or of the supreme judicial court to issue, previously to judgment, a writ of execution, attaching the real estate and other property of the delinquent debtor, to the full amount of the debt and the cost of prosecution. This execution was returnable at the next ensuing term of the court, when a trial of the merits of the case might, indeed, be had, though without the right of an appeal, or even the indulgence of a continuance. The ordinary process of law, on the other hand, allowed individuals to bring their actions only in the court of common pleas, and at no time short of twenty days before its sitting; prohibited them from attaching the property of the defendant, except in case his body could not be found; permitted the continuance of the action from term to term, and an appeal on judgment when at last obtained, so that years might elapse before the plaintiff could take out his execution, not even then to levy it on the real estate of the debtor, but to go with it in quest of his goods and chattels.

The arguments employed by the member from Tiverton, in endeavoring to effect the repeal of this process, were, in substance, that it gave to the demands of the banks in courts of law absolute precedence over all others, and thereby rendered debts due to these privileged institutions more valuable than those due to individuals; that it wrested from private credit its proper security, and undermined the foundations of commercial confidence; that it diminished the value of property, by making it liable to a forced and sudden sale; and that it might be easily used as an instrument of individual oppression for the purposes of speculation.

This speech was followed by the appointment of a committee of inquiry, of which Mr. Durfee was made the chairman; by a report in favor of the repeal of the process; and finally by its actual abrogation. The measure was carried through the Assembly with the approbation of a considerable majority, in the face of the opposition of such influential men and able speakers as were then Elisha R. Potter, Nathan F. Dixon and Nathaniel Searle.

The reputation acquired by Mr. Durfee in his efforts to effect a repeal of the Bank Process, caused him to be selected by the republican party in the autumn of 1820, as their candidate for the office of representative in the lower house of Congress; and his election encountered no opposition. He accordingly entered into the public service at Washington at the commencement of the second administration of President Monroe. This was a period when the affairs of the national government were conducted with a great degree of practical sagacity; with a scrupulous regard for constitutional principles; with strict economy in the expenditure of the public revenues; and a patriotic devotion to the great common interests of the country.

The character of the seventeenth Congress harmonized remarkably well with that of the prudent and sensible chief magistrate. Most of its members were men of plain sense; moderate and practical in their views, and more distinguished for an experimental acquaintance with the business of legislation, and an intelligent regard for the general welfare, than for commanding powers of parliamentary argumentation, or the higher graces of oratory.

The new member from Rhode Island brought no incongruous element into the House, though the character of his talents naturally allied him with the members of the highest statesmanship. Then only thirty years of age, he did not assume, by any means, a prominent position. He was, however, a member of the committee on manufactures, and during the course of his Congressional career, twice addressed the House on subjects of great importance. On the first of these occasions he was called up by John Randolph, who, bringing all things and all persons within the compass of his discursive discourse, did not fail, in the debate on the Apportionment Bill, turning round, to point at the member from Rhode Island as sitting there with all the patience of Job of old, while the House was about to decide a question of vital interest to his particular constituents.

This bill, providing for a new apportionment of federal representatives for the several States, according to the census taken the preceding year, was certainly one which specially concerned the people of Rhode Island; for on the adoption of any of the high numbers proposed as the ratio of representation, that State, in losing one of her representatives, would have lost the half of her delegation. In the course of the protracted discussion of this measure, a great number of motions were made, some proposing as high a number for the ratio as 75,000, while Mr. Randolph desired to fill the blank in the bill with 30,000, giving it as his opinion that it was expedient "to have as great a number of representatives as would keep on this side of a mob." This last number was the lowest limit fixed by the Constitution, which provided that "the number of representatives should not exceed one for every thirty thousand;" and the actual ratio had never been higher than 35,000. But as the population was rapidly increasing, a change in the apportionment had become necessary; while there existed a general desire for a moderate extension of the numbers of the House, the members were solicitous to have such a ratio adopted as would leave their own particular States as small a fraction in excess as possible.

Mr. Durfee advocated a low number for the ratio. But, while he stated the fact that the establishment of the ratio of 42,000, in accordance with the motion then before the House, would operate very unfairly upon his immediate constituents, leaving them the large fraction of 4,138, and would also render it possible for the representatives of a few large States to destroy, by combination, the proper influence of the very small ones; he nevertheless founded his argument, in opposition to the measure, not on its effects upon particular States, but on its bearing upon the whole country, and upon the several branches of the general government. As, under the first census, the ratio had been 33,000, which had remained unchanged under the second, and had been augmented by only 2,000 under the third, he was opposed to so great a departure from the established policy, as, in general, a bad precedent. If, as was urged by the advocates of the measure, the performance of business would be facilitated by having a small house of representatives, he saw no advantage to be gained, in so popular a form of government, by a great increase either in the rapidity or the amount of legislation. Referring to the condition and character of the population of the country at that period, he showed that, as it was becoming less homogeneous, by the addition of the rising commercial and manufacturing classes to the class of the agriculturists, and that, consequently, its leading interests were becoming more and more diversified; this heterogeneous population would need to be represented by a greater, instead of a relatively smaller number of agents. The population, too, was not only increasing, but it had spread itself over double the extent of territory formerly occupied, and a sparse population could not so well be represented by a few individuals as a dense one. As, finally, it was to be foreseen that, in consequence of the extension of the federal Constitution over a more numer-

ous population, and a greatly enlarged territory, the influence of the executive branch of government was destined to go on gradually augmenting, so the relative importance of the popular body ought to be proportionally increased, by a moderate addition to its numbers.

So broad and catholic were the considerations adduced by the member from Rhode Island in a speech, not long in duration, but of great pith and point, and so well did it express the general sense of the House, that the motion then pending was lost, and the lower number of 40,000 was finally adopted as the ratio.

The other occasion on which Mr. Durfee addressed the House in an elaborate speech, was during the discussion of a subject, which elicited more debate than any which had been presented before that body in many years. This was the bill for "the more effectual protection of manufactures," introduced in the year 1823. During several preceding years, the subject of increasing the protective duties had been brought before the attention of the public by those more directly interested in it, and had given rise to a good deal of discussion in all parts of the country. President Monroe was of the opinion that notwithstanding the prosperous condition of the various branches of domestic industry, a further augmentation of duties, particularly on foreign cotton and woolen goods, would have a favorable effect on the domestic manufacture of those articles, without operating injuriously on any of the other great industrial interests of the country. This opinion, expressed in more than one of his annual messages, was at length followed by legislative action on the subject. The members of Congress from the Southern and a part of the Eastern States, whose constituents were principally employed in agriculture and commerce, zealously opposed the proposed increase of the rates of duty. Rhode Island being then extensively engaged in a prosperous commerce, and also considerably interested in the newly established manufacture of cotton goods, her representatives were left at liberty to take an unbiased and patriotic view of the great questions involved in a change of the tariff laws. Accordingly, Mr. Durfee—in a speech which evinced an understanding of the general systems and the existing state of trade, both foreign and domestic—a statesmanlike study of the history of European legislation on subjects kindred to the one under discussion—in short, a clear comprehension not only of the great principles of political economy, but of the degree of their applicability to existing circumstances—confined himself entirely to showing in what manner the bill before the House would affect the leading interests of the country, and the permanent policy of the government. He expressed himself as decidedly in favor of protecting the manufacturing interest, whenever it was in need of the aid of legislation; but as this branch of national industry was already in a prosperous condition, he considered the proposed change in the laws uncalled for. It would occasion, in his opinion, a forced and unnatural passage of capital from the pursuits of agriculture and commerce into that of manufactures, when, in fact, owing to the action of permanent causes in the country, this change was then taking place with sufficient rapidity, and in a manner both orderly and healthful.

This speech of Mr. Durfee, like all his other similar efforts, was premeditated long beforehand, fully written out, and committed to memory; for he possessed no power of extemporaneous debate, or even conversation, on themes not before made the subject of meditation. But when, in the company of a few chosen friends, his favorite topics were called up, he would often converse with great effect; enriching his discourse with the truths of philosophy, and the facts of history; adorning it with choicest quotations from prose and verse; enlivening it with the overflowing of sentiment, or with the merriment of jest and anecdote; and sometimes bringing the conversation to a conclusion by one of those genial bursts of inspiration, which make all further speech impertinent.

In this particular case, however, his endeavors, together with those of the other opponents of the bill, were unsuccessful; and it passed by small majorities through both houses of Congress in the year 1824.

Having failed, owing to the operation of local and personal causes, of being elected to the nineteenth Congress, Mr. Durfee was again called by his fellow townsmen to

represent them in the State legislature. There, for nearly two years, he acted in the capacity of Speaker of the House; but he did not distinguish himself by originating any measures of general importance; and in 1829, declining a re-election, he retired from public life to devote himself to the pursuit of agriculture and the profession of the law.

These occupations, however, were not followed so assiduously as to leave no time for the cultivation of letters. Indeed, having withdrawn from the political arena, somewhat wearied by its burdens, if not disgusted with its turmoil, he endeavored to recover the genial tone of his mind in the service of those Muses whom he had wooed in his youth. Not only his pursuits, but his situation was favorable to the execution of this purpose. The scene of his retirement was one both pleasing from its natural beauty, and interesting from its romantic traditions of a race of men long since passed away. Located on a small neck of land, called by the Indian name of Nanaquacket, his mansion-house was almost entirely surrounded by the waters of Narragansett Bay. Before him, looking towards the setting sun, rose gently up from the bosom of the sea the fair eminence of the island of Rhode Island; northwards could be seen the royal seat of Philip on the summit of Montaup; in the opposite direction, stretched out for many a mile, the woods of Queen Awoshonks; while on the side of the pleasant south-west, the ocean rolled in its waves fragrant from the fabled shores of Sowanin, the Indian's land of flowers. This, in fact, was not only the home of Mr. Durfee during this interval of retirement, but was the scene of most of his literary labors, and almost all his philosophical meditations through life. But highly favorable as it was to the natural unfolding of poetic sentiment, and to the culture of abstract speculation, which, as we shall presently observe, constitute the favorite occupation of his mind, still this residence by a secluded beach upon which the billows of the distant world of affairs broke in but almost imperceptible ripples, rendered it impossible for his mind to become expanded and polished by the social interchange of thought; produced habits of extreme taciturnity in all companies except those of his few intimate associates; and prevented both his manners and his muse from ridding themselves of a certain degree of rusticity, which, however inoffensive from its modesty, still betrayed a deficiency in those elegant accomplishments which are, at the same time, the gift and the ornament of the more cultivated circles of society.

After having composed, during his retirement, a poem of considerable length on a subject connected with Indian history, and burned it, Mr. Durfee published, in 1832, an epic in twelve cantos, entitled "What-cheer, or Roger Williams in Banishment." This work appears to have been written rather with the design of giving a romantic interest to the history of the founder of the State of Rhode Island, than from the constraining necessity of poetic utterance. It is not a work of high poetical art. Deficient in harmony and exactness of versification, abounding in pleonasms and redundancies, having all the freedom of hexameters with little of the point and polish of the pentameter measure, in which it is written, the What-cheer may be considered as an example of an unfortunate application of the principle of "soul-liberty" to numbers. Still, though the poet's lyre was so negligently strung, it did not fail to give out many a note of pure melody, expressing the tenderest, the truest, the most manly feelings of the human heart: if the verse be imperfect in its mechanism, it has the merit of being unpretending and natural in its spirit; and if the story, in many of its details, be somewhat prosaic, the interest is often revived by highly vivid descriptions of natural scenery, and striking delineations of character and manners.

The historical notes accompanying the poem are of much value. They contain, in fact, the first satisfactory explanation ever made of the relations of the Narragansett tribe of Indians to the Wampanoags, of the hostility of the former to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and of the causes of the wars which led to their annihilation. This subject, as well as the more general theme of the character and history of the Indians of Rhode Island, was more elaborately treated, a few years afterwards, in two lectures, one on the subjection and extermination of the Narra-

gansetts, delivered in Providence, and the other on the idea of the Supernatural among the Indians, delivered in Boston. Deeply interested, however, as was Mr. Durfee in the study of the early history of his native State, he had not the patient, plodding mind of a genuine antiquarian. The laborious search after isolated facts, the tedious following out of details, the weighing of authorities, the comparison of dates, the collating of manuscripts, were not at all in consonance with his intellectual tastes and habits. His mind was chiefly intent upon tracing the chain of causes and effects in history; and his studies in this department of knowledge derive whatever value they may have, from the method in which the facts are marshalled—from the light they throw upon the philosophy of history.

In the year 1833, Mr. Durfee was again returned to the General Assembly, as a representative of the town of Tiverton; but was soon afterwards raised to a more important sphere of action, by being elected an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court. For this office his legal qualifications were not great. He had entered the profession of the law at about the period, indeed, when the Rhode Island bar was as able and as celebrated, in proportion to its numbers, as any in the United States. Though it had then lost, in the commanding eloquence and the comprehensive knowledge of James Burrill, its principal ornament, it could still boast of the classical attainments of Asher Robbins, the elegant learning and brilliant oratory of William Hunter, the ready wit and impassioned satire of Tristam Burges, the legal erudition of Nathaniel Searle, and the clear, strong common sense of Benjamin Hazard. These were illustrious civilians, all. Nevertheless, the ordinary means for the study of the law, at that time, were as imperfect as the occasions, on which a high degree of legal proficiency was called for, were infrequent. Mr. Durfee studied his profession with his father, a self-educated, and somewhat heavily moulded, though sensible country esquire, the whole of whose law library could have been transported in his saddle-bags. The son, therefore, came to the bar, having derived his knowledge of the principles of law mostly from Blackstone, and of its practice from a few antiquated books of forms. As a practitioner at the bar, accordingly, his pleadings were not always in the most perfect form; and so little tact had he for presenting in array the details of common cases, that his arguments might, perhaps, be said to have been equally remarkable for dullness and for obscurity, except when a brilliant bonfire could be made, by applying to the mass of accumulated facts the torch of some great principle. Thus Mr. Durfee was elevated to the bench, of which he became, at the end of a couple of years, the Chief Justice, with but an imperfect legal education, and no great experience of practice in courts. These were his deficiencies; and they had a natural foundation in his want of fondness for a profession, to which the character of his mind was ill adapted. But if his defects, as a judge, were striking, his qualifications were no less rare. He did not bring to the bench the highest attainments of a lawyer; but he had, at least, all the virtues of a man. An incorruptible love of justice hedged him about. His delight in the study of philosophy, from the heights of which he descended to come into the forum, made him eminently disinterested in dividing the word of truth between man and man. A high, sovereign moral sense led him generally to see the right, and to uphold it. If he was liable sometimes to err from not giving sufficient force to precedents, still few men could reason more logically from principles; and if his mind was not endowed with that quickness in applying these principles to the multifarious questions arising in practice, so necessary in a judge at *nisi prius*, it was gifted with that logical power of ratiocination which belongs to the great chancellor, and with that penetrating common sense, which, after due reflection, finds out the essential truth of a case. As possession is said to be nine-tenths of the law, and self-possession is equally nine-tenths of him who is appointed to declare it, it must be confessed that, in ordinary cases, Chief Justice Durfee had not always his faculties under such ready control as would have enabled him at once to seize upon the small salient points in a question of fact; but, on the other hand, there was this advantage, even in such cases, that they

were sure never to be prejudged; and the evidence always had a chance, in due time and place, to produce its proper effect.

It was not on the smallest, but the greatest occasions that the late Rhode Island Chief Justice appeared to the best advantage. Let but a question arise involving the grave principles of constitutional law, or the fundamental interests of society, and no man addressed himself to his work with more vigor and more fidelity. His physical and his moral courage were alike remarkable. As no situation of imminent bodily peril could for a moment disturb his mental self-possession; so no unmanly fear of consequences could make his decision swerve, but a hair's breadth, from the direct line of proof, nor any unworthy considerations of expediency jostle, ever so slightly, the equipoise of his moral purposes, when once deliberately settled. This greatness of soul and commanding power of argumentation are well illustrated in his few published "Charges." In that made on the late trial for treason in Rhode Island, may be found also a characteristic specimen of his large philosophical common sense; and we hesitate not to say, that nothing ever came from the English bench, going as far back as Lord Mansfield, or from the American bench, coming down as late as Judge Story, which better stated the point, that the jury have not the right to determine the law of a case, nor the court to decide on the facts of it. The passage is as follows:—

"In discharging this duty, (I speak not for myself merely, but for the court,) it is of some importance to know what the duties of a court are, and what the duties of a jury are; for they cannot be one and the same in relation to the same case. If it be our duty to decide what the general law of the land is, it is not your duty also to decide it. If it be your duty to ascertain what the facts are, and then apply the law to the facts as you find them, it is not our duty to do the same. A judicial tribunal, which is but a growth of the wisdom of ages, is not so absurdly constituted as necessarily to bring the court into conflict with the jury, and the jury into conflict with the court, and thus to defeat all the ends of justice. If such were the state of things, we could have no law; what the court did the jury might undo; what the jury did the court might undo; and thus, at the very heart of the system, would be found, in full operation, the elements of discord and anarchy. Let us see if our duties are so jumbled together, that we, as a court, can perform the duties of a jury; and you, as a jury, can perform the duties of a court. It is the duty of this court, and of all other courts of common-law jurisdiction, to decide upon what evidence shall pass to the jury, and what shall not. Questions as to what is evidence and what not, will arise, and in all time it has been made the duty of the court to decide them. It is also the duty of this court, as of all others of like jurisdiction, to decide what shall pass to the jury as the law of the land, touching the indictment on trial, and what shall not; for questions as to what is law, and what is not law, will in like manner arise, and the law has appointed none but the court to decide them. If it errs in its decisions, it can correct them on a motion for a new trial, if the verdict be against the prisoner; if it wilfully decides wrong, its members are liable to impeachment and disgrace. When the evidence has passed to the jury, it is their duty to scan it closely, to decide what is entitled to credit, and what not; and when they have determined what the facts are, that are proved or confessed, they apply the law which has been given them to the facts thus ascertained, and then acting as judges both of the law and the evidence, return a verdict, as to them, deciding under their oaths, may appear to be right. Here is no conflict of duties. The jury acts in harmony with the court, and the court with the jury."—*Pitman's Report of the late Trial for Treason in Rhode Island*, p. 121.

The most important of Chief Justice Durfee's charges is, perhaps, that delivered to the grand jury during the late rebellion in Rhode Island. Of this no less can be said, than that it is one of the ablest papers ever written upon the fundamental principles of American liberty, with a most forcible application of them to the great question then agitated in that State. And so violent was that agitation, so imminent the danger that the authority, not only of particular, but of all laws, would be resisted by force of arms, that the Chief Justice felt compelled, laying aside the ordinary etiquette of official station, to sink the judge in the citizen, and deliver the substance of his charge, in the form of lectures, in several of the larger towns of the State. His argument consisted more of a logical statement of important truths in political science, than an orderly presentation of the facts in the case; was rather speculative than historical: still, such was the clearness and force of his style, such the sustained fervor of his

delivery, such the weight of his private and public character, that it was listened to in breathless attention by crowded assemblies, and produced on the popular mind all the effect of an argument comprehended, even if it were not. No man saw more clearly, and declared more boldly than he, what would be the social and political consequences of the attempt then made to disjoin liberty from law; and no man actually did more to avert them. A truer patriot was never moulded in Rhode Island earth, nor a braver man. Called in the course of the insurrection to the performance of the most difficult and important duties, both as a private citizen and a public officer, he did them all well, and with as little pretension or display as he would have held his own plough-tail in the field, or have risen to charge the jury in a case of horse-stealing.

The literary quality of the Chief Justice's mind may best be seen in his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, and in his Discourse before the Historical Society. The style of these productions, although, as in his other writings, slightly blemished by the occasional use of a quaint or newly coined word, and of forms of expression not in accordance with the best usage, is characterized by uncommon vigor and perspicuity. Generally full and flowing, the current of his thoughts sometimes rushes forward with the headlong impetuosity of true eloquence; yet while the accumulated mass of argument moves majestically on, a playful imagination wreaths the surface into ever-changing circles, and covers it with sweeping lines of foam, and dancing eddies. This illustrative power of imagination accompanies the action of his mind even in its most abstruse speculation, and its most severely logical ratiocination. A beautiful example of the exercise of it may be seen in the Charge to the grand jury, before mentioned, where, in the course of an argument to show what constitutes a State, he says, "A mere proximity of habitations never made a State, any more than congregated caravans of Arabs, when, by night, they pitch their tents together in the bosom of the desert;" or in the Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, when, in advocating the importance of a monumental history, he exclaims, "O! let us build monuments to the past. Let them tower on mound and mountain; let them rise from the corners of our streets, and in our public squares, that childhood may sport its marbles at their basements, and lisp the names of the commemorated dead, as it lisps the letters of its alphabet."

The lighter graces of his mind, however, are more fully manifested in his unpublished lectures on the Indians, and in his minor poems, one of which, entitled Life's Voyage, is hardly less beautiful than the most suggestive allegories of Coleridge or of Bürger. We copy it, by permission:—

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

There rose amid the boundless flood
A little island green;
And there a simple race abode,
Which knew no other scene—

Save that a vague tradition ran,
That all the starry skies
Bore up a brighter race of man,
Robed in the rainbow's dyes.

A youth there was of ardent soul,
Who viewed the azure hue,
And saw the waves of ocean roll
Against its circle blue.

He launched his skiff, with bold intent
To seek the nations bright,
And o'er the rolling waters went
For many a day and night.

His lusty arms did stoutly strain,
Nor soon their vigor spent;
All hope was he right soon to gain,
And climb the firmament,

Where glorious forms in garments bright,
Dipped in the rainbow's dyes,
And streets, star-paved, should lend their light
To his enraptured eyes.

And then might he his isle regain,
Fraught with a dazzling freight,
And lead his kindred o'er the main,
To this celestial state.

But whilst he plied the bended oar,
The island left his view;
But yet afar his bark before
The azure circle flew.

Yet still did flattering hope sustain
And give him vigor new;
While still before him o'er the main
Retired the circle blue.

Though whirlpools yawned, and tempests frowned,
And beat upon his head,
And billows burst his bark around,
Hope on that phantom fed.

Nor yet had ceased his labors vain,
Had not his vigor failed,
And 'neath the fever of his brain,
His vital spirit quailed.—

Then Death appeared upon the sea.
An angel fair and bright;
For he is not what mortals say—
A grim and haggard sprite;

And "Thou dost chase," he said, "my child!
A phantom o'er the main;
But though it has thy toils beguiled,
Thou hast not toiled in vain.

"Thou hast thus roused each slumbering might,
And framed thy soul to be
Fit now to climb yon starry height:
Come, then, and follow me."

The "Oration" and the "Discourse," exhibit, also, a still higher mental attribute than those before alluded to—the capacity of philosophical speculation; and are entitled to high rank as illustrations of the application of the ideas of philosophy to the explanation of history. The former is an argument to prove that, in the progress of civilization, discoveries in science and inventions in art precede social and political improvements, in the order of cause and effect. This is asserted to be the law of the progress of the race; and its truth is illustrated by reference to the social and political consequences of the introduction into Europe of gunpowder, the art of printing, the mariner's compass, and the more recent applications of the power of steam. The existence of such a law is here rather assumed than proved; but the evidence in favor of it is more fully set forth in the author's system of philosophy contained in the Panidea. Perhaps, however, a broader statement of this doctrine would have furnished a more solid basis for the argument. For if the improvement of social and political institutions is a result of discoveries and inventions in science and art, these latter terms must be understood as comprehending all general truths discovered, whether in the world of matter or the world of mind, together with their applications. In the first instance, all such discoveries and inventions are made by the master spirits of the race; from them, they pass gradually into the common sense of the more intelligent portion of society; and finally become imbodied in social and political institutions. This, undoubtedly, is the law of the progress of civilization—called, in more popular language, the order of Divine Providence in the world.

The "Discourse" is an attempt—a very able one—to trace out the historical development of the idea of religious toleration. Its origin in history is detected in the minds of those who first suffered persecution for conscience' sake; it was dimly shadowed forth in the doctrines of the Waldenses and the Albigenses; the Protestant Reformation was the fruit of the idea, more fully understood; a still further unfolding of it steered the pilgrim's bark to this new continent; and at last, in its perfect development, it was made the corner stone of a civil state, erected, on the banks of the Mooshausic, by those who described themselves as "a poor colony, consisting mostly of a birth and breeding of the Most High, formerly from the mother-nation in the bishops' days, and latterly from the New England over-zealous colonies." There the pure idea of religious freedom was first incorporated into a constitution of government, in the immortal phrase, which concludes the compact made by the original settlers of Providence—"*only in civil things.*" Having traced the doctrine of toleration up to this point, the "Discourse" proceeds to show its operation in the legislation of the town of Providence; where, indeed, the newly adopted principle stood a good chance of being well put to the test, for if Dr. Mather is to be credited, the settlement was "a colluvies of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers and Ranters; everything in the world but Roman Catholics and real Christians; so that if a man had lost his religion, he might find it at this general muster of opinionists." The action of this fundamental principle is next shown in the formation and government of the sister settlements of Newport, Portsmouth and Warwick, and the course of legislation after their union with Providence under the first charter, when, too, it was maintained in circumstances of most trying

difficulty, growing out both of the domestic and the foreign relations of the Plantations. In short, the practical working of this great prolific truth of the freedom of conscience is ably, though briefly, exhibited not only in the whole course of Rhode Island legislation, and in its influence in forming the distinctive features of the Rhode Island character, but also in its remoter effects on the legislation of the other American States, and on the establishment of the Federal Constitution.

Besides the main source of its interest, this Discourse derives also no little value from its very successful delineations of the character of the leading settlers of the Plantations. The picture introduced of the village of Providence, the principal theatre upon which these persons acted, is so good a specimen of the author's power of imaginative description, that we give place to it.

"Would that it were in my power, by a mesmeric wave of the hand, to bring Providence before you, as she then was. You would see the natural Mooshausic, freely rolling beneath his primeval shades, unobstructed by bridge, unfringed by wharf or made land, still laving his native marge—here expanding in the ample cove—there winding and glimmering round point and headland, and, joyous in his native freedom, passing onward, till lost in the bosom of the broad-spreading Narragansett. You would see, beneath the forest of branching oak and beach, interspersed with dark-arching cedars and tapering pines, infant Providence, in a village of scattered log huts. You would see each little hut overlooking its own natural lawn, by the side of fountain or stream, with its first rude inclosure of waving corn; you would see the staunch-limbed draught-horse grazing the forest glade; you would hear the tinking of the cow-bell in the thicket, and the bleating of flocks on the hill; you would see the plain, home-spun human inhabitants—not such as tailors and milliners make, but such as God made; real men and women, with the bloom of health on their cheeks, and its elasticity and vigor in every joint and limb. Somewhat of an Arcadian scene this—yet it is not, in reality, precisely what it seems." Historical Discourse, p. 13.

Of this little community, even then divided into two hostile parties, Roger Williams and William Harris were the chief leaders. To the former is very justly ascribed the possession of two intellectual traits, which gave a strongly marked outline to his character—"originality of conception in design, and unyielding perseverance in execution." He represented the conservative element in the infant State; while the wrong-headed, but strong-minded Harris, who contended that "whosoever conscientiously disbelieved the authority of human government, ought to be exempted from the operation of its laws," was the first Jacobin, and the head of the hopeful battalion of reformers in Providence. Graphic but brief descriptions are given, also, of the zealous John Clarke, the good Samaritan of Aquidneck; of William Coddington, staid and worthy, who "had in him a little too much of the future for Massachusetts, and a little too much of the past for Rhode Island;" and of Samuel Gorton, as profound as mystical, the clouds round about whom became, in certain aspects, transfigured even into a skirt of glory, as of one who looked on the face of God. Men like these, it was, who stamped their image indelibly on the Rhode Island character. Hence, that attachment to freedom of opinion, which has been the birthright of all their descendants, as well as that jealousy of the clerical order, which prevails even to this day among them. Hence, too, is it that, while none have displayed more gallantry of action than the Rhode Islanders, whether on our land or our lakes, they have, until recently, been behind the other New England States in their patronage of common schools, and the higher institutions of learning. The man of independent mind, not of cultivated tastes, has hitherto been their favorite exemplar. The man of mother wit—the advocate at the forum, who, not encumbered too much by other men's opinions, relied boldly on his own native resources, *audax et semper paratus;* the divine, who drew in his inspiration direct from the breath of the Almighty, and could make his boast that he had never slept under the roof of a college; the landed proprietor, who administered justice among his neighbors without the formalities of the courts, whose downright sense uttered itself in contemptuous defiance of the laws of the King's English, who swore by his own right hand and changed not; these have been the popular idols of the Narragansett commonwealth. Common sense—for there has been this

advantage—has not been displaced by education among the inhabitants of its hardy hill-sides; a practical ingenuity has existed, self-educated, along the course of its busy streams; a proud sense of personal independence has built its humble homes in the hunting grounds of Massasoit and Miantinomo; and while generations before the present saw in the State of the Anchor and of Hope, few monuments of an enlightened public sentiment, or of a banded Christian charity, they were pre-eminently distinguished for the possession of a strongly marked individuality of character, which has given rise to success in the diverse occupations of agriculture, commerce, manufactures and the mechanical arts, and has introduced into social intercourse the great charm of variety of disposition and unprohibited diversity of opinion.

Nor should we omit to add that, in this rough granite of the Rhode Island character, may be found the basis for a superstructure, which shall be supported by all the virtues, and ornamented with the graces of the highest civilization. Already, indeed, a most admirable system of popular education is beginning to elevate and expand the native good sense of this people; the patronage of the higher seats of learning, formerly monopolized by a noble few, is now claimed as the honor of the many; and a new philanthropy, touched no less by the sufferings of the "mind diseas'd," than by the degradation of the mind uneducated, has just constructed a retreat, where to

> "Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the charg'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

The principal city of the State can now boast of a private library, second to none of its particular class in the country, and of a public one, rapidly increasing on a plan, in some respects, original and truly scientific; while such specimens of a chaste architectural taste are rising within its limits, such a growing interest in public improvements is passing out from this centre into all parts of the State, and appropriating a liberal share of the general wealth to works of utility and beauty, that one may almost behold, from afar, the coming of the time, when Rhode Island shall stand amid the larger republics, as fair and imperishable as stood the little temple of Vesta, surrounded by the over-topping fabrics of the Palatine and the Capitol, in the magnificent days when Rome was ruled by the Cæsars. In conclusion of this subject, and without repeating the observations made in the progress of our essay, let it be briefly added that in Judge Durfee were combined not only all the virtues of the earlier type of Rhode Island character, with but few of its defects, but also whatever in its development at the present day is most to be commended.

Of the writings of Mr. Durfee, there remains but one to be mentioned, the greatest and the last,—though for reasons which need not here be stated, published anonymously. The Panidea has, indeed, found no readers. Ushered into the presence of our popular literature with a title so uninviting and uncouth, and with a table of contents, the phraseology of which was apparently as unintelligible as it was fantastic, it met with a reception not unlike that which might have happened to an unfashionably clad stranger, from parts unknown, who had intruded into genteel society without a friend to introduce, or a letter to accredit him. The intruder might, nevertheless, have descended from an exalted sphere of existence, though little known; and the work, in fact, is one which we hesitate not to pronounce the most remarkable metaphysical treatise written in this country since Jonathan Edwards's Inquiry into the Nature of the Will. If not a complete and elaborate intellectual system of the universe, it is, at least, a model in miniature of one—wrought with exceeding skill, harmonious in all its parts, entire within itself. Although, as in other branches of knowledge, the author's reading in philosophy was small, being confined chiefly to the writings of Coleridge, the English translations from Cousin, and some brief epitome of the history of metaphysics, yet the Panidea lays no claim to originality in its general results. It is a system of eclecticism; similar in most of its doctrines to those before advocated by the ideal or transcendental philosophy; sometimes resembling the views of Berkeley or Spinoza, and sometimes approaching to the conclusions of Fichte or Schelling.

Like the systems constructed by these celebrated metaphysicians, it attempts to frame and establish such a conception of the universe as shall get rid of the dualism of the popular philosophy. While to the human mind, the external world is declared in the Panidea to be a reality, and such a reality as our senses represent it to be, still, relatively to the mind of God, it is pronounced to be no more than the imagery of His own thoughts. That this representation of the external universe is the true one, is attempted to be proved by an argument designed to show, that the so called primary qualities of matter no more have an existence independent of the reason than have the secondary; and that, therefore, even to the reason, as it is manifested in the human mind, matter is known only by the spiritual properties ascribed to it. But the human reason, it is declared, does not differ, in substance, from the divine: reason in man is the omnipresent Logos, though limited in its action, by a quasi freedom of the will, giving rise to a quasi personal identity. This limitation is represented to be "little less than absolute," and of such a nature as to prevent the author's general view from degenerating into pantheism and necessitarianism. There is, indeed, no lack of modes of expression, which, if not interpreted in accordance with the spirit and meaning of the whole theory, would as necessarily imply a belief in the pantheistic doctrine, as might even the expression of the Apostle Paul, if construed by itself, when he says that in God we live and move and have our being, or that of the Saviour himself when he declares not only himself and his Father, but his disciples also to be one. It may, perhaps, not be impossible to prove that the Panidea is pantheism; but such proof would, at once, introduce remediless confusion into the whole system of the author, and would have been sufficient to convince even himself that it was a fabric built upon the sands.

That which entitles the Panidea to the rank of a system of philosophy, is, mainly, the originality of its method. The peculiarity of this can be understood only by a study of the work itself; though it may here be briefly characterized as a method of demonstration, founded on experiment.

In the narrow limits of a review, it would be in vain to attempt to give either an analysis or a critique of such a work as the Panidea. It may be sufficient for our purpose to call the attention of those of our readers, who take an interest in metaphysical inquiries, to this work, as a serious and, withal, not a presumptuous attempt to give, by a process of reasoning somewhat novel, a new solution of those great problems in philosophy, which have occupied the attention of the most gifted minds, but to which all the answers hitherto worked out seem only distant approximations towards the truth. Persons not familiar with metaphysical studies, would probably find great difficulty in comprehending so abstruse and spiritual a scheme of philosophy; though no one, who does understand it, will fail to perceive the extraordinary coherency as well as subtilty of the arguments—to acknowledge both the clearness with which the conceptions are expressed, and the aptness with which the demonstrations are illustrated—and to be favorably impressed by the moral spirit of the author, however false he may regard the premises of his reasonings, or however strongly he may feel himself called upon to deprecate the practical tendency of his conclusions.

The construction of this system of metaphysics, was the work of a life-time. Some of the fundamental views contained in it, were committed to writing as early as during the author's connection with Congress; though the consolidation of his opinions into a logical theory took place, undoubtedly, at a much later period. Probably his philosophy would have been presented in a far more accessible form, had he lived to compose another work, long meditated, and which was designed to show the application of his metaphysical doctrines to the interpretation of history. But the execution of this purpose was frustrated by a disease which, though not occurring until the fifty-seventh year of his age, must be lamented as premature.

In bringing this paper to a conclusion, we cannot forbear repeating the hope, that the entire writings of Chief Justice Durfee will be given to the public. Even the publication of the "What-cheer" made the name of its author favorably known

to a large circle of readers in England; and his speculative writings, particularly, are well worthy not only to be read in his own country, but to occupy a permanent rank in the history of its literature. Hitherto the questions of metaphysical philosophy have been discussed in the secluded groves of the Platonic academy, or the still shade of the Stoic porch; in the myrtle-scented villa of Tusculum, or beneath the mingled palms and sycamores of Alexandria; by the cloistered scholars of Germany, and by the great English minds of an era less enlightened than the present. It remains to be seen what view is to be taken of those philosophical problems, which necessarily arise in all speculative minds, in this new world—in a land holding sacred the freedom of opinions—in the soil of common sense and the practical understanding. These questions will be asked here—they will be answered here. And let not a shallow ridicule presume to deride that which it does not understand; nor a narrow utilitarianism anathematize that which it knows not how to appropriate. Let philosophy be tolerated in a country where all things beside are tolerated; for thus will it be best improved. And when it raises its majestic voice so loud that the accents of it may be caught even amid the bustle of the Rhode Island loom and spindle, let us attend to the lessons which may be taught, in these new circumstances, by the practical mind of America; and cheerfully admit to the freedom of our republic of letters, the philosopher who brings on his well prepared credentials the seal of that State, which was the first to lay its foundations on the rock of "soul liberty."

THE STREET FLUTE-PLAYER.

"Why look so humble,
  Thus stretching thy palms?"
"Ah, Sir, I'm asking
  From thee a small alms!"
"No! thou hast *earned* it well;
On me thy music fell
Hushing rough passion's spell,
  Like a sea calm."

Joyful he looked at me—
  Saying—"How few
Give the poor player thus
  What is his due!"
Then passed he down the street
With firmer, prouder feet,
On his flute playing sweet
  "Bonnets o' Blue."

Then I thought—"Melodist!
  How many times,
Playing airs hallowed
  By the old rhymes,
Must you walk through the street,
With worn and weary feet,
Unthanked as bells that greet
  Towns with their chimes!

"Yet, pilgrim-melodist!
  Poor is the praise
Or the gold gift bestowed
  On thy sweet lays,
Measured with joys that start
Like rainbows in the heart
Of him who doeth his part
  In the Life-maze.

"Burns with a city-wreath
  Forgets the song-vow—
Was he not nobler
  With poem and plough?
Chanting amid the shade
Of the swart hell he made,
Dante, his grief allayed,
  Wears a calm brow.

"Action's its own reward,—
  Noblest devotion!
Roll, if ye wish to live,
  Planet and Ocean!
Work is our mighty nurse!
Work, and take off the curse;
What shows the Universe
  But God in motion!" W. W.

THE ART OF MEASURING VERSES.*

To compose good verses, may be placed among the elegant accomplishments of a thoroughly educated person. If it gives but little pleasure to others, it at least gratifies ourselves, nor can we find any idleness or mischief in a proper indulgence of so happy a taste as that of the versifier. Some historians aver, that in the first ages of the world, all writings were in metre, not even excepting laws and chronicles, and that the forms of prose were an invention of later date. A habit that is natural and harmless, is certainly not ridiculous, if one uses it with discretion; not to say that it may take the place of grosser, and more exceptionable, amusements. We have no scruple, therefore, in occupying a moderate space with a few remarks on the art of making verses in our language, more especially as it is a topic seldom touched by periodical writers, and treated by the learned in such a dry and profound way, the generality of readers are never the wiser for all that has been written on the subject.

As there are no established authorities in this art, and, indeed, no acknowledged principles—every rhymster being permitted to invent his own method, and write by instinct or imitation—the critic feels quite at liberty to say just what he pleases, and offer his private observations as though these were really of some moment.

The qualities of spoken words are twofold: they are both marks of ideas,—and in that usage quite arbitrary in their sound,—and expressions of feeling and sensation, being in the latter function no more arbitrary or irregular than the qualities of musical sounds. The same word may be spoken in many different ways, expressing many varieties of feelings, and conditions of thought: as of pain, fear, delight, surprise, amazement—and all these kinds of expressions may be given in rapid succession to the same word, by as many inflections of the voice; but the same word, represented by written marks, stands only for an idea, or a thing, and has no effect upon the passions or the senses.

Of no less consequence is the arrangement of words,—the order of their succession,—by which a series of emotions are made to succeed each other, and a harmony of passions created in the imagination, like a piece of music. The art of versification consists, therefore, in arranging words in such order, that when read by a full and flexible voice, they shall excite a musical movement in the sense of hearing, that shall agree in quality and effect with the melody—if we may so speak—of the train of passions and objects awakened in the mind by the order of the words themselves, as they are mere marks of ideas. As the ascending and descending scale in music, and the movements on different keys, awaken different musical emotions, as of sad, gay, uncertain, musing, boisterous, heroic; so in verse, certain movements of the sounds of words, excite corresponding emotions; and in a perfect poem, the sense and the sound act together irresistibly.

Comic poets make use of a dancing, or even a trotting and stumbling, metre, full of odd combinations of sounds; while the heroic line rolls smoothly on, or makes grand pauses, like intervals in the echoes of artillery. In the blank verse of the drama, the thought sustains itself upon a lofty and slow moving line, but full of irregular turns and stops, to agree naturally with the rough gestures of passion. The lyrist, again, pours out passages of unbroken melody, like passionate airs. In this art, as in all of those which belong to imagination, the common and merely

* *A System of English Versification, containing Rules for the structure of different kinds of Verse; illustrated by numerous Examples from the best Poets.* By Erastus Everett, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, 148 Chestnut street. 1848.

natural is avoided, and the beauty, power, and sweetness of discourse, given apart and by itself.

The composition of good verse demands, therefore, at least these two qualifications in the composer: first, the imaginative power, to give an harmonious order to images and passions, in their description; and lastly, an ear for the measure, fullness, and cadences of words. At present we propose only to consider this latter qualification, and to inquire by what means a naturally good ear may be led to a finer appreciation of the musical properties of speech.

Of every species of beauty, and more especially of the beauty of sounds, *continuousness* is the first element; a succession of pulses of sound becomes agreeable, only when the breaks, or intervals, cease to be heard; we say then of a note, in sound, that it is musical, when the pulses cannot be distinguished by the ear. The same is true of artificially colored surfaces; they are agreeable to the eye when we see them at such a distance as not to discern the numerous particles or specks of color which compose them. The same is true also of the human voice, in the expression of tender and agreeable emotions: the words require to be spoken with a certain smoothness and even monotony, as far as possible removed from the abrupt and curt style of business, or the rude and harsh tones of hatred or contempt. In a prosaic enunciation, as in counting, or naming a variety of disconnected objects, a sensible pause is made after each word, and the voice slides up and down upon each word, as if to separate and characterize each by itself. And this separation and distinctness of parts is, perhaps, the strongest characteristic of pure prose, and is constantly aimed at by the best writers of prose. Verse on the contrary demands a kind of fusion, or running together of the words, so that a line of verse may be spoken in one effort of the voice, as a bar of music is played by one movement of the hand. The line,

"Full many a tale their music tells,"

slips over the lip with a pouring softness, without break or pause. So in

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;"

or in this from Ovid:

"Tempora Lucifero, cadit Eurus; et humida surgunt;"

or this of Dante:

"Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va nella perdata gente,"

or Shakspeare's

"Full fathom five thy father lies,"—

in the melodious lines of Milton's Lycidas or the flute-like strains of Burns, or of Theocritus, the words are melted and toned together, and the voice glides easily through the line.

These mellow lines not only characterize the best poems, but they are also the best adapted for the voice in singing; and the first line of the stanza agrees also with the first line of the musical notes. In the most perfect airs, the words and notes agree and move together. But as the lyric, or song, is the type of all poetry,—as the air which fits it, is of all music,—it is necessary to find a very perfect agreement between the two; as, for example, in the time, or duration, of each verse, agreeing with the time of the musical notes. The division of the musical air of a song into four parts of equal length, shows that the ear demands not only continuity of sound, but that it shall be divided into portions of equal length, as into verse, staves, and stanzas. Poetry following the same law, is divided into feet and lines of equal length, succeeding each other with perfect regularity, or alternating with shorter equal lines, for the pleasure of variety.

Thus, in reading the lines,

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures," &c.,

it is necessary to a perfect reading, to fill out each line with the voice to a full and equal quantity of sound, with as great care as if chanting or singing them, and this may be done best by keeping up a regular beat with the foot.

Quantity, therefore, or the division into measures of time, is a second element of verse; each line must be stuffed out with sounds, to a certain fullness and plump-

ness, that will sustain the voice, and force it to dwell upon the sounds.

"From you have I been absent in the spring
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Had put a spirit of youth in everything,
And heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him."

It is impossible to read these lines without feeling their *fullness:* they are an extreme and rare example of that quality.

When the most perfect mellowness and continuity is joined with the greatest fullness, as in the first line of the Iliad,

"Mēenin āidee Theea, Peeleeïadeō Akileeos,
Oulomenee,"

in which the most excellent musical quality of verse is perceived, it affects the ear with a sense of conjoined power and sweetness. But as the air in music is not only divided into four parts, like the stanza which it accompanies, but also into bars, or lesser equal portions of time—three, four, or more equal bars going to fill out the lines, marked by accents, and separated by pauses of imperceptible length in singing—so, the line of significant sounds, in a verse, is also marked by accents, or pulses, and divided into portions called feet. These are necessary and natural, for the very simple reason that continuity by itself is tedious; and the greatest pleasure arises from the union of continuity with variety.

In the line,

"Full màny a tàle theír mùsic tèlls,"

there are at least four accents or stresses of the voice, with faint pauses after them, just enough to separate the continuous stream of sound into these four parts, to be read thus—

Fullman—yataleth—eirmus—ictells,

by which new combinations of sound are produced, of a singularly musical character.

It is evident from the inspection of the above line, that the division of the feet by the accents is quite independent of the division of words by the sense. The sounds are melted into continuity, and re-divided again in a manner agreeable to the musical ear. By this kind of division a new feeling is given to the words, which almost overwhelms their meaning as prose, and the agreeable blending and running together of the words, doubtless gives rise to a similar blending and melody of images and emotions in the imagination, producing a kind of music of the mind. Lines of a good quality are always filled out with a due complement of sound: such verses as are not well filled out are characterized as "lean and flashy," without body or strength. In criticising a poem, therefore, it is good to divide the lines by the ear, and observe whether the musical divisions, or feet, have the proper fullness.

And here again the law of variety, perfecting continuity, reappears, for if the feet of a line are all equally full, it will be heavy and dull. It is necessary—either, that one, two, or three of the feet, should be shorter than the others, and this, too, by a certain fixed quantity of sound, as in the line

"Auream quisquis mediocritatem,"

which, when musically divided, reads thus,

Aurĕ—àmquisq—ùismĕdĭ—òcrĭt—atem,

the first and fourth musical or metrical divisions having a less quantity of sound than the second, third and fifth:—Or, that these divisions having all an equal quantity of sound, some of them should be broken up into lesser portions; just as a bar of two minims, in the air, is broken into a minim and two crotchets; or a crotchet, in a bar of two crotchets, is broken into a crotchet and two quavers.

"Hic subitam nigro glomerari pulvere nubem,"

to be read thus,

Hìcsubit—àmnigr—òglomer—àrip—ùlveren—
ùbem,

in which the six divisions, or musical metres, are of equal length, or require an equal stress and duration of the voice in speaking or chanting, but are differently divided; some into two heavy, or long syllables, and some into three, one heavy and two light; the two light requiring no more force of voice or time in uttering, than the one long.

This kind of verse, (the hexameter, in which the feet have all an equal quantity of sound,) is unknown in our language, either through want of cultivation, or want of capacity in the language itself. The pleasure of it consists greatly in the metrical divisions so falling as to break the words in two; so that in reading we are obliged, in order to keep sense and sound together, to fuse and blend them in a line. The rules for the structure of this verse are given in treatises of Latin and Greek prosody.

When it is observed that hexameter verse requires always that the metrical divisions between the first four feet in the line must divide the dissyllable words, or if they be monosyllables, group them contrarily to the prosaic divisions; and that the feet must be all equal in quantity, so as to fill out an equal time in reading, without the aid of slurring long syllables, skipping harsh ones, or filling gaps with prosaic pauses, some notion of the difficulty of composing them may be attained; and it will be understood, why all the writers of pretended English hexameters have produced only a monotonous, prosaic kind of chant, instead of musical lines. Good verse requires to be read with the natural quantities of the syllables, but to read these English hexameters you must slur here and drawl there, to help your poet through his six equal feet. It is certainly possible, with great labor, to arrange the sounds of our language in hexametrical order, but whether it ever could become a habit of the ear and mind to compose in such divisions, is doubtful, to say the least. In the lines,

"Like souls numberless called out of time to
eternity's ocean,"

the hexametrical divisions and quantities may be seen by writing and spelling the syllables so as to show their real quantities; thus,

Likesoulsn--umberlessc--alledoutoft--imetoët--
ernity's--ōcean,

in which the second and third feet are too heavy, having more sound than the fourth, in a natural reading; whereas, the law of the metre requires that with a full and easy reading the feet should be equal.

In this line,

"And the shore groans trembling under a fall
of billows,"

to be read thus,

Andthesh--oregroanstr--embling—underaf—all
of b—illows,

the musical divisions not only break the words, but even the syllables; which is another difficulty in our language, the consonantal sounds being so constantly employed to begin words, and to end them.

English metres are sometimes of that kind in which the feet are all *equal* in quantity. Thus, in the lines,

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?"

to be read,

Whencoldn--esswrapsth—issuff'r—ingclay,
Ah! whith—erstraysth'—immort—almind?

the verse is perceived to consist of six heavy syllables, each composed of a vowel followed by a group of consonantal sounds, the whole measured into four equal feet. The movement is what is called spondaic, a spondee being a foot of two heavy sounds. The absence of short syllables gives the line a peculiar weight and solemnity suited to the sentiment, and doubtless prompted by it.

But the more frequent English metres are of the kind that have one, two, or three of the metrical divisions, shorter than the others; as in the following from Burns:

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue,"

to be read thus,

Saeflàx—ĕnwère—herrìngl—èts
Hĕreyèbr—owsòf—ădàrk—erhùe
Bĕwĭtch—ingly—o'erărch—ìng
Twalaùgh—ĭngèen—ŏ'bònn—ìeblùe.

The first and third verses of this stanza have an *iambus*—that is to say, a foot consisting of one short or light, followed

by a heavy, syllable; and the last, or detached, metrical syllable is long and heavy in its sound; thus,

— — | ⏑ — | — — | — ;

which structure leaving the verse incomplete, the voice makes a natural pause at the end of the line, just equal in length to one long time or metre, thus, | — | .

By changing the place of the short syllable the character of the verse would also be changed, as it would also be, by the addition of another long syllable, in place of the pause at the end.

The second and fourth verses, on the other hand, consist of two spondees and two iambuses, thus,

⏑ — | — — | ⏑ — | — —,

and have an effect of their own, very different from that of the others. To give these delicate metres a lean and flashy effect, or to make them heavy and dull, we have only to substitute short quantities where there are long ones, and *vice versa*.

If any person who is accustomed to read verse critically, and is endowed by nature with a nice ear for quantity, well exercised in the classic metres, will read a piece of excellent verse by some master hand, he will probably find some of the lines more full and sonorous than others. On dividing these by their musical accents, as in Greek scanning, they will be found to consist of full and regular feet, spondees and iambuses, for example, alternating variously. If the poem be a classic and regular lyric, like one of Horace's odes, the alternations will be the same throughout; and every departure from the model will be observed, as injurious to the musical or lyrical quality of the poem. But if the verse be narrative or descriptive, didactic or heroic, or if it be the blank verse of epic or dramatic poetry, the places of the iambuses and spondees will be continually varied, so as to give the greatest possible variety to the verses. Take, for example, these lines of Pope :—

"So Helluo, late dictatŏr of thĕ feast,
Thĕ nose of hautgout and thĕ tip of taste,
Crĭtiqued your wine and anălysed your meat,
Yĕt on plain pudding deigned at home tŏ eat,"

of which the quantities are thus represented, by the accents and the commencing vowels of the feet :—

— — | — — | — — | ⏑ — | ⏑ —
⏑ — | — — | — — | ⏑ — | — —
⏑ — | — — | — — | ⏑ — | — —
⏑ — | — — | — — | — — | ⏑ —, &c.

In Pope's poetry the line is often weak and light—as in Milton it is sometimes too heavy—through the employment of false quantities; but it rarely or never happens, that they fall into monotony by repeating too frequently the same form of metrical arrangement. With a little practice, it becomes easy to detect the short syllables in Pope's verse, and his is perhaps the best to begin with, in cultivating the ear. A short vowel sound followed by a double consonantal sound, usually makes a *long* quantity; so also does a long vowel like *y* in beauty, before a consonant. The metrical accents, which often differ from the prosaic, mostly fall upon the heavy sounds; which must also be prolonged in reading, and never slurred or lightened, unless to help out a bad verse. In our language the groupings of the consonants furnish a great number of spondaic feet, and give the language, especially its more ancient forms, as in the verse of Milton and the prose of Lord Bacon, a grand and solemn character.

One vowel followed by another, unless the first be naturally made long in the reading, makes a short quantity, as in *thĕ old*. So, also, a short vowel followed by a single short consonant, gives a short time or quantity, as in *tŏ give*. A great variety of rules for the detection of long and short quantities have yet to be invented, or applied from the Greek and Latin prosody. In all languages they are of course the same, making due allowance for difference of organization; but it is as absurd to suppose that the Greeks should have a system of prosody differing in principle from our own, as that their rules of musical harmony should be different from the modern. Both result from the nature of the ear and of the organ of speech, and are consequently the same in all ages and nations.

The two elements of musical metre, namely, *time* and *accent*, both together

constituting *quantity*, are equally elements of the metre of verse. Each iambic foot or metre, is marked by a swell of the voice, concluding abruptly in an accent, or interruption, on the last sound of the foot; or, in metres of the *trochaic* order, in such words as *dandy, handy, bottle, favor, labor*, it begins with a heavy accented sound, and declines to a faint or light one at the close. The line is thus composed of a series of swells or waves of sound, concluding and beginning alike. The accents, or points at which the voice is most forcibly exerted in the feet, being the divisions of *time*, by which a part of its musical character is given to the verse, are usually made to coincide, in our language, with the accents of the words as they are spoken; which diminishes the musical character of our verse. In Greek hexameters and Latin hexameters, on the contrary, this coincidence is avoided, as tending to monotony and a prosaic character.

Thus in the line from Virgil:—

"Còrpora curàmus fèssos sòpor ìrrigat artus,"

to be read metrically—

Còrpŏrăc—ùram—ūsfess—òssŏpŏr—ìrrĭgăt—
àrtus,

two of the accents are thrown out of their natural places by the breaking of the words into feet. But, in such cases, by reading the line with regard merely to *time*, and the joining of the syllables in feet, the prosaic accents may be introduced beside; but this can be done only by a person possessed of a very nice ear.

Although this interference of the word and verse accents is most noticeable in the Latin hexametrical metre, it is very frequent in Milton. Take, for example, the lines:—

"Scàtter your lèaves befòre the mèllowing yèar,
Bitter constràint and sàd occàsion dear;"

to be read metrically thus,

Scattè—ryourleàvesb—&c.
Bittèrc—onstraìnt—&c.

But after all, it does not seem to be necessary to verse, that the time accents be marked: all that is required is to give time, and fullnèss, to the long metrical syllables, and not to give the prose accent so forcibly as to destroy their effect. Some languages, the French for example, seem to be without accent; and as the prosaic stress of voice is variable and arbitrary, good readers of verse make it as little conspicuous as possible.

As it frequently happens that word and verse accent fall differently, so is it with the division of the sounds by *syllables:* the *verse syllables*, like the verse feet, differ in the prosaic and metrical reading of the line. Thus, in the verse,

"How cunningly the sorceress displays,"

the metrical structure requires us to read,

Howcunn—inglyth—ĕsorc—ĕressd—isplays;

or in the following,

"That the shrewd meddling elf delights to
make,"

which it is necessary to read,

Thattheshr—ewdmeddl—ingelfd—ĕlightst—
ŏmake;"

for, if we read it by the prosaic syllabication, there will be no possibility of measuring the quantities. The word *the*, for example, is short, standing by itself, and we should read,

That thĕ shrewd, &c.;

but, remembering that in a line of verse the *feet*, and not the words, are to be separated, we write,

Thattheshr—ewd, &c.,

by which it appears that the first foot is a very heavy spondee, instead of being, as might appear, if we read it thus, *That thĕ*, a trochee.

It seems, from an examination, by the ear, of the structure of Greek, Latin, and English verse, that the metrical are perfectly distinct from the prosaic properties of verse; the most melodious verse may be composed of sounds devoid of meaning: a line of meaningless sounds such as the following,

Nootalmonalltaidoughrăplantĭpall,

illustrates as perfectly the properties of

the English iambic heroic line, as the most sublime verse of the Paradise Lost; and when we divide it metrically, it falls, not into *words*, of course, nor into prosaic syllables, for these are not in it at all, but into metrical syllables and feet: Thus,

Nootàlm—onàllt—aidoùghr—ăplànt—ĭpàll.

Or, in the following,

ĕtnol—imbòst—ĕtnòov—eepùnch—inhòll,

of which we may imagine the following prosaic order,

Etnolìmbos tetnòovee punchìnholl,

which has as much meaning to the ear as a Greek hexameter to a tyro at the University, and illustrates as well the theory of metrical divisions.

Let us now, in the light of nature and experience, dissect a few lines of the blank verse of Sophocles, and observe, apart from all the rules of the scholiasts and metrical critics, in what particulars they differ from our own. It is unnecessary, then, to premise the least knowledge of the Greek, for the question now is of metre and the ear, and not of meaning or the mind.

Pòlin mèn ei kai mee blèpeis phròneis d'òmoze,

which read,

Pólinm—ĕnèik—aimeebl—ĕpeisphr—ŏneisd—ŏmos.

Another,

Rusai dè pau mìasmà ton tèthneekòtos;

which read,

Rúsai—dĕpaum—ĭasm—atont—ĕthneek—ŏtós.

Another,

Rusai seauton kai polin rusai d'emee;

which read,

Rúsais—ĕaut—onkaip—ŏlinr—ŭsaid—ĕmee.

Another,

Sud' oun phroneesas meet ap' oiōnōn phatin,

which reads metrically,

Sudounphr—ŏnees—ăsmeet—ăpoi—ōnōnph—ătin

O pantă nōmōn, Teirĕsĭa dĭdaktă tĕ,

which read,

Opant—ănōm—ōnteir—ĕsĭād—ĭdakt—ătĕ.

These lines, from the blank verse of the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, are examples of the heroic verse of that drama, of the blank verse of Sophocles generally. They prove that metre, like musical harmony, is an affair of the senses merely, and not of any ingenious predètermination by rule.

In each of the lines we observe six divisions, or feet; and of the syllables, *five* are *short* in quantity. The distribution of the short syllables is not the same in all; for in the first example the spondaic foot is the *third*, in the next it is the *fourth*, in the next, *third*, in the next, *fifth*, in order. Thus it is perceived, that the necessary variety is given to this verse, by varying the position of the *one* spondaic foot.

Again, in the last example given, a new arrangement appears, namely, the putting of two short syllables in the fourth foot of the verse, and inserting *two* spondaic feet. By this arrangement, the line is *filled out* with the requisite quantity of sounds, and a greater variety introduced. In a word, *the lines have all the same quality, or metrical duration, as in bars of music, but the short syllables are variously distributed.*

If we measure the duration of time by one metrical short syllable, taken as a unit of measurement, then the verse of Sophocles is just *nineteen* metrical units in length; which may be distributed in an infinite variety of ways, provided the iambic form be always preserved. Thus in the last example given, there are *seven* instead of five short metrical syllables, arranged thus,

— — | ⏑— | — — | ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | ⏑ — | ⏑ ⏑,

giving but *five* feet, when the usual number is *six;* but in all cases preserving the iambic metrical accents. Not to dwell tediously upon the matter, and leaving

such as may be interested in the inquiry to prove, or disprove, what is asserted, by farther examples, we venture to say, that the first principle of metrical, is the same with that of musical verse, namely, that the line taken for a rule, or model, though the number of its syllables may vary, will always be of the same metrical length, or in other words, will be equal to the same number of metrical units, or short times; and if a line varies from this measure, it is either an alexandrine or a curt line, introduced for variety, or it is falsely measured and out of time. We intend, also, that if these principles, with the others previously expressed, are true in the given instances, they are equally true for all languages and all varieties of metre, even to the denial that any poetic metres, founded on other principles, can properly exist. And this, of course, is directly opposed to a favorite theory of some writers, that good verse may be composed in our language by accents alone, without regard to quantity. It maintains that good English verse is as thoroughly quantitative as the Greek, though it be much more heavy and spondaic.

We conclude with a few

EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH METRES.

Flavĭă's ă wit, has too much sense tŏ pray.
POPE.

In this line there are four short (metrical) syllables. The first foot, — ⏑ ⏑, has the form of a hexametrical dactyl, but as the metrical accent of that dactyl falls on the first, but that of this upon the last (metrical) syllable, it may be called an *iambic* dactyl, formed by the substitution of two short for one long time in the last portion of the foot. Iambic spondees and dactyls are to be distinguished by the metrical accent falling on the last syllable. The line consists of *eleven* syllables, although not longer in quantity than a spondaic one of *nine*, or an ordinary iambic line of *ten*; eleven syllables, four of which are short, being equal in quantity to nine long; or to ten, of which two are short.

Yield nòt your trùth || thoùgh gold yòu persuàde,

is equal in quantity to the regular iambic, but has a peculiar character and accent. Iambics of nine syllables are rare, though occasionally to be met with in the older dramatists; never, perhaps, in Milton.

In the line,

Flavĭă's ă wit, bŭt ă wĭt or harsh or keen,

there are *twelve* syllables; but equal in metrical quantity to the more usual verse of ten syllables, two short. Six of the syllables being short and six long, the whole together equal two shorts and eight long, or eighteen *times*, or units; which is the invariable quantity of all English heroics of this form, except alexandrines. It does not often happen that more than *two* shorts are used in this line, and in good verse rarely more than *four*.

"Flavĭă's ă wit, has too much sense tŏ pray;
Tŏ toast our wants and wishĕs is her way;
Nor asks of God, bŭt of her stars tŏ give
Thĕ mighty blessing, while we live tŏ live.
Then all for death, thăt opiate of thĕ soul,
Lŭcretia's dagger, Ròsămonda's bowl.
Say what can cause such impŏtence ŏf mind?
A spark too ficklĕ, ŏr a spouse too kind?
Wise wretch! with pleasures too rĕfined tŏ please;
With too much spirit tŏ be ere ăt ease;
With too much quickness ĕver tŏ be taught;
With too much thinking tŏ have cŏmmon thought;
You purchase pain with all thăt joy can give,
And die of nothing but thĕ rage tŏ live."
POPE.

"O prince, O chief of măny throned powers,
That led thĕ embattled sĕrăphim tŏ war,
Undĕr thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearlĕss, endangĕrĕd hĕaven's perpĕtŭal king,
And put to proof his high sŭpremăcy."
MILTON.

It is not unusual to find a heavy line in Milton, in which a double consonant is slurred, as in the third verse of the above passage, where for *and*, we read *an'*, and make *er* before *th* as short as *e* alone. The formula of the Miltonic verse admits a vast variety; but, like the hexameters of Homer, retains something of the heaviness of the earlier ages. The lines just given may be scanned as follows:—

— — | — — | — ⏑ | ⏑ — | — — | —
— — | ⏑ — | — — | ⏑ ⏑ — | ⏑ —
— ⏑ | — — | — ⏑ | — — | — —
— ⏑ | — — | ⏑ ⏑ ⏑ | — — | ⏑ ⏑ —
— — | — — | — — | — — | ⏑ —, &c.

The first of these verses has a supernumerary syllable; an addition very usual in the heroic verse of Sophocles, Euripides, Shakspeare and Milton. The quantity of the blank verse of Milton and Shakspeare equals eighteen times, or metrical units, and, with the supernumerary, nineteen or twenty times. That of Sophocles, with even greater variety of structure, equals nineteen, and with the supernumerary, twenty, or twenty-one, short times, arranged in twelve, thirteen, or fourteen syllables, in every form that is consistent with the iambic accents.

"Wilt thou bĕ gone? ĭt is not yet near day:
It was thĕ nightingale, and not thĕ lark,
That pierced thĕ fearfŭl hollow of thine ear."
Romeo and Juliet.

Formula of the above:

— — | ⏑ — ‖ ⏑ — | — — | — —
— — | ⏑ — | — — ‖ — — | ⏑ —
— — | ⏑ — ‖ ⏑ — | — — | — —

A great part of the variety of the verse in Shakspeare and Milton is due to the various placing of the cæsura, or dividing pause, in the time, indicated by the double mark in the above formula. When this breaks a word, it is most effective.

"And, if by fortune ănу littlĕ nap
Upon his heavy eyelids chanced tŏ fall,
Eftsoons onĕ of those villains him dĭd rap
Upon his headpiece with hĭs yron mall."
Fairy Queen.

The foregoing examples may suffice to illustrate, at least, if not to establish, the views put forth in the above essay. At another time we propose to revert again to the subject; and if it be not regarded as too trifling or contemptible a matter to engage the serious consideration of critics, to develop farther what seem to us to be the principles and laws of English versification.

It is now a part of courtesy to thank the author of the work before us, for offering, at once, an apology and occasion for what has been said. The views supported in the work itself are not, indeed, such as we would subscribe to, nor can we admit the numerous analyses of English metres which it contains to be correct; yet, as it is as complete in design and execution as anything that has yet appeared on the subject, and well calculated to excite the attention, and direct the inquiries, of English scholars, to the study of our own metres, we shall even pass it by without a word of criticism. The book is a small, well printed volume, cheap enough, and well worth its price, if it were only for the numerous beautiful specimens of verse which it contains. J. D. W.

RUSSIA.*

This volume contains a great many new and interesting facts about Russia, communicated in a very sensible manner. It will be doing it a courtesy, and at the same time convey the best idea of its character, and make, we hope, an entertaining article, to skim it over and give the cream of it.

The first hundred pages are occupied with the author's journey from Copenhagen to Christiana, and thence overland in Norway and Sweden to Stockholm: these we will pass by. At Stockholm he takes steamer for St. Petersburg, and readers who will take the slight trouble to transport themselves to the gulf of Finland, may join him there without difficulty.

The eastern extremity of the gulf is the bay of Cronstadt and the mouth of the Neva. The bay is not navigable for vessels drawing over eight feet water, and hence the large merchantmen are obliged to discharge at Cronstadt and send their cargoes up to St. Petersburg in lighters. Immense granite fortifications guard the mouth of the Neva, there about eight hundred yards wide, and with the natural difficulties of navigation render the approach of a hostile fleet impossible. No traveller is permitted to enter the empire without a passport, and the delay and inconvenience to those who arrive at Cronstadt unprovided are very great. Not long ago a young Boston lady, a relative of some of the first merchants in St. Petersburg, was detained here alone under guard until one could be procured through the American minister: she bore it very bravely, however, and paid visits, attended by a file of soldiers, to the principal ladies of the city, till she became quite a heroine.

Arrived in St. Petersburg, the traveller's first business after taking lodgings in some hotel, of which the only decently clean ones are a few kept by foreigners, is to go to the police office in Pantelemonskaia street, give his name, occupation, etc., and obtain a permit of residence. This permit is good only for the city and vicinity, and if he wishes to proceed further there are new forms to be gone through. The exactness with which all this is managed is perfect. It is said there has probably not a foreigner visited Russia in time of peace, in this century, whose name and movements were not perfectly known to the police. Mr. Maxwell states that an American gentleman was at St. Petersburg in 1820 and afterwards in 1843; the last time he was surprised to hear the officer remind him that he had been in Russia *twenty-three years* before. On departing, every foreigner must publish his intention in three consecutive numbers of the Gazette of the Academy, a proceeding which takes a week or ten days; the object of this is to protect creditors. With Russian subjects, the difficulties are very much greater, and, wherever he may be, every Russian subject must return at the citation of the police, or his property is confiscated.

At a first view St. Petersburg appears the most magnificent of all the great European capitals. It is built on a marsh on the southern side of the Neva, and extends over several islands in its channel. The windings of the stream intersect it, and it is also divided by various canals originally made for drainage. The banks of the river and canals are faced with hewn granite, and form delightful promenades.

Ascending the river, the first object on the southern side is the great naval dockyard, where ships of war are built and floated down to Cronstadt at a great expense upon canals. Then appear the rich houses of wealthy bankers and merchants, extending along the *Quai Anglais* to the palace of the Senate, near which is the great cathedral of St. Isaac, with domes of burnished gilt and columns of porphyry and jasper. Beyond this are the Admiralty

* *The Czar, his Court and People: including a Tour in Norway and Sweden.* By John S. Maxwell. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

buildings reaching nearly half a mile along the river's bank; then the lofty winter palace, the Hermitage, the marble palace built by Catherine for Gregory Orloff, the monument of Souwaroff, the Summer Gardens, the beautiful bridge over the Fontanka canal, the hotels of the foreign embassies, the long line of palaces upon the Russian Quai, and finally the eastern suburbs abounding in arsenals, churches, and monasteries.

The islands in the river are covered with piles and parapets of granite and sumptuous buildings. On that of Vassili Ostroff are the immense buildings of the mining corps, the barracks of cadets, Academy of the Fine Arts, ornamented in front with sphinxes brought from Egypt, Academy of Sciences, and the Exchange and Custom-house. On another rises the gilded spire of St. Peter's, and close by it is the Aptekarskoi island on which were laid the first foundations of the city. There are also others: Petrosky, the delight of Peter; Krestovsky, the summer residence of the Princess Belosselsky Belozersky; the Cammenoi Ostroff, the domain of the Grand Duke Michael; and Yelaguine, belonging to the Empress. These are all connected with bridges, and are laid out like gardens and covered with chateaux and palaces; in summer they are the resort of all the refined society of the city.

The great square of the Admiralty, for the extent and magnitude of the buildings surrounding it, is probably unequalled by any other in the world. A linden walk extends around it, and between the Winter Palace and the Etat Major stands the column of Alexander—a single block of polished red granite measuring one hundred and fifty-four feet from the base to the cap. The Nevsky perspective, which branches off from the Admiralty, is the Broadway of the capital, and one of the grandest avenues in Europe. It is bordered with handsome houses, fashionable stores, palaces, and churches, and generally filled with carriages of all descriptions, and its broad walks thronged with ladies, lackeys, officers in all uniforms, Circassians and Cossacks, civilians, Russian merchants and serfs—a strange mixture of tongues and costumes.

The history of St. Petersburg, as school-books teach, presents a more miraculous example of growth than any of our western cities. Peter the Great, like Mammon in Milton, led the way, and the huge fabric rose "like an exhalation." In 1700 he wrested from Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, the province of Ingria, which comprises the low swampy country between Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland; and, to secure his possession and establish a naval dépôt, he determined to found a city on the islands of the Neva. In 1703 he laid there in the midst of the forest the foundation of a fortress; and such was his energy, that though for want of implements the immense crowd he had collected to the work were obliged to dig the soil with their hands and carry it away in bags made of their clothing, and a pestilence swept off a hundred thousand of them, yet the work was finished within five months. He then began to build the city. At the end of 1703 the capital consisted of his own house, a small wooden building containing two chambers and a kitchen, one or two others like it, and the miserable hovels of thousands of serfs. In 1714 three hundred and fifty noble families were ordered to establish themselves there; the use of stone was for a while prohibited in every other city in the empire, and every ship arriving in the harbor was obliged to bring a certain quantity of stone, according to her tonnage. Artisans and engineers were invited from every quarter. In 1724, thirty-two ships arrived from various countries. In 1750, the population was eighty thousand, and in 1840, four hundred and fifty thousand.

The first humble residence of Peter and Catherine still stands where it was erected, in the dreary morass, now covered with stately palaces. The soil of the city is so wet and yielding that all foundations are obliged to be laid on piles. The government has officers to see that this is done with care, and to inspect the plans of all buildings. Brick is generally used for the walls. They are usually covered with plaster painted in gaudy colors, and frequently ornamented with stucco, which makes them very sensitive to the ravages of the long winter, and gives employment to seventy or eighty thousand serfs who come from the interior every summer to repaint and repair them.

Our author glances rapidly over the va-

rious objects in the capital interesting to sight-seers. The Hermitage contains a gallery of two thousand pictures, and abounds in the best productions of the Flemish school. It also possesses the private libraries of Voltaire and many other distinguished writers. Within its limits are the winter gardens, the scenes of the banquets of Catherine. The Imperial Library has five hundred thousand volumes and manuscripts, most of which are a part of the spoils of Poland. The museum of the Academy of Sciences has a vast collection of Japanese, Mongol, and Thibetian manuscripts. In the academy of the naval cadets there is a large model of the old American frigate President, which is annually taken apart and rebuilt by the students. There are Imperial lyceums, gymnasiums, universities, schools of law, medicine, pharmacy, schools for the education of young ladies the daughters of nobles, others for the daughters of officers of rank, foundling hospitals that receive six thousand infants per annum, institutions for the deaf, dumb, and blind, etc.—all which depend on the munificence of the Emperor and rich persons who feel disposed to imitate his example. There are two hundred churches and chapels in St. Petersburg, most of which sustain several golden cupolas, and are within profusely ornamented. In the vicinity of the city are many splendid palaces and residences. Tsarskoe-celo, the village of the Czar, is reached in half an hour by railroad—the first ever built in Russia. An accident by which several lives were lost rendered this road soon after it went into operation so much dreaded that none would venture to travel on it. Nothing shocks the Russian people more than accidents attended with loss of life: when Carter went to St. Petersburg with his lions, he was on this account not permitted to enter the cages. To bring the railroad again into use the Emperor was obliged to send for the engineer and make the first trip with him himself. This proceeding at once restored confidence.

In the vicinity of the capital is the Imperial farming institution, where two hundred peasants selected from the different provinces are instructed in agriculture. It has under cultivation a model farm of seven hundred acres, and its school has a museum of all sorts of farming implements. Mr. Maxwell found there an American, who could speak only English, and was therefore obliged to converse with those about him by signs. He was a tall, thin, thoughtful looking Yankee, who had brought over some contrivances for the market. He found the natives reaping only with the old sickle, mowing with a short scythe having a long handle, and ploughing "in every way but the right one." The advantages of his long straight furrows, his light scythe and crooked snath and his wonderful cradle were at once perceived. But his winnowing machine was irresistible, and procured him, it was said, through the Minister of the Interior, the offer of a professorship. Not wishing to remain in the country, however, he could only be made an honorary member of the Imperial Society for the Improvement of Agriculture.

The accounts of the railway to Moscow, commenced under the superintendence of an American engineer, Mr. George W. Whistler, in 1840, have reached us from time to time through the newspapers. It was completed when Mr. Maxwell was there, as far as Colperno, and is to be finished in 1849. The contract for the locomotives, cars, wagons and carts, was given to Messrs. Harrison and Eastwick of Philadelphia, and Mr. Winants of Baltimore; and it shows the estimation in which American workmanship is held that the proposals of these young mechanics were accepted over those of many from England, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, offering to take the job at lower rates. Many other American artisans have been employed by the Russian government in preference to those of other nations, and it began to be reported here that the Emperor was particularly partial to our enterprising countrymen. Accordingly the Imperial court soon began to be deluged with all sorts of presents. Persons in the far west wrote to his Majesty for employment in the Army or Navy. The American minister received with every arrival packages marked, "This side up with care," to be delivered with all haste to the Emperor. "There were daguerreotype views, models of bridges and floating docks, and plans and specifications for building ships and steamers. One person was ready to supply any demand for excellent clocks; an-

other sent a set of mineral teeth as a sample of his workmanship; another sent his Majesty a work on the treatment of diseases of the spine; another sent to each member of the Imperial Family a barrel of Newtown pippins; and some member of the temperance society, an awful looking picture of the human stomach diseased by the use of brandy." The Emperor was obliged to publish a ukase setting forth that in future no presents from unknown persons would be received.

