SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.] RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER 1835. [No. 13.

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR. FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ The present number closes the first volume of the Messenger; and accompanying it, the Publisher will transmit to each subscriber a title page and copious Index to the volume. Gratified that his past endeavors to please, have been crowned with success—the Publisher anticipates with confidence that, with the continued patronage of the public, the forthcoming volume shall in no respect be behind, if it does not greatly outstrip its predecessor.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary States.

NO. VIII.—[*Continued.*]

In the beginning of April 1816, Admiral Lord Exmouth, Commander of the British naval forces in the Mediterranean, arrived at Algiers commissioned by his Government to negotiate with the Dey, in favor of some of the inferior powers, which were in alliance with or under the protection of Great Britain, and in order to give greater weight to his arguments, he was accompanied by a fleet consisting of six sail of the line, and nineteen frigates and smaller vessels.

The particulars of this negotiation have never been made public; from what has transpired, it appears that the Admiral began by exacting conditions much less favorable to Algiers, than those which he finally subscribed. Whatever may have been those terms, the Dey refused to admit them, and demonstrations were made on both sides, of an appeal to arms; the negotiations were however renewed, and on the 4th, engagements were concluded, to which upon the whole the Dey could have made no objections. The Ionian Islands which had been placed under the protection of Great Britain, were to be respected as part of the British dominions; and thirty-three slaves, natives of Malta and Gibraltar (British possessions) were liberated without ransom. A treaty of peace was made with Sardinia, by which that country was placed on the same footing with Great Britain, except that a present not exceeding in value five thousand pounds sterling, was to be paid on the arrival of each of its Consuls at Algiers; the Sardinian captives were to be restored, on payment by that Government of five hundred dollars per man. These terms may be considered as fair, and the King of Sardinia who had just received Genoa from the hands of the British, acknowledged his obligations for this additional favor. But the treaty by which the Government of the Two Sicilies was bound to ransom its subjects at the price of one thousand dollars each, and to pay an annual tribute of twenty-four thousand dollars, besides Consular presents, could scarcely have been considered as a boon in Naples, and it must have consoled Omar for the concessions made to other two powers.*

Before the departure of Lord Exmouth, an American squadron of two frigates and two sloops of war, under Commodore Shaw, came to Algiers with the ostensible purpose of presenting to the Dey a copy of the treaty, signed in the preceding year, with the ratifications by the President of the United States. Other circumstances however had rendered its appearance necessary.

The treaty concluded with the United States under the guns of Decatur's ships, was more mortifying to the Algerines than any which had previously been made with a Christian nation; captives had been surrendered without ransom, property seized had been restored, and the right of demanding tribute or presents had been distinctly renounced. The Dey saw that his credit would be seriously impaired when these engagements should become publicly known; he suspected that had he held out longer, he might have escaped the humiliation, and he flattered himself that he might still retrieve what had been lost. No Barbary sovereign ever considered it incumbent on him to observe a treaty longer than it was compatible with his interests; yet every man, however rude may be his ideas of moral conduct, knows the advantage of being, or of seeming to be in the right. With these views Omar determined to seek, and he accordingly soon found a pretext for quarrel.

It has been stated that the Algerine brig taken by the Americans and sent into Carthagena, had been there detained by the authorities, on the plea of irregularity in the capture, but really in order that the Spanish Government might obtain some concessions from the Dey in return for the vessel. Omar did not fail to express to the Consul, at first his surprise, then his indignation at this delay, which he insisted was a violation of the treaty. Mr. Shaler endeavored to reason with him, and renewed his assurances that the brig would be soon restored; but he became daily more open in his threats, and more insulting in his language, until the Consul not knowing to what lengths his arrogant folly might lead him, requested Commodore Shaw who had just reached Mahon, to come with his whole force to Algiers.

Immediately after the arrival of the squadron the Consul demanded an audience of the Dey, and presented to him the ratified treaty, in which no alteration had been made by the American Government. Omar was at that moment elated by his success in obtaining such immense sums from Sardinia and Naples, through the agency of their kind and generous patrons the British, and he determined if possible to make the Americans pay as dearly for his friendship. He therefore at first pretended not to understand the meaning of this second treaty as he termed it; he however admitted though with apparent unwillingness the explanation of Mr. Shaler, and having called for the original Arabic copy signed in the preceding year, compared it with that now offered. This examination being ended, the

---

* The King of Sardinia, besides the Island from which his title is derived, possesses Savoy, Piedmont and Genoa on the continent of Europe; he likewise styles himself sovereign of Corsica, Sicily, Rhodes, Cyprus and Jerusalem. The King of Naples is styled the King of the Two Sicilies.

Dey insisted that the treaty ratified by the President was essentially different from his own copy; that several clauses had been varied, and others which he had been particular in having inserted, were altogether omitted; among the latter he cited one binding the United States to pay a certain sum on the presentation of each of their Consuls, which indeed existed in the Arabic version but had been fraudulently introduced without the knowledge of the American Commissioners. He dwelt on the delay in restoring the brig, as an instance of flagrant disregard of engagements on the part of the Americans, who he considered had thus shewn themselves unworthy of confidence, and concluded by declaring that the treaty with them was null and void. The next day the Prime Minister returned the ratified copy to Mr. Shaler using the most insulting language on the occasion; and when the Consul warned him of the consequences which might ensue, he replied with a sneer that his master entertained no apprehensions, "as he had been assured by the British that the Americans had neither ships nor money."

Mr. Shaler at this immediately retired on board the squadron; Omar then became more reasonable, and after some days negotiation, he agreed to submit the questions of the brig and of the future relations between the two countries to the President of the United States in a letter from himself, and to observe the treaty of 1815 until the answer could be received. He accordingly wrote to the President on the 24th of April, recapitulating, according to his own views, the occurrences which attended the signature of the treaty, and declaring that as it had been violated by the Americans themselves, a new one must be made, to which effect he proposed a renewal of the treaty of 1796.

Lord Exmouth having obtained the results above stated at Algiers, sailed with his fleet for Tunis where similar arrangements were subscribed at once by the Bey; the Sardinian captives were restored without ransom, and the Neapolitans were liberated on payment by the Sicilian Government of three hundred dollars for each. The Pasha of Tripoli also willingly got rid of his remaining slaves from those countries at the prices proposed by the British Commander, and the Sovereigns of both these Regencies promised, that prisoners taken in war with Christian nations should not in future be made slaves. The Admiral then returned to Algiers, where he at length ventured to require from the Dey a similar abolition of slavery in his dominions. Omar in reply manifested his surprise at this demand, which was indeed at variance with those made and assented to a few weeks before; he however submitted it to his Divan* and soldiery, and having received assurances of their support, he declared that as Algiers was a dependency of the Porte, he could not enter into such an engagement without authority from his Suzerain, and he therefore required six months delay before he could give a final answer. Lord Exmouth granted him but three hours, and gave evidences of an intention to bombard the city. Omar showed no backwardness, and considering the war begun, he imprisoned the British Consul, and sent orders to the Governors of the other ports of the Regency to seize all vessels which might be lying in them under the flag of his enemies; the Admiral however thought proper to agree to a truce during the time demanded by him, and even sent a frigate to bear his Ambassador to Constantinople.

The treaty between the United States and Algiers having been by this time published in Europe, its conditions excited great attention, as they were infinitely less favorable to the latter party than those which had been obtained up to that period, by any Christian Power; numerous speculations were formed by politicians as to the probability of their being maintained, and the movements of the American squadron in the Mediterranean were attentively noted in the public prints. The eighteenth article of this treaty provides—that American armed vessels should be allowed to bring their prizes into the ports of the Regency and to dispose of them there, while those of nations at war with the United States were to be obliged to depart with their prizes as soon as they had procured the requisite supply of provisions and water. The evident partiality displayed in this article induced Lord Exmouth to demand explanations on the subject from the Dey; Omar however soon satisfied his Lordship by an assurance that he had no intention to observe it or any other stipulation contained in the treaty.

The British fleet quitted Algiers about the middle of May and returned to England where a great portion of the seamen were discharged, and the ships were ordered to be dismantled. No official announcement had been made of the results of the expedition, but the general tenor of the engagements entered into were sufficiently understood, and the newspapers of England and France were filled with articles, in which they were severely reprobated and contrasted with those dictated by the Americans with the aid of a trifling force. In Parliament Mr. Brougham on the 18th of June, called for the production of the treaty which had been made with Algiers, declaring that if the terms were really such as were supposed, "a great stain would be fixed on the character of the country, as they distinctly acknowledged the right of depredation exercised by these Barbarians by providing a ransom for the slaves whom they had made." Lord Cochrane insisted that "two sail of the line would have been sufficient to compel the Dey of Algiers to any terms." Lord Castlereagh the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs evaded the call for the treaty, stating however "that the cause of humanity had been materially advanced by the negotiations which had been carried on, as it was for the first time agreed to by the Dey of Algiers, that captives should be considered and treated on the European footing as prisoners of war, and set at liberty at the conclusion of every peace." This declaration was probably considered by that ingenious statesman as a *necessary fiction*. The British Government however felt that more was required of it by the nation, and a circumstance soon occurred which afforded an excuse for the employment of

* The Divan of Algiers consisted originally of all the soldiers and civil officers of the Government; it had however become a mere name, and was scarcely ever convened, until Omar formally assembled one, on a much more limited scale however, in order to deliberate upon the propositions of Lord Exmouth. It then again acquired importance; which it lost when the Dey in 1817 transferred his residence to the Casauba. The members of the Government of Algiers besides the Dey were, the Hasnagee or Minister of Finance, the Aga who was Commander in Chief and Minister of War, the Vikel Adgee or Minister of Marine, the Khogia de Cavallas or Adjutant General, and the Bet el Mel or Judge of inheritances.

measures better calculated to secure the public voice in its favor.

The rocks at the bottom of the sea near some parts of the shores of Algiers and Tunis are covered with coral of the finest quality; on these coasts, the British and French have long maintained establishments, to which persons provided with their license annually resorted in the spring in order to fish for this substance. The establishments of the French were at Calle and Bastion-de-France, where they had forts and even claimed the sovereignty of the territory, paying however a large sum yearly to the Governments of those Regencies. The coral fishers under British license were nearly all natives of the Italian States and islands; they assembled principally at Bona, a small and ruinous place in Algiers about four hundred miles west of the capital, occupying the site of the celebrated ancient city of Hippo-Regius, where resided a Vice Consul of Great Britain, and a number of magazines were erected for the reception of the coral and of goods brought for sale; there was no fort and no pretension was made to jurisdiction over the territory. While the British fleet was lying before Algiers, and the Dey was momentarily in expectation of an attack, he despatched an order to his Aga or Governor of Bona, to secure all persons living there under the protection of Great Britain. Owing to the great distance from Algiers, this order did not arrive until the 23d of May, by which time the truce with Great Britain had been agreed to, and the fleet had quitted the African coast. The Aga on receiving the commands of the Dey, instantly sent out his whole force to seize the Christians, but the latter being more numerous than the Algerines, made resistance and several persons were killed on both sides. The people of the country and neighborhood, however coming to the aid of the soldiers, the Europeans were overpowered, some escaped in their boats, and some were murdered by the exasperated soldiers and populace; the rest were dragged to prison, and their magazines and dwellings including that of the British Vice Consul were pillaged. This is a simple statement of the facts as subsequently ascertained; the occurrence was indeed to be lamented, but there is no reason for attributing it to any predetermined motive either on the part of the Dey or of his agents; it might have happened in the best regulated country, and as Shaler observes, is by far more defensible than the massacre of the American prisoners by the British soldiers at Dartmoor. That the Dey had a right to order the seizure of persons living in his dominions under the flag of a nation with which he conceived himself engaged in hostilities, cannot be disproved; and the Europeans by their resistance subjected themselves to the chances of war. Mr. Shaler justly censures Lord Exmouth for not having taken measures to protect the sufferers at Bona which he might easily have done as he passed by the place on his way from Tunis.

The British government however chose to regard the affair as an act of signal atrocity, and without waiting to demand explanations on the subject, prepared immediately to avenge the cause of humanity, and to chastise the Algerines for the insult offered to the national flag. A fleet of five sail of the line, five frigates, five sloops of war and forty smaller vessels, accordingly sailed from Gibraltar under Lord Exmouth on the 14th of August, 1816; and having been joined by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a sloop, under Admiral Van Capellen, the whole armament appeared before Algiers on the 27th of that month. Before detailing the operations of this force, it will be proper to give some account of the situation and defences of the place against which it was sent.

Algiers stands on the western side of a semicircular bay, the shore of which between the two Capes at its extremities, extends about fifteen miles. Of these Capes the eastern is called Cape Matifou; the shore of the bay on this side and on the south, is low and level, offering every where facilities for landing, which circumstances induced Charles the Fifth to disembark his army there, on his unfortunate expedition in 1541. Since that period, a number of strong batteries have been erected along the edge of the bay, connected by lines which if well manned would render landing impracticable. The western side of the bay is formed by a ridge of hills, which terminate on the north in a bold promontory called Ras Acconnater or Cape Caxine; this ridge separates the bay of Algiers from that of Sidi Ferruch where the French forces landed in 1830.

The city is built upon the declivity of a steep hill, about three miles south-east of Cape Caxine. Its general form presents a triangular outline, and the houses being all white it has the appearance of a sail when seen from a distance at sea. One side is on the bay, the walls on the other two sides extend up the hill from the water's edge; they are about thirty feet in height and twelve in thickness, built of brick, with towers at intervals, and a shallow ditch on the outside. At the place where these walls meet, is situated the Casauba or citadel, an octagon fort separated from the houses of the town by a deep moat, and which has served since 1817 as the treasury and palace of the Dey. About a mile south-east of the Casauba on a hill completely commanding the city, was a square castle of brick, mounting sixty guns, called the Kallahai or Emperor's Castle, which name it derived from occupying the spot where Charles the Fifth pitched his tent. Two other forts situated near the shore, one north of the city called Akoleit, and the other south called Babazon, mounting about thirty guns each, completed the fortifications of the place on the main land as they existed in 1816. They were of little importance in a military point of view, being intended principally to keep the inhabitants in order; they however served as effectual protections against the attacks of the Arabs and Kabyles. The whole circumference of the town does not exceed a mile and a half, and there are scarcely any suburbs, the ground around the walls being devoted to cemeteries and gardens. The houses are closely built, the streets being with one or two exceptions narrow tortuous lanes, many of them covered over: the mosques, bazaars and public buildings are generally inferior in size and style. The population has been variously estimated, but the researches made by the French since their capture of the place, show that it has never exceeded fifty thousand, including the Turkish garrison, the number of which varied between seven and ten thousand.

The defences on the sea side were indeed formidable. Opposite and eastward of the city, at the distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards was a

little island, from which the place derives its name *Al Gezeir* or *the island;* it has been however connected with the main land by a solid causeway of stone, and the whole together forms a continued mole. The space of sea opposite the city thus partially enclosed by the mole is the harbor, which opens directly to the south, and does not exceed seven acres in extent. On the mole are the offices and magazines of the marine department which are surrounded by fortifications, mounting at that time two hundred large guns and fourteen mortars.

The Dey had received notice of the approach of this expedition, and made every exertion to place his capital in a state to resist it. The ships were all called in and disposed in the harbor so as to present of themselves a formidable show of guns; the fortifications were strengthened, and temporary batteries were thrown up on proper points which made the whole line not less than three miles in length. In addition to the garrison on the bay a number of Arabs said to be forty thousand, were collected to secure the place against an attack by land.

The combined squadrons having every thing in readiness, on the morning of the 27th a flag of truce was sent to Algiers, to urge the Dey once more to accept the conditions of peace; after a delay of three hours, the flag returned without any answer having been received. Omar did not think proper, or did not dare assent to the terms offered; there was probably however much discussion in the Divan: it is otherwise difficult to account for the circumstance that the British Consul was not disturbed until after the action was begun, or for the oversight committed by the Algerines, in allowing the enemy's ships to advance and take their stations without interruption. Lord Exmouth was so much surprised at this inaction, that as he says, "he began to suspect a full compliance with the terms offered." Omar afterwards endeavored to excuse his fault, by asserting that he had been deceived by the advance of the British, under the false pretext of the flag of truce.

The British Admiral being thus undisturbed, passed the morning in arranging his forces according to the plan previously resolved on, which was to concentrate their effects entirely on the mole and shipping, his object being to destroy the fortifications and navy as soon as possible, and to do no injury which could be avoided to the town. His own ship the Queen Charlotte of one hundred guns was drawn up and anchored within fifty yards of the southern extremity of the mole, the others were distributed at points more or less distant from the batteries, but all much nearer than had been customary on previous occasions of a similar nature. At three o'clock the action was begun by a shot from the mole at the Queen Charlotte which being instantly returned the action became general. In twenty minutes the marine batteries were silenced, and the defenders endeavoring to escape from them along the causeway, were mowed down by the guns of the ships; they however returned to their posts and kept up a desultory fire throughout the afternoon. At eight o'clock the whole of the Algerine shipping in the harbor was in flames, presenting a spectacle of terrific sublimity; the fortifications of the mole were soon after abandoned by the defenders, being reduced to an untenable state by the effects of the bombardment and of the explosion vessels. At ten o'clock the ammunition of the attacking fleet began to fail, but the British Admiral saw that sufficient damage had been done; he therefore took advantage of a breeze which sprung up at that time and drew off his ships.

The next morning Lord Exmouth again sent to know whether the Dey would accept the terms offered on the 27th. Omar declared his own unwillingness to yield, and his readiness to abandon the city in preference; but he was overruled by his Divan, and having reluctantly agreed to submit to them, the Chevalier d'Ankarloo the Swedish Consul, (since Chargé d'Affaires of Sweden in the United States,) was requested by him to go on board the British fleet and make the necessary arrangements in behalf of Algiers. On the 29th a convention was signed, the conditions of which were—the delivery of all slaves in Algiers without ransom, and the abolition of christian slavery in those dominions for ever—the restitution of all sums paid as ransom within the year 1816, including three hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars which had been paid by Naples and twenty-five thousand five hundred by Sardinia, according to the terms of the treaty signed in April preceding—reparation to the British Consul for all losses sustained by him in consequence of his confinement, and an apology to be made by the Dey publicly in presence of his ministers and officers.

Of the combined fleets no vessel was lost; the number of killed on board them was one hundred and fifty-one, of wounded seven hundred and fifty-seven. On the side of the Algerines, there is no means of ascertaining with precision the amount of killed and wounded; the result of the inquiries made, however, gives every reason for believing it to have been much less than that sustained by the attacking party. The city was severely damaged; the houses bordering on the harbor being but little protected by defensive works, were nearly demolished; among these was the dwelling of the American Consul, who did not leave it during the action, but continued at his post calmly recording his observations, while the shells were bursting around him. The fortifications of the mole were much injured; the arsenal and magazines of the marine, with the greater part of the timber, ammunition and stores were destroyed; and the whole navy, consisting of four large frigates, five corvettes, and thirty gun-boats was consumed.

Information of what had been effected at Algiers, was instantly communicated to the British Consuls at Tunis and Tripoli, who were instructed to recommend to the sovereigns of those Regencies the instant liberation of their Christian slaves. To this, under the influence of their fears, they immediately assented; and since that period, it is supposed that no Christians have been held in slavery in any part of Barbary; captives have however been since compelled to labor, and ransom has been paid for them. Treaties were also negotiated on terms of equality between each of them, and the Kingdoms of Sardinia and of the Two Sicilies. The Dutch Admiral also concluded a treaty, "renewing and confirming all the articles of peace and friendship agreed to in 1757, between the States' General and the Government of Algiers." He then sailed with his victorious fleet for Tripoli, where he signed another convention, by which his Government engaged to pay to that Regency an annual tribute of five thousand dollars!!

The bombardment of Algiers by the combined fleets was made the subject of triumph in Great Britain, and of congratulation throughout Europe; it was extolled as "one of the most glorious achievements in the history of naval warfare," and "as most truly honorable to the British nation, which had, with its characteristic generosity, entirely at its own expense, and purely for the general benefit of mankind, performed this great public service of putting down, with the strong hand, a system of rapacity and cruelty." We may be permitted to examine how far this eulogium is merited.

From the accounts already given of the occurrences in April and May preceding the expedition, some judgment may be formed of the motives by which it was occasioned. It has been stated that the British Admiral in May, gave up the immediate prosecution of the demands to enforce which he had visited Algiers with his immense fleet, agreeing to await the decision of the Sultan, with regard to their admission by the Dey. Now the independence of Algiers had long been recognized by treaties, and was known to exist *de facto;* the reference to the Porte could only have been a pretext on the part of the Dey, in order to adjourn the decision of the question, and it is difficult to conceive how Lord Exmouth could have viewed it in any other light. However the British Government on his return must either have calculated upon the Dey's accession to the conditions required, or have determined to abandon their enforcement; for certainly we cannot otherwise account for the dismantling of the fleet, and the discharge of the seamen, when they would have been required at the end of six months. The probability is strong, that the ministry had no intentions to quarrel with "their ancient ally," until public opinion forced them to do so; and that they seized on the "massacre at Bona," as the pretext, when there was no other means of escaping the necessity.

The British expedition against Algiers was indeed prepared and supported entirely at the expense of the British nation, and conducted to its conclusion with that skill and gallantry, for the display of which the experience of ages gave the strongest assurance. For the first time also, was the abolition of Christian slavery in general, and the delivery of all Christian slaves required of a Barbary Power. These were indeed benefits to mankind, and the fact that Christians have not been since enslaved in Barbary, would seem of itself to offer a sufficient justification of the expedition; but history in every page warns us against estimating the propriety of measures by the importance of their consequences, however well ascertained. The engagement made by the Dey to abolish slavery in his dominions, was only of value as it gave those to whom it was made, a right to enforce its observance; experience had already proved that national faith was unknown in Barbary, and within three years after the promise had been given by Omar, his successor refused to abide by it. Algiers was left by Lord Exmouth in enjoyment of all the rights of an independent nation; the Dey could make war on whom he pleased, provided he did not enslave his prisoners, that is to say compel them to labor. Now this enslavement was but a small portion of the evil caused by the Barbary States; the number of persons reduced to servitude in them was never large, and the produce of their labor added to the sums received for their ransom, was scarcely more than sufficient to pay the expense of keeping them; their condition was indeed generally better than that of the prisoners of war in other countries. Piracy was the true ground of complaint against the Barbary Regencies, and more on account of the restraint it imposed upon the commerce of the lesser nations, than of the outrages actually committed. Without the support and encouragement of Great Britain, it would long since have ceased, and if the world owes her Government any thanks, it is for the adoption of a more just course of conduct by itself, for the abandonment of that selfish policy to which the Barbary States had so long been indebted for their impunity. Those who now entertain the political opinions which guided the British Administration in 1815 regard the bombardment of Algiers as a blunder, similar to the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and the Conservative Journals of London occasionally express their regrets at the pursuance of that system which allows the vessels of all nations to navigate the Mediterranean without dreading the pirates of Africa.*

Notwithstanding the Dey's promise to Mr. Shaler, that he would observe the treaty of 1815 with the United States, the Consul saw from various circumstances, that he had determined to break it on the first favorable opportunity; and as a large American force was expected in the Mediterranean in the course of the summer, he sent letters to Gibraltar requesting the officer who might command it, to visit Algiers as soon as convenient. The American squadron consisting of a ship of the line, three frigates and two sloops under Commodore Isaac Chauncey, entered the Mediterranean about the middle of August, and appeared before Algiers immediately after the departure of the combined fleets. On its arrival Omar saw that he had been deceived as to the power of the Americans, and he therefore at once requested, that things might remain as they were until the receipt of the President's letter. Algiers was then entirely defenceless, the fortifications were in ruins, the soldiers dispirited and the people rebellious; a few broadsides from the American force would have battered the town to pieces. But it was determined between the Consul and Commodore Chauncey, that no advantage should be taken of the condition of things, to exact a specific acceptance of the treaty, and the Dey's request was acceded to; Mr. Shaler however quitted Algiers with the squadron, which sailed for Gibraltar to await the arrival of orders from the United States.

The President's reply came in December; it is but justice to the eminent persons (Madison and Monroe) who signed it, to say that it is remarkable for the dig-

* That no war was expected, appears clearly from the statement made in the House of Lords on the 3d of February, 1817, by Viscount Melville, then first Lord of the Admiralty, that "in the month of June when Lord Exmouth returned from the Mediterranean, with the fleet under his command, as usual at the close of a war, that fleet was dismantled and the crews paid off and disbanded. When the expedition against Algiers was determined upon, it became necessary to collect men," &c. On the same day Lord Castlereagh stated in the House of Commons, that "during the last session, when the thanks of the House were given to several of our gallant officers for their conduct in the late war, he entertained an earnest hope that a long course of years would have elapsed before it would be again necessary to perform that ceremony."

nity and temperance which pervade it. A series of arguments based on abstract principles of International Law or Political Economy, would have been addressed in vain to a merely clever barbarian, while diplomatic finesse would have been equally ineffectual, with those who never sincere themselves always suspect knavery in others. The impropriety of the complaints respecting the delay in restoring the brig, is simply and dearly exposed; and the fixed determination of the American Government with regard to a return to the principles on which the treaty of 1798 had been based, is conveyed in the assurance that "the United States while they wish for war with no nation, will buy peace with none, it being a principle incorporated into the settled policy of America, that as peace is better than war, so war is better than tribute." In conclusion, Mr. Shaler and Commodore Chauncey were authorized to communicate with the Dey, "for the purpose of terminating the subsisting differences by a mutual recognition and execution of the treaty of 1815."

The Commodore and Mr. Shaler on receiving their commissions, instantly sailed for Algiers with two of the ships, and proposed that the negotiation should be immediately commenced. Omar had been actively engaged, since the departure of Mr. Shaler in repairing his fortifications; but not considering them yet able to withstand an attack, he endeavored to gain time by insisting that the *statu quo* should continue for eight months, on the plea that the President had taken that space to make a reply to his letter. The Commissioners refusing to admit of any delay the Dey yielded; accordingly, the conduct of the negotiation on the part of the United States having been committed entirely to Mr. Shaler, he landed and on the 17th of December presented a note containing the *ultimatum* of his Government. The Dey was required to admit as a preliminary, that the stipulations of the treaty with regard to the restoration of the vessels had been scrupulously fulfilled by the United States; this being admitted, the treaty was to be renewed exactly in its original form, except that the eighteenth article might be altered, so as to annul that portion of it, which gave to the United States advantages in the ports of Algiers over the most favored nations; finally, as it was ascertained that a clause had been introduced into the Arabic translation of the said treaty, contrary to the understanding between the Dey and the American Commissioners who signed it, by which the United States were made to engage to pay a certain sum to Algiers, on the presentation of each of their Consuls, it was distinctly declared, "that no obligation binding the United States to pay any thing to the Regency or to its officers on any occasion whatever, will be agreed to."