Winter at St. Petersburg comes on about the middle of September. The days then grow dull and gray; the air is keen, and clouds of dust fill the streets; housekeepers are engaged putting in double windows and lining doors with felt; colds prevail; everything grows gloomy, and all strangers who can do so prepare to leave. About the first of October the white flag on the winter palace announces the presence of the Emperor, and the aristocracy then move to town. Furs are needed out of doors and additional fires within. Fierce west winds at this time of the year, with whirling flurries of snow, sometimes bring up the water from the Gulf of Finland and submerge half the city. In 1824 the whole city was covered, and the basement of every house and palace under water for two days; a great amount of property was lost and eight thousand persons perished.

Towards the latter part of November the Neva is covered with solid ice, and thronged with sleighs, iceboats, and occasionally skaters, when the weather is clear. The stranger then breakfasts at about ten and dines at four, by candlelight. Except the play or the opera after dinner there is little to relieve the daily monotony. The ride on the Nevsky is the chief business out of doors, as this noble street is then in its glory, and on fine days from ten to two is crowded with the most singular assembly in the world. "Every description of face and figure," says our traveller, "from almost every country in Europe and of Asia, all wrapped in furs of the most common or the most costly kind, occupy the side-walks; while the carriage way is completely filled with sleighs, from the dashing turnout of the noble to the humble sledge of the Finnish woman, who sits upon a large block of ice. They all drive with great rapidity, and yet an accident seldom occurs; for if any one is injured by accident or design, no matter which, the horses and equipage causing the injury are instantly seized by the police and confiscated." The side-walks are always kept clean on all the principal streets and quays, and covered with gravel. The Emperor is often seen on the Nevsky either walking or in an old forlorn sleigh, and carriages stop and hats fly off before him as though he were preceded by a courier.

But these fine days are very few. The sun rises at a quarter past nine and sets at half past two, and frequently in bad weather artificial light is necessary the whole day. The mean maximum of cold is twenty-two degrees below zero, though sometimes it is down to thirty and thirty-five.

Balls, parties, the theatre, the opera, coasting down the artificial ice-hills, are the principal winter amusements of the inhabitants. The learned societies meet in October. At the theatres plays are performed in German, French and Russian; the French is the most fashionable, being patronized by the Emperor. Russian plays are mostly translations from German and English. Schiller and Shakspeare are given in Russian, and Hamlet is transformed into a very diverting character. Rossini and Donizetti are also given in Russian, though the genuine modern Italian opera is the most admired and generally well supplied with first rate performers. Rubini, Tamburini, Castellan and Viadot Garcia were very successful when Mr. Maxwell was there.

At the balls and parties gaming is constantly practiced by all classes, and carried to the greatest excess—always with cards, all other species being prohibited. St. Petersburg can probably furnish the best card-players in the world. The game is also carried on at the club-houses, of which there are several, and the English club, originally founded by English merchants, but now mostly composed of Russians, is celebrated for the immense sums lost and won upon its tables.

The brilliance of the winter festivities of the wealthy nobles is said to surpass all description. The furniture and decorations of their halls are the most costly that Paris can furnish. "The guests ascend the broad stair-case of Carrara marble, lined

with lackeys in powdered periwigs and gay liveries, in the style of the old French court. Apartments with fretted roofs, tesselated pavements, hung with cloths of gold and adorned with furniture in *or molu*, mother of pearl, and every variety of ornament, open one into the other. Ball-room, card-room, picture gallery, library, museum, conservatory of exotic plants, alcoves with fountains and statuary; the tea-room, fragrant with the aroma of the Chinese flower; the quiet parlor, with a carpet and a cosy fire blazing upon the hearth: all have their visitors, and afford each one the enjoyment he prefers." All is ease and gayety at these lordly assemblies, except during the occasional presence of the Emperor, who has only to signify his intention of paying a visit at a certain time, in order to secure a brilliant reception. He passes quickly through the rooms, and as he enters each the company rise, make a profound obeisance, and stand silently before him. He is not obliged to return the salutation by a bow, or to motion the ladies to their seats. Generally he singles out some one individual to whom he speaks a few words, and then hurries on to the next apartment. No one must address any of the Imperial family; hence the conversation is usually limited to a few questions and answers. The restraint during their presence is quite distressing.

But the fêtes of the nobles are far surpassed by those of the Winter Palace, which are given annually on the Emperor's day in December. More than a thousand officers and domestics live under the roof of this single building, and the suites of great halls connecting with those of the Hermitage by a gallery are the most extensive in the world. Here is the throne where the Emperor and Empress, surrounded by the pomp and the nobility of their realm, receive the salutations of the representatives of foreign powers, and sustain with the ostentatious magnificence which is their national characteristic, the dignity of their empire. In the evening of this day the streets of the city are illuminated, and the ball-room of the palace presents a scene rivalling the splendor of Belshazzar. The Czar appears in scarlet uniform; the Czarina in white satin and diamonds. Here are also the Grand Duke Alexander, the heir to the throne, the giant Orloff, the Emperor's constant companion, the Prince of Georgia, the Hetman of the Cossacks, "the various petty czars of the tribes tributary to the empire; the accomplished Nesselrode, with his weasel face and small, gray, peering eyes; the pompous Tchernicheff, the minister of war; the Woronzows, the Narichkens, the Demidoffs, the Wolkouskies and Dolgourouskies; the Potoskis, Lubermerskis, and other great Polish nobles who do homage to the Czar; the foreign princes of various degrees; Knights of Malta, and gentlemen of every order; painters and poets of reputation, and many distinguished characters—all are there, and all in the rich costumes of their rank and country."

Such fêtes are numerous at the palace. On the first of January, O. S., a popular ball is given, at which twenty thousand of all classes are present. The day of the Empress is also celebrated with great pomp. Upon the betrothal or marriage of any member of the royal family, for days together, fancy balls, and imitations of the courts of Constantine and Charlemagne, occupy the courtiers, while every citizen is obliged to partake in the Imperial joy by keeping his house illuminated at his own expense for many successive evenings.

The nobility give every season assembly balls in the *Salle de la Noblesse*, the finest ball-room in the world. The first is opened by the Emperor and Empress in person, and is attended by the *élite* of the capital. At midnight the doors are thrown open to all who pay the entrée, and the scene changes from a ball to a revel. Masquerades are frequently given at the opera house, which are often attended by the Emperor and Grand Dukes, whose presence, however, on such occasions is not noticed. At these only women appear in disguise. Balls and festivals are at their height during carnival, which is the week before Lent, and is called *maslianitza*, or butter week, because the eating of meat is prohibited and butter used as a substitute. During Lent flesh and fowl are strictly prohibited; theatres are closed and balls not permitted. The principal amusements of the higher classes are concerts and tableaux vivans. It is at this time that the great musical performers reap their harvests: Rubini on one single occasion, it is said, cleared ten thousand dollars above all expenses. Good

Friday is observed with the greatest strictness, like Sunday in a New England village.

With Easter the gayety of the aristocracy is resumed. During the whole of Easter week the great square of the Admiralty is occupied with shows, ice-hills, and the circus, to amuse the peasantry, who require to be treated like children. Great bearded fellows ride the flying horses and blow squeaking pipes; and the women, clad in sheepskins, take their pleasure in swinging. They carry in their bosoms a number of hard-boiled eggs, colored and marked with the cross. Of these whenever they meet a friend they present him one, saying, "Christ is risen;" upon which the friend, taking the egg, replies, "He is risen indeed;" and the two then embrace and kiss each other with great affection. The equipages of the nobility frequently grace this show, and school children are also brought in court carriages to enjoy it.

About Easter week the ice begins to move in the Neva, and it sometimes happens that it is three or four days before the police who have the superintendence of the river will permit passengers to cross. This great inconvenience is to be remedied by a bridge. The first to cross on the water is the governor of the fortress, who brings a goblet of the water to the Emperor.

Night ceases to exist in St. Petersburg about the first of May, and lamps and lanterns are by universal consent laid by for another season.

In May is the annual review of the Imperial guard of eighty thousand chosen men, on the Field of Mars. A tent is erected for the Empress at which the young Dukes Michael and Nicholas stand sentries. The Grand Dukes Michael and Alexander act as chiefs of division. His Majesty, with a brilliant staff, acts as aid-de-camp to the Empress, who is supposed to be commander-in-chief on the occasion, and he gives the time by the motion of his hand to the military band which regulates the movement of the passing columns. Each platoon as it comes before the tent exclaims in a loud simultaneous utterance the Russian word for "my beloved!" The men are perfect in drill and all their accoutrements scrupulously bright and clean. They number sixty thousand infantry, artillery, etc. and twenty thousand horse, comprising cuirassiers, dragoons, Polish lancers, Cossack troopers, Calmuck light horse, and Baskirs armed with bows and yatagans. There is also a squadron of five hundred Circassian hostages from various conquered tribes, who are clad in scarlet, and the head and breast covered with chain armor. They ride and manage their horses much like our Indians. Mr. Maxwell thinks that this guard, though so perfect in all their appointments, would be found the least effective part of the Emperor's forces in actual service, discipline in it being carried to excess, and too much sacrificed to show.

After the review the Emperor leads his army into the adjacent country for manœuvres, and the Empress retires to Tsarskoecelo. Great rains fall at this time upon the melting snow, and the city becomes almost impassable. Soon after the middle of May, however, the sun comes out, and in a short time the winter is over and the earth clothed in green.

St. Petersburg does not exhibit the strongest features of Russian nationality, owing to the presence of so large a proportion of foreigners in its population. There are twenty thousand Germans, five or six thousand French, several thousand Swiss and Italians, and many thousand English, Swedes and others. Peter the Great encouraged the immigration through a desire to reform the manners of his people. With the same view he ordered the noblewomen, who had previously lived in almost Asiatic seclusion, to appear at court and conduct themselves with propriety and decorum. "They were absolutely forbidden to get drunk at the balls, and the gentlemen were to remain sober at the Imperial parties until nine o'clock. It was also ordered that the guest should bow to the company on coming into or leaving a room, and for the violation of this rule the delinquent was obliged to drain a large bottle of common brandy." This was the rude commencement of a gradually progressing refinement, which has brought the manners of the court to compare favorably with that of any in Europe. The Emperor, notwithstanding the vile stories which are constantly circulated about him in his capital, is probably as correct in private life as any of his cotemporary sovereigns. "He is quick and passionate, but sincere and

generous. Proud of his position, he is sensitive to every attack upon his dignity; and seeking the good opinion of mankind, it is his wish and his endeavor to promote the glory and the prosperity of the realm. He possesses an unusual activity of mind and body. He is the first at every fire; morning, noon and night he is engaged in the public business brought beneath his notice from the different sections of the various departments. His labors are Herculean, but his task is greater than a Hercules could perform. The Augean stable was not a circumstance compared to Russia. Many important matters involving the safety and happiness of thousands are neglected in the multiplicity of details, relating to forms and ceremonies of no earthly consequence in any other than a despotic country; and hence it is that the many atrocities committed by unworthy agents, and which escape or are concealed from notice, are supposed to result from his immediate authority. But such is not the fact. The evils that afflict the people and the country, arise not so much from the action of the despot as from the nature of the despotism."

The great and wealthy nobles of the capital, though not to be distinguished outwardly from the most refined Parisians, are very licentious, and lavish their lives and fortunes in dissipation, to which the policy of the throne is careful to grant them every facility. Cash is readily advanced on lands, serfs, plate, jewelry, &c., and within the last sixty years many great estates have, through the medium of banks, fallen into the possession of the crown.

The ladies of the highest Russian society, though vivacious and attractive, soon feel the effects of their French education, and the domestic virtues are little regarded. As they grow old they become gamesters and gourmands, gross in person, masculine and managing. To this general remark there are, however, many exemplary exceptions.

Besides the hereditary nobility, there is also an order of personal nobility established to lower their consequence. All sorts of people are eligible to the distinction of *Tchinovnick*, or man of rank. It may be conferred by the Emperor, by rank in the army, or promotion in the civil service. A merchant of the first guild is so far ennobled as to be permitted to drive his carriage and four. Some gain it by intrigue, some by money, and others by merit. All persons aspire to the lowest degree, which confers exemption from the knout. It is frequently acquired by foreigners, who fill all the menial services in the city, so much so that it is said to be the general asylum of discharged valets, femmes de chambre, decayed actresses, and old grisettes from the continent, who there obtain high wages and grow ambitious. Many of the personal nobles endeavor to imitate the magnificence of the grand seigneurs, and pinch themselves to the last extreme to give showy entertainments; others lodge in the recesses of vast and dirty buildings, and live on almost nothing, for the privilege of coming out occasionally in their uniforms and ribbons. Three or four old officers will live in this way in a single room, half starved, while in public they appear as sharp and brilliant as new pins. The pay of a major in the Russian service is not equal to that of a private in ours; the colonels are hardly better off, except when they speculate on the appropriations for their regiment. A uniform, or decoration, is looked upon with great respect by the common people, and gives the wearer great advantages. The number of these officials is very large, and they throng the cafés, drinking and smoking, every morning after parade.

After these, and the various civilians and foreigners, the soldiers, servants, shopkeepers, &c., make up the population. The troops always appear well, as they are kept clean. The Russian merchant wears a great beard, dresses in a long blue surtout and colored sash, and lives in a log-house in the suburbs. The serf in his sheepskin lives—where and how he can.

In summer St. Petersburg is dull and dusty, and is deserted by all who can afford to leave it. At this time of the year the Emperor usually visits some distant province or some foreign country. In 1843 he went to Berlin, and on his return, while he and Orloff made a détour from the main road, near Posen, to visit a veteran officer, a volley was fired into the imperial coach by a party of masked horsemen, who, seeing themselves foiled, rode away. Since this all his movements are attended with the utmost secresy.

In company with another American, Mr. Maxwell accepted the invitation of a gentleman holding a high position at the Imperial Court, to accompany him on a journey through the interior of the country. They accordingly, under the authority of a special passport, set out for Moscow, which is now connected with the capital by an admirable road, bordered with lindens, and spanning rivers and water-courses with granite bridges. Soldiers are constantly employed to keep this great highway in repair; small black marble columns mark the number of versts, and stone benches are placed at intervals for the convenience of foot passengers. The country around St. Petersburg in every direction is a complete swamp; to the eastward for a hundred miles it is almost an unbroken wilderness. The road is bordered by dense woodland with occasional small clearings and log houses.

Twenty hours' fast riding brings the traveller to Novogorod, the most dismal town in Russia, where nothing is to be seen but ruin and desolation. In the ninth century of the Christian era this city was the seat of the Slavi, or children of glory, and the capital of a powerful state. It was the great mart for the commerce of the East, and maintained its municipal freedom for nearly four hundred years, and was rich and populous. In 1478, Ivan, the first Czar, conquered it and conveyed its stores of wealth to Moscow. Pretending soon after to have discovered a conspiracy there, he went and established within it the tribunal of blood, killing five hundred of its inhabitants each day for five weeks. At that time its population amounted to four hundred thousand. Now it has scarcely seven thousand; the old language of the Slavi has been displaced by another dialect, and the very name of the once powerful family gives origin to the word slave.

Near Novogorod is the Volchowa river, the outlet of Lake Ilmen, which is connected by a series of canals with the Volga; the Volchowa flows into Lake Ladoga, whose outlet is the Neva. These canals were made and the rivers rendered navigable by Peter the Great, after founding his capital, in order to make it the dépôt of the great trade which he foresaw would thus arise between the Baltic and the Caspian.

Beyond Novogorod the country continues dreary and sterile as before. The great road is thronged with caravans of wagons and droves of cattle proceeding to St. Petersburg, between which and Moscow the trade is very great, and will be immensely profitable to the government when the railroad is completed. The country is generally level, and covered with forests of pine and fir, with scattered villages which grow more numerous towards Moscow. The distance between the two cities is five hundred and twenty-five miles, and is travelled in three days and a half.

Moscow is supposed to have been founded in the early part of the fourteenth century. In the same century it was destroyed by the Tartars; afterwards in the seventeenth century by the Poles, and again partly so by the French; yet it has lost none of its original character, and is now more populous and splendid than ever. It covers an immense extent of ground, and measures more than twenty miles in circumference. The gardens of the palaces and churches, and the public squares and open places, occupy a very considerable portion of this area. Many of the houses are not above one story high, and they are of every variety of shape and color. The streets are broad and very irregular. It has six hundred churches, some of which are very large and covered with fantastic domes and spires. From the towers of the Kremlin, which is in the highest part, a view may be had of the whole—one of the finest panoramas in the world. The Kremlin is not a single building, but an inclosure or fortress of about fifty acres, covered with palaces, churches and public buildings, ancient and modern—a confused mass of great towers and spires. Here is an arsenal, filled with military trophies, and the church of the Assumption, where all the Czars before Peter are buried. It has an image of the Virgin, which was observed to shed tears on the occasion of the founding of St. Petersburg, and the consequent desertion of Moscow. Peter ordered it taken down, and the tears, which were found to be oil, wiped from its eyes; since which time it has never wept again. The church of St. Michael, also within the Kremlin, claims with the cathedral of Treves, possession of the identical coat worn by our Saviour.

Near the Kremlin is the church of St. Basil, "the most grotesque of human monuments," of various proportion and every color, with tapering spires and turbaned domes: within, a labyrinth, without, a riddle, it is the ne plus ultra of conceit. It was the fancy of one of the Czars of the sixteenth century, and the Italian architect who built it had his eyes put out to prevent his ever designing another like it in any other country.

Not far from this is the place where Peter superintended and assisted in the execution of the soldiers who had opposed his innovations. "Seated upon a throne, he witnessed the dying agonies of two thousand of the Strelitz, and when tired of the rack, he compelled his nobles to complete their destruction with the sword. With the wine cup in one hand and the cimetar in the other, he swallowed twenty bumpers and cut off twenty heads in a single hour, and as if proud of the achievement, he invited the ambassador of Prussia to try his skill. Eighty of the guilty janizaries were subsequently held up by the hair before the crowd and decapitated by the hand of the infuriated Czar."

Moscow presents now no traces of what is called the great fire of 1812. Its population appears gay and animated. There are fine shops with clerks speaking English and French; cafés, restaurants and salons in the Parisian style; the largest ball room and most spacious manège in the world; extensive monasteries and asylums; and, lastly, the most populous foundling hospital in Europe. About nine thousand children are constantly under its care. It has farms, chapels, school rooms, dormitories, &c., without number; a governor, with numerous inferior officials, down to a regiment of six or eight hundred wet nurses, whose ranks are kept always full by monthly recruits. Its treasury is a bank of loan and deposit, and some idea of the activity which prevails in every department, may be formed from the fact that from twenty to thirty infants are received daily. The parents may or may not be known, or give names and visit their children. If fifty dollars are left with a boy, he is educated to be an officer in the army; if a girl comes with a silver spoon, she will be instructed so that she may be a governess.

The fancy recoils from contemplating the causes which could have given rise to such a system, and its consequences upon society. With the great body of the people of Moscow, there must be an entire want of susceptibility to those affections which our English poets teach us to encourage as the seat of all that is lovely in life; their souls must live out of doors—in the rough highways of existence—not in its green and quiet places. A communitist, or one whose mind takes refuge from thought in a system, may, perhaps, read and speculate on the advantages of such a state of things; but it seems to us that a man pays but a poor compliment to his mother or his sisters, who can do so without some little natural shuddering.

Russia owes her present despotism to the policy of Catharine. After the death of Peter, the nobles were at first attracted to St. Petersburg by the splendors of her court, and induced to follow the example of her luxury. She confirmed many of their old privileges, while she contrived to gain more power for herself by artful management. She decreed that deputies of the chief men of the empire should be convened to revise and correct the laws. But having convened them, she retained sufficient power to control their free expression of opinion, and to gradually weaken their energies till the whole business fell to herself and her counsellors, and the convention resulted, not in revision, but in collecting those decrees which could support absolute sway, and rejecting all others. Thus what the energy of Peter accomplished in his lifetime, her craft perpetuated. The ukase, which was contrary to the ancient institutions of the country, has ever since remained the supreme ultimate law, and thus the Czar is the only real source of power.

The population of Russia, sixty millions, increasing at the rate of a million annually, is divided into fifty-three governments, which are subdivided into districts. "Each district is represented by a deputy chosen by the nobles to sit in the general assembly of the deputies of the government. This general assembly is to guard the local interests, to appoint some inferior officers of the empire, to petition the Emperor, and render him homage for the rights and privileges they enjoy. For every act or

decision contrary to the law, this general assembly is liable to a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars."

Each government is administered by a civil or a military governor, or both, appointed by the Emperor. The civil governor has certain specified powers; the military acts at discretion, rendering the former a mere cipher at his pleasure. Besides these officers, there is a senate composed of an unlimited number of senators, appointed by the Emperor; this is divided into eleven departments. "In general assembly it has power to inquire into the conduct of the employees of the government, and report to the ministers. These are twelve in number, and at the head of the various departments of state, from the interior to that of finance. Each ministry is divided into many sections, and every section into many bureaus. There is a bureau devoted to every description of business, from that of commerce and manufactures to that on theatres and stables. Besides the ministers, there is a council of the empire, of which the Emperor is president, and which is also divided into various departments and sections, having various powers. Legions of functionaries are attached to all these branches of the administration. The labor is immense from the very nature of the government, and is rendered still more so because of the inefficiency and the corruption of its agents."

The present Czar ascended the throne in the midst of dangers and oppositions, and to secure himself in his imperial power, has ever been the chief object of his ambition. All his measures are devoted to resisting innovations. He has the largest naval and military force ever seen in Europe in time of peace, but Mr. Maxwell thinks it is a great error with the European statesmen and politicians to attach the importance they do to Russia in the balance of power. All that Russia desires is to be let alone, and her great force of military and police is only designed to watch her own subjects, and prevent the spread of liberalism among her people. Europe has nothing to fear from the armies or the diplomacy of Nicholas. His policy is to break down the powers of the great nobles, and centralize his government by propagating the faith of the Greek Church, which teaches that the Czar is the representative of divine authority on earth.

Recent events, the news of which have reached us since Mr. Maxwell's book appeared, confirm the justice of these views. Whether Russia is to remain an anxious and watchful spectator of the great drama that is opening upon Europe, or is destined to repel or be broken up by another invasion, or in the end to extend her cold grasp over a few more provinces, are questions that time alone can answer.

From Moscow our traveller went in a *talega*, or common rough wagon of the country, towards the south-east, until he entered the province of Vladimir, the centre of Weliki or Great Russia, and the nucleus of the empire. Here the woodlands almost entirely disappeared, and the road was bordered on every side by cultivated fields and numerous villages. The population in Great Russia increases beyond all former precedent in Europe, and thousands and tens of thousands flow from it every year to all the borders of the empire. This is the peculiar national Russian family whose traits give character to the whole nation. The people have red or yellow hair, coarse features, fine teeth, small gray eyes, low, narrow foreheads, and badly proportioned figures. They are avaricious, sensual, capable of great endurance, but deficient in elasticity. Wherever they spread among the other tribes of the empire, they are felt as rulers. They are indefatigable, stubborn, firm in the belief that Russia is to be the universal empire, and that its government is the only true one. It is from this powerful and prolific race, increasing, with all its vast emigration, at the rate of a million every year, that most danger is to be apprehended by civilized Europe.

Besides these there are, in Central Russia, forty millions of serfs attached to the soil, and bought and sold with it. These are in absolute slavery. The value of estates is reckoned more by their numbers than by acres. The serf has generally the privilege of a house and a cow. The steward of the estate assigns him his daily task, which is not a heavy one, and he generally has nearly half his time to himself. He can do nothing without permission, and may be compelled to do everything but marry against his inclina-

tion. He cannot accuse his master. If he dies within three days from the effects of flogging, the master is fined; if after that time, he is not liable. If any one kills him by accident, he must pay the master three hundred and eight dollars. Sometimes he obtains permission to go into a large town and trade, paying his owner a share of his profits. Instances have been known where serfs thus became rich and offered large sums for their freedom. But, in general, they are apathetic, and though they acquire a certain skill in arts and trades with great facility, they never exert their full strength, and all their work is rude and slovenly. Their houses are log huts, where, generally, the whole family live in one room. In winter they all sleep together on the stove, which is built of brick and mortar like a baker's oven, and has a broad, flat surface. With this they make their favorite vapor bath, which they generally indulge in once a week. Pouring water on the stove, they fill the room with hot steam, and then, when streaming with perspiration, rush out and roll in the snow, or dash pails of cold water over each other. This practice is regarded as the sovereign preventive of all diseases.

In all the Russian cities there are public baths, frequented by the lower orders. The price of admission is about four cents. Notwithstanding this salutary custom, the people are very uncleanly in their habits. Every article of furniture, even in their best inns, is so infested that no Englishman or American can enjoy a tolerable degree of comfort, and for the state of things in the common cabins and houses of the inferior and middle classes, we shall refer the reader to Mr. Maxwell. The sheepskin is the costume of the country, and is worn by both men and women almost all the year. It is put on like a coat, descends below the knee, and is fastened by a girdle. Pieces of cloth wrapped around the legs serve for stockings, and shoes are made of linden bark. The neck is always left exposed, and a wolfskin cap covers the head and ears. The sheepskin is worn with the wool inside, and a single one lasts nearly a lifetime for daily and nightly wear. Still the Russian peasant enjoys more bodily comfort than thousands in England, and far more than the Irish cottar. He is always sufficiently protected from cold and hunger.

The cultivation of flax and hemp, and the making of canvass, cordage, sheeting, table linen and linseed oil, are the chief employments and sources of profit in the central provinces. Large quantities of leather, soap, candles, tallow, glass, paper, copper and iron are also annually exported. But beyond the coarse fabrics of natural productions, few of the arts are much cultivated. Most of the manufacturing establishments owe their existence to the government, and the success of any depends very much on the Imperial favor. The capital invested in legitimate trade at St. Petersburg is less than half that employed in the same way at Boston, the great nobles being unwilling to invest their capital where there is not almost a certainty of securing immense returns.

The manufactures of Moscow produce annually 450,000 pieces of calico; 400,000 of *kataika* or nankeen; more than 2,000,000 of handkerchiefs and other articles, to the value in all of more than $6,000,000. The other provinces together manufacture to nearly that amount. These productions are mostly sent to the fair of Nischnei Novogorod, and are sold for transportation to China or Central Asia. Many silk and cotton factories have lately sprung up and flourish under a protective system. Some German or Englishman is employed to direct the works, and is named a general and permitted to wear the dress of an officer of engineers.

The export trade of the United States to Russia is not of much importance. Fifty or sixty American ships arrive annually at Cronstadt from Boston, New York, and New Orleans, and cotton, rice, and lead are the principal shipments. Some come by way of Rio and the Havana with coffee or sugar. American cotton, to a large amount, reaches St. Petersburg in British bottoms, it being preferred there, it is said, after being assorted by the Liverpool dealer. A high tariff on American tobacco prevents its importation to a great extent. Large quantities of segars, made from American leaf at Antwerp and Bremen, are, however, imported, and sell for enormous prices.

None but natives are permitted to engage in internal trade. Produce is brought

to the dépôts on the canals and rivers during the fine travelling of winter, and floated down with the high water at the opening of navigation. But the summer is so short that the iron of Siberia and the teas of China are three years in their transit to the shipboard. The land journey requires a year.

The Emperor shows a disposition to encourage trade and manufactures; and very many of his recent acts show a manifest desire to promote the welfare of his people. Thus he has introduced railroads; he has reduced the term of enlistment in the army; prohibited the punishment of soldiers without a court martial; granted to English suitors in civil suits before Russian tribunals the same privileges in relation to security for costs, &c., as are enjoyed by Russian suitors in British courts, &c. Mr. Maxwell regrets, however, that manufactures in Russia are still protected by high tariffs, and thinks that the nation would advance faster in civilization were her ports and cities thrown open at once to traders of all nations—a course which would soon deprive her of her nationality.

It was a *prasnick*, or holiday, (of which the Russian year contains a great many,) when our traveller left Vladimir for Nischnei Novogorod, and the villagers were enjoying themselves in the sunshine. The women were clad in the saraphan,—a bright red gown with a yellow border, and a row of white buttons down in front. Beneath this is a white bodice fitting tightly about the neck and loosely about the arms. The bosom is pressed down by a broad band, which produces a waistless and heavy appearance, amounting almost to deformity. "A red band, resembling a tiara, or a crescent-shaped bonnet, adorned with beads, tinsel or mother-of-pearl, is worn upon the head; a string of glass beads about the neck, and large drops of brass or silver in the ears. The hair, plaited in a long tail, falls upon the back. Red slippers cover the feet, and as red is synonymous with beauty among the Russians, the faces of the girls were beautified with a rouge, extracted from some vegetable of the country."

The Great Russian peasant is seldom happy except when he is drunk. Then he is polite and gay, and a pattern of amiability in his household. The first evidence he gives of returning sobriety is by administering a severe flogging to his wife, who receives it as a token of his sincere affection. They have a proverb that the husband must beat his wife as he would dust his sheepskin:

"Biou kak choubou, i loublou kak douchou."

"I beat you like my schube, I love you like my heart."

We confess it is not easy to discover the connection between these two propositions.

The Russian maids were formerly married at thirteen, but by recent enactments this is not permitted till sixteen. A year or two of hard work and brutal treatment breaks them down. On the death of a peasant the priest writes a passport for heaven, which is signed by the bishop and put in the hand of the dead. After the funeral the friends meet to comfort each other, and the first toast is, "To the happiness of his soul, for he was a good fellow, and loved grog." In every village the church, built of brick and painted white or yellow, with a green dome and a belfry tower surmounted with a crescent and cross, is a conspicuous object. The service is in Slavonian, which few of the people understand, but they bow repeatedly and respond, "*Gospodi pompiloui*,"—"God have mercy upon us," which is their common ejaculation on any sudden occurrence, such as sneezing, and the like. The priests have no influence with the people. They have no dignity of character, and large numbers of them seem to consider it a part of their vocation to be publicly drunk on every festival occasion. In one respect they differ from ours—they cannot be ordained before they are married, a regulation which must tend very much to preserve tranquillity among the susceptible portion of their flocks. They can also marry but once, and hence the parson's wife is usually the happiest woman in the parish. The great majority of the priesthood are, however, persons of whom it may be said more truly than of any others in the world, that they are "wolves in sheep's clothing." There are many sects of dissenters from the established church, some of whom profess doctrines as extraordinary as Millerism and Mormon-

ism. The present metropolitan is, however, a decided conservative, and has shown a disposition to prevent the circulation of the Bible among the people.

Our travellers passed on the road companies of soldiers belonging to regiments from the colonies of serfs which cultivate the crown lands. They marched in crowds without order, singing mournful and monotonous songs. The system of forming these colonies was established to enable the Emperor to call out, at any time, an immense force above the regular troops. The whole available forces of Russia are estimated at six hundred thousand men. But the troops in the interior of the country are in a miserable condition. Captains live on their companies, colonels on their regiments, generals on their brigades, and the whole is only a complicated system of tyranny and peculation. The common soldiers in the interior are chiefly employed as laborers in making roads and bridges, &c. The Russians are not warlike, and the serf's greatest dread is the annual conscription, which levies five out of every thousand for the army. The Emperor has lately reduced the term of service from twenty-two to fifteen years in the guard, and from twenty-five to twenty-two in the line. When once enlisted, the serf resigns himself to his fate, and vows never to desert his colors. He preserves his precious beard after it has been cut off, that St. Nicholas may recognize him at the gate of heaven. In each regiment all the money or clothes the recruit brings with him, and the booty taken, go into a common stock, for a fund to relieve the sick and wounded. The pay of the soldier is about one cent per day.

Crossing the river Oka, the country, says Mr. Maxwell, "as we advanced, was broken with gentle undulations, and after the dead level of the plain appeared quite picturesque. The rolling land was covered with tall, ripe grain, which, waving and nodding in the breeze, resembled a sea of gold. For miles and miles, not a tree or hedge was to be seen; all was a broad and unbounded field of wheat; a prospect like which we had seen in no other country, and compared with which, the grain-producing districts of the South, extensive and beautiful as they appear, sink into utter insignificance."

Nischnei Novogorod, or Lower New City, the great central mart of Russia, is situated at the confluence of the Oka with the Volga. Its ordinary population is about nine thousand; but when Mr. Maxwell arrived there at the time of the great annual fair, nearly two hundred thousand, from all nations of Europe and Asia, were assembled for the purpose of trade. They came from Siberia and the frozen seas; from the foot of the Chinese Wall; from the confines of Persia; from beyond the Indus. The scene of the fair is a low flat, lying between the two rivers at their immediate junction. Upon this are erected streets of booths and temporary houses for the accommodation of the traders, each street being devoted to particular varieties of merchandise. Besides Russian productions, nearly all articles of foreign growth or manufacture were in the market. Indigo, drugs, dyewoods, wine, fruit and fine oils were in great demand, and sold to large amounts. Small quantities of American cotton and tobacco were offered. The principal article from the East was tea. Of this there were more than fifty thousand chests of various descriptions, chiefly of purer and finer qualities than those which reach the European and American markets. They are brought overland from Kiakhta. Among them are the Foutchanskoy, a fine green tea with a delicious bouquet, which sells at eleven dollars a pound. The best black teas sell for seven and eight dollars, the yellow as high as twenty.

Articles in bulk, as bales of cotton, flax and hemp, barrels of soap, wax and tallow, packages of hogs' bristles, horses' tails, dried fish, offered at the fair, were stored in temporary sheds. There was the hardware of England, Germany, and Russia; the tobacco of Turkey and Virginia; the cotton of Armenia and the Carolinas; the silks of France and Persia. From Bucharia were raw and spun cotton, and a hundred and fifty thousand pieces of a favorite cotton stuff called Bakhta; from Arabia perfumes and spices, and from Turkey damasks and velvets. The supply of furs and peltries from every region was very great. The sable, beaver, lynx, ermine, the Siberian squirrel and silver and black fox; splendid American black bear skins; raccoons and martens

from Canada; the fichet from Germany; tiger skins from India; valuable lambskins of the Kalmucks, and immense piles of wolf, horse, and sheep skins, used by the peasantry, were in the market. The Russians are very expert in the preparation of furs, and practice great frauds on their Chinese purchasers. The black fox is the highest priced fur; a pelisse of this costs from five hundred to five thousand dollars, according to quality.

In one quarter were exhibited steel work, platina boxes and ornaments of brass from Tula; another street was filled with embroidered leather and bespangled slippers from Kazan; others with Chinese toys and colors; the musks of Thibet; carpets of Heran; silks of Mascara; jewelry and fancy articles from East and West. There were sixty Cashmere shawls valued at ninety thousand dollars; only twenty-two were sold. Rubies and turquoises trom Turkestan sold to the amount of thirty-two thousand dollars. According to the Russian official statement, the imports from Europe and America, sold at this fair six years ago, amounted to three millions of dollars; those of Asia, to seven and a half millions; and those of home growth or manufacture, to the enormous sum of twenty-one millions. This vast quantity of Russian products finds its way to China, Independent Tartary and Persia. Great caravans leave Orenburg and traverse northern Asia to the frontiers of China—frequent the distant fairs of Thibet, Yarkand and Bokara; and the religion, character, language, strength, &c., of all these distant tribes is familiar to the employees of a secret department at St. Petersburg. Russian influence is rapidly extending over the East, and will continue to do so, Mr. Maxwell thinks, until arrested somewhere beyond the Indus, by the British bayonet. It is a singular fact that though her overland trade with China is unrestricted, her vessels are not permitted to enter Canton. When Krusenstem displayed the Russian flag at Whampoa, the Chinese authorities denounced him for sailing under false colors. They could not comprehend how he got there from Russia by water, and have ever since refused admittance to Russian merchant vessels.

Mr. Maxwell, travelling in company with a distinguished official personage, under a special passport, had great advantages at Nischnei. The governor called upon him and appointed a captain, a very gentlemanly man, who wished to sell him some razors, to wait on him during his visit. Whenever he went out, a troop of mounted Cossacks cleared the way before the carriage of the *Amerakanskoi*, and even the gates of a populous convent were no hindrance to his curiosity. The city was a perfect Babel. The empire is estimated to contain within itself eighty different nations; most of these were represented, besides Swedes and Danes, and others from the West. There were also Chinese, Greeks, Arnauts, and Albanians from beyond the Black Sea; Servians, Croatians, and Wallachians from beyond the Danube; Kirghises and Baschirs, from the tribes of hunters and herdsmen beyond the Urals; Bucharians, Kalmucks, Turks and Tartars. The eating houses, teeming with dainties for so many palates, were thronged with noisy crowds, and rich wines flowed like water. Thousands of forlorn women, from London streets, and from the Ise of Sappho, had wandered hither, and the saloons resounded with the minstrelsy of every land. There were singing girls with harps from the banks of the Rhine and Danube; dark-skinned Muscovites, Gipseys, and Tsigani—the far-famed wild Bayaderes. These last are very beautiful, and many of them have intermarried with the noblest families in Russia.

After enjoying the hospitality of the governor at his palace, and the society of a select company of gentlemen and gentlewomen, attracted from various parts of the world to this famous fair, Mr. Maxwell embarked upon the Volga for the city of Kazan. The river is about a mile wide and, except in the time of freshets, very shallow. Its shores are diversified and often picturesque, but, being uncultivated and without forests, they seem bare and desolate. Many clumsy, rudely-carved craft, something resembling Chinese junks, were passed, each one having an image of St. Nicholas fixed conspicuously to its unwieldy stern. Women with ropes around their necks and shoulders were hauling boats against the current, while their husbands remained sleeping or singing on board.

On the morning of the fourth day of the voyage, a broad bend in the river exposed to view the domes and minarets of the Tartar capital. On landing, the travellers took a drosky and drove for a mile to the city gates. After the passports were examined they passed in over smooth wooden pavements, and through handsome streets, lined with palaces, churches, convents, and fine dwellings, to the club-house of the nobles, hotels being an improvement that has not yet reached that quarter of the globe. Here the party was hospitably lodged and remained for several days, extending their acquaintance with the inhabitants. The Tartars are a fine looking, athletic race. They are intelligent and apparently good-humored. Their dress is the turban, embroidered vest, loose trowsers, and yellow boots. They are said to be the most industrious of the Emperor's subjects. They seclude their women and practice polygamy, yet Mr. Maxwell says that a Christian stranger whose respectability entitles him to attention will be invited to enter their houses, will see the wife or wives, and will, perhaps, be surprised to witness so much domestic happiness and such a degree of social and moral refinement. The fine city of Kazan is the resort of the gentry of Eastern Russia during the winter months, but during the heat of summer is almost deserted.

While Mr. Maxwell's party was there, a great fire broke out which destroyed most of the principal buildings and drove the greater part of its population into the streets. It raged with the utmost fierceness for several days, and crowds of women and children were flying unprotected in every direction, among them hundreds of noble ladies; so that "never before had Christian men so good an opportunity for catching a Tartar," and from the impression we get of their singular personal beauty, it is rather to be regretted that they did not catch a few dozen for transplanting on the banks of the Hudson.

The fire was still raging when the party set out on their return to Nischnei. From Nischnei, which was almost deserted, they returned to Moscow, and from Moscow to St. Petersburg. From St. Petersburg Mr. Maxwell took stage, about the middle of November, to Kovno, thence through Warsaw and Cracow to Vienna, where he takes leave of the reader.

The concluding portions of the volume are no less interesting than those parts we have glanced at, but as they are more personally descriptive, and as our sketch already exceeds its proposed limits, we must pass them by with a general commendation, and a word of thanks to the author for his having presented the public with an agreeable and instructive book of travels. G. W. P.

CHARLES LAMB.*

We can never forget the ardor of our early attachment for Charles Lamb. That young admiration, however, we are obliged to confess, has been, in a measure, outlived. We cannot, indeed, cease to feel a lively sympathy for one whose heart was so accessible to all gentle and humane impressions, and who ever bestowed so good-natured a regard upon all who bore the image of men. Nor is the memory of the dead lightly to be disturbed. Death removes its victims to a sanctuary where no profane step should be allowed to approach, where malice, and envy, and personal prejudice have no leave to intrude. Yet, to "speak only good of the dead" is a principle as absurd in itself, as it is (of course) incompatible with any truthful biography, history, or criticism. The historian ought to be impartial—equally ready to see and narrate the evil and the good. In no other way are the true ends of history attainable. False, one-sided chronicles fall by their own weight. They carry with them the proof of their own worthlessness. Subtract from human nature its depravity, and human nature itself at once disowns the picture. Take away all inherent goodness, and the falsity is equally manifest. Man, in the discipline and development ordained him in this life, is not advanced by the example of a perfect ideal alone. In his great struggles with evil, it is not without its use that he witnesses the imperfect and varying combat of his brother, both when he overcomes and when he is overcome. Facts are never unimportant, and (in their proper place) can never be neglected but with peril. We are by no means insensible to that delicacy of feeling which would prompt a son to pass as lightly as possible over the errors of a father, or to leave them altogether in silence; but not the less on this account does it seem to us unwise and highly culpable to write on the tombstone of one who allowed his passions and appetites to destroy him, an unqualified eulogy. Men, in this world, must and will be held responsible to society for their treatment of others and of themselves. The dead, who live no longer in influence, may well be spared the recital of their follies and crimes; but he whose memory remains, and whose vital energies are still exerted in the world of living men, through the works he has left behind, is no more exempt from a rigid scrutiny and from an impartial record of his character, than if he were really alive. Truth requires that there be no shrinking from the consequences of undeniable facts.

If this is the case in matters pertaining to biography, still more evidently is it true that the *works* of the dead are open to free and fair investigation, and that no one is culpable for speaking unreservedly of the literary defects and of the critical transgressions of one who has, in many respects, strong claims upon our reverence and affection. If by asserting that no criticism of Shakspeare not eminently *reverential* ought now to be written, Coleridge means to imply that no critic of the great dramatist should be allowed to see and to portray his errors and imperfections, we must be permitted to dissent entirely from that proposition. He is no competent critic, we believe, who writes of his subject solely as an enthusiastic disciple, or as an unqualified admirer.

The temptation to disregard all these considerations is in no case stronger, we suspect, than in speaking of such men as Goldsmith, and Robert Burns, and Charles Lamb. Men of this character are always general favorites, and there is a liability in any direction rather than that of too harsh a judgment. The mass of readers are slow to discriminate, in the same character, the elements which are good from those which are evil; and accord-

* *The Works of Charles Lamb, to which are prefixed his Letters, and a Sketch of his Life.* By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his executors. 2 Vols. 8vo. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1847.

ingly they praise or blame, for the most part, accordingly as the qualities to them most easily discernible, impress their minds favorably or otherwise, and their admiration or their censure is mostly in unqualified terms. But to one who aspires to explore the mysteries of human character and habit, and to trace some of the hidden fountains of existence—who has a fixed idea of an eternal right and an eternal wrong, and who is able to detect the presence of each in the conduct and among the deeds of men—something more seems desirable. The admirers of Lamb cannot, we are sure, exceed us in hearty love of all that is truly worthy in his writings; and how can they be less influenced than we by any prejudice or malice? And if we speak plainly on what we deem certain fundamental defects in his mental constitution, we shall endeavor to speak as plainly of what seems truly deserving of praise.

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 18th, 1775. His early condition was humble, and from his childhood up, he was accustomed to a "subordination," amounting almost to servility, for which our republican pride feels no great sympathy, and by which an important influence was exerted in the development of his character. His father seems to have been in the employ of a barrister of the Inner Temple, in a capacity somewhat between that of steward and servant. It was here that Lamb passed the first seven years of his life. The next seven were spent in a charity school, named Christ's Hospital. Here his previous habits of implicit deference and veneration for whatever was established and for whomsoever was ostensibly his superior, was confirmed and strengthened by the circumstances in which he was placed. Of a physical constitution naturally feeble, he took scarcely any part in the vigorous sports of boyhood, and always preferred a solitary ramble to the company of his more lively and stirring schoolfellows. His gentle deportment, however, secured him the kindness—if not the highest respect—of all. During all these years, his thoughts were mainly shut up within himself. He found little sympathy with those about him, and seems not to have very earnestly sought it. His brother and sister were, the one twelve, the other ten years, older than himself. The age of his parents was such as to render their society widely removed from that which was craved by the child and the boy. Left to his own solitary meditations, his boyish dreams—compounded of much that was wild and extravagant, never looking into the future, but always lingering among the ruins of the past—gained a power over him, which not even the severe *actual experience* of subsequent years could entirely counteract.

At fourteen, Lamb saw his school companions departing to the university, and found himself obliged, with many bitter regrets, to relinquish the studies in which there had been so much relief from his loneliness—so much solid pleasure. But, unlike so many others in a similar condition, he did not give way to any repinings, or indulge in any useless denunciations of the existing order. He submitted to what was inevitable, and seems never to have imagined but that everything was just as it ought to be. We have said that his dreams were all of the *past*. His imagination delighted to revel among the mysterious and venerable works of antiquity: he saw no millennial days in the future. Childhood, boyhood, youth, are seasons during which the growing mind is nurtured upon visions of beauty, and splendor, and awe. All minds pass alike through this ardent and versatile state; but dreams come not alike to all. In our own day, how large is the number who, still feeding upon the visionary "elements" of their childhood, have an eye only for the future; who see no good in the past, or in the present, but only injustice and wrong; and who, so far from a noble-minded content with a state of things, however unsatisfactory, nevertheless *inevitable*, are forever contriving some new reform, brooding over some new system, developing some new principle of social science, which is to work a revolution in human affairs, and banish evil entirely from the world! To see only good in the past, and to shrink with dread from everything new, may be a vicious extreme, but the opposite is certainly quite as dangerous—and while it makes a man in future vision inexpressibly happy, it inevitably makes him, in present reality, inexpressibly miserable.

On leaving school, Lamb was for a while employed as an inferior clerk in an office of the South Sea Company, but, at the age of seventeen, received an appointment in the accountant's department of the East India House, in which station he remained until he was fifty years old, when he retired with a liberal pension from his employers. He died at Edmonton, near the close of the year 1734, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Such was the outward condition of the author of the celebrated "Essays of Elia." The gradual development of his literary powers, and the methods by which, in the midst of so many hindrances, he won his way to an honorable and extensive literary reputation, are topics on which, interesting as they are, it is not our purpose at present to dwell. Of the friends of his early days, (particularly Coleridge,) and of their influence in arousing and urging him forward in a literary career, nothing after all can be predicated with any certainty, which is not more or less true of the similar encouraging spirits that have beckoned on all the less independent sons of genius and misfortune. Lamb was at first, as we have seen, almost entirely without sympathy. Among his school-fellows who had removed to the University at Cambridge, he remembered Coleridge, and was still occasionally admitted to fellowship with him. He became enamored of the conversation of the more advanced scholar, and, though sympathizing not at all with his mystical tendencies, and standing entirely aloof from the visions of a Susquehanna pantisocracy, with which the heads of other members of that little group were turned, he found in him, nevertheless, many impulses and tastes in common, and the first approach (distant as they indeed always remained) to a true fellow-feeling.

Allowing something for what seems to have been a temporary mood of despondency, the following extract of a letter, written to Coleridge shortly after his marriage and removal to Bristol, probably gives a tolerably accurate view of Lamb's condition at this time:—"You are the only correspondent, and, I might add, the only friend I have in the world. I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone. Coleridge, I devoutly wish that fortune, which has made sport with you so long, may play one prank more, throw you into London, or some spot near it, and there snugify you for life. 'Tis a selfish but natural wish for me, cast on life's plain friendless."

Lamb, at this time, was twenty-one. In the following year were published his few little poems, in the same volume with those of Coleridge and Lloyd. In the next year, he published "Rosamund Gray," a short story, full of a kind of quiet tenderness and melancholy, such as seems to have been the prevailing mood of his mind at this period. Near the close of the year 1799, (being then in his twenty-fifth year,) he completed his tragedy of "John Woodvil." This he eagerly desired to see represented on the stage, but being denied this gratification, he consoled himself by publishing it, a year or two after. Like his preceding works, however, it received no very gentle treatment from the critics, nor much favor with the public. His next effort, aside from occasional newspaper articles, was a farce, entitled "Mr. H——," which was accepted at Drury Lane, in 1806, and once acted—*nearly through.* Some unimportant efforts intervene between this and the first essay of "Elia," in the London Magazine, about fifteen years later. Lamb was now forty-five years old, and in these essays (mainly written during the five years following) his genius appears in its true character, and, for the first time, fitly and naturally exhibited. All his writings that precede these seem rather as an exercise and discipline of the genial power that was struggling within him, and, with perhaps two or three exceptions among his occasional poems, would hardly have been noticed at all at this day, but for the relative importance given them by their connection with the Essays.

We have already remarked, elsewhere,* that "nothing more appropriately characterizes the poets of the days of Wordsworth and Shelley, than a stubborn persistency in thrusting upon the world their own individual peculiarities and experiences." Lamb belongs to this era, and partakes of its spirit. He seems to have been incapable of stepping beyond the

* See American Review, vol. vi. p. 306.

sphere of his own personality—of entering into the reality of another condition of life, or of catching the spirit of a character very much different from his own. He sought in vain to sink himself in the mass of humanity, and temporarily to rise, like a true dramatist, clothed in whatever individual shape he would. The author himself seems not to have been unconscious of this fact, as is plainly betrayed by the pains he has taken to fortify himself on this vulnerable point.

"I am at liberty to confess," he says, in his Preface to the collected "Essays of Elia," "that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well founded. . . . . Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former essay, (to save many instances,) where, under the *first person*, (his favorite figure,) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skillful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who, doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?"

Whatever logic there may be in this defence of Elia, is solely of that species denominated *petitio principii*. The fact that the *material* of these essays, in the author's own view, mainly consists of his own personal experiences, is more than implied in what we have quoted. It is the drift of his argument, indeed, that all delineators of human character and all narrators of adventure and experience, spin entirely from the accumulated stores of their own individual being; that genuine characterization consists in diversely *organizing* whatever their memory retains of personal good or ill fortune, and of immediate observation, and in conferring upon such organization "a local habitation and a *name*;" and that, therefore, since Elia has done this, just as all other writers have done, he is entirely free from the charge of egotism. Whatever influence such a defence may have upon the minds of Lamb's unqualified admirers, with us it by no means obviates the charge we have brought against him and the class of writers to which he belonged, not only as being contemporary with them, but as in part fostered by them, and partaking largely of this same general characteristic. Nor is this a topic which we feel at liberty lightly to dismiss—bearing so directly and importantly as it seems to us to do, upon the whole literature of that somewhat remarkable period; an era ushered in by the hot-bed stimulus of a Parisian revolution, and expiring only in the repose of the conqueror in a lonely, island grave.

It is, indeed, a very superficial notion that the constant use of "the first person," however objectionable in other respects, affords any sufficient ground, considered by itself, for the charge of egotism; and the "friend," from whose defence of Elia we have already quoted, could hardly have attached so much importance to his extenuation of this fault as his words would seem to imply. The accusation is made upon principles that have a bearing widely different, and more essential than a form of expression which only a very natural circumlocution might eliminate entirely, and yet leave the spirit and character of the writing unchanged. The true point at issue is not at all touched, until reference is made—in rather a singular manner, we think—to the example of the novelist and the dramatist. The question plainly put amounts very nearly to this: Does the genuine poet or writer of fiction see all his characters through himself, and all his incidents through his own experience—"making himself many, or reducing many to himself"—"under cover of passion uttered by another, giving vent to his most inward feelings"—telling "his own story modestly?"—or does he, in some proper sense of the word, *create*?

Of course, we are now contemplating the rule, and not the exception: yet the rule, clearly enough established on other grounds, is, for our present purpose, sufficiently proved by the exception. All the world admires the novels of Sir Walter Scott. That he stands at the head of the class of novelists, few will deny. His ro-

mances have been subjected to a rigid examination in many lands; they have found their way to the hearts of all readers. We deem it safe, in such a case, to accept the universal verdict of criticism on certain leading points regarding these writings; and certain we are, that, in so far at least as regards the particulars now especially to be considered, there can be no difference of opinion. Scott, amidst the large and varied group of characters to which he has introduced us, (scarcely one of which is untrue to nature, or has not its real prototype among living men—whatever may be said of their *originality*,) is generally understood to have drawn two or three characters from certain circumstances of his own condition, and to have woven the events of one or two stories from the incidents of his own life. The early years and the education of Waverley are admitted to have been taken from the author's personal experience; but here all the personality ends, and scarcely a resemblance, even, remains in all that follows the first few chapters. In the "Red Gauntlet" we find another and still more noteworthy instance of the same personality. Here the author again is admitted (under the "modesty" of various disguises) to have expressed "his own story," and to have "given vent" to some of his "most inward feelings." Now, it is a consideration which we can well afford to omit entirely, that these same introductory chapters of Waverley—which are written strictly according to the method laid down and defended by the "friend" of Elia—have been universally esteemed among the least readable parts of the book in which they occur; and that the story of "Red Gauntlet" was one of the least successful of all the author's romances. It was not, however, for the sake of showing that a work so written will almost inevitably prove a failure, (which we believe to be the fact,) that we adduced the example of this novelist. We call attention to the absurdity of pointing out two or three instances in a score of novels, and in the midst of a hundred distinct and natural fictitious characters—as the world have done—for examples of a *personality*, which, if the theory of Lamb be correct, is inseparable from every such composition, and which, instead of being pointed out as exceptions, would have passed altogether unquestioned under the universal rule.

What female relative of Sir Walter Scott was the prototype of Flora McIvor? Who the Bridget of Elia is, we know; but what sister of the novelist sat for the picture of Rose Bradwardine, or Die Vernon, or Jeannie Deans, or the "Maid of the Mist?" The originals of the Inner Temple and Christ's Hospital would have been plainly enough recognized, doubtless, had they been called by fictitious names; but when did the author of Waverley dwell in the Castle of Tillietudlem, and how far was he personally familiar with Kenilworth Castle and the Court of King James? Where did he learn the manners he has depicted in Ivanhoe, and when was he ever present at a tournament! What did Sir Walter know, personally, of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and Dugald Dulgetty, and Donald Bean Lean, and Balfour of Burley? We assert, without fear of contradiction, that both characters and incidents, from the first to the last of these celebrated novels, have an individuality—with only slight exceptions—as distinct from the character and fortunes of the author, as the characters and incidents of a veritable history are distinct from each other.

And equally true is this principle, as it respects every genuine work of fiction, whether in prose or in verse. Who, among all the characters of the Iliad and Odyssey, is the representative of the blind bard himself? Who has detected, "under cover" of any "disguise," the "most inward feelings" of the real Homer? Why have two or three personal allusions in Paradise Lost been so carefully noted, and set down among the faults of John Milton? And when did he have personal experience of the "most inward feelings" "given vent" through the lips of the "lost archangel?"

Even more evident, perhaps, is the absurdity of the allusion to the dramatist. So manifest and universally understood are the laws which exclude every appearance of personal feeling from the drama, and which deny the epithet *dramatic* to any dialogue in which the author's self is a character, (and how much more when he "makes himself many"!) that we forbear any illustration of the subject. A more unhappy reference could not have been made, if meant

to be understood as in earnest; but if only intended as a jest, as we feel inclined to believe, it certainly amounts to a very ingenious and unextenuating confession of the charge which it ostensibly refutes.

How far this *first-personality*, (which, be it observed, is manifested in no slight degree in that species of bravado by which an author sets at defiance all the acknowledged rules and modes of expression, and, boasting a heroic originality, indulges in a style that tasks Christian forbearance to the utmost to endure,) how far this egotism may be the fundamental vice of Wordsworth, and Byron, of Hazlitt, and Godwin, and Shelley, and Hunt, and others, their contemporaries, we leave the judicious reader to decide for himself. In the writings of *Charles Lamb*, we find only the individual—confined to a narrow sphere—bounded in his contemplations within the limits of common sympathy, every-day fortune, and humble experience. He seems never to have had the faintest yearning after anything better than was afforded by the immediate circle that surrounded him—the immediate society and the actual stage of civilization and improvement in which his lot had been primarily cast. In his earlier days, indeed, we find some traces of a strong religious aspiration; such as, we believe, has always more or less characterized every truly great and genial spirit. But time scattered these emotions and impulses, and maturer years found him apparently indifferent, and without genuine spiritual hopes. It is, perhaps, the natural course with all healthy minds to grow more religious as they advance in life, and to become more and more attracted to things "unseen and eternal," as the sorrows and calamities of this sublunary existence calm the passions, and sober the heart to the realities of man's immortal being: as the change and illusion, that mock him perpetually here, lead the disappointed mortal to long for the everlastingly true and immutable. But *Lamb's* religious sympathies, his heavenly yearnings, were mainly confined to his youthful days.

In his general sympathies, there was little expansiveness: there was, at most, but a momentary *elasticity*. Out of the city—out of the particular quarter of London in which his days were passed, he was almost entirely lost. Out of the immediate circle about him, composed of his brother, his sister, and a score or two of friends, he knew little of men. In literature, even, he had no strong sympathies beyond a limited round of writers. His chief favorites were the dramatists, and such quaint and melancholy authors as Burton, Sir T. Brown, and old Francis Quarles. The necessities of his outward lot—the severe lesson of subordination he so faithfully learned and practiced from his youth up—the character of his literary associates—all contributed to fix the boundary of his mind within limits to which Nature herself seems to have but half intended to confine him.

Literature as an amusement—notwithstanding the sage words and "advice" of Coleridge on this subject—by no means suffices one whom destiny has ordained for a man of letters. To sustain two distinct characters in the drama of actual life, is as impossible as it is undesirable. The anointed poet can by no means devote his *days* to the drudgery of business, and his *nights* to the enchantments of song. Talfourd, the author of Ion, and Talfourd, the serjeant at law, seem to us totally incongruous; nay, *both* characters must necessarily be partial and imperfect, and, in some good measure, failures. That Lamb, the "man of figures," could not, from the nature of the case, rise to a very exalted position in belles lettres, without casting off his original profession, seems to us too evident to admit of any argument. It requires the whole man—the whole soul, might, mind, and strength—to fill up the measure of mediocrity, even, and much more evidently, of *greatness*, in any high calling. In judging the literary character of Lamb, therefore, justice compels us to judge him for what he is, and not for what some too partial admirers have held him up to our view.

The boyish admiration we have already confessed for this writer, was not, we are prone to think, a mistaken feeling. The characteristics which then won our attachment we now discover as plainly, and appreciate, perhaps, as fully, as in other days. To speak of these qualities delights us, after all, quite as much as to point out the limitations and short-comings to which we have alluded, and which, in the

more youthful days we have mentioned, we lacked the discrimination to detect. We love Charles Lamb—and this is mainly true, we suppose, of all his readers—for the affectionateness of his disposition and the kindliness of his heart; and more than all, for his genuine, inimitable *humor*. These are qualities which will never lack admirers. Though in some measure it may be true that these qualities best appear in the living man, and cannot be fully represented in the written work—and though, undoubtedly, one evening spent with Lamb, in his best mood, were quite as delightful as any essay of "Elia,"—yet it is certainly not impossible to embody these characteristics in a literature that shall be truly agreeable, and deserving of a high rank. And we take pleasure in saying to the praise of Lamb, that he seems to us to have combined these elements after a manner hitherto unknown in any literature. Our readers may think we have spoken somewhat too strongly of the *personality* of these writings. But never, perhaps, was there a writer in whom the quality in question appears with so little to offend, and from whose personal musings we rise with so little dislike at what is usually so unpleasant, and oftentimes disgusting. It is a fault so inherent in a literature of this kind—and which we have affirmed to possess distinct marks of originality—a literature which must necessarily exhibit the author in his own living peculiarities—that we are willing, for the time, to forget the evil, for the sake of the real good of which it is the ground. It is the man, Charles Lamb, that from first to last we love; and analyze our impressions of his writings as closely as we will, we shall probably find this to be the grand object and the final end of all our attachment. Hence it is that we so often suspect ourselves of a greater fondness for the letters so properly collected (and perhaps not without an insight of their significance in this very particular) by Serjeant Talfourd, than for the more finished productions on which his reputation in the literary world had hitherto stood. Almost imperceptibly to ourselves, we are all the while interesting ourselves in the man, and longing to get nearer and nearer to the real object of our devotion. More or less, the same may be true of others, but in no case besides (as we are aware) is the author at once so constantly present to our minds, and his presence so freely and cordially welcomed.

In Lamb, the predominant quality of mind seems to have been *affection*. Strong, turbulent passions he had none. To whatever habit and education had consecrated in his mind, he clung with an inextinguishable fondness. The Inner Temple, where his childhood was passed—its courts, its fountains, the grave and venerable characters he was there wont to see and to converse with; Christ's Hospital, the scene of his school-days; the favorite haunts of his school-boy leisure; all the little incidents and events which he saw and interpreted with childhood's eyes; the customs grown obsolete, and the buildings transformed or gone to decay, which in earlier days had been centres of business and excitement; the older friends who had caressed the child; and the relations on whom he had accustomed himself to rely with an unsuspecting confidence; were the first, foremost, ever present objects of his attachment. He judged everything (we might almost literally say) according to his simple likes and dislikes; he measured everything according to an immediate attraction or repulsion, rather than by a deliberate exercise of his understanding. We have sometimes thought, (and we believe not without reason,) that a violation of *sentiment* was with him paramount to a violation of justice; that a transgression against his own peculiar taste, was more heinous than a transgression against conscience. He complained of the "Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," for instance, from considerations that addressed themselves solely to his affection, through the cherished remembrances of childhood. Whatever innovated upon these last, was condemned to unqualified censure. He lived in his habits and affections, and an assault upon these was, therefore, to him, a capital injury.

That there was an almost entire absence of *passion* in his constitution, we have already remarked. We do, indeed, read that he was once, for a few weeks, *in love* with a fair Quakeress, to whom he neither had spoken, nor did ever speak, an audible word. "Elia" alludes occasionally to a certain "Alice W——," who, if not the

same, seems to have been a love of very similar character. The "love" for this Quakeress in a short time becomes so perfectly extinct that he avows himself ashamed to have been guilty of such folly—declares himself forever wedded to the fortunes of his sister, and settles down with her, without, apparently, another thought of "love;" for, *marriage*, even in those few weeks whose folly he so much deplores, seems not to have once occurred to his mind. And when the pretty Quakeress dies, witness the manner in which the poet lover expresses his grief! Beautiful—touching beyond description—this best of Lamb's poems truly is; yet how clearly does it prove that such a mind never did, in any accepted sense, LOVE! Lamb, at the date of this poem, was twenty-eight years of age.

"HESTER.

"When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

"A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

"A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

"I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

"Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in Nature's school—
Nature had blessed her.

"A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to blind:
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

"My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore,
Some summer morning—

"When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?"

Comparatively cold and unimpassioned as Wordsworth certainly is, we find in a touching little poem of his, on a kindred subject, a contrast to the above, sufficiently strong and noticeable for illustrating what we mean. Imperfect and qualified as our admiration of this poet has always been, we could never regard this as anything less than a perfect poem:

"LUCY.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!"

We can better pardon this deficiency, so uncommon in a poet, than the extravagances of his fondness—rivalling the sickly longings of the *enceinte*—for whatever was quaint, eccentric, out-of-the-way in literature. Wholesome, healthy nourishment answered not his purpose at all. If no oddity sufficiently gratifying could be compassed, he must at least be served to a dish of the *antique*. Nor were these sickly longings without their influence upon the literary offspring to which he subsequently gave birth. The simile has its full application. Quaintness is always affected, unless it have *become* natural in the way of habit; and eccentricity, we are sure, forms no part of genius, and cannot, but with difficulty, amalgamate with it.

How strong was Lamb's affection for whatever had become habitual and consecrated by time and experience, and how he shuddered at the approach of any innovation or disturbance, is remarkably shown in the essay entitled "New Year's Eve." We refer especially to such passages as the following:—

"I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties—new books, new faces, new years—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge

into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play once again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel."

"The elders with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution, and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it, indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and the shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived—I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

"Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

"Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

"And you, my midnight darlings, my folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by the familiar process of reading?

"Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here, the recognizable face; 'the sweet assurance of a look?'

"In winter, this intolerable disinclination to dying, to give it its mildest name, does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the unsubstantial wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances, that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus's sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles: I am none of her minions; I hold with the Persian.

"Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humors, run into that capital plaguesore. I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and compounding *Positive!*

"Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall 'lie down with kings and emperors in death,' who, in his lifetime, never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows? or, forsooth, that 'so shall the fairest face appear?' Why, to comfort me, must Alice W——n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at these impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that 'such as he now is, I must shortly be.' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the mean time I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Year's days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821."

We have sometimes felt that this passage, last quoted, was perhaps (unconsciously and remotely) suggested to Lamb's mind, by the meditations of another, in many respects a kindred spirit, and yet, on the whole, as widely separated as the North from the South. We cannot forbear quoting from Sir Thomas Browne, the scholar and the Christian philosopher, and yet, no less than Lamb, a quaint idealist—we had almost said, an egotistic dreamer—a paragraph composed in a similar mood, and suggested by like contemplations, as that we have just taken from our author.

"I thank God," says Sir Thomas Browne, "I have not those straight ligaments or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or, by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relic, like vespilloes, or gravemakers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian; and, therefore, am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not intreat a moment's breath for me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often desire death. I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments, that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come."

The similarity, and yet the striking contrast, between these two passages, is a little remarkable; but to the philosophy of neither, can we give an unqualified assent. Lamb's essay is characterized by some touching and genuine sentiment; and in the state of mind in which he wrote, we can find some elements to love and commend. We have especially a sympathy with this reverent remembrance of childhood, which constitutes one of the chief objects of his affection. There is an inexhaustible meaning and significance in those days of "splendor in the grass and glory in the flower," which renders that period forever sacred, and tenderly to be called to mind. We can forgive even an excess of this love of the lingering splendors of childhood, bordering upon sentimentalism. But lamentably incongruous is this affection with much that we have just now quoted; and no sufficient plea can be offered in defence of a state of mind (unless it were but temporary and humorous) like that in which the not distant and inevitable approach of death is viewed by our author at fifty. Already have we seen that Lamb had not even a *dream* for the future!

That kindliness of nature which characterized Lamb through all his days—and which was, perhaps, rather than kindred intellectual habits or any marked originality of thinking which they found in him, one principal ground for the friendship of such men as Wordsworth, and Godwin, and Coleridge—breathes very perceptibly through all his writings. How far such a universal good feeling and fellowship, however, consists with a sincerely believing, manly, and independent spirit, we shall not now undertake to determine. We think, nevertheless, that Dr. Johnson has hardly overrated the importance of being, on some occasions, "a good hater." We confess that we have much difficulty in distinguishing between universal eclecticism and universal skepticism. Lest we speak more severely, therefore, than we would, upon this trait of his character, which, if in some sense a weakness, is at least an amiable one, we will dismiss it with the words of one whom Lamb once introduced to Wordsworth as his "only admirer:"

"Lamb's indulgence to the failings of others

could hardly, indeed, be termed allowance; the name of charity is too cold to suit it. He did not merely love his friends in spite of their errors, but he loved them errors and all; so near to him was everything human. He numbered among his associates men of all varieties of opinion—philosophical, religious, and political—and found something to like, not only in the men themselves, but in themselves as associated with their theories and their schemes. In the high and calm, but devious speculations of Godwin; in the fierce hatreds of Hazlitt; in the gentle and glorious mysticism of Coleridge; in the sturdy opposition of Thelwall to the government; in Leigh Hunt's softened and fancy-streaked patriotism; in the gallant toryism of Stoddart; he found traits which made the individuals more dear to him. When Leigh Hunt was imprisoned in Cold Bath Fields for a libel, Lamb was one of his most constant visitors; and when Thelwall was striving to bring the 'Champion' into notice, Lamb was ready to assist him with his pen, and to fancy himself, for the time, a Jacobin. In this large intellectual tolerance he resembled Professor Wilson, who, notwithstanding his own decided opinions, has a compass of mind large enough to embrace all others which have noble alliances within its range. But not only to opposite opinions and devious habits of thought was Lamb indulgent; he discovered "the soul of goodness in things evil" so vividly, that the surrounding evil disappeared from his mental vision. Nothing—no discovery of error or crime—could divorce his sympathy from a man who had once engaged it. He saw in the spendthrift, the outcast, only the innocent companion of his school days or the joyous associate of his convivial hours, and he did not even make penitence or reform a condition of his regard. Perhaps he had less sympathy with philanthropic schemers for the improvement of the world than with any other class of men; but of these he numbered two of the greatest, Clarkson, the destroyer of the slave trade, and Basil Montague, the contanst opponent of the judicial infliction of death; and the labors of neither have been in vain!"*

This same love of the companionable qualities, (we must add,) with a comparative indifference as to the character and principles of his associates, may safely be affirmed to have contributed much to the fatal habits, with which the world has been made, perhaps, sufficiently familiar. How far that paper—frightful indeed in the pictures it draws—entitled "Confessions of a Drunkard," may have been a revelation of his own personal condition and experience, we leave it for others to conjecture. The fact, however, that his own habits afforded a sufficient ground for much that is most startling in these memorable words, cannot (and ought not to) be disguised.

We do not quite agree with Mr. Talfourd, when he asserts that Lamb's serious efforts are always the best. There are certain veins in his serious style, we admit, which are truly touching and beautiful; yet, even these oftentimes, as it seems to us, owe their peculiar charm to their immediate neighborhood (in the reader's own imagination, at least,) to the *humorous element,* which gives character, more than all else, to the author's genius. We know very well that with many, such of the Essays as "Mackery End," and "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple" —wherein the heart of the author overflows with tender and pleasantly sad remembrances of childhood—have always been the favorites; and we grant to these essays a superiority over everything else of a similar kind, which we know, in any literature. But who does not love them the more especially, that they were written by *Charles Lamb*—and because they had their origin in the same mind as the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," and the "Praise of Chimney Sweepers?" "Rosamund Gray" is verily altogether superior to "Mr. H——;" "Hester" and the "Old Familiar Faces," we confess, are worth more to us, than the not unpleasant "Farewell to Tobacco." For an extended production purely humorous in its character, like Tristram Shandy, the genius of Lamb was, we allow, entirely inadequate. It is for the shorter efforts in this kind, and for the ever-present consciousness of the same spirit following us continually, as we read, and always ready to break out, upon the slightest occasion, into wit and mirthful feeling of the most *moving* character, that we award to this element of humor the prevailing influence over our minds, in all the more natural productions of "the man Elia."

That this quality of his mind had sometimes its more perfect development in the less elaborate efforts—in his letters, and in the unpremeditated words of ordinary social intercourse, rather than in the more deliberate essays—is doubtless true. We

* Talfourd, vol. i. pp. 318–19.

know not where a specimen of humor can be found, more truly genuine than this from an unstudied letter to his Quaker friend, Bernard Barton. His words hover on the brink of the truest, most solemn meaning—and yet it is hard to conceive anything more ludicrous than such a "moral improvement" of the execution of a thief:—

"And now, my dear sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder view. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual with the charge of them. Who that standeth knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into others' property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done. You are as yet upright; but you are a banker, or, at least, the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour—but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations! I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangulable, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe, (which is something,) but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, &c.

"No one that is so framed, I maintain it, but should tremble. C. L."*

Humor always stands in the foreground of a *serious reality*, yet never throws ridicule (in any bad sense) upon the object against which it casts its fantastic, yet inoffensive shadow. We hardly wonder to find the humorist saying, in a private letter to his friend, "Anything awful makes me laugh: I misbehaved once at a funeral." We admit that this singular faculty is altogether beyond the power of our analysis. We shall attempt no such dissection, on the present occasion. We can only refer our readers to some admirable illustrations among the writings upon which we have been discoursing. Let the reader but carefully note the little dissertation on the ugliness of poor "Mrs. Conrady,"* (which, unfortunately, our space will not suffer us to quote,) and he will get somewhat a farther insight into the quality of true humor, than many pages of critical disquisition could afford him. We have never met with a better exemplification of that species of humor, which moves with ridiculous incongruities suggested by resemblance in particulars, and by startling contrast in generals, than in the essay "On the Melancholy of Tailors:" and not the least in its motto:

"*Sedet, æternumque sedebit,*
Infelix Theseus. VIRGIL."†

We are conscious, however, that the labor of pointing out portions of these writings as especially characterized by genuine and genial humor is altogether gratuitous and unnecessary. All these passages are fresh and vivid to the familiar reader of Lamb, nor can they be passed over, even for the first time, without fixing a full share of the reader's attention.

That Charles Lamb is destined to any permanent and prominent standing among the men of letters whom the generations are to remember, and whom the centuries are to embalm, cannot well be supposed. We are not certain that the warmest of his friends ever seriously expected it—extravagantly as they have suffered themselves to talk. With a wider sweep of imagination, with broader views of human life and destiny, and with a more undivided and earnest pursuit of literature, Lamb might have had more rational claims upon posterity, and his friends a juster ground to expect for him a lasting renown. With

* Vol. i. pp. 243–4.

* Vol. ii. pp. 287–9.
† Ib. p. 431.

personal qualities untainted by the contact of uncontrolled appetites and ungoverned imaginations, he might at least have left to a succeeding generation the memory of a truly good, and gentle, and engaging nature—the reputation of a friend and a companion, whose presence was a source of heaven-like pleasure, and whose departure was felt with a sorrow that time could not soothe. Let us not add unjust obloquy to the memory of such a one—though his errors were many and his imperfections great. Let us rather rejoice that he has lived, and written, and that his name is associated in our minds with so many of the best qualities of the human heart, and with so many of the gentler and dearer traits of genius. J. H. B.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

RASH as the loves of youth, sweet flower,
Is this thine early blossoming;
The fickle sunshine of an hour
Awoke to life thine inmost power,
And thou hast given thy spirit's dower
Unto a false and fickle Spring!

The snows have melted from thy side,—
The breezes woo thee, summer-like;
'Twixt budding boughs soft sunbeams glide,
And while thy coy delay they chide,
In garments white and purple-dyed,
Thou stealest forth, with glance oblique.

To-morrow—ah, to-morrow's breeze
Hath winter in its frosty breath!
Thou that wast won on bended knees,—
Cold snow-flakes now around thee freeze,
And north winds, moaning through the trees,
Chant o'er thee the low dirge of death.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES

OF THE

HON. DANIEL DEWEY BARNARD, LL.D.*

Daniel Dewey Barnard was born in Massachusetts, in Berkshire county, where his parents, at the time, had their temporary residence. His mother, still living, is of the family of Deweys, natives of Berkshire county, a family not undistinguished in the State of Massachusetts and elsewhere. The late Daniel Dewey, a Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and father of the present Judge Dewey, was the brother of Mrs. Barnard, and from him her son took his name. The father of the subject of the present sketch was a native of Hartford, Connecticut. He served through the war of the Revolution, principally in the commissary department, under Commissary-general Wadsworth. He held no commission, but had, by courtesy as a staff officer, the rank and title of Major. He was third in descent from the first of that name in this country. His grandfather, who was a man of good education and good family, and a Puritan, emigrated from England and settled in Hartford, while he was yet young, about 1720. A son, the father of Daniel D. Barnard, resided in Hartford until the year 1809, when he removed, with his family, to the then county of Ontario in New York. Here he fixed his residence on a beautiful farm already under cultivation, though at that time nearly surrounded by the primeval forests.

This gentleman was, for many years, in Ontario county, and afterwards in Monroe, when that county was established, a magistrate and judge. He maintained the reputation of a man of strong sense and invincible integrity. He died much respected and beloved, about a year ago, at an age exceeding ninety years.

For some years following the first establishment of the family in Western New York, the county was too new to maintain good schools, and the boy Daniel was set at work upon the farm; but being of a delicate, almost sickly, constitution, his natural genius inclined him to reading and the composition of essays for pastime and occupation. While yet very young, for want of better employment, his father placed him in the Clerk's office of the county, at Canandaigua, where he remained for two years. At the age of fourteen, he began to act as Deputy Clerk of the county, having often full charge of the business of the office, and sometimes officiating in that capacity in court. After this he was sent back to New England for his education, and fitted for college at Lenox Academy, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, then a celebrated school, under the charge of an eccentric genius, of the name of Gleason. After a year spent at Lenox, he entered as a sophomore at Williams College, and in 1818 took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In general scholarship he did not fall behind any of his classmates, though, as it happened, his companions were none of them remarkable for brilliancy of parts. At this, the romantic period of life, a turn for poetry and revery discovered in him that quality of imagination and sentiment, without which, perhaps, no man has ever become eminent in the world of letters, or of law; and prompted by the natural instinct, he composed dramatic pieces which were represented in due form by his classmates, at their exhibition. He also delivered a poem at the commencement, when the honors of good scholarship were assigned him.

* The portrait, which accompanies this number, was taken, by permission, from a very excellent Daguerreotype likeness in the possession of Mr. Barnard. We have prevailed upon that gentleman to allow us to give our readers the following account of his life and public services, believing that we could not more gratify them than by presenting them with this full account of our most valued *contributor* and *counsellor;* such being the true and sole relation in which he stands to this Journal.—Ed.

A life of study and seclusion produced its usual effects. His health declined and compelled him for a time to abandon books; but soon recovering, he turned again to the law, and began a course which he pursued without guidance or aid, though at that time he performed the duties of sole clerk in an office in Rochester, New York, where a large amount of common business had to be transacted. In the last years of his clerkship the business of the office, owing to peculiar circumstances, devolved almost entirely upon himself, and he managed it, for the most part, *ex gratia*, in court, as well as out. He also found employment on his private account in the inferior courts, and before arbitrators and referees. In this way he began the advocacy of causes some time before he was admitted to the bar, which was a great practical advantage.

In 1824, he took out a counsellor's license, having been already admitted an attorney of the Supreme Court in 1821. He now passed immediately into an extensive practice, being employed in the trial of causes both at home and in neighboring counties. In the county courts and at the Oyer and Terminer, he found abundant occupation, as an advocate, before receiving his counsellor's license, and on one occasion before that time, was allowed to try a cause at the Jefferson county circuit, before Judge Platt. He appeared at the bar of the Supreme Court as soon as he had taken the degree of counsellor. In 1826, he was made district attorney for the county of Monroe, and held that office until his election to Congress in 1827.

In the fall of 1826, Mr. Barnard was put in nomination for Congress, and in 1827 elected by the Republican party, in whose principles he was educated. His district included the present Monroe and Livingston counties. The nomination and election were unsought and unexpected by Mr. Barnard, and his acceptance withdrew him, while yet a young man and lately married, from a lucrative practice in the law. But those were times when an election to the House carried with it weight of dignity and importance; and for a young man an honorable seemed better than a merely lucrative position in the State. He was called the youngest member of that (the twentieth) Congress, but he was by no means the least active. On the noted "D'Auterive Claim," which, involving a point of slavery, was the subject of a very exciting debate, he delivered his maiden speech.

On this occasion the best minds of the House had engaged earnestly in the discussion, that had run on through several weeks. Edward Livingston, Randolph, Everett, M'Duffie, Barbour, and others, advocated the claim. Northern men, on the contrary, through a natural repugnance, opposed the claim. When it came from the Committee of the Whole, the bill was ordered, by a decided vote, to be engrossed for a third reading, and the question was about to be taken on its passage, when, under the feeling of fear and embarrassment that attends the first effort of a modest man, Mr. Barnard took the floor against it.

The claim was for the value of a slave whom D'Auterive sent to perform labor in throwing up defences in the face of the public enemy in time of war, when he was disabled by the fire of the enemy. Mr. Barnard resisted the claim on no narrow or technical ground, and certainly not on the ground of any prejudice or feeling of hostility toward the South. The question was one of the gravest public import, though presented in the shape of a private claim, and he rested his opposition on grounds of public and universal law. "The slave *had no country*, nor was he bound to defend his master's country. To the master belonged, indeed, the services, but not the *person* or the *life* of the slave. These the master had no right to offer to the country, nor had the country any right to demand or accept them, to be exposed or sacrificed in its defence."

The speech was a close argument, without any effort at rhetoric or ornament. It made a strong impression, and had its effect towards defeating the claim, which was finally abandoned.

The great measure of the first session of the twentieth Congress was the celebrated Tariff or Woollens Bill of 1828. Mr. Barnard took part in defence of the protective principle, and in exposition of the insidious efforts then making by some of its professed friends to defeat the

measure. The late Silas Wright led in this attempt, and Mr. B.'s principal effort in the debate was aimed mainly at him; nor did it fall without effect. After an interval of several days, he attempted a reply, which gained him no credit. Mr. Barnard's speech was caused to be published in a pamphlet for general circulation, a practice not as common at that period as it has since become.

One of the great debates of the next session arose on a bill for the preservation and repair of the Cumberland Road. It opened the whole question of internal improvements by the General Government. Mr. Barnard entered into the debate in an elaborate argument on the question of power, confining himself chiefly, however, to a view of the peculiar grounds on which rested the power over the Cumberland Road. He was strongly in favor of the exercise of this power by the General Government. This speech indicates the views he was thus early accustomed to take of the General Government and its Constitutional powers and duties. They were broad and comprehensive, yet guarded and well-defined. In the conclusion of this speech, he commented strongly on the spirit of hostility to all exercise of a beneficent power by the General Government, manifested by the party that was just about entering into power, after a shameful victory over the wise and blameless administration of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Reference was made particularly to Mr. Stevenson, (the Speaker,) to Mr. Buchanan and his *modern* Democracy, and to Mr. Randolph, who had declared in the debate that "the only mistake Virginia ever made on the subject of the Constitution was in adopting it!"

In allusion to what had passed in debate and to the party tactics and manœuvres which had been employed in the recent Presidential canvass, Mr. Barnard held the language, at the close of his remarks, of severity and grave rebuke.

The two years of Mr. B.'s service in Congress at this period were the last two years of Mr. Adams's administration. He saw much to approve and admire in that administration, and little to condemn. It was truly republican, and was conducted on the strictest and purest principles of republican policy. Many of his political associates and a large portion of the party to which he was attached joined the unrighteous crusade against it. He could not follow them.

On his return home in June, at the close of the first session of the twentieth Congress, a meeting of true Republicans was called, which brought together vast numbers of citizens, in the open air, at the court-house in Rochester. The venerable NATHANIEL ROCHESTER presided. Mr. Barnard alone addressed the meeting. Resolutions were adopted in favor of the administration of Mr. Adams, and of his re-election, and expressing strong disapprobation of "that class of politicians who would lower the high standard of moral excellence and intellectual attainments hitherto considered indispensable in a Chief Magistrate." The effect of this meeting was marked and decided in that county and district, and was afterward strongly felt in the election for President.

It was in the fall of 1827 that the first attempt was made to form a political party in Western New York, on the basis of the popular excitement growing out of the abduction and probable murder of William Morgan. This movement was begun at Rochester, and some active politicians of the Republican party were the leaders in it. From its first rise Mr. B. set his face strongly against the movement. He could not see in it a ground broad enough for a great party, especially a State and national party, to act upon; and he would not allow himself to be engaged in a contest merely local, which the managers would be sure to use for their private ends.

It is well known how this excitement swept over Western New York, and extended to other parts of the country. All the old party distinctions and principles were for a time broken down. There was but one political party, and that was the Anti-Masonic party. Masons generally stood aloof from it, but could say nothing and do nothing. Some of them joined it. The rest of the community almost *en masse*, with here and there a singular exception, seemed of one mind and one heart.

The excitement was a storm—a tempest, and required some courage to face it; it was much easier to yield to it. Mr. B. was not a Mason, and had no sympathies with Ma-

sonry, and no one held in greater horror the crimes committed in its name; but he thought crime should be referred to the judicial tribunals, and not to political parties, and he therefore refused to become politically an Anti-Mason.

But a man, at that period, in Western New York, had to be either politically an Anti-Mason, or he could be nothing politically. Nobody but an Anti-Mason could hold any local office, from that of a representative in Congress, to that of constable or postmaster. The spirit of Anti-Masonry reigned everywhere. It raged in the churches, in families, and in neighborhoods, and was everywhere supreme. Of course it was exclusive and intolerant. It not only had supreme local sway, but soon learned to look away from home to the higher offices of the State, and even of the nation, for which it felt itself entitled to furnish candidates.

Before a popular sentiment so engrossing, before so raging a spirit, it was difficult for men having any political hopes to hold out with firmness. Very few did hold out—very few especially of the young men, except those who were Masons. It would be difficult to name a man, not a Mason or a Jacksonian Democrat, then on the stage of action in Western New York, who has since made any figure in politics, who was not an Anti-Mason. They rose upon, and have risen from, Anti-Masonry.

A little compliance with—a little obedience to—the "blessed spirit," would have given Mr. B. an advantage over most. No man of his age in Western New York was in a better position to make political profit out of Anti-Masonry. He could have taken a lead. It was the Republican party, the "Bucktail" party, the Anti-Jackson party, of Western New York, the party to which he belonged, that was principally swallowed up in Anti-Masonry; and when at length the Anti-Masonic organization was given up and there was a return to a broader political platform, the old party appeared in its strength, and remains at this day the invincible Whig party of the old Eighth District. But he could not give political Anti-Masonry his support, and this was an offence not easily forgotten or forgiven. He would not attach himself to any party that had no principle broad enough for a *national* party to stand upon.

At the election in the fall of 1828 there was no regularly nominated candidate for Congress except the Anti-Masonic. The nominee was one of the half-dozen persons who had the year before put out the first Anti-Masonic ticket ever presented. He was of course elected. A number of the most respectable gentlemen in the district addressed a letter to Mr. Barnard on the eve of the election asking him to allow them and their friends to vote for him, thus giving him a flattering, but of course unavailing, proof of their regard. At the close of his Congressional term he returned to his legal labors, and entered into full employment as counsel.

While he was absent in Congress, the trials of some of the Morgan conspirators had been going on, and some convictions had taken place of those who first took Morgan into their custody. Mr. Barnard was retained as counsel for the defence of those who remained to be tried.

The public mind had become more and more excited against the perpetrators of the outrage upon Morgan, and his murder—for it was fully believed that he had been murdered. Those who were under indictment, innocent or guilty, were in great peril. They were convicted already in the popular judgment. Special preparations were made to secure their conviction by the courts. Under a law for that purpose, a special attorney-general was created and appointed on behalf of the State for these trials. Mr. John C. Spencer accepted this office. In the end a judge of the Supreme Court was especially assigned to preside at the trials, instead of the usual circuit judge.

Trials under these formidable preparations were had in Orleans county and in Niagara county. They were among the most laborious and severely contested jury trials that have ever taken place in this country. The array of counsel was strong on both sides. In all the cases Mr. Barnard held the position of leading counsel for the defence, in the examination of witnesses and in summing up to the jury.

In every case, the defence was as difficult, perhaps, as was ever known in any criminal prosecution. It was necessary to

stand up against a popular excitement which amounted to madness, and from the influence of which neither judges nor jurors could free themselves. It had to meet ability and professional skill of the highest order in a prosecution specially appointed by the State, and specially resolved on convicting. The proofs, too, in every case, were strong and unequivocal to implicate the accused in flagrant acts connected with the abduction or imprisonment of the victim, Morgan. The question of *criminal intent* was the only one on which a doubt could be raised, and the innocent purpose, if there was one, rested on facts, the direct proof of which could not be established. There were only the slightest circumstances from which such a purpose could be inferred. It is easy to see that everything depended at last on the manner of putting the cases to the jury on the part of the defence.

Mr. Barnard had satisfied himself, from a private investigation of the affair, that the persons he was defending were really innocent, though associated in acts with others who were as really guilty, and the resolution with which he defended them against all the appearances of guilt so strong as to be appalling, was equal to his conviction of their innocence. They were acquitted in every instance.

After one of these trials, which had occupied ten days, the special attorney, Mr. Spencer, presented to the Supreme Court a case, and an application to set aside the verdict. It was elaborately argued on both sides. Mr. Barnard argued it alone for the defence. The reported case in the May term, 1830, shows the nature and great variety of questions involved in the trial at the circuit and argued at the bar. The last of these cases were defended by Mr. Barnard before a jury in Ontario county.

Exhausted by these labors, in the fall of 1830 the subject of our memoir sailed for Europe. He visited France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and England, and returned home in the summer of 1831. He was in Europe a little less than five months, and was a diligent traveller and observer. Paris had just then come out of the revolution of July, 1830, the fresh marks of which were everywhere visible. The *ouvriers* were still singing the Marseillaise in the streets; Louis Philippe was the *Citizen* King.

His visit to Italy was one of interest, for it was a time of popular commotion. He witnessed the way in which an Austrian army in Italy could, at that day, crush an ill-appointed revolution.

While in Europe, he found time to embody, in a series of letters, the impressions made upon him by the new scenes, and the interesting events of the period. His attention was particularly directed to the political aspect of things, and to the social condition of the people. These letters were published at the time, originally in a paper at Rochester, and were, to a considerable extent, copied in other papers, and a good deal read. In some quarters their publication, in a collected form, was strongly called for, but it was neglected, and the time passed by.

In August, 1831, Mr. Van Buren went to England, having been appointed Minister by Gen. Jackson, during the recess of the Senate. In January following, his nomination, having been submitted to the Senate, was not agreed to by that body. The grounds of this severe judgment of the Senate were found in the party character of his instructions, as Secretary of State, to his predecessor at London, Mr. M'Lane, on the subject of the West India trade. The dealing of this blow roused the passions of the liege men of the Old Hero, and especially of the partisans of his favorite, and destined nominee and successor in the presidency. The act was denounced as an indignity offered to the President, and his official paper at Washington boldly talked of the necessity of dispensing altogether with the Senate as an advising body, and leaving the President to take care of the Executive power alone! "Indignation meetings" were held at several prominent political points—at Philadelphia and New York, and by a Legislative caucus at Albany.

In February, 1832, a citizens' meeting was called at Rochester, and attended mainly by those who had no indignation to express against the Senate for the exercise of an honest judgment in a matter wholly within its constitutional duty and authority. By particular request, and not as a volunteer, Mr. Barnard attended this meeting. By such request he prepared

the resolutions which were adopted by the meeting. They were six in number, and the character of the whole may be seen in the two following, the first and last of the series:—

"*Resolved*, That we regard it as of the highest importance, that the Senate of the United States as an independent and co-ordinate branch of the Federal Government, should be preserved and sustained in the perfect integrity of its constitutional powers.

"*Resolved*, That we hold the interests and the honor of the country as paramount to the interests of any man, or any party, and the Senate deserves the grateful thanks of the country for the salutary and just rebuke, which, by its action on Mr. Van Buren's nomination, it has administered, for what the Senate believed to have been a flagrant attempt to solicit from the favor of a foreign government for a party, what that government had refused to the country."

The only speech made to the meeting was made by Mr. B. It was a speech evidently not intended for popular effect, but was such an one as might have been delivered before the Senate at the next session. It presented a view of the whole question of the West India trade; it defended the constitutional authority of the Senate, and the rights and dignity of that body; it laid open, with clearness and perfect truth and candor, the main point on which the judgment of the Senate had turned, in regard to Mr. Van Buren's appointment as minister, and it exposed with great severity the conduct of those who were making a Jacobinical war on the Senate in his behalf.

In New York the opposition to the Jackson and the spoils party, was in some danger of having its force divided or weakened in the presidential election of 1832, by the separate organization then maintained by the Anti-Masons. In June that party had met in convention and nominated candidates for governor, lieutenant governor and presidential electors—all, personally, and within the lines of their political principles, entirely agreeable to the body of the Anti-Jackson party in the State.

In July a convention of delegates from the "National Republican party" was held at Utica, over which the late Chief Justice Spencer presided. It was a convention full of talent and inspired by the noblest principles of high and disinterested patriotism. Mr. Barnard attended that convention as a delegate, and was one of the Committee appointed to consider and report what action the convention ought to take. The result of their deliberations was embodied in a series of resolutions and an address. It was proposed to abstain from making any new nominations, and to recommend to their friends the adoption and support of the State candidates and electors already in nomination. By the request and appointment of the committee, Mr. B. addressed the convention on the presentation of their report in explanation and support of their views, and his speech on that occasion was written out and published at the request of the convention.

The main object of the speech was to maintain the propriety and necessity of sacrificing local divisions and interests to the high duty of bringing the whole strength of the opposition in New York to bear against the administration and spoils party at the approaching election. But besides this, it furnished matter for the gravest reflection in the sentiments it contained and in the picture which was drawn in it of the character and conduct of the administration. Its tone is indicated in such passages as these:—

"Sir, in a country like ours, a condition of outward prosperity, produced by the untrammelled energies of an enterprising people, and existing in spite of incapacity or corruption in high places, affords no security or evidence that its free institutions are safe. While the citizen slumbers on in unconcern, or wakes only to exchange gratulations with his neighbors on their individual or mutual successes, under the faith and guarantee of wholesome laws, the Constitution may be suffering violence, and the elements of government hastening to dissolution. Neither the workmen on the exterior of the building, nor those who slumber in its chambers, nor those who revel in its halls, will feel the less at ease because a secret enemy is sapping its foundations, or laying a silent train for its destruction."

In the course of this performance we have this description of the way in which General Jackson was brought into power, and of the character and proceedings of the victors:—

"It became necessary, in order to prepare the way for the triumphal entry and march of the Hero to the Capitol, to perform a solemn ceremony of sacrifice of which modern history scarcely furnishes the parallel. Nor was the offering less acceptable either to the priests, or to the idol, because the victims were both human and innocent. An administration, distinguished for its purity, conducted by men of the highest order of intellect, the most profound attainments, and the most exalted patriotism, and based on principles settled from the foundation of the government, and scarcely admitting of a difference of opinion, was to be prostrated and destroyed without regard to the common decencies of truth and charity.

"Nor ought we, sir, to be surprised at the success which attended this daring enterprise, when we consider that it was effected under the conduct of a small but desperate band of demagogues, who, though gathered from all quarters of the Union, and embracing every shade of political complexion, were yet fairly united under the only law which is known to bind the profligate and unprincipled—the common lust of rapine and plunder. The ease with which they overthrew the virtuous administration of Mr. Adams, reminds one of the facility with which the buccaneers of South America were accustomed in their day to conquer and possess themselves of a richly laden Spanish galleon in the Caribbean sea. And the virtuous heart will be afflicted at the points of agreement and parallel, suggested by this reference. Among these freebooters, prayers were frequently offered up for the success of piratical expeditions, and solemn thanksgivings were chanted for victories. The chief maxim in their code was—'No prey, no pay.' And in the division of the 'spoils,' rewards were distributed with the most scrupulous regard to the just claims of the *meritorious* and *deserving*. The *wounded* received the first attention, and the highest compensation was reserved for them if *disfigured* or *mutilated* in the service.

"With those who led the systematic and successful attack on the late administration, and manifested so much dexterity in the practiced use of the weapons of falsehood, treachery, and poison, the stake of the enterprise was nothing less than the plunder of the public offices of the country. The object was palpable enough at the time, but it has since been boldly and shamelessly avowed.—No sooner had the noble ship struck her colors, and the "victors" gained her decks, than an indiscriminate slaughter commenced. In brief time, every valuable officer was either thrown overboard, or set afloat for the shore; whilst, with characteristic recklessness, not even enough of the common crew were retained to insure the safety of the vessel. Of the many hundreds who suffered, by far the greater number were only stript naked before they were set adrift; but others, less fortunate, were not permitted to escape till they had received a cruel and calumnious stab at the hand of authority. In the distribution of the 'spoils,' it is believed that no *worthy and well deserving* comrade has had reason for complaint. The most daring and reckless spirits have been complimented with distinguished favors, and no valuable service rendered in the common cause has gone unrewarded. But what lends to this history the strongest interest, is to observe the generous sympathy, zeal, and devotion exercised towards those who have *personally suffered* by their necessary exposure in the contest. To their own *sick and wounded* their first and chief care has been directed, and on these has been bestowed the full measure of that humanity which has never been permitted to waste itself on other objects."

At an "Anti-Jackson" meeting, called especially for the purpose at Rochester, on the eve of the election in 1832, Mr. B. discussed before the citizens of that place, in a very full and elaborate manner, the course and policy of General Jackson's administration, up to that time. The main proposition laid down in that speech, (as appears in a copy now before us,) and which, startling as it was and is, was fully sustained by the exposition of facts, and in the argument, was as follows:—

"That General Jackson has arrogated to himself and actually exercised, or claimed to exercise, in his own person exclusively, the powers of every independent branch of the government—the Legislative, the Judicial, and the Executive—while the Constitution allows him no portion of the Legislative or of the Judicial power, and divides the Executive between himself and the Senate; that he has invaded every department in a manner tending to make all the powers that can be exercised under the Constitution by any and every branch of the Government centre wholly and exclusively in his own person."

In the fall of 1832, Mr. B. left Rochester and became a citizen of Albany, intending to follow such professional business as might be offered him as counsel, without connecting himself with or keeping open an attorney's office. The condition of his health, never at any time robust, forbade his attempting any more than this. He found, however, abundant occupation, in ways congenial to his disposition and great legal attainments. In

September, 1833, occurred that famous and high-handed measure of General Jackson—the seizure of the public treasure of the United States out of the custody of the law and of the hands where the law had placed it. The removal of the deposits, and the war which the President was waging on the bank and against the currency and business of the country, were followed by extraordinary scenes and occurrences. The Senate at its next session condemned the act of the President. The President sent to the Senate his "Protest." In the mean time the country was disturbed in all its business relations, and distress and panic fell upon the community. Memorials representing the condition of things poured in upon Congress from nearly every quarter, borne thither by committees of citizens sent for this purpose.

In March, 1834, the staid and sober citizens of Albany were roused by the pressure which had before been felt elsewhere, and a movement followed to bring their grievances to the notice of the General Government. A call was made for a meeting, signed by 2,800 citizens of the highest respectability. Resolutions were presented to the meeting from a committee by the late *Chief Justice Spencer.* The memorial to Congress, a very grave document of much length, was prepared by Mr. Barnard. It presented, perhaps, as full and complete a view of the financial and pecuniary embarrassments of the country, and of the causes originating in the conduct of the Government, which produced these embarrassments, as could be found in any paper of the period. The nature and uses of money and of currency, and in what manner the acts of the Government had operated to derange the currency, by destroying confidence and credit, were set forth and described with clearness and precision.

A large and highly respectable committee of citizens was appointed to bear this memorial to Congress, of which Mr. Barnard was the chairman. One of the most beautiful and admirable speeches Mr. Webster ever made was on the presentation of this memorial to the Senate.

On the return of the committee from Washington, a very large meeting of the citizens was called to hear their report. This was an elaborate paper, drawn up by Mr. Barnard, entering at large into the condition of things at Washington and in the country, and showing the attitude which it became the people to assume towards the administration on account of the tyranny it was practicing upon them. On this occasion, after the report had been heard and received, the meeting proceeded to the consideration of the new phase in the lawless acts of the President, which was presented by his famous "Protest," information of which had reached the city within a day or two. The speech which Mr. B. made on that subject, and which was published at the request of the meeting, was a thorough discussion and exposition of the points presented by that elaborate and extraordinary paper. It presented a complete analysis of the doctrines of arbitrary and autocratic power claimed for the President by that document, and held them up to the abhorrence and indignation of the country. In the fall of this year, without and against his desire, the *Whigs* of the city and county of Albany—for the party opposed to Executive encroachment and domination began now to be called Whigs—placed Mr. B. in nomination for Congress. But the power of the district was in other hands, to remain there for a time. He was beaten by a very small majority.

The hold which General Jackson had of power was not to be shaken, and he was strong enough also to appoint his successor. But Mr. Van Buren could not command the same elements of strength. At first, however, there was a disposition to look to his administration with hope; at least the country felt relieved to be rid of General Jackson. It breathed freer and deeper. But when Mr. Van Buren's Inaugural appeared, though it seemed to be little thought on or cared for generally, it produced distrust and dissatisfaction in some minds. Mr. Barnard was of this number, and with a view to arouse attention to it and to sound a warning in time, he made it the occasion of two essays, which were published in the Albany Evening Journal. One of these was on "Vital Principles in Republics," and the other on "The Reigning System of Politics." They were characteristic of their author in the sentiments they expressed.

In the fall elections of 1837, the Whigs of New York swept the State. They elected one hundred out of one hundred and twenty-eight members of Assembly. Mr. B. was one of the number. All over the State the Whigs had put their strongest men in nomination, and a body of more talent and character than the Assembly thus chosen never sat in the State. As to the part which Mr. B. took in that body we can only refer to the record of their sayings and doings. At the close of the session a volume was immediately put to press, containing Mr. Barnard's "Speeches and Reports" of that session. It is a volume, closely printed, of 228 pages. It was edited by *John B. Van Schaick*, then conducting the Albany Daily Advertiser—a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of talent, whose early death will never cease to be lamented by troops of admiring and attached friends. Mr. Van Schaick in his Introduction gives this account of the contents of the volume:

"It remains but for the Editor to say that they were collected by him and are put forth by him at the instance of friends, who in common with himself appreciated the sentiments advocated and the principles maintained by Mr. Barnard, during the winter of 1838. They esteemed these sentiments and principles as possessing too much of permanent interest to be lost in the ephemeral columns of the daily press. It was resolved, with the author's consent, to combine them in their present more enduring shape."

The Report on the subject and system of Public Instruction; that on the Subject of Religious Exercises and the Use of the Bible in Schools; and the speech on Banking, Currency, and Credit, contained in this volume, are the most important among its contents. They attracted much interest at the time, and the paper on the Use of the Bible in Schools was very extensively reprinted and circulated in other States as well as in New York.

In the fall election of 1838 the Whigs were again successful in New York. Mr. Barnard was elected to Congress from the Albany District; having been put in nomination against the most earnest and repeated solicitations to his friends to be allowed to remain quietly at home. He was twice re-elected, after which he peremptorily declined to take another nomination. At the next election, a gentleman of the opposite school of politics was elected from that district.

In the State election of 1838, the Whigs had the aid of the "Conservatives," of whom Mr. N. P. Talmadge, then a Democratic Senator in Congress, was a leader. It was immediately proposed that the Whigs should continue Mr. T. in his place by a re-election. Mr. B. opposed this—unless Mr. T. would avow himself a Whig, which he had not done, and was not likely to do. Mr. Barnard thought it too great a sacrifice to be "expedient." A controversy arose on this matter, of considerable sharpness. He wrote a series of articles in exposition of his views, which are probably the most able papers of their kind ever produced in the State. Mr. Talmadge was, notwithstanding, re-elected Senator; and events fully justified all the forebodings in which Mr. B. indulged in regard to it. *He had never subscribed to the policy of the Whig party in forming unholy alliances and coalitions, instead of standing on its own distinctive principles, consolidating its own ranks, and relying on its own strength.*

He resumed his seat in Congress in December, 1839, with ten years more of experience and of maturity than he had when he last left it. Many readers will recollect the appalling difficulties that occurred at the commencement of the session of Congress in 1839, in organizing the House of Representatives, on account of the outrageous conduct of the "Democratic" party in relation to members elected, and holding regular returns of election, from New Jersey. From the outset Mr. B. took a leading part in that fearful controversy.

In the six years' service in Congress which followed, the public records will show the part acted by Mr. Barnard.

Nearly every subject of leading interest in the affairs of the country which came before the House of Representatives, or those which seemed to him to be leading interests, received his attention and best exertions on one side or another.

In the first session of the twenty-sixth Congress, after the New Jersey Question, the policy of internal improvements, which Mr. Van Buren proposed to have the government wholly abandon, first engaged

Mr. B.'s attention; and next the revenue measures, and the financial and fiscal plans of the Administration; its sub-treasury scheme; its treasury note policy, designed to cover up the debt it was creating, and to make a treasury bank of irredeemable paper issues. On all these subjects he delivered elaborate speeches. In the second session of this Congress, (the short session,) he presented a full and elaborate exposition of the financial condition of the Government, and of its debt; all of which had been ingeniously disguised and mystified by the Administration and its friends. In the presidential campaign of 1840, Mr. Barnard took the field as others did, and addressed the electors whenever he was invited to do so, in various parts of his own State, and elsewhere. It was his invariable custom to discuss the political topics of the day before the people at great length, and in the same thorough and sober way, on the true merits of each question, that he would have used in the House of Representatives. He never failed to find this sort of compliment to the intelligence of the people returned and rewarded by the most patient and eager attention—even in speeches running, not unfrequently, to the length of three hours.

The Whigs had the House in the twenty-seventh Congress. Mr. B. was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the first, or extra session, the questions of Finance, of Revenue, of the Tariff, of Commercial regulations, and of some fiscal agent to fill the place of the condemned Sub-treasury, were mainly to be considered. Mr. B. presented matured and well-studied views on all these subjects. Of that of Banking and its true principles, he entered into the discussion at great length; and while the establishment of a National Bank was under consideration, presented a completely digested plan of a bank which avoided many of the objections to previous plans.

The Bankrupt Bill was carried through at this session under the charge of Mr. B. He made a report upon it, and opened and closed the debate. A Bankrupt Law is always unpopular, because it is not allowed, if created, to stand long enough to work its way clear. He thought it a duty devolved on Congress, by the Constitution, to establish and maintain a system of bankruptcy. At this session Mr. B. made a speech in thorough review and condemnation of the opinion of the Supreme Court of New-York in the case of McLeod and the affair of the "Caroline;" a matter which so much disturbed, and came so near breaking, our relations of peace with Great Britain.

In the recess which followed after this session, in which the Whig party had begun to be *Tylerized*, a convention of the Whigs of New-York assembled at Syracuse, the object of which was, to re-assert the distinctive principles of the party, and consolidate anew its strength upon them. The paper put forth by that Convention, and called "A Declaration" of its sentiments, was drawn by Mr. Barnard. It was received everywhere with great satisfaction.

In the next session of the twenty-seventh Congress, Mr. B. was much occupied with the proper duties of the Judiciary Committee. He made several reports from that Committee of considerable importance. The House got into the habit of referring to that Committee matters from other committees upon which legal questions arose. One of Mr. B.'s reports reviewed, and dissented from, an elaborate opinion of the Attorney-general, Mr. Legaré, in a vital question which had arisen in regard to the validity of the existing tariff laws.

In this session an important act was passed, requiring the election of Representatives to be by single district throughout the United States. Mr. B. was a strenuous advocate of this law, and defended its constitutionality, which had been assailed.

Mr. B. spoke also on the Army Bill; on the President's Veto of the Provisional Tariff Bill, or "Little Tariff," as it was called, and on the great Tariff Bill of 1842. He had also charge of an important measure, the "Remedial Justice Bill," as it was called, in its very difficult and obstructed passage through the House. It was a bill to secure and fix the jurisdiction over such cases as that of McLeod, growing out of the Caroline affair, where it belonged, in the Supreme Court of the United States. It was a measure of peace and good faith in connection with the great treaty of peace concluded between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton. But it

encountered the most determined hostility. Mr. B.'s speech in its favor was a legal and constitutional argument, as well as an earnest appeal to the justice and right feelings of the House.

At this session Mr. Tyler sent in his famous Exchequer plan: which was a plan for an *Executive Bank*, to deal in deposits and exchange, and be managed by the Executive, or his clerks and secretaries. There was to be a Board of Exchequer,—which was only an *Executive Treasury* with sub-treasuries.

As antagonistic to this, Mr. Barnard digested and presented a Fiscal plan for the safe keeping of the public money, and for the employment of issues *strictly convertible*, and which created no Sub-treasury, and no Executive Bank. But the whole subject went over.

On the eve of the election in New York, in the fall of this year, Mr. John C. Spencer, then Mr. Tyler's Secretary of War, came out with a manifesto to the people on the merits of Mr. Tyler and his administration. This was reviewed by Mr. Barnard in an address delivered at a meeting of the citizens of Albany, which was immediately published and widely circulated and read.

In the third session of the twenty-seventh Congress, after an ineffectual effort to reject the repeal of the Bankrupt Law by the same Whig votes which had passed it the year before, Mr. Barnard gave his attention mainly to the President's Exchequer plan, now again sent in, and which he opposed, and to another plan of his own which he prepared and presented to the House. He thought it the duty of Congress *to do something* on this subject. But nothing was done. His "Provisional Bill for supplying a National Currency" was fully explained and discussed in a speech delivered near the close of this short session. This plan, leaving the deposit system to operate under the old law of 1789, proposed, by a simple and perfectly safe process, involving the government in not the slightest risk, to adopt and nationalize a limited amount of sound convertible State bank currency for general uses. The plan met the decided and warm approval of many of the best men of both branches of Congress.

In the twenty-eighth Congress, power had returned to Democratic hands. Members were present from four States, who had been elected by *general ticket, in defiance of the law of Congress!* The Whigs were too few in number to contend successfully with a determined and lawless majority. They resolved to content themselves with a formal Protest against the right of the general ticket members to their seats. This paper was prepared by Mr. Barnard. It received the signatures of fifty Whigs. It cost the Whigs a desperate and protracted struggle to get the Protest where they were resolved to have it—on the Journals of the House. In this effort the lead was in Mr. Barnard's hands, who offered the Protest. In this Congress, the efforts of Whigs were those of opposition to the party measures of the "Democracy." Such were Mr. Barnard's efforts. He spoke against the Report of the Committee on Elections in regard to elections by general ticket; against the bill to refund the fine imposed on Gen. Jackson; against a proposed substitute for the tariff of 1842; and against the Annexation of Texas. He prepared, also, and published, without having an opportunity to offer it to the House, a paper in "Review of the Report of the Committee of Ways and Means on the Finances and the Public Debt."

This paper was got up with very great labor and research. It unravelled the condition of the treasury and the finances, and, by a clear demonstration, placed the creation of the public debt, as it then existed, where it belonged, to the sole account of Mr. Van Buren's administration. It showed demonstrably that the twenty-seventh Congress had created no debt.

In July and August, 1844, Mr. Barnard addressed to his constituents, through the Albany Evening Journal, a series of political papers, five in number, on the leading public questions of the period, and on the true policy of the country in regard to new as well as old issues before the people. These papers were reprinted elsewhere in and out of the State. In March, 1845, Mr. Barnard's services in Congress were at an end.

In the winter of 1844–5, there was published in a Philadelphia paper, a series of skilfully executed Daguerreotype sketches

of members of Congress, one of which related to him, and runs thus:—

"D. D. Barnard, of New York.—Mr. Barnard is the leader of the Whig party in the House, if it can be said to have any acknowledged head. He would occupy a prominent position in any legislative body. He is a sound, logical thinker, and a hard student. He possesses a fund of information upon politics, law and general knowledge, that could only have been attained by a life of long and patient application. He belongs to a class of men who are unfortunately diminishing in every successive Congress—men of practical views, profound minds, and strong common sense, who apply themselves to the duties of Congressional life, with the view of becoming useful and beneficent statesmen. He never sacrifices sense to sound, nor seeks éclat by displays of brilliant rhetoric.

"Armed at all points with constitutional learning, he is always ready to meet the champions of nullification, or of Locofocoism, who attack the tenets of the Whig party, or seek to palliate violations of law by crude and dangerous expositions of our National Charter. His powerful speeches on the general ticket question, and his firm and unflinching opposition to the admission of the illegally elected members, will not soon be forgotten. As an interpreter of the Constitution, Mr. Barnard, in common with the Whig party, belongs to the school of Marshall, Story, Madison, Hamilton and Washington, and those who framed that instrument. He looks upon the Constitution in the liberal spirit in which it was conceived, as the fundamental law of a great nation, adequate to all the exigencies and wants that may arise in the progress of our history. With these views, he is a friend of judicious internal improvements, the protective policy, and a bank of the United States, and a sturdy opponent of the narrow views of the race of Virginia hair-splitters and abstractionists, who, for all practical purposes, reduce the Constitution to a dead letter.

"As a speaker, Mr. Barnard is clear, convincing and argumentative. He wants a lively imagination, which takes from his speeches the attractions of rhetorical ornament and illustration. He speaks in a measured and deliberate tone, and occasionally throws out a lofty sentiment which shows the depth and dignity of his intellect. His manner is earnest, but at the same time courteous and deferential to opponents. He never gives an insult in debate, and cannot be provoked to notice the blackguardisms which every gentleman encounters in such a body as the House of Representatives. The face of Mr. Barnard is that of a student—pale, grave and thoughtful. In stature, he is tall; he is past the meridian of life. He retires from public life with this session of Congress. He leaves behind him an honorable reputation, both for public and private virtue."

Mr. Barnard's connection with the American Review, as an occasional contributor, began with its first year, and has been continued ever since. The readers of the Review can judge of him as a political writer for themselves.

There is another department in which Mr. Barnard has performed a good deal of severe labor, and which we should notice before concluding this sketch. Considering his other occupations, he has wrought up, first and last, a great deal of literary matter. For many years he has been often called upon to deliver addresses and lectures at our colleges, and before lyceums, literary societies, and mutual improvement associations. These addresses are generally elaborate, as if produced with much study, thought and research. Of these there have been printed enough, if collected, to make two large volumes. In 1839 "An Historical Sketch of the Colony of Rensselaerwick," prepared by him, and read before the Albany Institute, was published. Shortly after this he was made an Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In 1835 the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by Geneva College, and in 1845 the same honor was awarded him by Columbia College in New York.

In politics, Mr. Barnard's principles have the force and character of settled convictions, and are severely held. He is always anxious to have his party hold its principles in the same spirit. He thinks it the best policy to be honest in politics as in everything else. He has a strong aversion to demagogues and their tricks. He has never solicited office. When called to the performance of public duties, he has obeyed usually with all the signs of real reluctance, but we may believe not without such feelings of gratified pride, as a man may justly indulge when he finds himself trusted and honored by his fellowmen. He is evidently ambitious of such honors as flow from desert, but has never sought political distinction except in some field of useful and patriotic endeavor. Those who know him best, will aver that his highest aim is the good of his country.

HOGARTH'S MUSICAL HISTORY.*

This is the best musical history we have in English, and its republication in a cheap form cannot but have a good influence in diffusing correct ideas of music and general views of its past progress, where they are much needed. Mr. Hogarth was for many years connected with one of the London papers as musical critic; he is, we believe, the father-in-law of Dickens. Without making any pretension to technical knowledge, he has evidently a cultivated taste; he writes in a plain, simple style, and though he is neither so profound nor acute a critical writer as a thorough education and a more sensitive perception might have made him, yet he is one who understands himself, and whose judgments, if not authoritative, are always respectable. For those who are not so constituted that they are compelled to read and remember everything relating to music that comes within their reach, his history must be very interesting;—we can fancy conditions of being admitting such a supposition.

But for our own part, (we speak not personally, but in the name of all unfortunate amateurs,) Mr. Hogarth's history is as tedious as a twice-told tale. It is all very well, but the facts are as familiar as the events narrated in the Old Testament; and for the criticism, it is so far off, cold, and general, that though all very true, it is tiresome. It is to be regretted that some learned musician has not written a *technical* work of this kind on music. A series of thorough examinations of the peculiarities of the styles of the great masters, and of different times and schools, would be the most interesting work on music that can be conceived; and it is to be hoped that some one who combines the rare qualities of artist and critic will some day devote himself to this task. The substance of it should be such as we may fancy such a man as Mendelssohn to have uttered in familiar conversations with his pupils or his intimate musical friends. There should be in it no parade of technicalities, none of the concealments of quackery; yet there should be free opinions and the reasons for them, given in an artist-like manner, and as though the work were intended for artists.

There is no art that suffers so much through the timidity of its professors, as music. The artists are so fearful the public will not understand the true, that they actually surfeit them with the false. Every one knows how it is at our concerts; the most distinguished performers who come among us dare not supply our audiences with anything but show music. We will mention, in particular Herz and Sivori, because they were very successful here, and because it is time to say that there are a few lovers of music among us who felt aggrieved to think that artists of their rank should have been so little disposed to use their great skill for the love of truth. Henri Herz *might* have given now and then something much better than his own themes and variations, without doing himself any pecuniary injury. Louis Philippe, who, he said, was very fond of Sachini and the old Italians, must have grown very weary of his pianist unless he had the power to procure from him something other than his own writing, when he commanded him to the palace. Sivori, we have been informed by good authority, excels in solid music as much as he does in superficial; yet all he ever gave was a sonata of Beethoven on one occasion, and his way of doing that was not what it would have been before a discerning auditory. Whenever these players did give anything good, it was sure to be timidly and ineffectively done. Once they did advertise a classical concert; the result was the usual Campanella and Carnival, the everlasting Last Rose of Summer, *with* variations, and a few airs from Don Gio-

* *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism, by* George Hogarth. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1848.

vanni. They thought that the word "classic" on the posters might increase for once the potency of these enormous blisters, but they did not dare to actually exhibit the article in the Tabernacle in any appreciable quantity.

But we do not for this blame them so much as if they were all that their personal friends would have it believed; for by their thus degrading the sacred art of music to a mere trade, they, in so far, show a want of those qualities which mark the true artist, and are not to be reproved for not doing what they might have done for their art, because they set out with no end in view but to use it as a business. If Mendelssohn, in the midst of his great life, had stopped short, and made his fortune by show-playing, *he* would have deserved the most severe criticism that could be applied to an artist; though as a man of the world he would have acted very prudently. But when performers give themselves wholly to the trickery of the art, and for years make it their sole study, it has, of course, a retributive influence upon their minds; men cannot "go here and there and make themselves a motley to the view," and "look on truth askance and strangely," without becoming somewhat parti-colored in their minds, and incapable of looking at truth directly. They make their fortunes, and live and enjoy their well-earned wealth; but they do not grow into great artists; indeed, if they live long enough, and carry out their system purely enough, they degenerate into unmixed charlatanry. They do not deserve, therefore, to be criticised as true artists; for by their course they, in effect, disclaim the title. Or, since that phrase may seem to put it too roundly, we may admit them to be *artists*, but yet, in such a department of musical art that the same criticism which would apply to truly *great* artists must not be used towards them.

Thus this timidity operates badly in the first instance on the public, and reacts unfavorably on the professors. The history of music shows, that wherever the true has been presented fairly, and with the same confidence that is wasted upon the false, it has always been acknowledged and felt. If the same money had been spent upon Mozart that has been lavished upon Verdi, during the past year, within our city, how much more gratifying to every true musician would have been the result! For we cannot conceive that Verdi, though there are many odd things in his pieces, and sometimes good ones, is really loved by those who have deemed it their duty to subject themselves to the nightly fatigue of hearing him. Whereas, if Mozart had been given the same number of times, and with a force equally capable of rendering him properly—at the worst he could but have failed, as Verdi has; but he would not have failed before thrilling many hearts with his tenderness and fire, and leading them thus upward to a wider sphere of enjoyment; we should, by this time, have heard his melodies in the streets; and they would, for that is their legitimate effect, have exerted a refining influence on our social life.

The writers on music for popular reading are also much troubled by this same timidity, or want of confidence in the power of truth; and that is probably the great reason why no learned musician has ever attempted such a work as we have above suggested. The truly learned prefer, with Mozart, to "show how it ought to be done," to writing on their art; or if they write, they are afraid of being too abstruse and technical. They are too ready to distrust the capacity of the unlearned. Hence we have so very little really satisfactory and instructive musical criticism. Such works as this of Mr. Hogarth are doing much, however, we may hope, to lead the way to a more thorough mode of treating music than has been hitherto practiced by our writers. The histories of Burney and Hawkins are not books of which an English musician can feel particularly proud; the "Music of Nature" is probably the worst thing that was ever written on music in any language. The London Musical Review, published many years since, had a great many good articles, but in general it was very ponderous. The Musical Library, with its specimens of the styles of the various masters, and short critical notices of them, was excellent; a reprint of the music given in it, with the notices, would be one of the best things that could be done for music in this country. Holmes's Life of Mozart is a very interesting work, but it would have been much better, if, in addition to the affecting

narrative of the great composer's struggles, it had also included a learned and minutely discriminating review of his style, letting us fully into what was new in his manner, showing, by some striking examples of each, how his boldness astonished the old tie-wig composers, giving some of his characteristic peculiarities, in short, treating of him at large as *artist*. Mr. Holmes has done a little of this, it is true, just enough to render the reader unhappy that he has not done more. Besides these books and a very few more, we have absolutely nothing in the language on music that is worth reading, excepting grammars and scientific treatises. That sort of writing which, while it conveys knowledge, quickens the perception and communicates the love of truth, has not yet been bestowed upon this art. At least it has not been so bestowed in a permanent form accessible to our public; for undoubtedly there has been much good writing in the Musical World, &c., as well as much of the publisher's puff sort of criticism.

To this fact it is probably owing that the Germans and French still remain, to a great extent, under their ancient delusion with regard to English music. The Germans, indeed, since they became acquainted with Handel, have grown somewhat wiser; they at least must acknowledge that if England has produced no music, she has bought and paid for the best; and it was her cash that soothed the unhappy Beethoven when he was dying, oppressed with the dread of want, among his friends at Vienna. But the French are still, from the necessity of their natures, i. e. because they cannot understand the truly great in art, quite ignorant that any melodies but sea songs and "God Save the Queen" were ever written across the channel. It is quite amusing to see M. Fetis and other French writers, speaking of Handel as "the German musician who lived in England," while on the same page they will claim Cherubini, who was born and educated in Italy, for a Frenchman. It is true that such great geniuses belong to no country; but when a man goes to a foreign land in youth, makes and loses several fortunes, acquires an immortal fame, spends a long life, and finally goes to his rest there, it would seem that his adopted country might very properly consider him as one of her own sons. Handel lived in England from 1710 till 1759, and wrote all his best works during that time. He was as much an Englishman as Mr. Astor was a citizen of the United States, and more so; for artists make themselves at home sooner than others. Messrs. Loder, Timm, Dr. Hodges—yea, Mr. Chubb—are not these and many more, New Yorkers? If being a necessary and integral part of a city can make them so, they certainly are; for the town cannot do without them. Take away the Tabernacle, Apollo Saloon, Trinity Church, the Park Theatre, and you have no longer the same village!

But Handel was English, not only by residence, but in the tone of his ideas, and form of his expressions. The characteristic Handelian melody, so large, open, rich, flowing, was written to please English ears; it was the conforming of Handel's style to that of previous English composers, and to the peculiarities of English national melody. His genius would not have developed itself in so universal a manner had he not been, as it is said he was, a great reader of our best poets, and able to sympathize with our deepest emotions and affections. Conceive such a man living at Paris!

We are glad that Mr. Hogarth has given so full accounts of the English musicians before and since Handel; for because they are seldom heard, and not brought into notice by writing, they are generally underrated. The opportunities of hearing new music with us are not frequent, and nothing is more easy or more common than to seem to know more than others. We will confess that all we ever heard of Purcell (unless he, instead of Lock, wrote the music to Macbeth) was at a few very entertaining lectures on Shakspeare, with musical illustrations, given last winter by Mr Lynne. But that was enough to justify the high rank assigned him by all the best writers, and to make it more a matter of surprise than ever that he is not oftener heard. One such musician, if our Saxon blood had produced *but* one, is worth a whole wilderness of Aubers and Adams.

But to us, on this side of the world, questions of nationality present themselves as pure abstractions; they are matters in which the feelings of American amateurs

cannot be very strongly enlisted. Yet there is a satisfaction in thinking that there have been great men among our ancestors. John Thompson, whose grandfather spent his days hammering a lapstone, and grew rich by the rise of land, takes now a secret joy in studying heraldry, and ascertaining that the first of the Thompsons was slain in the wars of the Roses; and if it makes John feel more like a gentleman, or gives one a more assured confidence that there is no hereditary impediment in the way of his studying a beautiful art, perhaps it does no harm to encourage this propensity to think nobly of the blood from which we are descended. It is possible to judge well of ourselves without judging ill of others. We may reverence our English music, as we do our poetry, and still admire that of other nations, the German and the old Italian. We may have a list of great masters, taking in all history, and brought down to the latest moment, like those odd catalogues of saints one sometimes meets in the religious newspapers. It may include, for example, Jubal, Jeduthun, the chief musicians on Neginoth, Aijeleth Shahar, Shoshannim-eduth, Gittith, and Mahalath Leanoth, Apollo, St. Cecilia, Pope Gregory, Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Ole Bull, De Meyer, Jesse Hutchinson and Christy's Minstrels. The continent of America is so extensive that it is becoming in us, while we feel an honest pride in our lineage, to entertain enlarged views in matters of art as well as in those of government and affairs.

Perhaps the great reason why so little has been written upon music that has tended to its advancement, has been that the true philosophy of it has been so imperfectly understood. The great artists are guided by intuition rather than by principles, and the writers have written opinions *ex cathedra*, rather than shown the reasons of them. The true province of the art has not been defined. The uneducated have not been taught to distinguish between music which is expressive and that which is merely effective; they have been left to fall into the old error respecting imitation and description. The *poetic element*, which is the life of the art, has not been insisted on; and though good musicians are always ready to feel and acknowledge it, they do not think of fixing upon it as the one only test of excellence. The feeling with them is true, but in translating it into language, there is a lamentable want of clear ideas.

Thus, for example, after hearing such a beautiful piece as Fingal's Cave, which was played at the last Philharmonic rehearsal, one might gather almost as many opinions as there were auditors. All would be pleased with it; but one would pitch upon the peculiar richness of the instrumentation: another would admire the perpetual novelty and variety in the treatment of the subjects; another would be struck with the perfect imitation in the opening of the noise of a heavy sea rolling in upon a desolate shore. But all these might have existed in the piece, and it still have been poor music. It is in *the poetry* of it that its excellence consists—the musical *ideas*, which the treatment, the instrumentation, the imitation, belong to and adorn, but would be nothing without. This one principle is the simple key to the highest mysteries of the art; and though it is applied differently in different minds, as it is by different composers, yet it would save both hearers and musicians the trouble of much vague thinking, to have it always kept clearly present in their understandings. G. W. P.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The revolution in France has not been productive of any political consequences in England. Considerable excitement was of course caused by that event; but this was in a great degree quieted, by the announcement of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the 29th February, that the English Ambassador was in communication with M. Lamartine, and that the French Provisional Government expressed a disposition to preserve peace; and also by an emphatic declaration of Lord John Russell, made in the same place on the 28th February, that the government had no intention whatever of interfering with the form of government which the French nation might please to adopt; nor would the British government in any way meddle with the internal affairs of France. The news, however, had great influence on the stock exchange. On the 28th February, consols fell as low as 80½, and have ever since continued to fluctuate. On the 25th March the closing price was about 83, but by the news just arrived, we perceive they had on the 2d April receded to 81½. On the 18th March, the amount of bullion and coin in the Bank of England was over fourteen millions sterling. Early in March there were some meetings in London of a tumultuous character; lamps and windows were broken, and numerous depredations were committed. Some Chartists attempted to give a political turn to the affair, but the mobs, which were in great part composed of thieves and mischievous persons, were dispersed by the police, and the ringleaders consigned to jail. The working men and all other classes, have volunteered in great numbers to officiate as special constables, if necessary, to preserve order. In Glasgow there were outbreaks of a more serious nature. A mob of about 5000 assembled, and after being addressed by some Chartists, they robbed the stores of gunsmiths and others, but were completely put down by a small military force, after five or six of their number had been killed by the fire of a body of fifteen or sixteen military pensioners, who being surrounded and threatened by the mob, were compelled to use their muskets in self-defence. About one hundred and fifty of the rioters were arrested. Plunder appears to have been the great object, as the crowds in every instance, except that quoted, ran away at the first appearance of the military. The Chartists are getting up meetings and delivering inflammatory addresses in several of the large towns, but nothing serious has occurred. They have sent a deputation of fraternisers to Paris, who have paid a visit to the Provisional Government. A very large number of English male and female work-people, who were employed in France, have been driven away by the French populace, and compelled to return home, losing the wages due to them, and all the little property they possessed. The Queen has added another princess to the Royal Family, now six in number. The proposed addition of two per cent. to the income tax has been abandoned on account of its great unpopularity.

Great preparations were made in Ireland for meetings to address the French nation, which were to have been held on St. Patrick's day, but these were postponed. Smaller meetings were, however, held in the various parishes of Dublin and other places, at which resolutions were passed, and Repeal petitions adopted. On the 20th March the Trades Union and Young Ireland party had a demonstration at Dublin, at which violent harangues were delivered. The people were congratulated on having established their right of meeting; and told, it was hoped they would be ready, when called upon, to meet in another and more effective way. Among the resolutions, was one approving of "the recognition of the rights of labor" by the French government. On the following day Mr. Smith O'Brien, M. P., Mr. T. F. Meagher and Mr. J. F. Mitchell, were held to bail by a Police Magistrate, the two former for having delivered speeches calculated to excite unlawful opposition to the government, and the latter for having published in a paper called "The United Irishman," articles of a similar tendency. The latest accounts state, that rifles and other weapons, including pikes of twelve feet long, are being purchased in considerable quantities, and meetings held in rooms for drilling and teaching the use of these weapons. The military force is being augmented by the government, for the purpose of suppressing any attempted outbreak.

On the 24th February, Louis Philippe and the ex-queen commenced their flight from Paris, proceeding to Versailles, where they hired a common carriage and drove to Dreux; after which, they wandered in disguise from place to place, until the afternoon of Thursday, the 2d of March, when they embarked at Honfleur in a fishing boat, and were conveyed on board the English steamer "Express," then waiting at Havre with her steam up, and which immediately started for England. On the following morning they landed at Newhaven

without money, and the late king even without a change of clothing, dressed in a cap and *blouse*, with a pilot coat lent to him by the captain of the steamer. Their companions were Generals Dumas and Roumigni, M. Thuret, the king's private valet, and Mlle. Muser, attendant on the queen. They have assumed the names of Count and Countess de Neuilly, and have taken up their residence at Clermont, a seat belonging to the King of the Belgians. All the other members of the late Royal Family have arrived safely in England, except the Duchess of Orleans and her children, who escaped to Germany, and at the last accounts were residing at Ems. MM. Guizot and Duchatel also escaped to England.

The Provisional Government of France, on the 25th February, distributed its labors as follows: Dupont, (de l'Eure,) President of the Council; Lamartine, Foreign Secretary; Arago, Secretary of Marine; Crémieux, of Justice; Gen. Bedeau, of War; Marie, of Public Works: Ledru Rollin, of the Interior; Bethemont, of Commerce; Carnot, of Public Instruction; Goudchaux, of Finances; Garnier Pagès, Mayor of Paris. Gen. Cavaignac was appointed Governor of Algeria, and Gen. Courtais, Commandant General of the National Guard. One of their first acts was a proclamation by the Provisional Government, declaring that by the "call of the people and some deputies," in the sitting of the 24th of February, it was for the moment invested with the care of organizing and securing the national victory. It proceeds:—"Frenchmen, give to the world the example Paris has given to France. Prepare yourselves, by order and confidence in yourselves, for the institutions which are about to be given you. The Provisional Government desires a Republic, pending the ratification of the French people, who are to be immediately consulted. *Neither the people of Paris nor the Provisional Government desire to substitute their opinion for the opinion of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim.*"

Our limits preclude the possibility of giving even an outline of the various decrees issued on this and a few following days; the greatest energy was displayed in restoring order and tranquillity, and providing occupation both of mind and body for the numbers who had been let loose by the Revolution: our notice must be confined to those of the greatest political import and bearing, on the future destiny of France. An address of thanks was issued to the National Guard, which announced that "at the present hour all the citizens form part of the National Guard." Garnier Pagès also proclaimed "The Government of the French Republic pledges itself to guarantee the existence of the working man by his labor. It engages also to guarantee work to all citizens. It recognizes the fact that working men are entitled to unite together to enjoy the legitimate advantages of their labor." Twenty-four battalions of National Guard were recruited in the city of Paris, to be paid 1 fr. 50 c. per day, and clothed and armed at the public cost. These were immediately marched for the frontier. All linen clothes and small articles pledged at the *Mont-de-Piété*, on which not more than 10 fr. had been lent, were to be redeemed at the public charge, and delivered to the owners. The Tuilleries was declared an asylum for invalided workmen. Admiral Baudin was sent to Toulon to sail with a fleet, and has taken possession of Algeria, in the name of the Government. The National Guard which had been suppressed out of Paris by the late, was reinstated by the present government throughout France, and the Colonels of the twelve legions in Paris were dismissed. All political prisoners set at liberty. On Saturday, 26th February, a great number of armed workmen presented themselves at the Ministry of the Interior. M. Ledru Rollin energetically addressed them, and requested them to withdraw, and they ultimately did so in compliance with his recommendation to go and enrol as National Guards. Several similar scenes took place at the Hotel de Ville, where M. Lamartine was compelled to address the multitude five times in the course of the day. The same scenes occurred on the following days, and the appearance and demeanor of the assemblages were at times anything but respectful to their rulers; the tact and the eloquence of the members of the government were sufficient, however, to appease all angry feeling; and the conduct of the populace has hitherto, from a reliance on the very liberal promises of the new government, and other causes, been remarkably peacable; but notwithstanding this, Paris has been ever since the Revolution, and is at present, at the mercy of an armed multitude, all regular troops having been withdrawn at the demand of the populace, and the National Guard incorporated with an additional force of 150,000 of the lower order, by which their former identity has been completely destroyed, a decree having been made that all the officers shall be chosen by the entire mass. On the third day of their existence, the Provisional Government decreed, "Royalty is abolished. *The Republic is proclaimed.* The people will exercise their political rights. National workshops are open for those who are without work." Also the abolition of the penalty of death for political offences, and every citizen who had attained his majority was declared a National Guard. The adhesion of the principal cities and towns has been sent in, and no outward sign of opposition to the new order of affairs has been manifested in any part of France; all have recognized and acknowledged the change. One of the most important docu-

uments is a species of manifesto from M. Lamartine to the various foreign ministers in Paris. It contains the following: "You are acquainted with the events of Paris, &c. The French Revolution has thus entered its final period. The proclamation of the French Government is not an act of aggression against any form of government in the world. War is not then the principle of the French Republic, as by a fatal and glorious necessity, it had become in 1792. In 1792, it was not the entire people who had entered into possession of its then government; it was the middle class alone who desired to exercise and enjoy liberty. The triumph of the middle class was then selfish, as is the triumph of every oligarchy. In 1792, the people were only the instruments of Revolution, not the objects of it. To-day, the Revolution is made by them and for them. But apart from these disinterested considerations, the sole interest of consolidation and duration of the Republic, will inspire the statesmen of France with thoughts of peace. The French Republic will not then provoke war against any one. She need not say that she will accept it, if the conditions of war be laid down to the French people. The feeling of the men who govern France at this moment, is this: happy France, if war be declared against her, and if she be thus constrained to increase her power and glory, despite of moderation. The treaties of 1815 exist no longer, as a right, in the eyes of the Republic; however, the territorial limits of these treaties are a fact which it admits as bases and starting points in her relations with other nations." It then goes on to say, that if the hour for the reconstruction of some oppressed nationalities in Europe or elsewhere should appear to be announced in the decrees of Providence, and if limits or obstacles were opposed to these internal transformations, the French Republic would believe herself authorized to arm for the protection of those legitimate movements of growth and nationality —"she will never permit the hand of any one between the pacific radius of her liberty, and the regard of nations." A permanent commission, with M. Louis Blanc at its head, has been formed, with the express and special *mission* of occupying itself with the rights of labor, and workmen are invited to form part of the commission, which sits in the late Chamber of Peers; working time has been reduced one hour per diem—to ten hours in Paris, and eleven in the provinces. On the 29th February, the Archbishop of Paris and the clergy sent in their formal adhesion; also various other public bodies. Strikes of workmen for more pay and less labor have taken place in Paris, and have extended to the provinces; the wages of omnibus drivers have been raised by order of the government. At the commission of workmen on the 17th March, M. Louis Blanc met a deputation of masters whom he addressed on the evils of unlimited competition, and the benefits of association; the proceedings were most disorderly, silence could not be preserved, and the Minister abruptly quitted and went to the Hotel de Ville, to assist in the receptions there. A decree having been issued by which certain *compagnies d'élite* of the National Guards which were somewhat more select than the general body, were to be dissolved and fused in the mass for the purpose of furthering the designs of the ultra-democratic party, excited great indignation among the old National Guard, a large body of whom presented themselves unarmed at the Hotel de Ville, and demanded a recall of the ordinance, which being refused, they threatened to return in arms the following day, and they did accordingly return in a large force, but were compelled to retire, a crowd of 30,000 persons having assembled to prevent their access to the seat of government. The election of the National Assembly, to consist of nine hundred representatives, (fifteen of them from Algiers,) having been decreed to take place on the 20th April, the Provisional Government sent out Commissioners to the various departments, who were instructed by M. Ledru Rollin, that *their powers were unlimited!* "Agents of a revolutionary authority, you are revolutionary also. The victory of the people has imposed on you the duty of getting your work consolidated and proclaimed. For the accomplishment of this task, you are invested with its sovereignty; *you take orders only from your own conscience.*" They are directed strongly to forward republican sentiments; to change the prefects and sub-prefects everywhere; also mayors and deputies; to nominate their successors, preferring young men, "as order and generosity is the privilege of that age;" to dissolve hostile municipal councils; to call out the military and to suspend its commanding officers; to demand from the legal functionaries a devoted co-operation. "The elections are your great work"—"New men, and as much as possible from the ranks of the people. The working classes, who form the living strength of the nation, should choose from among them, men recommended by their intelligence, morality and devotedness; united to the élite of thinking men, they will bring force into the discussion of all great questions which will be agitated under the authority of their practical experience." On the 1st Jan. 1841, the public debt (deducting government stock belonging to the sinking fund,) was 4,267,315,402 francs. On the 1st February, 1848, it was 5,179,614,730 francs, and the floating debt had increased from 1831 to Feb. 1848, from 250 to 670 millions of francs. The annual expenses of the late French Government considerably exceeded that of Great Britain, and loans to over 900 millions of francs had been made since 1831. It is not possible in our limits, to give a detailed state-

ment of the present financial or commercial state of France. Mercantile failures were numerous at the commencement of the revolution. They were first manifested in Paris, but spread rapidly to all the commercial towns; and throughout France the mercantile community may be said to be in a state of bankruptcy. A decree was passed postponing all payments for fifteen days, and subsequently another staying law-suits for three months. The Bank of France was early compelled to suspend specie payments, except ten per cent. on amounts drawn out, when that portion was certified to be necessary for payment of workmen. Nearly all the private bankers in Paris have failed, and mercantile confidence is lost. Numerous establishments are closed, and multitudes of workmen are out of employ. In many places outbreaks of the laboring classes have arisen. In Rouen the Commissary has been compelled to forbid the visits of large assemblages, and ordered them to send in their communications by small deputations; and in Lyons, that functionary has sent to the Provisional Government for instructions to quell the tumults, and has expressed his determination to pursue his instructions rigidly. The Government of Paris were obliged to augment the direct taxes forty-five per cent., and the Commissary at Lyons added fifty-five per cent. more, thus doubling the amount in that city. Having undertaken to find employment for all idle hands, has thrown upon the government a burden which, under any circumstances, would be insupportable: in the present crisis it appears impossible, and yet there seems no retreat open at present. The Revolution said the government was made for the people, and they are to benefit by it. The calm, which at first appeared almost incredible, seems to be giving way. In a late paper we counted a list of fifty-two political clubs established in Paris. Attacks on the government have lately appeared in some of the newspapers; the *Presse*, edited by M. Emile Girardin, was threatened by the mob, and protected by armed workmen of the establishment. The residents of Paris are in a constant dread of the populace, and an unarmed police force of 1300 has lately been organized. The election of members of the National Assembly has been postponed till the 23d April. The Government have ordered the Banks in the principal commercial cities to suspend cash payments, and that their notes shall be received in payment. Large bodies of troops are being collected at various points, particularly in the neighborhood of the Alps, to be ready, if required, to enter Italy. A band organized in France invaded Belgium, to effect a revolution, but the first detachment being carried by the railroad considerably beyond the frontiers, were received by two regiments of soldiers, and conducted to a fortress for safe keeping; the latter detachment was defeated, and its leader taken prisoner. The American Minister was first to recognize the Provisional Governme He was succeeded by those of Great Brita Belgium, and Prussia.

In Belgium the news from France crea great sensation and much commercial emb rassment. The King announced that if people desired a republic, he would abdic rather than be the cause of bloodshed. T announcement was responded to in terms loyalty; a determination was expressed to hold their government and national integri and measures were adopted to maintain th position in case of attack. The whole Europe has been violently affected by the cri In the Italian provinces of Austria risings ha taken place and the Emperor's troops have n with defeats. The King of Sardinia is s to have marched his army for the purpose driving the Austrians out of Italy. The Po at the demand of his people, has accorde constitution. A revolution has taken place the Duchy of Modena, and the Duke was vai trying to conciliate the people by concessio In Sicily the King of Naples is still def The Austrians have availed themselves of prevailing excitement to demand large c cessions from the Emperor, who has been co pelled to yield. Prince Metternich, so l his chief adviser, was obliged to fly fr Vienna to his estate in the country, fr whence, it is said, he has found it necess to depart, and is now on his way to Engla Bohemia and the States of Hungary also r in revolt; the latter has been granted a mi try of her own, and hence all cause of dan as regards that portion of the empire wo seem to have ceased. A proclamation been issued granting liberty of the press an constitution to the Bohemian States. T greatest enthusiasm is said to prevail in b these countries. Serious disturbances occur in Berlin on the 13th March. A large asse blage having met to consider a petition to presented to the King, it was reported t some arrests had been made, and that government intended, by armed force, to p vent any public demonstration. A genda happening to arrive was pursued by the cro which in its turn was driven back by the m tary, upon which serious riots ensued. the following day the Burgomasters and Se tors issued a proclamation expressing co dence in the good intentions of the King, urging peace and good order on the peo On the same day a deputation was receive the King, who presented to him the petiti On the 18th the King issued a proclamat convoking the States for the 2d April, granting the liberty of the press. The minis was also changed.

The King of Bavaria, who had rende himself both obnoxious and contemptible by conduct with the notorious Lola Montes,

signed his crown, and is succeeded by his son. The King of Hanover has, also, at the call of his subjects, granted considerable concessions. The Emperor of Russia has ordered a large and immediate augmentation of his army, as well on account of the excited state of Poland as of the proceedings in the other parts of Europe.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Summer in Scotland. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1848.

Notwithstanding this somewhat unpromising title, Mr. ABBOTT has here given the public a very fresh and interesting narrative of a last summer's journey. He is a clear writer, and sketches vivid pictures of scenery and salient peculiarities of character, in a natural, manly, unaffected style. His fault, or not to call it by that name, since it oftener gives individuality to his writing than it obtrudes itself disagreeably, is his dry minuteness of explanation, and his too evident consciousness that everything he does or thinks shall be exactly *right*—a little touch of pedantry, which his turn of mind and long experience in teaching and writing on teaching have naturally forced upon him. Though this is less apparent in the present book than in others, yet it is still sufficiently so to be characteristic and often amusing. Who but Mr. Abbott, for example, would think of entertaining us with the following reflections after witnessing a burial at sea?

"It is a common opinion, though undoubtedly a mistaken one, that heavy bodies, sinking at sea, go down only to a certain depth, when they find the water in such a condition, owing to the superincumbent pressure, that it sustains them from any further sinking; and that there each one finding its own proper level, floats about forever. It is true, indeed, that the *pressure* of the water is enormously increased at great depths; but its power of floating heavy bodies depends upon its *density*, not upon its pressure. If water could be compressed itself into very much narrower dimensions than it naturally occupies at the surface, so that a large bulk of it could be made to occupy a small space, its weight and its buoyant powers would, in that case, be very much increased. It would become like mercury, and it would then be able to float iron, lead, stones, in fact, all other bodies lighter than itself. But no such effect can be produced upon it. * * *

"There can be no doubt, therefore, that the loaded coffin, in such a case as this, continues the descent commenced by its first solemn plunge, till it reaches the bottom. The average depth of the ocean has been ascertained to be five miles. If we suppose now, which may not be far from the truth, that such a weight would descend with a motion of about one mile an hour, the body would be five hours proceeding to its final place of repose. What a march to the grave is this! Five hours! alone, unattended, unthought of, passing steadily on, away from all light and life; passing, without even a pause, the limit where the last ray of the sun becomes extinct, and where the last trace of life forever fails! And what a tomb to come to at last! what silence! what darkness! what desolation! what eternal and motionless rest! At such a depth it would seem that almost absolutely nothing could ever transpire; and a human body, seeking there its last home, must find one so entirely its own, that probably for ages past and for ages to come, there will have been nothing but its own intrusion to disturb the death-like repose."

This brings to mind the lines of Lycidas:—

"Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world—"

But we should also remember that when a good man dies, he is not dead.

"Sunk tho' he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky!"

Mr. Abbott's description generally has much in common with Basil Hall's, though the Captain is the more easy. Both have a similar passion for explanation and demonstration, and a similar want of confidence in the reader's acuteness; yet neither is ever dull. The accounts of York Cathedral, Edinburgh, Holyrood, Staffa and Iona, and the Newcastle Collieries, in this volume, are very entertaining.

The following observations are just and timely; they deserve to be widely circulated, as embodying the general sentiment of intelligent Americans:—

"One of these impressions is, that there is a general wish in America that England should be revolutionized, and a republic founded on the ruins of the monarchy. I think it the duty of every American gentleman travelling in Europe to endeavor to remove this impression by stating, what is undoubtedly the fact, that all intelligent and well-informed Americans wish well to England and to the English Constitution as it now stands; of course, including such gradual improvements and progress as it is all the time making to adapt itself to the advancement of civilization, and to the changing spirit of the age. Such advances are not modifications of the English Constitution, they are only the working out of an essential function of the Constitution itself; for a capacity to follow and adapt itself to the progress of the times, has always been a remarkable feature of this most remarkable bond of union, and is as essential a part of it as the provisions for maintaining the prerogatives of the crown. With this understanding, Americans wish well to the English Constitution as it is. They desire no sudden or violent changes in English society, and no interruption to the vast operations of English industry. I do not think they wish for any diminution of the extent of English power. Wherever this power extends, in whatever quarter of the globe, there travellers can go with safety—there letters can penetrate, and merchandise be sent and sold. It is true that pride and ambition have, no doubt, powerfully influenced English statesmen in many of their measures; and English conquest, like all other conquest, has often been characterized by injustice and cruelty. All political action, as the world goes at present, is sadly tainted with selfishness and sin; and English administrations undoubtedly share the common characters of humanity. But still, after all, there has probaby been no government since the world began that would have exercised the vast powers with which the British government has been clothed, in a manner more liberal and just, both in respect to her own subjects and to foreign nations, than she has exhibited during the last quarter of a century, and is exhibiting at the present time. The enormous magnitude of the power she wields, and the extent to which its regulating effects are felt throughout the world, exert a vast influence on the extension and security of commerce, and, consequently, on the welfare and physical comforts of the human race. In fact, it must be so. The English mind is in advance of all other mind in the Old World; they who exercise it are superior to all others on that stage; and if we, on this side of the Atlantic, can claim anything like an equality with them, it is only because we are English ourselves, as well as they.

"Americans accordingly wish well to England. It is true, they are pleased to witness the advances which the English Constitution is making, especially as they tend in the same direction in which society is advancing in America. We might even desire to accelerate this advance a little in some things. But there is no desire to see a violent revolution, which should aim at making England democratic in form. In fact, the monarchical element in the English Constitution is regarded by thinking men in America as constituting a far less important point of distinction between that government and ours than would at first be supposed. The prerogative of the crown is coming to be, in fact it has already become, little else than a name. It is the function of requesting, *in form*, the party to take power, which Parliament makes dominant in fact. It is, in a word, public sentiment which appoints the head of the administration, in England as well as in America; the difference being, that in England it is a part, and in America the whole of the community whose voice is heard in forming this public sentiment. It is the existence of other features altogether in the British system which constitutes the real ground of distinction between the political conditions of the two countries."

The Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, in Greek, with English Notes, Critical, Philological and Exegetical; Maps, Indexes, etc., together with the Epistles and Apocalypse. The whole forming the complete Text of the New Testament. For the use of Schools, Colleges, and Ecclesiastical Seminaries. By Rev. J. A. Spencer, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

Dr. Spencer having "witnessed with deep regret the gradual and almost entire disuse of the Greek Testament as a part of liberal education," rightly judged "that some effort should be made to re-introduce the New Testament in the original into seminaries of sound learning throughout the country." One obvious step to this was the providing of a suitable school edition, which, strange to say, did not exist. Our own experience abundantly verifies Dr. S.'s assertion that nothing is to be found among the English and Continental issues of the proper dimensions. This is the more remarkable, as the Greek Testament is very much read in the English schools and universities, and that, too, by a not very advanced class of students; and there are several good English editions of some of the Gospels separately, and some very good ones of the Acts alone. It was suggested to Dr. Spencer by Prof. Anthon, whose pupil he had been, that he should prepare an edition himself; and we do not think the Professor has any reason to be ashamed of his pupil or to repent of his suggestion. The volume contains about 800 pages, two-thirds of which is occupied by the part commented upon. The notes, without being superabundant or otiose, are in general sufficiently explicit. We extract two as specimens, one on Acts ii. 3:—

"διαμερι ζόμεναι, *dispertitæ*, 'divided, distributed' to each person. *Comp.* Heb. ii. 4: γλῶσσαι ὡσεὶ πυρός, i. e. the flame appeared in the pyramidal or pointed form like tongues.

The Hebrew idiom speaks of the fire *licking up* what it *consumes*.—ἐκάθισε. This verb seems to have no nominative: it is variously supplied. Bloomfield gives ἐκάθισε (*scil.* ἑκάστη τῶν γλωσσῶν) ἐφ' ἕνα ἕκαστον αὐτῶν, with the sense, 'and there were seen, as it were, *tongues* of fire distributing themselves, and settling upon them, one on each.'"

Perhaps hardly stress enough is laid here on the error of our received version, which translates διαμεριζόμεναι as if it were σχιζόμεναι or διασχιζόμεναι, "cloven."

"δεισιδαιμονεστέρους, 'much devoted to religious things,' more than others, on which the Athenians prided themselves. The word is susceptible of both a good and a bad sense; the former is here to be preferred. St. Paul never could have begun his address in the offensive manner in which the English version leads one to suppose that he did. His object was to conciliate, not harshly reprehend; hence he says, 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that you are exceedingly devoted to the worship of the deities;' which remark they would receive as a high compliment to themselves and to their city."

We have but one fault to find with this edition. The root of almost every irregularly inflected verb is given, after the manner of a clavis. It may be said that the work will fall into the hands of many who need such assistance, but we are thoroughly convinced that any one who intends to read Greek *at all*, must begin by learning his verbs, regular and irregular. Any delay upon this in the outset will prove a great saving in the end.