The Dey struggled to avoid this additional humiliation, which he had brought upon himself by his ill-timed breach of faith; for he saw clearly that by submitting to it he was hastening the downfall of Algiers and his own destruction. But Shaler possessed in an eminent degree, these two essential qualities of a negotiator, courage and knowledge of the human heart; his contempt of danger had been manifested during the bombardment of the 27th of August; he had never deceived Omar, nor ever suffered him for a moment to suppose that he had been deceived by him, and by thus acting always, fairly and honestly towards him, he had acquired his respect and confidence. After a few days of discussion, the Dey in despair declared, that as misfortune had deprived him of the means of resistance, he would agree to the terms proposed or to any others which might be demanded, provided the Consul would give him a certificate under his hand and seal, that he had compelled him to do so. This was a strange request from an absolute sovereign; however Shaler saw that the unfortunate Omar was no longer at liberty to act as he pleased, but was the mere agent of his Divan; he therefore gave him the required acknowledgment, and the treaty was signed as dictated by the American Commissioners on the 23d of December, 1816.

From that period to the overthrow of the Algerine Government, the intercourse between the United States and this Regency was strictly peaceful. The treaty was rigidly observed by both parties, and a few trifling differences of a personal nature which occurred between the officers of the Government and those attached to the Consulate, were speedily and satisfactorily arranged. This continuation of pacific intercourse, is to be attributed in a great measure to the personal character of the American Consuls, to the respect which they acquired, nay, we are even warranted in saying, to the influence which they maintained over the members of the Algerine Government.

Omar continued his exertions to repair the losses occasioned by the bombardment, and he soon placed the city in a defensible condition; the Sultan presented him with a frigate and two corvettes, and he caused other ships of war to be built at Leghorn. But his popularity had been destroyed by the many adverse circumstances which had marked his reign; he was stigmatized as the *unlucky*, and a plague which ravaged Algiers in 1817 was attributed by the ignorant populace and soldiery to the influence of their ruler's evil star. Several conspiracies were formed against him, which he eluded by his vigilance, but he saw that his end was near, and with honorable forethought, he placed his mother and relations out of danger, by sending them back to his native isle of Mytelene. A plot was at length arranged, which was successful; the principal contrivers were Ali, a violent and fanatical Turk, who had assumed the title of Khogia or *the scribe*, a high literary and theological distinction, and Hussein an officer of repute for his talents, bravery and military skill. The soldiery and Divan entered into the conspiracy, and Omar was strangled on the 8th of September, 1817, without a hand or a voice having been raised in his defence.

Ali Khogia was immediately proclaimed Pasha, and he showed his gratitude to his coadjutor Hussein by making him his Prime Minister. The new Sovereign soon proved himself to be a monster of vice and cruelty, which were rendered still more shocking by his affectation of superior learning and sanctity. "When on public occasions, he was visited by the foreign Consuls," says Shaler, "they, after stumbling over scores of murdered carcases on their way to the hall of audience, always found the Pasha superbly dressed, surrounded by his guards, with a book in his hands, in the contemplation of which he would affect to be interrupted and precipitately lay it aside on their entrance." He set at naught the treaties with foreign nations, acting with violence towards persons living under the protection of their flags, and sending his cruisers to sea with orders

to search their vessels, while the plague was raging in Algiers. By the active interposition of Mr. Shaler, the commerce and flag of the United States were respected, but several French and Sardinian vessels were taken under various pretences and brought into the ports of the Regency.

Ali Khogia was one of the many Deys, who endeavored to get rid of the foreign soldiery, and to render the crown hereditary in his own family. With this view he transferred his residence and the immense treasures of the State, from the old palace in the city, to the more secure residence of the Casauba, where he surrounded himself by a guard formed of natives; he then commenced his attacks on the Turks, of whom he is said to have despatched fifteen hundred during his short reign of four months. His course was suddenly arrested by the plague, of which he died in January, 1818.

On the death of Ali Khogia, Hussein his Prime Minister assumed the crown, without election and without opposition. He was a native of Salonica, and then about fifty-four years old, a man of bold and unscrupulous character, possessing much sagacity, and even some ideas of true policy; but his irascibility often led him into difficulties, from which his haughtiness and obstinacy prevented his retreating. He was supposed to have councilled the persecution commenced against the Turks by his predecessor; but if so, he must have despaired of its success, for he instantly put an end to it, and invited other soldiers from the East to supply the place of those who had fallen. He however retained the Moorish guards, and continued to reside at the Casauba.

In November, 1818, a Congress composed of Representatives of the Sovereign Powers of Europe, was convened at Aix la Chapelle; where among other things, a resolution was taken, to oblige the Barbary States to conform with the usages of Christian nations, in their intercourse or wars with them; that is to say, to abstain from piracy, not to require tribute as the price of peace, and not to enslave their prisoners taken in war, but to treat them with humanity until they were exchanged. The Kings of Great Britain and France were charged by the other Powers with carrying this resolution into effect; and in consequence a combined English and French squadron under Admirals Freemantle and Jurien de la Graviere appeared at Algiers on the 1st of September, to make known to the Dey the will of their Sovereigns, and to require his compliance. Hussein after deliberating some days, formally refused "to surrender rights, which had been recognized by solemn treaties, and respected by all the world during a succession of ages;" and declared that he would "maintain his privilege to enslave the subjects of those nations with which he had no treaties, or which paid him no tribute." This reply was certainly at variance with the engagements to Lord Exmouth in 1816, but the Admirals could get no other by negotiation, and their force was not sufficient to authorize an attack on the place; perhaps also, they conceived that the appeal made by the Dey to the past, might find a responsive echo in the bosoms of those by whom they were commissioned, and who were so careful in resisting innovations in their own States. The squadrons therefore sailed for Tunis where the answer obtained from Mahmoud was even less satisfactory. In Tripoli, the Pasha met them by expressing his surprise that such a demand should be made of him, when it must have been well known, that he had long reprobated the practice, and shewn every disposition to live in harmony with Christian nations. This latter reply was trumpeted throughout Europe, as a signal advantage secured for the interests of humanity, through the exertions of France and England, while those given by the rulers of Algiers and Tunis were studiously concealed.

This appears to have been the only effort made by the European powers in concert, to enforce the observance by the Barbary States of the principles which regulate intercourse and warfare among more civilized nations; the Governments of Britain and France however, as we shall see, continued separately to maintain those principles; of the other powers each acted for itself, paying, threatening or fighting, as it conceived most proper for its own interests and honor.

In 1812 and 1823, when the insurrection of the Greeks had already assumed so formidable a character, as to require the utmost exertions on the part of the Sultan, each of the Barbary States sent ships to his aid; on this occasion, the Government of Great Britain exacted from the Bey of Tunis a declaration that the Greeks who might be taken by his forces should not be enslaved, but be treated as prisoners of war. No such promise appears recorded on the part of the Dey of Algiers, and the propriety of requiring it for the interests of humanity, may be doubted; a powerful incentive to the continuance of the war against the Greeks would indeed be thus removed; but on the other hand, it might have been supposed that little mercy would be shown to captives who if preserved were to be supported at an expense, while nothing was to be obtained from their labor or for their ransom. This supposition is strengthened by the fact, that an Algerine Ambassador who was sent to London in 1819, propounded to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs the question—"Whether, as his Government had engaged to make no Christian slaves, its cruisers might without offending Great Britain, put to death those of their prisoners whom by treaty they could not reduce to slavery?"

The Algerines sent eight ships to the Archipelago, which returned in the autumn of 1823; how they conducted themselves in the war it is not easy to ascertain; the Dey chose to consider that they had acquired a title to immortal renown, and while elated by their real or fancied successes, he ventured to commit an act of violence against the British Consul, which caused Algiers to undergo another humiliation.

The greater part of the laborers and domestic servants of Algiers, particularly those employed by Foreign Consuls, are of the race of Kabyles, who as before stated, inhabit the mountainous districts of the Regency, and are with good reason supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal *Nomades*. One of these tribes having made some attacks on the people in the vicinity of Bugia, the Dey on the 22d of October, ordered all the Kabyles in Algiers to be put in confinement. The Consuls of some of the smaller European powers, after a little hesitation, surrendered those in their service; the Agent of the Netherlands offered to his the choice of remaining under his protection, or of escaping; they chose the latter, and his premises were not disturbed. The French Consul at first made a show

of refusal to deliver his domestics, but afterwards adroitly got rid of the difficulty, by *paying and discharging them;* they were of course immediately arrested. Mr. Shaler and the British representative Macdonnell each indignantly resisted this invasion of privileges, which had always been held as most sacred in Barbary. Mr. Shaler placed his Kabyle servants in his cabinet, where he remained with them, declaring to the Dey that they could only be removed from thence by force, and warning him of the consequences which would attend such an insult to his nation; this determined conduct produced the desired effect, the guards were withdrawn, and the servants of the American Consulate were effectually protected. In treating with semi-barbarians, much depends on the personal character of the agent; Mr. Macdonnell, a mild and amiable old gentleman, devoted to rural pursuits, could not secure for himself that respect, which was enjoyed by the shrewd, energetic and intrepid Shaler; so that notwithstanding he had hoisted the flag of his nation, and placed its seal on the doors of his house, it was forcibly entered by the Algerine guards, and its most private apartments were ransacked in search of the unfortunate servants.

Mr. Macdonnell complained to his Government of this insult, and a frigate was in consequence despatched to Algiers in January 1824, for the purpose of demanding satisfaction, and of requiring that the rights of British Consuls should be guarantied by additional articles to the treaty. These articles were presented to the Dey for his signature; he refused to agree to them, and Mr. Macdonnell embarked with his family on board the frigate, leaving his property under the care of Mr. Shaler.* A large British force was soon collected before the city under the command of Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale, who endeavored to negotiate the acceptance of the conditions proposed; the Divan were unanimous in wishing to yield points so unimportant, but Hussein was obstinate, and although he at length on the 28th of March agreed to admit the articles, he would not consent that Mr. Macdonnell should return as Consul to Algiers. The Admiral then declared that war was begun, and that the place was blockaded; but he continued his endeavors to make peace on the terms he had first proposed. At length on the 24th of July, the British force being increased to twenty-three sail, a fire was commenced on the city and batteries, which was instantly returned. On this occasion, a steam vessel was employed, for the first time it is believed in naval warfare; its appearance excited much astonishment on the part of the Algerines, and caused them to direct their fire particularly at it, which was done with so much effect that the wheels were in an instant rendered useless. After a few minutes the Admiral displayed a flag of truce, which having been answered by a similar signal from the Casauba, the firing ceased on both sides, and an officer was sent on shore again to submit the demand which had first been made. Two days having been spent in messages and negotiations, the affair was adjusted; the Dey signed the articles containing stipulations for the protection of the British Consul and the support of his rights, and confirmed the engagement made with Lord Exmouth in 1816, that in any future wars with European powers, the prisoners should not be consigned to slavery, but be treated with humanity until regularly exchanged. Respecting the return of Mr. Macdonnell nothing is said in the documents signed by the Dey; in the negotiation, he declared that he had no personal objections to that gentleman, yet that he had made himself most obnoxious to the inhabitants, and that no assurance could be given of his safety should he attempt to land. This was notoriously untrue, yet the Admiral thought proper to waive a point which he had before considered so important, and after the trouble and expense of a four months blockade and an attack upon the city, he accepted exactly what had been offered in March. Thus by the determination of the American Consul, were his privileges maintained, and a rupture between his Government and that of Algiers was prevented; while the agent of the most powerful nation on earth, from possessing less energy, was himself insulted, and his country placed in the necessity of requiring satisfaction by arms.

* Mr. Shaler quitted Algiers in 1829 having been appointed Consul of the United States in Havana, where he died of cholera in the spring of 1833. He was succeeded as Consul General for the Barbary Regencies, by Henry Lee of Virginia, who remained in that office at Algiers, until the city was taken by the French.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE VICTIM OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

'Tis vanishing!—'tis vanishing!—
The last bright star that shed
Its cheering light upon a path,
Whence all light else had fled!

'Tis vanishing!—'tis vanishing!—
As night steals on the day,
And slowly wraps the glowing west,
In its dark cloak of gray.

So, silently, o'er me advance
The shades of dark despair,
And fade away the hopes that shone
But yesterday, so fair!

Aye! when they shone so fair, and seemed
As soon to be enjoyed,
And I (fond fool!) believed so, came,
The blight that hath destroyed!

I might have known it would be so!
There is an evil sprite,
That, ever present, watches me,
My every joy to blight!

I never grasp'd the cup of bliss,
And, raising, thought to sip,
But, straight, the envious demon came,
And dash'd it from my lip!

I never keenly strove to win
What heart was set upon,
But, when I thought it surely mine,
And grasp'd at it—'twas gone!

And now, the cherished dream, that hath
So long, so deeply blessed—
That gave me heart to struggle on,
Hath vanished—*with the rest!*

P. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MR. WHITE,—Having long believed that Education was by far the most important subject on which the talents of either public or private men could be exercised, I have ever deemed that man in some degree a public benefactor, who contributed even a mite towards its promotion. To the study therefore of *this subject*, much more than of any other, I have devoted my time and thoughts for the last twenty or thirty years; vainly perhaps, hoping that I also might contribute something in aid of this most momentous work. How far the labor has been productive of any good, must be determined by others; but *their* approbation, although it would certainly gratify my feelings, has operated, I trust, only as a secondary motive. To contribute something, be it ever so little, towards the good of my fellow creatures, has been the chief purpose of my existence since I came to years of serious reflection; and the consciousness of having achieved this good in any degree, would be (could I once possess it) my highest reward in the present life.

Influenced by such sentiments and considerations, I now send you five manuscript lectures, delivered about two years ago, before the Lyceum of Fredericksburg, "On the Obstacles to Education arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers, Scholars, and those who direct and control our Schools and Colleges."

Trite as the subject of Education is, it can never cease to be deeply—nay, vitally interesting, so long as the happiness of the whole human race—both in their private and public relations—both in this world and the next, so entirely depends upon the nature of the objects embraced by it, and the manner in which it is conducted. Deep and deadly too will be the guilt of any wilful neglect, error, or perversion, on the part of all those who direct the physical and intellectual training of the youth of our country. Unless both become what they should be, neither our forms of government, nor our political nor literary institutions, can ever accomplish any of the great ends for which they were designed.

I remain, dear sir, yours with regard,

JAMES M. GARNETT.

Elm-Wood, August 1835.

—

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

To a Course on "The Obstacles to Education arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers, Scholars, and those who direct and control our Schools and Colleges," delivered before the Fredericksburg Lyceum, by James M. Garnett.

Once more, my friends, I am about to address you—although at present, on a subject by far the most important that can engage the attention of intelligent, social, and moral beings. This subject is *Education;* in regard to the true meaning and object of which, as many and as fatal errors have been committed, as in relation to any other term in our language—although nothing less than our happiness in both worlds depends upon its being rightly understood, and properly applied. From the earliest ages to the present day, men have differed widely, not only as to the particulars which should be comprehended under the term itself, and the modes and the means by whose instrumentality they should be taught; but a large portion of society have attached the utmost importance to certain acquirements which others have deemed at least useless, if not actually and deeply pernicious. Literally, Education means an elicitation, a drawing or leading forth—and when applied to a human being, should be understood to indicate such a full development of all his powers and faculties, both physical and intellectual, as will best promote his own happiness, and that of his fellow-creatures; in a word, it embraces "every influence by which man becomes what he is, or may be made what he should be," and never ceases until death terminates our earthly pilgrimage. Every one, I think, may agree that any other general definition less comprehensive of this all-important term would be false, and consequently lead to mistakes. But the great misfortune is, the moment we approach the details, vital differences of opinion present themselves, which often give rise to practices decidedly hostile to each other—thereby demonstrating, that until all such as are erroneous can be exploded, the good will be unavoidably counteracted if not entirely superseded, by the bad. The removal then, of all the obstacles to the universal adoption of the former, is the great, the truly arduous task to be performed; and the first step towards its achievement, will be to show what these obstacles really are.

Although perfectly aware that many of the ablest writers in every age and nation, have been so frequently and long engaged in efforts to promote the cause of Education, as almost to preclude the possibility of saying any thing new on the subject, still I believe there is one view of it which has not yet been taken to a sufficient extent for all the salutary purposes to be accomplished by it:—I mean a connected and full exposure, apart from all other matter, of the various obstacles which have long impeded, and still greatly retard its progress among us. These I propose to examine thoroughly, and to trace to their respective sources, in such a manner as to lead, if possible, to their final removal. All of them, I believe, will be found in what may be called the peculiar mental maladies, and moral diseases, (if I may so express myself,) of parents, teachers, scholars, and that portion of society by whom our literary institutions are directed and controlled. This shall hereafter be made more fully to appear. In the meantime, before I commence the very delicate task of apportioning censure among such large classes of

my fellow-citizens, I beg to premise that special care shall be taken so to generalize my remarks, that no just cause of offence shall be afforded either to any individual persons or schools. Nothing shall intentionally be said which can, by possibility, be fairly construed into invidious personalities, nor be with justice ascribed to any motives whatever but such as I have avowed. Having no other object in view—none other at heart, than to mark for universal reprobation and avoidance the many fatal obstructions to the general adoption of those great fundamental principles of instruction, without which neither public nor private Education can ever become what it should be, my hearers may rest perfectly assured, that every example, allusion, argument, or illustration I may use, shall be directed, in perfect sincerity and good faith, to this end and to this alone. Previously however, to any specifications of the obstructions interposed by either of the classes of persons already enumerated, I beg to be indulged in several general observations. These appear to me essential, by way of introduction to that minute exposure of their respective prejudices, faults, and vices which I design to exhibit—not like a faint hearted recruit, who shuts his eyes when he pulls trigger, and recoils from the report of his own piece—but with the resolute purpose of killing, if I can, what I wish to destroy.

The attainment of most of the objects of human pursuit, would be a work of comparative ease, if nothing was necessary to be done but to devise the best ways and means of acquiring them. By far the most difficult achievement is to remove those numerous obstacles to their attainment which the ignorance, the folly, and the vices of mankind either create entirely, or aggravate; for unless *this* be first done, all our labor will be utterly thrown away, or must fall very short of accomplishing what otherwise might be effected. While these obstacles remain, the task of applying the proper ways and means, and producing the desired end, is little less discouraging than to begin building a house without foundation or scaffolding, or to render the earth productive of wholesome food without first clearing away the stumps and roots, the briers and noxious weeds with which it is encumbered. To nothing within the whole scope of our desires and efforts does this remark apply with more truth and force, than to the great object of Education. Hindrances and impediments, vast in number, and formidable in degree, surround it on almost every side. Many of these have their source in long established, but very erroneous practice—while others are intrenched in some of the most deeply rooted prejudices of mankind. Hence they oppose barriers of nearly insurmountable strength to all individual skill, however great—to all isolated exertion, however well directed.

The most prominent and pernicious of these barriers or obstacles are so glaring, that any attempt to point them out will escape, I hope, all imputation of presumption. No extraordinary sagacity is necessary to detect, nor any great power of language to expose, what all who have had any thing to do with the business of Education must long have experienced, and deeply deplored. In fact, the undertaking to educate the youth of our country as they should be educated, will be almost a hopeless task, until most of these impediments are removed; and the fortunate individual who could discover the effectual means to eradicate them, would much better deserve a public triumph for so glorious a victory over human prejudices and passions, than any warrior ever gained by the most splendid of his conquests. The more free our government and institutions generally, the more necessary will good Education continually become to preserve them, since neither sound morals, nor wise and salutary laws, nor social and political happiness can exist without its general diffusion. But before such Education can possibly be imparted to any great extent, the minds of all the parties concerned must be entirely disenthralled from every opposing obstacle. In regard to bodily maladies, to know the cause and nature of the disease is said to be half the cure. Why then, may it not be equally true in relation to the mind? Experience tells us that so much depends upon this previous knowledge, as to render the course both of the mental and bodily physician exceedingly dangerous without it. Neither must make a quackery affair of his business. No guess-work nor chance-medley will do in either case; for the death both of soul and body often follows the administration of improper medicine. Many constitutions of excellent original stamina have been utterly destroyed by physic, when all that was really wanting was healthful diet, and proper exercise; and numerous minds of the fairest promise have been blasted forever, by the equally injudicious—equally fatal application of unsuitable intellectual regimen. This surely ought to happen much less frequently than in bygone times, since schools of every grade, especially for females, have greatly multiplied of late years—and consequently, many more mothers than formerly, ought to be qualified so far as schools can effect it, for the arduous task of imparting to children at least the elementary branches of knowledge. Yet I believe it is unquestionably true that private, domestic Education, is less common than it used to be. But two rational explanations can be given of this fact. Either mothers and fathers must be so naturally averse to teaching their own children as very rarely to do it when avoidable, and therefore less often attempt it, since it has become easier to transfer the duty to others—or the prevalent systems of Education itself have had the

effect of preventing parental affection from exerting itself in this way. To the last cause I hope it must be ascribed; for it would be shocking to believe that parents generally were so barbarous, as voluntarily to surrender the care and instruction of their helpless, innocent offspring, to others, when they themselves were equally well qualified for this most tender and all-important office; at the same time that nature herself seems evidently to have destined them to fulfil, whenever practicable, these paramount duties. *Home* is, unquestionably, the best place suited in all respects, at least for *female* education; nor should it ever be relinquished for any other, but in cases of the strongest, most obvious necessity—such as a thorough conviction of incompetency on the part of the parents, and of very superior qualifications in those to whom the sacred trust is to be confided. It is under the parental roof, and immediately under the parental supervision and guidance, that young girls can most easily be protected from the corrupting influence of bad companions and bad examples. It is there, if *any where*, that all the best affections of the heart can be most readily excited and cultivated; and it is *there alone* that they can best acquire all those admirable domestic virtues and habits, to the exercise of which much the greater part of their lives, after they leave school, should be devoted, as the sure means of imparting to private life its greatest charm and highest embellishment. If this be admitted, as I think it must, then the nearer the management of any public school, whether large or small, especially for girls, can be made to resemble that of a well regulated private family, the better it will be calculated to attain the true, legitimate purposes of all seminaries of Education. The more easy will it be also to prove, when this point is conceded, that there are very many radical defects in a large portion of such establishments in our country. For example, in what well regulated private family will you ever find numerous restraints enforced, which obviously have nothing else in view but the more ease and convenience of the heads of the establishment, entirely apart from all moral influence to be produced on the individuals upon whom these restraints are imposed? In what family of the kind do you see the children often *exhibited for show*, as at public examinations—always encouraged and goaded to strive with might and main for victory over each other in all their scholastic exercises, and continually stimulated to toil and struggle for public applause, as the highest earthly felicity; and all this too without the least regard for the sufferings and mortifications of the unsuccessful competitors? So far is this from ever being done in any private family under proper management, that every imaginable cause of jealousy, ill-will, heart-burning and envy, is most carefully avoided—every symptom of distrust and animosity anxiously removed—and brotherly love of the most tender, affectionate kind, sedulously cultivated, as the best possible preparation of the intellectual soil for the reception, growth and maturity of the seeds of knowledge and virtue. Here then, at once, in the very threshold of our temples of public instruction, do we meet with an obstacle of such magnitude, as effectually to bar, if it be not removed, all attempts to decorate and embellish the interior of the building with any ornaments, such as good taste, sound judgment, and just principles would deem most appropriate. In the moral code of far too many of these temples, the admirable virtue of true Christian humility—that virtue which so pre-eminently adorned the character of the blessed Saviour himself, has no abiding place whatever; but numerous expedients and artifices are adopted to prevent the possibility of its entrance. The pupils are not even taught what it means, unless they find it out while turning their dictionaries for other words; and so far are they from ever being required to act on the principle of not letting one hand know what the other doeth, that every effort, both of hands and head, is most studiously directed towards giving the greatest possible publicity to all their proceedings: first, and above all, that the fame of their school and its teachers may be widely diffused; and secondly, that they themselves may be talked about every where. To accomplish this, weeks and months are spent by the students in preparing for public examinations, during which no advances are made in the general course of their studies, but the whole time is sacrificed to the feeding their vanity and ambition at the expense of real utility, common sense, and intellectual progress in useful knowledge. A great portion of this period of strenuous uselessness is consumed, by all the aspirants after collegiate honors, in composing, writing, committing to memory and reciting again and again something which is to be called an oration. This too, is often in a language utterly unintelligible to nine-tenths of the auditors, or rather spectators, commonly assembled upon such occasions, who are drawn together more by idle curiosity than by any other motive. I will readily admit that occasional revisions of past studies may be useful to fix them in the memory; I will also admit, that to be examined in them by or before good judges, convened especially for the purpose, *but without any notice to the scholars of the precise time when such examination would take place*, would also be beneficial, particularly in schools for boys. But *any thing* beyond this, whether it be called examination, commencement, or what you please—especially if exhibited (after many weeks preparation) before hundreds and thousands of spectators who know little or nothing of what is going on—is, to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, sheer waste of time, if nothing worse. It is to treat young men

as if they were always to be children, incapable of being interested in any thing much above the toys and playthings of childhood. Such *shows*, for they deserve no better name, should never be suffered in female schools; for their only use *there* is to discourage the timid, the bashful, the modest—and to render the bold, the forward, and the presumptuous still more conspicuous for these disgusting, unfeminine qualities. Already too anxious, like rival milliners, always to be displaying their finery at their shop-windows, to the public gaze, the more opportunities you give them for making this exhibition, the more eager they become to attract visiters, admirers, and purchasers. Flattery is the chief thing they covet; base as it really is, it is the treasure upon which this kind of scholastic training learns them to set their hearts, and seldom are they paid with any thing better. Whatever they do is to be done because it will be popular, becoming, and will make a great noise—not because it is recommended and enjoined by the precepts of our holy religion. Moreover, to insure that the former shall be the ruling, all-efficient motive of action, the ever restless, soul-corroding spirit of emulation is infused into them in every possible way that ingenuity can devise. That this is utterly incompatible with the pure spirit of Christian humility, it needs no argument to prove; in fact, oil and water could just as soon coalesce, or enter into complete chemical union. Does it not, then, most deeply concern us all to inquire whether this principle of emulation, which may truly be called the present master-spirit of nearly all our literary institutions, should still be suffered to prompt and to govern all their operations? Can any societies—but especially such as have been avowedly established for the great, the Godlike purpose of making men wiser and better, be rationally expected to thrive, if they run counter to the plainest dictates of wisdom and virtue, which command us to do nothing that the gospel of Christ either expressly forbids, or impliedly, but plainly discountenances? Does not this code most explicitly enjoin us to "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." "That nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves." And does it not class emulations with "idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings," &c.? Are these nothing more than mere abstract texts for ministers of the gospel to preach on; or are they practical, imperative rules of conduct to govern us both for time and eternity? If they are the latter, as all true believers in the gospel of Christ pronounce them to be, how can they possibly be obeyed, when every effort of our bodies and our minds, while at school, is made to induce the world to prefer, to honor, and to esteem *us* far above all our companions and associates, at whatever expense of mental suffering and anguish it may be done to them? Shall we be told that such feelings should not be indulged by those whom we conquer or surpass in the scholastic struggle for pre-eminence, and therefore, that their mortification, however deep and distressing, should not disturb us? But how can they help it, when *they* also have been taught that *their* greatest honor, *their* highest pleasure, was to consist *in conquering and surpassing us*, and that *we had disappointed them?* Yet this principle of emulation is a cardinal article in the creed and practice of almost every public school of which I have any knowledge; indeed, I might add, of a great majority of private families. To this article might be added several others, all going to prove that the whole course of proceeding in these schools, whatever may be the religious principles of their managers, partakes much more of the compromising spirit of worldly wisdom and worldly ethics, than of the unbending, self-denying morality of the gospel of Christ. It can never be a question among true Christians, which should govern not only all schools, but all mankind; yet it would be well worth the attention of all who are *not Christians*, to inquire which would be best, *even for the present life only*. I would send them no farther on this search for proof than to the past history of the government—the monied institutions, and trading associations of our own country. In this history they would most assuredly find, that for every cent which these bodies had lost by any acknowledged member of any Christian society, they had been defrauded and robbed of thousands upon thousands by the open scoffers at, and known despisers of religion. This fact alone speaks volumes of most salutary instruction to the present generation, if they would only read them right. It proclaims as intelligibly as if it were written on the vault of heaven by the finger of God himself, in letters visible as the cloudless sun, that the much lauded code of your mere worldly morality, (admitting every thing that can be said in its favor,) is utterly insufficient even for this poor world; although it is admitted that thousands have lived, and do live under it alone, with very fair, amiable characters. It is, however, like living in the midst of contagious, pestilential and deadly diseases, without any sure charm or antidote to protect us from destruction. I say not this to wound unnecessarily the feelings of any one—no, God forbid! but because I consider it a most momentous truth, which should be placed before the public in as strong relief as language can exhibit it—since it involves the safety, welfare and happiness, not only of thousands yet living, but of millions yet unborn. If this highly boasted code, founded merely on human opinion, subject to all its fluctuations, and which tolerates drunkenness on the pretext of conviviality, while it makes murder a duty under the term *duelling*,

will not, with any thing like certainty, restrain its professors from the meanest, most degrading vices, from the most shocking and atrocious crimes, what can it possibly avail in withholding them from committing acts of far more dubious character, but often little less injurious to the peace, order, and happiness of society? Could this code bear any sort of comparison with that which we have ventured to contrast with it, as furnishing the best possible rules for human conduct, even considering the present life as the *only one*, would it not be able to support its claim to our preference, by producing a greater number of persons reclaimed from the paths of vice by *its superior power*, than have ever been recovered by the influence of *the Christian code?* But how stands the fact? Examine it, I beseech you, as impartially as possible. I may answer, I believe, without fear of contradiction, that while the Christian code can show its thousands, rescued by its agency from the lowest depths of profligacy and crime, not one solitary case can be found, nor indeed has ever been heard of, wherein the code of worldly morality has alone effected any such restoration. The utmost scope of *its* power has never extended beyond carrying a small minority of its votaries through the world, with fair characters, who have never been strongly tempted to give them up for something which they more passionately desired. Its influence, at best, is merely of the *preventive*, not the *reclaiming* kind, and therefore never brings back, under the power of its own laws, any who have once broken through the feeble barriers which they interpose. The worldly code, besides sanctioning many practices which the Christian code pronounces criminal, looks not beyond the outward seeming of our actions, because when man, who is made the sole judge of its fulfilment, attempts to penetrate to their source, he is incapable of doing more than making mere approximations to the truth. On the other hand, the Christian code, having an all-wise, infallible God for *its* judge, allows no actions to be *right*, but such as proceed from *right motives*. These being the only certain test—the test by which every Christian assuredly believes that we shall all be finally tried, make the latter code, from this circumstance alone, as far superior to the former, as absolute certainty is, at all times and under all circumstances, much better than uncertainty. All who faithfully obey the requisitions of the last, must really *be* what they *seem to be*, or they are *not moral* in the Christian sense. Whereas the professors of the last, who look only to the present life for their rewards, can obtain them all, simply by feigning well the character they wish to possess.