The Sketches. Three Tales: 1. *Walter Lorimer;* 2. *The Emblems of Life;* 3. *The Lost Inheritance.* By the authors of "Amy Herbert," "The Old Man's Home," and "Hawkstone." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

These three tales are not unworthy the distinguished reputation of their writers. The chance thought which gave rise to them was a fortunate one, and the stories bear witness to its having been carried out in the manner stated in the preface: "This little volume had its origin in the following circumstance. It was suggested as a Christmas amusement, that one of a party should draw a series of sketches, which the rest should severally interweave into some short story or description. The original plan has been faithfully adhered to: the engravings, therefore, are not illustrations of the letter-press, but the letter-press of the engravings. The sketches themselves are in fact views of actual scenes, and were finished before they were submitted to the writers. It was, however, left to their option to assign to each of them either the real or a fictitious name, and to arrange the series in any order they pleased."

It is quite curious to see how these six sketches have been applied to three different stories. The effect on the fancy in reading them consecutively is almost ludicrously perplexing. We have to take the entire imagery of one story and suddenly transpose and apply it to another, entirely disconnected and different. The idea might be productive of still more amusing incongruities by having a few more sketches, of life, rather than of scenery, and a larger number of writers. The same scenery might thus be made to apply to tragedy and comedy; one illustration could give an "affecting narrative," another a "thrilling sketch," another a "tale of fashionable life,"—in short, if a little care were used in getting up the sketches, there is no end to the variety of incident that might be strung upon them. It should be suggested to some publisher to issue a dozen sketches at once and advertise for writers, offering to take the twenty best and most diverse that should be written in a given time, and publish them, with the sketches, in a volume.

But these tales have great merit, aside from the ingenuity of their construction. They are thoughtfully and elegantly written, and bear the impress of pure, refined, and elevated minds. They are somewhat didactic, and are evidently the productions of deeply religious spirits; yet neither the moral purpose nor the piety is so obtrusive in them as to make them unreadable, or bring them under the head of "instructive" or "religious" stories. They are pleasant reading for quiet parlors and sober families.

An Illustrated History of the Hat, from the Earliest Days to the Present Time. J. N. Genin, 214 Broadway. 1848.

This is a *cap*ital treatise. It goes fully into the subject, irons it out with the iron of learning, brushes up its nap with the camel's hair of fancy, and leaves it implanted on the reader's understanding with the firm-seated solidity of a good fit. Though not divided into heads, it is by no means a shapeless mass, torn and fractured with rents, or crushed with ominous dents; on the contrary, it has the uniform glossy texture without, and cleanly arrangement within, which are marks of excellence in books as well as in hats. The mass of information it affords, is truly surprising. It begins, as all histories ought to do, with the remotest antiquity, and after carrying round the hat through the various epochs of time, and chiefly of English history, leaves it finally at "its ultimate

degree of excellence "—i. e. the present spring fashion, we suppose. Some of its speculations are no less ingenious than just. "In the melancholy fate which befell that fair-haired youth Absalom, the Scriptures afford a striking instance of the danger of not wearing a covering upon the head. If Absalom had worn a hat, it is very certain that his hair could not have caught in the branches of the oak tree. It is not likely that he rode out bareheaded; but it is probable that in the skirmish with Joab his hat fell off, and was thus the cause of his death."

This reminds us of some modern medical treatises, which begin with showing from the Psalms particular diseases with which King David was afflicted. Our author, who generally writes very well, appears to have made a slight slip in the last clause of the above; for how Absalom's hat, because it fell off, could become the *cause* of his death, it is not easy to discover.

We are very far from cottoning, also, to the following opinions:—

"Stubbes belonged to that very virtuous class of writers, not wholly extinct even now, that rail against the fashions of men's apparel, as though there were intrinsic good or evil in the shape and color of a coat; who judge of a man's morals by the pattern of his vest, and regard the texture of his pantaloons as a test of religious principles. It is time that the philosophy of fashion were better understood, but the plan of this little book prevents an expression of our opinions on this important subject. The latest fashion is always the best, because it is of necessity an improvement on the one which it supplants; therefore, to rail at an existing fashion is simply to rail at improvement. If a fashion were perfect, it would be permanent; but no fashion ever can be perfect, because man being endowed with the capacity of improvement, he can never arrive at a point beyond which he cannot advance. Progress is the law of our nature, and progress implies infinity. The possibilities of human improvement have not been dreamed of. A conservative, unimproving people, like the Chinese, never change their fashions, because they make no progress, or at least their progress is so slow, that it is not perceptible. There is no such thing as stability with nations."

To this it might be replied that the changes in the shape of hats are not always *improvements*, since old fashions come round again so often. Therefore we *may* be allowed to rail at existing fashions if we please. But granting that every change in hats *is* an improvement, these changes are ones of simple form, not based on reason, or taste, but wholly arbitrary, and beyond our control; the hatters make these for us twice every year, for which we are taxed nine dollars per annum. But that progress which is the law of our nature does not, in most other matters, operate in this manner. In our social and political condition it should be borne in mind that *pure innovations* are not, though for argument's sake it be admitted they are with hats, necessarily *advances* towards perfection. They are forms and states based on reason, knowledge, character, experience, and hence those elements must concur in the changes, or else there will be no real progress.

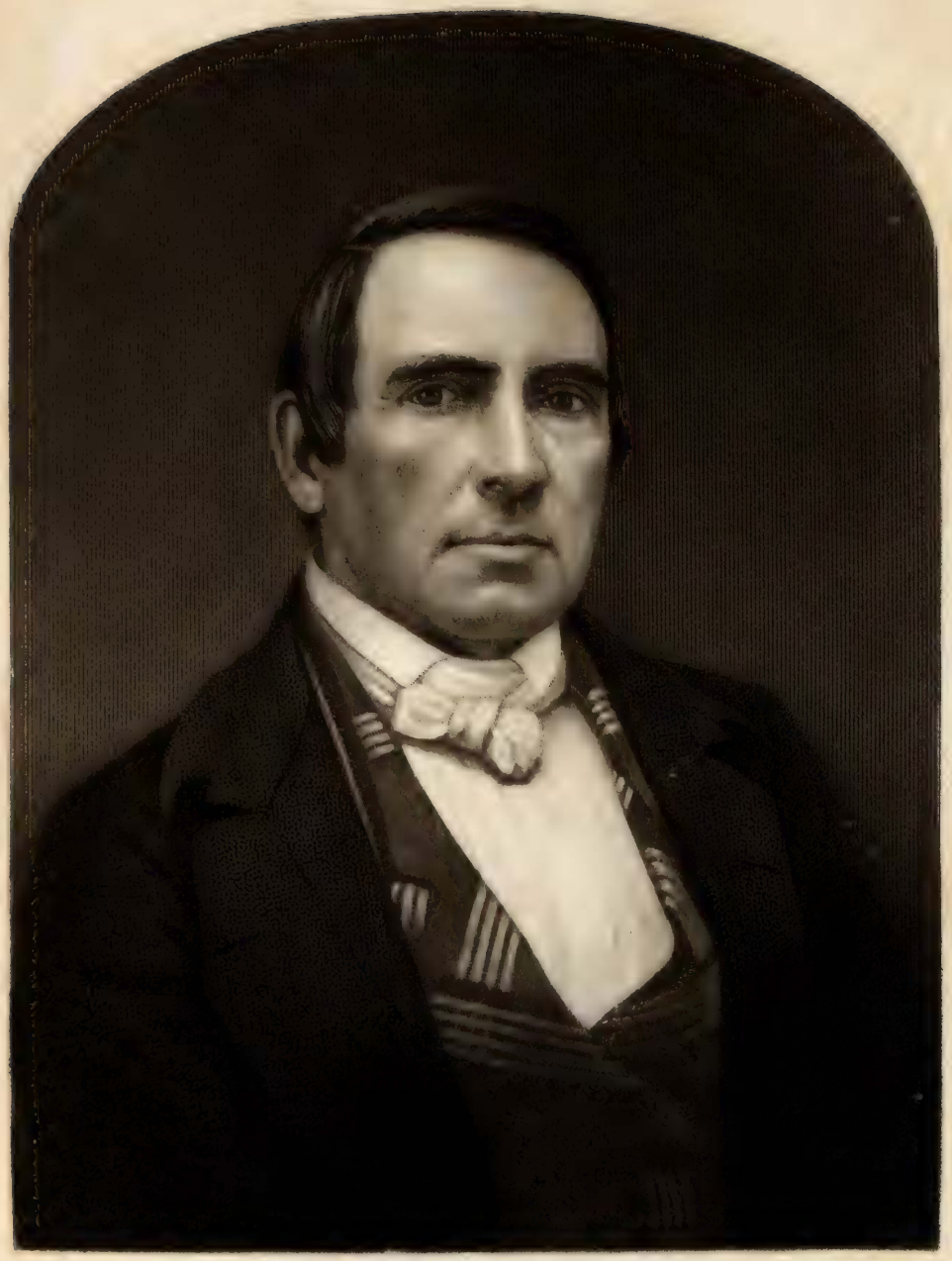
Some people at the present day seem to think that governments are like hats; that we may change the block as often as we please, and it will be sure to be for the better. They even go beyond the hatters; for whereas those worthy members of society are content to allow our headgear to remain stationary six months at a time, these would have states live forever in a condition of pure democratical revolutionary bloody flux—progressing infinitely, pell-mell, everywhere.

There is great probability that the hats worn by social reformers of this order do not in every instance conceal the largest possible amount of medullary substance.

Corrections.—There is an error in Griswold's "Prose Writers of America," which attributes to R. H. Dana an article on Moore, written by Prof. E. T. Channing of Harvard University. We devote a paragraph to the correction of it, because the mistake was followed in an article on Mr. Dana in this Review for March, 1847. Prof. Channing's article was on "Lalla Rookh," and appeared in the N. A. Review for Nov., 1817, vol. vi.

Another sentence in the article on Mr. Dana, would seem to make him the author of a review of Brown, which appeared in the N. A. Review, vol. ix., and was also written by Prof. Channing. A review of Brown, by Mr. Dana, appeared in the U. S. Review for Aug., 1827—much later.

If these reviews were of merely ordinary merit, it would be superfluously nice to give even a sentence to settling questions of their parentage; but they are thoughtful and elaborate essays, and by no means destined to a transitory fame. Only a small edition (five hundred copies) of the N. A. Review was issued previous to and during the editorship of Prof. Channing, who was assisted by Mr. Dana, and copies are, now scarce. To our young readers and writers, many of the best essays of those gentlemen are, necessarily, as entirely unknown as if they had never written them. They owe it to us, to the "rising generation," as well as to their own reputations, to give us collected editions of their works; and we feel very confident that in respectfully urging the request that they would do so, we speak in accordance with the wishes of our whole literary public.



J. R. Underwood

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THE ADMINISTRATION: ITS TREATMENT OF GENERAL SCOTT.

The character of an Administration may often be seen in the kind of persons chiefly employed by it, and the sort of treatment such persons receive at its hands. If it be mean-spirited, low, and vulgar, in its sentiments, designs, and policy, and wanting in all generous feelings and aspirations, the agents it employs will generally be found to have an original touch of its own quality, and the highest honor will attend them. Or if, by accident, or the pressure of some inexorable necessity, men of high character are called into its service, they will commonly be subjected to all sorts of tricks, intrigues, and annoyances, while in place, and rewarded in the end for the most meritorious deeds by as much obloquy as envy and malice can heap on them. The general truth here announced finds a significant example and illustration, in the administration of Mr. Polk. Men without talent and without character have had the confidence of the President, and been advanced to stations of the highest dignity and importance; whilst other men, endowed with every quality which can exalt and dignify human nature, casually in the service of the Government, have failed to secure his confidence or to meet with even common justice at his hands. In diplomacy, he intrusts a most delicate and difficult mission to Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, a clerk in the State Department, who had never shown any fitness for any public employment requiring either capacity or character. And in the field, his favorite General and confidant is Pillow, who is utterly destitute of military talent or information, and who is proved to have been guilty of acts which must forever exclude him from the society of gentlemen. The President makes this man a Major-general, and does not dare to submit the appointment to his constitutional advisers, the Senate, though composed of a large majority of his own political friends. On the other hand, Taylor and Scott, in office in spite of the President, men of the highest professional talent, and of the highest character, each in his own sphere, have found it impossible to command the confidence of the Administration, or even its just support. Both have had to complain, first of its neglect, and finally of its enmity—an enmity which has rankled towards them respectively just in proportion to their real merits and their glorious services. General Taylor, to whose native dignity of character it does not belong to use the language of complaint, except for the gravest causes, has this significant closing paragraph forced from him in his

last published letter to the Secretary of War: "The apparent determination of the Department to place me in an attitude antagonistical to the Government, has an apt illustration in the well-known fable of Æsop. But I ask no favor, and shrink from no responsibility. While intrusted with the command in this quarter, I shall continue to devote all my energies to the public good, looking for my reward to the consciousness of pure motives, and the final verdict of impartial history." What a pregnant sketch is this—what a graphic limning of the character of the Administration, in two lines! Here is an old soldier of the Republic, covered all over with the glory of his achievements and victories, who is forced to declare, in substance, that at the end of his arduous and eminent services, the Administration has turned upon him with a deliberate purpose of fastening on him a groundless quarrel.

But it is our purpose to devote this article to some exposition—such as our limits will allow—of the treatment which General Scott has received at the hands of the Administration. Nothing more unjustifiable, and, to say truly what we think and feel, nothing more atrocious, in the same line, ever marked the conduct of any government. General Scott was a marked character in this country before the Mexican war. He had rendered great and distinguished services to the country. He had shown the truest devotion to its great interests, its honor, and its renown, and he had served the country with very striking ability, both in civil and military employment. And now in this Mexican war, in a single campaign, he has placed his name on the same roll of immortal fame with the highest military geniuses of the world; inferior to none in those grand qualities which constitute a great Commander so far as he has had opportunity to display these qualities, and superior to most, if not to all, in the grander virtues of a considerate, humane and Christian Warrior. The truly great men of a country are the best property it possesses, or can possess. Their renown constitutes its renown; their fame is its fame. In the names of its great men the country lives, and becomes known and honored in the world. At this day, in every quarter of the globe, when our own beloved country is spoken of, and designed to be named with distinguished honor, it is called THE COUNTRY OF WASHINGTON. Without its great names no country is great, or even respectable.

Greece, and Rome, and Italy, are immortal on account of the immortal names that lived in those countries and illustrated their history. Among the names of real and undying renown—comparatively few in number as yet—belonging to this country to be mentioned with respect and admiration wherever we are known, and wherever we shall be known in coming times, is undoubtedly that of WINFIELD SCOTT. We do not think it too much to say that no living American citizen, now that the campaign of 1847 in Mexico is closed, has done as much to give lustre and world-wide renown to the name of his country as General Scott. Taylor, we know, has done much, and other eminent citizens have had their share in different ways, in illustrating its history. Among the most eminent of these is HENRY CLAY. And there is one citizen in particular, whose name, in a sphere less dazzling and brilliant than that of Scott, but of quite as much solid worth and advantage, more than those of all our other living statesmen together, (as Burke said of Chatham, in reference to England,) "keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe." We refer, of course, to DANIEL WEBSTER. By the side of Webster, we place Scott, though mainly distinguished in another field of glory, as one who, from this time forward, is to keep the name of his country respectable, and give it lustre and renown, wherever its name is or shall be known in the world. His fame is the property and birthright of his countrymen, and is and will be dear to every American who loves his country, and his country's honor. It is this man whose characterthe men of the present Ad ministration have shown themselves incapable of appreciating, and whose fame—the rich property of the country—has only attracted their attention to make him the object of their jealousy and their malevolence. This is the Eagle hawked at by the mousing owls. After a long course of sinister and unmanly dealings with him, their rage has finally broken over all bounds of

prudence, and vented itself in an open and undisguised effort to crush him at a blow. Personally absent from the country, a state prisoner at large in the proud capital of Mexico, conquered and captured under his lead, the Secretary of War takes this occasion to draw the well-earned reputation of the brave and gallant soldier within his rough embrace, to see if he cannot, after the manner in which the relentless Bruin treats his victim, at one rude hug, squeeze the vital breath out of it. Under the plausible pretence and pretext of defending himself and the President against the complaints of General Scott, on account of their neglects and unmerited rebukes, and their failure to give him their sympathy and support, he enters on an elaborate essay, running through nine columns of closely printed matter in a newspaper, to show that Scott not only wants the qualities of an able and even a safe Commander, but lacks also those of a just and honest man. This is the real object and scope of his communication. To say that this essay is ingenious and able, is only to give Governor Marcy credit for the talent he is known to possess. To say that it is wholly destitute of generosity, candor, fair dealing, manliness, and regard for the truth of history and for justice, is only to characterize it as it deserves. That it may temporarily mar the brightness of General Scott's fame, as it was designed to do, until the public can be put in possession of all the facts, is not at all unlikely; but we have no fears for his eventual renown. Mr. Polk may have his day of power, and Governor Marcy—the only man of real ability in his cabinet—may be his chief executioner; but they will find there are some things which their official tyranny is not potent enough to reach. They may soil and smirch the reputation of General Scott, but they cannot permanently injure or obscure it. They may make Socrates drink poison, but he will be immortal in his fame in spite of them.

It is impossible for us, in a single article, to review in detail the long and labored Letter of the Secretary of War of the 21st of April, to which we have referred;—though we hope to be able, before we are through, to examine some portions of its contents, from which the character of the whole may be inferred. What we purpose chiefly to undertake in this article, is to bring to the notice of our readers the conduct of the Administration—false, insincere, jesuitical, hollow and heartless as it has been—towards General Scott, from the commencement of the Mexican War. When the real character—the unmitigated baseness—of that conduct is once known to the country, the Secretary's Letter will then be read with no fear of danger to anybody's reputation beyond the circle of the Administration.

When this war broke out, General Scott was Major-general commanding in chief the army of the United States, having his head-quarters at Washington. After the war had been carried on for six months, according to the President's ideas of prosecuting a war with vigor, and no peace or prospect of peace was secured, General Scott was called to the field. He carried the war to the capital of the enemy's country, by a series of achievements amidst difficulties and discouragements, never surpassed in any campaign in the whole history of human wars; and a treaty of peace was made—wanting, however, as yet, the ratification of the Mexican Government. When all this was done, General Scott was dismissed from the service of the country as commander of the army still in the field, in very exact accordance with his own prediction recorded in a letter to the Government, written on the 25th of July last. Detained still in Mexico by the order of the Government, he employed an early moment of leisure "to recall some of the neglects, disappointments, injuries and rebukes" which he had suffered from the Administration. This was his letter of the 24th of February, and which has been made the occasion of the Secretary's assault upon his character and fame in his elaborate paper of the 21st of April—a paper more replete with ill-disguised bitterness, with unfounded accusations, and slanderous imputations, than ever before emanated from an Executive Department of this government. General Scott's letter brought no new complaints, or none of any importance, against the Administration. The same complaints had been made before, in successive communications to the Department of War, as the events had occurred, and to which answers, and explanations, and argumentations had been

offered in reply—or such explanations and argumentations (apologies and excuses in reality) had accompanied the offensive acts. The General's present letter was a summary of these complaints, in which they were brought together, and placed on record, for more easy reference. And we make bold to say, in the face of all the ingenious plausibilities of the Secretary's reply, that there is not one of these complaints that has not a substantial foundation in truth, and so it will be made to appear when the facts shall be brought to light. The Secretary's Letter in reply had not so much for its object to defend the Administration over again against these complaints, as to attempt a justification before the country, in the absence of the General, for its contemptuous dismissal of him from the command of the army in the field, by this assault on his character and conduct. We shall undertake to show how much credit for candor and honesty is due to the Administration in this attempt.

The substance of the complaints of General Scott, leaving all specifications out of the case, as these complaints are clearly gathered from his recent and previous communications, was this: That the confidence, and the active, candid and steady support of the Executive Government, had not been extended to him, as had been solemnly promised when he took the field, but on the contrary, he had been subjected to neglects, mortifications, disappointments, injuries and rebukes from the Government; and that the War Department, from which he had expected better things, so far from coming to his rescue or relief in the trying circumstances in which he had been placed, had wholly failed to give him its support, or even its sympathy. This we say is the substance of the complaints preferred by General Scott, and we are prepared to maintain and show that it is true to the letter, and that much more than this is true; though it has suited the purpose of the Secretary of War, in his defence, to talk as if he was really surprised that such notions should have found a lodgment in the General's mind, and to speak of the whole thing as "a delusion," "a fondly-cherished chimera," and the offspring of "a mind of diseased sensibility." We wonder a little that the Secretary should have dared to venture on so bold a tone of defence as this, in the face of notorious facts, familiar to him certainly, and not less so to all intelligent and observing persons in the country, and which, wherever they are known, do not fail to convict the Executive Government, not only of having sent General Scott to the field without giving him its confidence, its candid support, or its sympathy, but of having acted towards him in bad faith, and entertaining towards him feelings of opposition and enmity, and a false disposition and design to betray him, and cast him off at the earliest moment at which it might be practicable or safe to do so.

The treacherous, insincere and jesuitical conduct of the Executive Government towards General Scott cannot be fully exhibited and understood, without going back to the beginning of this war. When hostilities began, there had been no preparatory augmentation of our forces in the field. An Army of Observation, soon to become an Army of Occupation, was on the frontier towards Mexico, under the command of Taylor, then a Colonel in the line, but holding a brevet commission of Brigadier. It does not admit of a doubt that the President at that period was deluding himself with the notion, that a show of force on the Rio Grande, with perhaps an unimportant brush or two with any small amount of Mexican forces gathered there, would scare the Mexican Government into almost any terms of accommodation with the powerful Republic of the North which he might see fit to dictate. For such a *little war,* Brevet Brigadier-general Taylor, who was known already to be a judicious and brave officer, was regarded as being quite competent and sufficient. When, however, it became suddenly known at Washington that Mexico had assumed an attitude of determined resistance, and had already, by overwhelming numbers, placed Taylor and his little army in a condition of imminent hazard, a corresponding alarm was felt, and an immediate call was made upon Congress to adopt the war, and meet the exigency by authorizing the organization of a large force for the field. The act for this purpose was passed and approved on the 13th of May, 1846; and on the same day, General Scott, commanding the army in chief, by his com-

mission, whether that army should be great or small, was satisfied that he would be called on to take the field in person, and to hold himself in readiness accordingly.

Scott was not a man to loiter over a work like this, though he knew his business too well to rush on such an enterprise as that of a war of invasion, to be carried into a far-distant country, without some intelligent plan of operations, and some corresponding preparations. It suited the objects of the Executive Government, which had at heart the permanent conquest and acquisition of the northern and western provinces of Mexico, to lay its plans of a campaign for the invasion of these provinces by a grand army of 30,000 men, divided into three columns, and thus striking at three distinct and distant points at the same time. Scott was to command the whole, taking the immediate head of the most formidable column, that which should enter the enemy's country by way of the lower Rio Grande. In repeated interviews between him and the President and Secretary of War, this plan of operations was discussed and adopted. Let it be carefully observed that it was to the command of a new army in the field of 30,000 men, to be employed in a definite campaign, according to a definite plan of operations, that General Scott was to be assigned. The President and Secretary both knew that he would hold it to be ungenerous and unjust to Taylor to supersede him in his command of the small force with which he had entered the field. When a new army was raised, and a regular campaign was to be entered upon, Scott was ready to take the field.

All this was very particularly explained to General Taylor, in a letter from General Scott, dated the 18th of May, which passed twice under the eye of the Secretary, and had his special approval before it was dispatched. And two things are to be particularly noted in this letter, as showing how exactly the main points in the arrangement between the General and the Executive Government were understood and agreed upon. One of these points was the time when the new army, or the principal column, could be placed on the Rio Grande; the other was the time when General Scott should appear there to supersede Taylor by assuming the command. On the first point, the letter held this very precise language :—

"I fear that we shall not be able to put on the Rio Grande, with our utmost efforts, more than ten or fifteen thousand volunteers by the *first of September*—the best period, we learn here, for the commencement of operations beyond, with a view to the conquest of a peace."

On the other point the letter held language not less explicit and precise, to this effect :—

"I do not now expect to reach the Rio Grande much ahead of the heavy reinforcements alluded to above, or to assume the immediate command in that quarter before my arrival."

On the 18th of May, then, it was perfectly understood by the President and Secretary, that the new army for the Rio Grande could not probably be placed there, organized and ready for operations, before the 1st of September, and that it was not worth the while for General Scott to be there to assume the command much in advance of the new army. In the mean time, they knew very well that he was not idle or unemployed, and that his proper position, the place where he could be most efficient, as Commander-in-chief, in setting on foot and urging forward the necessary preparations and operations for the coming campaign, was his head-quarters at Washington. This is referred to, and briefly sketched, in one of his letters :—

"From that moment [when he was told to hold himself in readiness for this service] I have occupied myself incessantly with the vast preliminary arrangements, which can only be made advantageously at this place, through the respective chiefs of the general staff—the Adjutant General, Quartermaster General, Commissary General of Subsistence, Chief of Ordnance, and Surgeon General. I have been much occupied also in the distribution of the quotas of volunteers needed among the several States; in apportioning the horse to the foot; in the study of the routes of march and water conveyances for the several bodies of troops to the best points on the frontiers of Mexico; in the study of the northern, interior, and the southern routes of that Republic; in looking at the means of transportation *on* the Rio Grande, and *to* and *beyond* that river; in determining the dépôts of supplies of all sorts on this side, &c. &c. As these matters are respective-

ly settled, orders and instructions have been, and will be, given to the Chiefs of the general staff at this place, and the routes of march and water conveyances, together with the dépôts of supplies of every description, are finally to be communicated to the *unknown* commanders of volunteers whose services are to be accepted."

This sketch is sufficient to show, though very imperfectly and faintly, how General Scott was occupied at Washington, and how necessary it was that he should continue on the spot until all these preliminary arrangements were completed, and the necessary orders under them given; and both the fact of his incessant occupation, and the necessity of his continued presence at Washington, was as well known to the President and Secretary, as to the General himself. Their interviews and discussions had been frequent, frank, and so far as he was concerned, without reserve. Everything in fact, at Washington, in reference to the projected movement and campaign, was going on under his immediate counsel and direction. Neither Mr. Polk, though the constitutional head of the army, nor the Secretary of War, knew the first letters of the alphabet of military science. Neither of them had the slightest acquaintance with the first necessary practical steps, *in detail*, to be taken to bring the new army into the field, with the necessary supplies of all descriptions, for active operations. They depended upon General Scott, the real Commander-in-chief, and who was on the spot for suggestions and advice in every material step that was to be taken. The labors in which he was actually engaged, with their knowledge and approbation, show conclusively that he was the soul and the centre of all the preliminary arrangements, and practically, of everything that was projected and done to set this campaign in motion.

In this state of things, it may well be supposed that it created not a little surprise on the part of General Scott, when he was told on the evening of the 20th of May, by the Secretary of War, that much impatience was felt at his occupations and delay at Washington. He understood, and it has never been denied, that this impatience was felt, or pretended to be felt, both by the President and the Secretary. We have seen what occurred on the 18th, only two days before, when a record was made of the facts, perfectly well understood, and acquiesced in by all concerned, that the army was not expected to be placed on the Rio Grande in force before about the 1st of September, and that the General was not to be there much in advance of the troops. Personal interviews had been held in the mean time, and it was perfectly well known how effectively and indispensably General Scott was employed at Washington. What, then, was the meaning of this sudden notification of the displeasure of the President and Secretary, because he had not already taken his departure for the Mexican frontier? It was significant certainly, and indicated a great deal more than was expressed. The circumstances and the manner in which the notification was conveyed to the General, made it a rebuke, and it was intended that he should receive and feel it as such. It was saying to General Scott, We, your superiors, have come to the conclusion, that you are committing a fault by delaying to take the field. They knew very well in their souls, at the same time, that he was committing no fault, but was actually rendering the Government, with their own express approval, the best service, in the best place, and in the best way; and they knew that he could not fail to feel this charge as an indignity and an insult. They expected one of two things to happen from it—for we have not a doubt that the next resolution of the President, already taken when this rebuke was prepared for General Scott, was to withdraw upon some pretext or other, if he could safely do so, his offer and promise to send him to the field: they expected, either that he would promptly and peremptorily decline this service after such a proof of the treatment he might expect to receive from them when in the field, or that, with the frankness of a soldier, apt to be "sudden and quick in quarrel," giving utterance to his honest indignation at a gross insult and injury, he would commit himself to some expressions, of which, by the aid of the cool, calculating ingenuity of the Secretary, the President might avail himself, as an apology for his change of purpose in regard to the command of the army. The plot succeeded—being exactly such a one as suited the low, characteristic cunning of the President. Early the next morning, the 21st, the

General addressed a letter to the Secretary, which in due time, though not immediately, was seized upon as affording a sufficient pretext for the treachery which the President had been meditating.

The foregone design of the President in this matter is too plain to admit of question, and the active part taken by the Secretary does not leave us at liberty to believe, as we should have been glad to do, that he was not cognizant from the beginning of that design. We proceed with our exposition of the case.

At the very outset of this business, on the 15th of May, an understanding was had between the President, the Secretary, and General Scott, that General Wool should be called on to take the command of one of the three columns destined for the invasion of Mexico, and accordingly he was immediately written to by the Secretary. He arrived in Washington on the 17th, and was informed by General Scott of the service designed for him. A day or two afterwards, probably on the 19th, he was told by the Secretary that his ultimate assignment to such command was doubtful, inasmuch as it was probable that "other generals might be authorized and appointed for the army, and called into service from the States." On that day, (the 19th,) a Bill was introduced into the Senate at the special instance of the Secretary of War, if not directly drawn by him, to provide for the appointment of two new Major-generals, and four Brigadiers, for the regular army, and, in addition, authorizing the President to select State Generals for the command of the volunteers. Here, then, was a disclosure altogether unmistakable in its import. No increase of the regular army had been authorized, or was then contemplated, beyond the filling up of the ranks as it then existed; and yet the President and Secretary demanded two new Major-generals, and four Brigadiers—not for the volunteers—it was proposed that the President should select Generals for them from the States—not for the volunteers, but for the regular army. Nobody can doubt, who considers the political character of the Administration, that the design at that time was to make these appointments chiefly, if not wholly, from civil and political life, and to give such new-made officers the conduct of the war. For what purpose else were they to be created? Not certainly to be kept at home, and out of employment. And after providing Major-generals and Brigadiers, in full complement, from the States, for the command of all the volunteers, it was not certainly intended to place all the Major-generals and Brigadiers of the regular service in the field—numbering, as they then would, three of the former (to say nothing of Brevets) and six of the latter, to command a body of not more than 7000 men—for that was all the regular force, as the law then stood, which would be brought into the field for the contemplated campaign. Some Generals, then, were to be left at home, and nobody can be stupid enough to believe that they would be the new-made Generals. The Secretary told General Wool, that if this project of a law, concocted and urged by him, was passed, it was doubtful if *he* would be employed as it had been proposed he should be; and we have not a doubt that he might have said the same thing to General Scott with equal, if not greater truth. It was General Scott, no doubt, at whom the plan was mainly aimed. As soon as it became known in Washington in the political circles of the President's partisans and confidential friends, that he had it in contemplation to send the General-in-chief to the field, a clamor is well known to have been raised against the policy of such a procedure. This clamor, so far as it came to the General's ears, took the direction of a complaint against him for his delay and stay in Washington. The real meaning of the whole of it was, which the President understood very well, that he was committing a great error in proposing to give General Scott an opportunity, in some brilliant actions, of "conquering a peace" in this Mexican business, who would then, it might be, with the prestige of his victories and exploits, turn round and push him, and his party, from their stools. Even the remote hazard of such a consummation was to be devoutly avoided. Mr. Polk was of this opinion, and hence, beyond all question, his sudden change of front. Hence this Bill thrown into the Senate, and dry-nursed by the Secretary, for the appointment of new Generals.

It is true that they waited four days,

after General Scott's letter of the 21st of May, before giving him notice that he was not to be allowed to command in Mexico; but this delay is easily accounted for. The Bill for the creation of new Generals could not be hurried through Congress, as the Bill adopting the war had been. It met with delay, and symptoms of opposition were manifested. Without a new batch of Generals, the President might be forced, after all, to send General Scott to the field. Taylor was as yet, so far as was known at Washington, comparatively untried, and it was too soon to determine that it would do to intrust him with the command of a large army, and the conduct of an important campaign. But on this point, all doubt was suddenly dispelled by the news of his splendid victories of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto, the particulars of which reached Washington on Tuesday, the 24th. The resolution of the President was then taken, and the Secretary was set to work to concoct his letter of the 25th. Taylor had now shown himself to be a skillful and able commander, and the conduct of the war, in the new campaign, at least if the President should be unable to give the command to some new pet General of his own creation, might be safely confided to him—especially as it was not then dreamed of, that his victories, however multiplied and glorious, were going to make him a dangerous popular candidate for the immediate succession to the Presidency. On this conclusion it was, that the Secretary's letter of the 25th of May was written—a letter, having as little to do with truth, candor, and honest dealing, as any that Machiavelli, or Talleyrand, or Ignatius Loyola, ever wrote, or instructed others how to write. If ever language was employed, either in speech or on paper, according to the Prince's notion of its true use—to disguise or conceal the real sentiments and designs of the party using it—it was so employed on this occasion.

Two pretences are set forth in this letter, as the grounds on which the President had determined to keep General Scott at home. First, it was pretended that the President had discovered that the General's letter of the 21st contained "the most offensive imputations against the Executive Government," and which had therefore given him the highest displeasure. There was something plausible in this, though it was wholly without any real foundation. The other pretence was merely contemptible: it was that General Scott's object in writing the letter of the 21st, desiring ignobly to escape the responsibilities of command in the field, had been to induce, or compel, the President to change his determination of sending him to Mexico. This was so utterly at variance with all probability, and with the known truth, as to be merely ridiculous. As to the first pretence, that was bottomed on a studied and ingenious perversion of the language and plain intent and purpose of the letter of the 21st.

The truth is, that in writing that letter, General Scott, though feeling that he had suffered an egregious indignity, was, at the time, so far deceived in regard to the real motives and designs of the President and Secretary, as to believe that, under the influence and complaints of those about them to this effect, they had really begun to feel, at least in some degree, the impatience they expressed on account of his delay in Washington. He gave them credit for sincerity; and his letter was an effort to remove the unfounded and injurious impression which he believed was beginning to possess their minds, and which, if left unchecked and subject to the clamor against him out of doors, would grow into an intolerable evil, not merely annoying to him, but interfering with and disturbing his plans and operations, and utterly destroying his efficiency, and perhaps his success, in the arduous service he had entered upon. It was likely to begin with driving him from his position in Washington before his necessary preliminary arrangements could be half completed, and, following him to the field, compel him to do everything, or attempt everything there, with only half the necessary precaution for efficient action and assured success; and of course, in all cases, to win success, if at all, at such a dreadful and unnecessary cost of human life, as no humane and Christian commander would willingly be responsible for. Going to the field, he would leave his superiors behind him—those who had, or would assume, a constitutional right to interfere with his plans and operations, and who, if indulg-

ing in prejudice against him, if disposed to prejudge him and condemn him beforehand, would not fail to give him infinite trouble, on account as well of their prejudice as of their ignorance of military affairs, and perhaps to bring him and the arms and honor of the country together, into disgrace and degradation. His letter was written expressly to deprecate, and if possible to counteract and remedy, such an unhappy and desperate state of things. No honest and unprejudiced mind could give any other meaning or character to it.

"Not an advantageous step can be taken," says this letter, "in a forward march, without the confidence that all is well behind. If insecure in that quarter, no General can put his whole heart and mind into the work to be done in front. I am, therefore, not a little alarmed—nay, crippled in my energies—by the knowledge of the *impatience* in question." * * * * "As a soldier, I make this assertion without the fear of contradiction from any *honest* and *candid* soldier. Against the *ad captandum* condemnation of all other persons—whoever may be designated for the high command in question—there can be no reliance (in his absence) other than *the active, candid and steady support of his Government.*"

It was in this connection, and directly following these explicit declarations, that he spoke of, and deprecated, "a fire upon his rear from Washington," while he should be engaged with the enemy in Mexico. This fire upon him had been begun already by the expression of a most unreasonable impatience at his stay in Washington; and it proceeded from the President and Secretary, who, from their personal knowledge of the indispensable necessity of his engagements at general Head-quarters, ought to have met and silenced the senseless clamors against him from without, instead of yielding to them and joining in them, as they had done—or professed to do. This sort of treatment, if it was to be continued when he should be in the field, would be "a fire upon his rear," paralyzing his efforts and his energies, instead of that "active, candid and steady support of his Government," which he had a right to expect and demand. To make his plans distinctly known to the Executive, in regard to his stay in Washington, and the proper period for his departure, he put on record, in this letter, this explicit declaration:—

"My intentions have been, after making all preliminary arrangements here, to pass down the Ohio and Mississippi, to see, or to assure myself by correspondence, that the volunteers, on whom we are mostly to rely in the prosecution of the existing war, are rapidly assembling for the service; to learn the probable time of their readiness to advance upon Mexico; to ascertain if their supplies, of every kind, are in place, or are likely to be in place, in sufficient time; to hasten one and the other; to harmonize the movements of volunteers, and modify their routes (if necessary) so that all, or at least a sufficient number, shall arrive at the indicated points on the Mexican frontier, at the best periods, and, as far as practicable, about the same time."

Now it was this letter of General Scott, sent in from his office, a room in the War Department, to the Secretary's room in the same building, which, after four days—the news of Taylor's victories on the Rio Grande having arrived in the mean time—was discovered by the Secretary to be a paper "reflecting upon the *motives* and *objects* of the President in tendering to you [General Scott] the command in Mexico," and conveying "the strongest suspicion, not to say a direct imputation, of most *unworthy motives* in the Executive Government—of *bad faith* towards yourself—of a reckless disregard of the interests of the country—of a *design* to carry on a war against you, while you are sent forth to carry on a war against the public enemy." We do not hesitate to affirm, that not a line, phrase, word or syllable, can be found in General Scott's letter, which by any ingenuity can be tortured into a reflection on the "*motives and objects*" of the President, or as casting upon him an imputation, or suspicion, of "*unworthy motives*," of "*bad faith*," of a "*reckless disregard* of the interests of the country," or of any "*design*" whatever, to carry on a war against General Scott. The motives—the faith—the designs—of the President were not within the possible scope of the plain objects of this letter. The letter assumes, in perfect good faith, that the President and Secretary were sincere and honest, though very unreasonable, in the fault they had begun to find with him; at any rate their

sincerity and honesty in the matter are in no way impeached or questioned. And this, undoubtedly, is the very mistake, and the only mistake, the letter makes. If General Scott had flatly told the President—Sir, you are acting towards me from most unworthy motives, and in bad faith; I understand your design perfectly, which is nothing less than to find, or make, some plausible excuse for withdrawing from me your tender and promise of the chief command in Mexico; if he had said this, it might not have been very respectful to the Constitutional Commander-in-chief, but it would have been literally true. And it was only the consciousness of unworthy motives, and bad faith, and a dishonest design, which enabled the President, or the Secretary in his behalf, to fancy that they could discover any imputations of the sort in this letter. The charge is a self-betrayal, and a confession of guilt. The whole case stands just here: The President had come to think that sending General Scott to Mexico might result in endangering his own succession, or that of his dynasty, to the Presidency. He resolved to endeavor to get on without him in the field, and to keep him at home, where he could have, without any hazard, all the benefit of his great capacity and experience in the formation of plans, and in the home management of details and operations for prosecuting the war. To some new Major-general, if he could get one—which was his first plan—or to General Taylor, on whom he settled down after his victories on the Rio Grande, he resolved to intrust the command—at least of the forces destined to enter Mexico by the way of that river.

With the clear exposition which we have here made of the insincerity, bad faith, and false pretences, practiced towards General Scott by the Executive Government, in this first transaction, at the commencement of the war, we are prepared to enter on some inquiry into the treatment he has received at its hands since he has been actually in the field.

And the first inquiry which presents itself is, how came General Scott to be employed at all in the field, after what had transpired in May, 1846? The explanation is not difficult.

The campaign of 1846 was drawing to a close, and peace seemed no nearer being obtained than when the war began. The President became alarmed at last, at the obstinacy of the enemy, at the enormous cost of the war, and the heavy sacrifice of life made in prosecuting it. The prospect was a gloomy one, and the President was in deep perplexity.

On the 11th of October he received the news and particulars of the capture of Monterey, after three days of hard fighting, and a great loss of life. But this victory, any more than previous ones, did not bring peace, or any prospects of peace. This was the constant disappointment after every victory, and every successful movement of the army; and still the Government went hoping on, and expecting peace from the next and the next isolated movement. They thought peace would come if Taylor would send a force to take military possession of the State of Tamaulipas, and occupy Tampico, and they sent him instructions to this effect, written on the day on which he began the battles of Monterey—the 22d of September. Two days after receiving the news of the fall of Monterey—the 13th of October—these instructions were renewed, and General Taylor was informed that they had also under consideration a plan for investing Vera Cruz. Finally, on the 22d of October, explicit instructions were prepared and sent to Taylor, unless it should materially interfere with his own plan of operations, or weaken too much his present position, "to make the necessary arrangements for having four thousand men, of whom fifteen hundred or two thousand should be regular troops, ready to embark for Vera Cruz, or such other destination as may be given them, at the earliest practicable period."

But at this period, and earlier indeed, the President was laboring under another embarrassment, besides what concerned merely the successful prosecution of the war. Taylor was becoming too popular, and was already much talked of for the Presidency. The Government was getting tired of his successes. They promptly sent him a rebuke for his temporary truce at the capitulation of Monterey. They advised him pretty strongly against making any further attempts beyond Monterey, while, for the expedition to Vera Cruz,

they instructed him to give the command to General Patterson and General Worth. They had previously, by an order from home, assigned the command of the expedition to Tamaulipas and Tampico to General Patterson. And thus it was cunningly arranged, that by detaching from Taylor's column the best part of his army, for an enterprise in which the command was to be given to another, he should be left to stand merely on the defensive, and, so far as they could see, in a state of inglorious inactivity. At the same time, it must be observed, that the projected enterprise itself—that of investing Vera Cruz, with four thousand men—was puerile and contemptible in a military point of view. The notion was, that the city might be taken with that force, and then, with time enough, if the enemy around them would lie still, the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa might be starved out. And nothing was proposed beyond; it was not to strike at the Capital by way of Vera Cruz, but only to take Vera Cruz, as Matamoros and Camargo and Monterey had been taken, and then sit down, and hope again for peace. In reply to these notable plans of the Government, General Taylor told the Department, that he would march himself on Victoria—the capital of Tamaulipas—which he did; and would send a detachment to garrison Tampico; and he would then hold 4,000 men, of which 3,000 should be regulars, ready to embark for Vera Cruz; but he warned the Government that these 4,000 men must be joined by 6,000 more from home, if they meant to take and *hold* Vera Cruz, till the Castle of St. John should fall; and if there was any purpose of marching on the Capital, the expedition should not be undertaken with less than 25,000 men.

Before, however, this last dispatch could have been received, which was dated the 21st of November, the Executive Government had waked up to the necessity of some change in its policy, in regard to this war. It now professed to come into the measure, apparently with entire acquiescence and cordiality, which General Scott had been urging upon it in four several memorials,* beginning with one on the 21st October, and the others following on the 12th, the 16th and the 21st of November. This measure was to strike directly at the Capital of the Mexican empire, entering by way of Vera Cruz, and first reducing that city and the Fortress of St. John.* He set down the number of men for this enterprise at 20,000 as the least number, and he proposed that this force should be raised, including volunteers, by adding ten or twelve *new* regiments of regulars, and filling up and increasing the ranks of the old regiments. This was his plan, and in the night of *the 18th of November*, the General received an intimation that he might prepare himself for the field, in reference to the execution of it. On the 23d he received his written orders, and immediately left Washington to put himself *en route* for the seat of war.

And here two things may be observed: First, that the President had manifestly resolved that he would not, willingly, put General Taylor in the way of winning any more battles. By the orders already given, before General Scott's plan for a march to the city of Mexico had been thus adopted, Taylor had been effectually reduced to stand on the defensive; and on adopting that plan, Taylor was to have nothing to do with it. And next, we find the President seemingly so far reconciled to General Scott, notwithstanding the *insubordination* and *disrespect* of which he was accused in the preceding month of May, as to call him to the field for the high and responsible service of conducting a large army to the Capital of Mexico. It is sufficient to say, in this connection, that at this time, the impression was nearly universal—so fickle is popular sentiment—and shared no doubt by the President, that General Scott, by a "hasty" letter, containing an unlucky, because unstudied expression, though in all else a letter of characteristic candor, truth, dignity, and sterling sense, had effectually cut himself off, past all redemption, from any pretensions to the Presidency.

Now when General Scott left Washington, everything wore a smooth and fair appearance. We have reason to know that

* When these memorials come to be read by the public, they will testify very strongly to the great military capacity of General Scott.

* General Scott wanted 15,000 men for his landing and attack on Vera Cruz and the Castle; but if he had 8,000 men he would go on, though he expected to be obliged to meet and fight a large army at his landing.

every expression and promise of confidence and support, the strongest that words could be found to give utterance to, were tendered him by the President. It was his own plan of conducting the war, just as he had propounded it, that was adopted, or professed to be, with unreserved and hearty approval. And he was himself to command in the campaign, with which the Executive Government at Washington was to have little else to do, than take care that every requisition made by him for the enterprise, whether of force, or of supplies, of whatever kind, should be, as far as possible, promptly and faithfully furnished. This was the voluntary and solemn engagement of the President and Secretary of War. In the written orders with which he was furnished, scarcely exceeding half a dozen lines, he was told:—

"It is not proposed to control your operations by definite and positive instructions, but you are left to prosecute them as your judgment, under a full view of all the circumstances, shall dictate. The work is before you, and the means provided, or to be provided, for accomplishing it. It is committed to you in the full confidence that you will use them to the best advantage."

It was in the full confidence, and with the buoyant hopes, inspired by treatment and assurances apparently so full of generosity, undoubting trust and implicit reliance, that General Scott took the field in command of an expedition, first for the prompt reduction of the city of Vera Cruz, and the strong Fortress of St. John, and then for a victorious march upon the Mexican Capital. And who now could be made to believe, but for facts too flagrant and notorious for contradiction or dispute, that at the very moment of dismissing General Scott to his command, with all these protestations and promises of implicit confidence and full and vigorous support, the President had asked for, and received, from another source, and had actually approved and adopted, another plan of military operations in Mexico, in some material respects different from, inconsistent with, and opposed to that of General Scott; and was then actually under promise and engagement to the individual from whom this plan emanated, a citizen in civil life, to give him the command in Mexico, over General Scott, and all others, by making him a Lieutenant-general, and to do this as soon as the assent of Congress, then about to meet, could be obtained! The settled purpose and the perfect good faith with which this engagement was made, are shown in the fact of the open and strenuous efforts made by the President, and his partisans and friends, through the whole ensuing session of three months, to push a measure through Congress, by which he should be enabled to carry his undertaking into effect. A more bold and shameless game of deception, falsehood and purposed treachery, than this towards General Scott, was never played, by any man, or set of men, in any government, however corrupt, degraded and debased, on the face of the globe.

But we must not leave this matter to rest in generalities. We must come to particulars. The war policy of the Executive Government was especially vacillating and uncertain along in the autumn of 1846. They did not know what to do. They settled and unsettled plans in quick succession. Even their projected expedition to Vera Cruz with 4,000 men, was not a fixed purpose. The order to General Taylor, of the 22d October, was to hold the 4,000 men "ready to embark for Vera Cruz, *or such other destination as may be given them.*" And it is quite certain that after that, for a period, the conclusion was to stand still and do nothing. A writer, known to speak by the book, wrote from Washington to the New York Journal of Commerce, on the 7th of November:—"There will be no expensive movements—no energetic movements—made before the meeting of Congress. * * * The whole responsibility of further action will be thrown upon Congress." And so late as the 11th of November, the Secretary of War answered an application from a gentleman in Kentucky, who proposed to raise a company of volunteers for a reduced regiment then in Mexico, by saying,—"It is not contemplated to fill up the regiments that have been reduced. The amount of force already in service is deemed sufficient for the prosecution of the war."

But, somehow, a sudden change came over these gentlemen; for on the 16th of November, only *five days* after the Secretary's letter to Kentucky, an order and requisition was issued by him for *nine* ad-

ditional regiments of volunteers to serve during the war! This was two days before General Scott received his first intimation that he might be called to the field. What had wrought this sudden and extraordinary change? Two of General Scott's memorials were then before the Government; had they suddenly yielded their convictions to his arguments? Was it then, was it on the 18th, or was it on the 23d of November, when he received his final orders, the real purpose of the Government, in good faith, to adopt *his* plan of campaign; and was it with a view, *bona fide*, to the execution of this plan, that these nine regiments of volunteers were called for, and ten regiments more of regulars were immediately demanded from Congress? If such was not the real intention, then General Scott was basely cheated and deceived; and that it was not—except contingently, and as a *pis aller*—is demonstrable from incontestible facts. We call SENATOR BENTON to the stand as a witness, and refer to his testimony at large, given in the Senate of the United States on the 25th of January, 1847. It may be found in the Congressional Globe of that date.

Mr. Benton was in Washington on the 9th of November, as appears by a published letter of his of that date. He relates that the day after his arrival in Washington, he called on the President, who then asked him to give him a plan for the future conduct of the war. "I gave it to him," says the Senator, "first in speech, face to face, and afterwards in writing; and here it is—[holding up a roll of paper]—for I chose to retain the original for myself, while sending a copy to him."

Mr. Benton refused to reveal what his plan was, in detail, but so much he does reveal: That his plan was different from that of either General Taylor or General Scott, both of whose plans he disapproved and condemned; that he would have nothing to do with either, and especially he would have nothing to do with an "attack upon the idle and solitary Castle of San Juan of Ulloa;" that his plan "looked to a *result* and promised an *issue*;" that his war in Mexico would support itself; that it was to be a union of policy and of arms, of diplomacy and of battle—peace for the peace party in Mexico, and "endless war" for the war party; that his plan required "a head to the army—*one head* to the whole body"—and this was to be supplied, and all difficulties about *rank* avoided, by the creation of a LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Mr. Benton further relates, that his plan was APPROVED by the President; and to show that it was ADOPTED also, and agreed to be carried into prompt and complete execution, to the entire exclusion of every other plan, Mr. Benton still further relates, that the President tendered to him the office of Lieutenant-general—contingent only on obtaining the authority of Congress for creating such an officer—and that he agreed to accept the appointment.

And we have abundant proof that the President adhered firmly and pertinaciously to his adoption of Mr. Benton's plan of a campaign, and to his understanding and solemn agreement with that gentleman. The Annual Report of the Secretary of War recommended the increase of the regular army by ten regiments. On the 29th of December, the President sent in a special Message to Congress, urging prompt action on this recommendation, and asking authority for the "appointment of a general officer to take command of all our forces in the field." It was in reference to this "general officer," that Mr. Benton's explanation and avowals were made; it was the Lieutenant-general in question. The Ten Regiments Bill was clogged, and its passage delayed, by the obstinate efforts of the President's friends to carry the Lieutenant-general along with it, or upon it as a rider. And when this effort failed in the House, a Bill was promptly presented in the Senate by General Dix, for the appointment of a Lieutenant-general, *eo nomine*. This Bill was urged with all the strength and zeal of the peculiar and confidential friends of the President and Secretary of War. And, finally, when this failed, another mode of reaching this object was resorted to. The House had in January, by a vote of 120 to 90, refused to give the President authority to appoint a Lieutenant-general; and before the close of the session, this body had been so disciplined by Executive appliances, as to give the President power in a Bill for the appointment of additional general officers, to designate and

assign one of his new junior Major-generals to take rank above his seniors, and be the Commander-in-chief in Mexico. The Senate disagreed to this provision, and it was only in the last hours of the session, on the 3d of March, that the House gave up the point.

Thus strictly and earnestly did the President adhere to his engagements with Mr. Benton, and to his plan for conducting the war in Mexico. Nor did his efforts stop here. The Bill for the appointment of new Major-generals was passed, and Mr. Benton was promptly appointed a Major-general, and a commission tendered to him. A serious design was entertained of finding in existing laws, or pretending to find, or of assuming, authority in the President, to assign Mr. Benton to the command over General Scott, and all others in Mexico, in spite of the refusal of Congress to sanction such a proceeding. Mr. Benton signified to the President, in a note, with characteristic modesty, that his acceptance of his commission would depend on the question, whether he should have "the command of the army, and authority to sign preliminaries of peace." And to this the President, on the 9th of March, replied:—"Immediately after your nomination as Major-general had been confirmed by the Senate, I carefully examined the question, whether I possessed the power to designate you—a junior Major-general—to the chief command of the army in the field. The result of this examination is, *I am constrained to say*, a settled conviction in my mind, that such power has not been conferred upon me by existing laws."

Never was a scheme of treachery more pertinaciously prosecuted than this of the President's towards General Scott. And it was a scheme of treachery and bad faith which, in active and labored efforts to consummate it, covered the whole period of time from the 18th of November, when he informed him that he might prepare for the field, down to the 9th day of March, when he was actually engaged in disembarking his troops for the attack on Vera Cruz. Nor, though the particular *scheme* of treachery finally fell through on the latter day, did the disposition and will of the Executive Government, to wound, insult, neglect, disappoint, and betray General Scott, ever desert them, through his whole campaign, down to the end of a series of achievements almost unparalleled in the annals of war, when they consummated their infamous treatment of him, and gratified their venom and their spleen, by dismissing him—ignominiously they intended it to be—from his command, and handing him over, as a criminal, to a military Inquisition, compounded and packed by themselves, in its majority, so as exactly to fit it to the malignant uses which it was designed to subserve.

That this scheme of treachery—the design to supersede General Scott, both in his command and in his plan of campaign—existed in the beginning, when he was first ordered to take the field and his plan pretended to be approved and adopted, and every protestation made of confidence and support, admits of no doubt from the testimony of Mr. Benton, and the dates he gives us. He was in Washington early in November; his first interview with the President on the subject of his plans, was the day after his arrival—not later, certainly, than the 10th; and so *taking* were they, that no time was required for deliberation. They were approved and adopted, and he was to be made a Lieutenant-general, to carry them into execution.

And here the question presents itself,—Why was General Scott dispatched to the field, as if for the prosecution of another and a different plan of his own, if the purpose all the time was to supersede him and his plan, by Mr. Benton and *his* plan, as soon as the necessary authority could be obtained? To our mind, the answer is not difficult. Mr. Benton's plan, it is manifest, contemplated an invasion of Mexico, at some point on the Gulf coast, and a march upon the Capital, as General Scott's did, though by way of being original, he would leave "the idle and solitary Castle of San Juan of Ulloa" standing unconquered in his van! He would require much the same force in the field that General Scott required, for a movement towards the Capital. It would probably, however, be late in the winter, or the time might run quite into the spring, before the President could obtain the necessary authority for sending him to the field, and it was quite important that as much of the force required by him, as could be collected in the mean time, should be on the spot, organized and dis-

ciplined for his use. General Scott was as good a man as any—perhaps the best of any—to be his *locum tenens*, and his Messenger, to prepare the way for his coming. Meanwhile, General Scott's independent design of reducing Vera Cruz and the Castle of St. John, whether only attempted or actually accomplished, would in no way materially interfere with his, Mr. Benton's, more original plan of operations. If the thing were done, very well—though *he* would not do it; and if not done, it would be just as well, since he would cut across lots, in some inexplicable way, for the Capital. All he wanted was to have his force, as much of it as might be, at some point on the coast nearest the capital, at as early a day as possible. He flattered himself—so he plainly intimated in his speech—that when he should take the field and the command, it would be quite agreeable to General Scott, being only a Major-general while he would be a Lieutenant, to remain under his orders as a "fighting General!" It will be observed, moreover, that by sending General Scott to the field, the Executive Government secured to itself an alternative plan, and an alternative Commander-in-chief, in case the scheme of superseding him in the command should unluckily turn out a failure. In this connection, too, it is as well to say that it is easy enough now to see, why it was not considered of any particular importance at Washington, along during the winter, and so long as the prospect lasted of sending Mr. Benton to Mexico, whether Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan should be taken or not. It was not in *his* programme. And this, much better than the Secretary of War does in his letter of the 21st of April, accounts for the neglect and failure of the Department to furnish General Scott with the supplies for this work which had been promised him—why ten large transport ships from the north were not sent to him, why he received only half the number of surf boats required, and why, at the signing of the capitulation of the City and Castle, only about *one fifth* of the siege train, stipulated for, had arrived!

The exposition we have now made of the real relation—so false, hollow and heartless—in which the Executive Government stood towards General Scott and his plan of operations in Mexico, is sufficient to enable us—and our readers, we trust—to put at its true value the estimation in which we ought to hold the Secretary's Letter of the 21st of April, and his statements of facts and materials used both in defence and in crimination; and especially, to enable us to estimate truly the language of *injured innocence*, in which he has so freely indulged. Hear how the Secretary of War talks—as if he were an Israelite indeed, without guile!

> "In conclusion, I may be permitted to say, that, as one of the President's advisers, I had a *full share* in the responsibility of the act, which assigned you to the command of our armies in Mexico. I felt interested, even more than naturally appertained to my official position, that success and glory should signalize your operations. It was my duty to bring to your aid the efficient co-operation of the War Department. I never had a feeling that did not harmonize with the full and fair discharge of this duty. I know it has been faithfully performed. There are some men, for whom enough cannot be done to make them grateful, or even just, unless acts of subserviency and personal devotedness are superadded. From you I expected bare justice, but have been disappointed. I have found you my accuser."

Now, in the face of this doleful strain of complaint, and show of suffering virtue, there is likely, we think, to be found dwelling in the public mind, and finding a voice, too, in public speech, certain significant, and it may be awkward queries, which it were well, perhaps, if the Secretary would prepare himself to answer, that is to say, if he expects to gain much credit for his Popular Appeal against General Scott beyond that of having the ability to maintain a desperate cause with desperate and reckless cunning and ingenuity. What has the Secretary to say to a few plain questions of this sort?

Were you cognizant of the underplot, laid and matured before General Scott was sent to the field, by which he was to be superseded in command, and in his plan of operations, by the appointment of Mr. Benton as Lieutenant-general? Did you abet and aid in that plot? Did you use your efforts and influence with Congress to procure its assent to this notable project? When you were taking your "full share" in having General Scott as-

signed to the command in Mexico, and were feeling so "interested" for his "success and glory," did you know that it was intended, and did *you* intend, that he should be superseded at the earliest day possible? Did General Scott understand from you explicitly, that he was sent to Mexico in good faith, to execute, at his own discretion, his own plan of reducing Vera Cruz and San Juan d'Ulloa, and then marching on the Mexican capital? If so, was there at the time, a syllable of honest truth in the assurances thus given him? If Mr. Benton's plan was preferred by you, who proposed to let "the idle and solitary Castle of San Juan of Ulloa" alone, were you then particularly "interested" to have General Scott reduce it? How, in this particular, did your feelings "harmonize with the full and fair discharge of your duty" to General Scott? If General Scott wanted certain large transport vessels from the north, and wanted one hundred and forty surf boats, and a large siege train, when Mr. Benton did not want any of them, and you preferred Mr. Benton's plan of operations to General Scott's, how did it "harmonize with the full and fair discharge of your duty" to General Scott, to furnish him with these useless supplies? Did you inform General Scott, in any way, or at any time, of the plot, or design, to supersede him in the command? Was it honest to send him off in ignorance of it? If this design, known to you at the time, did not command your approval, did it ever occur to you to express, or feel, any indignation at being made the chief instrument in playing off so gross a cheat, such a piece of dastardly treachery, on General Scott—in whose "success and glory" you were so deeply "interested?" Did you remonstrate—did you threaten to throw up your office?

We think, when the Secretary shall have answered these significant questions, and some others like them, which will be found in the mind of every intelligent person who understands the facts of the case, and shall have answered them satisfactorily, that it will be quite time enough then for him to expect to be heard with favor, or even with patience, by an enlightened country, either in an attempted vindication of the conduct of the Executive Government towards General Scott, as the Commander of our forces in the field, or in bringing criminating or scandalous charges against the military conduct and operations of that eminent soldier.

Our remaining space does not allow us to notice, as we could wish to do, the Secretary's manifesto of the 21st of April. From the opening paragraph in it, to the closing sentence, facts are either misstated, misapplied, or perverted; false imputations are made, false premises laid down, and false inferences drawn. All the materials for a full exposition of this extraordinary paper, though well known to the Secretary, are not yet at our command. In the mean time, little more can be necessary, than to let that document be read in the light of the plain relation of facts which we have now laid before our readers. Only let it be remembered that General Scott was sent to Mexico, with a scheme already laid and matured, by the Executive Government, for betraying and superseding him; and "the neglects, the disappointments, injuries and rebukes," charged to have been inflicted on him, will be seen to be only the natural and necessary sequents of that original policy of imposition and fraud. It is not our purpose—and we are sure it was never General Scott's—to hold the War Department responsible for any failures merely accidental or unavoidable. Such must always occur. Only let the Department show what failures *did* occur in this way.

The Executive Government did not desire or mean to furnish General Scott, or allow him to supply himself, with a chief of staff in the department of Orders and Correspondence, such as he asked for and was entitled to have, and who should be at once an accomplished officer, a confidential friend, and a *practiced writer*. They preferred to compel him, as far as they could, to write everything himself, amidst the distractions of his campaign, and thus take the chance of catching him on the hip with some "hasty" letter. Here is the true reason, petty and contemptible as it may seem, why they refused to give him an Assistant Adjutant-general—whether major or captain—as he had asked them to do. They refused him such an officer, though there *was* a vacancy—unless he would take one of *their* choice, and not of his own. Taylor

had a major of his own selection in this capacity, and Wool had a captain. Scott could have neither. And they have the impertinence to put their refusal on the *false* ground of their delicate regard for the rights of rank in the army—they who have nearly broken the spirit of the whole army by their repeated and shameful violation of the rights of rank in behalf of pets and favorites—they who regretted and lamented that they could not send a junior Major-general to the field with rank over all his seniors!*

When General Scott, at an early period, preferred charges against a General, and a subaltern officer, "for conduct endangering in a high degree the success of the impending campaign," no notice was taken of his charges—either then or ever—except finally to trump up the absurd apology for this neglect and insult, that officers could not, at the time, be spared from the field of Buena Vista, to form a court; when that battle was not fought for a month after the charges were received in Washington, and was no more anticipated or dreamed of at the time, than a battle in the regions of the moon! But this General, and subaltern, were favorites at Washington, we believe; and the Government was not at that time particularly "interested" in enabling or assisting General Scott to maintain the necessary discipline of his army. They were then pushing the Lieutenant-general.

Very much in the same way, and about the same time, they manifested their "sympathy and support" of General Scott, by an impertinent intermeddling with one of the most sacred rights of a commander in the field, conducting a critical campaign—that of selecting his own commanders of particular corps. This particular case—that of Colonel Harney—showed that while General Scott could perform a stern duty where he believed the good of the service required it, it was not in his generous nature to do the smallest injustice to any meritorious officer. Yet the case was seized on as a fit occasion for an elaborate rebuke, conceived in utter ignorance of all military usage, just by way of showing how the "feelings" of the Government "harmonized with the full and fair discharge of their duty" towards the General they had sent to the field with every protestation of confidence and support.

We have spoken already of the utter failure of the Government to furnish General Scott with transport vessels of proper size, with surf boats, and with a siege train, according to promise. The fact of the failure is not denied, and the main excuse for it is, that the requisitions were too large. *Mr. Polk* and *Governor Marcy* draw on *their* great military experience, to determine the question of supplies for the siege and reduction of the second most formidable fortress on the Continent of America, in opposition to General Scott's requisitions, and as an excuse for having forfeited the promise they made him in this regard! But how much too large were his requisitions? Only *one-fifth* of the siege train had arrived when the enemy capitulated! They had not to be *made*, they had only to be *sent*. From the time General Scott left Washington to the capitulation of Vera Cruz, was more than *four months!* yet out of forty or fifty mortars of ten-inch calibre promised, only ten or twelve of the number had arrived and were in position at the capitulation. More came straggling along after the affair was all over. General Scott demanded and was promised one hundred and forty surf boats, to cost $200 each, or $28,000; the Department furnished about 70, at a cost of $950 each, or $66,500. For this, there does not remain the slightest excuse or apology. We have the best authority for saying that General Scott's estimate for the cost of such surf boats as he wanted, was over rather than under the mark, and that they could all have been furnished in one month, without the slightest difficulty. As for the ten large transport vessels from the north required and promised, they had been tardily ordered by the Department, and then, without the knowledge of General Scott, *the order was countermanded from Washington.* They were expected and waited for more than a month. Writing from Lobos, February 28th, General Scott said:—"Perhaps no expedition

* The Secretary says, evasively, there was no vacancy "with the rank of Major." An Act passed in the summer of 1846, authorizing four additional Assistant Adjutants-general. It was perfectly competent to the President, and proper, to nominate any one of these, or all, if the good of the service required, to the rank of Major by brevet.

was ever so unaccountably delayed, * * * and under circumstances the most critical to this entire army; for everybody relied upon knew, from the first, as well as I knew, it would be fatal to attempt military operations on this coast, after, probably, the first week in April, and here we are at the end of February!" And for this the only excuse the Department has to offer is, first, that General Scott *must* have known of the order countermanding the transports, and therefore *wantonly* delayed his own expedition! and, next, that the whole Quartermaster's Department, with the Chief at its head, was under his immediate orders, without any control, or interference, from Washington, and therefore, it was his own fault if the expedition was delayed; and this assertion is seriously made by the Secretary in the face of his own admission, that he had himself countermanded the order for transports from the north! The order for these transports had been given by the Secretary, *through General Scott;* the countermand was given by him *direct* to the Quartermaster General, then in the field, professedly under General Scott's orders, and without notification or warning to General Scott!* A great part of the transports finally used, were small trading craft, picked up as they could be found on and near the spot, extremely hazardous and wholly unfit for the purpose—twenty or thirty of which were at one time actually driven ashore in a *norther*.

Very soon after the contemplated treachery of "heading off" Gen. Scott by a Lieutenant-general, had been defeated, the Executive Government had the news of the fall of Vera Cruz, and the Castle of St. Juan—a most brilliant operation, conducted with infinite skill and judgment, and for which little thanks were due to them. But immediately that same hope, with which they had so often cheated themselves before—that of having an offer of submission from the enemy since a new success had been achieved—was revived. In this contemptible idea, and the accustomed infirmity of purpose produced by it, all effort towards sustaining Gen. Scott in his critical position, or towards furnishing him with the necessary men and supplies to enable him to *retreat* from the destructive *vomito* on the coast, and push forward his conquering column in the direction of the Mexican Capital, seems to have been, for a time, wholly given up. The new regulars, as fast as they were raised and organized, were dispatched, not to Gen. Scott, but to the line of the Rio Grande—not to the point where they were wanted, and had been promised, but where they were not wanted at all. This policy was obstinately continued long, long after every apology for it had been taken away by the knowledge at Washington of the utter annihilation of the enemy on the line of the Rio Grande consequent on the grand victory of Buena Vista.* Instead of reinforcements coming to General Scott in April and May to give him his promised army of 20,000 men, it was not till the *6th of August* that recruits reached him at Puebla in sufficient numbers to give him a force of 10,000 men, to begin his march on the Capital. In the mean time, having been *compelled,* both from *necessity* and *humanity,*† to send home seven regiments of old volunteers, as early as the month of May, he was obliged to cut himself off from Vera Cruz, and make his army a

* Captain Hetzel, A. Q. M, in a memorandum for the Commanding General, dated February 9, states that these ten transports, as he supposed, by a note from the Adjutant-general, Jones, to General Scott, had then actually sailed, and might soon be expected. So General Scott understood from the same note, or report; *vide* his letter to the Department of 28th February.

* The Secretary, in his defence, insists that the original understanding was that all the troops from the north were to be sent to the Brazos. This is said with his accustomed *candor*. No troops from the north, destined for Vera Cruz, were to be landed at the Brazos, as the Secretary had ordered General Cadwallader and his brigade to do. Besides, he had notice from General Scott, *before he left New Orleans*, that he should probably require all troops from the north, as they came to New Orleans, to rendezvous at *Lobos*, and not off the Brazos at all. After the troops drawn from the Rio Grande had all actually left the Brazos for rendezvous at Lobos, it is absurd to say that any troops from the north, destined for Vera Cruz, ought first to go to the Brazos. But after Vera Cruz and its Castle had fallen, and Scott was on his march for the Capital, troops which ought to have gone to him, were sent to the Rio Grande!

† After every effort to induce these troops to re-engage, General Scott said in public orders that he could not "in humanity and good faith cause regiments, entitled, in a few weeks, to an honorable discharge, to advance further from the coast in the pursuit of the enemy, and thereby throw them upon the necessity of returning to embark at Vera Cruz, at the season known to be, at that place, the most fatal to life." For this act the humane Secretary of War reproaches him!

"self-sustaining machine" in the heart of the enemy's country. He was as ill-supplied for the road, as he had been for transportation by water. The chief Commissary had not received a dollar of money since they landed at Vera Cruz. Four months' pay was due the soldiers. The army was destitute of necessary clothing, and even the new troops arrived as destitute as the rest. A thousand hands had to be employed on the spot in making shoes and pantaloons, out of the worst materials, to cover the nakedness of the troops!

But if the Executive Government did not send to General Scott troops, and money, and necessary supplies, there was one thing they did send him—they sent him Mr. Trist. On the 12th of April they received the intelligence of the fall of Vera Cruz and the Castle, and on the 14th Mr. Trist was dispatched with a missive to General Scott, declaring their expectation that Mexico would now "be disposed to offer fair terms of accommodation," and that Mr. Trist was sent forward to "be in readiness to receive any proposals which the enemy may see fit to make for the restoration of peace." Instead of reinforcements, they sent an agent to receive the submission of the enemy—and such an agent! It was not a national Commission, composed of such men as Crittenden and Benton, or Mangum and Calhoun, but it was Mr. *Nicholas P. Trist*, a clerk in the State Department, and selected seemingly because he was known to entertain at that time a petty spite and enmity to General Scott, who was sent on this errand, as a "confidential agent" of the Government, to the head-quarters of that Commander. General Scott could not be intrusted with this authority, to receive proposals from the enemy, and make a preliminary treaty of peace, under instructions, though this very power was to have been conferred on Mr. Benton, if he had taken the field as Lieutenant-general. It was too important a service to be intrusted to General Scott, though not too important to be committed to Mr. Nicholas P. Trist.

The sequel of the infamous treatment of General Scott by the Executive Government has been answerable to its beginning and its progress. They have been utterly incapable of understanding, or rather, they have been utterly unwilling to understand and acknowledge, what sort of authority it is which belongs necessarily to a commander-in-chief in the field, conducting a campaign in the heart of an enemy's country. The Head of Discipline, he has found it impossible to maintain discipline on account of the ignorant, partial, and malicious interference of the political government at home. They have abetted and justified, against the Commander, the outrageous conduct of a *fighting* General, a gallant soldier enough, but notoriously the most factious and impatiently ambitious man of the army. Arrested by his Commander, the Executive interposes to restore this new political favorite to his command, without a trial, and even without inquiry; and not content with this, he affects to consider the very act of this officer, which was the ground of his arrest—an act of gross insult and outrage to his Commander, and of insubordination hardly short of mutiny—as a rightful and proper and formal exhibition of charges and specifications against his superior; and thereupon he proceeds, first, to dismiss General Scott from his high command, and then—the punishment having first been inflicted—places him before a Court, picked and packed by the Executive,* for inquiry into the pretended charges against him! It should excite no surprise when we find the Executive, through his Secretary of War, intimating, what he dared not directly assert, that this dismissal of General Scott was only *relieving* him from command *at his own request*. Marlborough, after some successful battles, including that of Blenheim, was created a Duke, received vast estates as gifts from the nation, and had a magnificent palace built for him at the public expense. Wellington, at the close of his campaigns in Spain,

* When charges were preferred against Colonel Harney, and it became the duty and the right of General Scott to detail a Court Martial for his trial, with characteristic delicacy and generosity, because there had been previously some personal difference between them, the General requested and directed Colonel Harney to select or name his own Court. Not to be outdone in generosity, the gallant Colonel declined to do so. They have been, we believe, the best of friends ever since. The President and Secretary, in *their* generosity, assign *General Towson*, and *General Caleb Cushing*, to be the triers of General Scott! Even the trial, in form, of General Pillow, is the trial of General Scott, and so intended, before *such* a Court.

was created a Duke, and the nation made him a present, in a single gift, of two millions of dollars. Scott, at the close of his campaign in Mexico, had, in his whole military career, rendered as much signal service, and gained as much glory for his country, by his mighty achievements in war, as Marlborough or Wellington had done for theirs, when they received the rewards we have mentioned; and *he* receives from his Government, as his reward, a contemptuous dismissal from his command, and an arraignment before two tribunals—the one military and packed for the occasion, and the other popular—in both cases on charges equally false and frivolous, and also in both cases sought to be pushed against him with whatever vigor, ability, and influence the Executive Government can command for the purpose. But our space is exhausted, and we must conclude. D. D. B.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS.*

Respecting a book so original as this, and written with so much power of imagination, it is natural that there should be many opinions. Indeed, its power is so predominant that it is not easy after a hasty reading to analyze one's impressions so as to speak of its merits and demerits with confidence. We have been taken and carried through a new region, a melancholy waste, with here and there patches of beauty; have been brought in contact with fierce passions, with extremes of love and hate, and with sorrow that none but those who have suffered can understand. This has not been accomplished with ease, but with an ill-mannered contempt for the decencies of language, and in a style which might resemble that of a Yorkshire farmer who should have endeavored to eradicate his provincialism by taking lessons of a London footman. We have had many sad bruises and tumbles in our journey, yet it was interesting, and at length we are safely arrived at a happy conclusion.

The first feeling with which we turn back to recall the incidents passed through, is one of uneasiness and gloom; even the air of summer, so reviving to city dwellers, does not dispel it. To write or think about the tale, without being conscious of a phase of sadness, is impossible; which mood of the mind, if it appear to the reader, let him not attribute to an over susceptibility, unless he has read the book with no such impression himself.