No sweeping denunciation is here intended against those who have the unspeakable misfortune to be destitute of religion; for I know many, and doubt not that many more are to be found in every class of society, who fulfil the duties of the present life in such an exemplary manner, as to be well worthy of our esteem and love. What I mean to assert, and deem it all important for the cause of Education to establish, is, that the above fact furnishes no adequate proof of the sufficiency of the worldly code of morals, either to preserve or to reclaim mankind from vice and crime. If their propensities happen to be vicious, their desires criminal, no obstacle whatever exists to their indulgence, but the ever variable opinions of the particular society in which they live, and the fear of detection by mere human, frail, and fallible witnesses. Their code may well be called a system of compromise between sensual appetites and regard for appearances—a calculation of chances and probabilities—a rule for conduct whose standard has no well defined, certain marks, by which right and wrong can always be accurately distinguished—no omnipotent sanction to sustain all its requirements; and consequently, that, as the governing principle of our whole lives, it will bear no just comparison whatever with the Christian code of morality, where every thing is not only sure, but forever unchangeable—full not only of the happiest assurances in regard to the present life, but of the most soul-cheering hopes as to that which is to come.

I have expressed the belief, justified, as I think, by my own observation, that the prevalent system of Education, has had the effect of diminishing the number of instances wherein mothers teach their own children. Yet it is unquestionably true, that the progress and improvement which girls or boys either make at public schools, depend much more upon this domestic, elementary Education, than upon any subsequent course of scholastic discipline under which they may be elsewhere placed. First impressions, and above all, *those made by a mother*, are always more permanent than almost any that can be made at a later period of life, after parental instruction is changed for that of strangers. In confirmation of my own observations, teachers of great experience have assured me, that where natural talent has been equal, they have invariably found those pupils the most docile, most intelligent, most correct in their conduct, and best informed, who have longest received the benefit of a parent's tuition, although they may not actually have gone to school longer than others who have been taught only in public seminaries. It is therefore of the highest imaginable importance that the lessons given to children at home, previously to going abroad to school, should all be such as are calculated to give them good tempers, amiable dispositions, and sound moral principles; for unless this all essential work be performed under the parental care, it is rarely, if ever accomplished afterwards. The power indeed, of *feign-*

ing them, may be acquired by the constant suggestion of worldly and prudential considerations; but the actual possession is scarcely ever gained under any other instructer than the parent. Nay, *how can it be*, when the proportion of pupils under public teachers, compared with the children of one mother, is often ten, fifteen, twenty to one; when the indispensable attention of the instructers to the usual scholastic exercises of their scholars, engages nearly their whole time; and when the forming the heart to virtue, the regulation of the passions, the strengthening the understanding and judgment, which are the only really valuable ends of all Education, cannot possibly be attained in the very short time commonly allowed for the public instruction, (at least of our daughters,) and under all the circumstances in which they must necessarily be placed at all large public schools. Hence, in a great measure, the numerous failures of the best public teachers to do what is too often expected of them; that is, in a few months, or even in a year or two, to reform the dispositions and characters of their pupils, at the same time that their minds are required to be stored with all imaginable learning; although the conviction alone of the vicious propensities and bad habits which they may have contracted at home, would require a much longer period than the whole time usually allotted for all scholastic acquirements put together. Public schools may well be called *moral hospitals*, which, like some others of a different kind, contain not only many patients the removal of whose diseases requires a very long course of most skilful and judicious treatment, but others who may well be designated "*incurables*"—rendered so too, by moral distempers contracted under the parental roof, but for which these hospitals and their doctors have very often to bear all the blame.

Well aware that the charges which I have brought against our prevalent systems of Education, both private and public, (greatly improved as I admit them to be in many important respects) are of a very serious nature, I feel myself bound to endeavor to establish them. But in these introductory remarks, I shall do no more, in addition to what has already been said, than give the general heads of my accusation—reserving "the counts in the indictment" (as the lawyers would say) for another time. These heads are—that mere external observances are much too often substituted for internal principles—that a puerile smattering in many comparatively trivial things, has been made to pass for thorough knowledge in essentials—that *emotions* of the body and limbs in attitudinizing (if I may so express myself,) at the harp, at the piano, and in the dance, have been much more cultivated than the *emotions* of the heart and soul; and that the mere mechanical operations of the fingers and feet have been preferred to that heavenly operation of the spirit of God on the mind, which alone can give any real value to actions, or intrinsic worth to character. The sciences and arts for acquiring wealth, fame, and aggrandizement—for securing bodily comforts, luxuries, and amusements are taught every where, with quite as much assiduity and zeal as any can believe they deserve. But the great art of extracting from all the events, circumstances, and conditions of life, whatever true substantial good and happiness they are capable of affording, and using the whole as a preparation for entering into *another* state of existence, where we must account for all we have done in *this*, is no where systematically taught, unless from the pulpit. Even there it is far too often pretermitted, for the sake of indulging in vague speculations which lead to no profitable result, and the useless discussion of those deeply mysterious doctrines which all believe it passeth man's understanding to comprehend, except those rash theological sciolists who vainly imagine that it is given to them alone to penetrate them.

The great majority of mankind who judge solely from appearances, are deceived by this external Education, into a pernicious belief that all must be right *within*, because all which they behold *without*, is fair to the eye and agreeable to contemplate; and so superficial is their examination generally, that if they find all the pupils presented for their inspection, have pleasing exteriors, and voluble tongues in their public exercises, every thing else is taken for granted. It is never even suspected, that like the trees of the forest, many may be hollow-hearted and worthless, although all their branches and leaves appear in the full vigor of perfect health. Boys who go passably well through certain evolutions, for which they have been regularly drilled for weeks and months together, doing little if any thing else the whole time, are held forth in all public journals as rapid and successful travellers in the high road to the greatest attainable mental improvement—while a large portion of the individuals engaged in this pernicious puffing, know little or nothing of the real progress of the pupils thus lauded, who may, for aught their eulogists can tell, have only the parrot's knowledge of nearly all they have been heard to repeat. Many instances I have known of this in our colleges, and still more in schools of inferior grade. Here many of the examiners (as they are called,) are not unfrequently persons destitute of literature and science themselves, who still boldly certify to the quantum of each possessed by those whom they are supposed to examine; and their awards go forth to the world, as satisfactory proofs of the excellence of particular schools, and the proficiency of the scholars in them, when in fact, such testimonials are proofs of nothing but the inexcusable vanity or thoughtlessness of the certifiers. The case of girls, at *their*

public examinations, is far worse. Much less being expected from them, fewer qualified judges assemble to witness *their* performances; and if they manage to appear with clean faces and frocks, in regular marchings to and fro, with nicely measured steps, with prim and demure looks in the presence of their unknown viewers, a rapid volubility in their often repeated recitations, and all this finished off with a little music, dancing, and drawing, they pass with their surface-skimming spectators for marvellously accomplished girls. But woful indeed is often the mistake, and pregnant with evil consequences. The constant tendency of such exhibitions, although not always producing their full effect, is to make the pupils of such schools greatly undervalue that species of acquirement, which, although it can hardly become the subject of newspaper notice, should always be considered of transcendent importance in every school for either sex; I mean moral and religious knowledge—moral and religious habits. It is true, that there is almost always a kind of general promise promulgated of great and unremitted attention to these matters. But every body's experience, who has taken much notice of the manner in which schools are generally conducted, is sufficient to convince them that such promises are more matters of profession than practice; or, that they are complied with in such a way, as unavoidably to impress the pupils with a belief that it is rather an affair of form than substance. Does any one doubt this fact? let him only take the trouble to ask the majority of the scholars of any school the following questions, and his skepticism will soon vanish. "What has been the course of your moral and religious instruction? What books have you read, or have been read to you on these subjects? What do you know of the principles of Ethics and Christianity? How many times a week or month have you received lessons on them? If nothing has been read specially on these all-important topics, what has been the manner in which they have been recommended to your attention? Has it been both by precept and example, or by the first only; and what rank have your teachers assigned to such studies, in the scale of importance?" Need I add, that unless such questions can be answered to the entire satisfaction of all such persons as really believe that the eternal welfare of the rising generation is a matter of infinitely deeper interest than any thing which can possibly happen to them in the present life, the conclusion is inevitable, that *in all such cases*, by far the most important part of Education has been either shamefully neglected, or miserably and wickedly perverted. Let such tests be applied to *all* schools, from the highest to the lowest, and we shall soon remove much the most powerful of the many causes which prevent them from answering so fully as they ought to do, the great purposes for which they have been established and should be sustained, until the heads of every family become capable of educating their own children—the girls *entirely*, and the boys until the few last years of their pupilage.

The neglect of moral and religious instruction in schools generally, may arise, in a great measure, from a belief in the teachers, that this all essential work has been properly attended to at home. But it should never be forgotten, that the injunction "to train up a child in the way he should go," should be deemed obligatory during the whole period of pupilage, on all concerned in his Education, lest if it be intermitted at any time, the effects of the whole previous training should be lost. It should always be remembered too, by those who have the care of youth of either sex, that the oftener the young coursers are permitted to run out of this track of moral and religious training, the more apt they will be "to fly the way," not only while the training is managed by others, but after it becomes their own exclusive duty. It *must therefore*, be made a primary and vital object, throughout the entire course of Education—not only at home, but abroad—not only in the private, domestic circle, but in every public school to which young people may be sent, or the great moral ends and purposes of instruction will inevitably be defeated. The *hearts* of the pupils must first be educated, and all their motives and dispositions brought, as nearly as practicable, to what they ought to be, or it will be utterly vain to expect that *their actions* can be either generally or permanently right. It is true, that a right action—that is, one so called—because beneficial to others, may sometimes be performed from a wrong motive. But this can do no possible good to the agent, whose condemnation in the eyes of God is only the greater, when he plays the hypocrite to gain his ends.

I will not go so far as to affirm that the prevalent systems of our schools will certainly make vain, ambitious, worldly minded men of our sons, and actresses and *figurantes* of our daughters, rather than qualify the boys for fulfilling all their moral and religious duties in the best possible manner, and the girls for becoming modest, virtuous, intelligent, exemplary wives and mothers. But I *will say*, that if these systems do not work such mischief in most cases, it will be more owing to some powerfully counteracting anterior cause, over which they have had no control, than to the doctrines which they inculcate, the branches of human learning which they most recommend, or the practices which they cause to be followed. It is entirely immaterial *what*, or *how much* instruction they profess to give, or really do impart in all other things, but such as will insure the fulfilment of our moral and religious duties; the vital objects of all correct Education will be utterly lost, if mat-

ters are so managed in our schools, that the ever restless, insatiate desire for general admiration becomes the main spring of action, rather than the love of knowledge for its own sake, and for the power it will give us of contributing to human happiness. If once *such* desire be substituted for *such* love, the fountain head of our whole conduct is literally poisoned. No pure water can possibly flow from such a source; no essential good—none I mean, which can impart real value to character, or contribute one mite towards the eternal felicity of the individual, can ever be effected by him. The only result to be calculated on with any certainty is, that an eager pursuit of merely external arts and showy attainments, will take the place of sincere, steady, deep solicitude to enrich the heart and adorn the understanding with all those principles of really useful knowledge and exemplary conduct, which alone can fit us both for time and eternity. Let the project be tried when, where, and by whom it may, of stamping indelibly on the human heart such principles of action as all admit it should have, at least all whose opinions should be regarded in so momentous and vital a concern, and it will prove abortive as certainly as it is undertaken, unless "religion, pure and undefiled" as it came from the voice of God himself, be made the basis of the whole proceeding. *Is this generally done in our schools, either public or private?* I most conscientiously believe it is not—at least, as the gospel commands us—"line upon line, and precept upon precept;" or even as a matter to be taught first and above all others. But if any man attempt "*to build on other foundation*,"—if he strive ever so much to erect the edifice of Education on any other groundwork, he may possibly rear a very showy and even attractive house, but most assuredly his materials will be nothing better than "straw and stubble," continually liable to take fire from every flying spark—forever in danger of being blown down by every assailing wind.

In determining on the proper course of Education for our children, is it not of the highest importance, first to decide in regard to the situations in which they will probably be placed, and the circumstances under which they are most likely to spend their lives, that all the instruction given may have some bearing on such destination—some peculiar aptitude to fit them for the particular stations which they will fill? Until society is organized differently from what it is, all the various honest trades, professions and callings into which it is divided, must have persons specially educated for them. But how can this all essential plan be accomplished, if our children are made too proud for any thing but playing ladies and gentlemen, or following some two or three professional pursuits, distinguished from the rest by the dignified title—"*liberal?*" Ought it to suffice with people in their sober senses, to hear it urged in opposition to so reasonable a scheme as that of adapting early Education to the probable destiny of each individual in after life, that *in our country* every child ought to be educated for all imaginable conditions in what is called high life, because any, possibly, may be attained by any? Surely this would be the perfection of folly, unless it amounted almost to certainty that a very large majority of our youth of both sexes would reach such elevated situations. But it so happens that there is a moral certainty the other way, and that an infinitely larger portion of mankind will live and die in obscurity, than can ever become conspicuous for the possession of wealth, extraordinary talent, or official station. This obscurity however, would be no bar to the enjoyment of great happiness, provided half the pains were taken to inculcate principles, tastes and habits suitable to the future circumstances in which they would probably be placed, that are very frequently taken to impress their minds with insatiate cravings after all the highest conditions of society. *This world*, and this alone, with all its vanities, follies, and seductive vices, is made the God of their idolatry; and every thing in future life which is calculated to impede their worship, becomes a source of unavailing discontent, if not of actual and lasting misery. To pursue such a course with children is little short of real madness, even on the supposition that there is no other state of existence but the present; unless indeed, this life had been made a scene of uninterrupted enjoyment, instead of one abounding with much unavoidable suffering—a scene in which to escape sickness, pain, and poverty, is among our greatest blessings—a scene whose modicum of happiness consists not in any of those merely selfish, sensual pursuits, so generally deemed the chief good of life, but in the diligent culture and exercise of all the powers of our mind—of all the best affections of our hearts. How is this to be done, especially in our female schools, which in fact are the great laboratories for forming elementary teachers for our whole population,—if nearly, or quite half the time of the pupils be taken up in learning to dance, to draw, to play on musical instruments, and to acquire polite manners, by going at stated times to private assemblies, to plays, and operas, as we have heard is the practice in some city schools. One of two things invariably follows from this course; either the whole stock of accomplishments, (as they are called,) however costly it may have been, is entirely abandoned the moment the girls get married, because the acquisition has always been to them a kind of up-hill work, for which they had not the smallest taste—or, such a passionate fondness is contracted for them, that they can find pleasure in no other occupation. The fatal disease of discontent is the result in both those cases. But suppose the last

to be the most common. Are domestic habits, so indispensable to the comfort and happiness of married life, to be formed by acquiring a passion for public spectacles, for company-keeping, and for all the preparatory equipments of costly apparel, and other personal decorations? Can the tranquil pleasures of retirement, the occupations of housekeeping, the necessary management of all the domiciliary concerns of which the mistresses of families must always take cognizance, have any charms for ladies educated in what is called the fashionable style? Will not all such things rather be insupportably irksome, if not actually disgusting? How will such ladies be prepared to meet the numerous inconveniences and troubles, the many unpleasant, and often painful occurrences that take place, sometimes even in the happiest families? How can they bear all the fatigues, the various trials of temper, the actual labors incident to domestic life, if the sole object of the chief lessons which they have received at school, has been to attract attention and admiration to themselves? What, but the most inordinate selfishness and vanity can be the fruit of such training? Will such preparatory studies teach them how to keep their houses and families in order—to train their offspring in the paths of knowledge and virtue—to administer consolation to the sick and the dying—in a word, to turn all the numerous incidents of domestic life to the moral and religious improvement of those over whom it is their business and sacred duty to exercise a constant and parental supervision? Alas! my friends, there is scarcely any thing in all nature so ill qualified to fulfil these momentous obligations, as a young lady educated in what is called the fashionable style—unless, by the providence of God, she may have been first imbued under the parental roof, with moral and religious principles too strong to be overcome by such powerful engines of destruction as are constantly at work to destroy them, in what are called, by way of pre-eminence, "fashionable schools." I do not mean to say that the extirpation of moral and religious principle is really the object there aimed at. No, far from it; for I dare affirm that many of the persons thus busily engaged, perhaps the whole of them, really believe that they are fast accomplishing a very great and good work. But the sum and substance of it, when stript of all its vain illusions, is nothing more nor less, in fact, than a very laborious and excessively expensive process to unfit the unfortunate subjects of it for every kind of life but such as they are taught to lead at school; *and that is*, to value all merely external acquirements far above every moral qualification, and to seek their chief happiness in the amount of admiration they can procure for these very superficial and comparatively worthless attainments. They come forth admirably prepared for a life of alternate excitement and gratification; but for the real Christian life of self-control, self-denial, and humble righteousness, they probably have not so much as heard of it, unless perchance when they have gone to church. They can use their hands, feet and eyes most exquisitely in attracting admiration; but when compelled to apply themselves to any of the homely, but really essential purposes of life, they find themselves most sadly embarrassed, if not utterly at a loss how to proceed. Are the poor girls to blame for all this? Far from it; they must have been something more or less than human beings to turn out differently. The fault—nay, I *must* call it the crime—if such misapplication of the talents which God has given them for far different purposes be criminal, lies chiefly at the parent's door. *But for them* there would be no such course of Education in the world. It is indeed a course which prepares them admirably for what may truly be called *public life;* instead of qualifying them to adorn that which is almost entirely private and domestic—that in which an immense majority of females are destined to live and to die. What is the consequence of this incongruity—this manifest disagreement between the matters taught, and the ends to which they must generally be applied? What is the aptitude of the means to the great purposes which parents should aim to accomplish? Are they favorable or not to domestic happiness? If music, drawing, dressing, and dancing, with a smattering of some living foreign language, garnished with a few beggarly elements of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, and Botany, are the principal ingredients in *this happiness*, then are the chief pursuits of fashionable female Education eminently calculated to promote it. But if the following view from one of our most distinguished moral and religious writers of what female Education *should be*, has any truth or justice in it, our prevalent systems of fashionable Education exhibit a most lamentable deficiency in almost all essential points. This admirable writer says, in the form of advice to a young man—"For my own part, I call *Education*—not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character—that which tends to form a friend, a companion, a wife. I call Education, not that which is made of the shreds and patches of useless arts, but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and *more especially*, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions to the love and fear of God." Elsewhere the same author remarks—"In character as in architecture, just proportion is beauty. The ornaments which decorate, do not *support* the edifice." Again it is said—"A man of sense who loves home, and lives

at home, requires a wife who can and will be at half the expense of mind necessary for keeping up the cheerful, animating, elegant intercourse which forms so great a part of the bond of union between intellectual and well bred persons. The *exhibiting, the displaying wife* may entertain your company; but it is only the informed, the refined, the cultivated woman, who can entertain yourself; and I presume whenever you marry, you will marry primarily for *yourself*, and not for *your friends;* you will want a companion—*an artist you may hire.*"

Should any person doubt the preference usually given to what are called accomplishments, over matters of infinitely higher real value, let them ask as many pupils as they please, "what inquiries do your parents, guardians, and friends most frequently make relative to your studies and progress at school?" The answers will furnish undeniable proof; for a very large proportion will be found to have been substantially like the following: "How do you come on in your Music, your Dancing, your Drawing, or your French?" according as they have been striving to acquire one or more of these inestimable outfits for their progress through Time to the realms of Eternity. It is pitiable, most pitiable, to see the thousands of innocent little girls throughout our country, many of them without the slightest taste or talent for these things, still laboring four, five, or six hours in every twenty-four, to gain a little elementary knowledge of what they will generally abandon immediately after leaving school, or at farthest, as soon as they get married—to gain which knowledge has been the chief object, the painful toil for so many irrevocable years of all this warring against nature, common sense, and moral fitness. But suppose the success of such training as ample as heart can wish, and the poor little creatures are made prodigies of early proficiency in arts, which are very soon to be of little or no real use to them? Is it politic—is it wise—in fact, is it not a most sinful breach of parental duty, to impart to our daughters, as among the most desirable things in life, strong tastes which they can scarcely gratify at all without frequently seeking company abroad, nor often indulge at home, unless by neglecting some of those important, indispensable domestic employments which devolve exclusively on the mistress of the family?

Let it not be inferred from any of the foregoing remarks, that I am an enemy to what are called fashionable schools—my enmity extends *only to some of their practices.* Let *them* be reformed, and I shall have no enmity whatever to the title "fashionable," if it be deemed essential to gain scholars for those who keep them. Let them make it fashionable to fit their pupils for private life, and for all its necessary duties, by giving them genuine moral and religious principles first and above all things; then let accomplishments follow in their proper, but very subordinate place, and they will have no warmer friend than myself.

I am well aware that I subject myself to the charge of great presumption in censuring, as I have done, many of the principal matters taught at present in fashionable, as well as other schools, both for boys and girls; and to this charge I am prepared patiently to submit, provided it be made, if at all, after a full, fair, and candid examination of all that I have said on these topics. To retract however, my accusations, will be impossible, unless I could rid myself of the conscientious belief, and thorough conviction, that not only the temporal, but eternal happiness, both of the present and future generations, depends on a radical change being made in regard to the principal objects of Education, as well as in the means of attaining them. These *must be* to prepare us for this life—not as an *end*, but only as the means of attaining happiness in the next.

My business, however, being more to point out faults, than remedies—rather to describe diseases, than to offer nostrums for their removal, I shall leave the curative process to other hands, sincerely hoping that it may be attempted by some much abler moral physicians, who will apply themselves to the Herculean task with a degree of zeal, vigor, and perseverance fully commensurate to the difficulty and vital importance of the undertaking. There can be no greater object of human ambition—no more exalted purpose for human effort—nor any human occupation, the results of which, if the laborers in this sacred vineyard be successful, can compare with this either in degree or extent—since human happiness, both temporal and eternal, is its end, and must be its final consummation. Riches often perish, and are followed by poverty, wretchedness, and extreme suffering. Honors frequently fade away, or are snatched from us, to be succeeded by persecution, calumny, hatred, and disgrace. Sensual gratifications may never come at all, or *if they do*, bitter recollections, bodily diseases—nay, incurable remorse for their indulgence, rarely fail to come soon after; and all this too in defiance, as it were, of what the world generally calls "good Education." But pure Religion and true Christian morality impart a peace to the soul which nothing in nature can destroy, nor even long disturb; while the unutterable joys and delights of a well spent life are the sure fruits, the certain rewards of every system of instruction well followed out, which, without any exclusion either of science, literature, foreign languages, or tasteful accomplishments, makes the gospel of our blessed Saviour its beginning, its middle, and its end.

Milton is indebted for some of the finest passages in the Paradise Lost to Marino's "Sospetti D'Herode."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LOSS OF BREATH.

A TALE A LA BLACKWOOD. BY EDGAR A. POE.

O breathe not, &c.—*Moore's Melodies.*

The most notorious ill-fortune must, in the end, yield to the untiring courage of philosophy—as the most stubborn city to the ceaseless vigilance of an enemy. Salmanezer, as we have it in the holy writings, lay three years before Samaria: yet it fell. Sardanapalus—see Diodorus—maintained himself seven in Nineveh: but to no purpose. Troy expired at the close of the second lustrum: and Azoth, as Aristæus declares upon his honor as a gentleman, opened at last her gates to Psammitticus, after having barred them for the fifth part of a century.

* * * * * *

"Thou wretch!—thou vixen!—thou shrew!"—said I to my wife on the morning after our wedding—"thou witch!—thou hag!—thou whippersnapper!—thou sink of iniquity!—thou fiery-faced quintessence of all that is abominable!—thou—thou—" Here standing upon tiptoe, seizing her by the throat, and placing my mouth close to her ear, I was preparing to launch forth a new and more decided epithet of opprobrium which should not fail, if ejaculated, to convince her of her insignificance, when, to my extreme horror and astonishment, I discovered that *I had lost my breath.*

The phrases "I am out of breath," "I have lost my breath," &c. are often enough repeated in common conversation, but it had never occurred to me that the terrible accident of which I speak could *bonâ fide* and actually happen! Imagine—that is if you have a fanciful turn—imagine I say, my wonder—my consternation—my despair!

There is a good genius, however, which has never, at any time, entirely deserted me. In my most ungovernable moods I still retain a sense of propriety, *et le chemin des passions me conduit*—as Rousseau says it did him—*à la philosophie veritable.*

Although I could not at first precisely ascertain to what degree the occurrence had affected me, I unhesitatingly determined to conceal at all events the matter from my wife until farther experience should discover to me the extent of this my unheard of calamity. Altering my countenance, therefore, in a moment, from its bepuffed and distorted appearance, to an expression of arch and coquettish benignity, I gave my lady a pat on the one cheek, and a kiss on the other, and without saying one syllable, (Furies! I could not,) left her astonished at my drollery, as I pirouetted out of the room in a *Pas de Zephyr.*

Behold me then safely ensconced in my private *boudoir*, a fearful instance of the ill consequences attending upon irascibility—alive with the qualifications of the dead—dead with the propensities of the living—an anomaly on the face of the earth—being very calm, yet breathless.

Yes! breathless. I am serious in asserting that my breath was entirely gone. I could not have stirred with it a feather if my life had been at issue, or sullied even the delicacy of a mirror. Hard fate!—yet there was some alleviation to the first overwhelming paroxysm of my sorrow. I found upon trial that the powers of utterance which, upon my inability to proceed in the conversation with my wife, I then concluded to be totally destroyed, were in fact only partially impeded, and I discovered that had I, at that interesting crisis, dropped my voice to a singularly deep guttural, I might still have continued to her the communication of my sentiments; this pitch of voice (the guttural) depending, I find, not upon the current of the breath, but upon a certain spasmodic action of the muscles of the throat.

Throwing myself upon a chair, I remained for some time absorbed in meditation. My reflections, be sure, were of no consolatory kind. A thousand vague and lachrymatory fancies took possession of my soul—and even the phantom Suicide flitted across my brain; but it is a trait in the perversity of human nature to reject the obvious and the ready, for the far-distant and equivocal. Thus I shudderd at self-murder as the most decided of atrocities, while the tabby cat purred strenuously upon the rug, and the very water-dog wheezed assiduously under the table, each taking to itself much merit for the strength of its lungs, and all obviously done in derision of my own pulmonary incapacity.

Oppressed with a tumult of vague hopes and fears, I at length heard the footstep of my wife descending the staircase. Being now assured of her absence, I returned with a palpitating heart to the scene of my disaster.

Carefully locking the door on the inside, I commenced a vigorous search. It was possible, I thought, that concealed in some obscure corner, or lurking in some closet or drawer, might be found the lost object of my inquiry. It might have a vapory—it might even have a tangible form. Most philosophers, upon many points of philosophy, are still very unphilosophical. William Godwin, however, says in his "Mandeville," that "invisible things are the only realities." This, all will allow, is a case in point. I would have the judicious reader pause before accusing such asseverations of an undue quantum of absurdity. Anaxagoras—it will be remembered—maintained that snow is black. This I have since found to be the case.

Long and earnestly did I continue the investigation: but the contemptible reward of my industry and perseverance proved to be only a set of false teeth, two pair of hips, an eye, and a bundle of *billets-doux* from Mr. Windenough to my wife. I might as well here observe that this confirmation of my lady's partiality for Mr. W. occasioned me little uneasiness. That Mrs. Lacko'breath should admire any thing so dissimilar to myself was a natural and necessary evil. I am, it is well known, of a robust and corpulent appearance, and, at the same time somewhat diminutive in stature. What wonder then that the lath-like tenuity of my acquaintance, and his altitude which has grown into a proverb, should have met with all due estimation in the eyes of Mrs. Lacko'breath? It is by logic similar to this that true philosophy is enabled to set misfortune at defiance. But to return.

My exertions, as I have before said, proved fruitless. Closet after closet—drawer after drawer—corner after corner—were scrutinized to no purpose. At one time, however, I thought myself sure of my prize, having, in rummaging a dressing-case, accidentally demolished a bottle (I had a remarkably sweet breath) of Hewitt's "Seraphic and Highly-Scented Extract of Heaven or Oil of Archangels"—which, as an agreeable perfume, I here take the liberty of recommending.

With a heavy heart I returned to my *boudoir*—there to ponder upon some method of eluding my wife's penetration, until I could make arrangements prior to my leaving the country, for to this I had already made up my mind. In a foreign climate, being unknown, I might, with some probability of success, endeavor to conceal my unhappy calamity—a calamity calculated, even more than beggary, to estrange the affections of the multitude, and to draw down upon the wretch the well-merited indignation of the virtuous and the happy. I was not long in hesitation. Being naturally quick, I committed to memory the entire tragedies of ——, and ——. I had the good fortune to recollect that in the accentuation of these dramas, or at least of such portion of them as is allotted to their heroes, the tones of voice in which I found myself deficient were altogether unnecessary, and that the deep guttural was expected to reign monotonously throughout.

I practised for some time by the borders of a well-frequented marsh—herein, however, having no reference to a similar proceeding of Demosthenes, but from a design peculiarly and conscientiously my own. Thus armed at all points, I determined to make my wife believe that I was suddenly smitten with a passion for the stage. In this I succeeded to a miracle; and to every question or suggestion found myself at liberty to reply in my most frog-like and sepulchral tones with some passage from the tragedies, any portion of which, as I soon took great pleasure in observing, would apply equally well to any particular subject. It is not to be supposed, however, that in the delivery of such passages I was found at all deficient in the looking asquint—the showing my teeth—the working my knees—the shuffling my feet—or in any of those unmentionable graces which are now justly considered the characteristics of a popular performer. To be sure they spoke of confining me in a straight jacket—but good God! they never suspected me of having lost my breath.

Having at length put my affairs in order, I took my seat very early one morning in the mail stage for ——, giving it to be understood among my acquaintances that business of the last importance required my immediate personal attendance.

The coach was crammed to repletion—but in the uncertain twilight the features of my companions could not be distinguished. Without making any effectual resistance I suffered myself to be placed between two gentlemen of colossal dimensions; while a third, of a size larger, requesting pardon for the liberty he was about to take, threw himself upon my body at full length, and falling asleep in an instant, drowned all my guttural ejaculations for relief, in a snore which would have put to the blush the roarings of a Phalarian bull. Happily the state of my respiratory faculties rendered suffocation an accident entirely out of the question.

As however, the day broke more distinctly in our approach to the outskirts of the city, my tormentor arising and adjusting his shirt-collar, thanked me in a very friendly manner for my civility. Seeing that I remained motionless, (all my limbs were dislocated, and my head twisted on one side,) his apprehensions began to be excited; and arousing the rest of the passengers, he communicated, in a very decided manner, his opinion that a dead man had been palmed upon them during the night for a living *bonâ fide* and responsible fellow-traveller—here giving me a thump on the right eye, by way of evidencing the truth of his suggestion.

Thereupon all, one after another, (there were nine in company) believed it their duty to pull me by the ear. A young practising physician, too, having applied a pocket-mirror to my mouth, and found me without breath, the assertion of my persecutor was pronounced a true bill; and the whole party expressed their determination to endure tamely no such impositions for the future, and to proceed no farther with any such carcasses for the present.

I was here accordingly thrown out at the sign of the "Crow," (by which tavern the coach happened to be passing) without meeting with any farther accident than the breaking of both my arms under the left hind wheel of the vehicle. I must besides do the driver the justice to state that he did not forget to throw after me the largest of my trunks, which, unfortunately falling on my head, fractured my skull in a manner at once interesting and extraordinary.

The landlord of the "Crow," who is a hospitable man, finding that my trunk contained sufficient to indemnify him for any little trouble he might take in my behalf, sent forthwith for a surgeon of his acquaintance, and delivered me to his care with a bill and receipt for five and twenty dollars.

The purchaser took me to his apartments and commenced operations immediately. Having, however, cut off my ears, he discovered signs of animation. He now rang the bell, and sent for a neighboring apothecary with whom to consult in the emergency. In case, however, of his suspicions with regard to my existence proving ultimately correct, he, in the meantime, made an incision in my stomach, and removed several of my viscera for private dissection.

The apothecary had an idea that I was actually dead. This idea I endeavored to confute, kicking and plunging with all my might, and making the most furious contortions—for the operations of the surgeon had, in a measure, restored me to the possession of my faculties. All, however, was attributed to the effects of a new Galvanic Battery, wherewith the apothecary, who is really a man of information, performed several curious experiments, in which, from my personal share in their fulfilment I could not help feeling deeply interested. It was a source of mortification to me nevertheless, that although I made several attempts at conversation, my powers of speech were so entirely *in abeyance*, that I could not even open my mouth; much less then make reply to some ingenious but fanciful theories of which, under other circumstances, my minute acquaintance with the Hippocratian Pathology would have afforded me a ready confutation.

Not being able to arrive at a conclusion, the practitioners remanded me for further examination. I was taken up into a garret; and the surgeon's lady having accommodated me with drawers and stockings, the surgeon himself fastened my hands, and tied up my jaws with a pocket handkerchief—then bolted the door on the outside as he hurried to his dinner, leaving me alone to silence and to meditation.

I now discovered to my extreme delight that I could have spoken had not my mouth been tied up by the pocket-handerchief. Consoling myself with this reflection, I was mentally repeating some passages of the

———, as is my custom before resigning myself to sleep, when two cats, of a greedy and vituperative turn, entering at a hole in the wall, leaped up with a flourish *à la Catalani*, and alighting opposite one another on my visage, betook themselves to unseemly and indecorous contention for the paltry consideration of my nose.

But, as the loss of his ears proved the means of elevating to the throne of Cyrus, the Magian or Mige-Gush of Persia, and as the cutting off his nose gave Zopyrus possession of Babylon, so the loss of a few ounces of my countenance proved the salvation of my body. Aroused by the pain, and burning with indignation, I burst, at a single effort, the fastenings and the bandage. Stalking across the room I cast a glance of contempt at the belligerents, and throwing open the sash to their extreme horror and disappointment, precipitated myself—very dexterously—from the window.

The mail-robber W———, to whom I bore a singular resemblance, was at this moment passing from the city jail to the scaffold erected for his execution in the suburbs. His extreme infirmity and long-continued ill health, had obtained him the privilege of remaining unmanacled; and habited in his gallows costume—a dress very similar to my own—he lay at full length in the bottom of the hangman's cart (which happened to be under the windows of the surgeon at the moment of my precipitation) without any other guard than the driver who was asleep, and two recruits of the sixth infantry, who were drunk.

As ill-luck would have it, I alit upon my feet within the vehicle. W———, who was an acute fellow, perceived his opportunity. Leaping up immediately he bolted out behind, and turning down an alley, was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. The recruits aroused by the bustle, could not exactly comprehend the merits of the transaction. Seeing, however, a man, the precise counterpart of the felon, standing upright in the cart before their eyes, they were of opinion that "the rascal, (meaning W———) was after making his escape," (so they expressed themselves) and, having communicated this opinion to one another, they took each a dram, and then knocked me down with the but-ends of their muskets.

It was not long ere we arrived at the place of destination. Of course nothing could be said in my defence. Hanging was my inevitable fate. I resigned myself thereto, with a feeling half stupid, half acrimonious. Being little of a cynic, I had all the sentiments of a dog. The hangman, however, adjusted the noose about my neck. The drop fell. My convulsions were said to be extraordinary. Several gentlemen swooned, and some ladies were carried home in hysterics. Pinxit, too, availed himself of the opportunity to retouch, from a sketch taken upon the spot, his admirable painting of the "Marsyas flayed alive."

I will endeavor to depict my sensations upon the gallows. To write upon such a theme it is necessary to have been hanged. Every author should confine himself to matters of experience. Thus Mark Antony wrote a treatise upon drunkenness.

Die I certainly did not. The sudden jerk given to my neck upon the falling of the drop, merely proved a corrective to the unfortunate twist afforded me by the gentleman in the coach. Although my body certainly *was*, I had, alas! no breath *to be* suspended; and but for the shaking of the rope, the pressure of the knot under my ear, and the rapid determination of blood to the brain, should, I dare say, have experienced very little inconvenience.

The latter feeling, however, grew momentarily more painful. I heard my heart beating with violence—the veins in my hands and wrists swelled nearly to bursting—my temples throbbed tempestuously—and I felt that my eyes were starting from their sockets. Yet when I say that in spite of all this my sensations were not absolutely intolerable, I will not be believed.

There were noises in my ears—first like the tolling of huge bells—then like the beating of a thousand drums—then, lastly, like the low, sullen murmurs of the sea. But these noises were very far from disagreeable.

Although, too, the powers of my mind were confused and distorted, yet I was—strange to say!—well aware of such confusion and distortion. I could, with unerring promptitude determine at will in what particulars my sensations were correct—and in what particulars I wandered from the path. I could even feel with accuracy *how far*—to *what very point*, such wanderings had misguided me, but still without the power of correcting my deviations. I took besides, at the same time, a wild delight in analyzing my conceptions.*

Memory, which, of all other faculties, should have first taken its departure, seemed on the contrary to have been endowed with quadrupled power. Each incident of my past life flitted before me like a shadow. There was not a brick in the building where I was born—not a dog-leaf in the primer I had thumbed over when a child—not a tree in the forest where I hunted when a boy—not a street in the cities I had traversed when a man—that I did not at that time most palpably behold. I could repeat to myself entire lines, passages, names, acts, chapters, books, from the studies of my earlier days; and while, I dare say, the crowd around me were blind with horror, or aghast with awe, I was alternately with Æschylus, a demi-god, or with Aristophanes, a frog.

* * * * * *

A dreamy delight now took hold upon my spirit, and I imagined that I had been eating opium, or feasting upon the Hashish of the old Assassins. But glimpses of pure, unadulterated reason—during which I was still buoyed up by the hope of finally escaping that death which hovered, like a vulture above me—were still caught occasionally by my soul.

By some unusual pressure of the rope against my face, a portion of the cap was chafed away, and I found to my astonishment that my powers of vision were not altogether destroyed. A sea of waving heads rolled around me. In the intensity of my delight I eyed them with feelings of the deepest commiseration, and blessed, as I looked upon the haggard assembly, the superior benignity of *my* proper stars.

I now reasoned, rapidly I believe—profoundly I am sure—upon principles of common law—propriety of that law especially, for which I hung—absurdities in political economy which till then I had never been able to acknowledge—dogmas in the old Aristotelians now

* The general reader will I dare say recognize, in these *sensations* of Mr. Lacko'breath, much of the absurd *metaphysicianism* of the redoubted Schelling.

generally denied, but not the less intrinsically true—detestable school formulæ in Bourdon, in Garnier, in Lacroix—synonymes in Crabbe—lunar-lunatic theories in St. Pierre—falsities in the Pelham novels—beauties in Vivian Grey—more than beauties in Vivian Grey—profundity in Vivian Grey—genius in Vivian Grey—every thing in Vivian Grey.

Then came, like a flood, Coleridge, Kant, Fitche, and Pantheism—then like a deluge, the Academie, Pergola, La Scala, San Carlo, Paul, Albert, Noblet, Ronzi Vestris, Fanny Bias, and Taglioni.

* * * * * *

A rapid change was now taking place in my sensations. The last shadows of connection flitted away from my meditations. A storm—a tempest of ideas, vast, novel, and soul-stirring, bore my spirit like a feather afar off. Confusion crowded upon confusion like a wave upon a wave. In a very short time Schelling himself would have been satisfied with my entire loss of self-identity. The crowd became a mass of mere abstraction.

About this period I became aware of a heavy fall and shock—but, although the concussion jarred throughout my frame, I had not the slightest idea of its having been sustained in my own proper person; and thought of it as of an incident peculiar to some other existence—an idiosyncrasy belonging to some other Ens.

It was at this moment—as I afterwards discovered—that having been suspended for the full term of execution, it was thought proper to remove my body from the gallows—this, the more especially as the real culprit had now been retaken and recognized.

Much sympathy was now exercised in my behalf—and as no one in the city appeared to identify my body, it was ordered that I should be interred in the public sepulchre early in the following morning. I lay, in the meantime, without signs of life—although from the moment, I suppose, when the rope was loosened from my neck, a dim consciousness of my situation oppressed me like the night-mare.

I was laid out in a chamber sufficiently small, and very much encumbered with furniture—yet to me it appeared of a size to contain the universe. I have never before or since, in body or in mind, suffered half so much agony as from that single idea. Strange! that the simple conception of abstract magnitude—of infinity—should have been accompanied with pain. Yet so it was. "With how vast a difference," said I, "in life and in death—in time and in eternity—here and hereafter, shall our merest sensations be imbodied!"

The day died away, and I was aware that it was growing dark—yet the same terrible conceit still overwhelmed me. Nor was it confined to the boundaries of the apartment—it extended, although in a more definite manner, to all objects, and, perhaps I will not be understood in saying that it extended also to all *sentiments*. My fingers as they lay cold, clammy, stiff, and pressing helplessly one against another, were, in my imagination, swelled to a size according with the proportions of the Antœus. Every portion of my frame betook of their enormity. The pieces of money—I well remember—which being placed upon my eyelids, failed to keep them effectually closed, seemed huge, interminable chariot-wheels of the Olympia, or of the Sun.

Yet it is very singular that I experienced no sense of weight—of gravity. On the contrary I was put to much inconvenience by that buoyancy—that tantalizing *difficulty of keeping down*, which is felt by the swimmer in deep water. Amid the tumult of my terrors I laughed with a hearty internal laugh to think what incongruity there would be—could I arise and walk—between the elasticity of my motion, and the mountain of my form.

* * * * * *

The night came—and with it a new crowd of horrors. The consciousness of my approaching interment, began to assume new distinctness, and consistency—yet never for one moment did I imagine *that I was not actually dead.*

"This then"—I mentally ejaculated—"this darkness which is palpable, and oppresses with a sense of suffocation—this—this—is indeed *death.* This is death—this is death the terrible—death the holy. This is the death undergone by Regulus—and equally by Seneca. Thus—thus, too, shall I always remain—always—always remain. Reason is folly, and Philosophy a lie. No one will know my sensations, my horror—my despair. Yet will men still persist in reasoning, and philosophizing, and making themselves fools. There is, I find, no hereafter but this. This—this—this—is the only Eternity!—and what, O Baalzebub!—*what* an Eternity!—to lie in this vast—this awful void—a hideous, vague, and unmeaning anomaly—motionless, yet wishing for motion—powerless, yet longing for power—forever, forever, and forever!"

But the morning broke at length—and with its misty and gloomy dawn arrived in triple horror the paraphernalia of the grave. Then—and not till then—was I fully sensible of the fearful fate hanging over me. The phantasms of the night had faded away with its shadows, and the actual terrors of the yawning tomb left me no heart for the bug-bear speculations of Transcendentalism.

I have before mentioned that my eyes were but imperfectly closed—yet as I could not move them in any degree, those objects alone which crossed the direct line of vision were within the sphere of my comprehension. But across that line of vision spectral and stealthy figures were continually flitting, like the ghosts of Banquo. They were making hurried preparations for my interment. First came the coffin which they placed quietly by my side. Then the undertaker with attendants and a screw-driver. Then a stout man whom I could distinctly see and who took hold of my feet—while one whom I could only feel lifted me by the head and shoulders. Together they placed me in the coffin, and drawing the shroud up over my face proceeded to fasten down the lid. One of the screws, missing its proper direction, was screwed by the carelessness of the undertaker deep—deep—down into my shoulder. A convulsive shudder ran throughout my frame. With what horror, with what sickening of heart did I reflect that one minute sooner a similar manifestation of life, would, in all probability, have prevented my inhumation. But alas! it was now too late, and hope died away within my bosom as I felt myself lifted upon the shoulders of men—carried down the stairway—and thrust within the hearse.

During the brief passage to the cemetery my sensations, which for some time had been lethargic and dull,

assumed, all at once, a degree of intense and unnatural vivacity for which I can in no manner account. I could distinctly hear the rustling of the plumes—the whispers of the attendants—the solemn breathings of the horses of death. Confined as I was in that narrow and strict embrace, I could feel the quicker or slower movement of the procession—the restlessness of the driver—the windings of the road as it led us to the right or to the left. I could distinguish the peculiar odor of the coffin—the sharp acid smell of the steel screws. I could see the texture of the shroud as it lay close against my face; and was even conscious of the rapid variations in light and shade which the flapping to and fro of the sable hangings occasioned within the body of the vehicle.

In a short time however, we arrived at the place of sculpture, and I felt myself deposited within the tomb. The entrance was secured—they departed—and I was left alone. A line of Marston's "Malcontent,"

"Death's a good fellow and keeps open house,"

struck me at that moment as a palpable lie. Sullenly I lay at length, the quick among the dead—and *Anacharsis inter Scythas.*

From what I overheard early in the morning, I was led to believe that the occasions when the vault was made use of were of very rare occurrence. It was probable that many months might elapse before the doors of the tomb would be again unbarred—and even should I survive until that period, what means could I have more than at present, of making known my situation or of escaping from the coffin? I resigned myself, therefore, with much tranquillity to my fate, and fell, after many hours, into a deep and deathlike sleep.

How long I remained thus is to me a mystery. When I awoke my limbs were no longer cramped with the cramp of death—I was no longer without the power of motion. A very slight exertion was sufficient to force off the lid of my prison—for the dampness of the atmosphere had already occasioned decay in the woodwork around the screws.

My steps as I groped around the sides of my habitation were, however, feeble and uncertain, and I felt all the gnawings of hunger with the pains of intolerable thirst. Yet, as time passed away, it is strange that I experienced little uneasiness from these scourges of the earth, in comparisons with the more terrible visitations of the fiend *Ennui.* Stranger still were the resources by which I endeavored to banish him from my presence.

The sepulchre was large and subdivided into many compartments, and I busied myself in examining the peculiarities of their construction. I determined the length and breadth of my abode. I counted and recounted the stones of the masonry. But there were other methods by which I endeavored to lighten the tedium of my hours. Feeling my way among the numerous coffins ranged in order around, I lifted them down, one by one, and breaking open their lids, busied myself in speculations about the mortality within.

"This," I reflected, tumbling over a carcass, puffy, bloated, and rotund—"this has been, no doubt, in every sense of the word, an unhappy—an unfortunate man. It has been his terrible lot not to walk, but to waddle—to pass through life not like a human being, but like an elephant—not like a man, but like a rhinoceros.

"His attempts at getting on have been mere abortions—and his circumgyratory proceedings a palpable failure. Taking a step forward, it has been his misfortune to take two towards the right, and three towards the left. His studies have been confined to the Philosophy of Crabbe.

"He can have had no idea of the wonders of a *Pirouette.* To him a *Pas de Papillon* has been an abstract conception.

"He has never ascended the summit of a hill. He has never viewed from any steeple the glories of a metropolis.

"Heat has been his mortal enemy. In the dog-days his days have been the days of a dog. Therein, he has dreamed of flames and suffocation—of mountains upon mountains—of Pelion upon Ossa.

"He was short of breath—to say all in a word—he was short of breath.

"He thought it extravagant to play upon wind instruments. He was the inventor of self-moving fans—wind-sails—and ventilators. He patronized Du Pont the bellows-maker—and died miserably in attempting to smoke a cigar.

"His was a case in which I feel deep interest—a lot in which I sincerely sympathize."

"But here," said I—"here"—and I dragged spitefully from its receptacle a gaunt, tall, and peculiar-looking form, whose remarkable appearance struck me with a sense of unwelcome familiarity—"here," said I—"here is a wretch entitled to no earthly commiseration." Thus saying, in order to obtain a more distinct view of my subject, I applied my thumb and forefinger to his nose, and, causing him to assume a sitting position upon the ground, held him, thus, at the length of my arm, while I continued my soliloquy.

—"entitled," I repeated, "to no earthly commiseration. Who indeed would think of compassionating a shadow? Besides—has he not had his full share of the blessings of mortality? He was the originator of tall monuments—shot-towers—lightning-rods—lombardy-poplars. His treatise upon 'Shades and Shadows' has immortalized him.

"He went early to college and studied Pneumatics. He then came home—talked eternally—and played upon the French horn.

"He patronized the bag-pipes. Captain Barclay, who walked against Time, would not walk against *him.* Windham and Allbreath were his favorite writers. He died gloriously while inhaling gas—*levique flatu corrumpitur*, like the *fama pudicitiæ* in Hieronymus.* He was indubitably a"——

"How *can* you?—how—*can*—you?"—interrupted the object of my animadversions, gasping for breath, and tearing off, with a desperate exertion, the bandage around his jaws—how *can* you, Mr. Lacko'breath, be so infernally cruel as to pinch me in that manner by the nose? Did you not see how they had fastened up my mouth—and you *must* know—if you know any thing—what a vast superfluity of breath I have to dispose of! If you

* *Tenera res in feminis fama pudicitiæ et quasi flos pulcherrimus, cito ad levem marcessit auram, levique flatu corrumpitur—maxime*, &c.—Hieronymus ad Salvinam.

do *not* know, however, sit down and you shall see. In my situation it is really a great relief to be able to open one's mouth—to be able to expatiate—to be able to communicate with a person like yourself who do not think yourself called upon at every period to interrupt the thread of a gentleman's discourse. Interruptions are annoying and should undoubtedly be abolished—don't you think so?—no reply, I beg you,—one person is enough to be speaking at a time. I shall be done, by and bye, and then you may begin. How the devil, sir, did you get into this place?—not a word I beseech you—been here some time myself—terrible accident!—heard of it I suppose—awful calamity!—walking under your windows—some short while ago—about the time you were stage-struck—horrible occurrence! heard of 'catching one's breath,' eh?—hold your tongue I tell you!—I caught somebody else's!—had always too much of my own—met Blab at the corner of the street—would'nt give me a chance for a word—could'nt get in a syllable edgeways—attacked, consequently, with Epilepsis—Blab made his escape—damn all fools!—they took me up for dead, and put me in this place—pretty doings all of them!—heard all you said about me—every word a lie—horrible!—wonderful!—outrageous!—hideous!—incomprehensible!—et cetera—et cetera—et cetera—et cetera"———

It is impossible to conceive my astonishment at so unexpected a discourse; or the extravagant joy with which I became gradually convinced that the breath so fortunately caught by the gentleman—whom I soon recognized as my neighbor Windenough—was, in fact, the identical expiration mislaid by myself in the conversation with my wife. Time—place—and incidental circumstances rendered it a matter beyond question. I did not however, immediately release my hold upon Mr. W.'s proboscis—not at least during the long period in which the inventor of lombardy poplars continued to favor me with his explanations. In this respect I was actuated by that habitual prudence which has ever been my predominating trait.