We shall take for granted that a novel which has excited so unusual an attention, has been or will soon be in the hands of most of our readers of light literature, and shall therefore write rather *from* than *upon* it. We will not attempt an outline of the story; it is so void of events that an outline would be of small assistance to any who have not read it, and would only be tedious to those who have. It is a history of two families during two generations, and all transpires under their two roofs. The genealogy is a little perplexing, and as an assistance to the reader's recollection we give it in a note.†

If we did not know that this book has

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* *Wuthering Heights. A Novel.* By the Author of "Jane Eyre." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

† Old Mr. Earnshaw of Wuthering Heights has two children, Hindley and Catherine. He finds Heathcliff, a gipsy boy, in Liverpool streets, and brings him home. When he dies, Hindley brings home a foreign wife, Frances. Old Mr. and Mrs. Linton, of Thrushcross Grange, have two children, Edgar and Isabella. In 1778 Hindley's wife gives birth to a son, Hareton, and dies. Old Mr. and Mrs. Linton die, and Edgar Linton marries Catherine Earnshaw. Heathcliff marries Isabella. Mrs. Linton (Catherine) gives birth to a daughter, and dies; the daughter takes her name. Heathcliff's wife dies, leaving a son, Linton. Hindley Earnshaw dies. Heathcliff's son, Linton, marries Edgar Linton's daughter Catherine. Edgar Linton dies. Heathcliff's son dies. Heathcliff himself dies; and finally Hareton Earnshaw and the widow of Heathcliff's son are left with a fair prospect of a happy marriage.

been read by thousands of young ladies in the country, we should esteem it our first duty to caution them against it simply on account of the coarseness of the style. We are so far pedantic as to agree with John Kemble in thinking that "oblige" is more becoming to royal mouths than "obleege." With ladies who should be habituated to the use of forms of speech like those which occur in every page of this book, we can see how a gentleman should altogether fail in any attempt at love-making, though he might be able to hold discourse with a western boatman in his own dialect, and be so well accustomed to the language of bar-rooms and steamboat saloons, that he could hear the eyes and souls of those around him "condemned," to use the words of Mrs. Isabella Heathcliff, "to a perpetual dwelling in the infernal regions," without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

We need not inform young ladies that in the process of love-making, one of the surest tests by which they can distinguish a gentleman and man of sincerity, is in his style of speaking. He will not be very fluent —at least not without some encouragement —some betrayal to him of a consciousness that he is attentive, and that his attentions are not wholly displeasing; but the little he does say will be in the selectest words. If he is allowed to entertain a reasonable expectation, he will grow eloquent in private, and perhaps his idol will hear the most poetic expressions leaping from his lips unconsciously. The secret opinion which such a man entertains of his mistress is, that she is all that is pure and lovely; and his great wish is to be worthy of her goodness, and to protect her from all the roughness and badness of the common world.

Now, we may suppose a case where a young lady appreciates this feeling on the part of her admirer, looks up to him with a correspondent lofty opinion of his worth, and desires to secure his heart. If she has read Wuthering Heights, let her be extremely careful not to let its style affect her conversation. A little bad grammar even, is not so sure a quencher of the rising flame, as slang expressions or brutal unrefinement.

There is a certain decorum in language as well as in manners or modes. We may express the deepest thoughts, the most ardent passions, the strongest emotions, without in the least offending propriety. We are not called upon to affect surliness or bluntness of speech; and where a whole book is in this style, whatever may be its merits, this is a simple obvious defect, the first to impress itself upon the reader, and by no means the least serious.

Suppose this book were not written with so much power and subtlety, and with so large an infusion of genuine truth and beauty, the judgment of the public would at once condemn it on account of its coarseness of style. It would then be seen how much of the coarseness was affected and how much natural. But ought the other qualities of the book, which render us almost insensible, while we are reading it, to a language which, to say the least, was never that of well-bred ladies and gentlemen, to excuse this language—even considering the coarseness wholly unaffected and unavoidable—a part of the substance of the writer's very self?

We think not. The book is original; it is powerful; full of suggestiveness. But still it is *coarse*. The narrative talks on in a way that if an attempt to imitate it be ever made in a parlor, the experimenter should be speedily ejected. It ought to be banished from refined society, because it does not converse in a proper manner. Setting aside the profanity, which if a writer introduces into a book, he offends against both politeness and good morals, there is such a general roughness and savageness in the soliloquies and dialogues here given as never should be found in a work of art. The whole tone of the style of the book smacks of lowness. It would indicate that the writer was not accustomed to the society of gentlemen, and was not afraid, indeed, rather gloried, in showing it.

Suppose a rough sailor of a powerful imagination—an eloquent narrator, in his way, of forecastle "yarns," (there are many such to be met with;) we may enjoy his intellectual power at times, but we do not wish to make too free with him. Not because he is worse than we are in the sight of Heaven, but because we have been educated differently, we should prefer our landlady not to ask him to tea.

Society naturally crystallizes into classes. "A man is known by the company he keeps;" and "birds of a feather flock together." There is a necessity for manners; and evil communications corrupt good ones. The difference between the polite and impolite is, that the polite manifest themselves to each other in words, looks and motions of grace and considerateness, whereas the impolite let the natural creature go uncared for. In fine, the generally received opinion of the world with respect to manners is a true one, and founded on elements of our nature which we have not the power to lay aside; we must have some manners, and all people distinguish between good and bad.

A person may be unmannered from want of delicacy of perception, or cultivation, or ill-mannered intentionally. The author of Wuthering Heights is both. His rudeness is chiefly real but partly assumed. We will give a few examples. The following is put into the mouth of a young boy telling how his playmate was bitten by a bulldog:—

"The devil had seized her ankle, Nelly; I heard his abominable snorting. She did not yell out—no! She would have scorned to do it, if she had been spitted on the horns of a mad cow. I did, though; *I vociferated curses enough to annihilate any fiend in Christendom;* and I got a stone and thrust it between his jaws, and tried with all my might to cram it down his throat."

Afterwards he tells how she was taken care of in the parlor of the Lintons:—

"The curtains were still looped up at one corner, and I resumed my station as spy, because, if Catherine had wished to return, I *intended shattering their great glass panes to a million fragments*, unless they let her out.

"She sat on the sofa quietly, Mrs. Linton took off the gray cloak of the dairy maid which we had borrowed for our excursion—shaking her head, and *expostulating* with her, I suppose; she was a young lady, and they made a distinction between her treatment and mine. Then the woman servant brought a basin of warm water, and washed her feet, and Mr. Linton mixed a tumbler of negus, and Isabella emptied a plateful of cakes into her lap, and Edgar stood gaping at a distance. Afterward, they dried and combed her beautiful hair, and gave her a pair of *enormous* slippers, and wheeled her to the fire; and I left her, as merry as she could be, dividing her food between the little dog and Skulker, whose nose she pinched as he ate, and kindling a spark of spirit in the vacant blue eyes of the Lintons—*a dim reflection from her own enchanting face—I saw they were full of stupid admiration; she is so immeasurably superior to them*—to everybody on earth; is she not, Nelly?"

He has previously thus described the parlor:—

"The light came from thence; they had not put up the shutters, and the curtains were only half closed. Both of us were able to look in, by standing on the basement and clinging to the ledge, and we saw—ah! it was beautiful—a splendid place carpeted with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables, and a pure white ceiling bordered by gold, a shower of glass-drops hanging in silver chains from the center, and *shimmering* with little soft tapers."

These are examples of simple vulgarity, or want of a refined perception. Their occurring in a work written with so much strength, that in reading hastily, one hardly notices them (and thousands such) as blemishes, does not redeem them.

In another place the author finds an old diary, which, according to his dates, must have been written by a little imperfectly educated girl in the very year of the Declaration of American Independence:—

"An immediate interest kindled within me for the unknown Catherine, and I began forthwith to decipher her faded hieroglyphics.

"'An awful Sunday!' commenced the paragraph beneath. 'I wish my father were back again. Hindley is a *detestable substitute*—his conduct to Heathcliff is *atrocious*—H. and I are going to rebel—we took our *initiatory step* this evening.'"

All these instances may be observed to be not only vulgar, but vulgar in a peculiar way. They savor, to use a word which is the only one in the language that will express the thing, of *snobbishness.*

Snobbishness is a development of human nature that manifests itself in various shapes; but it everywhere is one in essence, and bears the same relation to gentlemanliness, that Brummagem does to real plate. Thus we have, without a tariff, as genuine native snobs in this country as any of foreign growth; probably there are snobs also in China.

To one variety of the English snob may be traced a certain, peculiar, easy fluency

of expression, which has its counterpart also in the American. This peculiarity seems to be founded in a desire to assimilate the language of strong emotion to that of mercantile correspondence, and manifests itself in an eloquence which resembles that of business circulars.

But as business correspondence is intended to conceal emotion, it forms a poor model for style, and hence it is particularly the duty of critics to be on the alert to detect its presence and expose it. The words and parts of sentences italicized in the above extracts, have a tang of Mantalini and Chawls Yellowplush. In reading the paragraph describing how Catherine was taken care of by the Lintons, one recognizes somewhat of the tone of another eloquent personage:—

"'Undoubtedly,' says Cousin Feenix. 'In point of fact, it's quite a self-evident sort of thing. I am extremely anxious, Major, that friend Dombey should hear me express my very great astonishment and regret, that my lovely and accomplished relative, who was possessed of every qualification to make a man happy, should have so far forgotten what was due to—in point of fact, to the world—as to commit herself in such a *very extraordinary manner*. I have been in a devilish state of depression ever since; and said indeed to Long Saxby last night—man of six foot ten, with whom my friend Dombey is probably acquainted—that it had upset me in a confounded way, and made me bilious. It induces a man to reflect, this kind of fatal catastrophe,' says Cousin Feenix, 'that events do occur in quite a Providential manner; for if my Aunt had been living at the time, I think the effect upon a devilish lively woman like herself, would have been prostration, and that she would have fallen, in point of fact, a victim.'"

But the taint of vulgarity with our author extends deeper than mere snobbishness; he is rude, because he prefers to be so. In the outset he represents himself as a misanthropist, and confesses to a degree of reserve which it would puzzle a psychologist to explain:—

"The 'walk in' was uttered with closed teeth, and expressed the sentiment, 'Go to the Deuce!' Even the gate over which he leaned manifested no sympathizing movement to the words; and I think that circumstance determined me to accept the invitation: I felt interested in a man who seemed more *exaggeratedly reserved* than myself."

"Exaggeratedly reserved"—another Jeamesism.

"While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-coast, I was thrown into the company of a most fascinating creature, a real goddess, in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I 'never told my love' vocally; still, it looks have language, the merest idiot might have guessed I was over head and ears; she understood me, at last, and looked a return—the sweetest of all imaginable looks—and what did I do? I confess it with shame—shrunk icily into myself, like a snail, at every glance retired colder and farther; till, finally, the poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and, overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to decamp."

This is a phase of human nature which we had rather not understand. If it ever was real with any living man, he was a very bad-hearted one, and a conceited. More likely the real truth with one who would write himself so affected a personage, was just the reverse—that some gay girl, seeing in him a person on agreeable terms with himself, experimented on him for her diversion, till she made him "deucedly miserable." It is evident that the author has suffered, not disappointment in love, but some great mortification of pride. Possibly his position in society has given him manners that have prevented him from associating with those among whom he feels he has intellect enough to be classed, and he is thus in reality the misanthropist he claims to be. Very likely he may be a young person who has spent his life, until within a few years, in some isolated town in the North of England. It is only by some such supposition that his peculiarities of style and thought can be accounted for. He is one who is evidently unfamiliar with, and careless of acquiring, the habits of refined society.

We regret the necessity of proving his intentional and affected coarseness by examples. In the first place, several of the characters swear worse than ever the troops did in Flanders. Now, setting out of the question the morality or immorality of this practice, it is, as we have already observed, an offence against politeness; not such a great one, however, but it is esteemed venial when used effectively by military or naval gentlemen, who have seen some service. It is not permitted to

civilians in general society, though a little Mantalini "demmit," escaping between the teeth in the heat of an argument, is readily overlooked. But common, rough swearing is a worse breach of decorum than disregarding the conveniences for tobacco saliva. And how much more in writing than in conversation! For a writer is presumed to be deliberate; he corrects his proofs at leisure. If a writer, therefore, permits his characters to swear, and that grossly, (not like gentlemen,) he does it *knowingly;* he is aware that it is not customary or mannerly, and every time he does it, he is, therefore, intentionally rude.

But the writer's disposition to be coarse is, perhaps, still more clearly shown by examples like the following:—

"I was surprised to see Heathcliff there also. He stood by the fire, his back toward me, just finishing a stormy scene to poor Zillah, who ever and anon interrupted her labor to pluck up the corner of her apron, and heave an indignant groan.

"'And you, you worthless ——' he broke out as I entered, turning to his daughter-in-law, and employing an epithet as harmless as duck, or sheep, but generally represented by a dash."

Had the writer been simply, unconsciously coarse, he would, in this instance, have said "slut" or "bitch," without adverting to the harmlessness of the word. But by alluding to its harmlessness, he at once uses it, and offers a defence of it. This as plainly evinces a conscious determination to write coarsely, as if he had quoted and defended a passage from Rabelais. He knew the word to be a low word, though not an immodest one, and he determined to show his bold independence by using and defending it. He was anxious to extend the resources of the English language. This and hundreds of other sentences show that he has got the maggot in his brain, that low words are the strongest, and low manners the most natural. He desired to write a book with "no nonsense about it," and he has, therefore, been led into the affecting boorishness.

Many persons, we dare say, especially among the young who have read the book merely as a story, and because it excited them, have been so carried away by its power as hardly to notice these great faults in its style. But if they will take isolated paragraphs from any chapter, they will perceive them at once. Fancy two ladies sitting in a splendid parlor and interchanging their sentiments in the following brilliant dialogue:—

"'How can you say I am harsh, you naughty fondling?' cried the mistress, amazed at the unreasonable assertion. 'You are surely losing your reason. When have I been harsh, tell me?'

"'Yesterday,' sobbed Isabella, 'and now!'

"'Yesterday!' said her sister-in-law. 'On what occasion?'

"'In our walk along the moor; you told me to ramble where I pleased, while you sauntered on with Mr. Heathcliff.'

"'And that's your notion of harshness?' said Catherine, laughing. 'It was no hint that your company was superfluous; we didn't care whether you kept with us or not; I merely thought Heathcliff's talk would have nothing entertaining for your ears.'

"'Oh, no,' wept the young lady, 'you wished me away because you knew I liked to be there.'

"'Is she sane?' asked Mrs. Linton, appealing to me. 'I'll repeat our conversation word for word, Isabella, and you point out any charm it could have had for you.'

"'I don't mind the conversation,' she answered: 'I wanted to be with'—

"'Well!' said Catherine, perceiving her hesitate to complete the sentence.

"'With him; and I won't be always sent off!' she continued, kindling up. 'You are a dog in the manger, Cathy, and desire no one to be loved but yourself!'

"'You are an impertinent little monkey!' exclaimed Mrs. Linton, in surprise," &c.

This is the talk of two scolds. We surely need caution no lady reader of Wuthering Heights, against adopting such an use of language as is here put into the mouths of two of their sex.

Doubtless there are quarrels, and poutings, and occasions among boarding-school misses, where they let out their opinions of each other as freely as Catherine and Isabella; but it is inconsistent with our notion of the delicacy and self-respect of *a lady,* to suppose she could listen to, much less utter such expressions. This we say because hundreds and hundreds of girls, whose papas take this Review, have read the last new novel, (cried over it perhaps,) and may possibly see these pages. They ought to be strongly cautioned against this wretched mode of speaking. They are the formers and judges of our manners, and if they allow such writings as this to influ-

ence their taste, our social assemblies will shortly exhibit such scenes as have gained for Tammany Hall its peculiar notoriety. Mr. Tin Hunter will soon venture not to call on Miss Argent of a morning, without examining the caps on his revolver; the fashionable dress for the opera will require the handle of a bowie knife to protrude from above the coat collar; Count Barbarini will promenade Broadway with a double barrelled rifle, and the Rev. Dr. ——— will confer with the pious females of his parish in the armor of a French cuirassier.

The influence which this book cannot but have upon manners, must be bad. For the coarseness extends farther than the mere style; it extends *all through*; and the crude style and rude expressions are too much in keeping with the necessary situations. It deals constantly in exaggerated extremes of passion. From the beginning to the end, there is hardly a scene which does not place the actors in the most agonizing or antagonizing predicament possible. Let the reader run over the principal events of the story in his mind, and consider what a series of scenes it would make, if dramatized and placed upon the stage.

Mr. Lockwood visits Mr. Heathcliff, and is attacked by sheep dogs in his parlor. He visits him again and is caught in the snow; the dogs fly at him, his nose bleeds, Zillah pours a pint of ice water down his back and puts him to bed in a haunted chamber, where he has a terrible dream.

Mrs. Dean then begins her tale, and in the first chapter we have a fight between Heathcliff and Hindley. Then Mr. Earnshaw dies in his chair. Heathcliff and Cathy run away to the grange, and he is degraded for it. They lead a dreadful life with Hindley, who becomes a drunkard. Edgar Linton visits Catherine and falls in love; she, after nearly knocking him over with a blow on the face, accepts him.

But we will not continue the catalogue of scenes of the most disgusting violence, of which the remainder of the book is almost wholly made up. Catherine's election of Linton and her reasons for it, as it is the main incident of the story, may be most properly taken to examine the *naturalness* of the passion. She at last makes a confidant of Nelly:—

"'Nelly, I see now, you think me a selfish wretch, but did it never strike you that if Heathcliff and I married we should be beggars? whereas, if I married Linton, I can aid Heathcliff to rise, and place him out of my brother's power.'

"'With your husband's money, Miss Catherine?' I asked. 'You'll find him not so pliable as you calculate upon; and, though I'm hardly a judge, I think that's the worst motive you've given yet for being the wife of young Linton.'

"'It is not,' retorted she, 'it is the best! The others were the satisfaction of my whims; and for Edgar's sake, too, to satisfy him. This is for the sake of one who comprehends in his person my feelings to Edgar and myself. I cannot express it; but surely you and everybody have a notion that there is, or should be, an existence of yours beyond you. What were the use of my creation, if I were entirely contained here? My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning; my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and *he* remained, I should still continue to be; and, if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger. I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff—he's always in my mind—not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself—but as my own being; so don't talk of our separation again—it is impracticable; and——'

"She paused, and hid her face in the folds of my gown; but I jerked it forcibly away. I was out of patience with her folly.

"'If I can make any sense of your nonsense, miss,' I said, 'it only goes to convince me that you are ignorant of the duties you undertake in marrying, or else that you are a wicked, unprincipled girl.'"

Now, if Catherine could have found Heathcliff the same night; if he had not run away just at that juncture, and left her to a long brain fever, and finally to a marriage with Linton; if they could have met but an instant, the reader is made to feel that all would be well. What she here utters was but the passing fancy of an extremely capricious, ungoverned girl: her better reason, could it have availed in time, might have brought her to her senses. And so we are wrought upon to love her to the last.

But is this natural passion? Would the most imperious, impetuous and wayward young lady that can be imagined, ever

have reasoned with herself, situated as she was, in the manner here represented? So far as men may judge of female character, by considering it a reflection and counterpart of their own, this certainly is false and unnatural. Let any of our young gentlemen readers look fairly and honestly into their own hearts and ask themselves, whether they can fancy themselves to be in such a position with regard to two of what Hook calls the "opposing sex," that they could argue the question in their minds in this manner: "Here is one young lady whom I love as I do my own soul; I cannot live without her; nothing on earth shall separate us. But at the same time I cannot marry her, because we should be poor; I will, therefore, take this other rich one, who likes me well enough, in order that it may be better 'in a pecuniary point of view' for my real love!" We do not ask if any young man would *act* on such grounds, but only if he can fancy a state of mind, in which he could for an instant seriously *propose* to himself to act thus. If there be any who can, he does not and cannot know, what true manly affection for a woman is: he may marry, and continue his species on the face of the earth, and leave a long epitaph behind him, but he will never have understood the love that Shakspeare could paint; Juliet and Desdemona will have died in vain for him. For the affection that our best English poets have sung, requires the soul to be so constituted as to be disgusted with the very idea of *marriage* with another, while it has an affection for one. We do not understand, thank Heaven, this gregarious love, that favors Julia with fear and Susan in pride. However it may be in Paris, in England, and, we hope, in the dominions of President Polk, our young gentlemen have not yet arrived at that pitch of refinement, where they can turn away from the flame that burns brightly on the altar of one propitious divinity, and sacrifice themselves upon the cold shrine of another. Nor will we be so uncharitable as to believe that our Anglo-Saxon damsels are yet so sophisticated as to require or admit more than one true love at a time; or that there are many among them, who, of their own accord, would debate with themselves and resolve to marry a rich man in order to benefit a poor sweetheart. If it be so, it were well that our professional and literary young men, who are compelled to a life of celibacy, should be permitted to know a truth which would enable them to bear their enforced condition with perfect resignation.

We admit the facts are often seemingly against us. Fathers and mothers, with the aid of the family "Great Medicine-man," viz., the priest, can often break down their daughters' wills, and sell or dispose of their domestic produce, according to the quality of the article and the state of the market; but the will, in such instances, is very apt to prove troublesome to the purchaser, and sometimes ends in a *home consumption.* These examples do not, therefore, affect the general truth.

But it will be urged, and the author, with a great deal of tact, endeavors to make it so appear, that poor Cathy was unconscious of the nature of her love for Heathcliff: she had been brought up with him; they had played together all their lives; a kind of sisterly feeling for him was all that she was actually conscious of.

This is more unnatural than the other. We can more easily fancy a girl marrying a man who merely pleases her, in order to benefit one whom she loves, than that being of a marriageable age, she should not *know* the nature of her feelings towards one man while on the point of uniting herself in wedlock with another. Can we suppose such a state of things as a young lady actually about to marry one man, resolving upon it, and all the while her sentiments in such divorcement from her passion, that she is innocently unconscious which of the two she would rather be forever joined with, in the chaste and holy bond of wedded love, that

> "Mysterious law, true source
> Of human offspring, sole propriety
> In Paradise of all things common else?"

This would be a condition of existence not admitting the virtue of chastity. But it is one which recent writers are so often in the habit of assuming, that it is time it should be said in the name of at least one half of the generation, upon whom has devolved the mighty task of peopling this vast continent, we hope that it never existed, or if it did, the subject was in a diseased condition. No writer has given us

more exquisite pictures of female delicacy and purity than Godwin, yet his Henrietta regards her Clifford with no such passionless iciness. Indeed, were such damsels possible, we see not why there should ever be any more denouements to love tales; all would be accomplished when the parties were brought within speaking distance of each other. And the course of love would run as smooth as the Dead Sea; each lover might say in the words of Marvell:—

> "I would
> Love you ten years before the flood;
> And you should, if you please, refuse
> Till the conversion of the Jews.
> My vegetable love should grow
> Vaster than empires and more slow."

The physical condition of our bodies, the changes which take place on arriving at an age proper for marriage, do not allow of the ignorance which our author requires us to suppose in his heroine, not only in this place, but especially after Heathcliff's absence and return, when she is the wife of Linton and about to become a mother. We desire to put it to the common sense of discriminating readers, whether this is not a radical error in the delineation of these ideal characters. Are they real beings, or impossible combinations of qualities? Could Mrs. Linton, after Heathcliff's return, desire his presence without being conscious that her feelings towards him were such as his presence would only render more intolerable, unless, as the author leaves us no room to suppose, she meant to be untrue to her husband? We think that when any one considers the matter, he will find in what we have said above, a very plain explanation of what has been talked of as a puzzling character. Making all allowance for the influence of education, and giving the fullest weight to that natural maidenly reserve, which in the early growth of affection teaches love to hide itself and affect indifference; there is in these characters an absence of all that natural desire which should accompany love. They are abstract and bodiless. Their love is feline; it is tigerish.

Yet the work is carried on with such power that it excites a sense of shame to turn back to many of its most "thrilling" scenes, and reflect that we were able to read them with so little disgust. How horribly overwrought is the passage where Heathcliff finally embraces the dying Catherine:—

> "In her eagerness, she rose and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breath heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so I stood off and held my tongue in great perplexity."

We will not inquire into the possibility or naturalness of Heathcliff's treatment of his son. That there are fathers, however, in the real world who are capable of murdering their children to gratify their selfish passions, there can be no shadow of doubt.

The explanation already given of the character of Catherine will apply in a more general form to all—to the whole design and scope of the story. The characters are drawn with dramatic force and made to seem alive, yet when we lay the book aside, they collapse, they die, they vanish; and we see that we have been cheated with illusory semblances. The children know too much about their minds and too little about their bodies; they understand at a very early age all the intellectual and sentimental part of love, but the "bloom of young desire" does not warm their cheeks. The grown-up characters are the mere tools of fixed passions. Their actions and sayings are like those of monomaniacs or persons who have breathed nitrous oxide. When they hate, they swear and fight and pull out each other's hair. When they are grieved they drink themselves to madness. When they love—we have seen how they behave in the extract just given. Agony is heaped on agony, till the deficient mass topples down headlong. The fancy gives out, and like a tired hound, rushes reeling to the conclusion.

Yet with all this faultiness, Wuthering Heights is, undoubtedly, a work of many singular merits. In the first place it is not a novel which deals with the shows of society, the surfaces and conventionalities of life. It does not depict men and women guided merely by motives intelligible to simplest observers. It lifts the veil and shows boldly the dark side of our depraved nature. It teaches how little the ends of life in the young are rough hewn by experience and benevolence in the old. It goes into the under-current of passion, and the rapid hold it has taken of the public shows how much truth there is hidden under its coarse extravagance.

Very young persons are prone to fancy that the march of life, especially in our own free country, is now, by the enlightenment of the age, all perfectly uniform and regular. But as soon as they fall fairly into the ranks, they begin to perceive that there is still some hurly-burly and jostling, and that it requires resolution to keep from turning into characters resembling Heathcliffs. With a very limited experience, the proportion of honest men is seen to lessen. In a short time we begin to find that men with gray hairs are guided often by the weakest and most childish passions. There are plenty of such who will sell the very souls of their own offspring merely to keep up their dignity. There are plenty also who will treat boys and girls in the most overbearing manner, and then go into a great rage and persecute them inveterately on the least show of youthful anger. Boys often suppose that the old, especially those of some character and station, will regard them with kindness; but they soon learn to make proper distinctions, and to cheat and flatter the right sort, thereby preparing themselves to be proceeded with in the same manner when their own time comes. We soon find out, though it takes strong proof, that there is a large proportion among old as well as young who do *actually* regard nothing but money. And so it is with a thousand other truths which, in early life, had only the force of rhetorical maxims; they gradually, like the storms of the tropics, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but rising and expanding, cloud over the sky of youthful hope, and leave us more and more in the gloom of despondence.

The world has no confidence in the courage and strengh of youth. It gives no credit. It stands before the rising race like a bristling rampart. Let no young man fancy what he might or could accomplish if circumstances were otherwise with him than they happen to be, if he had capital to start with, or if nothing ailed his heart. The weakest vagrant in the street can quiet his conscience with such apologies. Neither let any young man expect the fruition of any of his early hopes. They are all mere fictions of the fancy. He may change and change, and realize something resembling the dream; but the apple of knowledge must be first eaten, and ever after there is a flaming sword turned every way before the original Eden. Or he may have pride enough to render him indomitable; he gains nothing by it. Sooner or later he must succumb to wrong, or to disease, or age. But there is a noble satisfaction in holding out to the very last, and one may do this without being a misanthrope, without turning his back to the world, or treating it with discourtesy or indifference.

A president of one of our colleges once said to a graduate at parting:—"My son, as this may be the last time I shall see you, and I shall never have another opportunity of doing you any good, (he had never improved any previous one during four years,) I want to advise you: Never oppose public opinion. The great world will *stave right on!*"

Whether the graduate has ever opposed public opinion is of no consequence; what we would particularly call attention to is the wisdom of the advice. Of course, if one is to go by public opinion, he must first ascertain, as well as he can, what public opinion is, and must then cut out and fashion his individual opinion to conform thereto. This process must be the constant habit of his soul; he must, in fact, turn himself wrongside out. He must sacrifice himself to gain what the very sacrifice renders it impossible that he should enjoy. The advice is so sound and may be of so much service, especially to the aspiring, among those whose occupations force them before the public, that it deserved to be printed.

But at the same time, there is a certain class of well-meaning characters, who, we

are well aware, can never act upon it. They *will* have their own way, or, if not, at least the way of no one else. They will think and speak for the truth, or what they deem such, as long as they can; and the world may stave on as much as it pleases —it owes them nothing. They know very well what will be the result of the conflict; they know that the world asks of every man to spread his soul and body on its terrible rack, and permits him no rest but in his grave. They know that life is accursed, that what it promises it never performs, that it wears out first the heart, then the mind, beginning with its subtlest virtues, and at last the body.

Notwithstanding this, these stubborn people are so invincibly obstinate, many of them, that they wilfully keep up a cheerful countenance, and persevere in being good-natured under all the whips and scorns of time. The mean gain victories over them, but the consciousness of their meanness poisons the luxury of the triumph—or if it does not, the vanquished do not mind. For they set great store upon animal comforts, and on the various sensual and sensible delights. They take a pride in a good digestion; and lo! when the crafty and envious think they have now overpowered them, they are making merry one with another, in a wholesome and proper manner. Their motto is, not "never say *die!*" but, "*never* say die!" or, as the Samoeid proverb has it, "Grinandbearit!"

It is to help such weakly constituted persons as these that Providence has given domestic and social affections, and, growing out of them, the sweets of contemplation, and the sure pleasures of literature and the arts. These are immortal and unchangeable. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But we need not dwell longer on these old and well-known truths. Our object in recalling them, has been simply to warn the young, whom these ideal personages of Wuthering Heights are now so strongly impressing, against the infection of unconsciously imitating them. Let no hopeless young gentleman persevere in a constancy like Heathcliff's, nor any forlorn wives in an attachment to others than their own bosom partners—if they can help it. If they must preserve their just revenges, let them endeavor to do it without injuring their bodily or mental health, calmly awaiting the proper opportunity to strike the blow. It were well also if they could keep their purposes profoundly secret; for so they may forget them: "there is no grief," says Sancho, "that time cannot assuage." Is there not, moreover, a great comfort in the faith and hope of Christianity? For this teaches us that we are not to undertake to right all wrongs, but to *live them down*, and leave their punishment to Heaven. The chivalry of youthful affection should yield before the eternal wisdom; and, laying down the little things of today, we should nourish that greater revenge which has stomach for all eternity—which is the love of right and hatred of wrong.

Next to the merit of this novel as a work of thought and subtle insight, is its great power as a work of the imagination. In this respect it must take rank very high, if not among the highest. It is not flowingly written; the author can hardly be an easy writer. Yet he has the power, with all his faults of style, of sometimes flashing a picture upon the eye, and the feeling with it, in a few sentences. The snow-storm which occurs in the second and third chapters of the first volume, is an example. But the effect of the description is often marred by consciously chosen fine words; as for instance, the word "shimmering" in one of the extracts first quoted.

The dialogue is also singularly effective and dramatic. The principal characters all talk alike; yet they stand before us as definite as so many individuals. In this respect the book reminds us of the Five Nights of St. Albans. It is like that also somewhat, in the tone of the fancy; the dream in the opening might have been conceived by the author of the Five Nights; the effect is so like some of his own. Yet this novel has none of the loftiness of that splendid romance; and whatever it may be as a work of genius and ability, is not worthy to be named with it as a work of art.

That it is original all who have read it need not be told. It is *very* original. And this is the reason of its popularity. It comes upon a sated public a new sensation. Nothing like it has ever been written before; it is to be hoped that in respect of

its faults, for the sake of good manners, nothing will be hereafter. Let it stand by itself, a coarse, original, powerful book,—one that does not give us true characters, but horridly striking and effective ones. It will live a short and brilliant life, and then die and be forgotten. For when the originality becomes familiarized, there will not be truth enough left to sustain it. The public will not acknowledge its men and women to have the true immortal vitality. Poor Cathy's ghost will not walk the earth forever; and the insane Heathcliff will soon rest quietly in his coveted repose.

We are not aware that anything has been written upon the rank that ought to be assigned to such works as Wuthering Heights in fictitious literature. In conversation we have heard it spoken of by some as next in merit to Shakspeare for depth of insight and dramatic power; while others have confessed themselves unable to get through it. But all agree that it affects them somewhat unpleasantly. It is written in a morbid phase of the mind, and is sustained so admirably that it communicates this sickliness to the reader. It does in truth lay bare some of the secret springs of human action with wonderful clearness; but still it dissects character as with a broad-axe—chops out some of the great passions, sets them together and makes us almost believe the combinations to be real men and women. It abounds in effective description, is very individual, and preserves the unity of its peculiar gloomy phase of mind from first to last. Yet the reader rises from its conclusion with the feeling of one passing from a sick chamber to a comfortable parlor, or going forth after a melancholy rain, into a dry, clear day.

Now if the rank of a work of fiction is to depend solely on its naked imaginative power, then this is one of the greatest novels in the language. Not one of Walter Scott's resembles it in assuming a peculiar and remote mood of feeling, and carrying it through two volumes in spite of the most staring faults and extravagances. Scott takes every educated person at about the level of an after-dinner conversation and tells a long story, full of chivalry, antiquarian lore, splendid scenes, characters true *as far as they go*, excellent sense, and thought, which, if not deep, is free and manly. We rise from reading Ivanhoe younger than when we sat down. Even after his most tragic novel, the Bride of Lammermuir, the regret which we feel is not of that uneasy kind which the soul struggles to shake off; we do not feel as if we had been reading a horrible murder in the Newgate Calendar. The characters are sublimed into the pure art-region; the imaginative power is not exerted through an unfortunate individual experience, but it passes out through curious knowledge and plain legal thinking. Scott did not deign to entertain the public with his private griefs; his ideal life had no connection with his actual one. He told his stories *as stories*, and kept himself so completely aloof from them that he was never known to be the author of them till circumstances forced him to confess it.

Yet few men are really more individual than he; few men have passed away from the world in the last century who have left a plainer impression of themselves behind them. Only he is never *designedly* or *consciously* individual. We feel the force of his character in reading his novels; the contact of his cheerful, resolute spirit, his true manly heart, quickens kindred qualities in the reader; but it is not because the writer intends it, that they do. *He* is intent only on his tale; he studies how to carry on his incidents, develop his characters, throw them into perplexities and get them at last safely out of them. The world has long ago acknowledged his originality; but it was by nursing no singularity that he was so. He meant only to tell his stories in a sensible, agreeable manner, such as should find him readers among gentlemen and ladies, and men of letters. Whenever he assumes a character, it is as unlike his own as he could make it. His originality, in fine, was simply the natural birth of his mind, which he no more controlled than he did the shape of his features.

It seems that here should be made a distinction in all works of the imagination: whether the imaginative power be simply the confessing oneself to the world, or working under the sway of the will in a region entirely removed from the soul's actual existence. One writer, stung by disappointment or mortified vanity, turns to the world and makes a face at it; contorts

his visage and unpacks his heart; another, under similar troubles, takes advantage of the knowledge they have given him, and goes on as before, keeping himself to himself and working the harder—too proud to show a single tear. We do not inquire which of the twain makes the most judicious manifestation of himself, but which ought to take precedence as exhibiting a true healthy imaginative power?

Undoubtedly, though the first may exhibit the most vehemence of passion, the other is the greater *artist*. For the one who keeps to himself and uses his noblest faculties for his service, sending them out to delight the world with their free flights, his soul dwells apart, like a star, in a serene heaven of contemplation. He weeps, if ever, in secret places, taken unawares by the bitterness of sorrow, but soon recovers his serenity and labors to make the world more cheerful. Whereas the one who turns world-hater lives in the pity of other men; he sighs for sympathy, that always comes too late; he cannot use his powers except to relieve himself. He is like those passionate men who, when they suffer grief, play the tragedy hero to their friends—indeed, he is weaker than they; for it is the duty of one's friends to support him through his trials, and all of us have our failing points, but no one has a right to intrude his woes upon strangers.

If we could look into the inner lives of the greatest artists, using that title in its largest sense, as comprehending all who address the world through its sensibility to beauty—poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, novelists—it would then perchance be found that the guises under which they appeared through their works, have been in most cases the farthest possible from their real life—unless, indeed, as of many it might be truly affirmed, we consider their ideal life as more actual to them than their real, inasmuch as it occupies the most of their attention. Outwardly, they may suffer sickness, poverty, yea, starvation; within, the rapt spirit holds high converse with the great ones of old, the living fancy bourgeons and plumes its wings, the active intellect toils like an iron engine. It is with such as if, while the body trailed on the dull earth, the soul expatiated in the golden regions above the sunset.

In whatever fashion this power of throwing aside the actual, and living two lives, develops itself, whether in poetry, lyric or dramatic, painting, music, novel writing, it will always be found to be quite independent of the individual. For it is in its essence simply the power of being *un*-individual, and wherever the individual is mixed up with it, the observer does not fail to distinguish them by an intuitive perception. No man could, or should rather, plead for his life in the same way that he might make an ideal hero in a tragedy plead for his. The language of art is not that of real life. No living being ever conversed in Shakspearian dialogue. Yet no dialogue represents witty conversation better than the scenes with Falstaff. Though it affects the reader with the fidelity of an actual report, yet when it is analyzed, it is seen at once to be quite another thing; and besides, it is actually *present*. We might glance over all of the arts and select similar instances, but it is not necessary for our purpose.

There is a delightful class of artists, whose imagination, through accident or habit, continually personates a single character. This is a development so much resembling that of the misanthropist, that it requires some care to distinguish them. The misanthropist personates to the world an extremely ill-used person; the humorist places himself in the shoes of some very agreeable one, as Isaac Bickerstaff, Robinson Crusoe, or Elia. Where this development is very peculiar and sustained till its originator almost takes on his imagined form of being, the world is very apt to charge him with being a self-worshipper. But it does not necessarily follow, because an artist manifests himself in that way, that he was an egotist. *That* is a matter to be decided on other grounds, by what his friends say of him, and by the course of his life.

Supposing, which requires some confidence, the reader to be able to collect and unify these discursive remarks, we will recur to the previous question, as to what rank ought to be assigned to such works as Wuthering Heights. We have said, what all who have read it know, that it was original. Douglass Jerrold, in the newspaper advertisement, that, by one of those singular coincidences which make the same idea to be expressed twice at a

single instant, happened, as we wrote the last word, to stare us in the face, says, "We can promise our readers that they never read anything like it before,"—which is adding the opinion of one unsafe man to that of a good many honest people.

A certain personal phase, not a pleasant one, is assumed and carried through it with great power. But this phase must have been conscious to the writer. He must have been designedly original. He must have set to his work with some such feeling towards the world, as he would probably think well expressed by the words, "There! take *that*, and see how you like it!"

No truly great artist ever desired to place himself before the world in that attitude. The pride of genuine nobleness is more humble. It does not condescend to don the motley and please the general with fantastic tricks. In a word, *that originality which is conscious to the writer, is not genuine*, and it is soon found out and disliked. Herein we fear that the author of Wuthering Heights has some unsound timbers in him; the critical underwriters, to use a mercantile figure, cannot insure him as A. No. 1. He may make fortunate voyages hereafter, but the chances are against him.

All that is really great and good in this book, might have been given in a better style, without its revolting pictures. Indeed, the writer might have been personal and peculiar, and melancholy even, if he had so pleased, provided his greatest solicitude had been to please the reader. As it is, admirable as is his power, he must be ranked not among the first writers of fiction. His book has the air rather of an *exposé* of his life-suffering, to use a Germanism, than a purely ideal composition. The world will not long be pleased with one who treats it with so much intentional rudeness; it is an extremely sensitive creature, and there are none it cuts the acquaintance of sooner than those who take pains to be in favor with it, by letting out that they despise it.

It seems when we have got through all that can be said of a writer's style, thought, power, and all qualities appertaining to literary work, that in the end, the great test by which writers must be tried, is not their excellence in particulars, but the estimate which they allow us to make of their whole *characters*. A work of fiction is but the manifestation of its author's self. In books, as well as in life, character is the great criterion. And we have a right, certainly in the case of an anonymous author, to express freely opinions resulting from a fair application of it. With all one's disposition to fortify himself with reasons, in judging of a work of fiction, we inevitably come back to the first question, "How does this affect us?" All our candid examination of its merits only serves to analyze the impression with which we laid it down. For it is that alone, the color of the soul that shines through it, which really operates upon the reader. He may be interested in the story, may see its faults and excellencies of style, may yield to its power, and still at the end he may feel a relief. There may have been qualities of the author's character, as shown through his pages, to which he does not *take*. He may be uneasily impressed by him:—just as when, in travelling, you sit down to the tavern dinner, and there comes a man with a thin mean nose, and plants himself at your side; you speak of the day and the route; all is very well, except the *je ne sais quoi*, which makes you glad when he takes himself away; nothing was said beyond a few common sentences, and yet the man disgusts you. You have no particular dislike of him, yet you do not desire him to be by; you feel that you could say to him with Dogberry, "I wish your worship well; God restore you to health; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." Just so the reader may be impressed after finishing a novel.

We believe that the world requires of an author some evidence of moral health, as well as mental power. It must feel the gentleman in a writer; the kind heart, the upright meaning, the high-mindedness, from which a deep religious feeling is almost inseparable. It does not exact "the ponderous gravity of a didactic purpose;" it is sufficient if it can be secure that it is in the society of a man of decent manners, and honest and benevolent intentions.

If we are legitimately impressed by Wuthering Heights, it will not in this respect answer so universally the requirements of the public as any of the novels of

Scott—because it does not bring us into contact with so agreeable a character. We instance Scott, here and above, for the reason that every reader ought to know and love him; many other names among our best novelists would equally suffice for the comparison. With Scott we feel in the society of a gentleman, a man of courage and uprightness, a pleasant travelling companion; it is, in fact, a certain remedy for nervous depression to run through one of his familiar stories—improving to bodily health as well as conducive to mental serenity. The effect of his letters is yet more invigorating. He seems to have lived, with all his troubles, in a region of perpetual sunrise, and, as we read him, there breathes upon us the air of morning.

The author of Wuthering Heights is not so happily compounded. He has a peculiar obtrusive conceit about him which makes one nervous lest he commit some new *gaucherie*. So many of his fine passages are marred by affectation that there is an uncomfortable struggle in the mind whether to yield a too easy confidence, or be altogether disgusted. Yet the strength of his will prevails; though we would, we cannot shake him off. He is like a friend who continually annoys you with a want of tact, which is so obvious you are never sure it is not pure affectation. If you accompany this friend, for example, down Broadway, he will be suddenly smitten with the beauty of some child, and will stop and enter into conversation with it, utterly regardless of the natural astonishment of its mamma; thus forcing you to blush for him and drag him away. If you walk with him in the fields, on Staten Island, or elsewhere, he will find some huge terrapin, or boaconstrictor, and insist on bringing it home on his arm, leaving you exposed to the jeers of the populace, while he marches on sublimely insensible. He does not remember the prices of the commonest articles of purchase. But most of all he makes himself disagreeable in a book-store; he appears to consider the clerks who officiate there to be so many Admirable Crichtons, and opens his recondite reading to them, while they stare at you grinningly, as who should say, "Art thou also green as he is?"

Moreover, this friend to whom the author of Wuthering Heights must be likened is continually "embroiling himself with women." He dissects to you their characters and finds out motives for them which they never dreamed of. He fancies he understands them perfectly, all the while you are quite sure he is mistaken. In his intercourse with them he sets out with a firm belief in his own infallibility, and makes all after developments conform to that hypothesis. The consequence is, he has met with some rebuffs that have soured his temper and thrown a shadow over him; yet he has lost none of his original faith in himself. Why he should have been so unsuccessful is a mystery, for his figure was well enough, and his conversation, though by no means that of one accustomed to the best society, was yet fresh and fascinating. But he looks upon women as a refined sort of men, and they therefore are unable to give him their confidence.

Suppose such an impracticable man of talent to give the world a novel; he would make one very much resembling in spirit this which lies before us. We might conclude a review of such a novel, with heartily thanking him for all that was good in it and expressing the hope that his next production might be less marred by serious faults and errors. G. W. P.

ATHENIAN BANQUETS.

BANQUET THIRD.*

Early in the evening of the appointed day, her auditors were assembled, when Diotima entered the banquet room, followed by Euripides the tragic poet, and Meton the parasite. Meton placed himself opposite to Cymon on the left; Socrates and Euripides on the right and left, in the middle places; and Lysis below Euripides, on the left. Thus it happened, that Socrates and Cymon were together on the right of Diotima, as on the former occasions.

When the guests had fully answered the first call of hunger and the wine was brought in, which they drank not raw, but diluted, and in moderate cups, the entertainer, when a silence was made, continued her story, as follows:

"The city of Babylon lies on both sides the Euphrates. The river, bending like a serpent, creeps under the mountainous wall on the northern side, and escapes through it at the south. Within the inclosures of the walls,—which are banks of sun-baked clay, piled to the height of the Acropolis, and inclosing the region of Babylon like a belt of barren hills,—gardens watered by canals, orchards bearing apples of Persia, whose seed is like a stone, fields rich with the third harvest of the year, and a population, frugal, peaceable and full of ingenious industry, are at once presented to your eyes; as if the scattered villages of a well-governed kingdom had been swept together in a mass.

"Our caravan entered the city through a defile or breach in the wall, defended by gates of brass thirty cubits in height. From the place of entrance to our caravanserai near the southern wall was a day's journey; and had it not been for the regularity of the roads, the splendor and frequency of the mansions of Persian nobles, and the crowds of horsemen, foot passengers and chariots, moving in all the ways, we should have fancied ourselves traversing an open region, and not within the walls of a city. For here the houses were not crowded together as in Athens, but stood each apart, in the midst of a park; and about them the huts of weavers and handicraftsmen were scattered numerously everywhere among the gardens.

"While we passed slowly over the roads and spaces of the city, wondering at the multitude of the people,—for if we had counted them it must have been by thousands at once,—I gathered many particulars from my master touching the history of the city and of the builders of its walls. Some say, and these are the Magi, that the first Babylonians came from Bactria, and began to build the great tower of Belus which rises like a ruinous hill in the southwest angle of the city. They wished to raise it in honor of the Sun and of their ancestors. This was at a period in remote antiquity, when the stars held not the places they now hold, and the race of men were long-lived and of gigantic stature. When the first Babylonians came to the Euphrates, they found the land without inhabitants; but when they began to dig canals and plant gardens, and grew wealthy, and their numbers increased, the barbarians of the north came down upon them, and robbed and spoiled them. Then their prince made a decree, that a wall should be built about the whole region, and that every man should contribute to the work: and in a few years they finished the inner wall. But, as it happened in Egypt, the custom of building for their kings and princes once established in the memory of the Babylonians, care was taken that it should not fall into desuetude. The outer wall, a work of four years of man's life, the hanging gardens of Semiramis,

* For the second Banquet, see number of this journal for November, 1846;—and for the first, see the number for February, of the present year.

and the great temples, beside a multitude of palaces, comparable only with those of Egypt, for extent and magnificence, were thus gradually builded in the course of many centuries; but the true periods of their beginning and completion, are known only to the Magi who keep the records of the tower of Belus. When the Chaldeans, a people of the north, descended upon Mesopotamia and took Babylon, they caused the outer wall to be restored and heightened; but since the Persians have the empire, the princes oppress the people, and neglect their walls.

"Imagine a nation of weavers and handicraftsmen employed in every species of manufacture, living under a tyranny which forbids the possibility of honest riches, and you have pictured to yourselves the population of Babylon. Their manufactures are taken down the Euphrates and carried by Phœnician mariners to all parts of the world. By caravans the stuffs and products of Babylon are distributed over Asia, Bactria, and the north. By these means a perpetual stream of every kind of riches is poured back by commerce into the city, enriching the masters who govern it, but not the multitude who are their slaves. In Babylon, as in Egypt, the people are slaves."

When Diotima came to this point in her story, Euripides, who leaned upon his left side with his eyes declined, and listening attentively, looked up at the narrator with a smile, and made a movement to speak. Diotima perceiving it, paused instantly, and waited for what he would say.

"I think," said he, "you would write a good history if you chose to undertake it."

"I think so too," echoed Lysis: "Diotima's narrative is very agreeable."

"I will venture to contradict you both," said Socrates. "I do not think it lies in Diotima's power to make a good history."

Euripides, a polite man, and ambitious withal, who would rather flatter than offend, though he knew Socrates well, could not conceal his surprise at the seeming rudeness of his remark. "Your reason, friend," said he; "your profound reason,"

"She gives us pictures, descriptions, conversations, and no history; your historian, to my understanding, is he who bears you strongly along on a stream of events; he is neither a story-teller, a moralizer, nor an epigrammatist; a sophist nor a maker of pathetic pictures. Much less is he a dramatist, like Euripides, or a master of social opinions, like Diotima. He may *smack* of all these, but the business of a historian, I think, is with events, and the acts of cities, as they are moved by their common desires, fears and aspirations."

"You are over nice with distinctions, Socrates," replied the other; "and here seems to be one made without a difference: nor did I ever hear you so positive about a trifle. If I describe a city, why not as well the acts of the city: if the deeds of one man, why not the deeds of many men?"

"When you," replied Socrates, "excite our pity with the griefs of Alcestis, consigning herself to death for love's sake, you move us with a private sorrow, and we are mingled in sympathy with the affection of a wife and husband; beyond this you look for no effect. Homer also shows us Achilles in his tent, mourning for Patroclus, or pictures the tender parting of Hector with his wife and child; but these are only the ornaments of the work, the foliage of the column. The individuals are swept along in the torrent of destiny; one by one they rise, triumph for an instant, and are lost forever; but still the action moves on and the war is never at an end. But when Orestes enters upon the stage, it is Orestes and not a nation, or a history, that interests us. Therefore, I argue, Diotima is not a historian by nature; her descriptions are of individuals, of passions, of entertainments, and always of the quiet and the easily representable; but to me Homer seems to be the inventor of history, because he first subordinated the persons to the action. To describe the virtue of a hero, or of an entire city contending and bearing up against a common calamity, be it of war, of the inroads of the ocean, or of pestilence, or violence from abroad, or of vice and injury in the city,—in short, of all those sorrows which the gods inflict upon nations and races of men,—this seems to me history; and if it be done as Homer does it, from the heart, tempering all with love, with heroic courage, the interest of the event, and the hope of fame, it is epical, as I think, and needs to be written in verse.. For, as the whispers of lovers

are always musical if they be true, and the curses of enemies harsh if they be meant; descriptive imitation of them must be a mixture of these, a melody."

"What will you say then," said Euripides, "of that eloquent narrative which we heard read by Herodotus at the games? Was it a history, or was it not?"

"I did not hear it," replied Socrates; "but if you found yourself drawn by it into a sympathy with the nations and the persons which it describes; and perceived always, that no private loves and wills operated to move them, but certain moral and universal causes, able to move whole nations at once—such as a contest for a territory, an inherited feud, the glory of a race, the power of one over many, of many over one; I say, if you found these in the books of Herodotus, and withal saw them picture-like, his narrative might be called a history. To prevent Diotima no longer, I will add but this word, that if any one should relate a history of a war of his own city against another, from the heart, as it was carried on in anger and in honor, and should so depict for us the action by holding up the chief actors to our view, as to give a continuity and wholeness to it, through the continuance of the anger that began it, producing a series of actions, purposed alike by that anger, he would have given us an epical or Homerical history. And now, Euripides, we owe a penalty for the breaking of our vow, to what power I know not, unless to Diotima."

"Let us interrupt her no more," said Euripides.

"Pardon me, friends," said she, "if I add a word to Socrates' definition of an epical history, in favor of those who contend that the essence of poetry is in passion and not in meditation; confirming Socrates' opinion against me, that I am no historian. I will give you Pythagoras's opinion of the matter. When he had asked me to write a history of the Egyptians, and I said I did not love or hate them enough to do it, he replied that I had the right idea of what a history ought to be, but that none such had ever been written excepting Homer's, and that his was a fiction: he said he would have true histories written by good patriots, who loved their country and hated its enemies; that he would compare several of these together, and compose a history of the world that should be a true one. When I replied that there would be no love or hate in it, he said he had no fear of that, for that each nation would play its part like a hero in an epic, and that if the whole were skillfully composed in a grand style, it would be the work of works. I told him I did not believe the time could ever come, or the writer be found for such a work. He replied that the time might come for it when all men were under one law and one religion; and a writer should be found who was a philanthropist or lover of men."

"I beseech you, Diotima," said Cymon, with an air of impatience, "do not let these discursive gentlemen cheat us of our entertainment."

Meton the jester, who had thus long remained silent, rather from want of opportunity than inclination, observing Cymon's impatience with a half sneer, remarked that Diotima did himself and his friend Cymon a great injustice in allowing this discursive talk, for it was a part of civility to adapt our conversation to the understandings of our guests, and not to insult them by soaring above their abilities." This remark occasioned a laugh, which was all that Meton looked for.

"Come," said he, "if Diotima leaves us much longer at the gate of the caravanserai, I shall dismount from my camel and go in by myself. There, now I am dismounted, and now I am gone in; poh! what a crowd is here—Greeks, Scythians, Egyptians, Persians, black slaves—sitting, squatting, standing, eating, sleeping, fighting, swearing, hustling. You yellow rascal in the blue mantle and tiara, ho, there, what woman have you under the veil—come, I will see her face. Do you jabber—what, Greek! this wretch thinks he is talking Greek—a woman slave, do you say? Well, I knew that—I am a buyer—I must see her face. By Zeus! a handsome countenance! what do you call her name? Dio, what—O, Diotima, a very good name—I will give six oboli for her, without the name. Here, you rascal—Kata, what—Zena—de bya—a thousand pounds! It's more than I am worth altogether. Carry her to the chief of the Magi—she looks bookish. learned, is she? So I thought. Knows several languages; good, she's not for me; one language is enough for any woman, I

trow." Meton discharged himself of his nonsense at a rate which put him out of breath; and satisfied with the laugh which followed, he remained quiet for a time, with only now and then a grimace. Diotima, taking advantage of the silence which followed, went on with her story.

"We entered the outer gates about sunrise, and arrived at night before the gate of the caravanserai; but the merchant who had me in charge would not expose me to the curiosity of the crowds of buyers and idlers who thronged at the gate, and turning aside, conducted me instantly to the house of a Greek merchant, one Strato of Corinth, a man of great wealth and virtue, in whose care I should be safe from the curiosity of a class of persons who take upon themselves to provide for the happiness of grandees, by filling their houses with women of all kinds and qualities.

"Of all cities in the world Babylon is the least famous for the virtue of its people; and I believe that a people naturally pure and educated to virtue, would be instantly corrupted if by any chance they should occupy a city like Babylon. Being a centre for the commerce of the world, it is filled with slaves, traders and sharpers of all nations, from Gades to the extreme east. The mass of its people, living in extreme poverty, because of the oppression of the rich, know of no enjoyment but in the worship of Adonai, who is the personification of every vice. The Persian lords, living idly, and secure within their walls, vie with each other only in debauchery and extravagance. Among the women purity is hated, and among the men sobriety suspected. In the luxury of their lives, the effeminacy of their manners, and the grossness of their worship, this wealthy people are without an equal among the nations. I dare not disgust you with a recital of what I saw and heard, even in the streets and at the doors of the temples, where riches strove with vice, which should be most conspicuous. Actions punishable among ourselves with death, are here practiced as religious rites. Bestialities are boasted and recommended, which would here condemn the doer to infamy.

"For the modes of living in Babylon,—they resemble those of Egypt, and differ not greatly from our own. I am inclined to believe that all nations of the world have their arts from Egypt; for I observed that the houses of the Babylonians resembled those of Ionia, of Jerusalem, of Phœnicia, and of Egypt; and many travellers have assured me that no nation on the earth, except the Northern and Eastern Scythians, are free of the traces of Egyptian art.

"Need I describe to you, what I saw only at a distance, the gardens of Semiramis,—an artificial mountain raised upon arches of brick, and covered with forest trees of immense size;—the tower of Belus, the first built and the loftiest of human works,—in which live the priests of a religion, so undivine in its form, and so ineffectual in its spirit, it should be named a delusion rather, and not a belief? We found Strato at the door of his house, engaged in conversation with an officer of the Royal Guards. My master lifted me from the dromedary, and embracing Strato, explained to him the purpose of his visit, and said something in my favor. After a moment's hesitation, he turned to the officer and dismissed him in the most respectful manner imaginable; then seizing Zadec and myself by the hand, he hurried us into the house, and turning to the door shut it and bolted it.

"'You are unlucky,' said he, 'to have come at this moment. The person whom you saw with me when you came up, is a provider of the palace, and he has orders to seize or purchase all the Greek women that are brought into Babylon. I wish a better fate for my countrywoman than to be buried for life in the palace, especially if she be such a person as you represent her.' While Strato talked with my master, I followed them through the court into an inner chamber, and being sufficiently terrified with what I heard him say, I conceived a hope of as good favor with him as I had found with Manes on a like occasion. Though I could not think to affect him with my face, from which forty years had taken the attraction of youth, I nevertheless removed my veil, and embracing his knees as a suppliant, I besought him with tears to yield me the protection of his house. Strato's countenance glowed with satisfaction, when he saw me unveiled and addressing him in this fashion. 'I will buy this woman of you, friend,' said he to Zadec, 'whatever be her price.' My

master heard Strato's proposition with a smile, and instantly named a sum so large, I was struck with terror lest it be beyond my deliverer's ability; but he answered cheerfully, 'A talent, my friend, is indeed a mighty sum in Grecia, but we, of Babylon, have a different standard of wealth. I could buy me twenty such slaves, and not feel it an outlay.' So saying he pulled out a bag of diamonds, and with three of the largest satisfied Zadec, before he should have leisure to re-consider his bargain.

"As it was now evening, my new master led us into a beautiful hall, lighted with flambeaux in silver branches projecting from the wall. Their smoke filled the hall with a sweet odor. When we had taken our seats upon the couches, he placed himself near me, and helped me to food and wine with his own hands. Presently a company of female slaves entered, bearing instruments of music; and ranging themselves in a circle at the lower end of the hall, they charmed our ears with soft music, singing the praises of Adonai. When they had finished the first strain I made a sign to one of them to bring me her lute, and tuning it with such skill as I possessed, I sang a song descriptive of the sorrows of an exile; nor did I fail to introduce the praises of my deliverer, and the greatness of the gratitude I owed him. Strato was so deeply affected by this appeal, his eyes overflowed with tears; and taking my hand in the tenderest and most respectful manner, he declared he would freely sacrifice his fortune, nay, even his life, to rescue me from the barbarians. Then taking the lute, he touched it skillfully and sang an ode in praise of Greece; expressing, at the close, his desire to return thither, after long absence. I answered him by composing a verse in honor of Corinth, not failing to express again my longing for our common country. Zadec, reclining opposite to us, listened with silent attention. 'I perceive,' said he, when there was a pause, 'that you are like to love each other, as it is well you should do; being equals in age, and children of the same soil. Be it your care, then, to escape from Babylon, where you are subject to the envy of the Persians, and go with me into Cilicia, whence you may take ship to Rhodes, and from thence to Corinth. Let us leave this mighty capital of iniquity at to-morrow's dawn; you are even now in danger of the informer.' Strato instantly approved of Zadec's proposition, and going that night to a place of barter, made an exchange of his house and slaves for merchandise suitable for the journey. The Syrian was no less expeditious in his bargains; and at sunrise we were mounted and moving rapidly toward the gate at which we entered. I saw behind me the morning light shining on the cypresses of the hill of Semiramis, and southward, afar off, the tower of Belus, with its winding pathway, stood sharply against the purple sky.

"At noon of that day we united our own troop, which consisted of four camels for burthen, and horses for ourselves, with a Scythian caravan; intending to keep with them while they continued in our route. After a week's journey northward, through the watered fields of the Euphrates, our company divided into three; a part turning westward toward Phœnicia, another eastward for Bactria, and a third inclining to the west and north toward Cilicia. After a few days' passage over the desert, we came in sight of the sea, whose dark bosom we hailed with cries and even tears of joy, when Strato, whose piety exceeded that of any Greek I have known, made a sacrifice to Poseidon, (the Sea,) and to the spirit of his father, but whether in worship or in honor only, I could not be sure.

"Our intercourse during this journey established our regard for each other on a footing of mutual love; nor had I ever greater occasion for gratitude to the gods, than for the accident that brought me into the power of this Corinthian.

"During our journey we beguiled the tedium of the way by relating stories; and in this kind of amusement our friend Zadec proved himself not unskillful. If it be not displeasing to you, I will repeat as I remember it, a story which he related to us, while we moved along the borders of the sea where the high road of the great king turns out of Syria into Cilicia.

The banqueters listened with the greatest attention while Diotima related Zadec's story. Socrates in particular seemed to catch and weigh every word of it. Lysis remarked, with an animation unusual to him, that the story was a good one, and

the inventor of it a very ingenious liar: but it was rather Diotima's skill in the delivery of it, than the merit of the piece itself, which charmed them. Socrates did not conceal his admiration. "No historian are you," said he, "Diotima, but the most eloquent of narrators: when you speak, not only my ears but my whole body seems to hear; and what you describe I instantly behold. Observe, Euripides," continued he, addressing the dramatist, "that women are the lords of speech; the tongue is theirs." Socrates' remark was instantly turned by the parasite into a jest upon women, at which no one laughed; a misfortune which silenced him again for the time.

"If that were so," said Euripides, "women should be poets and orators; but you see they excel only in easy and flowing forms of speech. I know of but one woman who is able to compose an oration, and that is Aspasia."

"And Diotima," said Socrates, "excels all the sophists in their art. She is the best of rhetoricians and the most eloquent of narrators."

"I am in the right still," responded Euripides; "for though I grant you these wonderful exceptions, and might add a few others who have composed good verses, women are not, as I think, equal to men in the use of words. Perhaps we may concede them a greater fluency and readiness in the use of established phrases, for we see them always careful to make use of accepted terms, avoiding a new word as they would a rock; and for this I confess they have my admiration: but they never originate thoughts, nor invent sciences, nor advance arts; nay, in these it seems to be a woman's fate to fall behind her teacher. But enough of this; please you, Diotima, you who are more than a woman, and as I think inspired with the soul of both sexes, tell us your opinion of the female sex: are they the equals or superiors of men in the use of speech?"

"Is it Euripides, the friend of women," said Diotima, "who calls upon the weakest of women, in the extremity of garrulous age, when her wit is dulled, her senses impaired, her strength wasted, her mind untuned, her soul faint with the burthen of mortality, and nothing left her but an easily moving tongue, a gift of which she should rather be ashamed, so common is it and so abused:—is it she whom you call upon to defend the poor race of feeble women? Will you have her defend them by an appeal to your courage—magnanimous hearts that you are? or shall she start up stiffly, and with a shriek, and in eager voice, voluble and vehement, cry out on you for the liberty of the sex, ye hard masters, as did the Amazons of old, and when their husbands would not hear nor redress their injuries, they freed themselves boldly in the night with their knives? No, I see you would not have me cry out upon you; you abhor the vulture shriek of a discontented woman—your wives have taught you to hate that—hey? Meton, Socrates—and I think Euripides has disciplines too, from certain sources. My friends make no question, I am sure, of the superiority of women in glibness and keenness of tongue; they are able to cut and stab with their tongues; the gods have not left them defenceless! You, Socrates, would endure the Spartan swords more easily than your wife's reproaches."

"I confess it, Diotima," said Socrates; "nor do I know a harder trial than the reproaches of a woman."

"What would you be, without this terror to discipline you?" continued Diotima. "When you sleep too long, it rouses you; when you neglect your person, it shames you; when you are negligent of fame and honor, it spurs you on to their acquisition. Fame has no trumpet but a woman's mouth; we praise not our own sex, we rather calumniate and diminish them. But who of you would resign the good opinion of women in the city? Is it not that which sustains Pericles? The people long ago would have ostracised him, but for the women's voice in his favor. Do you then doubt their power of persuasion, do you doubt their eloquence, who are able to banish you from the city, or exalt you to be its head? whom demagogues consult before they persuade the people, and whom the very gods must take care to please, or their shrines will be deserted?"

"A vain dispute, Diotima," said Lysis, "when matter of fact is turned into matter of opinion. I am fond of knowing the fact, I care not for the opinion or the probabilities. Euripides must yield to the fact,

though he be an inventor of improbable fables."

"You mistake my vocation, Lysis," rejoined the dramatist, rather sharply. "My fables have a meaning; you will not forget *that*, I think."

"Your fables are like a hollow earthen figure full of sweetmeats," said Meton: "the figure is vile, the contents excellent."

"Pray, sir," said Euripides, turning sharply upon the parasite, "be a little more careful of your wit; you flourish it indiscreetly."

Meton, who lay next below, rolled himself awkwardly to the bottom of the couch, which was a long one, as if afraid Euripides would strike him, and with a face of well-feigned terror called out to Socrates to protect him against this wicked fellow, who had put so many innocent people to death in cold blood. "See," said he, "how he glares at me with those gray eyes, like a cat in a corner. Now if he had but his style with him and a tablet, I doubt not he would put us all instantly to death in blank verse, a death I desire not to die; for look you, all his heroes die twice,—first when he kills them in his fury, and again when they are forgotten by the Athenians. Zeus defend us, we shall all be hissed!"

"I wonder, Diotima," said the dramatist, growing extremely angry, "you will suffer this rascal at your table: he is one of these rude dogs, who bites more than he favors. I would have a parasite remember his duty, and use a discretion in his talk. A common fly is endurable, but a breeze with a sting in its tail we wish among the dogs, and not at our banquets." Diotima made no reply, but cast a reproving look upon the parasite, which put him to silence.

"I was saying, Lysis," continued the dramatist, making an effort to smother his anger, "that the fables of my dramas, though they be popular traditions and void of truth, are made more profitable than true histories, by my manner of employing them. Æsop's beasts utter much wisdom; my heroes, though they be phantasms and foolish puppets at best, are turned into philosophical oracles. My women set forth the loves and the duties of a woman; silly wretches though they be. The hero of a drama may be a very milksop, a rascal, a laughing-stock, an object of pity, but he is none the less useful to speak wise sentences to the people. Understand me: when I bring an old hero in rags upon the stage, I first interest the audience in his story. Of all things, you know, the story of a ragged, wretched old fellow, a mixture of the sage and niggard, is the most entertaining, and excites most attention: we hear him for pity, and believe him for his misery's sake, just as we believe dying drunkards when they describe the evils that follow drinking.

"Another principle I wish you to observe, is evident in the construction of my plays. They are very pathetic, and in this way I make them so. I am assured first, in my own mind, that the mass of men and women love pleasure as much as they fear death, and would nearly as soon die as not be gratified in their wishes. Observe what a reverence they show for those pious jugglers who come to us from Egypt and the East, following about an image of Cybele in a little cart drawn by bullocks. These wretches gash themselves with knives, and thrust thorns and splinters into their flesh in honor of their goddess. Now this observation will convince you that to interest an audience in a female character, however mean it be in other particulars, you need only resort to this beggar's trick: make them deny themselves for the sake of a god, or a husband, or a brother, or a lover; let them voluntarily expose themselves to death to save some worthless life, garnishing their exit with lamentations for the pleasures they resign, the bridal couch, food, the light of day, the common rest of life; and trust me, you shall not fail,—despite of a bad fable, a wretched style, mean sentiments, and dry philosophy. They will not stay to inquire probability, or question the vanity of the procedure—enough that here is a character who is able to torture itself for pity's sake—and the people will hear and applaud."

"Your secret is ingenious, I think," said Lysis, "and founded in nature, if we may judge by its great success; but you add to all this a simplicity and elegance of style, in which you are without a rival. To tell you honestly, I detest your heroes, and admire the author;—they are to me no more than infatuated women, and wretched

old men; the first uttering sentiments full of tenderness, but certainly inconsistent with their actions; the others full of wisdom and of meanness."

"Well, so be it," replied Euripides, "so long as you see my art and its happy effects."

"I am reminded by this conversation," said Socrates, "of a story which my nurse used to relate to me when I was a child. By often listening to the story, I got it nearly by heart, in her way of telling it; if, then, you observe any traces of rusticity in the language or in the sentiments, attribute them to their proper source. It has not been given me to relate stories with the grace of Agatho, or the pathos of Euripides; but if a plain, unvarnished tale can give you pleasure, I shall be well content to allow to others the glory of their art of adornment."

Then, when all appeared desirous of hearing it, Socrates related the story of

THE PASSIONATE LOVERS.

In the city of Corinth, because of its flourishing commerce, there have been, time out of mind, rich men of mean extraction, who have risen to great reputation by force of their wealth and enterprise. Among these, however, there have also been a few noble families, who pretended to a very ancient lineage, tracing their parentage as far even as the days of Atreus, when the deities were still accustomed, as of old, to converse with mortals. Of these nobles, none was prouder, or more boastful of his origin, than the old man Agathon, whose daughter Lucia, the child of his dotage, inherited her father's nobleness of person, but not his pride or hardness of soul. The mother of Lucia, sharp-visaged dame Canopa, was of Thracian origin, a woman of a lofty and resolute temper, but avaricious and inhuman in her dealings with men.

The wealth of this family had fallen gradually, by various accidents of fortune, to a mean estate, consisting only of a house in the city, and a few slaves whose labor earned a meagre subsistence for the household.

Notwithstanding the harshness and pride of her parents and the poverty of Lucia, which appeared in the plainness of her attire, many sons of wealthy merchants, attracted by her beauty, made her offers of marriage, but were always rejected with insult by Agathon, who had resolved that his daughter should marry none but a descendant of the deities. For this prospect he neglected all the promises of wealth that were held out to him; and being troubled by the importunities of young men, and vexed with their gay manners and youthful insolence, he commanded Lucia to appear no more in public, but to remain constantly in her chamber.

In the lives of some men there are, as I think, to be seen the marks of a Divine retribution extended over all their actions. Heaven had not looked kindly on the pride and hardness of Agathon and his dame, but had left them in a deserved and despised poverty. And when the old man, to better his condition, solicited the votes of the citizens to raise him to offices of trust, for which by nature he was well fitted, rumors would get about, on the days previous to election, of his unkindness to his daughter, and people reasoned with themselves that a man who could so vilely forget the office of father and abuse the trust of Heaven, would not be likely to fill any human office with justice.

On one occasion, however, it happened that being on a voyage returning from the island of Crete, whither Agathon had gone to look after an estate which he thought might have fallen to him by the death of a relation, and having taken his wife and daughter with him, because he dared not leave them at home, exposed to the insults of the loose Corinthian youth, the old man found on an island, where his vessel touched for water, a young Athenian, who had been shipwrecked there, and who was miserably subsisting upon roots and wild fruit—the island being an uninhabited rock, covered with a scanty shrubbery. The castaway, whose name was Cleon, offered himself to Agathon as his slave for two years, if he would take him off the island; for such was the inhumanity of the old man's countenance, it seemed impossible to move him to any thing without some vast reward. Cleon, though he was a man of good family and elegantly accomplished, had acquired, through great misfortune and abuse, an humility and gentle-

ness of manner such as belongs to noble and courteous natures afflicted by the hand of Heaven; which only hardens inferior natures, and makes them more insolent and impracticable. Agathon, however, mistook this effect in Cleon for a meanness of temper, and he, with his haughty dame, thought it a very fair chance to have gotten so good a slave. In person the young Athenian was large and strong, with a manly countenance; but because of his servile and poor condition they judged it safe to employ him in educating their daughter, whom he could teach to write, and to accompany the lute with songs in the best taste of that day.

Cleon, however, soon began to be violently in love with the fair Lucia, though he took care to conceal his passion; nor did his manly quality and noble disposition, which the occupation of a slave could not suppress, escape the notice of the girl, whose nature, though reserved, was deep and invincible in its choice.

The voyage was long and tedious, and lasted many weeks. Often, while Agathon and his dame sat dozing in the noon-day heat, under an awning on the deck, Lucia and Cleon sang the songs of Tyrteus, or warbled those sweet airs that the shepherds of the Euxine sing to the bormus or soft flute. Sometimes the young man entertained her with stories of his fortunes and wanderings. He described the manners of other nations, and painted to her fancy the wondrous cities of Euphrates and the Nile. At suitable times, and when the soul of contemplation had well attuned their spirits, he raised her mind even to the lofty dreams of Pythagoras, or unfolded the mystical meanings of mythology.

Cleon soon knew that his passion found its echo in the bosom of Lucia. When he spoke of love, she would avert her eyes, nor could she accompany his lute with songs that expressed passion: her voice failed, and a deep sigh, though she struggled to suppress it, would rise from her breath. Matched, as it were, by destiny and nature both in age and disposition, he remarkable for manly as she for feminine beauty, nor either of them too young or ignorant to exert a free choice, it was by an irresistible force that these lovers were united: but with the consciousness of that union of hearts, arose also a fear, almost a despair, of the future, for the inexorable nature of the old man, and the stern avarice of his spouse, were very well known to them. By a tacit consent, therefore, they never spoke of their love, nor indulged in passionate expressions. Lucia's education advanced wonderfully, and such were her accomplishments, they at length drew the attention of the Archon of Corinth, who saw her at her father's house and believed that he had now found a suitable match for his son, who being immensely rich and just come of age, was esteemed one of the noblest and most promising young men in all Corinth.

If you have ever suffered the jealous pangs of love, you will conceive in imagination the grief that afflicted the fair Lucia and her tutor when they discovered the evil that was likely to befall them through the obduracy and avarice of Agathon and his wife. Cleon's years of servitude had not yet expired, and though many opportunities had been given him to acquire his freedom by the offers of wealthy citizens who wished to purchase his services as a tutor for their children, he preferred the hard fare and the miserable bed of a slave to all their luxuries, that he might continue daily in the sight of his dear Lucia. The prudence of the lovers had concealed their passion, nor had they indulged in any of those tender freedoms which are permitted to affection; until on a certain occasion, when Lucia had been warned by her father that she must receive the visits of the Archon's son, meeting by chance with Cleon, in a solitary part of the house, she fell upon his neck and, weeping bitterly, besought him to save her from this stranger, towards whom she felt no other emotions than those of terror and dislike. Cleon, overwhelmed with love, could only strain her to his breast and mutter many promises of protection.

Having thus broken the bar of ceremony, the lovers no longer made a secret of their wishes to each other; but indulged in stolen interviews that served only to increase their passion, and in the same measure to enhance their misery. Meanwhile the young Archon continued his courtship, and made every display of gallantry. He entertained Agathon with feasts and his daughter with costly presents. He came

to her each day surrounded by a concourse of nobles, poets and sophists, who confounded the young girl with encomiums upon her beauty, which they couched in the most enticing and fashionable phrases.

At length, to give a surpassing proof of his passion, this gallant wooer appointed games to be celebrated privately for her entertainment, for which, as it was contrary to custom, and some thought to religion, games being a part of the ceremony of worship, he was blamed by many and ridiculed by not a few.

However, when the day arrived, Lucia, attended by her father and mother, and a troop of slaves, presented by the liberality of the intended son-in-law, entered the marble palæstra where the games were to be celebrated. Here were assembled many of the wealthiest citizens of Corinth, some with their wives and mistresses ; but Lucia, it was admitted, outshone them all in beauty and elegance of demeanor.

Meanwhile the entertainments proceeded. First appeared in the arena a pair of poets, who contended in a rhythmic dialogue who should best celebrate the praise of Lucia. Nor did these ingenious persons fail to mingle great laudations of their patron, whom they seemed to venerate as a kind of deity. When these had done their part, a company of youths entered, who played alternately upon the lute and harp, with songs appropriate to the occasion. These were followed by a company of circus riders, who showed for what a trifling approbation some men will peril their lives. Boxers, quoit-players and runners followed in their turn, and last of all appeared two athletics of great vigor, who contended nearly naked for mastery in the pancratium, a contest in which it is lawful for the adversary to use every advantage.