I reflected that many difficulties might still lie in the path of my preservation which extreme exertion on my part would be alone able to surmount. Many persons, I considered, are prone to estimate commodities in their possession—however valueless to the then proprietor—however troublesome, or distressing—in precise ratio with the advantages to be derived by others from their attainment—or by themselves from their abandonment. Might not this be the case with Mr. Windenough? In displaying anxiety for the breath of which he was at present so willing to get rid, might I not lay myself open to the exactions of his avarice? There are scoundrels in this world—I remembered with a sigh—who will not scruple to take unfair opportunities with even a next door neighbor—and (this remark is from Epictetus) it is precisely at that time when men are most anxious to throw off the burden of their own calamities that they feel the least desirous of relieving them in others.

Upon considerations similar to these, and still retaining my grasp upon the nose of Mr. W, I accordingly thought proper to model my reply.

"Monster!"—I began in a tone of the deepest indignation—"monster! and double-winded idiot!—Dost *thou* whom, for thine iniquities, it has pleased Heaven to accurse with a two-fold respiration—dost *thou*, I say, presume to address me in the familiar language of an old acquaintance?—'I lie,' forsooth!—and 'hold my tongue,' to be sure—pretty conversation, indeed, to a gentleman with a single breath!—all this, too, when I have it in my power to relieve the calamity under which thou dost so justly suffer—to curtail the superfluities of thine unhappy respiration." Like Brutus I paused for a reply—with which, like a tornado, Mr. Windenough immediately overwhelmed me. Protestation followed upon protestation, and apology upon apology. There were no terms with which he was unwilling to comply, and there were none of which I failed to take the fullest advantage.

Preliminaries being at length arranged, my acquaintance delivered me the respiration—for which—having carefully examined it—I gave him afterwards a receipt.

I am aware that by many I shall be held to blame for speaking in a manner so cursory of a transaction so impalpable. It will be thought that I should have entered more minutely into the details of an occurrence by which—and all this is very true—much new light might be thrown upon a highly interesting branch of physical philosophy.

To all this, I am sorry, that I cannot reply. A hint is the only answer which I am permitted to make. There were circumstances—but I think it much safer upon consideration to say as little as possible about an affair so delicate—so *delicate*, I repeat, and at the same time involving the interests of a third party whose resentment I have not the least desire, at this moment, of incurring.

We were not long after this necessary arrangement in effecting an escape from the dungeons of the sepulchre. The united strength of our resuscitated voices was soon efficiently apparent. Scissors, the Whig Editor, republished a treatise upon "the nature and origin of subterranean noises." A reply—rejoinder—confutation—and justification followed in the columns of an ultra Gazette. It was not until the opening of the vault to decide the controversy, that the appearance of Mr. Windenough and myself proved both parties to have been decidedly in the wrong.

I cannot conclude these details of some very singular passages in a life at all times sufficiently eventful, without again recalling to the attention of the reader the merits of that indiscriminate philosophy which is a sure and ready shield against those shafts of calamity which can be neither seen, felt, nor fully understood. It was in the spirit of this wisdom that, among the ancient Hebrews, it was believed the gates of Heaven would be inevitably opened to that sinner, or saint, who with good lungs and implicit confidence, should vociferate the word "*Amen!*" It was in the spirit of this wisdom that when a great plague raged at Athens, and every means had been in vain attempted for its removal, Epimenides—as Laertius relates in his second book of the life of that philosopher—advised the erection of a shrine and temple *to prostekonti Theo*—"to the proper God."

The "Acajou et Zirphile" of Du Clos is a whimsical and amusing Fairy Tale, ingeniously composed in illustration of a series of grotesque, and extravagant engravings, whose figures, rats, apes, butterflies, and men, have no earthly meaning or connection but that given by the pen of the writer.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CUPID'S SPORT.

"And is this Cupid's realm?—if so, good by!
Cupid, and Cupid's votaries I fly:
No offering to his altar do I bring—
No bleeding heart, nor hymeneal ring."

In the third number of the Messenger, my good reader, you and I were engaged in taking a peep at Cupid's Sport. Unless you have fallen out with me, (as I certainly have not with you,) we will again travel together, in a half merry, half serious mood, through some three or four pages. We shall perhaps be forced to scramble over hedges matted with brambles, or amble along some grassy mead or velvet lawn; it may be we

"Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow."

You no doubt remember in what a sad plight we left our young friend Timothy Wilberforce; how he had been gradually led on by Cupid, buoyed up and transported, till he attained within a step of the pinnacle of bliss--and then, how the mischief-making God had precipitated him to the very brink of despair; how, like Sisyphus,

"Up the high hill he heav'd the huge round stone;"

and how

"The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
Thunder'd impetuous down, and smoked along the ground."

In fine, he had been caught and caged, manacled, cuffed, and then *kicked*, (that's the word,) by our good little, sweet little Molly, to his heart's content. Alas! this truly is one of the miseries of human life. Had Tim received a kick from a man fashioned like himself, he might at least have returned the blow. Had it been bestowed by one fashioned after the manner of the Houyhnims, with hock and hoof, or had it been driven full in his face by an ass, shod with a double set of irons, he might have consoled himself with the reflection that some skilful surgeon would replace the mangled elements, or kind nature reproduce a healthy action. But the impress of a damsel's foot upon a generous heart was far more difficult to efface. The wound it inflicted, had baffled through all ages the skill of anatomists, phrenologists, and philosophers. Tim then, could only bewail the hopelessness of his situation in the mournful strains of the gentle Corydon:

"She is faithless, and I am undone.
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure."

These were the first sensations of his softened soul, but as time moved on with his unslackened wing, other thoughts unbidden sprung upon his mind. Memory indeed, for awhile continued to brood over "the ills that flesh is heir to," but the good Tim, at last, came to the same conclusion with the wise McPherson, that

"To cut his throat, a brave man scorns,
So, instead of his throat, he cut—his corns."

Tim, like all honest bachelors, swore most roundly, that he would never more be caught by woman's wiles; that she was heartless, faithless, deceitful, "and desperately wicked." Alas! poor Tim knew not the susceptibility of his own heart; and Cupid but smiled to think how easily he could hold our hero in magic thraldom. Tim indeed could cry out in the agony of woe,

"Have I not had my brain sear'd, heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied away?"

but still, blindfold and unconscious, he would find himself worse than ever entangled and ensnared. A ringlet tastefully displayed, a soft melting eye, it might be a keen piercing one, it mattered not to him, a dimpled cheek, a laughter making mouth, were to him more attractive, than a diamond to a miser, a ship with her canvass swelling to the breeze to the jolly tar, or a well fed steed to a Dutchman's fancy. The very hopes he once cherished, now nipped and blighted; his former fondness for society which he now shunned and despised, served by the contrast to make him doubly gloomy and alone,

"Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay."

Feeling so doubly lone, Tim would again seek a partner to sympathize in his sorrows, and to whom could he go? to man—cold calculating man? What is man worth in sorrow? Has he the tender sensibility, the warm hearted sympathy that is ever alive in a female's bosom? If you tell him your love sick tale, he will laugh you to scorn, he will frown you down for a puling blockhead; but woman will listen to your griefs, will alleviate your pain, assuage your sorrow, and if she but smiles, Tim would exclaim,

"How she smiled, and I could not but love."

With feelings such as these, Tim *accidentally* became acquainted with "the lass with the auburn curls." These accidents occur sometimes, so happily and apropos, that we are tempted to believe them not merely the result of casualty; my own opinion is, that they are all devised, planned and executed by that wily urchin cupid, to bring those together, upon whom to sport his strange fantastic freaks.

One autumn's eve, when the sun was low, Catherine and her Cousin Tony issued forth, to ramble along the winding banks of the James River Canal. They were admiring the beauty of the scenery, and occasionally turning to view the dazzling brilliancy of many of the windows in the city, caused by the reflection of the setting sun, producing the effect of an illumination shifting from house to house as they changed their position.

They had progressed along the canal as far as the first water-fall, the situation of which, many of my readers will no doubt remember; not as it is at present, but as it existed a few years ago, before the polishing hand of art had shorn it of half its beauties. There is an arch turned there, spanning the ravine, over which the canal passes at its usual level, and is thus raised, some thirty feet perhaps, above the base of the ravine. Under this arch a pellucid rivulet gently ripples, till reaching the brink of the acclivity below, it leaps and bounds towards the river. Above the sides of this arch, the waste water from the canal rushed headlong, mingling with the clear waters of the rivulet, and dashing foamingly along, or eddying and bubbling among a rugged bed of granite. On the east side of this fall, there was once a rock, raised high above the rest, by the side of which a little cedar grew, over and around whose boughs the wild grape and sweet brier inter-

twined their branches until they hung a verdant canopy above. This place, adorned as it was with its native drapery, had obtained the name of "Cupid's Cavern,"—for here, many a loving couple, after an evening's walk, would rest, feasting upon the beauties of the surrounding scenery. And here, many a tale of love had been told, which the roar of the water-fall deafened to all, but the ears into which they had been whispered. On the rock just mentioned, by the side of the cavern, Tony and Kate at length seated themselves, and will you believe it, Tony was actually endeavoring to persuade his *cousin* to permit him, to call her, by a more endearing title.

Tim too, had been attracted by the delicious softness of the evening, to gaze upon the same beauties; he was a little behind them during the walk, but had been so absorbed with his own reflections, that he had scarcely noticed that any one was before him. Here, he had often walked with his once sweet Molly in the days of his happiness, and although he now boasted that his heart was free as air, association necessarily brought to his mind, her whom he wished to banish, and spite of himself, he more than once repeated,

> "Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
> I could wander with pleasure alone."

A few yards above the fall I have vainly endeavored to describe, there was a little bridge across the canal, then formed of two logs, each about a foot wide, but without railing or safeguard of any kind. From its proximity to "Cupid's Cavern," it might well have been termed the "Bridge of Sighs." These logs had been so long exposed to the weather, and were so much used and worn, as to have become very much decayed and absolutely dangerous. Still, through mere habit, they were daily crossed by many, and their dilapidated condition was scarcely noticed. One had evidently, already, partially given way near the middle, while the other was not in a much more sound condition.

Upon the end of this bridge, Tim determined to rest, and while thoughtfully musing, his eyes fell upon the cousins I have just described, seated on the rock below.

Reader, I cannot tell you all that Tony or Kate said; I wish I could. A word or two must suffice. It is not what they said I care about. I desire you to look at Kate, and then tell me if you can blame Tim for looking too.

"Cousin Kate," said Tony, "Did you ever feel as if you would choke when you attempted to speak?" This was a plain, common place question, and Catherine might have answered straight forward, "Yes, cousin Tony, I have,"—or "No, Tony, I have not;" or "I do not know cuz;"--but, some how or other, girls are strange beings. Catherine said not one word, but began to blush. "I have called you *cousin*," said Tony, "long enough, Kate." Here the perspiration stood upon Tony's brow, and Kate blushed crimson. "Cousin Tony," said Kate, "It is time for us to be returning home." "Ah Kate," said Tony, "you know how long and how ardently I have loved you; may I not, one day, drop that epithet of Cousin?" Tony looked at Kate for some reply. "Cousin Tony," said Catherine, summoning up all her courage, "we can never be more than friends and cousins." Then Kate's brow began to cool, but whenever Tony would press the matter, all he saw was new blown blushes, for Kate had seen that Tim's eyes were fastened upon her, and from Tony's eager gaze and manner, she well knew a stranger's suspicions must be roused.

Gentle reader, I have told you thus much of Tony's courtship, that you, as well as Tim, might see a few of Katy's blushes. She was as delicately refined in thought and sentiment as you can possibly conceive. Her's was

> "A beautiful transparent skin,
> Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in;"

so soft, and thin, and white, that you might perceive each pulse as it ebbed and flowed; indeed, whenever her heart was excited by any sudden emotion, the delicate ruby would come and go, till the consciousness of blushing would make her doubly crimson. She would endeavor to conceal her emotions,

> "But o'er her bright brow flashed a tumult strange,
> And into her clear cheek the blood was brought,
> Blood red, as sunset summer clouds, which range
> The verge of heaven."

Good reader, I hate formal introductions, and therefore I have not introduced you formally to my heroine, but since I have let you into the secret that Kate's foible was blushing, I must go a little further; when she did blush, she had a habit, as if to cool her brow, of parting her ringlets, and then, carelessly, throwing them back, there wantonly hung

> "Down her white neck, long floating auburn curls,
> The least of which, would set ten poets raving."

You are not to consider this a description of Katy's person; when I attempt such a delineation, it will be with a flourish of trumpets, louder and longer than Joshua made, when he encompassed the walls of Jericho and blew them into fragments. At present, you see our Catherine in a simple, neat, white dress, which

> "Like fleecy clouds about the moon, play'd 'round her."

All this time, Tim, that most notorious contemner of beauty, and the man of all others who could most manfully resist loveliness, "in any shape, in any mood," sat drinking in these unconscious exhibitions of Katy's character and mind. He saw not Tony, much less did he hear or imagine what he said. All he perceived was Catherine's face, and those rich, floating curls. It was indeed cruel in Cupid to place him there. At every succeeding blush, a poisoned arrow flew from his silver bow, and Tim's poor heart fluttered in his bosom. Determining for once, however, to out general Cupid, Tim gallantly resolved upon a hasty flight; accordingly, he took himself across the little bridge, and began sauntering away on the opposite hill.

About the same time, Catherine again insisted upon returning, and Tony finding all effort at persuasion perfectly hopeless, began to put upon the matter the best face he could muster. Taking his cousin's arm he insisted she should vary the walk, by crossing to the other side of the canal, and return to the city in that direction. Kate expressed her uneasiness at crossing this insecure bridge, but as Tony was importunate, she reluctantly consented, not desiring farther to add to his mortification by a positive refusal. Tony, as a man of gallantry naturally would do, placed Catherine upon the soundest of the logs, he himself walking by her side on the weaker of the two, not reflecting that the weaker log would much more easily bear her weight than his. As fate would have it, Catherine became alarmed by the trembling of the bridge, and leaned the more heavily

upon Tony for support, and as he was not in a mood to care much whether he broke his own neck or not, he insisted upon proving to his cousin, that the bridge was perfectly secure, and that all her fears were totally groundless. So taking her by the arm, in a careless way, and telling her gaily, "Now mind what you are about," he raised himself upon his feet several times, so as to produce an oscillating motion in the log. At this moment, Tim had turned about to cast one lingering look, merely to inquire with himself, what lassie that might be, when perceiving the danger they were in, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Take care!"—but it was too late,—down went the log with a terrible crash, and poor Tony and sweet Kate were precipitated into the water below, in the middle of the canal, at the deepest point. If ever you have seen in the hand of some ruthless urchin, an innocent bird (which he has just succeeded in securing from his trap,) flurried, gasping and panting with fright, you will have a correct idea of Katy. She gave one shriek as she fell, and then rose almost breathless, gasping and panting in an agony of alarm. Luckily the water was not more than waist deep. Tony went down feet foremost, following the decayed timbers, (pity he had not fallen on his head,) but Catherine, clinging to his arm at the time of the accident, and having her support suddenly taken from her, was precipitated at full length into the water. In an instant, Tim rushed to the spot. Into the canal he went, and catching the terrified Kate in his arms, he brought her safely to the shore. Tony did all he could, but poor fellow he was completely involved among the broken fragments, and though he strove to rescue Kate, it was as much as he could do to extricate himself. Tim knew there was no danger of Tony's drowning, and so he left him to struggle for himself, giving all his attention to Kate, who was truly an object worthy of his care, and yet not the less of his admiration. She, though thoroughly wet, withal looked so grateful, and her countenance expressed so many thanks, and her pitiable situation, together with the freshness of the water, heightened the bloom of her cheek to such a degree, that Tim never once noticed her dress. Well might he have imagined her the beauteous Goddess Thetis, with her silvery drapery, as she issued from her watery mansion. But when she took off her fragile bonnet, to adjust her dishevelled hair, and he viewed

> "O'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
> Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow,"

who could have blamed him, if he had given way to his raptures, and exclaimed,

> "My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
> And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold."

As for Tony, if you could have seen him, as he crept out of the water, with his "long tailed blue," tapering to a point, and dripping like an old rooster under a cart, on a rainy day, with his head up and his tail down, you really would have pitied him; he knew not which way to look, nor what to say. I have seen a dog caught in the act of killing sheep; have seen a wet rat creeping out of a tub; and I saw the gay Tony sneaking out of the canal after having been turned off by his sweetheart, and each of these animals, dog, rat, and Tony, had the same identical sickly phiz. The dog slunk to his kennel, the rat crept to his hole, but Tony was forced to his mistress, who with all imaginable sweetness forgave him in an instant. He ought, if he could, to have crept into an augur hole and hid himself there forever.

However, finding Tim was an old friend of his, he thanked him kindly for his timely assistance, and introduced him to her, of all others, with whom Tim most desired some farther acquaintance.

In a little time, our three friends began to laugh the matter over as well as they could, and being thoroughly drenched, they endeavored to keep each other in countenance, on their way homeward. Tim accompanied Kate to her door, and then, wishing she might experience no farther inconvenience from her accident, and having received a polite invitation to visit the family, retired with Tony to procure a drier suit.

My kind reader, you must listen to me with patience; hereafter, I will not ramble so much at large, but will hasten on with my story. Time's magic wing sped on, and days, weeks and months rolled by. In the mean time, Tim continued his visits to Kate. Sometimes, at an interval of a fortnight; at other times but a week would elapse; then this short week began to appear an entire month; finally, weeks were reduced to days, and days to hours, and Tim was not satisfied unless he paid a visit at least twice a day.

The gossips of the city were thus furnished with a new theme to run riot with, and Tim and Catherine were bandied about at a merciless rate. Some thought it passing strange—others thought it natural enough. "Did you hear Mr. Wilberforce was courting?" said one; "Did you know Miss Catherine was engaged?" said another; "I'll bet my life they will be married!" "I know she has turned him off!" "She will never have him in the world," said a third, "for she is already engaged to her cousin Tony." And thus, Tim was known to be courting, engaged, turned off and jilted, before he himself had ascertained what his fate would be; but the latter opinion, that he was certainly turned off, gained the more currency, particularly as our friend was suddenly called off, by business, to a distant city, where he was compelled to remain for several months. The busy bodies could not but notice, with what a heavy heart he departed, and there could be no possibility of doubt about it. Tim had certainly received his walking papers. No matter, friend Tim, thou must learn

> "What it is to admire and to love,
> And to leave her we love and admire."

My best wishes attend thee wherever thou goest.

Most persons would suppose, that after the honest denial, and the decent ducking Tony had obtained, that the ardor of his love would have been somewhat cooled, and that he would have been the last person who would ever have attempted again to mention love in Catherine's presence. Not so, Tony. He had been more than once rejected already by his cousin, but because they were cousins, and Catherine had always treated him kindly, Tony was still induced to harbor hope, when almost any other person would only have welcomed despair. He found it impossible "to look and not to love." He was one of those luckless wights, who love and are not beloved, and yet cannot bring themselves to give up the loved object—who, though driven from the presence of their fair ones, continue to cast a lingering look behind, to catch a glimpse of relenting compassion. He reminded me of the glowing descrip-

tion of Lot's wife, once given by an humble divine, when he endeavored to explain to his flock why it was that she continued to look back as she fled from the ill-fated Sodom. "Ah, my brethren," he said, "no doubt the good woman had a pleasant little garden there, filled with all kinds of vegetables, and the remembrance of her greens, and her turnips, her potatoes, tomatoes, her squashes and beans, about which she had experienced many moments of anxiety and vexation, caused her heart to cling to the world, and so from the top of every little knob, she looked,—and looked,—and there she stands, a pillar of salt." If Tony but received a look of recognition, it was sufficient encouragement for him. If he accidentally received a civil bow, in return for a gracious smile, he would imagine himself welcomed to her arms. If he offered his hand, and she did not put her arms akimbo, and look like a very virago, he would return the next morning, and if he was again told of *friendship* merely, Tony would only express his astonishment, and say, "Why then did you give me such encouragement,—why did you look in that way?" Look in that way! Now the fact is, no matter which way Catherine might have looked, it would have been all the same to Tony. If she looked mild and placid, or fierce and acid; if she had been pensive and musing, or laughing and romping; had she looked out of her right eye athwart her nose, or out of her left athwart her shoulder, or had she not looked at all, "like Paddy, when he shut his eyes to peep in the glass, to see how he looked when asleep," Tony would have discovered ample cause for indulging in hope in each smile, frown, curl of the lip, or play of a muscle. But though, continuing in the same hopeless condition, he always consoled himself by saying,

> "She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew,
> My path I could hardly discern,
> So sweetly she bade me adieu,
> I thought that she bade me return."

Time still moved onward. And Catherine still attracted and received the admiration of all who beheld her. One day, as she was seated alone in her parlor, in a somewhat melancholy mood, (for it was a rainy, dreary day,) with a book in her hand, her back to the door, and her head leaning against the sash of the window, she began to hum to herself a little song a friend had lately given her. She would sing a line or two, and pause,—and then again would raise her mellow voice.

> "If he return not, ah, she said,
> I'll bid adieu to Hope to-morrow."

And this was sung with so much feeling, you could plainly see her heart had given utterance to its inmost sentiments. Her singing was so sweet, we might truly say,

> "It was the carol of a bird;
> It ceased, and then it came again,
> The sweetest song ear ever heard."

The notes however died away, and Kate still sat in a seeming reverie. When we are fairly in one of these musing moods, we will sit for hours, without being able to tell upon what object our eyes or thoughts have been so keenly rivetted. Our senses seem to be closed against ordinary impressions. At any rate, while Catherine continued thus leaning, some one walked lightly into the room, and discovering he was not noticed, gently placed his hands over her eyes without speaking.

"Now, cousin Tony," said Kate, "none of your tricks; I am not in a humor for trifling to-day." Tony was not satisfied with feeling cousin Katy's eyes, but turning her head gently back, was feasting on the face, which a little vexation had slightly ruffled. "I'll pay you for this," Tony," she said, in a sprightlier tone, "I know it is you, so let me go." Tony had often played this trick before. "I thought, after what passed," said Kate, and she was about saying something harsh, but checking herself, she added, "Never mind, Tony." "Indeed, Kate, it is not Tony," said the gentleman, releasing his prisoner.

Reader, you have seen blushes! Had you been with me that day, you would have witnessed "smiles playing with dimples, suffused with blushes, Aurora alone could rival." You would have seen surprise and joy chasing away sorrow from a pensive brow; and from the "joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem," you would have sworn that these were acknowledged lovers.

> "Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
> An instant sunshine through the heart."

Who do you think could have thus intruded and taken such a liberty, other than cousin Tony? It was our old friend Timothy Wilberforce, returned from his travels.

Any one of ordinary comprehension, who could have witnessed this meeting, and seen these looks, would have felt no hesitation in making affidavit to the fact, that Kate had not only never rejected Tim, but that they were upon *pretty reasonable terms.*

Some of my fair readers, I have no doubt, have already determined, if any engagement actually existed, that Tim was a cold, phlegmatic, inanimate being, or he would have kissed her at every hazard. I know one young lady, who jilted a beau, because he never offered to salute her,—she "had no idea of icicles"—not she. And I know another, who swears! (ladies never swear,) who "vows, 'pon honor, she would turn off any man under the sun, who would have the presumption to approach her with such an intention even." But if the doors were closed, blinds drawn, and they were all alone, and she was sure nobody could see them, I rather think it would not be quite as shocking as some people might imagine. The fact is, my dear madam, Tim was excessively remiss on this occasion, but he must be excused, because, just as he was in the very act, with one hand under Katy's chin, and the other at the back of her head, and just as her little lips began to crimson, in came Katy's dear old aunty! I take my oath, I would have gone the whole figure, and old aunt Tabby might have gone to the ——. (I beg pardon.) Tim and Kate took it out in looking, and

> "In the large dark eyes mutual darted flame,"

enough was said and felt to compensate the loss.

Now, you must understand, that for some cause, I never could divine what, aunt Tabby had taken up a mortal antipathy to our friend Tim; indeed, she was his evil genius, and she always managed to step in, at the very moment of all others, when her company was least desired. If he paid a morning visit, and the rest of the family kindly dropped off one by one, (each, by the bye, making a lame excuse for his or her absence,) just as Tim would draw up his chair close along side, and begin those endearments, which all know how to use, but few to express,

"The gentle pressure and the thrilling touch,
The least glance, better understood than words,"

in would pop aunt Tabby, and down she would sit, like a cat at a hole, and sit there for hours. Oh how Tim's heart would sicken. If he made an evening call, and sat till all the family retired to repose, good aunt Tabby did not think it proper for young ladies to be left alone with young gentlemen; such things were not tolerated in her day. Thus did the old lady keep her nightly vigils, rattling away about ten thousand fooleries, and fretting honest Tim more than a legion of devils, and at last, after vainly spending the evening, the poor fellow would slowly depart, growling smothered curses:

"So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long galled by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds:
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day,
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey."

Some readers will say, "what difference would it make if aunt Tabby was present?" I set all such down as utter boobies; for if any one could carry on a courtship, or after engagement could carry on a conversation with his intended, when the "Mother of Vinegar" was present, in the shape of an old maid, and that old maid a sworn enemy, I would unhesitatingly pronounce, that Cupid had nothing in the world to do with the matter.

Tim and Kate however, found opportunities, at other times, to elude even the vigilance of aunt Tabby, and the old lady finding matters were going on swimmingly, in spite of her interruptions and vigils, only became the more determined to break off the match, if it could by possibility be accomplished. The dear old lady never failed to whisper into Katy's ear, every idle slander that the fertility of her own mind enabled her to invent, or that she accidentally picked up among the malicious gossips of the neighborhood, and more than once Katy's faith had been shaken by her plausible inventions. Nevertheless, as yet, Tim was smoothly gliding on the unruffled wave of happiness; all was quiet and calm, and but a few days had elapsed since Kate appointed the period for the consummation of their nuptials.

On a former occasion, when Tim and little Molly were engaged, my readers will remember how Tim endeavored to break the matter to his mother. How he began with a desire to have the old house in which they lived, newly painted, and how, before they came to the conclusion to do so, the matter was suddenly terminated, by the unlucky intrusion of a small *friendly* epistle, which not only rendered it unnecessary to paint the house, but actually caused Tim to kick up more dust and soot, than could be effaced by the best coat of English lead that could be procured.

At the present juncture, the first intimation the old lady had of the matter, was afforded her by an army of carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons and painters, scaling her house with ladders and scaffolds, and turning the whole concern, topsy turvy, from the garret to the cellar. Here ran the painters devils, rubbing every thing with sand paper; there shouted the bricklayer, "mortar! bricks here!" Here whistled the carpenter, and jarred the old timbers with his hammer, banging and whacking away with the force of a giant.

"In the name of common sense," said the old lady, "good people what do you mean?" If ever you saw a hen fluttering when a hawk made a sudden dart at one of her brood, you would have some idea of the old lady on this memorable occasion. It was as plain as the nose in her face, that something was to pay, and she half suspected what it was; but that Tim should go to work without any consultation was unaccountable, and more than that, it was unreasonable. She hallooed for Tim; he was not forthcoming. She asked the carpenter what he was about? "Mr. Wilberforce had ordered him to mend every thing that required mending." She inquired of the bricklayer what he was doing? "Mr. Wilberforce told him to cap the chimnies, relay the hearths and mend the whole concern." She asked the painter what he meant by all this preparation? "Mr. Wilberforce sent him to paint the house all over." "You must have made a mistake in the house," said Tim's mother. "No—there was no mistake. It was to be done, and in the best style, and in the shortest possible time." The old lady packed off the servants in all directions for Tim, and in the mean time continued fluttering about, stowing away this thing and that thing, into this hole and that cuddy, until she had fatigued herself into a perfect fever. At length, Tim arrived. "My dear son," said she, "what in the world has got into you? Do you mean to ruin yourself, Tim?" "Mother," says Tim, kindly, "I told you I was going to be married." "No you did'nt." "Well, I tell you so now, and I think our house wants a little furbishing." Now, the old lady had frequently of late, been charging Tim with being in love with Kate, and though he never exactly denied it, yet he never had admitted it; and though she had no decided objection to the match, yet she never had made up her mind to it, and therefore she seated herself and began to cry. She did'nt ask Tim, who he was to marry? Where the young lady lived? What she was like? Whether she had a fortune or not? But she sat down, as one bereft of all hope, and tuned up her pipes. Alas for Tim! He had been too precipitate. Such matters require some introduction.

The truth was, nothing could give the old lady so much happiness, as to contribute in any way to Tim's comfort and felicity, or to know that he was happy; but then, she and Tim had lived so long together, now that he was going to be married, it seemed to her as though she and he were to be divorced forever, and a thousand conflicting feelings rushed into her bosom. Tim asked his mother if she was dissatisfied with the match? "No," she said, in a tone of inextinguishable grief, and then burst forth into fresh weeping.

Now, gentle reader, I have told you that the painters were making terrible preparations for their work, and while Tim and his mother were engaged, as we have just seen,—he, endeavoring to soothe the old lady's unreasonable and ill-timed grief, and she, exhibiting as much woe as she could possibly have done, had Tim been wrapped in his winding sheet before her,—one of these aforesaid daubers kept continually passing in and out at the door, until he had heard enough to satisfy him that Tim was going to be married, and that the old lady was most vehemently opposed to the match. He had not heard her deny her opposition, but he had seen and heard her weepings and wailings, which con-

vinced him that she would never consent to the match in the world. So, on his way home that day, he happened to meet his cousin Patsy Wiggins, and stopping her in the street,—"Did you know, cousin Patty, that young Mr. Wilberforce is going to be married?" said brushy. "But I tell you what, it has kicked up a terrible rumpus. I just left the old lady, breaking her heart about it, and poor Mr. Tim is in a peck of troubles." Brushy went his way, and so did cousin Patty, but meeting her dear friend Miss Deborah Dobbins, as she was gossiping about the neighborhood; "Ah, my dear Deb," says she, "have you heard the news? Old Mrs. Wilberforce says, she will see her son in his grave, before she will give her consent to his marrying, and what's more, Miss Catherine Turberville shall never darken her doors while her head is hot. You may rely upon it, they will have monstrous work of it." So off posted the friendly Deborah Dobbins, to visit her crony, good Miss Catherine's dear aunt Tabby. "Aunt Tabby," said Deb, "I am afraid I have bad news to tell you." "What is it child?" "I know it will *distress you* to hear it, but Mrs. Wilberforce has just heard that her son and your niece are engaged, and she has told her son, in the most peremptory manner, that her family shall never be disgraced by such a connexion—that your niece is beneath his notice, and if he does not break off the match immediately, he never more shall see her face. Now, Mr. Tim swears he will marry her in spite of all opposition, and so the whole house is in an uproar. If I were Kate, I'd let them know who was disgraced."—"Beneath them!" said aunt Tabby, turning up her nose until it nearly twisted over the back of her head—"Beneath them, indeed!" "Darken her doors!" "She disgraced by my niece!" "She!"

Gentle reader, you may readily imagine what else these good people said and devised; but while this tale was going the rounds, gathering as it rolled, Tim had entirely reconciled his mother to his intended marriage, and as he unfolded his little plans, for his own and her future comfort, the old lady cheered up and resumed her wonted good humor.

The next day, Tim as usual, called to see his dearest Catherine, but he was told she was not at home that morning. In the evening he called again. "Miss Catherine was so unwell, she had taken to her bed." Early the day after, Tim called to inquire how Catherine was. "Tell Miss Catherine," said Tim, "I called to see her, and hope she is better." Tim rambled about the lower part of the house. "Miss Catherine was not so well." In this way, Tim called for several days, vainly hoping to see his Kate, or at any rate to receive some kind word or message. At last, he was honored with the following letter.

"*Richmond, March 10th.*

"I hope Mr. Wilberforce will pardon me for having denied myself so often. At first, it was to me as painful as it could have been to him, but if he knew the reason which prompted the course I have adopted, he could not fail to applaud, what he now, no doubt, condemns. In determining not to see him again, I have consulted not only his peace, and the felicity of those dearest to him, but I am convinced, my own happiness also. My reasons would satisfy the most scrupulous—but as I cannot divulge them, I must bear the scoffs of the world, for the fickleness and coquetry which my conduct apparently justifies. I hope my friend will bear this blow with becoming fortitude. The determination I have made is painful to myself, but it is irrevocable. If it will afford my friend any satisfaction to know, that nothing that he has said or done, has produced this sudden change in my purposes, I freely acknowledge the fact. He is in every respect worthy of the best and loveliest. Forgive me, as freely as I acquit you. Our engagement is terminated.

CATHERINE TURBERVILLE."

Tim sat down,—his elbow on the table,—his head on his hand.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY TONGS. BY ———.

During the very cold weather which ushered in our last spring, I was one night sitting in my dormitory, before a blazing fire, luxuriating in that most selfish of all pleasures, *vulgo* a "brown study." There was something so indescribably comfortable in my situation, that, although I had half a dozen unprepared lectures for the next morning staring me in the face, I found it a matter of utter impossibility to open a text book, still less to direct my attention even for the shortest time to its contents. Stretched in my capacious arm chair—my feet toasting before the aforesaid blazing fire—I lay listening with a dreamy sort of consciousness, to the continual, dull, unceasing hum of the falling snow. Regardless and entirely independent of the cold and storm without, my eyes fixed on the fanciful figures, changeable as the images of the Kaleidescope, which the burning coals assumed—in a word, settled in that position, a description of which has been so often attempted—and which every man who has one particle of soul about him has often and oftentimes enjoyed, I fell into a long train of reflections as absorbing and delightful as they were false and illusory. The future—the present—the past—castles in the air—my far distant home--were the most prominent and strongly marked images in the scenes which flitted across the magic mirror of my fancy.

> "I thought about myself and the whole earth,
> Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,
> And how the deuce they ever could have birth;
> And then I thought of earthquakes and of wars;
> How many miles the moon might have in girth;
> Of air balloons, and of the many bars
> To perfect knowledge—of the boundless skies."

I know not how long I had been in this situation, when my dreaming was suddenly interrupted in a most singular manner. My tongs, which were but little removed from the direct line of my vision, seemed suddenly to become extremely uneasy. The simple, unoffending tongs, which, except when used, had quietly occupied their allotted station in the corner during the whole session, appeared to be seized with a strange propensity for locomotion, and at the same time to be altering the figure of their outward self in a manner singular, wonderful, unaccountable. The general appearance—the "*tout ensemble*" was, it is true, nearly the same, but still there seemed to have been effected a certain change, which attracted my wandering attention rather more immediately towards them. You may smile perhaps, and say that either I was rather light headed, or that I was neither more nor less than dreaming in reality. But there before my eyes, which were as wide awake

as they are at this moment, upon the round knob which I had so often and so unceremoniously grasped, was as quaint and humorous a face as ever came from the pencil of Hogarth. A slight glance now gave me an insight into the whole figure. Imagine the long spindle legs cased in a pair of rusty looking "shorts"—the body, what little there was of it, surrounded by one of t ose comfortable old garments, which have been, not inaptly denominated quaker coats—and the rest of the clothing in strict keeping with a style which, all who can recollect, or even have heard much of the good old days of our grandfathers, will at once recognise. Just imagine, I say, this odd figure, thus garmented up, and you will form a good idea of the general appearance of my visiter—(For I cannot believe it was the same *bonâ fide* pair of tongs, which are now so peacefully re osing before me.) The first glance was sufficient for an introduction. A slight start on my side, and a familiar "at home" sort of nod on his—and all was settled. His first motion was to seat himself on my fender, where he deliberately crossed his legs—his first remark was on the subject that last engaged my thoughts. A voice sweet and delightful as the first *waking* notes of distant serenade, but perfectly full and distinct, stole over my enraptured senses.

"You will doubtless be surprised to learn that I have been *listening to your thoughts* for the last half hour. But know" said he, a little pompously I thought, "that if your breast had in it the imaginary window of Momus, your slightest meditations would not be more plain and open to inspection than they are to me now. They have been running rather in a scattered and unconnected manner, but like those of most young men, they are principally directed to your own future destiny and the choice you are to make with regard to your pursuits and efforts hereafter. In a word, as a matter of considerable importance to yourself, you are weighing the comparative advantages of political and literary fame. Both are sufficiently attractive, but to most young men, and particularly to those of your country, the former is especially enticing. Perhaps there are at times, doubts resting upon the minds of all men, whether these attractions are not far greater in anticipation than the reality would authorize. Even if these doubts were well founded, I would not attempt to damp your bright and delightful hopes, by pouring into your ears the dull, cold voice of a desponding prophesy. But such is not the case. The pleasure of possession is real, and though in our ignorance we sometimes decide, that when a balance is struck between the bitter and sweet, in that mixture called the enjoyment of honors, it is heavy in favor of the former—though we hear the pursuit after worldly honors daily decried as a chase after some gaudy and painted insect, which, when gained with difficulty, when grasped with all the fervor and delight of gratified success, vanishes from the sight and leaves nothing behind but the pain and agony of its sting—though men who have never enjoyed them, often condescend to pity their unhappy possessors—still do I assure you that possession *is* delightful—even as delightful perhaps as your wildest dreams may have painted it. The very eagerness with which all strive for it, who can do so with any probability of success—the unconquerable perseverance with which they hold it when obtained—are sufficient proofs that it *is* worth the pursuit, and well rewards the winner. But you have already decided on this point; perhaps your only doubts are, upon which of the two principal (and in the present peaceful days, I may almost say *only*,) roads to honor, will a man find the best reward for the necessary exertions required to obtain it.

"The Hill of Fame on which your attention is fixed, is divided into two summits. To the one every step of the path is plain, and open to your view. You are at once sensible of the enjoym nts as well as the difficulties, which are found in the various parts of the ascent, while those who journey upward are seen by all from the moment they start. You perceive along this path the most delightful pleasures awaiting those who may be so happy as to reach them—and increasing in number as they rise. But you see dangers and difficulties of every kind interspersed among them and also increasing to the very top. The flowers when plucked have often a poisonous insect enclosed in them—the finest fruit grows upon precipices the most steep and frightful—or when gathered "turns to ashes in the mouth." Yet in spite of these dangers you see many rising free and uninjured, higher and higher, till they attain even to the summit. But here, though pleasures are more abundant, the dangers are likewise increased—though the flowers are more beautiful and more numerous, the fruit large, and more delicious—the poison is also more deadly, the precipices are higher, and the fall from them more certainly fatal. But still is that summit, bright and glorious as it is—the brilliant object on which is fixed the ardent, anxious, devoted gaze of all who toil up the sides of the mountain. This is the Hill of Political Fame. Now let us turn to the other; it presents us quite a different aspect; its sides and bottom are covered with a dim mist, through which no objects are distinctly seen; we can only perceive that the way, though extremely steep and laborious, is as free from the precipices and dangers of the first, as it is deprived of its pleasures and enticements. Those who are toiling on their way to its summit, have nothing to cheer them in their dreary task but the prospect of the bright vision above them—which like the beacon signal to the worn mariner, holds out comfort and repose—cheering and inspiring him with fortitude—nerving his limbs with new vigor, and instilling renewed hope into his heart. Nor *do* you see them assailed by many imminent perils; yet many faint and sink on their tedious way—and few, very few are so fortunate as to gain the bright summit which rears its head above—free from the shades and mists which envelope the skies—brilliant and glorious as its opposite neighbor, and at the same time undisturbed by its dangers. Even of those who do ultimately reach this rich goal of their hopes—this happy end of their labors—how very few enjoy their hard earned rewards—many of them supported alone by their hopes on their wearisome journey—fall as soon as they reach the top, and gain only after death the glorious distinction for which they spent—to which they devoted their lives. This is the Hill of Literary Fame.

"And now examine each and decide for yourself, which you will choose as the scene of your future efforts—choose, and pursue that choice with determination. One road alone can you follow. Some, it is true, have, when tired of the one, pursued the other for a time.

But no man ever reached the top of both. You are then to decide in favor of *one*, and having decided, steadily to pursue it, or content yourself with remaining unnoticed in the crowd which fills the plain beneath. That you may form your decision more correctly, look into the history of those who have sought and gained pre-eminence, in either kind of fame. Let us then (laying aside our metaphors) judge from past history, and by that let your future course be decided. In the histories of those who have even stood highest as writers, poets, &c. you often find much calculated to disgust you with the pursuit which they followed—how little do you find to envy in the lot of the beggar Homer—the blind and half starved Milton—the miserable Otway dying, choked with the morsel of food which he had begged of a friend; Goldsmith, Johnson, &c. It is true, that in contrast to these we may name Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Byron, who succeeded in gaining during (and some of them early in) their lives the fame they so eagerly sought. But more numerous are the instances on record, where literary merit has been unrewarded except by posthumous renown. Of genius the most brilliant—of minds the most powerful, which have gained their hard earned mede of praise—when their bodies were mouldering in the grave—when the head which conceived, and the hand which penned their bright aspirations, as well as the heart which so ardently beat for glory and honor—have mingled with the dust, alike unmindful and indifferent to praise or reproach, to fame or obloquy. When the bright etherial spirit, which once so strongly throbbed for a "name among men," has taken its flight to a truer home, where the glory of this world is nothing—then is paid to the memory the honor which the man deserved—which would have made him so completely happy. His life perhaps was spent in grinding poverty, in misery and wretchedness, imbittered by that chill cold neglect of the world, which so withers the sensitive heart—for what? A name after death. Let us turn from this dismal picture, to the other. Here at least, are some substantial pleasures, however they may be alloyed by the attendant evils, dangers and difficulties. Here at least, honor is nearly always rendered, if bestowed at all, whilst it can be appreciated. And now let us see whether the dangers and difficulties I have mentioned, may not be really less than we were at first inclined to believe them, and whether with care they may not be almost entirely avoided. It is true, that he who once becomes a public servant, throws his character in the hands of every man, and lays himself open to the attacks of every scribbler. He is exposed to the malicious accusations of men, who are neither able nor anxious to see his actions in their true light; his slightest faults held up on high to become marks of scorn among men—buts at which every vindictive slanderer may wing a poisoned shaft—even his very virtues distorted and perverted till they become in appearance vices. This I grant, *is* the life which all public men must lead; but let not this picture startle you. If really innocent, he will rise above the abuse which is poured upon him. Confident in the great decision of a candid *world*, he is superior to this sort of scandal. And have we not reason to believe that here as in other cases, custom renders one indifferent to that which at first would make him miserable? And that the most sensitive mind may soon begin to look on these as troublesome insects, which may at the time incommode, but which should create no lasting disturbance. The best proof of this, as I have before told you is, that men who have succeeded at all in public life, will, however disagreeable it may appear, cling to it as strongly as if in this, lay the very light of their existence. How sweet it is to have one's name in the mouths of all—to be the theme of admiration and wonder with the crowd—to have power. But there is even a purer and better enjoyment. How perfect the pleasure which animates the bosom of the statesman when he knows that to his talents—to his efforts—millions are indebted for their greatest comforts—that a whole nation looks up to him as their benefactor—that through his means"———

My visiter had proceeded thus far, when a villainous log of wood became suddenly discontented with its situation and rolled out upon the hearth, scattering its sparks over me. Though deeply interested, my first and most natural impulse was to grasp the tongs and set every thing to rights. At the next instant my recollection returned and I carefully replaced them. But it was too late. I saw nothing before me but the cold and senseless instrument. The mild expression of the features was gone—the quaint old figure had vanished, and the faint sound of that sweet voice melted away on my ear, like the dying ring of a harp, leaving me alone and disconsolate in my solitary room.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MRS. ———,

Whose husband was absent in the United States Navy. On seeing her in a gay company.

Canst thou forget, amidst the gay and heartless,
One far away whom thou hast vowed to love?
Thou'rt lovely, and thou seemest pure and artless,
And innocent and gentle as the dove.
Dost thou forget, or do thy blue eyes brighten
Only with thoughts of his return to thee?
Dost thou the pains of absence seek to lighten,
In scenes like this of mirth and revelry?

Ah, pause awhile, mid sounds of song and dancing,
While thoughts of conscious beauty paint thy cheek,
While eyes, admiring eyes, around thee glancing,
Volumes of warmest admiration speak—
Think, if 'tis well for one whose faith is plighted,
To shine among the free unfettered gay—
Think, should those lovely eyes with smiles be lighted
At homage which no heart but one should pay?

Oh keep those smiles, so full of light and gladness,
To welcome one whom thou canst call thine own;
And may no darkling shade of gloom or sadness
Come o'er thy life, thou bright and peerless one!

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Lines Written in an Album.

Eliza!—let thy generous heart
From its present pathway part not:
Being every thing which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.

So with the world thy gentle ways—
Thy unassuming beauty—
And truth shall be a theme of praise
Forever—and love a duty.

E. A. P.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

GENERAL WARREN.

STORIES ABOUT GENERAL WARREN—By a Lady of Boston, 1835, pp. 112, 12mo.

The sneers of those grown up readers,—who may choose to sneer at a review of so very juvenile a book as this, we brave, for the sake of bringing it, and its subject, somewhat into notice—pointing out some phraseological errors—doing justice to its merits—and, above all, freshening the memories, if not informing the minds, of the less fastidious among our countrymen, as to a few of the incidents preceding and attending the commencement of that great struggle, of which the cherished remembrance conduces so much to preserve in American bosoms a catholic, American, liberty-loving spirit. These incidents will be found naturally to imbody themselves in a brief account of the life of General Warren, drawn chiefly from the volume above mentioned. Those who may incline to despise either so simple a book, or a narrative of (to them) such trite facts, as these of which we shall speak, are probably not aware how shallow and narrow is the knowledge existing through the country, and even in some minds that claim to be considered as *enlightened*, with regard to our own history. "Mr. President!"—recently, at a public dinner in Virginia, vociferated a young orator of the Milesian school—a lawyer, we took him to be—"Mr. President! I give you, sir, the memory of the gallant General Warren, who fell at the battle of LEXINGTON!" And but a few months before, a friend as dear to us as ourselves, and whose age and opportunities should certainly have made him know better, confounded *Sir William Berkeley*, Governor of Virginia in the times of Charles I and II, with Norborne Berkeley, Lord Botetourt, viceroy of George III, in 1769 and 1770! It would not surprise us, to hear a lawyer or a physician—still less a gentleman at large—talk of the burning of Charles*ton* as simultaneous with the battle of Sullivan's Island, because Charles*town* burned while the battle of Bunker Hill was fighting—as "John Bull in America" passes in half an hour from Boston, where the folk make wooden nutmegs, roast witches, and bake pumpkin pies, into Charleston, where they gouge and stab, drink mint juleps, eat young negroes, and feed old ones upon cotton seed.

The narrative before us is couched in a dialogue, between a mother and her two children; and, being obviously designed for gentlemen and ladies not much higher than mamma's rocking chair, has frequently an infantine simplicity of style, that makes us marvel at our own moral courage, in daring to serve up such a baby's mess. Convinced, however, that *children's reading* may afford both amusement and instruction to grown people, (witness "Early Lessons," "Frank," "The Parent's Assistant," "Sandford and Merton," and "Evenings at Home," *cum pluribus aliis;*) believing, at any rate, that among the palates for which it is our duty to cater, there are some youthful ones to which this dish may be both pleasant and useful; hoping, too, that by having her faults of composition noted, the authoress may be induced to cure, or "others in like cases offending" be moved to shun them, we make the venture. Indeed, not only the book's childishness of style, but many offences far more atrocious in a critic's eyes—sins against grammar, idiom, and good taste—are in great part redeemed by the good sense and justness of its reflections, the interesting tenor of its incidents, and the virtuous glow it is calculated to kindle. The sins are very many. "*Lay*," used for "*lie*," is wholly unwarranted—scarcely palliated—even by the example of Byron, in the Fourth Canto itself: for he was compelled by duress of rhyme; a coercion, which the most tuneful and the most dissonant are alike powerless to resist. "Mr. Warren, the father of Joseph, while walking round his orchard to see if every thing was in good order, as he was looking over the trees, *he* perceived," &c. Here is a nominative without any verb. There is a four or five fold vice in the second member of the following sentence, in which, as it stands, the writer may be defied to show a meaning: "It often happens that a mother is left with a family of young children, and is obliged to bring them up without the controlling power of a father's care; it is therefore the duty of every female so to *educate* her own mind, and *that* of her daughters, as to *enable* her, if she should be placed in this responsible situation, *to be able* to guide aright the minds of those under her care." *Enable* her *to be able! Educate* her own mind! and *that* of her daughters! Are they to be supposed to have but *one* mind among them, as the Sirens had but one tooth? The use of *educate* for *train*, is a match for the Frenchman's blunder, who, finding in the Dictionary that to *press* means to *squeeze*, politely begged leave to *squeeze* a lady to sing. "Enable HER." Enable whom? Why *herself* and *her daughters:* and she should have said so. Never, surely, was prosing, *bona fide*, printed prosing, to so little purpose. Again: "A mother should always possess.... *a firm principle* of action." Does she need *but one* firm principle of action? If so, it is to be hoped the next edition will say what that one is; for it must be valuable. A common blunder in the *times* of the infinitive mood, occurs repeatedly in this book: "How I should have admired *to have gone* to see her!" "It would have been a pity for us to *have followed* his example, and thus have *lessened*," &c.—"must have ardently desired *to have been* present"—"must have wished very much *to have seen*," &c. We cannot see the propriety of using the word "*admired*," as it is in one of these quotations. "Tell us if he did get in, and how he contrived to?" We protest against this fashion which our Yankee brethren are introducing, of making *to*, which is but the *sign* of the infinitive, stand for the infinitive itself. This is one of the few cases, in which we are for *going the whole*. "He began to *practice*"—"I know it was not *him*"—"he *whom* I told you was the first one"—"to respect, *was* added admiration and love"—"this tax bore very *heavy*"—"soldiers *which*"—"your country has much to hope from you, both in *their* counsels and in the field." These errors, a very moderate skill in orthography and syntax would have sufficed to avoid. Such a vulgarism as "*nowadays*," or such provincialisms as "pay *one single copper*," and "walked *back and forth* the room," (meaning *to and fro*, or *backwards and forwards* in the room) would not have occurred, if the author had remembered, that the *simplicity* which suits children's minds, is altogether different from *vulgarity*. There is such a thing as *neat* and *graceful* simplicity in writing, as well as in dress and manners. "They had contemplated making some attack on the British, or at least to endeavor to destroy their shipping." Contemplated *to* destroy! We will not further pursue this unwelcome

ask; pausing, short of the middle of the book, and having already passed over several faults without animadversion. Let the author be entreated to get the aid of some friend who is master (if she is not mistress) of grammar and taste enough, to reform these and the other errors of her little work, and then give us a new edition, calling in all the copies of the first, that are within her reach.—And now to our tale.

Joseph Warren was born in 1741, in the village of Roxbury, one or two miles south from Boston, Mass. His father, a rich farmer, inhabited a house, the ruins of which are still visible; and was famous for raising the best fruit in that neighborhood. He was killed by a fall from one of his own apple trees, leaving a widow and four sons, of whom Joseph, the eldest, was 16, and John, the youngest, was 4 years old. This excellent woman appears to have much resembled the mother of Washington, in the skill and care with which she infused generous sentiments and virtuous principles into the bosoms of her children: and she reaped almost as richly as Mrs. Washington, the fruits of her labors. Her sons passed through life, all honored and loved, and more than one of them distinguished. Her nature seems to have had more of amiable softness than Mrs. Washington's; who, it must be confessed, blended something of the sternness with the purity and nobleness of a Spartan matron. Mrs. Warren's door was always open for deeds of hospitality and neighborly kindness. It is not easy to imagine a lovelier scene than one paragraph presents, of the evening of a well spent life, still warmed and brightened by the benign spirit, which had been the sun of that life's long day.

"In her old age, when her own children had left her "fireside, it was one of her dearest pleasures to gather "a group of *their* children, or of the children of others "around her. She did all in her power to promote "their enjoyment, and her benevolent smile was always "ready to encourage them. On Thanksgiving-day,* "she depended on having all her children and grand "children with her; and *until she was 80 years of age, "she herself made the pies with which the table was loaded!* "Not satisfied with feasting them to their heart's con- "tent while they were with her, she always had some "nice great pies ready for them to take home with "them."

Joseph's education, till his fourteenth year, was at the public school in Roxbury; one of those *common schools*, which, from the earliest times of New England, have been planting and nurturing in her soil the seeds and shoots of virtue and freedom. Even in boyhood, our hero was manly, fearless and generous: always taking the part of his weaker school-fellows against a strong oppressor—always the

> "village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood."

At fourteen, he entered Harvard University. His talents, perseverance, gentleness and courage, here gained him unrivalled popularity. That he did not acquire or preserve the regard of his fellow students by any base compliances with vice or disorder, the following incident shews.

Some of them had once resolved on some breach of the laws, which, from the sturdiness of his principles, they knew that young Warren would disapprove, and by his powerful influence probably prevent. They therefore met in an upper room of the college, to arrange their plans secretly; fastening the door against him. He found what they were about; and seeing the window of their room open, crept out, through a *scuttle door*, upon the roof—crawled to the eaves—and there, seizing a water-spout nearly rotten with age, he swung and slid down by it to the window, and unexpectedly sprang in amongst the conspirators. The spout, at the instant of his quitting it, fell with a crash to the ground, and was shivered to pieces. Only saying, in answer to the exclamations of astonishment that burst from his comrades, "it stayed up just long enough for my purpose," he commenced an expostulation against their intended misdemeanor, and *succeeded in diverting them from it.*

On leaving college, he studied medicine, and began to practise at the age of 23, just previously to a visit of the small pox to Boston, with those fearful ravages which usually attended its march, before the virtues of vaccination were known. Dr. Warren's judgment, tenderness, and skill, made him pre-eminently successful in treating the disease. And it is said, that his gentle and courteous deportment completely neutralized the usual tendency of such professional success, to enkindle the jealousy of his brethren. His mild features and winning smile, true indexes, for once, to the soul within, gained every heart; his knowledge and talents added respect to love. Thus, by the same qualities which had distinguished him at school and at college, did he acquire among his fellow townsmen an influence which no other man of his age and day possessed.