While the younger guests were enjoying themselves in conversation, or in watching and betting upon the combatants, the father of Lucia conversed apart with the Archon, who, being of a truly generous nature, behaved with great liberality, and declared himself so well pleased with the beauty and modesty of the girl, he would gratify her father with any sum that might appear liberal, and would not require the paraphernalia which the bride should have brought with her,* asking only to have the slave who had instructed her in music. To this proposition Agathon offered some objections for appearance sake, as though about to make a great sacrifice, but at length yielded to the Archon's demand with an air of satisfaction which he could not conceal: for this blind father had not seen nor did he even suspect the affection of his daughter for the slave, but attributed her rapid proficiency solely to her dutiful desire to gratify her parents. His wife had indeed observed something of her daughter's liking for Cleon, but so extravagant was her pride and confidence, she made nothing of it, and did not even use the necessary precautions to prevent their secret interviews. Agathon, meanwhile, informed the Archon that the slave should be sent to him as soon as he returned from a journey which he had lately undertaken to Sicyon, to procure for Lucia a new lute of a peculiar construction, such as he represented were to be found only in that city.

Meanwhile Cleon, who, by this artifice, had obtained leave of absence, retired to the hut of a sorceress near the city, and there lying concealed for some days, when he heard that games were to be celebrated, shaved his hair and beard, which he had worn long and flowing, and by the aid of the sorceress stained his whole body of a brown color, and in this disguise, returning to the city, obtained admittance to the palæstra, where the guests were assembled at the spectacle of the games. Being large and powerful in body and of great endurance and breath in all exercises, he awaited the opportunity which it pleased those deities who favor faithful lovers to prepare for him. For now the enthusiasm of the spectators had risen to a high pitch, and the young nobles, throwing off their robes, had gathered about the combatants, and some of those who prided themselves upon their manly vigor, began to wrestle and strike, at first in sport, but soon with a feeling of emulation. The women and old men had retired from the palæstra, and the whole place was occupied with knots of betters and combatants, engaged in boisterous conversation or in

* Bride's furniture, clothes, &c., &c., brought from her parents' house.

watching the struggles of some two who had engaged in strife. Cleon, in the dress of an Athenian, crowned with a wreath as though he had been drinking, mingled with the crowd and began to dare and defy the weaker among them to wrestle with him. With an appearance of great effort he overcame several, and threw them down without injury. The Archon's son, meanwhile, did not fail, on his part, to engage with some complying combatants; who, out of deference to him, as their entertainer, suffered themselves to be overcome. Elated with success, he pushed through the crowd that surrounded Cleon, who had just thrown down a feeble antagonist, and seizing him rudely by the shoulder, struck him upon the face and dared him to the pancratium. Cleon paused for a moment, as if to gather courage for the feat, and then, seizing the Archon's son in both his arms, threw him upon the ground with such violence that he lay senseless, and soon after expired. In the confusion which ensued, and before any could think to prevent him, Cleon escaped from the arena and retired again to his place of concealment, where, having cleansed his body of the color which disguised it, and delaying for the necessary time of the journey, he returned to the house of Agathon, in his slave's dress, as usual.

Believing that it would be fatal to him to remain longer in Athens, and yet wholly unable to part from Lucia, whom to leave was worse to him than death, Cleon resolved to make trial of her love, and by degrees, breaking the matter little by little, informed her of what he had done. At first the tender and scrupulous maid was overcome with terror and remorse; she could not endure that he had slain the Archon's son, who had never injured him, and with the bitterest reproaches forbade him to speak with, or even to look at her again. Struck dumb with anguish and despair he left the house, and soon after disappeared from Corinth; nor could any trace of him be found, though the old man Agathon, who valued his services, caused diligent search to be made in all parts of the city. Meanwhile Lucia, pining between love and terror, and unable to bear the weight of her painful secret, fell ill of a continued fever, and in the ravings of delirium betrayed all to her physician and attendants. Dreadful was the rage of Agathon and his wife, when they heard of this affair. Taking a wooden sandal from her foot, the mother standing by the bedside struck her daughter with it upon the face, execrating her want of spirit to fall in love with a slave, and calling the Eumenides and the gloomy queen of hell to punish the mean-spirited and perfidious girl. She, insensible, lay swooning and nearly dead; yet so fierce was the anger of these parents, you would have thought they meant to thrust her through the gate of Hades to which she lay so near.

And now the affair becoming public, proclamation was made throughout the city offering freedom and a great reward to any slave who would bring the missing servant of Agathon, alive or dead, before the Archon. A number of innocent people were seized and dragged before the judge, and some were even slain by their captors, but none proved to be the person sought.

While this was happening, the miserable Cleon fled away and took refuge among the mountains of Arcadia, inhabited by outlaws of all Greece, and by a warlike race of shepherd robbers. They received him and applauded him when he told them his history, and being an Athenian and accomplished in music, and in the arts of war and chase, he soon gathered about him a band of followers, who attacked rich travellers, or descended upon the fruitful plains, carrying off with them the wives and riches of the inhabitants. In vain the Lacedæmonians, the Argives and the Corinthians sent armies against them: with Cleon for their leader, these robbers routed whole armies and put to flight even the spears of Lacedæmon. Thus he lived for some years, while Lucia lay imprisoned in her father's house.

Rumor spread abroad the story of Lucia and the slave, over all Greece. A bankrupt who had fled from Corinth, reported in Arcadia that Lucia had recovered from her illness, and would soon marry a younger son of the Archon, who now stood in his brother's place. This information inspired Cleon at once with new terror and with hope. Calling his troop together he sent fifty of them, by various routes, in various disguises, into Corinth, appointing a day and place of meeting; and then, taking

a secret route to the sea-shore, lay concealed until the passage of a vessel bound for Corinth, to which city, being now greatly changed in his appearance by several years of hardship and exposure on the mountains, he did not fear to return. Arrived at Corinth, in the guise of a galley's rower, he found the city full of rumors of the splendid marriage that was soon to happen, between the daughter of the miser Agathon and the young son of the Archon. Many sacrifices had been offered, it was said, to appease the manes of the older brother, and the younger had taken a vow to find out and slay the murderer of his brother, as soon as ever the marriage had been consummated; for this youth was not only excellent in the use of arms and exercises, but of great strength and of a truly heroical mind.

Laying all these particulars to heart, as he gathered them from rumor and the information of the Archon's men, with whom he took care to be early acquainted, Cleon instantly devised a plan to gain possession of Lucia, which he thought could not fail of good success; for he was now full of hope, and accustomed to succeed in desperate enterprises.

Going first to a scrivener he procured a fair piece of papyrus, and wrote thereon as follows:—

"Cleon, the son of Menechmus, the Athenian, to Proteus, the son of the Archon Chremilus. Know, O Proteus, that I, who am the slayer of your brother—I, Cleon, the Athenian, more noble than yourself, and now chief of the free Arcadians, have written this. You have sworn to destroy me in fair battle, as I destroyed him whom you succeed. The virgin was betrothed to me, and to marry her against her will would be the conduct of a base plebeian, and not of a descendant of Hercules,* as you boast yourself. Act then in a manner worthy of your ancestry. Appoint the day, the hour and the place, and let us contend for the girl. Do this or you stand accursed, and are in danger of me while you live."

This he contrived to have conveyed secretly into the hands of Proteus, who, when he received it, was not terrified, but rejoiced in his heart. O, my brave soul, he said to himself, now shalt thou avenge thy brother in a manner perfectly honorable. So he proclaimed a day and a place outside the city, declaring that he would there meet the slayer of his brother and contend with him for the girl, since the laws of Corinth did not forbid it; and whoever might be victor should marry her on that day. This he did with the approval of his father, and of Agathon and his fiery spouse, to whom, indeed, he said nothing about the scroll sent by Cleon; and they regarded the affair as a piece of boastful gallantry, Cleon being long counted by them among the dead. So the deed was signed and witnessed before the Archon, that Lucia should belong to him who was victor in this fight; and while he signed it, he smiled at the vanity of his son, but reflected inwardly that the folly involved no danger and looked rather gallant and heroical. So is it always, that the fond confidence or the harsh pride of the parents, brings shame and death upon the children.

Again the wedding was appointed;—again the games were celebrated, and the palæstra crowded with rich Corinthians, who came to witness the games, and to smile at the boastful Proteus. At the appointed hour he stepped forward, nearly naked and wearing on each hand a leaded glove; and so standing, proclaimed aloud, that if the murderer of his brother heard him, he should come forward and receive his punishment. While he stood expecting, a lean, gaunt figure, as of a man wasted by grief and labor, stepped into the arena.

It was Cleon, but no one, not even Agathon, recognized him, and they expected only a sham fight, in which Proteus should show his skill in the dangerous fight of the cestus. The spectators drew near, and silence fell upon all. Proteus, full of vigor and hope, struck instantly a dreadful blow at the face of his enemy, but the other caught it on his left arm, and with the right broke in the skull of the unhappy Proteus, who fell prone, vomiting torrents of blood. Immediately there was a frightful tumult; the assembly rushed down into the arena, and would have slain the stranger, though they were without arms, by tearing him in pieces with their hands. But instantly, fifty men drawing weapons from under their garments stepped forward and stood about him

* A Greek phrase for a gentleman.

in a circle. The crowd fell back, and while there was a pause, Cleon, in a loud voice, called upon the Archon to fulfil the contract that himself had signed. He had by stealth procured it, and now proceeded to read it aloud to the assembly, declaring also that he was a free Athenian and of a noble descent. When the councillors of the old Archon heard this declaration, they pressed him eagerly to fulfil the contract, for at this time they were in danger of a war with Athens, and dared not injure an Athenian citizen. Stupefied with the suddenness of the calamity, the Archon consented, and Cleon, followed by his brave companions, went immediately to the house of Agathon to find his bride.

When the mother of Lucia saw a company of armed men coming to the house, she barred and bolted the doors, and going above to a window, near the entrance, inquired what they would have. "I am Cleon," said the leader of the band: "I have killed the Archon's son, and now I come to claim the girl. She is mine by nature, by the laws, and by the will of Heaven." When the fiery wife of Agathon heard these words, she remained for some time pale and speechless with the most venomous rage. But presently coming down, she opened the door, and bade them enter. They followed her through the various chambers of the house until they came before the door of Lucia's chamber, which opening she motioned Cleon to enter. With a misgiving mind, he did so, and saw sitting on a miserable couch, the Lucia of his soul, pale and wasted with long sorrows. Her dress was a white robe with bridal or naments. As he entered, she rose and came forward to salute him. "I am ready," she said, putting on a cheerful look; "the wedding is to-night."

When Cleon saw that Lucia did not recognize him, he groaned in the agony of his mind. "Lucia," he said, "I am Cleon, and it is I whom you are to marry this night. Come, Lucia, go with me." He spoke these words very gently, and then advancing laid hold upon her hand. She, however, retired a step backward, and when she had gazed for awhile intently upon his face, uttered a sharp cry, laying both hands upon her heart, and fell backwards and expired. Instantly Cleon raised her in his arms and brought her forth from the chamber; but when the mother saw that her daughter was at length dead, she drew from her own girdle a short knife, and coming upon Cleon from behind, as he stooped over the fallen form of Lucia, struck him on the neck behind, so that he fell forward and died upon the bosom of his bride. So ends the tale of the passionate lovers; and now, my friends, let us confess that over the lives of some men there presides a jealous and avenging Deity, who will not suffer their least wrong action to pass unavenged.

The guests were dissolved in tears when Socrates concluded the story of the lovers, for they had hoped that it would end happily, and could not endure the painful catastrophe. Then Euripides exclaimed, "O Socrates, you have wounded our hearts; for without the charm of music and of verse, such things are intolerable. Had these misfortunes fallen unjustly upon Cleon as they did on Lucia, we might have fortified our souls with unbelief, or had they succeeded in their wishes, we should have rejoiced with them; but now there is no consolation." "Let us beware, then," said Diotima, "that even for love's sake we commit no crimes."

It was now late, and after a few words the company retired sadly to their homes.

COLONEL SETH POMEROY.

PART SECOND.

The great act of New England, during the first half of the seventeenth century, was the subjugation of Louisburg. The ability of her yeomanry, the success of her merchants, the enterprise of her mariners, the flourishing condition of her schools, and the learning and piety of her clergy, had given to New England a name and a praise throughout Europe, long before this. But the power that she was able to wield by the combined energy of her people and government, when directed towards a single purpose, had never before been known. The capture of Louisburg came like the sudden report of masked artillery, upon the mother country. The attention of her people had been directed towards the great captains, who were marshalling their forces on the battle-fields of the continent. They had neither feared defeat nor expected glory to the British arms, from the feeble colonies of New England. But when the news came that the hitherto impregnable fortress of Louisburg had surrendered to the courage and skill of the colonial militia, grudgingly aided by a few ships from the national fleet, and it became manifest that the prowess of the daughter had already begun to shed new lustre upon the escutcheon of the mother, it may well be doubted whether the ministry did not even then foresee in the future a strength and purpose, with which England must grapple in life-earnest, in order to subdue it to her authority. While the newspapers chronicled, in glowing narrative, the heroism and bravery of the colonial forces, and the joy of the populace was expressed in brilliant illuminations, the government took no notice of the event, or such notice only as would suffice to screen its members from popular indignation. The ministerial measures of the thirty years which followed that victory—measurs involving oppressive taxation, retrenched rights, violated charters, unjust imprisonments, and iniquitous laws against the persons and property of the colonists—fully reveal the ever-growing jealousy of Great Britain from that moment, towards her possessions on this side of the great waters.

To the colonists, on the other hand, the reduction of Louisburg was a great stride towards political freedom. They had never wanted the courage to assert, they began to feel now that they had the power to defend, their civil liberties. From the outset, the love of liberty was a plant of religious growth on the soil of New England. To the old Puritan, every event was under the superintending Providence of an all-seeing God, and while he strove manfully to gain all that a heavenly Parent had bestowed upon his children, he was not backward to acknowledge the spiritual power which had nerved his arm for the conflict. Nothing to him was the result of chance, and scarcely anything the effect of natural causes. His religion was of a character which admitted neither of despair under reverses, nor doubt of ultimate success. Obstacles in his pathway he counted as trials of his faith, and bravely surmounted them; hindrances to his plans were the wise ordainments of One who knew a better way to accomplish them; tempests upon the ocean, famine upon the land, destruction to human life, were each the rods of discipline, which a heavenly Father used in love for his ultimate good. Neither difficulties, nor hardships, nor dangers, nor reverses, nor failures, were of avail to drive him from his purpose. In everything he recognized the aid of the Spirit; in every emergency he sought for light in prayer; in the hour of darkness he

"Saw God in clouds, and heard him in the wind,"

and was humbled.

Instead of bonfires and illuminations, the firing of cannon and ringing of bells, the clergy of the principal towns, upon the first news from Louisburg, called their people to the house of God, to render due returns for his goodness; and the Governor proclaimed a day of thanksgiving and prayer for mercies vouchsafed. Even the commanders of the expedition acknowledged a spiritual panoply, as the great cause of their wondrous success. In the following letter, commenced just before the capitulation of the city, and finished a few days after that event, the young Major, full of love and manful heroism, still falls back upon Providence, as the hope and trust of the expedition:—

"*At the Camp, Cape Breton,*
June 8, 1745.

"My Dear Wife, but lonesome Mate:—The great distance of place and length of time cannot, as long as in the flesh, in the least take off the edge of my love. All the conversation that we can have while separated, is by letters, and that is no small satisfaction to me, since Providence hath so ordered that we must be apart. My dear, paper is scarce with me. What I brought is gone, and there is none that I know of in the camp to be sold. But I have good friends, and as long as they supply me, if alive, able, and opportunities serve, I shall write you frequently. This is my sixth.

"My dear, by the great and distinguishing goodness of God to me, beyond many in our camp, I am in health. We still lay close siege to the city, battering of them with our artillery. Since we have been here, of those who have been killed or wounded, there is not one whom you know, I believe, except Tom Clary, who used to live at Brookfield with Col. Dwight. He died yesterday by a terrible burn he got some time since, by the blowing up of a barrel of gunpowder. My company are still all alive, and none I hope are dangerously sick.

"My dear, avoid all hard and tiresome work, and let not my long absence trouble you. When anxious and uneasy thoughts come into your mind, cast them off. Remember to submit to an overruling hand in Providence, which orders all events. Teach, instruct, and, as they are able, learn those pleasant children to labor, so that they may be helpful to their dear mother.

"My kind service to Mr. Sweatland. My duty to mother Hunt. My love to all the brothers and sisters. My unbounded love to my dear wife and the sweet children.

"Seth Pomeroy.

"P. S.—The business at home I can order nothing about, not knowing the circumstances of it, and I desire that you would not tease and trouble yourself about it, for I do not doubt but in the good Providence of God, it will be ordered all right and for the best."

"*June* 15*th*.—My Dear Wife:—Not having an opportunity to send this letter when it was writ, I now add something more to it. Myself and my soldiers are all alive and well. None of them have yet been wounded, though more exposed than any part of the army. Commodore Warren has now in his fleet ten ships, five of 60 guns, and five of 50 and 40 guns. He has been on shore this day, and our army were mustered in regimental order. The Commodore, with the General and other officers, marched through our ranks to view them. He made a fine speech to us, and very much encouraged the soldiers to go on and storm the city by escalading the walls, while he would go in with all his ships and engage them to the utmost of his power. This is to be done the first fair wind that blows. The Lord of hosts and God of armies, I hope and pray, will remarkably make himself known, and fight with us, and give us complete success over them which are His and our enemies.

"My dear wife, if God should so order it in His righteous Providence that I should not return, I humbly pray that He would regard the lonesome state of his handmaid, and be her husband and a father to her children. My dear wife, I am your loving husband,

"Seth Pomeroy.

"P. S.—Last Saturday we agreed to storm the city the first fair wind. The next day it must have been done, had not Providence remarkably prevented, for the wind was right for the ships to enter the harbor; but just before sunset of Saturday, the French sent out a flag of truce, and the next day, which was the Sabbath, the royal city of Louisburg was delivered into our hands, and all the inhabitants resigned themselves prisoners of war. Verily, we must say, the Lord of hosts hath done it. The strength of the city I have often endeavored to describe to you in my letters, but the one half I have not told. Commodore Warren saith, that if the King of England had known its strength, he would not have sent less than twenty ships of the line, and ten thousand regular forces. To the Lord of armies let New England give the praise."

Detained at Boston upon public service, after his arrival from Cape Breton, the Major writes as follows:—

"*Boston, August* 1*st*, 1747.

"My Dear and Beloved Wife:—I would inform you that I am in good health, but as to my coming home I can set no time, days being short and a great deal of business to do. No longer than I have business shall I stay, for it is no delightsome place. I have bought an English girl's time for five years, which I hope will prove well, for I gave price enough for her.

"If you have an opportunity to send me a horse and bridle, I should be glad to have it done. A saddle I can have here. If you cannot do so, I design to buy a horse to bring the girl up, for I am determined, if it is in my power, that you shall have help by a maid, to ease you of some of your hard labor. I have been about buying a negro man, a smith, and have offered £400 for him, but it will not fetch him. I am loth to go any higher. £500 is his price.

"Please to send your inclinations in the affair, if an opportunity presents, and also anything you may have forgotten, which is wanted. My love to you and the children, and am, my dear, your true and faithful husband,

"SETH POMEROY."

It may be a matter of interest to know the value of a negro slave in New England one hundred years ago. The £500 spoken of in the preceding letter as the price of the man, were in the *new tenor* currency, issued by the General Court in 1740; the bills issued in 1737 being designated *middle tenor,* and all the old bills, (which were depreciated to one quarter their original value, so that traders took £4 for £1,) *old tenor.* Of the new tenor currency 9s 8d were worth or convertible in value to one ounce of silver, while at the same time 5s 2d sterling were equal in value to one ounce of silver. The new tenor currency then was worth about three-fifths of the same denominations, sterling money, so that £500 new tenor were equal to £300 sterling, somewhat above $1300 in Federal money. Notwithstanding all that has been said, slaves were then of no small *bona fide* value in New England, up to the very time when the decision of the Courts abolished it.

We cannot close the account of this part of Pomeroy's life, without subjoining the reflections he appended to his Louisburg Journal, upon the remarkable providences which attended the expedition. The special interposition of the Deity in all human affairs, was at that day no matter of doubtful faith. The reader may smile at what seems to him a fanciful superstition, but he should never forget that what is now, in our practically infidel age, but an article of a religious creed, was then an essential element of Christian character. It was the impress of Puritanism stamped upon the life. Its image stood out clear and bright upon the great souls of England's Commonwealth, making their principles of civil liberty the currency of every age to the end of time; and the strength of New England in the eighteenth century, firm, obdurate and unwavering as it was, derived its lustre from the same broad impression. Without Puritanism, burning its deep features upon the character, the population of New England might have been at this day like the operatives of the mother country, or the canaille of the French provinces, or the serfs of Muscovy, or the lazzaroni of the Italian cities, or the mixed hordes of the Mexican table lands; they might have been like any and every oppressed and degraded people upon earth, but they would not have been New England men. Be it superstitious fancy or vital piety, wild fanaticism or God's eternal truth, certain it is, that without this stern religious creed rooting itself deep into the foundations of her government, and rising with her growth through every extending branch of her body politic, New England would not have been.

"Conclusion of my Louisburg Journal. I would now make some remarks upon the remarkable Providence, in favor of the great design that we were upon. Consider in the outset the scheme that was laid, which was to hasten away as fast as possible, with four or five vessels of force, and they but small, having but faint hopes of Com. Warren's aid, to land at Canso, wait until the transports all arrived and no longer, take the first fair wind and sail to Charborough Bay, land our whole army in the evening, and then with our ladders, axes, crows, grapplings, attack and take possession of the city in one night. This we now know to have been impracticable, and a wise Providence hindered our carrying it out.

"First. Although there were nearly eighty sail of vessels, yet they all arrived safely at Canso. Not a ship lost, not a man in the whole army sick. We lay at Canso about three weeks.

"Second. We thought our lying there to be against us, but do now see to the contrary, for in this time our cruisers took eight sail from the French. Com. Warren arrived with four ships for our help, and the Connecticut fleet came in all well. During all this time, the weather was cold and wet, and though we several times set sail, we were providentially prevented from going on. The weather and wind being right on the 29th April, we sailed early in the morning, expecting to land that night, and to march with all our utensils of war to attack the city.

"Third. Although we had a good wind in the morning, yet it died away, so we were prevented from getting to our destination that day. The next morning being pleasant and a clear air, our fleet was discovered by the French, and large numbers came out to prevent our landing.

"Fourth. This at first looked dark for us, but it was ordered in mercy, for several of them were killed and taken, and those that got back into the city gave the inhabitants a great fright, and we appearing the next day in sight, scared them out of the grand battery, of which we took possession.

"Fifth. On the 9th it was agreed in grand council to make a bold attempt with our whole army to escalade the walls, but it was mercifully prevented.

"Sixth. Another very remarkable thing, the many thousands of bombs and cannon, with an innumerable number of small arms, fired at us, and only about seventeen persons killed by them at all our batteries.

"Seventh. Another. The weather during forty-seven days that we were on the island—not one bad storm, and but very little rain or fog. The French themselves take notice of it, and say that God fights for the English.

"Eighth. Another thing. The Commodore being on shore Saturday, he, with the advice of his council, agreed, that the first fair wind he would sail into the harbor, our forces making a bold push by land, while he bombarded the city. Just after this, before the Commodore had got on board, the French sent out a flag of truce, and terms were agreed upon for them to deliver up the city. The next day must have been the time for attacking the town, for the wind did well suit for it, and if we had done so, in all human probability it must have proved fatal for our army, and destroyed a great part of them. This must be looked upon as a remarkable providence, that God should incline them to give up the city at that very time. It is evident and plain, that God rules the hearts of men, and that He ruled their hearts, at that time, to give up the city, for they might have kept us out and destroyed us, if we had gone in the way we had just before concluded upon.

"Ninth. Another remarkable thing was, that the very next day after we had taken possession of the city, there was rain, with foggy and dark weather, for eight or nine days together. There had not been so much rain by half in the forty-seven days we were outside of the city, as now in four days. This would doubtless have scattered our fleet and army, and given opportunity for the French vessels to get into the harbor, and would have sickened and discouraged, if not wholly broken up our designs. These things, considered together with many others that might be mentioned, doth plainly show, that God hath gone out of his common providence in a remarkable and almost miraculous manner. It is plain to anybody, that will consider and think of these things, that the Lord of hosts and God of armies hath both begun, carried on, and finished this great design, and delivered this strong city into our hands. My hearty desire and prayer is, that as long as I have a being, I may give the great name of God the praise of it, that he has written salvation for New England."

Col. Williams, who fell ten years after this in the battle near Lake George, was a friend and associate of Pomeroy for many years. In a letter written from the camp a few days after he fell, dated Sept. 12th, 1755, Pomeroy says of him, that "he was deservedly more in the confidence of the commander-in-chief, than any field officer in the army." It is no argument against his military sagacity, that he was surrounded and defeated by the French army. Dieskau had obtained notice, from his Indian runners, that a detachment had been ordered out to meet him. Forming his regulars across the road, in a position where they could not be discovered by the advancing forces until within gun-shot, and posting his Indian allies in advance on each side, where, protected by thick woods, they could form two sides of a hollow square, Dieskau awaited the approach of the American forces. Williams, unsuspecting, advanced into the snare, and at the first fire fell with numbers of his brave New Englanders.

Col. Williams was only forty-two years of age at his death. Disciplined by the adversities of early life, accomplished by foreign travel, distinguished by his military sagacity, which had oftentimes done good service to the State; a gentleman of high breeding, of varied information, and of abundant wealth, there was no man in western Massachusetts who stood higher in the respect and affection of the people. In his person he was large and full, easy in his address, and pleasing and conciliatory in his manners. After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a large grant of land was made to him, upon which he afterwards resided, having charge of the northwestern line of forts, then the chief safety of the whole western frontier of the State.

Upon taking charge of his regiment at Albany for the Crown Point expedition, a presentiment of his fate seems to have rested upon his mind. During the delay

there of a few days, he made and signed his will, in which, after several bequests to his relatives and friends, he directs, that "the remainder of his land should be sold at the discretion of his executors, within five years after a settled peace; and that the interest of the monies arising from the sale, and also the interest of his notes and bonds, should be applied to the support of a free school, in a township west of Fort Massachusetts, forever." Thirty-eight years after the date of this will, in compliance with its provisions, Williams College was founded.

The place where Col. Williams fell is still pointed out, though there seems to be some uncertainty about its being the correct locality. His bones, with those of many a brave Berkshire boy, lie unhonored upon the rocky shores of Lake George. He did not live to realize his hopes of "settled peace" and true liberty for his countrymen, but his last private act laid the foundations of that intelligence and religion for them, without which he had no expectation, under any form of government, of their happiness and prosperity.

In the year 1775, there stood on the corner of the two principal streets which intersect the township of Pittsfield in western Massachusetts, a respectable and well known tavern, kept by Col. Easton. It was a frame house, of good size for that day, with its spare parlor and spacious chambers for the summer traveller, and its snug bar-room for the lovers (not few) of a mug of flip at evening. Towards the south and east, some mechanics' shops, two or three stores for the sale of dry goods and groceries, and the frequent dwellings of the inhabitants, had already begun to assume the appearance of a village. The lawn, not then inclosed, across the street; the meeting-house beyond it, on the other side, standing almost beneath the great forest elm, then, as now, the glory of Pittsfield, though beginning to answer the tree described by Spenser,

> "Still clad with relics of its trophies old,
> Lifting to heav'n its aged hoary head,
> Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold;"

the school-houses, the burial-ground, and the green fields and gardens stretching to the skirts of the forest which covered mountain and valley wherever the eye was directed, gave to the little hamlet a rural loveliness, remarkable even at that early day. Situated upon a broad and level elevation formed by two mill streams, which, uniting within a mile towards the south, make the main branch of the Housatonic, and nearly midway between the two ranges of mountains which inclose the Berkshire valley, then and now the garden of Massachusetts, the locality had been noticed, before the settlement of that section of the State, as one of rare facilities for a new colony. The Indians called the place Pontoosuc—the run for deer. It had always been their favorite ground for hunting and fishing. Leaving their wigwam villages on the Stockbridge meadows, and encamping on the high bluffs which overlook the two beautiful lakes on the north and west, they would pass weeks of autumn in paddling their canoes from one fishing spot to another, or in pursuing the moose and deer far up among the fastnesses of the Hoosacs and Weylock. A sorry day was it for old Konkepot and his twenty men, when, in 1724, he deeded his fair hunting grounds to the avaricious white man for the paltry consideration of £460, thirty quarts of rum, and three barrels of cider; but a far sorrier day was it for them all, when the saw-mill began to run upon the banks of the trout-stream, and the woodman's axe to fell the glorious forests of his hunting ground. On the shores of Lake Winnebago, and far off on the western bank of the turbid Missouri, there are those who yet relate traditions of their old home toward the sun-rising, and who tell of the fertile valleys and hills of Unahtukook, and the rich fisheries of Unkamunk, in the days of glory to their tribe.

Upon the breaking out of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country, Pittsfield had been settled some five and twenty or thirty years. The men who had made actual settlements there, were a firm, resolute and hardy race, coming thither for purposes of thrift, and bringing with them the intelligence and refinement of the older parts of the country. Among them were men of education, of talents, and of competence, some of whom had risen to distinction in other portions of the

commonwealth. To this, more than any other cause, is to be attributed the early and vigorous stand which the Berkshire population took in favor of colonial resistance.

Immediately after the battle at Lexington, Gen. Pomeroy, then at the head of the undisciplined forces investing Boston, laid before several members of the Provincial Congress a plan for surprising and taking possession of Fort Ticonderoga. In pursuance of this plan, Benedict Arnold had been sent into the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called, to raise, if possible, the men and means to accomplish the undertaking. Fearing, from letters he had received, that Arnold was likely to be unsuccessful, Gen. Pomeroy communicated his plans to several members of the Provincial Assembly of Connecticut, then in session at Hartford, and solicited their interest in the undertaking. These gentlemen entered immediately into the spirit of the affair, and very soon enlisted a number of persons in its behalf. Three of these, Capt. Noah Phelps, Mr. Bernard Romans, and Mr. Edward Mott, gentlemen of standing and reputation in the colony, having received three hundred pounds in money from the treasury, immediately started upon the enterprise.

It was early in the evening of the 1st of May, 1775, that three strangers on horseback arrived at Col. Easton's inn. The public was at this time in such a state of alarm, that every trivial incident was magnified into great importance, so that the news of the unexpected guests soon ran over the village. As one after another of the evening visitors at the bar-room dropped in, the subject of conversation turned upon the new-comers. Various were the speculations upon their character and purpose, and broad the intimations from the more patriotic of the duties which devolved upon all good citizens in these troublous times, to see that no harm, in the disguise of honest travellers, came to the commonwealth. As the Colonel was absent, however, no serious proposals were entertained for apprehending the strangers, though it was not until it was known that he had been closeted with them ever since their arrival, that the fears of the company were allayed. Colonel Easton was a staunch Whig, that was certain; and Colonel John Brown, then called 'Squire Brown, he being the only lawyer in town, who had just been sent for to the conclave, was also a firm friend of the people's rights; and more than all, the minister, Parson Allen, who had just walked through the hall towards the same, was not to be doubted, for he had preached resistance to England from the pulpit, ever since the passage of the Stamp Act; so that, quieted of patriotic fears, the veterans of the village drank their usual potations, and retired in good season to their homes.

It was here, during that night of the first day of May, 1775, that the plan for the attack upon Fort Ticonderoga was concerted. Sixteen men only had been raised for the expedition in Connecticut, the main reliance being placed upon recruits who should be raised on the New Hampshire Grants. To this Col. Brown opposed the objection, that the people on the Grants were mostly poor, and that it would be difficult to induce them to leave their planting, at that season of the year. As a preferable plan, Col. Easton offered to raise fifty men from his own regiment, all of whom should be mustered at Bennington within four days, at which place Col. Brown with the Connecticut men was to meet him. In eight and forty hours after this, he had redeemed his pledge, and mustered his forces with those which Ethan Allen had raised, on the *common* at Bennington.

On the 4th of May, the Whig parson, Rev. Thomas Allen, thus writes to Gen. Pomeroy:—

"*Pittsfield, May 4th*, 1775.

"Gen. Pomeroy, Sir:—I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that a number of gentlemen from Connecticut went from this place last Tuesday morning, having been joined by Col. Easton, Capt. Dickenson, and Mr. Brown, with fifty soldiers, on an expedition against Ticonderoga; expecting to be reinforced from the Grants above here, a post having previously taken his departure to inform Col. Ethan Allen of the design, and desiring him to hold his Green Mountain boys in actual readiness. The expedition has been carried on with the utmost secresy. We expect they will reach there by Saturday, or the Lord's day at farthest. We earnestly pray for success in this important expedition, as the taking of those places would afford us a key to all Canada.

"We have had much work here of late with the Tories. A dark plot has been discovered of sending names down to General Gage, in consequence of which, and the critical situation of this town, we have been obliged to act with vigor, and have sent Mr. Jones and Evans to Northampton jail, where they now lie in close confinement, and have sent a hue and cry after Major Stoddard and Mr. Little, who have fled to New York for shelter. We hope it will not be long before they are taken into custody and committed to close confinement. Our Tories are the worst in the province. All the effect the late and present operations have had upon them is, they are mute and pensive, and secretly wish for more prosperous days to Toryism.

"As to your important operations, sir, you have the fervent prayers of all good men, that success may attend them. I hope God will inspire you with wisdom from above in all your deliberations, and your soldiers with courage and fortitude, and that Boston will be speedily delivered into your hands, the general thereof, and all the king's troops, that that den of thieves, that nest of robbers, that asylum for murderers and traitors, may be broken up, and never another red coat from England set foot on these shores. I have been concerned lest General Gage should spread the small-pox in your army. May Heaven preserve you from his wicked wiles. May you be shielded, sir, in the day of battle, and obtain a complete victory over those enemies of God and mankind. I have but one observation to make, which I have often made upon the histories I have read, and then I must put an end to this tedious epistle. It is this: seldom or never do the greatest generals duly improve a victory when it is obtained. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient, humble servant, THOMAS ALLEN."

Twelve days after the date of this letter, on the 16th of May, Fort Ticonderoga had surrendered at the demand of Ethan Allen, on an authority it did not like to question.

It is not generally known, that Arnold, meeting at Castleton the forces already raised by Allen and Easton, showed his commission from the Provincial Congress, and demanded in a peremptory and insulting manner his right to the command. Mott says, in his letter, written to the Provincial Congress immediately after the surrender of the fort, that "after we had generously told him our whole plan, Mr. Arnold strenuously contended and insisted, that he had a right to command us and all our forces; which bred such a mutiny among our soldiers, as almost frustrated our whole design. Our men were for clubbing their firelocks and marching home, but were prevented by Col. Allen and Col. Easton, who told them that he should not have the command of them, and if he did, that their pay should be the same as though they were under their command; but they would damn the pay, and say they would not be commanded by any others but those they engaged with." After the surrender of the fort, Arnold again assumed the command, and demanding that Allen should resign the charge of the garrison into his hands, insisted upon the direction of the whole business. Ethan Allen was not the man to be brow-beaten, especially when he was in the right; and though at most times his temper was completely under his control, he was occasionally most fearful in his anger. He bore the insults of Arnold for several days with much patience, until at length, finding one of his orders countermanded, he sought him, and seizing him by the collar, said in his stentorian voice, "Go back to those who sent you here, and tell them if they want Ethan Allen to resign his command, to send a *man* to take it."

It was at this time, that the misunderstanding commenced between Col. Brown and Arnold, which afterwards made so much noise in the colonies. As it was, until its close, a matter of private history only, and is not generally known, it is due to the sagacity of Col. Brown—a sagacity which saw at that early day through the disguise of the traitor—that it should be made public.

Brown was a young and highly promising lawyer in Pittsfield. From his capacity and active interest in behalf of the colony, he had been selected by the Committee of Correspondence to go in the year 1774 to Canada, to induce the people there to unite with the Provinces against the mother country. He was a man of winning manners and fine person, possessing great influence over those who knew him. At great personal hazard, for his objects soon became known to the Canadian authorities, and with consummate ability, he discharged the duties of his mission to the entire satisfaction of his employers, though without any encouraging result. Canada needed the right kind of men—the descendants of those who learned the principles of civil liberty from Pym, and Elliot,

and Hamden—to organize an efficient opposition against British tyranny; and his mission was, therefore, unsucessful. After the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga, he was employed in company with Allen to precede the expedition against Canada, mainly to assure the inhabitants that no designs against their liberties were intended by the invading army. In an attack upon Montreal, projected by himself, and undertaken with a very inadequate force, Allen was taken prisoner, and after the most cruel usage, was sent in chains to Great Britain. Col. Brown then joined the forces under Arnold, and was present on the 31st of December, in the unfortunate attack upon Quebec. Charged with the Boston troops, of whom he had the command, to co-operate with Col. Livingstone in making a false attack upon one of the gates of the city, he triumphed over all the obstacles in his way, and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, Livingstone having been unable to reach the spot, owing to the great depth of the snow. The history of the attack is well known, and need not be recited here.

It was during this campaign, that the growing dislike of Col. Brown towards Arnold was increased to an avowed and implacable hostility. He had repeatedly remonstrated with him upon the impolicy of making treacherous promises to the Canadians, of exacting needless and heavy distraints upon their property, and wickedly devastating their villages. Finding entreaties and reason to be of no avail, and having proof of Arnold's constant peculation of the public funds intrusted to him, he broke entirely from all connection with him, and posted him as a coward and a villain. In fourteen articles of accusation which he published against Arnold, he branded his name with every epithet which it bears at this day, and challenged him to falsify the charges. Before a committee of Congress, he offered to prove all he had published, but finding the leading men desirous at that early day, and wisely so, to quiet all contention among the officers of the still new and undisciplined army, and unwilling to investigate the charges he brought, Brown declared publicly, that though they might now "trust in Arnold as a brave officer, he would yet prove a traitor to the American cause, from his avaricious love of gold"—a prophecy fulfilled at last to the very letter.

Dissatisfied by the apathy of the Congress, and disgusted with a service which might bring him under the command of a man whose principles and character he detested, Col. Brown threw up his commission and resumed the practice of law. He did not again enter the army until the year 1780. Solicited at that time to take command of a regiment which had been mustered for the relief of Fort Schuyler, then greatly endangered by the invasion of Sir John Johnson, he consented and was immediately ordered up the Mohawk. On his birth-day, October 19, 1780, being then thirty-six years old, he and forty-five Berkshire men with him, fell dead in the murderous attack of the Indians at Stone Arabic.

We have alluded to the cruel treatment which Ethan Allen received from the British authorities, after he was made prisoner at Montreal. In the numerous sketches of his life, we do not remember ever to have seen the following letter, written by his brother to Gen. Washington, which deserves to be preserved, if for nothing else, as a curious document of the times:—

"*Salisbury, Ct., Jan.* 27, 1776.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:—I have rode some hundred miles in consequence of my brother, Ethan Allen, (commonly called Col. Allen,) being taken prisoner near Montreal, 25th Sept. last; have waited on your Excellency at head-quarters, in Cambridge, December last; since that, waited on Gen. Schuyler on the same business. He read me a paragraph of your Excellency's letter directing him to inquire what was become of Col. Allen, and desired me, if possible, to get some evidence of the treatment he received after being taken prisoner. Accordingly have spared neither trouble, nor pains, nor cost, to accomplish the same. One affidavit have only been able to obtain, which I inclose.

"There is a number of ministerial troops in this and the neighboring towns prisoners, but few of them have seen my brother since a prisoner, only those taken on board the Gasper brig, and it is next to impossible to get any of them to say that Allen or any other prisoner was used ill, for fear of retaliation; besides they have been charged by Prescott and all the officers, not to mention Allen's being put in irons, on pain of death.

"The soldier who made the affidavit here in-

closed, was very loth, and I should not have obtained it but he had previously dropped words to the same import as the affidavit. I then brought him before proper authority, and told him he must declare under oath whether Col. Allen was put into irons or not, and then he declared on oath what the affidavit says, at the same time begged that none present would mention his name. Have some thoughts of going to England incog. after my brother, but am not positive he is sent there, though believe he has. Beg your Excellency would favor me with a line, and acquaint me with any intelligence concerning him, and if your Excellency pleases your opinion of the expediency of going after him, and whether your Excellency would think proper to advance any money for this purpose, as my brother was a man blessed with more fortitude than fortune. Your Excellency may think at first sight I can do nothing by going to England. I feel as if I could do a good deal, by raising a mob in London, by bribing the jailor, or by getting into some servile employment with the jailor, and by over faithfulness make myself master of the keys, or at least be able to lay my hand on it some night. I beg your Excellency will countenance my going; can raise more than £100 on my own property; shall regard spending that no more than a copper.

"Your Excellency must know that Allen was not only a brother, but a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Have two brothers in the Continental army, one a captain, the other a lieutenant. The last with the army before Quebec. Whether these now, or with Gen. Montgomery, cannot tell. We look up to your Excellency as our political father, and head of a great people.

"Your Excellency's most obedient,

"Ever faithful and very humble servant,

"LEVI ALLEN.

"N. B.—If your Excellency choose, I shall wait on you personally. I only want your commands; cannot live without going to England if my brother is there. Beg your Excellency will be very secret, lest the opposite party should discover my design."

History does not inform us what action Gen. Washington took upon this very remarkable and curious letter. It is certain, however, that the wild project of Mr. Levi Allen, if it was ever attempted, was without any favorable results, as Ethan Allen, after his imprisonment in England, was sent back to this country, and after a time exchanged as prisoner of war.

But to return to the subject of our notice. Upon the accession of Gen. Washington to the command at Cambridge, Pomeroy retired from the field. Although his ardor in the cause of American freedom had suffered no abatement, he felt too certainly the disadvantages of old age for the duties of active military life, and voluntarily resigned his place to younger men. Congress had honored him with the appointment of Brigadier General, and his acceptance of the office was earnestly desired by the Commander-in-chief. His own inclinations also were strong in the same way, but the apprehensions of his family, the failure of his usual robust health, and the earnest desire of his personal friends, decided him at last to decline it.

But though withdrawn from the active duties of the field, Pomeroy had not deserted the service of his country. As soon as it was known that he had retired from the camp, the Provincial Congress, then holding its sessions at Watertown, immediately appointed him to the command of the militia in Hampshire county, with instructions to see that they were duly trained and disciplined, in preparation for actual service. For nearly two years he was engaged in this duty, diffusing a spirit of military ardor among the people, training them to the use of arms, urging early enlistments among the young men of the county, and supplying disciplined troops for the rank and file of the army. His services in this respect were repeatedly acknowledged, both by the Provincial and Continental Congress.

When, at the call of the country, the rough peasantry of New England were crowding into the camp at Saratoga, a large number marched from Northampton and the adjacent towns. As the regiment, mustered from them, wheeled one morning into the lines, Gen. Gates, who was surveying his army from a little eminence on the right, remarked that they must be old soldiers. "Those?" asked Wilkinson; "why, those are raw recruits from Northampton." "What? Pomeroy's men, eh! I ought to know them!" and putting spurs to his horse, he rode over to that part of the field where they stood, and complimented the commanding Colonel upon the appearance of his men.

But though conscious of rendering service to the cause of the colonies by remaining at home, the ardent soul of the old man could not be satisfied with the mere

preparation of soldiers for the field. With recovering health came the old ardor for active service in the camp. Solicited personally by Washington during the close of the year 1776 to take command of a regiment during the ensuing campaign, Pomeroy determined to enter again into the active duties of the war. In January, 1777, he left Northampton for the division of the northern army, then stationed at Peekskill under the command of Gen. M'Dougal. "I know not," were his favorite words to his family, "I know not whether it be God's will that I should return home again, but it is of little matter, provided I am doing His work."

It is no mean illustration of the zeal of the Americans in behalf of their cause, that an old man of seventy-one years, worn out in the fatigues of military service for more than a third of a century, should again buckle on his armor for the contest. The usual stimulants to military ardor in the human breast, do not often outlive the prime of life. It is not the nature of old age to look forward to the honors and emoluments of toil and danger, but to seek its enjoyment and repose in the recollections of the past. A higher motive must be sought, than any which the camp, or the field of battle, or the love of power, can produce, in a case like this. That motive is to be found only in the righteous cause for which our fathers contended. "That is no mean cause," said his minister on the Sabbath after he left, "that is no mean cause which can call the young man from his pleasures, and the man of middle age from his family, to the field of strife and carnage; but that cause which enlists in its behalf the toil and labor of gray hairs, inducing it to sacrifice the love of quiet, the infirmities of years, and the need of repose, to its country's good, must be the cause of God."

There are but few letters preserved, written by the old man after his re-enlistment to the army. Indeed he could have written but few, as he lived but four weeks after he bade farewell to his family. With a single one of these, we will close our already too protracted notice:—

"*Peekskill, Feb. 11th*, 1777.

"DEAR SON:—I have once more an opportunity to write from this place, which will be the last, as I design to-morrow or the day after to set out for Morristown in the Jerseys. I understand this day, that some of the prisoners whom Lieut. Brown went up with, are sent to Northampton. If there should be a smith among them, I should be glad to have you try him at the smith's business, or you may find one who will suit for the husbandry business.

"I should be glad to hear how the filling up of the continental army gets along in the county of Hampshire. It is reported here, that they fill up fast towards Boston. I hope it is true.

"I have nothing special more than you will see in the papers. I am sorry upon one account to leave this place, and that is the friendship of Gen. M'Dougal towards me. I hope I may find those who have the command the same wherever I go.

"I go cheerfully, for I am sure the cause we are engaged in is just, and the call I have to it is clear, and the call of God. With that assurance, who would not go on cheerfully, and confront every danger?

"My compliments to Deacon Hunt, and my namesake, who I suppose has got home. My love to all the family. From your loving father, SETH POMEROY."

General Pomeroy was buried at Peekskill. There was living a few years ago a venerable lady, sister to the late Pierre Van Cortland, who remembered to have watched, when a child, the funeral procession which followed the old soldier to the grave, and to have seen through the trees the place where they buried him. It is not possible at this day to identify the spot. His bones lie somewhere within the precincts of the old churchyard in Peekskill, mingling with other human dust. It matters not. He left the impress of his character upon the age in which he lived, and its features are not lost upon the generations which have followed.

N. S. D.

HON. JOSEPH R. UNDERWOOD.

Joseph Rogers Underwood was born in Goochland county, Virginia, on the 24th day of October, 1791. He was the eldest of eight children of John Underwood, who frequently represented that county in the Legislature. The name of Senator Underwood's grandfather was Thomas, and that of his great-grandfather, William Thomas Underwood. The last emigrated from England as a merchant's clerk, when quite a boy, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He had two wives: the last, whose maiden name was Taylor, was the mother of Thomas Underwood, who represented the county of Goochland in the Legislature of Virginia ten years, beginning in 1777 and ending in 1790; a period when it may be safely affirmed that no man, unless he possessed a clear head and sound heart, was likely to be trusted. Thomas Underwood, the grandfather, also had two wives. The second, whose maiden name was Taylor, was the mother of nine children, among whom John was the second child. Thus, by a double connection, Judge Underwood is related to that very numerous family of Taylors who inhabit the low lands of Virginia. On the mother's side, Judge Underwood is descended from the Rogers and Pollard families. His maternal ancestors have resided in Virginia from the earliest periods of the colony. His mother was Frances Rogers, daughter of George Rogers and Frances Pollard. His great-grandfather, Joseph Pollard, and his wife, lived until they were about ninety-three years of age, and were man and wife more than seventy years.

Senator Underwood was named for his maternal uncle, Joseph Rogers, who went with his cousin, Gen. George Rogers Clark, to Kentucky at an early period, was captured by the Indians near Maysville, and subsequently killed at the battle of Piqua Plains in attempting to make his escape from them.

The parents of Senator Underwood being in humble circumstances, and having a large family of children to provide for, were induced to commit him to his maternal uncle, Edmund Rogers, who, shortly after the Revolutionary War, (in which he was a gallant soldier, and engaged in several battles,) emigrated to Kentucky, and became a locator and surveyor of land warrants, by which he secured a handsome estate.

Mr. Rogers conducted his youthful charge to Barren county, Kentucky, in the spring of 1803, and nobly did he fulfil the promise made to the parents of the little boy "to be unto him as a father." The Green river country in Kentucky, in which he had settled, was then a wilderness, and contained but few schools, and those not of the best class. Joseph was placed at school, near the town of Glasgow, with the Rev. John Howe, a Presbyterian minister, and under his tuition commenced learning the Latin language. After remaining with him a year, he was transferred from place to place, and put under the charge of various teachers in different parts of the State, as suited the means and arrangements of his uncle, until, having been prepared for college, he was sent to Transylvania University, where he completed his scholastic course in the year 1811. On leaving the University, he commenced the study of law in Lexington with Robert Wickliffe, Esq., and under the instructions of this learned and accomplished lawyer, he finished the course of elementary reading.

About this time Kentucky was thrown into great excitement by the war with Great Britain, then raging with violence on the Canada border. The melancholy affair of the River Raisin had deprived the State of some of its best citizens, and plunged the commonwealth in mourning. The impulse to arms was universal, and pervaded all classes. With a mind imbued, by the teachings of his uncle, with strong admiration for military achievements, it was not to be expected that young Underwood should remain an indifferent specta-

tor of the martial preparations around him. In March, 1813, a company of volunteers being about to be raised in Lexington, to be commanded by John C. Morrison, two regiments of militia, which were to supply the number of men required, were drawn up in parallel lines, and a stand of colors planted in the centre. Those who designed to volunteer, were requested, at the beat of the drum, to march to the colors. Young Underwood was the first to reach and raise the stars and stripes, and bearing them aloft, marched after the musicians along the lines, other volunteers falling in as he passed. This little, but prompt incident, stranger as he was among the young men who volunteered on that occasion, led to the election of Mr. Underwood as the Lieutenant of the company. A gentleman, much Mr. Underwood's senior, then holding a military commission, tendered his services. The privilege was conceded to the volunteers of electing their own officers. When the election for the Lieutenancy was about to commence, a voice in the ranks was heard exclaiming, "Where is the man who carried the colors? Let's elect him." Upon this, young Underwood stepped forward and said to the company, he should be happy to serve them if thought worthy. The voters formed two lines, Mr. Underwood and his competitor being at the head of their respective supporters. On counting the votes, the numbers were found to be precisely equal. It was agreed to decide the matter by lot. The competitor of Mr. Underwood threw up the dollar. He cried heads, and so it fell. Those who voted against him immediately surrounded him in the best humor, saying, "It's all right; we'll now go for him who has luck on his side."

Isaac Shelby was then Governor of Kentucky, and signed the first commission that Mr. Underwood ever held in the service of his country. The company was attached to the thirteenth regiment, commanded by Col. William Dudley, constituting part of Gen. Green Clay's brigade. On the 5th of May, 1813, Dudley's regiment was defeated and captured by the combined British and Indian forces opposite Fort Meigs. After taking the British battery, which the regiment was ordered to attack, most imprudently, and in direct violation of Gen. Harrison's orders, instead of returning to the boats, and crossing the river to Fort Meigs, the regiment pursued the retreating Indians and Canadian militia into the woods. These kept up a retreating fire, and were rapidly reinforced. The pursuit continued about two miles, the Indians contesting every inch of ground, sheltering themselves behind trees and logs, and shooting down the Kentuckians as they advanced. When the regiment charged upon the foe in their ambuscades, as soon as they fired, they would retreat, load, take new positions, and again shoot from behind trees and logs, on the advancing regiment. In this manner the fight continued for many hours. At length orders were given to retreat to the captured battery, which had been left in charge of two companies; where, instead of finding friends and companions, the regiment met foes. A detachment of the British army had retaken the battery and driven the two companies to their boats; and, as if anticipating what would happen, waited the arrival of the retreating regiment, which, coming up in disorder, was incapable of resistance and surrendered.

In the battle, Captain Morrison was killed, and the command of the company devolved upon Lieutenant Underwood. The loss of the company, owing to its position on the extreme left of the regiment, and the efforts of the enemy to outflank and surround it, was very severe. In the retreat Lieut. Underwood was severely wounded. The ball still remains in his body. After the surrender, the prisoners were marched down the left bank of the Maumee river, about two miles, to the old fort built by the British and retained for years after the end of the Revolutionary War. In marching from the place of surrender to the fort, the Indians stripped the prisoners, with a few exceptions, of their clothing, watches, and whatever else of value they possessed. Lieut. Underwood, however, saved his watch by hiding the chain, so that it was not discovered, and it was afterwards of great service to him and his fellow soldiers. He was stripped of all his clothes, except his shirt and pantaloons, and in this condition, bleeding from his wound, was marched to the fort. But before getting into it, he and his com-

panions passed through a scene of savage barbarity and cruelty which will probably never occur again in the United States. They were made to run the gauntlet. This was done in the following manner. The Indians formed a line to the left of the road or trace running along the river bank, which was nearly perpendicular, and extending from the dilapidated walls of the fort, about one hundred and fifty yards up the river, leaving a space of some forty or fifty feet between their line and the bank of the river. Through this defile, the prisoners were compelled to pass, in order to reach the gateway that led into the fort. They were informed by the British soldiers, that it was the intention of the Indians to whip, to wound, or to kill, just as their malevolence and vindictiveness should prompt, and that each from the starting point, at the head of the line, should make his way into the fort in the best way he could, and with all possible speed. The prisoners were told, that when within the walls they would be safe, but this promise was violated. As the prisoners ran between the Indian line and the river bank, many were maimed and killed with tomahawks, war clubs and rifles. Those *braves* in whom all feelings of humanity were not totally extinct, only beat the prisoners over their heads and shoulders, as they passed, with ramrods and wiping sticks. Lieut. Underwood, on reaching the head of the line, perceived that it was concave or circular, and that those who ran next to the river bank were more frequently shot down than those nearer the Indian line. He, therefore, determined to pass by the ends of the muzzles of their guns, knowing that if he escaped being shot, when immediately in front, the gun would not be turned upon him, because the ball, after killing him, might also hit those standing further on in the curved line. This policy of the Lieutenant, although it gave him a better chance to escape the bullets, brought him in closer contact with ramrods and wiping sticks, and he received many severe blows. Between forty and fifty prisoners were killed in thus *running the gauntlet;* among them the brave Captain Lewis, who commanded a company from Jessamine county.

As the prisoners passed into the old fort, they were ordered to sit down, and did so upon the wet ground. Lieut. Underwood asked permission to lay his head in the lap of a fellow soldier named Gilpin, which being readily granted, he stretched himself upon the ground, the better to enable the blood to escape from his wound. In this situation an Indian of the Potowattamie tribe from the embankment of the old fort, which was elevated about four feet above the ground on which the prisoners were sitting, presented his rifle, and shot a prisoner near the base of the embankment. He then deliberately loaded his gun and shot another. After this he laid down the gun, drew his tomahawk, jumped off the embankment, and drove it to the helve in the heads of two others. He then scalped and stripped his four victims, and departed with his trophies. The ball which passed through one of them, penetrated the hips of a soldier near by, inflicting a wound which afterwards occasioned his death. So that it may be said, that five prisoners were murdered by this infuriated savage after safety had been promised them. It is believed, however, that the British officers and soldiers were sincerely desirous to prevent the massacre which occurred in the fort. Whilst the Potowattamie was engaged in his work of death, hundreds of savage warriors dressed in their war costumes and hideously painted, were stationed upon and about the embankment which encircled the prisoners. Among them rage and fury were manifested by every sort of ejaculation. The British guard incessantly uttered the expression, "Oh nitchee wah, oh nitchee wah." It can never be forgotten by those who heard it on that occasion. It was the language of mercy addressed to the infuriated Indian, and those who surrounded him, and as afterwards interpreted to the Kentuckians, signified, "Oh! brother, quit, go away." This appeal may have prevented the massacre of all the prisoners.

When the Potowattamie began the butchery, the prisoners in danger, and who, up to that moment, had retained their seats upon the ground, now rose to their feet and endeavored to get out of the way and save themselves, by jumping over the heads of those who remained sitting. In this melee of horror, while those on the outside were receiving the tomahawk, those

a little removed were, in their efforts to escape, trampling the wounded and prostrate Lieutenant under their feet in his own blood. When the Potowattamie had glutted his vengeance and retired, when the uproar was calmed and order restored, he presented an appearance more readily conceived than described. Having been previously stripped to his shirt and pantaloons, he now appeared as if plastered with a compost of mud and blood. In this situation, he was an object of one of the most disinterested acts of benevolence ever performed. A generous soldier, named James Boston, of Clark county, Kentucky, took off his hunting shirt, the uniform of his company, and insisted on clothing the Lieutenant with it, which was done, thereby concealing the blood and wound. This circumstance may have saved the Lieutenant's life, for it is believed that the Indians are disposed to put to death all those who are wounded, and who fall into their hands.

After many other interesting and thrilling incidents, Lieutenant Underwood reached the prison ship lying in the Maumee river, eight or nine miles below the rapids, about nine o'clock at night. He was put on board, and being announced as a wounded officer, was taken to the cabin of the vessel and permitted to lie upon the floor, where he spent the night without a blanket or covering of any kind. Midshipman Parsons was kind enough on the next day to surrender his berth to the Lieutenant, who thereafter, during his stay on board, received every attention from Captain Stewart and the other officers in command. Captain Stewart and Midshipman Parsons were captured by Commodore Perry in the naval battle on Lake Erie, and with other officers, were sent to Frankfort, Kentucky, and there confined in the penitentiary to answer as hostages for the treatment American prisoners might receive in England. This was a measure of retaliation, in consequence of the outrage perpetrated at Dartmouth, in England. Lieutenant Underwood visited the captain and midshipman in the penitentary with a view to return the kindness they had shown him when a prisoner.

On the day after the battle, the American officers, for themselves and men, signed a pledge, promising not to fight against the King of Great Britain or his *allies*, during the continuation of the war, unless regularly exchanged. Upon the presentation of the paper, inquiry was made whether, by the term "*allies*," it was intended to embrace the *Indians*. The reply was, "His Majesty's allies are known," with an intimation that the prisoners must act at their peril. Upon the execution of the paper, those officers and men capable of marching, were landed and discharged on parole. Lieutenant Underwood and James E. Davis, Esq., of Lexington, were landed at the mouth of Huron river, and found quarters in the cabin of a recent settler named Sharrott, where they were treated with all kindness until they were able to travel home. About the first of July, the Lieutenant reached the house of his uncle in Barren county.

This short but disastrous campaign having terminated, Mr. Underwood resumed his legal studies, and in the fall of 1813 obtained license to practice law. He opened an office in Glasgow in the winter, and attended the first court in Bowling Green in February, 1814. He was fortunate in obtaining fees and money enough to pay his expenses, the more necessary because his good uncle had now determined to throw him upon his own resources. Well did he meet his uncle's confidence in his success. He rose rapidly, and in a few years stood high in his profession. The Hon. John J. Crittenden, now his colleague in the Senate, and Solomon P. Sharp, a distinguished member of Congress, and subsequently Attorney-general of the State, were his associates at the bar, in the beginning of his professional career. These eminent lawyers then lived in that part of Kentucky where Mr. Underwood has always resided.

He was elected in the year 1816, being just eligible, to represent Barren county in the legislature, and was annually returned for four years. He then voluntarily withdrew from the political arena, that all of his energies might be devoted to the payment of heavy debts, incurred by the insolvency of those for whom he was bound as surety. He was greatly harassed, but by severe struggles freed himself. His books were even surrendered to satisfy creditors, but he never was sued at any time of his life except as surety for others. He punc-

tually complied with his own contracts during his great difficulties, and the confidence of his clients and the public was never withdrawn. He has often been heard to say that he lost the best ten years of his life in working to pay the debts of others. Having extricated himself from these embarrassments, he is now in easy circumstances.

In November, 1823, Mr. Underwood removed to Bowling Green, where he still resides. He became one of the actors in the memorable contest between what was called the new and old court parties, growing out of the intense agitation of great constitutional questions, that had nearly resulted in a civil war. The legislature had violated the obligation of contracts, by the passage of *relief laws*, as they were termed. The judges declared them to be unconstitutional, and the legislature attempted to remove them from office by re-organizing the court, and there were then two sets of men claiming to be judges of the appellate court. Although Mr. Underwood's pecuniary affairs seemed naturally to throw him on the side of the *new* court, yet his convictions and principles sustained the *old* court, and their decisions against the relief laws. He was selected by the members of that party as their candidate for the legislature, and was elected in 1825, after a most animated contest. The controversy was not decided until the next year, when he again represented the county; and upon the settlement of this exciting question that had convulsed Kentucky, he retired and labored most earnestly to relieve his pecuniary pressure. But he was not permitted to remain in private life. In 1828, he was selected by the anti-Jackson party, as their candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and was placed on the ticket with the Hon. Thomas Metcalfe, who was the Gubernatorial candidate. Although General Metcalfe succeeded and was elected by a few hundred votes over Major Barry, subsequently appointed postmaster general, Mr. Breathitt, (late Governor of Kentucky,) obtained a small majority over Mr. Underwood. This result was partly in consequence of votes given by Major Barry and Mr. Underwood when members of the legislature, against a bill, in the provisions of which the occupants of lands felt a deep interest. Time, however, demonstrated the correctness of their course, and the act, which had passed contrary to their votes, was repealed.

In December, 1828, Governor Metcalfe commissioned Mr. Underwood as one of the judges of the court of appeals. He and Judge Robertson, who were schoolmates at Lancaster, were united as the only judges of the court. Never did two officers perform more labor than during the first year, when they discharged the whole business of the court without the aid of a chief justice. It had greatly accumulated during the struggle between the new and old court. Each refrained from doing business, from the uncertainty which hung over the ultimate validity of its acts. Judge Robertson was commissioned as chief justice in December, 1829, and Hon. Richard A. Buckner appointed as one of the associate justices of the court. Judge Underwood remained upon the bench until 1835, when he resigned, and was elected to represent the third congressional district. He served as a representative in Congress for eight successive years. He notified his constituents of his intention to retire at the end of the third term, and left Washington with his family, intending to execute his design. But at Louisville, on his way homeward, he was informed of his unanimous nomination in convention, by the people of his district, for a fourth term. He did not think proper to resist the flattering call, and was again elected. At the end of eight years he was permitted to retire, when he diligently resumed the practice of his profession.

In 1845, he consented to serve his county-men, who had nominated him without his knowledge, when from home, in the State legislature. He was elected by a very large majority, many of his political opponents voting for him. He was elected Speaker of the House in December, and presided over that body so much to their satisfaction, as to merit and receive a unanimous vote of thanks. At the next session, he was elected to the Senate of the United States for the term of six years, commencing on the 4th of March, 1847. In enumerating the offices which Senator Underwood has filled, it should not be overlooked that he was twice a presidential

elector, voting first, in 1824, for Henry Clay as President, and John C. Calhoun as Vice President, and in 1844, for Mr. Clay and Mr. Frelinghuysen. The college of electors visited Mr. Clay in 1844, after their votes had been given, and Mr. Underwood delivered to him an address, having been selected for that purpose.

In a sketch like this, the different productions of Judge Underwood's mental labor cannot be noticed. To do so would extend this article far beyond the limits prescribed. It may be said, however, there is not an important political topic that has agitated Kentucky, or the people of the United States, since he entered public life, upon which he has not fully and freely delivered his opinions. The collection of his speeches and various addresses to his constituents, would, of themselves, form a large volume. His judicial opinions run through nine volumes of Reports, published by authority of the State of Kentucky.

Mr. Underwood has been twice married. First to Miss Eliza M. Trotter, of Glasgow, daughter of Mr. John Trotter, and granddaughter of the Rev. David Rice, a Presbyterian minister, who emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky in 1783. This lady died in 1835. During his Congressional service in the House of Representatives he was married the second time to Miss Elizabeth Cox, daughter of Colonel John Cox, of Georgetown, D. C.

In person, Judge Underwood is almost six feet high and well proportioned. He retains, to a remarkable degree, the vigor and elasticity of early manhood, and is one of the youngest looking men of his age in the United States.

ENIGMA.

THERE is a king, a lord severe,—
He rules a land not dark or drear;
  Yet 't is no land of pleasure;—
There, all is true, and all is firm,
All justice have, from man to worm;
  But hearts, there, have no treasure.

Though days are clear in that pure land,
And night leads forth her brilliant band,
  While the vesper hymn is swelling;
E'en though, 'mid rosy splendors, there,
Fair eve unbinds her golden hair;
  Joy finds nor food nor dwelling.

There, flowers unfold their leaves and smile,
And birds sing loudly out the while;
  But souls live dark and lonely.

There, all is life, and all is truth,
All glowing with the hues of youth;
  But 't is a vision only.

Eyes cast on eyes a living light,
And words on keenest hearing smite,—
  Hands, there, with hands enfold;
And yet, ('less I have had a dream,)
Though man and nature perfect seem,
  All 's sharp, and keen, and cold.

And he, that monarch cold and stern,—
So wise he hath no more to learn,
  So clear, all things he sees,—
Is but a lord of loveless forms,
Whose breast no wayward impulse warms
  Nor tender sympathies.

ADVENTURES AND CONQUESTS OF THE NORMANS IN ITALY,

DURING THE DARK AGES.*

The narrative of the Icelandic historian, Snorro, in the Heimskringla, of the visit of King Sigurd the Palmer (Jorsala-far) to King Roger in Sicily, proves, that the Northmen at an early period had accustomed themselves to consider the Italian Normans as descendants of their own Scandinavian race. On that account the attention and researches of the Scandinavian historians have, during the last century and down to the present day, been directed to the achievements and conquests of the Normans in the South, although both those who participated in the emigrations to Italy, as well as those who followed William the Conqueror to England had already long ago adopted the Romanic, or French, language and manners.

Ralph Ganger, who in the year 912 was invested with Neustria, and his companions, had married French women, and in the interval of two or three generations the Romanic, or French, element had nearly entirely superseded the Scandinavian. Even the Danish language, which certainly was the strongest memorial of the Scandinavial origin of the Normans, had already at the time of William Longsword, (932—943,) been so effectually supplanted by the French, that Benedict of More made the Duke of Normandy thus express himself in regard to the education of his son :—

> "Se à Roem le faz garder
> Et norir gaires longement,
> Il ne sara parler neient
> Daneis ; kar nul nel i parole.
> Si voil kil seit à tele escole
> Ke as Daneis sace parler.
> Se ne serent neient forz romanz,
> Mer à Bajuez en a tanz,
> Ki ne sevent parler se non Daneis
> Et pur ço Sire quens Boton,
> Voil ke vos l'aiez ensemble ad vos,
> Et de li enseigner curios."[1]†

The great bulk of the Normans in France may thus be considered already at that time to have been essentially Romanized, yet it cannot be regarded as an accident, that Normandy happened to be *that province* of France from which the expeditions to Italy and England were undertaken. These expeditions were eminently called forth by the same ardent desire to acquire renown and dominion, which at an earlier period had inspired the roving Sea-kings of Scandinavia to brave the dangers of the ocean ; they were the last undulations of that immense swell, which burst forth from the low shores of Denmark and the rocky coasts of Norway and Sweden. These wars, too, were undertaken by heroes, who fought in the true spirit of Old Scandinavia, and, as a Danish poet says, "who cleared the battle-field and terrified the dwarfs."

It is particularly the expeditions of the Normans to Italy, and their early conquests in Naples and Sicily, which so strongly remind us of their genuine Scandinavian spirit. This part of their history will perhaps the more attract our attention, as the chroniclers of Italy, who wrote their conquests and settlements, have chiefly dwelt upon the relations into which they soon entered with the Roman Pontiffs, and the wars which they carried on beyond the Adriatic against the Emperors of the Eastern Roman Empire.[2] Finally may be added, that many *new* and interesting features, highly illustrative of

* Views on the Emigrations from Normandy to Italy, and on the earliest Conquests of the Normans in Naples and Sicily, from the Danish of F. Schiern.

† For this and the succeeding notes see the end of the article.

this primitive history of the Italian Normans, have appeared a few years ago by the discovery of the Chronicle of a contemporary Benedictine Monk of the convent of Monte Casino, an outline of which we here present to our readers.[3]

In the beginning of the eleventh century the present kingdom of the Two Sicilies was dismembered in many parts. The Greek cities of Naples, Amalfi and Gaeta, had succeeded nearly in the same manner as Venice, in detaching themselves from the Eastern Roman Empire, and in gradually enlarging their dominion. The principalities of Benevento, Capua and Salerno, were then the only remains of the once powerful kingdom of the Longobards. Apulia and Calabria, the last possessions of the Byzantine Emperors in Italy, were governed by a Catapan, or viceregent, with a severity, the danger and folly of which the experience of centuries had not yet revealed. The Byzantine Catapan, the three Longobard princes, and the independent Greek dukes of Naples, Amalfi, and Gaeta, all aspired to the supremacy, and were thus continually involved in wars, which were carried on almost in the same manner as the ancient feuds between the early Romans and their neighbors; border forays into the territories of the enemy being undertaken during harvest, when the crops were burnt down and the cattle carried off. The poor inhabitants lamented, and expected their deliverance with an ardor, which, at the time, did not only proceed from the ordinary desire of innovation, but might be sufficiently explained by the havoc of endless wars, and the impossibility, at once, of satisfying the rapacity of seven ambitious rulers. To these grievances might be added the annual depredations of the Saracens, who, either as pirates or as auxiliaries of the Italian princes, crossed over from Sicily, landed on the coasts and pillaged the country.[4]

Sicily had already for a long time been exposed to the piratical descents of the Arabs, before they were invited as auxiliaries of the Greek general, Empedocles, in the year 826, during his rebellion against the Emperor Michael the Stammerer. They readily answered to this appeal. Hasan Ben-el-Ferath landed on the island, and a bloody war commenced, which continued for nearly a century, and terminated with the conquest of Palermo and Syracuse by the Aglabites of Tunis, who changed the whole island into an Arabic province. An Emir was appointed governor, according to the custom of the Saracens, and Alcaldes had the subordinate command of the different cities and districts; yet the inhabitants retained their old rights and privileges, and soon acquired an affection for their victors on account of their just and creditable government, and unusually liberal views in religious matters. Beneath the mild sway of the Aglabites and Fatimites, a multitude of Arabic cities and castles rose in the island; excellent manufactures were established, and the rich soil cultivated on a hitherto unknown scale. The sugar-cane was transplanted from Egypt; manna from Persia, and cotton from Asia Minor; the olive tree was sedulously tended and propagated, all over the island. Commerce flourished; numbers of merchant vessels daily arrived or departed from the different Sicilian ports, laden with rich cargoes. The objects of magnificence and luxury which commerce brought together, served in part to embellish the Saracen castles, which were moreover enriched with the treasures and precious booty carried home by the corsairs from their predatory incursions into Italy.[5]

Among these expeditions, which were undertaken with great regularity, and many of which are mentioned by the Italian annalists, few have been more remarkable than one which happened in the beginning of the eleventh century. In the year 1016[6] a large Saracen fleet departed from Sicily and sailed for the Italian coasts. The fleet entered the bay of Salerno, and anchored off the city. Here, a numerous host of Arabs disembarked, and encamped on a grassy plain between the city and the sea, and despising an enemy whom they had so often vanquished, they cared only for refreshment and repose. Gaimar the Great, at that time ruler of Salerno, had refused to pay the tribute, which the Salernitan princes were annually accustomed to pay the Saracens. But now, fearing to expose the country and city to depredation and destruction, he at last thought it necessary to yield to the demands of the Arabs, and had already

given orders to collect and send off the money, when forty tall and handsome pilgrims presented themselves before him. They had arrived the day before from Palestine in an Amalfitan ship, and were going to leave Italy and return to Normandy, their native country. They strenuously represented to Gaimar the impropriety of Christians paying tribute to infidels, an action unworthy of brave men, and requested him to furnish them with horses and arms to fight the Saracens. The Longobard prince, highly pleased with this generous proposal, granted their request; and, followed by the warriors of Gaimar, the Norman pilgrims fell suddenly upon the Arabs, numbers of whom perished, and the rest with difficulty saved themselves by swimming to their ships.[7]

This was the first time that Lower Italy became acquainted with the Normans. Carried back triumphantly to the city, they received rich presents from the Prince of Salerno, who, with admiration, had witnessed their strength and prowess. Gaimar wished to persuade the pilgrims to remain in his service, but longing for their native country, from which they had been absent so long, they did not yield to his splendid promises, and returned to the North.[8] Yet as they had told the prince that their country possessed men as valiant as themselves, "men who had been victors on every battle-field, and never turned their backs upon an enemy," he resolved to send ambassadors to Normandy, in order to invite the young warriors to come down to Italy. Nor did he execute this resolution without artifice: "like another Narses," as the old chronicler from Monte Casino says, "he ordered his envoys to present purple cloaks, bridles ornamented with precious stones, oranges, almonds and other southern fruits, which have always excited the avidity of the northern nations, and which did not fail now to inspire the young men with the ardent desire to become acquainted with the magnificence of the South."

The Italian ambassadors, on their arrival in Normandy, were astonished at what they saw there, all things were so different from what they hitherto had had an opportunity of observing. They found "on the outer edge of France a plain covered with trees and various fruits; in this limited region lived in great numbers a tall and stout nation, who formerly had inhabited an island called Nora, and were therefore named Nor-mants, men from Nora; man signifying people, in the German language. And the population augmenting at such a rate, that neither the fields nor the trees were able any longer to yield the necessaries of life to so numerous a nation, they migrated to various parts of the world. Thus did these people depart from their native country, and abandon small things to acquire great; and they did not imitate others, who wander out into the world to serve strangers, but they were like the heroes of antiquity, and desired to subdue the nations and bring them beneath their sway.