When the British Parliament and Crown began, in 1764, that course of unconstitutional legislation, which was destined, after eleven years of wordy war, to end in a war of blood, Dr. Warren was among the first to stand forth for the rights of America—to assert, and to labor in demonstrating to his countrymen, that the *power to tax them* (claiming, as they did, all the liberties of Englishmen) could not exist in a government of which no representatives of theirs formed a part. Fostered by him, and by others like him, the spirit of resistance to tyranny grew daily more strong. The inhabitants of the whole country, and especially of Boston, gave token after token of their fixed resolve, to spurn the chain which they saw preparing for them. In 1768, Col. Dalrymple with two royal regiments, reinforced afterwards by additional troops, entered that devoted town, with more than the usual "pomp and circumstance" of military bravado; and there remained in garrison, to repress what the king and ministry were pleased to call "the seditious temper" of the people. Never was attempt at restraint more impotent; nay, more suicidal. The curb, feebly and capriciously or unskilfully plied, served but to infuriate the noble animal it was meant to check and guide: and no wonder that the rider was at length unseated, and stretched in the dust. The New Englanders—we should rather say, the *Americans*—were too stubborn to be driven, and too shrewd to be circumvented. Every measure of tyranny, they met with an appropriate measure of resistance.

* *Thanksgiving-day* is in New England, what Christmas is in the Southern States and England. It is always in November, on a day fixed by Proclamation of the Governor of each State, in each year. Christmas, from the anti-Catholic zeal of the Puritan Pilgrims, is almost entirely neglected; being, with all its train of quips, cranks, gambols and mince-pies, thought to savor too strongly of popery.

Tea had been brought from India, to be the vehicle of unconstitutional taxation. They threw part of it into the sea; another part they hindered from being landed; and the remainder they excluded from use, by mutual pledges to "touch not, taste not" "the unclean thing." Judges were sent over to judge them—creatures of the king—the panders of ministerial oppression. The people would not suffer them to mount the judgment seat—closed the court houses—referred all their differences to arbitrators chosen by the parties—and even so far tamed the spirit of litigation and disorder, as to make tribunals of any sort in a great degree needless.* Between the British troops and the Boston people, animosities soon ran high. The soldiers seized every opportunity to exasperate the people: the people assembled in mobs, to revenge themselves on the soldiers. Amidst these tumults, Dr. Warren repeatedly exposed his life to soothe and restrain his countrymen. His eloquent persuasions were generally successful. At first, the more violent would endeavor to repel him, and would clamor to drown his voice. "While they did this, he would stand calmly and look at them. His intrepidity, his commanding and animated countenance, and above all, their knowledge that he was on their side so far as it was right to be, would soon make them as eager to hear as he was to speak: and finally, they would disperse to their homes with perfect confidence that they could not do better than to leave their cause in such hands." Those who seek to restrain the excesses of contending factions, may always expect rough usage from both sides. Warren incurred the occasional displeasure of his own party; but he did not escape insult and outrage from the British. They often called him *rebel*, and threatened him with a rebel's doom. One day, on his way to Roxbury, to see his mother, he passed near several British officers, standing in the *Neck*, which joins the peninsula of Boston to the main land. Not far before him stood a gallows. One of the officers called out, "Go on, Warren, you will soon come to the gallows:" and the whole party laughed aloud. Walking directly up to them, he calmly asked, which of them had thus addressed him? Not one was bold enough to avow the insolence, and he left them, crest-fallen and ashamed.

Distinguished for his eloquence, our young physician was repeatedly called on to address the people, upon the great and soul-stirring topics of the times. Far the most interesting of these, was the Massacre of the Fifth of March. Our authoress has passed too slightly over this incident. Let us be a little more full.

Insults, recrimination, and outrage, between the soldiers and citizens, were at length, on the 5th of March, 1770, consummated, by the former's firing upon the latter in the streets of Boston, and killing five men—with circumstances shocking to humanity. After one of the slain (Mr. Gray,) had been shot through the body, and had fallen on the ground, a bayonet was pushed through his skull, and his brains fell out upon the pavement. This was the first bloodshed, consequent on the long festering irritations of the period. The officer (Capt. Preston) who gave the word "fire!" and six of the soldiers who had so fatally obeyed it, were in the ensuing October tried before a Boston jury: and, defended, in spite of obloquy, popular clamor, and the remonstrances of timid or prudent friends, by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., were even by that jury, *acquitted*. It grieves us that we cannot pause here, to bestow a merited tribute on the moral courage of the illustrious counsel who dared defend, on the steady justice of the tribunal that could acquit, and on the virtue and good sense of the multitude who, when the first paroxysm of natural excitement was over, could applaud that defence and approve that acquittal*—horrible as had been the deed—maddening as had been the antecedent circumstances. But though the killing happened not to be murder, (because the people had been the assailants,) still, the violent destruction of five human lives by an armed soldiery in the streets of a free and peaceful city, was too impressive an example of what mischiefs may come of standing armies and lawless government, to pass unimproved. It was determined to solemnize each anniversary of that day, by a public exposition of those mischiefs; by an oration, commemorative of the tragedy, and of those great principles, the disregard of which had led to its perpetration. Warren delivered two of these orations.† His first was on the 5th of March, 1772. It is not contained in the little book now before us, but we have seen it elsewhere: and on reading it, no one need be surprised at its having well nigh urged the people, even at that early day, to forcible measures. Its masterly argumentation is equalled by its burning appeals to the passions. All the four first of these orations had wrought so powerfully upon the public mind, that the British officers declared there should be no more of them: and that whoever undertook to deliver another, should do so at the peril of life. This menace daunted others, but only roused Warren. Not waiting to be *invited*, he *solicited the task* of addressing the people; and prepared himself accordingly for the fifth anniversary of the massacre—1775. Meanwhile, the givings out of the officers, and the rumors among the populace, imported mortal hazard to him if he should persist. He persisted but the more resolutely. Early in the day, the Old South Meeting House—which, as the scene of these orations, deserves, better than Faneuil Hall, to be termed the cradle of liberty—was crowded to its very porch. Many a devoted friend

* We have grouped together here, the events of several years, in the rapidity of our narrative. The dependence of the judges for their salaries on the *Crown*, instead of on the Colonial Legislatures, (whence we date their meriting to be called *creatures* and *panders*,) began in 1772: and the tea was thrown into Boston Harbor, Dec. 16th, 1773.

* Mr. Adams was, at the time, 35 years old; Mr. Quincy only 26. They were both threatened with loss of friends, of popularity, and of all prospect of political preferment. The "Memoirs of Quincy" (by his son Josiah, once a prominent federal leader in Congress, now President of Harvard University,) contain a letter from his venerable father, earnestly expostulating upon the step. The young barrister's reply is also given—a triumphant vindication of the motives, and even of the prudence of his resolution, to undertake the defence. In the success of that defence, in the universal approbation which soon followed it, and in the professional and political advancement of the generous advocates, they found ample rewards for having breasted the storm of popular feeling, in obedience to the call of duty.

† The oration of 1771 was delivered by James Lovell; that of 1772 by Joseph Warren; of 1773, by Dr. Benjamin Church; of 1774, by John Hancock; of 1775, by Joseph Warren. These, and eight others of succeeding years, down to 1783, we have in Mr. H. Niles' inestimable collection of "Revolutionary Acts and Speeches."

of Warren's was there, determined to see him safely through, or to fall in his defence. British officers and soldiers filled the aisles, the pulpit steps, and even the pulpit. Thinking that if he pushed through them to his place, a pretext might be seized for some disturbance, which would take from him and his audience the desirable degree of calmness, he procured a ladder to be placed outside, and by it, climbed through the window into the pulpit, just as all were expecting his entrance at the door. The officers quailed and receded, at his sudden appearance and dauntless air: while he, far from sure that his first word would not be answered by a bayonet-thrust or a pistol-shot, addressed the silent, breathless multitude. His countenance was lighted up with more than its usual glow of patriotic enthusiasm: but every other face was pale; every auditor could distinctly hear the throbbings of his own heart. The speech is given at length in the appendix to the work under examination; from the original, as we may conjecture, which, in the orator's own hand writing, is now in the possession of his nephew, Dr. John C. Warren. The opening was brief and simple: but in it we discern that curbed energy, that impassioned moderation—*une force contenue, une rèserve animée*—so characteristic of a great mind, concentrating its powers for some gigantic effort: and as he passes on from the unaffected humility of his exordium "to the height of his great argument," we have bodily before our fancy's eye, a nobler personification of wisdom, courage, eloquence and virtue, than Homer has displayed in the form of Ulysses.

"My ever honored fellow citizens,

"It is not without the most humiliating conviction of "my want of ability, that I now appear before you; "but the sense I have, of the obligation I am under to "obey the calls of my country at all times, together "with the animating recollection of your indulgence, "exhibited upon so many occasions, has induced me "once more, undeserving as I am, to throw myself "upon that candor, which looks with kindness upon the "feeblest efforts of an honest mind.

"You will not now expect the elegance, the learning, "the fire, the enrapturing strains of eloquence, which "captivated you when a Lovell, a Church, or a Hancock spake: but you will permit me to say, that with "a sincerity equal to theirs, I mourn over my bleeding "country: with them I weep at her distress, and with "them, deeply resent the many injuries she has received "from the hands of cruel and unreasonable men."

Having laid down as axioms, the natural right of every man to personal freedom and to the control of his property, the orator sketched, with a master's hand, the history of English America: and, deducing the right of the colonists to the soil from their treaties with the Indians, and not from the grants of King James or King Charles, (whose pretended claims of right they undoubtedly despised—whose patents they probably accepted only "to silence the cavils of their enemies," and who "might with equal justice have made them a grant of the planet Jupiter,") he proved by unanswerable reasoning the rights of America, and painted in deep and living colors the usurpations and injustice of England. He traced the progress of these wrongs: he depicted the halcyon peace, the mutual benefactions, and the common happiness of the two countries, marred by successive and heightening aggressions—reaching, at length, that last aggravation short of civil war—the quartering of an insolent, hireling soldiery upon the people, to enforce submission to unjust and unconstitutional laws. The danger of standing armies, always, to liberty—the incompatibility of martial law with the government of a well regulated city—the certainty of disputes between the soldier and the citizen, especially when they are in each other's eyes, respectively, a rebel, and an instrument of tyranny—all made it but just to fear the most disagreeable consequences. "Our fears, we have seen," continued the orator, "were but too well grounded."

"The many injuries offered to the town, I pass over "in silence. I cannot now mark out the path which "led to that unequalled scene of horror, the sad remembrance of which takes full possession of my soul. "The sanguinary theatre again opens itself to view. "The baleful images of terror crowd around me, and "discontented ghosts, with hollow groans, appear to "solemnize the anniversary of the Fifth of March.

"Approach we then the melancholy walk of death. "Hither let me call the gay companion; here let him "drop a farewell tear upon that body, which so late he "saw vigorous and warm with social mirth; hither let "me lead the tender mother, to weep over her beloved "son: come, widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief! "behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground; "and, to complete the pompous show of wretchedness, "bring in each hand thy infant children to bewail their "father's fate: take heed, ye orphan babes, lest, while "your streaming eyes are fixed upon the ghastly "corpse, *your feet slide on the stones bespattered with your "father's brains!* Enough! this tragedy need not be "heightened by an infant weltering in the blood of him "that gave it birth. Nature, reluctant, shrinks already "from the view; and the chilled blood rolls slowly "backward to its fountain. We wildly stare about, "and with amazement, ask, *who spread this ruin round "us?* Has haughty France, or cruel Spain, sent forth "her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed again "from the distant wilderness? Or does some fiend, "fierce from the depth of hell, with all the rancorous "malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang "her destructive bow, and hurl her deadly arrows at "our breast? No, none of these. It is the hand of "*Britain* that inflicts the wound! The arms of George, "our rightful king, have been employed to shed that "blood, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had "called his subjects to the field!

"But pity, grief, astonishment, with all the softer "movements of the soul, must now give way to stronger "passions. Say, fellow citizens, what dreadful thought "now swells your heaving bosoms? You fly to arms—"sharp indignation flashes from each eye—revenge "gnashes her iron teeth—death grins an hideous smile, "secure to drench his jaws in human gore—whilst hovering furies darken all the air! But stop, my bold, "adventurous countrymen; stain not your weapons "with the blood of Britons! Attend to reason's voice. "Humanity puts in her claim, and sues to be again "admitted to her wonted seat, the bosom of the brave. "Revenge is far beneath the noble mind. Many, perhaps, compelled to rank among the vile assassins, do, "from their inmost souls, detest the barbarous action. "The winged death, shot from your arms, may chance "to pierce some breast, that bleeds already for your "injured country.

"The storm subsides: a solemn pause ensues: you "spare, upon condition they depart. They go; they "quit your city: they no more shall give offence. Thus "closes the important drama.

"And could it have been conceived that we again "should see a British army in our land, sent to enforce "obedience to acts of Parliament destructive to our "liberty? * * * * * * * Our streets are again filled "with armed men; our harbor is crowded with ships "of war: but these cannot intimidate us: our liberty "must be preserved: it is far dearer than *life*—we hold

"it even dear as our *allegiance*. We must defend it "against the attacks of *friends*, as well as *enemies*: we "cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us. No "longer could we reflect, with generous pride, on the "heroic actions of our American forefathers; no longer "boast our origin from that far famed island, whose "warlike sons have so often drawn their well tried "swords to save her from the ravages of tyranny;— "could we, but for a moment, entertain the thought of "giving up our liberty. The man who meanly will "submit to wear a shackle, contemns the noblest gift of "Heaven; and impiously affronts the God that made "him free."

Highly wrought as these passages may appear, they accorded, perfectly, with the minds to which they were addressed.

It may be doubted, if any scene of the kind ever possessed more of the moral sublime, than that which our young countryman presented,—daring thus, amidst armed and frowning enemies, to denounce them and their masters, and to speak forth the startling truths of justice and freedom, with the naked sword of tyranny suspended over his head. The rising of Brutus, "refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate," shaking his crimsoned steel, and hailing Tully aloud as the "father of his country"—Tully's own denunciations of Catiline, Verres and Anthony—or the more illustrious Philippics of Demosthenes—all remote from personal danger—the objects of their enmity and invective being absent, defenceless, or prostrate—cannot be compared, for moral sublimity, with the splendid boldness of Warren. And, whatever classical anathemas await us for it, we are heretical enough to venture the opinion, that for true *eloquence*, blendedly pathetic and argumentative, *his* oration outstrips any that we have read of Cicero's, and *equals* aught that we have seen of Demosthenes. To the most effective effusions of the latter, indeed, it bears the closest resemblance—rapid, condensed, inornate, impassioned: similar, too, in its result, if we consider the difference of their auditories—the one a mercurial mob, ever liable to be swayed by whim or convulsed by passion; the other a grave, reflecting people, who subjected every thing—feeling, imagination, and even the love of liberty—to REASON. The oratory of Demosthenes made the Athenians cry out, "Let us march against Philip!" When Warren ended, a glow of admiration and respect pervaded even the hostile bosoms around him; but the people of Boston were ready at once to abjure allegiance to Great Britain. For this, however, affairs were not yet ripe.

The celebrated Josiah Quincy, Jr. was at this time in England, on a mission of remonstrance and observation. His interesting letters, and more interesting journal, (for parts of which we are indebted to the "Memoirs" before referred to,) shewed his conviction that the pending disputes must come to the arbitrament of arms. His countrymen, he said, "must seal their cause with their blood." This, he was assured by Warren, (one of his warmest and dearest friends) they were ready to do. "It is the united voice of America" (Warren wrote him) "to preserve their freedom, or lose their lives in its defence." Warren was President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. He writes thus to Quincy concerning it: "Congress met at Concord at the time appointed. About 260 members were present. You would have thought yourself in an assembly of Spartans, or ancient Romans, had you seen the ardor of those who spoke on the important business they were transacting." Quincy remained but six months in England, and then embarked for his home in an advanced stage of consumption: having, as he told the seaman who attended his sick bed, but one desire—that he might live long enough to have one more interview with Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren. His prayer was not granted. He died on ship board, just entering Cape Anne Harbor, on the 26th of April, 1775,* eight days after the battle of Lexington; where, unknown to him, his countrymen had already "sealed their cause with their blood."

Warren (now a brigadier general of the Massachusetts militia) was not unconcerned in that battle. Scouts of his had notified him on the 18th of April, that a detachment of troops was to march that night towards Concord: and then, remaining himself upon the watch, he saw Colonel Smith and 8 or 900 men embark for Charlestown. Knowing the stores and ammunition at Concord to be their object, he instantly sent messengers over the surrounding country, to give the alarm; and himself rode all night—passing so near the enemy, as to be more than once in great danger of capture. His messenger to Lexington was Col. Revere; who, on suddenly turning a corner as he passed through Charlestown, found himself close to a party of the British. In a moment he put his horse at full speed, dashed through them, and before they could well ascertain him to be a foe, was beyond the reach of the balls which they fired after him. It was his summons, that called forth the company of Lexington militia, upon whom, about sunrise on the 19th, was begun that bloody drama, of which the progress was to shake two continents, and the catastrophe to dissever an empire. Warren, sleepless and in motion throughout the night, hurried to the scene of action: and, when the enemy were retreating from Concord, he was among the foremost in hanging upon their rear, and assailing their flanks. By pressing them too closely, he once narrowly escaped death. A musket ball took off a lock of hair, which curled close to his head, in the fashion of that time.

When his mother first saw him after the battle, and heard of this escape, she entreated him with tears not again to risk a life so precious. "Where danger is, dear mother," he answered, "there must your son be. *Now* is no time for any of America's children to shrink from any hazard. I will see her free, or die."

An exchange of prisoners was soon afterwards agreed on, to be carried into effect at Charlestown. Generals Warren and Putnam with two select companies of Massachusetts troops, repaired thither for the purpose. Here was a touching scene. The British and American officers, on meeting once more as friends after the recent strife had so rudely sundered their long subsisting ties of hospitality and mutual kindness, melted with tenderness, and rushed into each other's arms. The soldiers

* Love for his country and her liberties, may be safely considered the ruling passion of this man's pure and splendid and too short life. He displayed it also "strong in death." His last reported words were in a letter to his family, dictated to his sailor nurse; in which he breathes a dying wish for his country. And his Will contains the following clause: "I give to my son, when he shall arrive to the age of 15 years, Algernon Sidney's Works, John Locke's Works—Lord Bacon's Works—Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters. May the spirit of Liberty rest upon him."

caught the infection: and mingled tears, and hands cordially shaken, softened for awhile the rugged front of war. Putnam and Warren entertained the British as guests, as sumptuously as the occasion allowed.

A few days afterwards, Warren was appointed Major General of the Massachusetts forces: but still retained his post as President of the Provincial Congress. He seems to have combined, with rare felicity, the qualities of a civil and a military leader. Cool yet brave, gentle yet decided and firm, he was precisely fitted to teach and enforce order and discipline. Mingling in the ranks, and talking with individual soldiers as with brothers, he gained their love, and infused into them his own ardor and sanguine confidence. He acted with equal talent in civil council. He spent a part of each day in sharing the deliberations of the Congress, which sat now at Watertown, ten miles northwest from Boston. His labors ended there, he would gallop to the camp at Cambridge. When the American commanders deliberated upon the seizure and fortification of Dorchester Heights and Bunker Hill, with a view to strike at the enemy's shipping, or to anticipate them in a similar movement,—Warren opposed it. Our raw troops, he thought, were not yet ready to cope with the trained veterans of England. Putnam, then commander-in-chief at Cambridge, thought differently. Warren renewed his opposition before the committee of safety and the council of war: but when these bodies successively resolved upon the measure, he promptly gave his whole heart to promote its success; repeating his determination, to be, himself, ever at the post of greatest danger. On the 16th of June, when Col. Prescott received his orders, and marched with his thousand men to fortify Bunker's Hill, the session at Watertown was so protracted, that Warren could not leave it until late at night. So soon as he could, he prepared to join Prescott—despite the dissuasion of his friends. To their assurances, that most of the detachment, and especially he—daring and conspicuous as he was—would in all probability be cut off; and that he could not be spared so soon from the cause; he replied, "I cannot help it: I must share the fate of my countrymen. I cannot hear the cannon and remain inactive." Among the most intimate of these friends, was the afterwards distinguished Elbridge Gerry; with whom he lodged regularly in the same room, and, on that last night, in the same bed. To him;—when they parted after midnight, Warren uttered the sentiment—so truly Roman, and in this instance so prophetic—"*dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.*" By day-break, he was at the camp in Cambridge; where, finding that the British had not shewn themselves, and sick with an aching head, from mental and bodily toil, he lay down, to snatch a little repose. But he was soon roused by tidings, that the enemy were in motion: and instantly rising, he exclaimed, "my headache is gone." Others doubted what the object of the enemy's threatened movement was. He at once saw it to be, the unfinished fortification upon Bunker Hill. The committee of safety (which sat in the house where he was) having resolvéd immediately to despatch a reinforcement thither, Warren mounted his horse, and with sword and musket, hastened to the scene of strife. He arrived just as the fight began, and seeking out General Putnam, (who was already there) desired to be posted where the service was to be most arduous. Putnam expressed his sorrow at seeing him, in a place so full of peril: "but since you have come," added he, "I will obey your orders with pleasure." Warren replied, that he came as a volunteer--to obey and fight; not to command. Putnam then requested him to take his stand in the redoubt, where Prescott commanded, and which was considerably in advance of the slighter defence, behind which Putnam and his men were stationed. On his entering the redoubt, he was greeted with loud huzzas: and Prescott, like Putnam, offered him the command. He again refused it; saying, that he was a mere volunteer, and should be happy to learn service from so experienced a soldier. We cannot, thrilling as they are to our recollections, undertake to narrate the well known particulars of that great day. But we commend the story, as told by the authoress before us, to the attention of our readers. Our business is with General Warren. He was constantly active; going through the ranks, cheering on his comrades, sharing their perils, and plying his musket against the advancing enemy. When the British had twice been driven from the height, with a thousand slain; when the exhaustion of powder and ball, leaving the Americans no means of resistance but clubbed guns, against fixed bayonets and fourfold numbers, necessarily made the third onset successful—Warren was the last to leave his station. The slowest in that slow and reluctant retreat, he struggled for every foot of ground; disdaining to quicken his steps, though bullets whizzed and blood streamed all around him. Major Small, of the British army, recognized him; and eager to save his life, called upon him for God's sake to stop, and be protected from destruction. Warren turned and looked towards him: but sickening at the sight and the thought of his slaughtered countrymen and of the lost battle, again moved slowly off as before. Major Small then ordered his men not to fire at the American General: but it was too late. Just as the order was given, a ball passed through his head; he fell, and expired.

His body lay on the field all the next night. When one who knew his person, told General Howe the next morning that Warren was among the slain, he would not believe it; declaring it *impossible* that the President of the Congress should have been suffered to expose himself so hazardously. An English surgeon, however, who had also known Warren, identified his corpse; and, to prove the daring of which he was capable, added, that but five days before, he had ventured alone into Boston in a small canoe, to learn the plans of the British; and had urged the surgeon to enter into the American service. General Howe declared, that the death of one such adversary balanced the loss of 500 of his own men. Warren's body was buried with many others, English and American, near the spot where he fell; whence, sometime afterwards, it was removed to the Tremont burying ground, and finally to the family vault under St. Paul's Church, in Boston. His brothers, at the first disinterment, knew his remains by an artificial tooth, by a nail wanting on one of his fingers, and by his clothes, in which he was buried just as he fell. His youngest brother, Dr. John Warren, at first sight of the body, fainted away, and lay for many minutes insensible on the ground. We draw a veil over the grief of his mother, when, after a torturing suspense

of three days, the dreadful truth was disclosed to her. In General Warren's pocket, an English soldier found a prayer book, with the owner's name written in it. The soldier carried it to England, and sold it for a high price to a kind-hearted clergyman, who benevolently transmitted it to a minister in Roxbury, with a request that he would restore it to the general's nearest relation. It was accordingly given to his youngest brother, whose son, Dr. John C. Warren, still retains it. It was printed in 1559, in a character remarkably distinct, and is strongly and handsomely bound.

If our due space had not already been exceeded, we would include in this sketch several other interesting particulars, connected with its illustrious subject: but we must forbear.

There were ample contemporaneous testimonials to the merits of General Warren. Amongst others, was a vote of the general Congress, that a monument should be erected to his memory, "as an acknowledgment of his virtues and distinguished services;" and that his children should be supported at the public charge. Like the prayers of Homer's heroes, this vote was half dispersed in empty air: the other half took effect, so far as the annual payment of a moderate sum went, towards the maintenance and education of the children. It is not until she has mentioned this fact, that our authoress bethinks her of saying, that General Warren was married to an excellent and amiable woman, who died three years before him; and that he left four orphan children. So important an event in human life might surely have been earlier told, and more regardfully dwelt upon. We would fain have had something said of *his* domestic life, who filled so large a space in his country's eye; something to exemplify what we hold as an everlasting truth—that a good son and a true patriot is sure to make a true husband and a good father. Situated as she is, our authoress cannot fail, by reasonable diligence of inquiry, to learn many things, worthy of the improved edition which we hope to see, of her interesting and valuable, though so faulty production.

We, as one of the posterity whose gratitude and admiration General Warren so richly earned, can read in his destiny more than a fulfilment of the augury contained in the official account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, drawn up by the Provincial Congress. It speaks of him as "a man, whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as VALOUR shall be esteemed among mankind." To VALOUR, we would add the lovelier and nobler names of COURTESY, GENEROSITY, and INTEGRITY.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO CHRISTIANA.

Sister, while life and joy are young,
While the sweet lyre of hope is strung,
Ere thou hast known a crowd of cares,
Earth's vain regrets and burning tears—
Ere the sick heart of grief is thine,
Or rapture's thrilling pulse decline--
Ere wounded pride and love shall tell
That thou hast served the world too well,
Turn thou to worship at the shrine
Of faith and holy love divine!
Bring all thy strength of feeling there;
Wait not to waste affection where
No harvest ever can repay
For all thou losest by delay.
Seek the bright path the saints have trod;
At his own altar worship God;
And find that peace whilst kneeling there
The world can neither give nor share.
Mourn thou with hope—with fear rejoice;
List to that small but awful voice,
Which tells us all things fade and die
To bloom no more beneath the sky.
Earth's brightest dreams soon melt away,
Her forms of loveliness decay—
And disappointment's chilling gloom
Blights all her flowers of fairest bloom;
But oh, remember, there is bliss
In a far better land than this:
Look thou beyond this world of care,
And hope a fadeless crown to wear.
Then may distress and sorrow come,
Thy soul can ever find a home! E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

The young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near with a seraph smile,
And kiss'd the lips that had spoke no guile,
Nor breath'd the words of sorrow.
Its little sister brought a flower,
And Hope still lingering nigh,
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
Whisper'd of buds in a brighter bower
It might cull for itself to-morrow.