At last the Normans arrived at the harbor formed by the river Seine, where it discharges itself in the sea. They ascended the river, and advancing into the country, discovered that it surpassed in beauty and fertility all the countries along the shores of which they hitherto had sailed. They then conquered this fine region, which has numerous rivers abounding with fish, and immense forests, and is as proper for hawking as convenient for agriculture and cattle-breeding. Such was the country. As to the people, it possesses great cunning and ability; it shows hospitality to foreigners, takes bloody vengeance at all affronts, and devotes itself with zeal to eloquence and learning. The chieftains are fond of arms and fighting, and often encourage the youth, who, like the whole race, are covetous of gain and glory, to abandon their home and go abroad to foreign regions, where there is a prospect of acquiring greater wealth. They all delight to ride on noble steeds, to go hunting and hawking,[9] to wear beautiful armor and costly dresses;—but in the hour of trial they can endure with incredible fortitude the inclemency of every climate, and all the dangers and hardships of a military life.[10]

The forty Norman pilgrims on their return had related what they had seen and heard on their long wanderings, the dangers they had encountered, the heroic deeds they had achieved, and the precious gifts they had received. Thus they had already excited the desire of many to try the same fortune, and when the messen-

gers of Gaimar returned to Italy, they not only were accompanied by several of those Normans who at Salerno had fought the Saracens, but also by many others, bold and valiant men. Among these were the brothers Asmund Drengot,[11] Ralph, Rainulf, and Anquetil of Quarrel. A favorite of Duke Richard the Good, William Repostel, had in an assembly of high-born Normans boasted of having dishonored the daughter of Asmund, who, burning with revenge, sought and found a favorable moment to slay his enemy, while the latter, in company with the Duke, was hunting in one of the dense forests of Normandy. Asmund, fearing the resentment of the Duke, fled with his brothers to the Anglo-Saxons in England, whence he now returned to France in order to join the Salernitan ambassadors and leave his native country forever. Having overcome all the dangers and hardships which at that time were still inseparable from a journey through France and Italy, the envoys of Gaimar and their companions at last in safety reached the end of their wandering. In Salerno the greater part of the Normans remained in the military service of Gaimar; but Asmund and his brothers left the city again and went on a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, where they intended to visit the sanctuary of Saint Michael,[12] of high repute even in the far North, and to offer their thanks to the Saint for his protection during the misfortunes of their exile and toilsome wanderings. On the wood-clad summit of the mountain they met a stranger, dressed and armed in the Oriental style, with whom they became acquainted. It was Melo, a distinguished citizen of Bari, who a few years before had placed himself at the head of an insurrection against the Greeks, but being forced to flee, was now wandering about as an exile. Between him and the Normans so close an alliance was now formed on the summit of Mount Gargano, that Asmund Drengot and his brothers, instead of entering the service of the prince of Salerno, sent a message to their relations and friends in Normandy, requesting them to leave their home, and with Melo for their leader, to wage war against the wealthy but cowardly Greeks of Apulia. About three thousand Normans gladly accepted the offer, and were the following year, 1017, on their march to Italy nearly at the same time when the wild rovers of Scandinavia made their last predatory descent upon the coasts of France.[13]

It has generally been assumed, that the Normans went by sea from Normandy through the strait of Gibraltar,[14] to Italy, and this opinion is upon the whole not without probability. Those authors who remembered that the Normans had arrived in Neustria with numerous fleets, and that they, after their final settlement in Normandy, for centuries continued to nourish the predilection of their ancestors for a sea-faring life and the dangers of the deep, were easily tempted to suppose that the migrations of the Norman warriors to Italy were undertaken in the same manner as the former expeditions from the Baltic to France. Others, who knew something about the fortunes of the Normans in Italy, were at a loss, except by adopting this opinion, to account for the sudden appearance of so many ships, with which the Normans, a short time after their first descent into Italy, were swarming along the coasts of Calabria and Sicily. To this may still be added, that the sources of their history generally express themselves so very indistinctly, that in many places it is nearly impossible to distinguish if the travels were undertaken by land or by water. This is for instance the case in Aimé, the chronicler from Monte Casino, where he mentions the migration of William, Drogo, and Humfrey. Nor is Arnolfo of Milan, or William of Apulia, more clear in their relation of the expedition of those bands, who on the invitation of Rainulf departed from Normandy for Apulia. Jeffrey (Galfridus) Malaterra repeatedly speaks of the wanderings of the eldest sons of Tancred, of Robert Wiscard and Roger the Generous, without any indication of the direction of their route; and this is generally the case too with William of Jumièges and Ordelicus Vitalis.

Nevertheless, we do not hesitate here at once to contest and reject the opinion, that the Normans arrived in Italy by water, as inconsistent with distinct and clear evidence in the sources. By a closer investigation of the latter we find several of these expeditions mentioned in such a manner as to let us infer, that they were made by

land." Asmund Drengot and his brothers, on their flight from Normandy in the year 1017, "passed through the city of Rome, and arrived at Capua;"[15] and in another place it is said that they fled with their horses and arms only.[16] William the Blind starting for Italy in the year 1054, with some monks and a retinue of twelve squires on a visit to his son, who had acquired renown and riches in the South, crossed the Alps and passed through Rome to Apulia.[17] When Robert of Grentemesnil, in the year 1061, from the fear of Duke William, went into banishment, "he mounted his steed with his two attendants, Fuleo and Urso, and rode through Gaul; he then repaired to Rome and joined Robert Wiscard in Lower Italy.[18] Speaking of the Normans, who in the beginning went to Apulia, it is generally said, "that they crossed the Tiber;" and finally, that those bands who in the year 1017, on the invitation of Melo, left Normandy, having arrived at a mountain pass on St. Bernard, (Mons Fovis,) where the inhabitants by towers and gates had shut the passage in order to demand a tribute of the travellers, broke open the gates, killed the guardians, and with their swords cleared their way to Rome and Apulia.[19]

On the arrival of the Normans in Lower Italy, they joined those troops which Melo in the meantime had obtained from the Longobard princes, who with avidity embraced every opportunity to weaken the Greek empire in Italy. In the beginning of the year 1018, when the cold was so intense that even the wild beasts perished in the mountains, Melo opened the contest, wherein he in a short time gained six victories; but in the next year fortune turned against him, and after the defeat near Cannæ, he was obliged to flee to Germany, where, a few months later, he died broken-hearted at the overthrow of all his hopes. Dato, his brother-in-law, who attempted to continue the feud against the Greeks, was routed and taken prisoner in the year 1021. The Greeks mounted him, in chains, on a donkey, and carried him triumphantly to Bari, where he was sewed up in a sack together with a serpent, a cock, and a monkey, and thrown into the sea. After the death of Dato the nephews of Melo rose as leaders against the Greeks, and to their assistance the German Emperor Henry the Second crossed the Alps at the head of a powerful army. But the Germans not being able to withstand the baneful influence of the Italian climate, the Emperor returned in 1023, without having succeeded in expelling the Greeks.[20]

The nephews of Melo, who now gave up the contest, received from the Emperor some of his Italian fiefs, and with them Henry left the last twenty-five Normans who had survived the war, and remained faithful to the family of Melo. Among these are named Walter of Canisy, Hugh Faloch, Gusman, Stig, Thorstein and Balbus. Most of the other Normans had perished as the victims of their headlong courage and contempt of death. Of two hundred and fifty who had fought at the battle of Cannæ, only ten remained; and already at the time when Melo went into banishment, the three thousand warriors from Normandy had melted down to five hundred. Those who, besides the above-mentioned small number, faithfully adhering to the family of Melo, had escaped from the war, returned to Salerno and joined those of their brothers, who with the envoys of Gaimar at an earlier period had arrived from Normandy, and still served as regular troops (soudarii, i. e. soldiers) the prince of Salerno. The commander of these Normans was Thorstein Scitel, of whom for long years afterwards many wonderful traditions were told in Normandy. Thus the chronicles give some curious details, how he, in the court of the palace at Salerno, was attacked by a lion, whom he caught with his defenceless arms, lifted high in the air, and then hurled over the battlements of the castle; and how he, at last, by some Longobard traitors, was decoyed to a dragon, whom he succeeded in killing, but whose venomous blood occasioned his death.[21]

Provoked at the death of Thorstein, or, as another version has it, dissatisfied at not being rewarded according to the agreement, the Normans renounced their allegiance to the prince of Salerno and retired to the marshes of Campania, tenanted by frogs, where they erected a strongly fortified camp, and chose Rainulf, the brother of Asmund Drengot, for their leader. The Normans soon began to form a political system of their own. They would have lost all weight if one of the petty princes

of Lower Italy had succeeded in subjecting his neighbors, and they therefore sought to maintain a certain balance of power, whereby their service would be always considered as important; and with great artifice and without shunning any danger or exertion, they fully accomplished their purpose. The Italian chroniclers, with the most vivid colors, describe the heroic valor of the Normans, which, though it excites their enthusiasm, yet inspires them with great bitterness. They bewail "the unheard of cruelty and savage fierceness of this foreign nation, who showed a more than heathen disdain for the holy church."[22] These complaints are certainly in part to be regarded as the exaggerations of the bigoted chroniclers, or as a re-echoing of the olden time: at all events they were not able to lessen the reputation of the Normans; it continued on the increase, the more the princes of Italy became confident, that the superior spirit, bravery and discipline of the foreigners, nearly in every battle, gave victory to the side which they espoused. Having assisted Duke Gergio in the recapture of Naples, from which he had been driven by the prince of Capua, the duke, in the year 1029, generously granted them a portion of land between Naples and Capua, where they built the strong castle Anversa la Normanna. They fortified the town with moats and high battlemented walls, and Rainulf, who married the sister of Gergio, sent envoys with this intelligence to Normandy, to invite his countrymen to strengthen the warlike colony by the migration of new bands. Many were those who followed his call: some departed because they were outlawed; others to meet their relations and friends, who had emigrated at an earlier period, and others again from a desire to acquire wealth and reputation with their swords. Among the last were the three eldest sons of Tancred of Hauteville.

II. In the neighborhood of Cotentin,[23] in Normandy, lay the castle of Hauteville, close to the present village of the same name. There are now few ruins of the castle left, but the surrounding meadows still preserving the names of *Parc, Bois, Colombier,* clearly indicate that they, during the middle ages, formed the feudal estate of a nobleman. At the castle of Hauteville, among the flower of the Northmen, lived in the beginning of the eleventh century a generous and brave baron, Tancred, who in his younger years had visited foreign courts,[24] and performed many a gallant deed. During his residence at the court of Richard the Good, he once went a hunting with the Duke, a pastime highly esteemed by the Normans. Here he was attacked by a powerful wild boar,[25] who had killed the pursuing hounds, but Tancred rushed forward and thrust the animal with so great force that the hilt of his sword struck on its forehead, and the Duke, delighted with his prowess, retained him at his court, where he commanded ten of his knights.[26] Having spent several years in the service of the Duke of Normandy, Tancred returned to his paternal estate, where he married Muriella, with whom he had five sons, William, Drogo, Humfrey, Godfrey, and Serlon. After the death of Muriella he took another wife, Fredesenda, who bore him the sons Robert, Malger, Alfred, William, Humbert, Tancred and Roger.[27] All the twelve sons of Tancred were distinguished in every knightly exercise, and from their early youth it was inculcated them, above all other considerations, to aspire to glory, not to suffer any equal near them, but rather to risk all to bring every rival beneath their sway.

When William, Drogo, and Humfrey came of age and were armed knights, they accepted the invitation of Rainulf of Anversa and departed for Italy. On the journey they earned their sustenance with their swords; and when they at last in the year 1035, arrived in Apulia, and there learned that the prince of Capua was at war with Gaimar the Fourth of Salerno, the successor of Gaimar the Great, they changed their former intention of joining the Norman colony at Anversa, and preferred to enter the military service of the Duke of Capua. But they soon became aware of the avarice of this prince: they left him again and marched off to Gaimar of Salerno, who at that time had persuaded some hundred other warriors, lately arrived from Normandy, to join his banner. At the head of these Salernitan Normans William and his two brothers performed the most daring and heroic deeds, and were liberally rewarded by Gaimar. Yet

the timid and suspicious Italian soon began to become distrustful of his foreign mercenaries, and to fear that these wild guests might become dangerous to himself and his own dominion; he therefore secretly sought a pretext to get rid of them.

In the mean time the fame of the wonderful valor of the Normans had spread all over the Orient, and they were thus called away to new regions and new victories. The Byzantine emperors had never forgotten the loss of Sicily; but all their efforts, however strenuous, to regain possession of that fertile and beautiful island, had hitherto been rewarded with continual disasters. Michael the Fourth, the Paphlagonian, who now occupied the imperial throne, resolved at last to take advantage of the internal dissensions among the Arabs in Sicily, and to make another attempt to reconquer the island. A large army was assembled for this purpose, and the command of it was given to the Italian Catapan Georgios Maniakes, who formerly had acquired the reputation of an able general by several victories he had won over the Saracens of Syria.[28] Maniakes requested Gaimar to lend him those Normans who were in his service, and the prince of Salerno instantly seized this opportunity to remove his northern guests, who willingly listened to the splendid promises of the imperial governor. They met Maniakes and the Greek army at Reggio, and, united with them, they for the first time crossed the strait and landed in Sicily.

We possess different accounts of the first expedition of the Normans to Sicily, in the year 1038: Byzantine by Zonaras and Cedrenus; Icelandic in the Saga of Harald Haarderaade and Normanno; Italian by Malaterra, William of Apulia, and Aimé, the chronicler of Monte Casino. All these sources being contradictory, and it being hardly possible to bring them in harmony with each other, except by loose guessing or arbitrary reforming, it would seem that *one* of them ought particularly to be chosen as a guide; and about the choice there can hardly be any doubt in this case, the Norman chronicler Jeffrey Malaterra being the one who in every respect appears preferable. He relates that Maniakes having disembarked on the coast and besieged Messina, the Saracens made a sally from the city and drove back the Greeks with great loss, until the Normans, forcing their way through the press of the fugitives, put spurs to their horses and not only compelled the Arabs to make a stand, but these being terrified at the sight of their unknown enemies[29] and retreating in the greatest disorder to the city, the Normans pressed hard upon their rear and rushed together with them into the city, which thus fell into the possession of Maniakes. From Messina the Greek army then penetrated into the interior of Sicily, and captured thirteen other towns.[30] Before Syracuse a pitched battle was fought, which gave William of Hauteville his surname Bras-de-Fer or Iron-arm, because he thrust his heavy lance with such violence into the breast of the Arabian general,[31] that the point passed through his back. Some time afterwards Maniakes gained another great victory at Traina (Traianum) over the Saracens, who, though their number is given at fifteen thousand,[32] were manfully charged by three hundred Normans riding in the van of the army, and totally routed before Maniakes could bring up his Greeks. But while the Normans were pursuing the Saracens, the Greeks reached the battle-field and plundered the Arabian camp, without leaving any portion to those to whom they owed the victory. Provoked at this, the Normans sent a Lombard, Ardoin,[33] who had joined their standard and understood the Greek language, to interpret their complaints to Maniakes; but the haughty Greek governor being accustomed to servile obedience, looked upon this action as a punishable mutiny, and ordered Ardoin to be flogged naked all around the camp of the Greeks.[34] The Normans, exasperated at this outrage, would instantly have taken a bloody revenge, yet they were induced by Ardoin himself to tarry with their vengeance until he succeeded in obtaining a Greek passport,[35] with which they could more easily get back to Italy. As soon as this was accomplished, they suddenly, during the night, left the Greek camp.

The Normans having recrossed the strait of Messina, invaded with fire and sword the possessions of the Greeks, and advanced to the frontiers of Apulia, where they halted to deliberate on their further

undertakings. Hitherto they had given themselves up to their anger without following any well concerted plan. They would not return to Salerno, knowing the disposition of Gaimar, but at the suggestion of Ardoin, they sent him as an envoy to the settlement of the Normans at Anversa, to solicit reinforcements. Anversa was still governed by Rainulf, who, remembering the expedition under the command of Melo, was disposed even now to renew the warfare against the Greeks. Reinforcements were sent to Apulia, and new bands of emigrants arriving, as it seems, from Normandy,[36] an army was formed, consisting of twelve hundred warriors, who were commanded by twelve chieftains. Among these were Rainulf, William, Drogo, and Hugh Tudebod (Tudebœuf.)[37] The leaders of the Normans adopted now the plan of Melo, totally to expel the Greeks from the peninsula: they bound themselves by oath to divide the conquests in equal parts among each other, and began their enterprise most successfully during the night of the 21st of March, 1041, by forcing their entry into the city of Malfi, which, according to Aimé, by the strength of its site and fortifications, might be considered as the key of Apulia.[38] The following day, the Normans, merry and singing, rode away from Malfi, and subdued the neighboring towns, Venosa, Ascoli, and Lavello.[39]

It contributed very much to the good fortune of the Normans in Italy, that Apulia and Calabria were left unprovided with troops, the Greek army having been concentrated in Sicily. Here Georgios Maniakes had lost the command a short time after the departure of the Normans, on account of his having punished the brother-in-law of the emperor, the Admiral (Navarch) Stephanos, who had disobeyed his orders. On the recall of Maniakes,[40] Michael Dokeianos was appointed governer, with the special command of the emperor to rid the Italian provinces of the barbarian robbers of the north; yet it was enjoined on the Catapan not to kill all the barbarians, but to capture some of them living and to send them in fetters to Constantinople, for the diversion of the emperor and the imperial court. According to this order, Michael, at the head of the Phrygian legion and part of the Lydian, marched against Malfi;[41] but when the Normans boldly went out to meet him, he attempted beforehand to try, if possible, to persuade them to retire without combat; and, therefore, sent a messenger to summon them within the space of three days and three nights to quit Italy. But the Normans replied that the way to their home was very long, and that they had not wandered so far, dastardly to return; and their refusal to the Greek messenger terminated with a show of strength, whereby they possibly intended to frighten the Greek with their Herculean force. Hugh Tudebod, who had been standing near the Greek envoy, patting his horse, levelled so tremendous a blow with his fist on the head of the animal,[42] that he felled it dead to the ground. The Normans placed the terrified Greek on a fresh horse, and permitted him unhurt to retire to the Greek camp. Still Michael Dokeianos did not suffer himself to be discouraged from fighting; he crossed the river Ofanto, attacked the Normans—who, according to the chivalresque usage of the times, had appointed the place and the hour for the battle—and followed at the onset the Greek tactics of wearying out the enemy, by charging with one division of the army after the other. But the Normans instantly took advantage of this, and though they did not count more hundreds than the Greeks thousands, they drew up their battle array in the form of a wedge, and thus broke through the whole army of Dokeianos, a great part of which, on their flight, perished in the Ofanto. When the Greeks, before the combat, crossed the river, says the chronicler, it was so narrow and low, that the water hardly reached to the thighs of the horses, but when the battle was lost and the Greeks fled, they found the river overflowing its banks, although the sky was serene and beautiful, and no rain had fallen during the action. Michael Dokeianos escaped with only a few fugitives, but these he joined with the rest of the Greek army, which, in the mean time, had been expelled from Sicily by the Arabs, and then he a second time attacked the Normans near Montepiloso.[43] Here the battle continued yet undecided at sundown; when William of Hauteville, who was suffering from the ague,[44] and had witnessed the combat from a neighboring hill,

by an extraordinary effort overcame his weakness, put on his armor, and chanting the war-song of the Normans, charged and killed the general of the enemy, at whose fall the Greeks retreated.[45] After the battle of Montepiloso, the Greeks evacuated the open country and shut themselves up in the cities. Fresh troops were in vain sent from Constantinople to their relief,[46] and they soon began, one after another, to surrender to the Normans, who had succeeded in conducting their enterprises with more union and strength, and perhaps to win the confidence of the Italians by electing Argyros, the son of Melo, their duke. This election took place near Bari, in the year 1042, on a general assembly of the Normans, and here Argyros was raised to his new dignity, by the warriors lifting him high on a shield,[47] amidst loud acclamations and clashing of arms. Yet, when he some time afterwards disappointed their expectations, the former convention was renewed, and the twelve chieftains having finished the conquest of Apulia in the year 1043, the Normans again assembled near Malfi, where now the whole country was divided in twelve shares among the victors. William of Hauteville received Ascoli, which lay nearest to the capital of Malfi, and his brother Drogo, Venosa. Hugh Tudebod obtained Monopoli; Arnulf, Lavello; Peter, Trani; Walter, Civita; Thorstein, Montepiloso; Herulf, Trivento; and Archangelo was allotted to Budolphus, the son of Betena; Ralph received Cannæ; Ascelin occupied the rocky region of Ascerenza,[48] and his brother Rainulf, of Anversa, received for his share the district of Mount Gargano, where he, eighteen years before, in alliance with Melo, for the first time had planned the war for the expulsion of the Greeks. The Norman chieftains and their vassals now hurried to take possession of the territories which had been assigned to them, and fortified themselves there by the erection of strong places of refuge.[49] In these classical regions of antiquity, surrounded by forests of pines and cypresses, there rose, within a short period, numerous castles built in the northern style, and from the heights of the mountains of Apulia waved the blood-red banner of the Normans.

At the partition of the territory, it was settled that the strong central town of Malfi should be possessed by all in common. The city was divided into twelve shares, in each of which one of the Norman counts possessed his own dwelling.[50] Giannono remarks that this Norman constitution resembles that of the Longobards, during the first ten years of their dominion in Italy, who, not choosing a new king after the death of Klephis, divided the kingdom in such a manner, that each of the thirty-six chieftains governed his own district; and all met in Pavia, when it was expedient to deliberate on the general affairs of their confederacy. There appears, however, to be this difference, that while all the Longobard dukes (*duces*) were alike, the Norman counts (*comites*) chose a *primus inter pares* as their leader and president. This was for the first time the case with William of the Iron-arm, who was succeeded by his brother Drogo. The valiant Drogo being assassinated by a treacherous Lombard, in the year 1051, the chief command was transferred to the third brother, Humfrey, with the surname Bagalarde, who formerly had been roaming about on the Adriatic, and afterwards obtained the county of Lavello. In order to explain the immediate succession of the three brothers, as leaders of the Apulian military republic, the Italian historians, who supposed the presidency hereditary, have either erroneously asserted that none of the elder sons of Tancred had left any male descendants, or have assumed, without any foundation, that it was a custom among the Normans, to prefer the brothers of the deceased to his sons, when the latter were younger than the former. But it appears certain, that the sons of the twelve Norman counts inherited only the territories of *their fathers*, without enjoying any personal claim to be chosen general leader and president of the commonwealth.

III. In the year 1047, a band of foreign travellers arrived at Malfi with bags on their shoulders and staves in their hands. They were five high-born Normans, who, with a retinue of thirty squires, had left Normandy and undertaken the journey through Middle Italy, dressed like pilgrims, in order to avoid the insidious snares of the Romans, who, with envy and hatred, were watching the growing prosperity of the northern strangers. After the departure of William, Drogo and Humfrey from

Normandy, old Tancred had determined that his paternal estate of Hauteville, whole and entire, should descend to Godfrey, surnamed Riduld, the eldest of those sons who had staid at home. The allodial property of Tancred being too small to be divided among so many heirs, he himself encouraged his younger sons to follow the example of their elder brothers. Thus Robert Wiscard, and with him, as it appears, his brothers Humfrey and Tancred, now found themselves among the foreigners, who, in the year 1047, arrived in Italy, which soon was to resound with the fame of "Guiscard, the crafty count." And not only the Italian chroniclers were soon to vie in celebrating him, but his name was to be the terror and admiration of the far East.[51] He was, they said, the strongest man in the whole world, who, when falling with his steed, in spite of his heavy panoply, was able readily to rise again, and at once, and with equal dexterity, to wield in the right hand his sword and his lance in the left.[52] He carried his arms and his glory across the sea to Greece, where Anna Comnena, the princess, who certainly was prepossessed against the dangerous enemy of her father, often, contrary to her will, expresses the admiration with which his heroic actions inspired her. Although she bitterly complains of his cruelty and thirst of conquest, still she owns, that he was an Achilles in combat and an Ulysses in cunning; that he, with the firmness of a rock, executed his designs; and that he, like all noble-minded souls, above all, aspired to independence and liberty. She commends the strength and gracefulness of his person; his thundering voice, which, on the battle field, would force myriads to flee; his lofty stature, which made him look down upon the tallest of the Normans; his hawk's eye, sparkling with fire; his broad shoulders; his ruddy complexion and golden locks;[53] and the image of his manly beauty has taken such a hold on the imagination of the princess, that when celebrating the noble appearance of a hero, she calls him handsome as a knight from Normandy.

Robert, on his arrival in Italy, soon met with an opportunity to distinguish himself in the never-ceasing feuds of the Normans, and particularly in their successful war with Pope Leo the Ninth, in 1053. But the greatest renown he earned only after his conquests in Calabria, which then, for a long time, remained the great battle-field of the Normans. William Bras-de-Fer was the first among the Northern knights, who, during his skirmishes with the Greeks, had entered this country; afterwards Drogo had penetrated as far as the valleys near the river Cratis, and built the castle of San Marco, which he now granted to his brother Robert, thus giving him an opportunity, with the point of his sword, to carve out for himself an inheritance in those beautiful and fertile mountain regions. With zeal did Robert devote himself to the war, and his dominion soon began to extend with the number of his knights, who were augmented by degrees, all new comers among the Normans preferring the booty of Calabria to the quiet life in the castles of Apulia, which had already been divided among the earlier emigrants. Yet at the commencement of the Greek war, when the followers of Robert were fewer, and he often suffered the greatest distress, his life resembled that of an Italian bandit more than anything else.[54] Sometimes he surprised Greek merchants, who travelled unprotected with their precious goods, and dire necessity forced him so often to make forays into the villages near the castle of San Marco, that the unhappy inhabitants fled and left him surrounded by a desert. The Norman historians Jeffrey Malaterra and William of Apulia, who, with a quite particular predilection, dwell on this earlier part of the life of Robert, have, with great minuteness, preserved the memory of these adventures and robberies of their hero, and relate the cunning with which he knew how to extricate himself from the most perilous situations, when his power was insufficient. Thus they tell how, during an interview with Peter of Turra, a wealthy merchant from Bisignano, he suddenly seized the stout Calabrian round his waist and carried him off to his followers. This exploit procured him a rich ransom, and his surname the Wiscard, or cunning,[55] which was first given him by Jerard of Albergo.[56]

Another curious tale of the chroniclers, reminds us of a Northern tradition. They say that Robert "the cunning," desiring to take possession of a rich and strongly

fortified Greek monastery, sent word to the monks, that one of his warriors having died, he solicited a sepulchre in consecrated ground for the corpse. This request being granted, unarmed Normans carried the coffin up the steep path to the convent, where the friars, chanting hymns, met them to receive the dead body, which, according to the Norman usage, lay enveloped in a cere-cloth.[57] But on a sudden the dead warrior rose in the bier, distributed to the Normans the weapons which lay concealed in the coffin, and thus they forced the terrified Kalayers to surrender their stronghold without any resistance. It is evidently the same expedient which Harald Haardraade made use of, according to the Heimskringla, during his expedition to Sicily, a few years prior to this event. The Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus, ascribes the same stratagem to King Trode the First, and other chroniclers to Hasting, the Rover.[58] Nay, we may almost be tempted to suspect that the Normans, whose whole history represents a continual series of adventures, by new deeds, revived, as it were, the memory of that singular mode of action. At least we find the same successful application of this stratagem ascribed afterwards, not only to the Norman Duke, Robert of Apulia, on his taking the castle Gursol,[59] in the year 1147, but even repeated nearly a century later by the Roman Emperor, Frederick the Second, of Hohenstaufen; who, in Sicily, had adopted the Norman manners and usages, and who, in the year 1239, took possession of the convent of St. Casino by means of the same artifice. During the subsequent crusades, we meet, a few years later, with another imitation of this curious stratagem, by which Bohemund, the gallant and Northern-minded son of Robert Wiscard, contrived to elude the ambushes of the Greeks, on his passage from Syria back to Italy. It is reported, that he caused the rumor of his death to be spread abroad; that he ordered the ship in which he sailed to be decked out in mourning, and that he had on board a coffin, in which he lay down whenever the ship landed on the coasts of the Greek empire.[60]

Robert having been reinforced by the Calabrians, who, for so many years, had suffered hard oppression by the Greeks, and now, by degrees, joined him, began to prosecute the war on a larger scale, when he unexpectedly was called away to Apulia, where his brother Humfrey was dying. Though formerly feuds had existed between them, the dying count, forgetting their enmity, now confided the county of Lavello to his brother's care, as a guardian for his sons. After the death of Humfrey, Robert was elected President of the Norman Republic, and, besides, deprived the sons of Humfrey of the possessions of their father. Not daring to withdraw too far from Malfi, on account of the opposition he met with, he charged Roger, his youngest brother, to advance with the army to the strait of Messina.

Roger had but lately left Normandy, where, excited by the reports of the rising glory of his elder brothers, he, with impatience, waited for the time when he might wield the lance and go to Italy himself. In company with him travelled his brothers William, Malger and Godfrey, the latter of whom did not suffer himself to be detained from the Italian expedition by the will of his father, who desired that the feudal castle of Hauteville should descend to him. Of all the twelve brothers, only Serlon and Alverade could, with the utmost difficulty, be prevailed upon to remain at home.[61] The last appears to have propagated the noble family in Normandy, while Serlon, whose valiant deeds are not forgotten by the Norman chroniclers of Italy, followed William the Conqueror on the expedition to England, at the same time that his own son Serlon and his brothers fought gallantly against the Arabs in Sicily.

In the year 1058 Roger, at the head of sixty Norman knights, penetrated into the interior of Calabria, where he crossed the mountains and descending to the bay of Santa Euphemia, subdued all the country as far as Monte Leone, by the mere terror of the Norman arms. Having erected a fortified camp on the highest ridge of the Calabrian mountains, and there left part of his warriors, he hastened back to Robert Wiscard, in order to transmit to him the large sums he had gathered, and then accompanied his brother in his campaigns against the Greeks. But the growing influence of Roger soon excited the jealousy of Robert Wiscard, and a dispute arose

between them. During this feud, Apulia was plundered by Roger, who, being faithfully assisted by his brother William, made frequent forays into the possessions of Robert from the castle of Scalea; but found himself involved in such a distress during the contest, that he was even obliged once, at night, to steal horses from the stables in the neighborhood of Malfi. This fact is related by Jeffrey Malaterra, whose chronicle, like many others written about the Normans, was called forth by the love of truth of the Norman chieftains themselves, and who, on this occasian, expressly remarks, that he did not intend to cite this trait for the dishonor of Roger, but that he, according to Roger's own command, has mentioned his poverty and unfair practices, that all the world might know by what immense exertions he at last had succeeded, from extreme obscurity, in rising to the pinnacle of power and glory.[62]

In autumn, 1060, the brothers at last were reconciled, and the first result of their accommodation was the conquest of Reggio, which they had besieged with their united forces. On the fall of Reggio, the Normans hailed Robert Wiscard Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and Roger now undertook his first visit to Sicily. With a small retinue, he embarked late in the fall, 1060, in a few open barks, and sailed across the strait to the island, which he reconnoitred during a short incursion, before he returned to Calabria. He found the Arabs no longer united and powerful. Already before the middle of the eleventh century, the connection with the Fatimites in Africa had been broken: the Emirs did not possess force to maintain their authority, the island was distracted by civil feuds, and the mild sway of the Fatimites was succeeded by a despotic capriciousness, highly oppressive to the Christian inhabitants. Nor did any change for the better take place, when, at last, the number of petty tyrants by degrees was diminished. The three chieftains who, in the year 1059, had divided the island among themselves, the Alcalde Abdallah-ben-Menkut, who ruled Mazzara, Trapani, Marsala, Sciacca, and the neighboring towns; the Alcalde Ali-ben-Naamh, who reigned at Castrogiovanni, Girgenti and Castronuovo; and Ebn-al-Themanh, who commanded at Syracuse, Catania and Palermo, looked on each other with diffidence and hatred, and were every moment ready to begin the contest. The division and mode of government reminded of the situation of Sicily in antiquity, when it was colonized by the Greeks, and divided among petty tyrants, who succeeded in establishing princely powers in the cities.[63]

Nearly at the time of Roger's first incursion into the island, Ebn-al-Themanh had ordered the veins to be opened on one of his wives, the sister of Ali-ben-Naamh, who had excited his anger. This cruelty occasioned a feud with Ali-ben-Naamh, who vanquished his brother-in-law in a bloody battle near Castrogiovanni. The defeated Emir fled to Calabria, where he met Roger, then residing in Reggio, and in a flowery speech he described to him the Saracens as a dastardly race, and with his hand placed on the Koran, he swore that all he said was according to truth.[64] He succeeded in persuading Roger to undertake the war. Preparations were made, and in the following January, 1061, Roger, accompanied by the Emir, his brother Godfrey, and a hundred and sixty Norman knights, set sail for Sicily. Before Messina the Normans were met by part of the Saracen garrison, and a furious battle began. Roger, without shield or armor,[65] charged the enemy at the head of his knights, and with prodigious force cleft the foremost Arab in two.[66] The combat continued all night by the light of the torches in the Saracen camp. The Normans now retired to the coast in order to embark with the heads of cattle they had driven away, but a terrible storm arose and cut off all retreat. Crowds of Saracens, continually augmenting, then renewed the attack, and the danger of the Normans increased with every moment. In this emergency, Roger made a vow to erect a church to St. Anthony in Reggio, instead of that which had been destroyed during the siege. The storm suddenly abated, a favorable wind sprung up, and the Normans sailed singing across the strait. Although Aimé and Jeffrey Malaterra make Roger return victorious from Sicily, yet it is sufficiently clear from their statements, that the expedition of Ebn-al-Themanh did not answer to the expectations of the Normans. Nor would Roger

so soon have attempted to repeat his attack on the island, if he had not received a new summons for that purpose from the Sicilian inhabitants. Three Christians, Ansoldo di Parti, Niccolò Camoli, and Giacomo di Pacciano, taking a walk outside of Messina, in spring, 1061, their eyes fell upon their native town, as it lay illuminated by the rays of the sun; they grieved that the beautiful city should beg the mercy of the infidels, and they conceived the first idea of calling in Roger, to which the other Christian inhabitants gave their assent. They then only waited for the festival of the Beiram,[67] secretly to cross over to Calabria, where, in the castle of Melito, they met with Roger. He willingly entered upon their proposition.

When Robert Wiscard, who at that time had his hands free, was informed that the Normans had been invited by the inhabitants of Messina, he called the counts of Apulia to arms, and encouraged them to deliver the Catholic Christians, who were sighing under the yoke of the Saracens, and to avenge this outrage against the Lord. In March and April great armaments were made for the contest, which was now no longer to be carried on by insignificant forays, but was to be changed into a war for the deliverance of the whole island. In May, large troops of Normans, with crosses on their cloaks, hastened to Reggio, where Roger had assembled a fleet of flat-bottomed vessels.[68] With two ships, Robert and Roger sailed over to Sicily, reconnoitred the coast of the island, and returned daringly through the midst of a large fleet of Arabian ships, which Ali-ben-Naamh had collected in the strait. Robert Wiscard then took advantage of a dark night, to send thirteen boats with his brother and three hundred Norman warriors over to the island, when Roger instantly after his landing assaulted Messina. In vain even the Arabic women and children armed and mounted the towers and walls, to throw spears and arrows down upon the Normans. The Christian inhabitants opened the gates, and soon bloodshed and plundering prevailed throughout all the houses in Messina, that had not previously been marked with the sign of the cross. The Saracens, wherever found, were slain; their wives and children were divided among the victors as slaves, and but few succeeded in making their escape to the neighboring woods. Jeffrey Malaterra relates, with many particulars, how a young Arab of one of the prominent families in the city, attempted to carry off with him his beautiful and delicate sister; how the young beauty fainting, fell to the ground, unable to continue the flight; and how the brother, in his despair, stabbed her to the heart in order to save her from Norman captivity.[69]

When the Saracens, who were cruising off Reggio, discovered that they had been deceived, and that Messina was taken, they instantly set sail for Palermo, having now no other harbor where they could find a refuge against the autumnal storms. The victor immediately sent the keys of Messina to Robert Wiscard, who was thus enabled to meet him in the conquered city. Here the duke spent twelve days in reviewing the towers, walls, buildings and beautiful gardens of the city, and organizing the army, which, on the arrival of all the Norman knights, with their small bands of feudal retainers, did not exceed the number of two thousand horse and foot. A Norman garrison was then left in Messina, and the two brothers, occupying Rameta beyond the ridge, marched south to Mount Etna, where they encamped for some days. Following the banks of the river Jiaretta, (Symœthus,) which flows through the valley of Etna, they arrived at Centorbi, whose inhabitants bravely withstood all their assaults. At last they were obliged to relinquish the hope of conquering this town in its strong situation, and breaking up the camp, Robert marched south-west into the interior of the island, where all the inhabitants fled before the Normans, as Aimé says, "like the wax melting away before the fire." In many towns he did not find a living being. Yet expecting the attack of the Arab forces, Robert prudently fell back upon Palermo, which he found vacant and uninhabited. The town lay on the slope of Mount Etna, and finding the surrounding plain convenient for an equestrian combat with the Arabs, he remained there eight days, waiting in vain for the enemy. He then marched forward upon San Felipe, and after a short stay, arrived at the small river which, through the deep

and broad valley, runs north of Castrogiovanni.[70] Here the Normans at last met Ali-ben-Naamh at the head of fifteen thousand[71] Arabs, and here they triumphed in a battle which may be considered as the greatest and most important they gained in open field during their war in Sicily. The day after the action, they hastened to Calata-Chibotta, where they found excellent fountains. Here they reposed, and Robert here divided the booty which was partly gathered from the ten thousand Arab corpses left on the battle-field, and partly consisted in a number of Arabian steeds, of which ten at least fell to the share of every Norman. While the indefatigable Roger continued pressing on, scouring the country from Calata-Chibotta as far down as Girgenti, Robert returned to Messina, from which he had now been absent for three months. On the road Alcaldes came from all parts, and kneeling down, bowing their heads and crossing the hands on their breasts,[72] they submitted their districts and towns to his sway, while others presented him with precious gifts, presents of gold and silver, mules splendidly caparisoned with gilt saddles and bridles, purple cloaks, richly embroidered and superb silk-stuffs.[73] The Christian inhabitants of Val Demona likewise sent ambassadors and submitted to the Norman dominion. For their protection Robert Wiscard erected a castle, which, like his first fortress in Calabria, was named San Marco, and a garrison of Normans was placed there under the command of William of Malo.[74] Winter was coming on, when the two brothers met in Messina. The army was disbanded, and all returned to Calabria with the exception of Ebn-al-Themanh, who remained in Catania, and the Norman garrisons in Messina and the castle of San Marco. Robert Wiscard immediately returned to Apulia, but the indefatigable Roger being soon tired of inactivity, made still another visit to Sicily during the winter, 1061–62. Yet on his learning the departure of Yutta of Grentemesnil from Normandy, and her arrival in Italy, he returned to the continent, where, in spring, bride and bridegroom met each other in the valley of Salinarum, and celebrated their nuptials at the castle of Mileto in Calabria.[75]

IV. The Normans having turned their powerful arms against the unbelieving Arabs, it became quite natural that the Italians should more and more unite with them, and gradually get accustomed to their foreign manners and language.[76] This change had an immediate effect upon the war, which now began to be conducted on a larger scale, and gradually to deviate from that bold and chivalrous manner, so highly characteristic of the northern descent of the conquerors, by which, in the beginning, it distinguished itself.

It will, therefore, be sufficient for us here briefly to mention its conclusion. During its prosecution, Robert Wiscard fought especially against the Greeks on the Italian continent, and Roger against the Saracens in Sicily; yet both brothers participated in the honor of the reduction of Bari, the last possession of the Greeks in Italy. The investment of this city was carried on by regular works,[77] and after a protracted siege, it surrendered on the 16th of April, 1071.[78] The war with the Saracens in Sicily had, in the meantime, been continued since the beginning of the year 1071. In that year, Roger, with his young countess and a small band of Norman knights, was surrounded by the Saracens and the dissatisfied Greek inhabitants in Trainæ, a town on the western slope of Mount Etna, where he for a long time struggled with the greatest dangers and hardships.[79] In the following year, 1072, he gained a brilliant victory on the banks of the river Cerami against the Arabs, "who dispersed," says the Chronicler, "like the dense clouds before the stormy blast, or like the flight of birds before the shooting hawks," and abandoned on the battle-field an immense booty. Four of the captured camels were sent to the pope, Alexander the Second, as a present.[80]

From this time the Normans rode triumphantly over Sicily in all directions, and forced the inhabitants of the plains to submission, while the flower of the Mahommedan population either emigrated to Africa or shut themselves up in the fortified places of the mountains.[81] Yet not even here were they secure against the bold attacks "by day and night, in sunshine and during the thunder-storm," of the restless and daring invaders. From their strongholds, the Arabs sometimes attempted to make sallies into the valleys, but they suf-

fered one overthrow after the other, by their vigilant antagonists. Thus the Alcalde of Palermo, having made a sally against Roger, was defeated at Misilmir, in the plain of Palermo, and the victor sent intelligence of the battle to the Arabic inhabitants of the city, by fastening letters to some of the pigeons which were used as messengers by the Arabs, and formed part of the booty.

Roger had taken an active part in the siege of Bari, in spring, 1071. He was now assisted by his brother at the succeeding siege of Palermo. The Norman army was transported in fifty ships, from which songs and warlike music resounded over the waves of the Mediterranean. Thus surrounded by heroes from Normandy, and even from England, Robert Wiscard and Roger at last encompassed by land and by water this strongly fortified city, and the Normans, storming the walls on the morning of the 10th of July, 1071, Palermo, el Khalassa, the favorite city of the Arabs, surrendered to the victorious brothers.

Robert directing, during the following years, the full force of his arms against the Greek empire, only a few Norman warriors remained in Sicily with Roger, who had been invested with the island as vassal of his brother, with the title of Great Count, while Robert proclaimed himself Duke of Apulia, Calabria and Sicily; and this division of the Norman power caused the war in Sicily to be protracted for many years. By the alliance of the Arabs with their allies of the same religion in Barbary, who undertook different expeditions from the coast of Africa to their support, they defended themselves in the southern parts of Sicily as late as the year 1090, when they were expelled from Butera (Abuthur) and Noto, (Natis,) the last possessions they held in the island.[82] A. L. K.

NOTES.

[1] If I make him stay at Rouen and live there for a long time, he will not be able to speak Danish, for nobody speaks that language there, if I want him to be at a school where Danish is taught. They know only the Romance, (French language;) but at Bajeux there are many who speak only Danish, and therefore, Count Boton, I wish you will take him with you and instruct him in all knowledge.

[2] This is partly the case, too, with a modern work on this subject: L'Histoire des Conquêtes des Normands en Italie, en Sicile, et en Grece, par Gautier d'Arc. Paris. 1830. 8vo.

[3] L'Ystoire de li Normant, et la Chronique de Robert Viscard, par Aimé, Moine du Mont-Cassin. Publiés pour la premiere fois par M. Champollion Figeac. Paris. 1835. 8vo. This Chronicle, written in the Romanic language, and published by Champollion Figeac, is a translation of the original of Father Aimé, which is supposed to be lost.

[4] Sismondi, Histoire des Républiques Italiennes, i. 233. Leo, Geschichte des Italienischen Staaten, i. 360.

[5] Scrofani, della dominazione degli Stranieri in Sicilia, Parigi, 1824, p. 107, *seq.* Martorana, Notizie Storiche dei Saraceni Siciliani, Palermo, 1832, i. 27, *seq.* Stürve, Handelzüge der Araber, s. 79. v Hammer, Laüderverwaltung unter dem Chalifate, s. 67. The Norwegian hero Harald Haardraade, who participated in the first expedition of the Normans to the island, found "that Sicily was a very rich country, defended by large and strong castles." Fornmanna Sögur, vi. 148.

[6] This year is adopted by Lupus Protospata, apud Maratori, Scr. Rev. Italie, v. 41, and the anonymous chronicler of Bari, ap. Murat. v. 148. Pagi, (Critica, iv. 90,) considers it exact, and his opinion is followed by the modern authors. It is nevertheless very uncertain, like all the chronological dates of the early Norman wars in Italy. Chron. Cassin. ap. Murat. v 55, places the expedition in the year 1000; the exact Leo Ostiensis, ap. Murat. iv. 362, in the year 1002; and the Chron. Saxon. ap. Bouquet, x. 330, in the year 1014. According to Depping the first Normans made their appearance in Italy toward the close of the tenth century, but he may mistake them for the Väringer, (Barajgoi,) the Northmen serving as a body-guard to the Greek Emperors at Constantinople; Raumer, History of the Hohenstaufen, vol. i. 566.

[7] Leo Osten, ap. Murat, iv. 363. Aimé, l'Ystoire de li Normant, publ. par Champollion Figeac, p. 15. Odericus Vit. ap. Duchesne, p. 472.

[8] With these Normans, or with the Salernitan embassy, arrived in Normandy John the Little, an Italian by birth, and a famous physician. The acquaintance of the Normans with the learned men of Salerno essentially benefited the study of medicine in Normandy. Depping, p. 463.

[9] Accipitrium exercitio aptissima, says Jeffrey Malaterra, apud Murat. v. 549. Falconry not being mentioned in Sicily before the arrival of the Normans, we may suppose them to have introduced that exercise on the island, as the Longobards formerly had done in northern Italy; vide Hager, Gemälde von Palermo. Berlin. 1799. S. 44.

[10] Aimé, l'Ystoire de li Normant, p. 9. Fazello, Storia di Sicilia, ii. 525.

[11] Drengotus. Danish, den gode Dreng, i. e. the good boy.

[12] Several places in Normandy are named after Mount Gargano; vide Amélie Bosquet, La Normandie Romanesque et Merveilleuse, Paris and Rouen, 1845, 8vo, p. 194.

[13] Guil. Apul. ap. Murat. v. 254. 2f V. Raumer says, that William, Drogo and Humfrey were the first who *sailed* to Apulia. History of the Hohenstaufen, i. 566.

[14] Already De Thou praises the inhabitants of Dieppe, "penes quos præcipua rei nauticæ gloriæ semper fuit," and Louis XIV. in a letter-patent calls them "les plus expérimentés pilotes et les plus habiles et hardis navigateurs de l'Europe." In more modern times it has often been commented on, that the most distinguished Admirals of France have always been of Norman descent; vide les Français peints par Eux-mêmes. Province. Paris. 1841. ii. 124. It has been asserted that Norman navigators had established a colony on the coast of Africa

as early as 1364, and discovered America in 1488; vide Estanselin, Recherches sur les voyages et découvertes des Navigateurs Normands, Paris, 1832, 8vo, and Vitet, Histoire des anciennes Villes de France, Paris, 1833, 8vo, vol. ii. Certain it is at least, that only Normans can have introduced the earliest foreign (Scandinavian) naval expressions into the French language, such as for instance, esquif, boulines, raalinges, gardinges, haler, sigler, sterman, and the like; vide Jal, Archæologie Navale, i. 172—189. Vareblanc, La France aux temps des Croisades, Paris, 1844, i. 108.

[15] Aimé, l'Ystoire de li Normant, p. 17.

[16] Cum equis tantum ac armis aufugiant. Leo Ostiensis ap. Murat. iv. 313.

[17] Oderic. Vit. ap. Duchesne, p. 472

[18] Guil. Gemmet. ap. Duchesne, p. 283.

[19] Rodulph. Glaber, ap. Bouquet, x. 25. Guil. Apul. ap. Murat. v. 254. These inhospitable mountaineers of St. Bernard and the valley of Aosta may perhaps have been Saracens; vide Reinaud, Histoire des Invasions des Sarrazins en France, Paris, 1836, p. 195. The passage of St. Bernard is to this day closed by a gate and walls at St. Remi, between the Hospice of the Augustine monks and the city of Aoste, and the present Piedmontese gens-d'armes are nearly as rude and covetous as were the ancient Saracens.

[20] Aimé, l'Ystoire de li Normant, pp. 17-31. cfr Luden Geschichte des Teutschen Volkes, vii. 468–478.

[21] Guil. Gemmet, ap. Duchesne, p. 284. Alberic. Monach. ap. Bouquet, xi. 393. The traditions of the North make Harald Haardraade, a few years later, slay a dragon in Constantinople, (Myklegard,) and Albericus Monachus makes him smother a lion within his naked arms; vid. Cronhalm Väringarne, pp 95–98.

[22] Vibert. ap Murat. iii. 297. Arnulph, Mediolan. ap. Murat. iv 13, 21, characterizes them as "atrociores Græcis, Saracenis ferociores, impiissimi;" and Leo Ostiensis, (apud Murat. iv. 363,) relating a dispute between a Norman warrior and the fishermen of the convent of Monte Casino, says, ut sunt ad rapinam avidi, ad invadenda aliena bona inexplebiliter anxii.

[23] The environs of Cotentin are among those regions of Normandy where the Danish language was longest preserved. Estrap in the writings of the Scand. Society.

[24] Diversarum regionum et principum curias perlustrans. Gaufr. Malaterra, p. 559.

[25] Aprum miræ enormitatis, quem singlare dicunt. Gaufr. Malat. id. loc.

[26] In curia principis decem milites sub se habens. Gaufr. Malat. id. loc.

[27] Besides his twelve sons Tancred had three daughters, who afterwards, with their mother Fredesenda, went to Italy. Gaufr. Malat. p. 550.

[28] Tazello, Storia di Sicilia, ii. 532.

[29] Quasi nova gentis militiam abhorrentes. Gaufr. Malat. p. 251.

[30] Zonar, ed. Paris, ii. 237. Cedren, ed. Paris, ii. 741.

[31] The chronicles being misled by the Arabic word "Alcade," (al Kadé,) call this Arabic leader *Arcadius*, and modern historians have taken up this erroneous name; vide Raumer, History of the Hohenstaufen, i. 562. Aimé seems to have understood the meaning of the word, "Archadie," c'est prince et docteur de la loi. Chronique de Robert Viscard, p. 268.

[32] Gaufr. Malater. p. 251, has Sexaginta millia. Aimé, Chronique, p. 268.

[33] Ardoin is called "Servicial de St. Ambroise," by Aimé, l'Ystoire de li Normant, p. 41. De famulis S. Ambrosii, Leo Ost. p. 388.

[34] In the details Cedrenus ii. 755, and Guil. Apul p. 255, do not coincide with Leo Ost. p. 338, and Aimé, p. 41. According to the chronicle of Robert Wiscard, Maniakes not only ordered Ardoin to be whipped, but "pour vergoigne de li Normant lui péla la barbe a l'ongle soc."

[35] A notario Maniacis, cujus amicitia fruebatur, chyrographum, quo liberius transeant Pharum. Gaufr. Malat. p. 551.

[36] Cedren, ii. id. loc.

[37] Omnes conveniunt et bis sex nobiliores, quos genus et gravitas morum decorabat et ætas, elegere duces. Guil. Apul. p. 255.

[38] Die festivitatis St. Benedicti. Leo Ost. p. 359.

[39] Aimé, p. 45. Capefigue (Essai sur les Invasions marit. des Normands, p. 299,) cites an old Milanese chronicle, according to which the Normans rode throughout all Italy, chanting the ballads of Roland and Olivier. The oldest national airs of Sicily with rhymed measures, have likewise been ascribed to them; vide Münter, Travels in the Two Sicilies, vol. ii. 313.

[40] The "Torre di Maniace," which he built at Syracuse, still remains to this day as a memorial of his Sicilian campaign.

[41] Cedren, ii. 155.

[42] Nudo pugno. Gauf. Malat. p. 552.

[43] According to Jeffrey Malaterra, p. 552, the Greeks were commanded by a general having the barbarous name *Annus*; but Cedrenus calling him Μιχαὴλ ὁ Δοχειανός, it appears to be without any doubt, that the text in Muratori, Duce Anno, duce exercitus, ought to be corrected to Duceano, duce exercitus.

[44] Quartano febris typo laborabat. Gaufr. Malat. p. 552.

[45] Et appella la nome de Dieu. Chronique de Rob. Visc p. 272. Dex aïe, (Gud hjolpe, i. e. God help,) was the battle cry of the Normans. Wace, Roman de Rou, pub. par Pluquet, i. 138, ii. 327.

[46] Among these troops were northern mercenaries, (Väringer, Barajgoi,) mentioned by Aimé, p. 50, and Manichæans, whose religious opinions are described by Guil. Apul. p 256.

[47] Thus Guil. Apul. p. 257, is generally understood, although his expressions, sublimant protinus illum omnes animi, might signify that the Normans lifted Argyros on a stone in the middle of the assembly. According to Gautier d'Arc, William Bras-de-Fer, and after Gibbon, Robert Wiscard were likewise elected, being lifted high on a buckler; but no evidence is found in the sources.

[48] The son of Ascelin, Richard, with a large retinue, joined his father soon after acquiring these territories. Aimé describes Richard as a brave and tall knight, and says that when he mounted on horseback, "petit s'en faillois, que li pié ne féroient à terre. L'Ystoire, p. 67.

[49] Castella ex villis ædificare cœperunt, quibus ex locorum vocabulis nomen indiderunt. Chron. Vulturn. ap. Murat. ii. 2, 371.

[50] Pro numero comitum bis sex statuere plateas, atque domus comitum totidem fabricantur in urbe. Guil. Apul. p. 256. Afterwards the nobles often held assemblies in Malfi. Galanti, Nuova Descrizione delle due Sicilie, i. 122.

[51] Against this opinion has been adduced Guil. Apul. p. 261, where he says that Humfrey, at his death, made Robert Wiscard "Rector terrarum suarum et genita tutor puerilis, quem vetat ætas rectorem fieri." But this only refers to the county proper of Humfrey, his sons afterwards waging war against Robert solely with the hope of obtaining the restitution of their father's territory.

[52] Pugnat utraque manu, nec lancea cassa, nec ensis
Cassus erat, quocunque manu deducere vellet
Ter dejectus equo, ter viribus ipse resumptis
Major in arma redit: stimulos furor ipse ministrat.
William Apulus, ii. p. 270.

[53] Anna Comnena i. 10. Ed. Bonn, i. 50. The Italian Normans for a long time afterwards preserved

their northern appearance. Bohemund, one of the heroes of the first crusade, is described by Anna Comnena as being of gigantic stature, with the finest red and white complexion, light blue eyes, (το βλέμμα γλαυκόν,) and yellow locks hanging down over his ears. A Danish traveller has remarked that an old picture is still to be found in the monastery of San Trinità delle Care, which represents Roger, the Norman King, with long, yellow curls. Travels in Normandy, by Prof. Estrup, p. 58, 152.

54 Quodam vespere dapifer, qui omni domui suæ perderat, requisivit ab ipso, quid in crastinum comesturi erant ipse vel milites sui, dicens se neque victum neque pretium ad emendum habere. Gaufr. Malat. p. 553.

55 Wiscard is the Icelandic Viskr, the now obsolete English Wiseacre. Cognomen Viscardus erat quia calliditatis. Non Cicero tanta fuit nec versutus Ulysses, says Guil. Apul. p. 260.

56 Gyrant to dama premièrement Viscart et lui dist: O Viscart! pourquoi vas ça et la? Pren ma tante, soror de mon père, pour moillier, et je serai ton chevalier; et vendra auvec toi pour acquester Calabre et anvec moi ij.c. chevaliers. Aimé, Ystorie de li Normant, p. 76.

57 Ut Normanorum vetare cadavera mos est. Guil. Apul. p. 261. In the North, likewise, the corpse, particularly among the rich, was placed in a coffin, enveloped in a waxed shroud. Petersen Danmartes, Historie; Hedenold, iii. 162.

58 Robert Ware, Dudo St. Quintin, Benedict of St. More, and William of Jumièges; vide P. E. Müller, Om Saxosy Snorres Kilder. s. 270.

59 Matthai Taris Historia Anglicana, ed. Wats, p. 488.

60 Wilken Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, ii. 332.

61 This they did not before their departing brothers had given the promise, that when the sons of Serlon and Alverade afterwards should go to Italy, they would there be invested with feudal estates by their uncles. According to this promise, the younger Serlon, the son of the older knight of that name, went to Sicily, where he fell in battle against the Saracens on a rock, the corrupt name of which, rocca di Sarno, still recalls his memory to this day. Gautier d'Arc, Histoire des Conquêtes des Normands, p. 281.

62 Gauf. Malat. p. 552.

63 Albufeda, Annales Islamisi, ed. Adl. iii. 229. Leo, History of the Italian States, i. 459.

64 Novairi ap. Gregor. Rer. Arab. ampl. collect. p. 22.

65 Non portoit ne escui, ni haubert. Chron. de Rob. Visc. p. 219.

66 Et la part de sus chaï en terre, et la part de souz non chaï si tost, et fu portée de li pré; et avieingne que ce soit toit cose à croire, toutes fois se doit croire. Chron. de Rob. Visc. p. 229.

67 Solemnitatem quandam præstolibantur, quem Mauri singules annis domibus duodecim diebus celebrabant. Hist. Leb. Messan. p. 615.

68 Nostri denique tantammodo Germandos et Galeas, Sicilienses vero, et Gattos, et Golafros, et Dromundos habebant. Gaufr. Malat. p. 561. By Galeas is probably understood galleys; the other names are unknown, except *the dromons*, which often are mentioned as a particular kind of vessels, not only in Southern, but likewise in Northern sources. (Icelandic, dromundar.) Heimskringla, iii. 353.

69 Gaufr. Malat. p. 250.

70 In ripa fluminis, quod lingua eorum Guedeta dicitur, quod Latine resolutum fluminis paludes interpretur. Gaufr. Malat. p. 563.

71 Gaufr. Malat. 563. Chron. de Robert Visc. p. 280.

72 Les braz ploiez et la teste enclinée. Aimé, l'Ystoire de li Normant, p. 157.

73 The Saracens of Sicily, at an early period, were familiar with the manufacture of silk stuffs, and renowned for their weaving. The Italian words ricamo and ricamare are of Arabian origin, (vide Diez. Gram. der Romanischen Sprachen, i. 59.) The excellency of their workmanship is proved by remains still extant, among which is the mantle ornamented with Arabic inscriptions, and worn in the middle ages by the German emperors at their coronation. It is still preserved at Nurnberg; vide Hammer, Länderverwaltung unter dem Chalifato, s. 68. Among the relics of King Canute, the Saint of Denmark, (in Odense, 1086,) was found some fragments of a silken shroud, which has been supposed to be of Greek workmanship; but it seems more probable that it was manufactured by the Saracens of Sicily. At least it is remarkable and interesting, that at the opening of the sepulchre of Frederick II. in Palermo, in the year 1781, the pall, about the Arabic origin of which no doubt exists, was lined with a double row of pearls, and along the border were on both sides eagles, elegantly embroidered by couples, turning their little beaks against each other. (Hager, Gemälde von Palermo, s. 41.) This being the same pattern with the silken shroud found among the relics of King Knud, both appear to have been of Saracenic origin; vide Gregorio, Discorsi intorno alla Sicilia, Palermo, 1821, ii. 1-89.

74 The Arabic cities in Sicily have generally the prefix Calata or Calta, as Calatafimi, Caltagirone, while the Norman castles may be recognized by the termination burgo; vide Tardia, Descrizione della Sicilia di Scherif el Idris, pp. 19, 23, and Gregorio Considerazioni, i. 44.

75 Gaufr. Malat., 558. In Normandy the new married couple are still called bru and bru-man, bride and bride-man, which latter, "brudmand," is heard in the Island Tyen, in Denmark, instead of brudgom, (bridegroom;) vide Venedey, Reise und Rasttage in des Normandie, Leipzig, 1838, ii. 153, and Les Français peints par eux-mêmes, Province, ii. 143.

76 Moribus et lingua, quoscumque venire videbant (Normanii) informant propria, gens officiatur ut una. Guil Ap. 255. Nevertheless, declared Count Henry, the uncle of King William the Second, in a later period, that he did not understand the Norman tongue. "Francorum se linguam ignorare, quæ maxime necessaria esset in curia." Hugo Falcaud, ap. Murat. vii. 321.

77 Fist lors de laingne et diverses générations de trébue. Chron. de Rob. Visc. p. 293.

78 Alessandro di Meo, Apparato Chronologio, p. 79.

79 Vestitum etiam tanta penuria illis erat, ut comes et comitissa, non nisi unam capam habentes, alternatim, prout unicuique major necessitas incumbebat, ea utebatur. Gauf. Malat. p. 569.

80 The camel was transplanted to Sicily by the Arabs, and still formed an important article of trade in the Sicilian commerce, as late as the thirteenth century. Hager, i. 215.

81 The greatest part of the Imams emigrated to Africa. Albufeda, Annales Islamismi, iii. 519. Al Novairi ap. Gregor. Rev. Arab. Collect. p. 20. Yet that some of them still remained in the island is proved by the Kufian sepulchral inscription of the Imam Abd-Allah, who died in 1173; vide Gregor. Rev. Arab. Collect. p. 235.

82 Martorana, Noticie storiche dei Saraceni Siciliani, i. 176.

SOCIETARY THEORIES.

In this country Socialism has been presented to us chiefly under the name of Fourierism; and, indeed, both in France and here this may be considered the fairest and best representation of the Socialist theory. The admirers of M. Charles Fourier, however, both in French and English, have been so well content to occupy themselves, or at least to entertain the public, with the material consequences of their system, with the economical advantages which they predict as straightway to flow from the organization of the "Phalanx" upon the industrial interests of society, that very few are to be found outside their own circle who have any idea of the religious, metaphysical, and moral principles of Socialism. Many have even supposed that, in these respects, no essential discrepancy existed between the Fourierites and the conservative portion of the community; and we are sorry to say that this idea is encouraged by the most distinguished Socialists both in America and in Europe, who evince an observable tendency to bring back their system to a nearer correspondence, and to create, if it might be, an *external* union with the acknowledged forms of Christianity.

But Fourierism professes to be a system; and ill-jointed though it may be, it is not to its defenders that it belongs to dismember it at their pleasure, and preserving its name as an imposing shadow, to present only some of its proposed practical workings, which, nevertheless, require and tend to the establishment of its new moral principles. If then Socialists would have given us a real instead of a "popular view of the doctrines of Charles Fourier,"* it should have sufficed for its own refutation. This they have not done, and hence the question so often asked us, as to what are the distinctive principles of Fourierism; in what cardinal points it conflicts with the generally acknowledged laws of society; and again, what connection or antagonism exists between it and other forms or parties of Socialism. The recent revolution in France has given an accidental prominence to the Socialist theories of the day, and a short discussion of them, we have thought, might be found interesting and not without profit.

Under the general name of Socialists are included all those who advocate a novel organization of society, in which the old way of living in segregated households shall give place to vast associations, or groups of men and women living together, and holding their possessions less or more in common. When these principles are carried to their utmost limits in the two great departments of social life, viz. property and the intercourse of the sexes, the resulting condition is styled, or stigmatized as Communism. The Socialists have usually been very earnest in repudiating the extreme principles of Communism; and especially so in respect of property. The Saint Simonian formula is adopted, with unimportant modifications, by all of them: "To each one according to his capacity: To each capacity according to its productions." So far as it is possible for us to ascertain, however, no body of Socialists have ever been able to realize in any degree this formula of their theory. The thousands of laborers, or rather of idlers, who gathered about the Saint Simonian standard under the name of *industriels*, or operatives, had learned by heart the principle that "*every one should live by his labor*," but they seem never to have so much as dreamed that any one should labor for his living; and hence the commercial ruin that so speedily overwhelmed the party, notwithstanding the

* A pamphlet of some hundred pages with this title, and written by Mr. Parke Godwin, is the work that Fourierites usually put into the hands of inquirers in this country.

lavish hand with which enthusiasts possessed of fortune, and with a generosity worthy of a better cause, wasted whole estates to support it. If Socialists have found it impossible to resist the whirlpool of Communism on the side of property, which they, nevertheless, had marked out on their charts with checks so well defined, what can we expect of them on the side of the irregularities of sexual passion, where the impulses are stronger, and unfortunately, their expressions, if not vague, are the less satisfactory on account of their explicitness? In short, Socialists will say that Communism is Socialism run mad; but we maintain that it is Socialism come to maturity.

We have pointed out thus the political or civil characteristic of Socialism. It is the abrogation of the family, the breaking up of the fireside circle formed by one father and one mother, with their children and dependents, and the herding together of the species in companies or flocks, for the double purpose of a more economical subsistence, and the freer and fuller indulgence of all the inclinations and desires of man's nature. Socialists of all classes agree in considering the civil condition which rests upon the family, or as Fourier calls it, the "parcelled system," (*système morcelé,*) as an institution of merely human invention and authority. The Christian Revelation is explicit in teaching the contrary. It gives us, as the original and normal law of civil society, the union of man and woman in single and perpetual marriage, and adds for its sanction, "What *God* hath joined together let no man put asunder." But Socialists, as we shall see presently, make man his own God and his own lawgiver. "The institutions that have been," say they, "may have been well in their time, and even have been necessary as fitted to the degree of man's advancement in the scale of universal being. But Moses and Christ changed, each of them, the institutions that they found, and so now do WE! These re-organizations are *phases* incident to the progress of humanity, and one of these phases is about to commence." It is thus that Henry de Saint Simon, or rather his successor, Enfantin, for the Saint Simonians, and Charles Fourier, for the Fourierites, would make themselves as Moses and as Christ. But in this attempt they surpassed their profession, and did more, or at least did quite differently. The essential laws of morals and of religion were not changed by either Moses or Christ; though they were explained, perfected and embodied. For in this same matter of marriage, the account Moses has given us in the second chapter of Genesis of the first marriage, was previous to the time both of Moses and of Christ, and, which is well worth noting from the outset, was previous likewise to the fall of the first man. Yet it is Moses who hands down this fundamental law of humanity, as promulgated by Adam before his fall, that a man and his wife should be "two in one flesh;" and the advent of Christianity had no other effect than that of confirming it with more solemn and unalterable sanctions. We may say the same of all other precepts of the moral law, and of the very method in which the giver of the old Law and the Founder of the Gospel announced their respective missions; each showing their essential unity with the dispensations preceding, whilst Socialists, on the contrary, without precursive prophesy or theoretic continuity with the progress of civilization hitherto, would abolish the fundamental principles of our actual society in favor of a scheme hitherto at least unheard of.

But some of the more moderate or more timid of the Associationists, deny that their schemes require the abolition of the family, and they will urge that in their plans, provision is even made for its continuance. In answering this plea, it will be well to keep in mind that on this and kindred subjects there has been no small dispute in the bosom of the associations themselves. The remnant of Christian doctrine and sentiment that some of their members had taken with them into their new relationships proved sufficiently strong to affect them with horror at the subsequent steps of their leaders. Hence the schism between Bazard and Enfantin, among the Saint Simonians. Bazard and Rodrigues being themselves husbands and fathers, could not brook the unblushing projects of their so-called "Supreme Father" Enfantin. Differences not unlike have also appeared for years past among the Fourierites, but as they have made little figure

in print, we may pass them by. The first step, then, in our general answer will be: that we have to do with the enunciated principles of the leaders who have given name and existence to the various parties. We cannot accept the dilutions and transformations that certain followers of a party may insist on as the true explication of their master's meaning, and this least of all, when such explications serve only to confuse instead of simplify the principles involved. To take the case in point for an example. Charles Fourier, who is set forth by his followers, sometimes as the author of a new revelation and sometimes as the discoverer of a new science, promulgated a certain theory for the re-organization of society. This theory is founded on sundry imaginary principles of cosmogony, psychology, and harmony, which are in a measure peculiar to himself. If they be false, or rather if they be not indisputably proved true, nothing can be built upon them, and the very name of Fourierism, as a system, must cease. But if they be assumed as true, there are certain results in social and moral life that are their rigorous consequences. These results, it is true, shock the common sentiment of the public, and cause the rejection with horror of the principles whence they flow, even by those who may not be competent to the analysis of ontological formularies or to the detection of their philosophical poison. But we claim the protection of this moral disgust, excited by the tendency and end of Socialism in behalf of existing institutions, and by no means allow to theorists the privilege of cloaking the correlatives of their system till they have first contaminated the community with the unperceived venom of their error, by presenting it under amiable professions and palliated names. Looking thus honestly, therefore, at Socialism, we are ready to show that in any of its phases, it must end in the utter decomposition of society, and the brutalizing of the human race.

In order to present in the fairest manner the bases of Fourier's plan, we shall give so much of it as we here have need of, in Mr. Godwin's words, in the "Popular View" already referred to:—

> "Fourier found that attraction and repulsion were the two principal laws by which the Creator governs the world; and in order to obtain a complete knowledge of these laws, he resolved to study simultaneously the highest and lowest orders of creation in the universe. He considered the stars as the highest order of creation, mankind as the middle term, and the inferior orders of creation as the lowest step in the scale. He supposed that there must be certain general laws of unity common to these three orders of existence, or it would be impossible for them to compose one harmonious whole; and he hoped that by studying all that was known in the positive sciences concerning them, he might discover the natural laws of correlativeness, which bind them together in unity and eternity. His principal lever in the work of discovery was a sort of algebraical calculation, by which he supposed that every law that was common to any two of these terms, must be common to the third; and he never abandoned any branch of study until he had discovered those principles of nature which were common to the medium and to the two extremes."—pp. 20, 21.

"He resolved;" "He considered;" "He supposed;" "He hoped!" These were the *scientific* principles of Fourier's "discovery." He *resolved* to become omniscient, and as the first step he rejected the authority which had taught man all that he knows of "the highest and lowest orders of creation." He *considered* a part of the *material* world as "the highest order;" the stars as more noble, more high in the scale of being, more divine than man, whose *special* glory the Christian religion had taught us is to have been made in the image of God, and to have been preferred before any other, for that alliance which was consummated between God and his creatures in the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. He *supposed* certain "orders" as the true series and the perfect complex of the universe, and that these were all and in all their parts, one harmonious whole, and subject to "common laws of unity." "He *hoped* that by studying all that was known in the positive (or physical) sciences," or to express it more clearly, by generalizing the principles of the Newtonian philosophy, he *hoped* to *resolve, consider* and *suppose* them applicable to all orders of being, the highest as the lowest, spiritual as well as material.

These being the substrata of Fourier's "science," he proceeded to build or rather to pile upon them, hypothesis after

hypothesis, and among the rest the "axioms," which in their turn were to support the practical part of his system. Such was the fancy of universal interlocking series; an idea borrowed from music, and which he extended to planetary worlds alike, and to all the inclinations and attractions of the human soul; which last, with deeper truth than its advocates admit, are, in the societary system, resolved simply into *passions*. He supposed again, groups upon each of these passions arranged as the gamut of a harpsichord, with key-notes, major and minor modes, sharps and flats, and the full musical notation; and susceptible of the symphonies of thirds, fifths and octaves. In this system like passions, or rather the same, are to be found in each planet, and in its individual inhabitants; for the soul of man, he teaches us, is but a parcel or atom of the planetary soul. These passions are to the number of twelve. Five are attributed to the five senses respectively, and are called *sensual;* the rest belong to the soul, and are divided into four *affective,* and three *distributive.* The former are *friendship, ambition, love* and *family affection;* the latter, which are also called *mechanical,* are, in the unintelligible cant of the school, the *cabaliste,* the *papillonne,* and the *composite.* The last is the blind excitement, or ecstacy, consequent on the meeting of two or more pleasures, one of the body, the other of the mind, and is the principle of *accord.* The *cabaliste* is the taste for intrigue, &c., and is the principle of *discord,* which, strangely enough, is as essential in the state of *harmony,* as is the other. The *papillonne,* as its name (butterfly) indicates, is the taste for change, for variety, for contrasted situations.

Here we must entreat our readers' patience, as we feel the need of it ourselves, in this exposition of the *science* of Fourierism. These details have a direct importance in obtaining a just view of practical Socialism. The twelve passions enumerated make up the entire soul of Fourier's man. As to what we have been accustomed to hearing called by the name of passions—hatred, desire, aversion, joy, sorrow, hope, &c.; or again, pride, avarice, sloth, envy, jealousy, &c., &c.—no mention is made of them, or we are told, though without any proof, that they are effects of some of Fourier's twelve, and are produced by the obstacles that the latter meet in attaining their end. But in what manner it can be shown that pride or avarice, or sloth, are thus in all instances called into being, or by the action of which of the twelve, or its repression, we are not told. If it be objected that metaphysicians, with whom the whole subject of the passions has proved a boundless field for discussion, have not followed one another in their enumeration of the emotions to which this name has been attributed, it may be conceded that the name and number of the passions is, in a sense, arbitrary.* But this is not the prominent and real error. What condemns his arrangement of the passions is, that he makes them constitute the entire soul of man; that he makes them include and govern all other parts of the being. In this from Pythagoras to Aristotle, from Aristotle to Aquinas, from Aquinas to Leibnitz and Bacon, and from their days to his own, Fourier would find no countenance from philosophy, if we except such shallow sophistry as was put forth by the pantheistical naturalists who were his cotemporaries, and from whom he in effect gleaned his ideas. But their speculations could be proved as false in physiology as in morals.

We cannot take up the twelve passions of Fourier to criticise them in detail; but let any one possessed of right principles and accustomed to reflection review the enumeration of them we have given, and he will understand sufficiently the enormity of such an idea of man. It makes him a mere animated atom of the globe he inhabits, subjected to irresistible attractions, and therefore stripped of free will, and without any personal intelligence—

* It may be questioned, however, whether the number and titles laid down by Aristotle have ever been bettered by alteration. He reduces the passions to eleven—love, hatred, desire, aversion, joy or delight, sorrow, hope, despair, presumption, fear, anger; and St. Thomas Aquinas, adopting these, classified the first six as *concupiscible*, because they depend simply on the presence or absence of their objects, and desire (concupiscentia) prevails in them; and the last five he called *irascible* passions, because, added to the presence or absence of the object, there is some difficulty or obstacle to surmount which appeals to anger or courage. This division prevailed in the schools.

for we cannot consider that as intellect, which is but the instrument of natural desires.

And yet Fourier persuaded himself that man was such; he contemplated him as such, when he formed the project of grouping the members of the human family in his new formed associations. His was professedly a *passional arrangement.* He charged it as a fault on Christianity that it taught the necessity of repressing the passions and inclinations of nature, that it had imposed habits of self-restraint, and mortification of the desires of the flesh. And he proclaimed it as the sum and essence of his doctrine and discovery that: ATTRACTIONS ARE PROPORTIONAL TO DESTINIES. That man has but to throw himself unhesitatingly upon the attractions that solicit him, to follow his bent or bents which way soever, or however far they may lead him, in order to attain his true destiny and to fulfil his mission. Is it necessary, after the mere enunciation of such a proposition, to go into the discussion as to whether man, being such as we know him, and such as all time and all institutions have proved him, and such as all revealed religions have pronounced him, can exist in any society where notions like these shall be instilled into him, and shall not drag down to irreclaimable ruin the whole structure of human existence? In contradiction with authority and with facts, Fourier treats of human passions, which he nevertheless makes the only motives of the soul, as if they were the keys of an organ, sleeping in a perpetual calm till the hand of the master of music shall touch them softly or with emphasis, protracting or cutting short their sound. We will not say how much there is in this fatal to his doctrine of universal analogy, or how much of confusion in itself. Does he not make the keys of the passions *self*-moving, and even carrying away with them the soul on which they act? Where then is their analogy with the keys of an organ, that are mute till the musician touches them? But suppose that the passional keys are also mute till the presiding genius shall call them out. Suppose the world Fourierized, and the *omniarch*, or one of the *douzarchs*, or *onzarchs*, to propose a symphony upon some particular passion! When the musician sits down to his instrument he is certain that the sounds he is about to draw forth from the various keys will be the same that he produced one half hour before; but what security has the Fourierite that the persons composing his diapason shall not meanwhile have experienced, one an increase, and another a diminution, of energy and intensity, according to the caprice, or the variety of the passion in the subject?

So much, then, for the musical analogy, which is so necessary a part of Fourier's plan; and we might conclude already by saying, so much also for the harmony of the passions so unblushingly assumed as certain, in the proposed associations. Yet as the exorbitant and untrue imagination of Fourier did not intend his theory of the passions to remain as an idle speculation, but made it the very life and essence of the system he proposed to construct in outward society, we cannot be too explicit in pointing out its errors. The denial of liberty to the human will is in nowise accidental to the rest of the plan, but, on the contrary, is one of its fundamental principles. For if we leave in each individual of the human race the power of choosing or rejecting, of following or resisting the various attractions that solicit him, there will be an end of this necessary harmony. Indeed, in an association such as Fourier imagines, personality seems itself a contradiction, as the theory requires that what are called persons should be incapable of occupying any place or following any bent but the one that destiny has, *a priori*, measured out for them. We find a most striking example in matters of *love*, which he classes as one of the *affective passions:* it is clear that he considers each man or woman as swayed and controlled by a particular phase of this passion. It is love in the abstract and not in the concrete that he dreams of, when he supposes it is to operate in harmony, and he farther supposes that it is this abstract phase which is to carry each one to the group where it properly belongs, and that there it will find its satisfaction without any contrariety. But how different will the real passion and the real group prove from the imaginary! In the former it will be love in the *concrete* that will sway the individual. *This* man will be attracted towards *that* woman, who in her turn has been attracted towards

another man. Yet in all the cases that must arise from these various attractions, there will be no jarring, no awaking of the passions of envy, jealousy, grief, or hatred! For Fourier attributes these to the *subversive order*, as only arising from the faults of the present civilization. In the harmony of Fourierism, forsooth, either no two men will ever love the same woman, or the mutual knowledge of this affection will never excite any other emotion than one of complacency in the breasts of each! Or to vary the case: either death will itself be forever abrogated by men turning Fourierites, (which has not quite been asserted as yet—at least in its absolute form,) or, when the wife, the mother, or the child dies, it will so happen, *as a law of nature*, that at the same moment the affection of the friends of such an one towards her will have been fully satisfied, and will then turn away cheerfully to form new relationships. Truly, this new science would be wonderful were it not absurd.

It is here that we should properly treat in detail of Fourier's doctrine respecting the intercourse of the sexes. But as this is always a delicate subject, so in respect to Socialism, and to Fourier's principles in particular, we doubt whether even the advantage of overwhelming his abominable system with a torrent of public indignation could compensate for defiling our pages and the English language with a bare recital of the outrages that he proposes not only against Christian morals but against the modesty which man has hitherto been found to cherish even in the barbarous and savage states. Our pen refuses the task, and we confine ourselves to generalities. As we have seen, it is Fourier's general principle that man's true destiny is to follow all the attractions of his nature: and he avows it as one of its legitimate results, that as there should be groups of vestals in his association to satisfy the passion or attraction for chastity, so there must be groups and series for gallantry and mock sentiment; and so on down to lower and lower groups, even to the *bacchantes* and *bayaderes*, for whom he has reserved a place of honor and consideration. Add to this the instability of marriages, which he makes depend on the temporary caprice of the united pair, who are free to be divorced and re-married indefinitely, (if it be not a scandal to apply the term marriage to such unions,) and what a picture does it present of the morals of Fourierism! We cannot better illustrate it than by a passage from a report made by a converted Saint Simonian of a dispute between Enfantin, the "Supreme Father" of Saint Simonism, and two of his revolted children who had declared their intention of withdrawing from him "and from his doctrine, which at bottom was nothing else than a hideous promiscuity."

Carnot.—"'Your doctrine is the making a rule of adultery.'

Enfantin.—"'This doctrine will never lead to adultery; adultery exists only because one nature is crushed by another, for which it has no attraction. The ideas that I advance, on the contrary, will *prevent* adultery.'

Dugiel.—"'It is true there will be no more adultery, for vice will be *legitimatised, reduced to rule.* It is in this sense only that you can say there will be no more adultery. You yourself can judge that it is so, *if you have studied the general principles on which all these ideas rest.*'"*

And it is to the study of these very principles that we would earnestly invite the candid among tne Socialists, if it might be, but at any rate, we demand such an examination on the part of persons not identified with Socialist theories, and to whose opinion, whether with reason or not, weight may be attached, before they venture to speculate as to the permissibility or the innocency of Fourierism in any shape, or with any amount of modifications. Every odious abomination of Communism that has been charged on Fourierism is a legitimate consequence of the first principles of the latter system, and would inevitably follow quick upon the reduction of the Socialist theory to practice. Socialists substitute aggregations of the race as the basis of civil life, instead of the marriage, or family relation, which God made the basis, and which their highest pretension is but to tolerate as a phase in association. And into this association are to be invited men and women, to whom it is to be said: "You are now delivered from the restraints of civilization, which are evil: henceforth your passions are to be your only guides, and the satisfaction of them

* Religion St. Simonienne, p. 42.

your inheritance; only enter with zeal upon your heritage, and act yourselves out!" When the avowed intentions of a given set of men are to establish such associations, and to inculcate and act on such principles, what attention is it necessary to pay to any extenuations they may attempt of their infamous crimes! What embarrassment are men of sense, and who believe at least in natural virtue, to feel at the reclamations of Fourierites that their founder—"the true Teacher, whose system fulfils all the aspirations of the past"*—has "resolved," has "considered," has "supposed," has "hoped," that the passions thus fomented would be found to act in perfect harmony with each other and with the universe! For our part we hold the mission of such propagandists in abhorrence, whatever may be their apparent amiability, for we know its tendencies, and have good reason to distrust its source.

In vain, with other Fourierites, Mr. Godwin repeats to us that it is "only the *practical side* of Fourier's doctrine which is universally adopted and defended by the whole school of Societary Reformers;" and that the doctrines "of Customs, Beliefs, &c.," that shock the moral sense of mankind now, "are to be accepted or rejected by the generations of the future, according to the light which time and investigation may throw upon them." For only six lines before, he has acknowledged: "It is obvious that Law, Government, Manners, (Morals,) and Religion, would all be more or less affected by a unitary *régime* of Industry, as they would all *be influenced to bring themselves under the operation of some unitary law*;"†—this law being pantheism, materialism, or a jumble of both. We have found it difficult, here, to persuade ourselves that delusion itself can have so blinded the eyes of such theorists, as that they should not have been aware that they were making use of a trick instead of an argument. But in the pamphlet from which we have just quoted, there prevails such a cynicism in respect to all religion, whether natural or revealed, and to all the doctrines that the effect of Christian teaching has domiciled in the public mind, that to trifle or beguile in such matters must appear to its author an excusable diversion. To show that we are not judging rashly in this point, we will cite a passage from his memoir of one whom he styles a "social architect," and "one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived"—being no other than Robert Dale Owen, of Lanark. After recounting his earlier progress, Mr. Godwin continues:—

"But while his popularity was at its flood, he ran foul of the breakers. Before this, he had not developed his opinions on the subject of religion and politics, satisfying himself with a negative toleration of creeds and parties. His business had been to organize labor; he now undertook the criticism of church and state. He openly accused all existing religions of falsehood and impotence; he denied the personal responsibility of the individual, whose destiny, he said, was controlled exclusively by society; and he argued that all systems of reform, other than those which looked to a reform of outward circumstances, must inevitably lead to injustice, oppression, and misery."

It would seem that Fourierites think to keep off the reefs, by continuing *longer* the exclusive profession of "organizing labor," and holding in abeyance the rest of their doctrines. But our object in this citation was to animadvert on the following analysis of Owen's principles, which is presented to us as complete:—

"His errors are the denial of personal responsibillty, and the doctrine of common property, which we hold to be utterly untenable in argument, radically defective in morals, and of course, extremely pernicious to society. But our limits will not allow us to discuss the matter.

"His truths are, or rather his services have been, that he has taught moralists and the world the important, almost vital, influence of outward circumstances upon inward well-being and happiness. He may be called the Apostle of Circumstance."*

So, in Mr. Godwin's estimation, it was no error in Robert Dale Owen, that he "undertook the criticism of church and state;" that "he openly accused all existing religions of falsehood and impotence;" and again it was his crowning excellence that he laid down "reform of outward circumstances," that is to the contempt, or at

* Godwin's Popular View, p. 18.
† "Popular View," &c., pp. 73, 74.

* "Popular View," pp. 16, 17.

least the "negative toleration of creeds and parties" — as the great end and aim of philanthropists. This is explicit, and it is well to understand the true character of Fourierism, which avows such sentiments.

The effort of the Fourierites to separate the theoretical from the practical side of their system fails in justice. They should remember in the first place that with their founder practice and theory were alike mere *reveries*, which, despite the talent and devotion that have been wasted on the cause, have never been able to be realized. But quite apart from this fatal defect, when they say that they do not necessarily jar with received doctrines in morals and religion, *because* their school contemplates only "industrial organization," they are guilty of another fallacy. If they contemplated the organization of labor in subordination to received, conservative, Christian institutions, their plea would have some validity. But we owe them small thanks for their exclusive devotion to "industrial organization," when we have learned that it is because it makes a negation of the old religion and morals; because it exalts material interests to the place of first importance; and makes material "organization" the "unitary rule of operation" in "law, government, morals, and religion."

Fourierism subjects all things to material interests; and in this keeps up its agreement with its twin-brother St. Simonism. The last named "religion" expressed its earliest characteristics in the name of its first periodical publication—the *Producteur;* and the score of writers who contributed to its columns, with a single exception, applied themselves almost entirely to industrial or material points of view. This exception was a distinguished St. Simonian, Augustus Comte, who systematized what his co-laborers had done. But the system which alone was found to answer was one which should essay to *elevate* what they called *moral* and *political* sciences to the scale of *physical* sciences, which latter of course were considered as of chief importance. When therefore the Fourierites profess to devote themselves exclusively to the organization of labor, it is not at all from acquiescence in the moral and religious principles which they have found in force, but because such a commencement is their natural and obvious point of departure.

But so surely as they ever find room for the development of their principles, (and they must either develop or perish,) they will find, that they have left a great void in their system, and that they "have neglected one of the *faces of nature*, and that the most noble and most beautiful of its faces—that of *love*, or of *woman*." This was the case also in the St. Simonian "family," or "religion,"* to which Fourierism bears so close a resemblance that the history of the former might serve at once as an account and a prophecy of the latter. We have just said that at its first organization, this sect devoted itself to the development of what they termed *positive ideas* on labor and the organization of Industry. But those who in the end proved themselves the true heirs of the "family" and retained its name, were organized but a short time on the industrial basis, ere they complained of this "too exclusive attention to positive and material questions." They said that the religion of the *Productives*, (as the conductors of the journal called *Le Producteur* were styled,) was imperfect, being fitted only for *men*, but that to be true it must embrace *women and men*. Then the *Producteur* was superseded by the *Organisateur*, a great display was made of the *rehabilitation of the religious sentiments*, of *conscience*, of *personal revelation*, and *inspiration;* finally, by the "*appeal to woman*" the "family" became and took the name of a "religion." And what was that religion? It is an entire subject by itself, but if we had space to discuss it, it would be easy to show that it was from the first involved wholly, and therefore a legitimate development of the fundamental principles common to all parties of Socialists. Socialists are *tolerant* of all dogmas purely theological, because they believe in none, and because, if their general principles are admitted they will in their development root out all remains

* Some of the uninitiated have supposed that the name *Saint* Simonians has been given to this sect on account of their having *canonized* one Simon, who was their founder. For those who are ignorant of their history, we think it worth while to mention that their founder was *Count Henry de Saint-Simon;* and that, therefore, Saint-Simonians was their original appellation, long before the apotheosis that they did make both of Saint Simon and of his successor Enfantin.

of a now detached and lifeless creed that may be yet lingering in the minds of any. But we are now occupied, not with the principles of their religion, but with its historical progress. When the St. Simonian religion was found lame without the admission of woman to her part in the scheme, the terms of her association needed to be forthwith defined. But if man is the author of his own moral laws, as Socialism teaches he is, the same pantheistic principle requires that woman should also be independent, and be the author of her morality. And therefore, when she was to be introduced to the St. Simonian community, all old laws, all ancient morals were to be annulled. It would be absurd for them, who were *men*, to fix beforehand the laws that were to govern woman; all that they could do was to *call* for her advent to them; to await the "*Woman-Messiah*," to whom it belonged to reveal the laws that would be agreeable to herself.

It was justly remonstrated by Jules Lechevalier, who was one of themselves, that an association should never be formed in which such questions should be left open. But in what sense they were really left open might have been predicted, and at any rate was soon made evident, when it was proclaimed that this *Woman Messiah* might probably be found among the public prostitutes of Paris, and that such an one would be very proper:—

"To institute in *morals* a kind of devotion as complete as we (the disciples of St. Simon) have done in politics. We know not by what power of *love* and of *seduction* she will draw away the adulterer from marriage, as we draw away the mob from the public places: . . . . a *free* and *voluntary* alliance of men and women of a higher order in humanity, we know not what new revelation will spring from such an union, but we have faith that it will take place. . . . Then will be seen what hitherto has never been, . . . *men and women giving themselves to many* without ever ceasing to be to one another, but whose love on the contrary would be as a divine *Banquet, augmenting in magnificence by reason of the number and choice of the guests.*"

And Enfantin, their Supreme and deified Father, quickly followed up this avowal in language still more plain:—

"We will not, like St. Paul, say to woman to veil herself and be silent in the temple. Her *word* and her *flesh* are agreeable to God; and if, like the church, we expect of her modesty, reserve, shame, delicacy, propriety, constancy, firmness, meditation, reflection, contemplation even to ecstacy, we know also that God has put in her the love of luxury, of show, of pomp, of dress, ... and the dreams of an excitement and enthusiasm which reach even to madness."*

Finally, in his public protest in 1832, Rodrigues makes this statement:—

"I have affirmed that in the St. Simonian family, *every child should be able to know its own father*. Enfantin has expressed the wish that woman *alone* should be called to explain herself on this grave question."

These disagreeable details of the progress of St. Simonism cast a flood of light on the *reserved* doctrines of Fourierism. Only, in the latter system, woman is made to take her place from the first in the organization; and, as in the earlier stages of St. Simonism, a sort of understanding is professed that her intercourse with the other sex is to be limited to an indefinite number of successive marriages and divorces. But in this, again, like all parties among the St. Simonians, Fourier and his followers defer the normal adjustment of sexual passion to the future judgment of woman—after she shall be duly educated for the task by a long and full indulgence of her natural passions. Meanwhile they will seem to grant to the actual notions on the subject of marriage some shadow of an existence, and the grace of a gradual metamorphosis in such proportion as opinion in their associations may become reconciled to a more *natural* order. The apologies and explanations, nevertheless, that have been given to form even this shadow are reduced, upon analysis, to the *permission* of a continuance of such relation, so long as a mutual and exclusive attraction shall exist between the parties.

We will not trust ourselves to sketch, in contrast with this social and moral chaos, a portrait of what Christianity has done for woman; for should we commence the theme we would find nowhere to stop. We should rather, and as more germain to our plan, if we had space, bring out the

* *Le Globe.* First volume for 1832. This paper was their chief organ.

noble eulogies that were lavished, in this respect, upon the Christian religion by those who became shocked at St. Simonism and forsook it, though singularly enough they refused to return to the Christianity which they so admired. We would thus first call forth Bazard, for a while the intimate and highest associate of Enfantin, to bear testimony that

"Christianity, in requiring the consent of woman as a necessary condition of her union with man, in abolishing polygamy, in condemning adultery equally in husband and wife, in pronouncing their union indissoluble, has plucked woman from a state of slavery, has made her the associate of man, in one word, has founded marriage."*

Socialism is never tired nor ashamed of crying out that it alone, it first, is going to *emancipate* woman, by making her independent of man; to emancipate her, again, by giving her up to follow her passions. And we in answer could not desire better than to quote whole pages from the pen of another of the early associates of the St. Simonians; one, however, who, like others of his philosophy, talks of Christianity as beautiful in its time, but alas, quite worn out—quite dead! We mean Pierre Leroux, in the *Revue Independant*. This writer uses a language, whose confidence and noble force show at once from what armory he has borrowed it, while he asserts that it is in another manner that the true enfranchisement of the sex is to be accomplished; and that not the indulgence but the repression of the passions is the instrument of her true happiness. It is almost indifferent at what page we open, but let us first hear him saying:—

"Love is a form of equality or of justice, the same that equality or justice is a form of love. Christianity gave equality to woman under the form of love, in its promised paradise, the same as to the poor, and to the lowly in this world, it gave equality under the form of the goods it promised them in another." . . . .

"Once more then, again, nothing is more certain, Christianity subjected woman to man. . . . But behold the admirable law of compensation! At the same time . . . Christianity established an equilibrium, justice, equality, by saying to woman: You are a being of devotion and of love; know that I have for you a recompense worthy of your heart. God wishes you for a spouse; you shall be the spouse of Christ. Is it not true, that if you did love upon earth, you would know how to love really; that you could be faithful; that you would undergo all tortures for him you loved; that you would die for him every moment of your life? Learn then my secret: . . . this Lover exists, he is the greatest; he is the most beautiful; he is the most Divine of all, and he wishes that you suffer for him. Keep only your faith towards him, and you shall one day see him!

"Michael Angelo, the sublime painter, translated this thought, when he represented the women in his *Last Judgment* as rising naturally towards heaven, as the iron is drawn towards the magnet.

"But, to-day that this magnet that drew them towards heaven is destroyed, (i. e. in systems like Fourierism that contemn supernatural religion,) towards what will you that they gravitate?"

Once more, after wading through the pollutions of Fourierism, let us bathe our imaginations in the sentiments of one who, at least as poet and as dreamer, could conceive thus of the Christian religion. Let us listen to the explanation of an allusion which he has just made to the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo:—

"What there is to me most beautiful in this picture . . . is the group of women at the right of Christ, who lift up themselves from the earth, and mount towards heaven, not alone, but carrying men with them.

"As if their sufferings, as women, had freed them of the sluggish bond which holds men down to the earth, they rise by their own weight, so to say, towards the heavenly abode, without wings and without angels to assist them. Nay, they themselves bear up, and help their brothers and lovers to ascend. These, leaning on their shoulders and on their breast, indicate wonderously well the property that these women have to ascend, as a body lighter than the air, an aerostat, for example, rises so soon as one has broken its chain. . . . . It seems to me that the particular condition of women on earth, under the law of Christianity is expressed there with a sublime art. Subordination upon earth, but a redemption proportionate when the trumpet of the last judgment shall sound. . . ."

"Marriage supposes heaven for corrective. . . . St. Augustine ends a sermon on marriage by showing women that the true marriage is that which they are to contract in the heavenly Jerusalem. All Christian priests have done as St. Augustine; all have said to woman: Suffer upon earth! serve man, thy chief; thou art the

* "Discussions Morales," &c., première partie.

spouse of Christ; Jacob who served Laban to espouse Rachel is thine image."

"Christianity has made love the very check of love, by substituting the love of God for the love of earth. Then there could come a woman as full of love as Theresa, and Christianity have no fear: Suffer! it says to her; and she translating suffer by love, cries: 'Not only do I consent to suffer, but I wish to suffer.'"*

Such then is the sublime law of self-*devotion* which Christianity has taught, and which, even in the acknowledgments of one who does not embrace it, has been actually practised upon the earth: "I have said and I have proved that the normal aphorism of woman under the law of Christianity was this wish, which, in effect was uttered by the soul of St. Theresa: *Lord! either to suffer or to die.*" That is, to suffer on earth for the love of heaven, or to die that she might love better in heaven. But Socialists sneer at the love of heaven, and take away even the possibility of love on earth. For, as has often been remarked, love, such as it is understood in Christian society, is no longer possible, when the indissoluble sanction of marriage is removed. We join then with the same writer when he cries, "With selfishness for your law, and pleasure for your aim, go on, society!" Go on, Socialism! Go on Fourierism! "with these two pilots you cannot fail to find quickly the shipwreck you are seeking!"

Having spent so much of the space that we feel free to devote to this subject in the consideration of the "practical side" of Socialism—the industrial and social reveries in which it feels so strong—it is fitting now that we advert in few words to some of the more abstract principles of the societary school. For the theological notions of Fourier, we have to be indebted principally to his disciples, as he himself seems to have announced scarcely any formal dogmas of religion. But no long search into his system is necessary to find that it is pantheistic. "Fourier says that Man, like his Planet, like the Universe, like everything that exists, is composed of three *Eternal, Uncreated,* Indestructible Principles."† Therefore he maintains that man, the earth, the universe, and everything that exists, is essentially Eternal and Uncreated. But these are the attributes of Godhead and incommunicable. Let us hear the enumeration of this universal trinity:—

"1st. God or Mind, (also *life*, Passion;)—the active and moving principle.

"2d. Matter;—the passive or moved principle.

"3d. Justice or Mathematics;—the neuter or regulating principle."

Here is a theology with a marvel! A principle which is eternal and uncreated is also independent. Fourier has therefore supposed three independent principles, which must destroy his fundamental idea of unity. His three principles can never be resolved into one principle, and that more evidently from the absence of any property of co-ordination among them by which they should hold their being the one from the other. Yet we have found his admiring followers reject as absurd the doctrine of the Christian Trinity, in which, nevertheless, there is but one essential principle, and a co-ordination of the Three Persons.

But we shall find Fourier's definitions of God self-destroying in other respects. He attributes to it the necessity of another principle, *not it,* for its regulator. This "regulating principle" is in morals "justice," in physics "mathematics." The principle, then, which he calls God, he conceives of as distinct from justice, and without the property of self-regulation; as he says himself, it is *Passion.* And by what is it to be regulated? The only agent that could be found in his system is a principle which has no activity, (a contradiction in terms,) no free will, no originating power. The *regulator* is a *neuter* principle, though to regulate is something wholly active. But we shall hereafter show that it is truer to Fourier's system to say that it is *unregulated.* Such are the *ægroti somnia* of Fourier. In every universal system, which Fourierism is, if it be anything, theology proper, or the doctrine concerning God, is the master and fundamental science. Can, then, these ravings of a disordered and shameless imagination, be the real basis of the societary theory, which has engaged the affections

* Revue Independante, t. I. pp. 27-36.
† Popular View, &c., p. 99.

and efforts of so many young men of talent and zeal? We shall examine the question a little. It seems that in their vain efforts to escape the charge of materialism or pantheism, Socialists have been unwilling to perceive or acknowledge the real bases of their system, or at least that they show a foolish anxiety to keep up some of the terms of Christianity, which have no place or office in Fourierism. Thus the very term *God* has in this system a most odd sound, and it would do much to simplify matters if it were wholly omitted. The world, man, and his passions, being rendered independent, would then become "divine." Each would be God to each. With this key to Fourier's religious system, we may proceed to consider, as respects man, psychology and theology as identical.

The contradiction and conflict that in all ages man has felt within himself, the sting of passion that urges him to lawless action on the one side, and the natural virtue on the other, which is the foundation of conscience, and consists in a principle by which the light of human reason perceives the principles of all virtue united to a mysterious inclination of will answering to the light—this contradiction and conflict, it has been the prerogative of the Christian revelation to explain. But the explanation is humbling to man's pride, for it tells him that he is the inheritor of a degenerate nature, and that, so surely as in the body death and corruption is the tendency of the natural life, so surely in the soul there is an inclination to spiritual corruption, which may be combated and checked, but, no matter what the efforts, can never be rooted out—no matter what the ransom, can never be legitimatized. This lesson it is that error has in all ages exhausted itself in unlearning, and if it appeared not in the beginning, it has found a place at least before the end of every real heresy.

Fourier responds to this question in a manner unequivocal. Man, according to him, finds in himself "three eternal principles,"—"mind," which is also passion, impulse, desire, &c., "matter," which is simply passive, and "justice or mathematics," which is to be resolved into the complex of the eternal laws which regulate the movement of matter; and these principles would be in harmony in man, were it not for the artificial embarrassments of the present civilization. Some who have not carefully examined Fourier's principles, might charitably conclude that he intended the "active principle or passion" to be controlled by the "neuter principle" of mathematics or justice. Nothing could be further from his real intention, and this is shown by his calling this passion-principle God. No! passion and justice he makes of *accord*, and the "regulating principle" has no task but in the transformation and preparation of *society* and *matter* for the full and unrestrained play of all the passions. Fourier was in the condition of a man standing between his conscience and his passions, and hearing the appeal of both, and who should accuse his conscience of falsehood, and proclaim his passions as his God and his highest end. And because reason declares that the gratification of his passions, of his natural inclinations generally, is not the end for which man is created, Fourier dements reason itself, for he pronounces that passional attraction legitimate and good, "which persists in spite of *the opposition of reason*." Thus crime is no crime because it is God, or the work of God; and it is God because God is passion or action unregulated, and because outside of man himself there is none who has the right to call him to account. To the pure Pantheism of St. Simonism, Fourier contributes the contradictory adjunct of a necessary Atheism.

"God is all that which is."

Such was the St. Simonian confession of faith; and Fourier may be said only to have differed from it by the confusion of saying,

God is nothing in particular.

That Fourier's system is utterly pantheistic would be further apparent, should we attempt to follow him through his wild theories of cosmogony. His whole plan commences with the trite figment of human souls being but pieces of the greater planetary soul. This planetary soul, again, has two phases, one divided among its inhabitants, the other indivisible, and forming the intellect of the planet. These planets form *groups*, the groups a *Universe*, the Universes a *Biniverse*, the Biniverses a *Triniverse*, and so on till at

length he arrives—all the while in imagination—at the *Infiniverse*, which by courtesy he again calls God, though we have already seen him give this title to one only of his "three eternal principles." It is not easy to see whether these mad fancies are the proofs or the consequences of his grand axiom, "*Attractions are proportional to destinies;*" but it is easy to determine that upon which both alike rest —a disordered imagination. Yet it is on this fancied identity of essence between man and his planet and the universe that reposes that other fancied *harmony* which is to be produced throughout the world, and which is supposed by Fourier to be capable of arrangement on the precise principles of musical notation. On the same essential identity of "all that is," which is the principle of pantheism, reposes the great axiom of Fourier:—"Attractions are proportional to destinies." But we have neither space, necessity, nor inclination to chase further these vagaries. It suffices to wait till they shall be attempted to be proved as well as asserted. If they be a "discovery," where are the proofs? If a "science," where is their demonstration? If a "revelation," where is the authority on which we are bound to receive it? But if they be pure "reveries," how strange must be the infatuation of the men who persist in defending them! They are a discovery only because Fourier *imagined* their possibility; they form a science only because he attempted to *systematize* them; they are called a revelation only because those who maintain them deny any God outside of man himself, and consequently any revelation except the production of the human intellect.

We have found it convenient in certain parts of this essay, to treat of St. Simonism and Fourierism in common, so far as their notions have agreed with each other. And, indeed, the general identity of the principles of the two is so evident, that the critic must be fastidious who will object to considering them as co-partners in the same heritage of error. Their mission was professedly the same. Starting with the assumption that "all that is, is God," and that the evil that is in the world is either no evil, or an accidental misfortune from which man is competent to redeem himself, they proceeded to legitimatize, to deify the actions and passions of the flesh; to change the notions of right and wrong among men. Historically, indeed, they were distinct, and they differed from each other in the details of their industrial plans—from which we have seen that both took their historical commencement. And, whether by accident, or from the greater energy and practicability of St. Simonism, it gained an earlier opportunity for its full display. Consequently it rushed forward to its catastrophe, and after a tempestuous existence of a few months, outraged humanity could suffer it no longer, and it was dissolved. The attempt to reconstruct the ruined edifice at Constantinople and in Egypt was not more successful. Some of the St. Simonians returned to a profession of Christianity, some became followers of Mohammed, and others were lost in the whirlpool of new delusions.

The Fourierites, likewise, even in the life-time of their founder, attempted an establishment at Condé, and have since often renewed their efforts elsewhere. We know little more of them than that they have each failed after a short existence, and that the leaders of the sect are at issue among themselves. As with the St. Simonians, it will only be in the practical workings of the system that all its enormities will appear, and will prove themselves the legitimate deductions of their first principles; and, therefore, we agree with the remark of M. de Lourdoueix, that "those who serve best the interests of its existence are those who retard most the realization of its doctrines."

We are no prophets. It may be, that the new state of affairs in France will soon give the Socialists, for a moment, unbounded liberty and plentiful resources for making their experiment. But even if this happen, we doubt whether the delusion of the Fourierites be not so far dispelled as that their leaders would no longer have the profound conviction of the feasibility of their plan, which alone could nerve them to such a trial. Confidence in imagination and confidence in the hour of action are two very different things, and if Fourierites possessed the latter, we cannot believe that they would have so long failed of making a complete experiment. Fourierites boast of the spread of their doctrines in France, Germany, England, and

America. Yet they say, and their system requires, that the moment a *phalanx* is established, opposition will be silenced by the success of the attempt. Now since but *eight hundred and ten* persons are necessary for a complete phalanx, why do they not begin? Are there not of their followers in all these countries enough to make the experiment?

We then reprobate Socialism because it is in direct antagonism with the dogmas of Christianity, and because it attempts to overturn the laws of Christian civilization. That there is great misery and much injustice in the heart of modern society is too true, but we do not owe the discovery of it to Socialism. The misery is the result of the sin of Adam, and the injustice is from the neglect or infraction of the laws which God has by *supernatural* revelation given to man for his conduct and amelioration. We object especially to Socialism, that, under the name of emancipating, it *degrades* woman from the rank to which Christianity had raised her. For we have seen that it was Christianity alone that availed to raise woman to being the equal of man by the tie of love, at the same time that it subjected her by the precept of obedience; and that the law by which woman was thus raised to equality with man was the abolition of polygamy and divorce, and the substitution of an inviolable and perpetual *marriage*. We object to it, moreover, that it contemns the tribunal of reason, and the voice of the natural conscience which God has implanted in the breast of every man. And, finally, we object to *Fourierites* the ambiguity and tergiversation of their propagandism; that they beguile the superstitious with the name of a revelation, the credulous with the profession of a discovery, the self-conceited with the title of a science, when it is clear that they have neither revelation nor discovery nor science for any one.

Nor can we consent to accord to Socialism, in any of its for ms, the praise that some even of its enemies have yielded it, that in positive ideas in the field of industry, it has made valuable suggestions. It would be difficult to mention any of its suggestions that either it has not borrowed, or that is not an abomination instead of a thing desirable. The biting satires that the St. Simonians dealt out on the actual deteriorations of modern society, and which the Fourierites continue to repeat, have, it is true, done something to startle the public mind, and if this has urged any to cling to or revive the good principles handed down to us by our fathers, and which had been slipping away through want of constancy in their maintenance, it is indeed a good, but not much due to Socialism for its origin,—since *it*, instead of urging them to cling to the principles they had been taught, would have had them abandon all that the experience of six thousand years and the advancement that man has hitherto been able to make in obedience to the eternal, immutable laws of truth, have proclaimed as necessary to his conservation.

And now that we have accomplished all that we intended when we commenced this article, it is time to come to a conclusion. If Fourierites still persist in spreading their doctrines through the community, a complete and analytical detail of their theory would be a useful labor, but it would demand an entire volume to fulfil it. In the mean time, their principles should not be tolerantly judged as harmless reveries. Quite true it is that they have no element of practicability, and can never take form as a society. But it is another thing whether the bad and wild notions that they diffuse abroad in the community, and which in their detached parts are caught up and adopted by multitudes that have no idea that these are a legitimate part of a system that they themselves condemn, may not be infecting whole masses throughout every country where they are propagated with a spirit of revolution for the establishment of unbridled licentiousness. The opportunities for such a revolution are accidents to which every land is liable, and it would be a poor compensation for having contributed to the fundamental convulsion, and thereby interrupted the veritable progress of any society, to have been permitted for awhile to cry, in "great words unmeet," *re-organization of labor—emancipation of woman—scientific revelations—universal happiness*. It is then a duty for every good citizen and for every man of conscience to oppose and to denounce Fourierism, and every other form of Socialism. And the method of doing so with effect, is not to

follow its advocates into the discussion of reveries whose very absurdity proves a cloak to them till they have been systematically studied; not to admit that, as they claim; Christianity is dead and society in a state of dissolution, and therefore some new theory *must* be started; but to lay hold of the positive principles of religion, of morality and of law that we have still at our hands, after all the labors of disorganizers hitherto; to hold these up against the declaimings of Socialists; to lay on them the task of destroying the Christian civilization, or of *proving* that it should be destroyed, instead of assuming that it is so. And as example is more potent than mere words, it is by falling back in our own interior sentiments and in our practice upon the doctrines in politics, in social life and in religion, which have been proved by time and have brought forth pleasant fruits, that we are to be strong ourselves, and to be able to strengthen others against the emissaries of libertinism and of change. Fidelity, in political and in social life, to the plainest teachings of the New Testament, would soon reduce the number of Socialists to some few occupants of a madhouse: that they go at large is proof that more heads than their own are crazed. Certainly, in a society where divorce and adultery were unheard of, Fourierism would excite more horror than it does with us; and if Paris, in 1832, had been as much recovered from the Jacobinism of 1798 as it is now, the Saint Simonians could never have gone so far as they did in effect.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The political crisis in Europe emboldened the English Chartists to make a grand demonstration. Forty-nine delegates, elected at meetings held in some of the principal towns, made arrangements and issued a programme for a meeting to be held at Kensington Common, on Monday the 10th of April, at which upwards of 200,000 Chartists were to attend; from whence they were to march in procession, regulated and superintended by Marshals, to the House of Commons, and present a petition for the People's Charter, which was said to weigh between five and six tons. The attention of the Government having been directed to the subject, a notice was issued by the Police Commissioners, pointing out that, both by statute and common law, the intended procession was illegal; warning persons from taking part in it, and calling on all loyal and peaceable subjects to aid the constituted authorities in preventing any disturbance, and in maintaining public order. This having been announced in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary, on the 6th of April, Mr. Feargus O'Connor denied any intention on the part of the Chartists to commit a breach of the peace, and said their only object was to present to that House a petition signed by between five and six millions of the people; and he also complained that they were taken by surprise in the course adopted by the Government. Sir George Grey replied that the subject had been taken into consideration at the earliest possible moment, and the Government were resolved to take the course indicated. The harangues delivered at the Chartist meetings preliminary to these arrangements, had been of a most violent character. Republicanism, French aid, and concert with the disaffected Irish, were openly talked of; and arms were at one time recommended for the great demonstration. The main division of the Chartists met in the morning on the north side of London, and went in procession over Blackfriars Bridge to the place of meeting, which is about two miles south of the bridge. No extra precautions were observed until they reached the bridge, where a police force and a body of pensioners were posted, but no interference took place. Other bodies, who met on the north side of the Thames, passed over the bridges in like manner, and the meeting assembled at the appointed place about half past eleven o'clock. Although it had been announced that 200,000 were to meet, and were to be joined in procession by greatly increased numbers, there were at no time present more than from 15,000 to 20,000 persons, including spectators who took

no part in the proceedings. Mr. Feargus O'Connor delivered an address, which he concluded by urging the meeting to disperse, as the government had taken possession of all the bridges, and the contemplated procession to the House of Commons could not, therefore, be carried into effect without a sanguinary struggle; and stated that the "Executive" of the Chartist Association would convey the petition, which he would that evening present to the House. This recommendation appeared by no means to suit the views of a large portion of the meeting, but it was ultimately complied with, and the petition, accompanied by three delegates, was conveyed to the House of Commons in a couple of street cabs. The proceedings for the enforcement of order were most complete and efficient. The bank, and all the public buildings, were put in a state of defence, being garrisoned by bodies of troops, and the persons employed in them were all armed. The entire police force of London was ready to act at a moment's notice, and the bridges, the main points where difficulties were likely to occur, were under their protection. The military were not visible during the whole day, the police and private constables being more than sufficient to meet the emergency. Upwards of 150,000 men (more than ten times the number of Chartists at the meeting) volunteered and were sworn in as special constables, so that any attempt at an outbreak would have been hopeless. After the meeting had dispersed, large crowds proceeded towards the bridges, which were all closed. The greatest mob was at Blackfriars, where stones were thrown and attacks made on the foot police, who used their staves freely on the heads of the leaders, but were at last forced, by the pressure, across the bridge; where the crowd was stopped by a body of mounted police, and dispersed after numerous arrests had been made.

The petition, on being presented to the House by Mr. O'Connor, was referred to the Standing Committee on Petitions, who reported that instead of the number of signatures, 5,706,000, as stated by the member, it was ascertained by counting that there were not more than 1,975,496—that in several consecutive sheets the signatures were all in the same hand-writing—that a great portion were the names of females, and that it contained numerous forgeries. Among the signatures were Victoria Rex, Prince Albert, Colonel Sibthorpe, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, (nineteen times,) Snookses, Pugnoses and Flatnoses in great numbers, interspersed with ribald and obscene remarks. It is said that a patriotic pot-boy contributed several hundred signatures.

The petition was also weighed by the Committee, and Mr. O'Connor's statement in this regard was also a gross exaggeration, for instead of five tons, its weight was only 5½ cwt. Mr. O'Connor attempted to make out, that notwithstanding the fictitious signatures, there were upwards of 5,000,000 genuine, (a number which exceeds the whole adult male population of England,) and observed that in a few days he would present a petition with three times as many signatures; but the exaggerations and deceptions having been so thoroughly exposed, the affair became speedily a subject only of ridicule, and Mr. O'Connor, on the 8th of April, virtually abandoned it, by contenting himself with moving *pro forma* that it be read at the table. The alacrity with which the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants of the metropolis of all classes came forward on this occasion, proves that the revolutionary feeling which seems to pervade the greater part of Europe, has not taken possession of the English people.

It is gratifying to find that the French Provisional Government have discountenanced interference with the affairs of a foreign nation; for the number of passports for England became so much increased as to lead to inquiry into the reason; and it becoming known to the Provisional Government that the intention of the parties was to aid in the Chartist manifestation, they put a stop to this political emigration, by refusing passports to all who could not give good reasons for leaving their own country. The Chartists have since continued to hold their meetings in various parts of the kingdom, and the speeches and propositions are of the most inflammatory nature, and in Aberdeen a proposal has been made to establish an armed National Guard. To protect the country from these incendiary attempts, and to put an end to the alarming state of affairs in Ireland, a law has been passed for the better security of the Crown and Government; by which the writing, publishing, or open and advised speaking, or any overt act intended to effect the deposition, or levying war against the Sovereign, or forcing a change of measures or counsels, or intimidating or overawing either House of Parliament, or inciting foreign invasion, is declared a felony, punishable by transportation; and a temporary alien bill has also been introduced, to enable the Government to send home any foreigners who may be mischievously disposed. On the 11th of April, Mr. John O'Connell brought forward a motion, in the House of Commons, for a Repeal of the Union, in reference to which Lord John Russell, on the 16th, stated that immediately after Easter the House would proceed to the discussion of measures which related to the political state of the Irish population, and declared his readiness to listen to any proposition supported by the great majority of Irish members, having for its object the improvement of the laws and condition of that country; but by discussion (if the choice should be for argument) and by force (if recourse were had to arms) he was determined, as long as there was breath and life in him, to

oppose the Repeal of the Legislative Union. This declaration elicited loud cheers. A similar statement, in behalf of the Government, was made in the House of Lords.

Prince Metternich has arrived in England. There has been a large exportation of gold from England to Holland and other parts of the continent, and the bullion in the Bank of England has considerably decreased, but fresh quantities continue to arrive from abroad.

The People's Charter, as it is called, contains six heads. 1. Universal suffrage; 2. Vote by ballot; 3. No property qualification; 4. Annual parliaments; 5. Payment of members; 6. Equal electoral districts. The total export of tea from China to Great Britain, from July, 1847, to 24th February last, is:—Black, 35,855,210 lbs.; green, 3,813,320 lbs.; total, 39,699,030 lbs.; and of silk in the same period, 17,089 bales.

The Irish Repeal party is now divided into two distinct sections; the O'Connells, with a numerical minority, having declared firmly against exceeding the bounds of constitutional agitation; whilst the majority, headed by Smith O'Brien, Mitchell of the United Irishman, and others, are inflaming the populace with writings and speeches of the most incendiary character, urging the people to arms, openly defying the Government, and declaring their intention of effecting Repeal by force of arms. Those of the latter party, whose arrest was mentioned in our last number, have been indicted, and true bills for sedition were found against them on the 15th of April; on the evening of which day they were entertained at a grand *soirée*, where they made speeches just as seditious as those for which they are prosecuted. The people, under the instigation of these men, are arming throughout a very large portion of Ireland with fire-arms and pikes, and are being drilled to the use of these weapons; rifle clubs are also formed to considerable extent, the day for practice being generally Sunday. To counteract this movement, large bodies of troops are concentrating in different sections, whilst vessels of war are stationed on various parts of the coast. Large and influential bodies of Irish, Catholic and Protestant, have tendered their services to the Government in case of necessity, and their offers have been accepted. A run on the Savings Banks has been made, at the suggestion of the leaders, for the purpose of embarrassing the financial affairs of the country. At Limerick, notices of withdrawal to the amount of £5000 on the 24th of April, were served on the 15th; and the Directors have determined to pay out all sums demanded, but not again to permit those making the drafts to obtain the benefit of these useful institutions. On the 1st of April, Smith O'Brien, with a deputation from Ireland, presented an address to the Provisional Government at Paris, the object of which was to secure French assistance in aid of forcible measures in Ireland. M. Lamartine, after some complimentary remarks towards the Irish people, gave a decided negative to the request. "We are," said he, "at peace, and we are desirous of remaining on good terms of equality, not with this or that part of Great Britain, but with Great Britain entire. We believe this peace to be useful and honorable, not only to Great Britain and the French Republic, but to the human race. We will not commit an act —we will not utter a word—we will not breathe an insinuation at variance with the principles of the reciprocal inviolability of nations which we have proclaimed. * * * We should be insane were we to exchange such a diplomacy for unmeaning and partial alliances with even the most legitimate parties in the countries which surround us. We are not competent to judge them, or to prefer some of them to others; by announcing our partisanship on the one side, we should declare ourselves the enemies of the other. We do not wish to be enemies of any of your fellow-countrymen. * * * We ardently wish that justice may bind and strengthen the friendship of races; that equality may become more and more its basis; but while proclaiming with you, with her, (England,) and with all, the holy dogma of fraternity, we will perform only acts of brotherhood, in conformity with our principles, and our feelings towards the Irish nation." Smith O'Brien, and the other parties indicted, having put in a technical defence, as to the composition of the Grand Jury, the Attorney-general, to prevent delay, abandoned the indictments, and filed, *ex officio*, informations against the accused. All, except Mitchell, have moderated their tone since the act above referred to was passed. We give a specimen from one of his speeches. After giving instructions on the pike and rifle practice, he declared that his "mission is to bear a hand in the final destruction of the bloody old 'British Empire'—the greedy, carnivorous old monster that has lain so long like a load upon the heart and limbs of England, and drank the blood and sucked the marrow from the bones of Ireland. Against that empire of hell a thousand thousand ghosts of my slaughtered countrymen shriek nightly. Their blood cries continually from the ground for vengeance! And Heaven has heard it. That bucaneering flag that has braved so long the battle and the breeze, flies now from a ship in distress. The Charybdis of Chartism roars under her lee; the breakers of Repeal are ahead, and the curses of the world swell the hurricane that rages round her, —pirate and blood-stained slaver that she is, her timbers are shivering at last," &c.

Some of the Roman Catholic clergy have received sharp rebukes from their bishops, for the violence of their political course.

As events progress in France, the views of the different members of the Provisional Gov-

ernment become more apparent, and it is evident there is an irreconcilable division in that body. Dupont (de l'Eure) the nominal President of the Council, is a man very far advanced in life, and in the government a mere cipher. The real men of action are, on one side, Lamartine, with Marrast and others, whose views appear to lean towards moderation; and on the other, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc and Albert, (for effect designated "ouvrier,") who are endeavoring to force the nation to adopt the insane and debasing doctrines of the Communists. Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, has sent out his Commissioners to the Provinces, *with unlimited powers*—their first duty being to control the elections for the National Assembly. Their acts have, in many instances, been such as could not be outdone by any government, however despotic. The rights of private property appear to have been entirely banished from the minds of those functionaries. At Lyons, M. Etienne Arago has forbidden any person to leave the city with more than 500 francs, without his permission. At Blois, M. Gouache promulgated his decree, 1. To establish a Bank of discount; 2. Forbidding the existing banks from paying to the owners any money deposited with them, except so much as the depositors may think proper to invest in his bank of discouut; and 3. Postponing the payment of all debts until the 15th of May. Some of the Commissioners have been driven from their posts, and could only be reinstated by military force. It is said that the violence of Ledru Rollin at the Council Board, has been productive of scenes of a most undignified character, and that his turbulence has more than once been checked by the personal courage of his more moderate colleagues. Louis Blanc, in the Introduction to his "Ten Years' History," divides the nation into the *bourgeoisie* and the *people*, (page 18, note:) "By *bourgeoisie*, I mean the whole body of citizens, who, possessing implements of labor, or capital, work with means of their own, and are not dependent on others, except to a certain extent. The *people* is the whole body of citizens, who, not possessing capital, depend completely on others, and that in what regards the prime necessaries of life." The Revolution of 1830, says the Rollin and Blanc faction, was the work of the *bourgeoisie*, who reaped all the benefits; the present was accomplished by the *people*, and (to use the words of Secretary Marcy) "to the victors belong the spoils." Upon which of these parties shall have a preponderance in the National Assembly, seems to depend the question, whether a Republic can be established, or whether the present movement is to be productive of anarchy and its fearful consequences. The Communist party, courting the *people*, according to Louis Blanc's definition of the word, have already evinced a disposition to avail themselves of physical demonstrations to carry out their views. Many thousands in Paris are out of employment, for whom it is impossible for the government to provide. Ledru Rollin is said to be arranging a plan by which these unfortunate people are to be formed into a *garde mobile* and removed to the frontiers, for the double purpose of getting rid of them from Paris, and forming a force to counterbalance the conservative feeling supposed to exist in the army and elsewhere. On the evening of the 15th of April, a stormy meeting of the Provisional Government took place; Ledru Rollin, who was particularly energetic, was opposed by Marrast, who declared it was the firm determination of the more moderate party to respond to the general wishes of the nation, and proceed with moderation, as otherwise nothing but civil war and bloodshed could ensue. A violent scene took place, and at the instigation of the Rollin party, an immense meeting was held on the following day, at the Champ de Mars, and the persons present were marshalled under distinct leaders, and marched in columns of ten deep to the Hotel de Ville. The beat of the *rappel* had called out the National Guard, who appeared in overwhelming force, and evinced the best possible disposition towards the moderate portion of the government. They occupied the whole square of the Hotel de Ville and the surrounding buildings, and when the procession appeared it was saluted on all sides with cries of "*a bas les communistes*," "*a bas Blanqui*," "*a bas Cabet*," "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire*." A deputation consisting of Cabet, Blanqui and others, were allowed access, and were received by M. Lamartine only. Cabet who was spokesman for the party, began by declaring that the Provisional Government "had betrayed the cause of the people," and that it was necessary that it should be at once reconstituted. He then presented to Lamartine a list of those who should form the Provisional Government, (the principal names being those of Ledru Rollin, Cabet, Blanqui, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Raspail, Albert, and one or two more of the ultra Democratic party,) and declared that if it were not accepted, they would march against the Hotel de Ville and obtain it by force. With this he retired, and the meeting quietly dispersed. The following day, however, the attempt was, to some extent, renewed, but with a similar result.

On the Tuesday following the National Guard was again called out, in consequence of information received that the Communists and some of the most violent clubs had determined to upset the present government, and to establish "a committee of public safety," but the attempt was not made. Gen. Changarnier has been appointed commander of the National Guard, in the place of Gen. Courtais, at which that body have expressed great satisfaction. Troops of the line have been recalled to Paris. Little or no improvement has taken place in trade; thou-

sands are out of work, and immense numbers of shops closed: the government is still obliged to dispense nearly $25,000 daily, in giving work to the unemployed in Paris alone—work which unfortunately is unproductive and almost worse than useless.

The detached forts round Paris are being fitted up as government workshops. The depreciation of property since the 23d of February to 12th of March is enormous; and is estimated, in *La Presse*, as follows:

Funded property, -	fr. 3,285,793,811
Bank shares, - -	146,680,000
Railways, six lines, -	205,252,500
" eleven lines,	110,632,500
Total,	fr. 3,748,358,811

And it is supposed that an addition of 1,000,000,000 fr. may be added, for loss on other securities, such as canals, bonds, mines, gas, insurances, &c.; the greater part of which had not been quoted for six weeks previous to 12th March. The six railway lines at the first date were at a premium: the eleven were then below par; their depreciation then amounted to 143,347,509 fr. which makes the total loss on railways 459,232,500 fr. The government has started a project of taking possession of the railways, giving 5 per cent. stock to the shareholders for the purchase money at the average value for six months before February last. Many of the laws, or decrees, which have been made, appear wholly inconsistent with the fact that the present government is merely provisionary, and is to surrender all power to the National Assembly, which has already (June) met. Among the most striking of this class is one which abolishes the duty on salt from the 1st Jan. 1849, authorizing the importation of foreign salt from that date and imposing duties thereon. It appears from returns, that there are in France over 5,000,000 landed proprietors; 213,168 stockholders; 38,305 owners of annuities; 154,875 pensioners of the state; 104,325 individuals holding offices requiring security; and 627,830 individuals paid by the government. On the 15th of April Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, published a proclamation of the most menacing character, in case of the elections of the provinces not according with the views of Paris, in which he says:—

"The elections, if they do not produce the triumph of social truth—if they are the expression of the interest of a caste—the elections, which ought to be the safety of the Republic, will be, beyond a doubt, its destruction.

"In that case there would be but one way of safety for the people who made the barricades;—to manifest a second time its will, and to adjourn the decision of a false national representation! Can it be that France could wish to force Paris to have recourse to this extreme, this deplorable remedy? God forbid! But no, France has confided to Paris a great mission, and the French people will not consent to render that mission incompatible with the order and calm necessary for the deliberations of the constituent body. *Paris regards itself, with just reason, as the representative of all the population of the national territory.*

"Paris is the advanced post of the army which combats for republican ideas: Paris is the rendezvous for all the generous determination—all the moral forces of France: Paris will not separate its cause from that of the people, which suffers, waits, and raises its voice from one extremity of the country to the other. *If anarchy works afar off, if social influences pervert the judgment or betray the will of the masses dispersed or misled by distance, the people of Paris believes itself, and declares itself to be conjointly responsible for the interests of the whole nation. On some points wealth claims its privileges, and menaces us with the affliction of being obliged to conquer, when we should have wished only to persuade.*"

The election of members for the National Assembly on Sunday, 23d April, and the following day, went off quietly in Paris, although serious apprehensions were entertained of a *coup de main.* An attempt was made to seize the ballot box in one arrondissement, but the affair was discovered early enough to be prevented. The scrutiny of the votes took place on the 28th. Lamartine had by far the greatest number: the moderates have received the most votes; and Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Flocon and Albert, are very low down on the list. Above one-third of the electors in Paris have not voted; and the *ouvriers* especially have shown very little anxiety to take part; whether from indifference or discontent, or from having some scheme in view, is not known. There are grave charges of fraud in the elections; numbers are said to have given several votes, and that electoral "tickets" have been sold by those who obtained them. Ledru Rollin sent one of his commissioners with unlimited powers to Algeria, which is exclusively under the Minister of War. Gen. Cavaignac refused to receive him, when he raised a mob and exhibited a cap of liberty, which was speedily trampled on by the National Guard and the respectable citizens. The Governor threatened to ship him off, and sent a complaint to the war department, when Ledru Rollin was obliged to cancel the appointment. The government have issued an order for the dispersion of the Germans congregated in great numbers on the eastern frontier of France. This measure and the result of the elections has created a rise of about three per cent. in the prices of French funds. The specie in the Bank of France is considerably diminished.

The King of Prussia, immediately after being compelled by his own subjects to make large popular concessions, and whilst his throne was by no means in a stable condition, embarked in two projects which are likely to cause much trouble. One of his first acts was

to set about a confederation of the States, so as to establish a Federal German Empire. This has involved him in a war with Denmark, and caused a coolness towards him in the cabinet of Austria; the latter empire having hitherto been considered the head of the German States. The ministry have officially declared that although Austria is desirous of cementing a complete union with Germany, it is not intended either to sacrifice the local interests of the imperial provinces, or to renounce the independence of the internal government of Austria. The Government, therefore, assumes to itself full power to adopt or reject the decisions of the confederation, as it may think proper; and "provided that the last stipulation is not admitted as reconcilable with the character of a confederation of States, Austria will not be in a position to join it." In consequence of a petition from his Polish subjects, the King of Prussia declared his desire and intention for a national re-organization of the Grand Duchy of Posen, and for that purpose sent a Commissioner. From the great antipathy which exists between the Polish and German inhabitants of that Duchy, the measure has at present resulted in both parties setting the King's functionaries at defiance, and getting up a civil war between themselves; and the King has been compelled to decide that the national re-organization of the Polish population, shall not be extended to those portions of the Grand Duchy in which the Germans are in greater number than the Poles: the peculiarly German portions of the Duchy are to be forthwith incorporated with the German confederacy.

The Emperor of Austria has granted to all his provinces, except Hungary, Croatia, Sclavonia, Siebenbergen, and for the present, the Italian provinces, a constitution, granting trial by jury—Independence of the Judges—Parliaments, to be assembled annually—Freedom of religion, speech, the press, petition, and public meeting, civil equality of the citizens, responsibility of ministers, &c. Hungary is to form a separate organization, and also Austrian-Poland, of the latter the Emperor taking the title of King.

The war between Denmark and the German confederacy, has arisen respecting the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, now under the rule of the King of Denmark, and which have been annexed to that kingdom for more than a century; the population of which consists of a mixture of Danes and Germans. The present King, on his accession, a few months since, granted a constitution to the whole of his dominions, incorporating them together. To this the Duchies objected on the ground that, in them, the Salic law prevailed, and that the proposed constitution would render them subject to be under the rule of female sovereigns, who were eligible to rule in Denmark, and that the proposed incorporation would annul privileges enjoyed in them; and a revolt ensued. The King of Denmark marched his army, and defeated the insurgents; whereupon the King of Prussia and the German confederation, on the ground that Holstein was part of the confederation, that the Duchies are independent States, that they are firmly united to each other, and that the male line obtains in both, marched their forces against the King of Denmark, who denies their right, under any circumstances, to interfere as regards Schleswig, which never formed part of the German confederation. The Prussian and German forces have marched into the latter territory and a battle has been fought, which, terminated in favor of the Prussians. The Danes have laid an embargo on Prussian vessels, and the Swedish Government is fitting out ships of war; and it is said that the Swedes are unanimously in favor, and will support the views of Denmark. Russia continues to arm, watching all the proceedings in Europe, and acting at present with strict neutrality.

In Italy, the King of Sardinia and his allies have possession of nearly the whole of Lombardy. An attack was made on Peschiera, but repulsed by the Austrians, and Radetzky has offered battle to Charles Albert, which the latter did not accept. The latter declines entering the Venetian territory, on the ground of its having been declared a republic, and declares that if the Lombards establish a republican government, he will desert their cause and return to his own dominions. Troops have marched from Rome to assist in expelling the Austrians, and the King of Naples has been compelled by his subjects to send his contingent, although they were much required to keep his own people quiet. Sicily has declared its independence of Naples, and the Parliament has decreed that Ferdinand Bourbon and his dynasty have forever fallen from the throne of Sicily, which shall be governed by a constitutional government, under an Italian prince, to be called to reign as soon as the constitution is established.

The Pacha of Egypt is suffering the greatest debility of body and mind. His health renders him totally incapable of attending to the government of his country. At a meeting of his family and the most influential Pachas and Beys, it was decided that the government should be conducted under Ibrahim Pacha and a council, who were to assume Mehemet Ali's seal until his death, which is expected to happen shortly. Belgium is enjoying political tranquillity, but its mercantile and financial affairs are in a very depressed state, greatly owing to the stoppage of its trade with France. In Holland, the King has re-organized the representative portion of the government on a more popular basis.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts. Edited by B. SILLIMAN, B. SILLIMAN, Jr., and JAMES D. DANA. New Haven: May 1, 1848.

This is the fifteenth number of the Second Series of this important periodical. The contents are as follows:—A Review of the Annual Report of the U. S. Survey: this article has been copied into the National Intelligencer for May 17, and occupies three columns of that paper. A paper on Philosophical Induction, by Samuel Tyler: whether Science can proceed altogether without the aid of "*thinking*," is at least doubtful; Mr. Tyler seems to think not, else he would not have been at the trouble to write this article. An article by Samuel S. Haldeman, an excellent and accurate naturalist, on the identity of two very curious and doubtless interesting animals. Letter on Philosophical Analogy; containing some new views. A description of two new minerals, by J. Lawrence Smith. Analysis of Meteoric Iron that fell in Bohemia, by A. Duflos and N. W. Fischer. Explanations of various electrical phenomena by the undulatory hypothesis, by Professor Hare, of Philadelphia: Professor Hare is evidently of the same mind with Mr. Tyler. Description of a mass of Meteoric Iron, discovered near Murfreesboro, Tenn., by Professor G. Troost: a bit of information judicious and brief. A Greek naturalist would have filled fifty pages with what is here packed into one. Parallelism of the older rocky strata ("Palæozoic formations") of North America with those of Europe. On Halley's Comet, by Professor Loomis, of New York. A mathematical paper on the propagation of sound, by Eli W. Blake. Review of Professor Asa Gray's Manual of Botany: a book with which all botanical readers are well acquainted. Review of Matteucchi's Lectures on Living Beings; which describes some curious electrical experiments upon the nerves of animals. A translation from Poggendorf's Annaton, of a paper by Professor Scheerer of Christiana, on the similarity in the forms of crystals of unlike substances, throwing new light on the secret constitution of matter. Mathematical paper, by Professor Stanley of Yale College. Not the least valuable part of this Journal is the scientific intelligence, taken from foreign Periodicals, which keeps us informed of the progress of European Science.

In looking over several of these articles, it occurred to us to say, that in America as well as in Germany and France, science is very much obscured by the use of Greek names. In a free State like ours, statesmen and politicians are compelled to popularize everything of a public character or that appertains to the people. In science, on the contrary, no sooner does a savan discover a new fact or a new object, than he claps a leaden cover over it in the shape of a tremendous composite Greek name. For example, though we are personally familiar with the ancient rock strata that lie under our coal-fields, we quite failed to recognize them under the formidable name *palæozoic*, which, as the Greek dictionary informs us, signifies "containing remains of the ancient or primeval forms of life." Seriously, and with the greatest deference to our learned and ingenious savans, whom we believe to be not a whit inferior to those of Europe, would it not be rendering a service to humanity to divest their labors as far as possible of this heavy and perishable load of technicalities? Of all dialects, that of science has the briefest existence; why, then, waste a moment in adding one *unnecessary* name to the vast and gloomy vocabulary? This is not the age of Linnæus or of Gmelin; it is the age of Faraday, and of Humboldt. Men begin now to seek eagerly for the precious fruits of the understanding; it is injudicious, even inhuman, to do the least thing to keep knowledge from the people.

Meanwhile no man has done more to the great purpose of popular instruction than the Senior Editor of this Journal. Professor Silliman's reputation is as wide as the Continent, and wider; for his Journal is the ambassador of our science in foreign countries. It goes to Germany, France and England, and suffers no disgrace anywhere.

The Mexican War: A History of its Origin and a Detailed Account of the Victories which terminated in the Surrender of the Capital; with the Official Dispatches of the Generals. By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD. New York: Barnes & Co., 50 John street.

Probably no war, at least during its progress, has ever had so many historians as our war with Mexico. Many of these have been mere catch-penny affairs, and others designed simply to give a sketch of battles. In the work before us, Mr. Mansfield has gone fully into the sub-

ject--traced the origin of the war--exposed its injustice, and characterized it as it will be seen by future generations.

It is hard to write the history of an exciting event half a century after it has transpired; for while the *statistics* may be correct, the *spirit* is wanting. Those err who suppose that the *facts* of history are given when every statement is made out with accuracy--the greatest fact of all is the feeling which originated the movement, and the enthusiasm which bore it onward. The Journal of Congress, the muster roll of our forces, and the complete maps of the battles during our revolutionary war, are only a part of the history of that event. The *spirit* of the people, the deep emotion underlaying all, are of equal importance. But if it is difficult to be just in this respect, it is equally so amid the fierce animosities and exaggerated views which prevail during the progress of the event. Mr. Mansfield has, we think, been *just*, and written with *conscience* as well as feeling.

The Mexican war is an anomaly in our history. That the Government anticipated it in moving the army on the Rio Grande, few will believe. To overawe the Mexicans, obtain territory by blustering, and make political capital out of it all, was doubtless the origin of this great wrong. It was probably a huge blunder growing out of ignorance and a deviation from the course of integrity. It is useless to argue the point, for talk as men will, there is not an intelligent statesman of either party in the land, who believes for a moment, that the same cause asserted to exist would precipitate us in a war with a *strong* nation. We have done to the weak what we would never have thought of doing to the strong.

Say what men will of the war, and deprecate all glorification of it as stimulating a wrong and dangerous spirit in the country, the achievements of our army are so many facts in our history, which must be contemplated; for they have turned aside our whole career as a nation, set in motion influences, and created opinions, which cannot be overlooked.

We think Mr. Mansfield's work may be safely commended as a judicious and impartial history.

Lectures on Shakspeare. By H. N. Hudson. In two volumes. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

Several of the lectures in these volumes have appeared from time to time in the pages of the Review, so that our readers may be presumed to be familiar with their characteristic merits. It is intended, moreover, to make them the subject of an extended article hereafter. We need now, therefore, only call attention to their appearance in this form, for the convenience of such of our readers as may wish to obtain them.

Mr. Hudson has had the good taste to have his work come before the public with the advantage of a dedication to R. H. Dana, whose own lectures on the same subject, delivered a few years ago, so well sustained his distinguished reputation as a poet and critic. We cannot but regret, however, in seeing Mr. Dana's name here, that he should appear as sponsor to another's offspring, which, though excellent in its kind, is very unlike his own, when his own have never yet been admitted to the rites of publication. It argues a want of parental affection in one who has done as much as any other to direct the taste of students and literary men in our country, that it will take circumstances--strong ones, too—to disprove. In the absence of all knowledge respecting circumstances, we will presume one, viz:—Boston. Boston is situate on that side of Massachusetts which is cooled by the east wind—an air uncongenial to poetry. Humanity, Progress, all sorts of schemes and systems, (useless shrubs,) thrive there very well; but the tender flowers of poetry become wilted and odorless, under the clammy dews of transcendentalism.

Hence, Boston, to those who reside there, is a great circumstance; to publish poetry or poetic criticism there, one must assume the hallucination of the crazy man, to whom the seasons were reversed, who could walk forth in the bitterest day of January, and experience the sensations of June.

But to New York, and to those living here, Boston is not a circumstance. It is merely a remote village; we can contemplate it and all its notions, as indifferently as does the angel who stands "fixed in cogitation deep," the regent of the Sun. As indifferently, and no less benevolently, for peradventure there be fifty righteous men among our Boston readers.

Portrait of Daniel Webster.—Mr. E. A. Anthony has sent us a new and beautifully executed portrait of our great Senator, from a recent daguerreotype. The artist who managed the daguerreotype selected a very characteristic expression, so much so that the portrait, in addition to its fidelity, has the spirit of a good miniature. The engraver is Mr. A. H. Ritchie, and the work is the most perfect we know of in this kind of engraving, which is a mixture of etching and mezzotinto. Mr. Webster's domestic afflictions during the past year have not passed over him without leaving traces on his countenance, but they have evidently not bowed the conscious greatness of his mind. He still looks the man who at one time saved the two most powerful nations on the globe from war, and is worthy to bear the distinction of being the ablest *statesman* of his time.

A Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Harmonized for Four Voices; with an Arrangement for the Organ and Piano-Forte. Forming the First Part of the People's Music Book. Edited by JAMES TURLE, Organist of Westminster Abbey, and EDWARD TAYLOR, Gres. Prof. Mus. London: George Virtue.

This is not only one of the handsomest, but one of the most valuable of the recent English publications. It affords evidence of the taste, scholarship, and judgment of its editors,—qualities in which the editors of our ordinary collections are remarkably deficient.

In most of our collections of psalm tunes, we have instead of beautiful melodies and dignified devotional harmonies, unmeaning successions of chords which any tyro could string together after a fortnight's study, and which serve no end, unless it be to betray the mental poverty of their authors. It is utterly absurd to think of exciting devotional feelings by the performance of such music. Of this fact we suspect the authors, themselves, are fully aware, judging from the absurd directions accompanying their music. E. g. "With bold and animated emotion, loud, but not clamorous, and not hurried."—"With a slow, gentle movement, and with a tender, fervent expression."—"With awe and reverence."—"With serenity, cheerfulness and expression."* These directions are tacit insults to the devotion of the performer, to say nothing of his common sense. To be classed with them are those marks termed "breathing-places," the uselessness and absurdity of which is evident to every musician. We may expect in future editions, marks pointing out the proper time and place for the singer *to cough*, and perhaps *to spit*.

The contents of the book under notice are of a strictly *sacred* character. In this respect it differs much from many American and English books. In our books, it is very common to see the compositions of Herold, Bellini and Rossini, *mutilated* and shortened to metrical dimensions to meet the Procrustean necessities of English verse. In one,† the beautiful waltz from Rossini's *Cenerentola* is adapted to the well-known hymn, commencing,

"Safely through another week."

In the same book we find an air from Herold's Opera, *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and one from Bellini's *Norma;* and to crown all, an old tune which used to be played at the country *musters* and *trainings*, set to the hymn,

"Ye angels who stand round the throne," &c.

In another collection,‡ we have seen the *duetto* from *Norma* set to the popular hymn, beginning,

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;"

and the prayer from Herold's *Zampa* set to the hymn,

"God of mercy, God of love," etc.

In a recent publication,* we noticed a tune arranged from the first movement of the Overture to *Le Calife de Bagdad*. But some of our compilers are driven to still worse shifts than these. In another recent work† we noticed tunes arranged from common "Exercises" for the piano-forte. The celebrated air, "Lord, remember David," which has been arranged as a metrical tune by many of our compilers,‡ was taken from Handel's *Sosarmes*.

"Rendi l' sereno al ciglio;
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer il' alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu?"

This is a tender and soothing address to a mother by a daughter, and when sung with the original words, full effect is given to the beauty as well as the grace of the melody; both of which are, in a great measure, destroyed by the English poetry. So much is this the case, that "Rendi l' sereno al ciglio," and "Lord, remember David," are seldom recognized as the same music. Many other of Handel's Italian Opera airs have been wedded to sacred English poetry, thus destroying the exquisite beauty and design of the original. The music of the celebrated anthem, "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," is taken from an air in his *Rodelinda*, "Dove sei, amato bene," which is addressed to a lover by his mistress. "We know this beautiful air," to quote the words of another,§ "only in the cold, measured style in which we hear it sung at our sacred music meetings; but imagine it breathed by a Grisi in her most passionate accents, and we shall conceive its true meaning and expression."

It is not the Italian opera airs themselves that we object to, (for most of those we have cited above are perfect gems,) but it is the *associations* connected with them. A familiar melody suggests a crowd of recollections, whether heard in the Church or in the Opera. The prayer from *Zampa*, for example, is sung to sacred English verse frequently in our churches. How unlike the proper feelings for the church must be those which this piece suggests to one familiar with the Opera. The subject of the drama in many respects resembles that of *Don Giovanni*. The hero, Zampa, is a libertine, who, after indulging in every species of wickedness, is at last stopped short in his course, and consigned to the infernal regions by the statue of a deceived mistress, on

* Vide Mason and Webb's Psaltery, *passim*.
† The Sacred Choir.
‡ The Boston Musical Education Societies.

* The Sacred Lyrist.
† The Modern Harp.
‡ Vide The Ancient Lyre—Carmina Sacra, etc.
§ Hogarth—Memoirs of the Musical Drama.

whose finger he has, in a thoughtless moment, placed a ring. On this point the English editors make the following remarks :—

"We have rejected all airs originally written to secular words, deviating, we are well aware, in this respect, from a practice which, though general, we regard as inexpedient, if not indefensible. We have seen a 'Stabat Mater' converted into a set of Quadrilles; and Bacchanalian and amorous songs have been changed into Psalm tunes. The compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Handel and Beethoven, are shortened, in order to fit the words of a hymn, or, for the same purpose, stretched by some addition, standing in unfortunate contrast to the fragments of a beautiful melody. If there were any scarcity of good Psalm tunes, we might be driven to some such shifts; but the fact is the very reverse. The supply is abundant. The practice to which we have alluded, is liable to the heavier charge of indecorum. It is much to be regretted that an unadvised remark of John Wesley should have sanctioned the introduction of airs originally written to profane words, into the service of the house of God. Had that extraordinary man possessed any of the musical knowledge and taste for which several members of his family have been so justly celebrated, it had never been made. It has been the means of introducing into the service of devotion, 'Glorious Apollo,' 'Tell me, babbling Echo, why,' 'Thou soft-flowing Avon,' 'Rule Britannia,' 'Vedrai carino,' 'Butti, butti, y bel-Masetto,' 'Ah perdona il primo affetto,' and various invocations to Bacchus, Apollo, and Venus. It may be said that the words and the music of these amatory (sometimes scarcely decent) songs, from Italian Operas are known, in their original form, to few only who listen to or join in them in their new connection, and that unseemly and indecorous associations are, on that account, but rarely engendered. This question, we apprehend, has been settled by the highest authority.* We are enjoined to 'take heed lest by any means this liberty become a stumbling block to them that are weak.' And if the performance of an Opera song shall have the effect of interrupting the devotion of only a single worshipper, if it shall cause only 'one brother to offend,' better far is it that it be omitted. The reasoning of the Apostle is exactly, as it appears to us, to the point in question; and if so, it is conclusive in condemnation of the practice."

The Editors have added an accompaniment for the Organ instead of "figuring" the bass, as is commonly done by editors in this country.† This is as it should be; the Organist is then obliged to *disperse* the harmony as the author has written it. By the old method the composer furnishes, as it were, the skeleton, and the performer supplies the intermediate parts as his fancy dictates. The tenor clef is used instead of writing that part on the G clef. In this respect the Editors are worthy of all praise. Our editors, for the sake of favoring the popular ignorance, condescend to violate one of the most prominent rules in the Musical Syntax. But this is not so bad as the habit some of our editors have of writing *consecutive octaves and fifths*, and other progessions hardly less faulty.

There are a few Hymns in this book which we think are inappropriately inserted, because they cannot be said to express the feelings of *all* the members of a mixed congregation. There is one on the 236th page, beginning,

"Why hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O, why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?"

On the 191st page is another, still more inappropriate:—

"God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue."

If we were citing examples from our American books, we could proceed almost *ad infinitum*.

There is a difficulty which our composers labor under in writing metrical tunes, of which English composers know nothing. The writers of Sacred Lyrics among us are not content to express their thoughts in those metres which are the most natural and convenient, but must needs make use of those which are so ungainly in their structure as to refuse alliance with musical sounds. Hence, instead of a few metres, we have a list exceeding in length those of Horace.

The excellencies of this book have suggested to us the defects of our own. We heartily wish that our Editors and Publishers would take pattern from it, and endeavor to improve the public taste in this department of Musical Art. The making of psalm books has been too entirely a matter of business. As an illustration, it is believed that one of our oldest and most respectable musical societies, *sells* its "sanctions" to use its name, as a merchant sells his wares. Local prejudices operate powerfully to degrade the Art; indeed, the inhabitants of one meridian look upon those of another, much in the same light as the Greeks regarded foreigners. Surely there should be some common ground, some Olympia, where the students of Art and Literature could meet, unsullied by petty and unworthy feeling. Every one should have the interests of true scholarship so much at heart as to be willing to make every reasonable sacrifice for its advancement.

Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest; with Anecdotes of their Courts, now first published from Official Records and other Authentic Documents, pri-

* 1 Corinthians viii.

† The Beethoven Collection and the American Harp, are exceptions to this remark.

vate, as well as public. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.
Tales and Stories from History. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Lea & Blanchard.

THE eleventh volume of Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens, enters upon the most interesting period of English domestic history—the last age. It includes the life of Mary, Princess of Orange, and part of the life of Anne. From the notes of reference on almost every page, it will be seen that the authoress has explored very fully the various storehouses of information necessary to her purpose, and has endeavored to give her memoirs the value of authenticity. The public and private libraries of England are rich in pictures of the manners and court doings of this comparatively recent date, and Miss Strickland has also been able to avail herself largely of MS. correspondence and other unpublished writings, so that her work is full of interest for those who are contemplating the customs of our courtly ancestors one hundred years ago, apart from the interest it possesses as a collection of the lives of distinguished personages. It will be found to be quite as entertaining to republicans and queen-haters, as to Her present Majesty's most loyal subjects.

With regard to the Tales and Stories from History, it may be deemed a harsh judgment to speak disrespectfully of stories so well intended and coming from so unexceptionable a writer as Miss Strickland, yet we feel compelled to express our disapprobation of them, not so much for what they are of themselves, as for what they are as individuals of a class. They were written, the preface informs us, "to impart at once instruction and amusement to the youthful mind." Now whether history ought to be diluted and distorted to that degree which is required to frame such tales as these, is a fair subject for a reasonable doubt. The amount of real *truth*, which is what is meant by "instruction," which the youthful mind can come at this way is so exceedingly small, and it is so perverted, mixed up and colored with pure invention, that unless stories can in this way be made more amusing than in any other, the system is certainly not worth trying any longer. But so far from this being so, we believe it to be a fact, with hardly an exception, that history tales are the least interesting to children of any. The idea that a thing is partly true and partly not, distresses them; the instruction and the amusement neutralize each other; the free childish fancy cannot fly with a leaden weight of heavy actuality hung to its wings, and there is no surer way to stunt and cripple it than to force it into such an unnatural exercise.

History of all departments of knowledge least endures simplification. It is impossible that the young can be made to understand the causes of events, and except the general outline of chronology, it would be well to leave all those parts which can only be comprehended after some experience of life, to be studied afterward. When one has the last new novel before him, what can be more provoking than to have some good-natured friend retail in brief the entire plot? This system of combining instruction and amusement, most especially in young histories, and not unfrequently in treatises on natural science, seems to act to the rising generation the part of the good-natured friend. A child instructed under its perfect application must be supposed to be at every period of its existence just as full as it can hold, and therefore it can never experience the blessed *consciousness* of ignorance, which under our free institutions is so healthful to the individual soul, and no less so to the body politic.

In a late melancholy periodical, which fell asleep some time last summer, there was a specimen of a child history intended to be literally a history "teaching by example." It embraced the chapter devoted to the reign of Queen Victoria, and was as follows:—

"VICTORIA ascended the throne in the year 1837. She was quite young and very handsome; the people all liked her very much, she was so kind and good. She was not cruel, like Queen ELIZABETH, who cut off the head of her neighbor, Queen MARY of Scotland, with an axe, nor did she ever burn anybody, as Queen MARY, Queen ELIZABETH's sister, did. She has many fine dresses—one of them is exhibited in a glass case in the Museum in New York. Probably she does not know it is there. She was married some time ago to Prince ALBERT, who is a great officer and fond of shooting deer. They have had several children, boys and girls, nobody knows how many. The English like the Queen and her husband very much. They think she is a good Queen because she lets them have as much corn as they can pay for, and she is not proud. She likes to hear good singing, but thinks it is not good to go to the theatre; she goes to church often, but does not always have the same minister. Prince ALBERT is very contented and happy; he wears a moustache. The present population of England," &c.

This is hardly an exaggeration of many books in the Peter Parley style which have been actually published with a serious intent, and found a ready sale; while the fairy stories, Robinson Crusoe, Miss Edgeworth, Madame de Genlis are almost banished from the circulating libraries. Verily, the coming generation is likely to be the wisest the world has ever known—and the dryest! If it were not for the irrepressible buoyancy of the fancy, which nothing can utterly break down, and for the natural integrity of the heart, which, however it may be led astray by a misguided reason, is never untrue to itself in the end, there were good reason to fear that "manhood would be forgot upon the face of the earth."

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