The boy came in from the wintry snow,
And mus'd by the parlor fire,—
But ere the evening lamps did glow
A stranger came with a thoughtful brow;
"What is that in your hand?" she said;
"My new-year's gift, with its covers red."
"Bring hither the book, my boy, and see
The magic spell of Memory;—
That page hath gold, and a way I'll find
To lock it safe in your docile mind:
For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the taste, when the hair is grey."

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But ere he closed his eyes
Two forms drew near with a gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise;
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain'd the flying summer hour,
And charm'd the listener's thought—
For still would its tuneful cadence be,
"Follow me! Follow me!
And every morn a smile shall bring
As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

But when she ceas'd, with serious air
The other made reply,
"Shall he not also be my care?
May not I his pleasures share?

Sister! Sister! tell me why?
Need Memory e'er with Hope contend?
Doth not the virtuous soul still find in both a friend?"

The youth beheld the strife,
And earnestly replied,
"Come, each shall be my guide—
Both gild the path of life:"
So he gave to each a trusting kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light
Rous'd him from the trance of night,
When singing from her nest
The lark went up with a dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace—
And as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.
And when the star of eve from weary care
Bade him to his home repair;
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober Memory spread her board,
With knowledge richly stor'd,
And supp'd with *him*, and like a guardian blest
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and grey—
Memory, that faithful friend was there,
And he in a querulous tone did say,
"Hast thou not lost with careless key
Something that I have entrusted to thee?"
Her pausing answer was sad and low,
"It may be so! It may be so!
The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And Time with a plunderer's eye doth seek:
Something I miss, but I cannot say
What it is he hath stolen away--
For it seems that tinsel and trifles spread
Over the alter'd path we tread:
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
Look! here they are, all told and true,
Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue."

Thus, while in grave debate,
Mournful and ill at ease they sate,
Finding treasures disarranged, [chang'd,
Blaming the fickle world, when they themselves were
Hope, on a brilliant wing did soar,
Which folded neath her robe she long had wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And hazarded its strength in a bold heavenward flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel train—
Yet when heaven's gate its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response the welcome of the sky.
But at that threshold high,
Hope faltered with a drooping eye,
And as the expiring rose
Doth in its last adieu its sweetest breath disclose,
Laid down to die.
As a spent harp its symphony doth roll,
Faintly her parting sigh
Greeted a glorious form that stood serenely by:
"Earth's pilgrim I resign;
I cheered him to his grave--I lov'd him—he was mine;
Christ hath redeemed his soul--
Immortal Joy! 'tis thine." L. H. S.

Hartford, Con. Sept. 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THOUGHTS.

Oh Britain! on thy far, far distant shores,
Mid scenes of grandeur, scenes with beauty fraught,
Oft do I wish to stray, when fancy pours
Her rainbow colors in the urn of thought.

Each crumbling tower, and each enchanted wood,
And every haunted glen by Poets sung—
Each mountain, forest, valley, field, or flood,
O'er which romance her magic veil has hung;

Thy "stately homes," the beautiful, the grand—
Each "breezy lawn," and each embowering tree,
In Albion clothed by nature's partial hand
In bloom and verdure—all I seem to see.

I picture to myself thy regal halls,
Where pomp and splendor hold an equal sway;
Thy palaces, within whose time-stained walls
Kings have been born, have lived, and passed away;

That ancient pile,* where gloom and silence keep
Their vigils o'er the great and honored dead—
Where princes proud, and gifted poets sleep,
Each laid forever in his narrow bed;

The spots that hallowed in thy history stand,
The graves of those whose mem'ries cannot die,
With living gems that still adorn thy land,
All, all appear to fancy's ardent eye.

Parent thou art of many a cherished son,
And many a daughter crowned with wreaths of fame,
Whose talents high, or virtues rare have won
An ever glorious, ever honored name.

A Milton's genius awfully sublime,
A Shakspeare's wit in nature's garments drest,
A Scott whose fame can only end with time,
Sprung from thy soil, and sleep within its breast.

A Campbell's pure and chastened flow of thought,
A Hemans' skill poetic flowers to twine,
A Bulwer's matchless page with interest fraught,
A Landon's love-tuned lyre, all—all are thine!

But oh, between my own blest land and thee
Old Ocean's wide and restless waters spread;
Thy gifted great I may not hope to see,
And on thy shores I know I ne'er shall tread.

Yet the free spirit roves where I would go,
To other climes, the beautiful and bright,
Through fields of air, o'er ocean's trackless flow,
Eager, unchecked and chainless in its flight!

E. A. S.

---

* Westminster Abbey.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

KING PEST THE FIRST.

A TALE CONTAINING AN ALLEGORY—BY ——.

The Gods do bear and well allow in kings
The things which they abhor in rascal routes.
Buckhurst's Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex.

About twelve o'clock, one sultry night, in the month of August, and during the chivalrous reign of the third Edward, two seamen belonging to the crew of the "Free and Easy," a trading schooner plying between Sluys and the Thames, and then at anchor in that river, were much astonished to find themselves seated in the tap-room of an ale-house in the parish of St. Andrews, London—which ale-house bore for sign the portraiture of a "Jolly Tar."

The room, it is needless to say, although ill-contrived, smoke-blackened, low-pitched, and in every other respect agreeing with the general character of such places at the period—was, nevertheless, in the opinion of the grotesque groups scattered here and there within it, sufficiently well adapted for its purpose.

Of these groups our two seamen formed, I think, the most interesting, if not the most conspicuous.

The one who appeared to be the elder, and whom his companion addressed by the characteristic appellation of "Legs," was also much the most ill-favored, and, at the same time, much the taller of the two. He might have measured six feet nine inches, and an habitual stoop in the shoulders seemed to have been the necessary consequence of an altitude so enormous.

Superfluities in height were, however, more than accounted for by deficiencies in other respects. He was exceedingly, wofully, awfully thin; and might, as his associates asserted, have answered, when sober, for a pennant at the mast-head, or, when stiff with liquor, have served for a jib-boom. But these jests, and others of a similar nature, had evidently produced, at no time, any effect upon the leaden muscles of the tar. With high cheek-bones, a large hawk-nose, retreating chin, fallen under-jaw, and huge protruding white eyes, the expression of his countenance, although tinged with a species of dogged indifference to matters and things in general, was not the less utterly solemn and serious beyond all attempts at imitation or description.

The younger seaman was in all outward appearance, the antipodes of his companion. His stature could not have exceeded four feet. A pair of stumpy bow-legs supported his squat, unwieldy figure, while his unusually short and thick arms, with no ordinary fists at their extremities, swung off, dangling from his sides like the fins of a sea-turtle. Small eyes, of no particular color, twinkled far back in his head. His nose remained buried in the mass of flesh which enveloped his round, full, and purple face; and his thick upper-lip rested upon the still thicker one beneath with an air of complacent self-satisfaction, much heightened by the owner's habit of licking them at intervals. He evidently regarded his tall ship-mate with a feeling half-wondrous, half-quizzical; and stared up occasionally in his face as the red setting sun stares up at the crags of Ben Nevis.

Various and eventful, however, had been the peregrinations of the worthy couple in and about the different tap-houses of the neighborhood during the earlier hours of the night. Funds even the most ample, are not always everlasting: and it was with empty pockets our friends had ventured upon the present hostelrie.

At the precise period then, when this history properly commences, Legs, and his fellow Hugh Tarpaulin, sat, each with both elbows resting upon the large oaken table in the middle of the floor, and with a hand upon either cheek. They were eyeing, from behind a huge flagon of unpaid-for "humming-stuff," the portentous words "No Chalk," which to their indignation and astonishment were scored over the door-way by means of that very identical mineral whose presence they purported to deny. Not that the gift of decyphering written characters—a gift among the commonalty of that day considered little less cabalistical than the art of inditing—could, in strict justice, have been laid to the charge of either disciple of the sea; but there was, to say the truth, a certain twist in the formation of the letters—an indescribable lee-lurch about the whole—which foreboded, in the opinion of both seamen, a long run of dirty weather; and determined them at once, in the pithy words of Legs himself, to "pump ship, clew up all sail, and scud before the wind."

Having accordingly drank up what remained of the ale, and looped up the points of their short doublets, they finally made a bolt for the street. Although Tarpaulin rolled twice into the fire-place, mistaking it for the door, yet their escape was at length happily effected—and half after twelve o'clock found our heroes ripe for mischief, and running for life down a dark alley in the direction of St. Andrew's Stair, hotly pursued by the landlord and landlady of the "Jolly Tar."

* * * * * *

At the epoch of this eventful tale, and periodically, for many years before and after, all England, but more especially the metropolis, resounded with the fearful cry of "Pest! Pest! Pest!" The city was in a great measure depopulated—and in those horrible regions, in the vicinity of the Thames, where amid the dark, narrow, and filthy lanes and alleys, the Demon of Disease was supposed to have had his nativity, awe, terror, and superstition were alone to be found stalking abroad.

By authority of the king such districts were placed *under ban*, and all persons forbidden, under pain of death, to intrude upon their dismal solitude. Yet neither the mandate of the monarch, nor the huge barriers erected at the entrances of the streets, nor the prospect of that loathsome death which, with almost absolute certainty, overwhelmed the wretch whom no peril could deter from the adventure, prevented the unfurnished and untenanted dwellings from being stripped, by the hand of nightly rapine, of every article such as iron, brass, or lead-work, which could in any manner be turned to a profitable account.

Above all, it was usually found, upon the annual winter opening of the barriers, that locks, bolts, and secret cellars had proved but slender protection to those rich stores of wines and liquors which, in consideration of the risk and trouble of removal, many of the numerous dealers having shops in the neighborhood had consented to trust, during the period of exile, to so insufficient a security.

But there were very few of the terror-stricken people who attributed these doings to the agency of human hands. Pest-Spirits, Plague-Goblins, and Fever-Demons were the popular imps of mischief; and tales so

blood-chilling were hourly told, that the whole mass of forbidden buildings was, at length, enveloped in terror as in a shroud, and the plunderer himself was often scared away by the horrors his own depredations had created; leaving the entire vast circuit of prohibited district to gloom, silence, pestilence, and death.

* * * * * *

It was by one of these terrific barriers already mentioned, and which indicated the region beyond to be under the Pest-Ban, that, in scrambling down an alley, Legs and the worthy Hugh Tarpaulin found their progress suddenly impeded. To return was out of the question, and no time was to be lost, as their pursuers were close upon their heels. With thorough-bred seamen to clamber up the roughly fashioned plank work was a trifle; and, maddened with the twofold excitement of exercise and liquor, they leaped unhesitatingly down within the enclosure, and holding on their drunken course with shouts and yellings, were soon bewildered in its noisome and intricate recesses.

Had they not, indeed, been intoxicated beyond all sense of human feelings, their reeling footsteps must have been palsied by the horrors of their situation. The air was damp, cold and misty. The paving stones loosened from their beds, lay in wild disorder amid the tall, rank grass, which sprang up hideously around the feet and ancles. Rubbish of fallen houses choked up the streets. The most fetid and poisonous smells every where prevailed—and by the occasional aid of that ghastly and uncertain light which, even at midnight, never fails to emanate from a vapory and pestilential atmosphere, might be discerned lying in the by-paths and alleys, or rotting in the windowless habitations, the carcass of many a nocturnal plunderer arrested by the hand of the plague in the very perpetration of his robbery.

But it lay not in the power of images, or sensations, or impediments like these, to stay the course of men who, naturally brave, and at that time especially, brimful of courage and of "humming-stuff," would have reeled, as straight as their condition might have permitted, undauntedly into the very jaws of the Archangel Death. Onward—still onward stalked the gigantic Legs, making the desolate solemnity echo and reecho with yells like the terrific warwhoop of the Indian: and onward—still onward rolled the dumpy Tarpaulin, hanging on to the doublet of his more active companion, and far surpassing the latter's most strenuous exertions in the way of vocal music by bull-roarings *in basso*, from the profundity of his Stentorian lungs.

They had now evidently reached the strong hold of the pestilence. Their way at every step or plunge grew more noisome and more horrible—the paths more narrow and more intricate. Huge stones and beams falling momentarily from the decaying roofs above them, gave evidence, by their sullen and heavy descent, of the vast height of the surrounding buildings, while actual exertion became necessary to force a passage through frequent heaps of putrid human corpses.

Suddenly, as the seamen stumbled against the entrance of a gigantic and ghastly-looking building, a yell more than usually shrill from the throat of the excited Legs, was replied to from within in a rapid succession of wild, laughter-like, and fiendish shrieks.

Nothing daunted at sounds which, of such a nature, at such a time, and in such a place, might have curdled the very blood in hearts less irrecoverably on fire, the drunken couple burst open the pannels of the door, and staggered into the midst of things with a volley of curses. It is not to be supposed however, that the scene which here presented itself to the eyes of the gallant Legs and worthy Tarpaulin, produced at first sight any other effect upon their illuminated faculties than an overwhelming sensation of stupid astonishment.

The room within which they found themselves, proved to be the shop of an undertaker—but an open trap-door in a corner of the floor near the entrance, looked down upon a long range of wine-cellars, whose depths the occasional sounds of bursting bottles proclaimed to be well stored with their appropriate contents. In the middle of the room stood a table—in the centre of which again arose a huge tub of what appeared to be punch. Bottles of various wines and cordials, together with grotesque jugs, pitchers, and flagons of every shape and quality, were scattered profusely upon the board. Around it, upon coffin-tressels, was seated a company of six—this company I will endeavor to delineate one by one.

Fronting the entrance, and elevated a little above his companions, sat a personage who appeared to be the president of the table. His stature was gaunt and tall, and Legs was confounded to behold in him a figure more emaciated than himself. His face was yellower than the yellowest saffron—but no feature of his visage, excepting one alone, was sufficiently marked to merit a particular description. This one consisted in a forehead so unusually and hideously lofty, as to have the appearance of a bonnet or crown of flesh superseded upon the natural head. His mouth was puckered and dimpled into a singular expression of ghastly affability, and his eyes, as indeed the eyes of all at table, were glazed over with the fumes of intoxication.

This gentleman was clothed from head to foot in a richly embroidered black silk-velvet pall wrapped negligently around his form after the fashion of a Spanish cloak. His head was stuck all full of tall, sable hearse-plumes, which he nodded to and fro with a jaunty and knowing air, and, in his right hand, he held a huge human thigh-bone, with which he appeared to have been just knocking down some member of the company for a song.

Opposite him, and with her back to the door, was a lady of no whit the less extraordinary character. Although quite as tall as the person who has just been described, she had no right to complain of his unnatural emaciation. She was evidently in the last stage of a dropsy; and her figure resembled nearly in outline the shapeless proportions of the huge puncheon of October beer which stood, with the head driven in, close by her side, in a corner of the chamber. Her face was exceedingly round, red, and full—and the same peculiarity, or rather want of peculiarity, attached itself to her countenance, which I before mentioned in the case of the president—that is to say, only one feature of her face was sufficiently distinguished to need a separate characterization: indeed, the acute Tarpaulin immediately observed that the same remark might have applied to each individual person of the party; every one of whom seemed to possess a monopoly of some particular

portion of physiognomy. With the lady in question this portion proved to be the mouth. Commencing at the right ear, it swept with a terrific chasm to the left—the short pendants which she wore in either auricle continually bobbing into the aperture. She made, however, every exertion to keep her jaws closed and look dignified, in a dress consisting of a newly starched and ironed shroud coming up close under her chin, with a crimped ruffle of cambric muslin.

At her right hand sat a diminutive young lady whom she appeared to patronize. This delicate little creature, in the trembling of her wasted fingers, in the livid hue of her lips, and in the slight hectic spot which tinged her otherwise leaden complexion, gave evident indications of a galloping consumption.

An air of extreme *haut ton*, however, pervaded her whole appearance—she wore in a graceful and *degagé* manner, a large and beautiful winding-sheet of the finest India lawn—her hair hung in ringlets over her neck—a soft smile played about her mouth—but her nose, extremely long, thin, sinuous, flexible, and pimpled, hung down far below her under lip, and, in spite of the delicate manner in which she now and then moved it to one side or the other with her tongue, gave an expression rather doubtful to her countenance.

Over against her, and upon the left of the dropsical lady, was seated a little puffy, wheezing, and gouty old man, whose cheeks hung down upon the shoulders of their owner, like two huge bladders of Oporto wine. With his arms folded, and with one bandaged leg cocked up against the table, he seemed to think himself entitled to some consideration.

He evidently prided himself much upon every inch of his personal appearance, but took more especial delight in calling attention to his gaudy colored surcoat. This, to say the truth, must have cost no little money, and was made to fit him exceedingly well—being fashioned from one of the curiously embroidered silken covers appertaining to those glorious escutcheons which, in England and elsewhere, are customarily hung up in some conspicuous place upon the dwellings of departed aristocracy.

Next to him, and at the right hand of the president, was a gentleman in long white hose and cotton drawers. His frame shook in a ludicrous manner, with a fit of what Tarpaulin called "the horrors." His jaws, which had been newly shaved, were tightly tied up by a bandage of muslin; and his arms being fastened in a similar way at the wrists, prevented him from helping himself too freely to the liquors upon the table; a precaution rendered necessary, in the opinion of Legs, by the peculiarly sottish and wine-bibbing cast of his visage. A pair of prodigious ears, nevertheless, which it was no doubt found impossible to confine, towered away into the atmosphere of the apartment, and were occasionally pricked up, or depressed, as the sounds of bursting bottles increased, or died away, in the cellars underneath.

Fronting him, sixthly and lastly, was situated a singularly stiff-looking personage, who, being afflicted with paralysis, must, to speak seriously, have felt very ill at ease in his unaccommodating habiliments. He was habited, somewhat uniquely, in a new and handsome mahogany coffin.

The top or head-piece of the coffin pressed upon the scull of the wearer, and extended over it in the fashion of a hood, giving to the entire face an air of indescribable interest. Arm-holes had been cut in the sides, for the sake not more of elegance than of convenience—but the dress, nevertheless, prevented its proprietor from sitting as erect as his associates; and as he lay reclining against his tressel, at an angle of forty-five degrees, a pair of huge goggle eyes rolled up their awful whites towards the ceiling in absolute amazement at their own enormity.

Before each of the party lay a portion of a scull which was used as a drinking cup. Overhead was suspended an enormous human skeleton, by means of a rope tied round one of the legs and fastened to a ring in the ceiling. The other limb, confined by no such fetter, stuck off from the body at right angles, causing the whole loose and rattling frame to dangle and twirl about in a singular manner, at the caprice of every occasional puff of wind which found its way into the apartment. In the cranium of this hideous thing lay a quantity of ignited and glowing charcoal, which threw a fitful but vivid light over the entire scene; while coffins, and other wares appertaining to the shop of an undertaker, were piled high up around the room, and against the windows, preventing any straggling ray from escaping into the street.

It has been before hinted that at sight of this extraordinary assembly, and of their still more extraordinary paraphernalia, our two seamen did not conduct themselves with that proper degree of decorum which might have been expected. Legs, having leant himself back against the wall, near which he happened to be standing, dropped his lower jaw still lower than usual, and spread open his eyes to their fullest extent: while Hugh Tarpaulin, stooping down so as to bring his nose upon a level with the table, and spreading out a palm upon either knee, burst into a long, loud, and obstreperous roar of very ill-timed and immoderate laughter.

Without, however, taking offence at behavior so excessively rude, the tall president smiled very graciously upon the intruders—nodded to them in a dignified manner with his head of sable plumes—and, arising, took each by an arm, and led him to a seat which some others of the company had placed in the meantime for his accommodation. Legs to all this offered not the slightest resistance, but sat down as he was directed—while the gallant Hugh removing his coffin-tressel from its station near the head of the table, to the vicinity of the little consumptive lady in the winding-sheet, plumped down by her side in high glee, and, pouring out a scull of red wine, drank it off to their better acquaintance. But at this presumption the stiff gentleman in the coffin seemed exceedingly nettled, and serious consequences might have ensued, had not the president, rapping upon the table with his truncheon, diverted the attention of all present to the following speech:

"It becomes our duty upon the present happy occasion"———

"Avast there!"—interrupted Legs looking very serious—"avast there a bit, I say, and tell us who the devil ye all are, and what business ye have here rigged off like the foul fiends, and swilling the snug 'blue ruin' stowed away for the winter by my honest shipmate Will Wimble the undertaker!"

At this unpardonable piece of ill-breeding, all the

original company half started to their feet, and uttered the same rapid succession of wild fiendish shrieks which had before caught the attention of the seamen. The president, however, was the first to recover his composure, and at length, turning to Legs with great dignity, recommenced.

"Most willingly will we gratify any reasonable curiosity on the part of guests so illustrious, unbidden though they be. Know then that in these dominions I am monarch, and here rule with undivided empire under the title of 'King Pest the First.'

"This apartment which you no doubt profanely suppose to be the shop of Will Wimble the undertaker—a man whom we know not, and whose plebeian appellation has never before this night thwarted our royal ears—this apartment, I say, is the Dais-Chamber of our Palace, devoted to the councils of our kingdom, and to other sacred and lofty purposes.

"The noble lady who sits opposite is Queen Pest, and our Serene Consort. The other exalted personages whom you behold are all of our family, and wear the insignia of the blood royal under the respective titles of 'His Grace the Arch Duke Pest-Iferous'—'His Grace the Duke Pest-Ilential'—'His Grace the Duke Tem-Pest'—and 'Her Serene Highness the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.'

"As regards"—continued he—"your demand of the business upon which we sit here in council, we might be pardoned for replying that it concerns and concerns *alone* our own private and regal interest, and is in no manner important to any other than ourself. But in consideration of those rights to which as guests and strangers you may feel yourselves entitled, we will furthermore explain that we are here this night, prepared by deep research and accurate investigation, to examine, analyze, and thoroughly determine the indefinable spirit—the incomprehensible qualities and nare of those inestimable treasures of the palate, the wines, ales, and liqueurs of this goodly Metropolis: by so doing to advance not more our own designs than the true welfare of that unearthly sovereign whose reign is over us all—whose dominions are unlimited—and whose name is 'Death.'"

"Whose name is Davy Jones!"—ejaculated Tarpaulin, helping the lady by his side to a scull of liqueur, and pouring out a second for himself.

"Profane varlet!"—said the president, now turning his attention to the worthy Hugh—"profane and execrable wretch!—we have said, that in consideration of those rights which, even in thy filthy person, we feel no inclination to violate, we have condescended to make reply to your rude and unseasonable inquiries. We, nevertheless, for your unhallowed intrusion upon our councils, believe it our duty to mulct you and your companion in each a gallon of Black Strap—having drank which to the prosperity of our kingdom—at a single draught—and upon your bended knees—you shall be forthwith free either to proceed upon your way, or remain and be admitted to the privileges of our table according to your respective and individual pleasures."

"It would be a matter of utter impossibility"—replied Legs, whom the assumptions and dignity of King Pest the First had evidently inspired with some feelings of respect, and who arose and studied himself by the table as he spoke—"it would, please your majesty, be a matter of utter impossibility to stow away in my hold even one-fourth of that same liquor which your majesty has just mentioned. To say nothing of the stuffs placed on board in the forenoon by way of ballast, and not to mention the various ales and liqueurs shipped this evening at different sea-ports, I am, at present, full up to the throat of 'humming-stuff' taken in and duly paid for at the sign of the 'Jolly Tar.' You will, therefore, please your majesty, be so good as take the will for the deed—for by no manner of means either can I or will I swallow another drop—least of all a drop of that villainous bilge-water that answers to the hail of 'Black Strap.'"

"Belay that!"—interrupted Tarpaulin, astonished not more at the length of his companion's speech than at the nature of his refusal—"Belay that you lubber!—and I say, Legs, none of your palaver! *My* hull is still light, although I confess you yourself seem to be a little top-heavy; and as for the matter of your share of the cargo, why rather than raise a squall I would find stowage-room for it myself, but"———

"This proceeding"—interposed the president—"is by no means in accordance with the terms of the mulct or sentence which is in its nature Median, and not to be altered or recalled. The conditions we have imposed must be fulfilled to the letter, and that without a moment's hesitation—in failure of which fulfilment we decree that you do here be tied neck and heels together, and duly drowned as rebels in yon hogshead of October beer!"

"A sentence!—a sentence!—a righteous and just sentence!—a glorious decree!—a most worthy and upright, and holy condemnation!"—shouted the Pest Family altogether. The king elevated his forehead into innumerable wrinkles—the gouty little old man puffed like a pair of bellows—the lady of the winding sheet waved her nose to and fro—the gentleman in the cotton drawers pricked up his ears—she of the shroud gasped like a dying fish—and he of the coffin looked stiff and rolled up his eyes.

"Ugh!—ugh!—ugh!"—chuckled Tarpaulin without heeding the general excitation—"ugh!—ugh!—ugh!——ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!" "I was saying," said he,—"I was saying when Mr. King Pest poked in his marling-spike, that as for the matter of two or three gallons more or less Black Strap, it was a trifle to a tight sea-boat like myself not overstowed—but when it comes to drinking the health of the Devil—whom God assoilzie—and going down upon my marrow bones to his ill-favored majesty there, whom I know, as well as I know myself to be a sinner, to be nobody in the whole world but Tim Hurlygurly, the organ-grinder—why! its quite another guess sort of a thing, and utterly and altogether past my comprehension."

He was not allowed to finish this speech in tranquillity. At the name of Tim Hurlygurly the whole Junto leaped from their seats.

"Treason!"—shouted his Serenity King Pest the First.

"Treason!"—said the little man with the gout.

"Treason!"—screamed the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

"Treason!"—muttered the gentleman with his jaws tied up.

"Treason!"—growled he of the coffin.

"Treason! treason!"—shrieked her majesty of the

mouth; and, seizing by the hinder part of his breeches the unfortunate Tarpaulin, who had just commenced pouring out for himself a scull of liqueur, she lifted him high up into the air, and dropped him without ceremony into the huge open puncheon of his beloved ale. Bobbing up and down, for a few seconds, like an apple in a bowl of toddy, he, at length, finally disappeared amid the whirlpool of foam which, in the already effervescent liquor, his struggles easily succeeded in creating.

Not tamely however did the tall seaman behold the discomfiture of his companion. Jostling King Pest through the open trap, the valiant Legs slammed the door down upon him with an oath, and strode towards the centre of the room. Here tearing down the huge skeleton which swung over the table, he laid it about him with so much energy and good will, that, as the last glimpses of light died away within the apartment, he succeeded in knocking out the brains of the little gentleman with the gout. Rushing then with all his force against the fatal hogshead full of October ale and Hugh Tarpaulin, he rolled it over and over in an instant. Out burst a deluge of liquor so fierce—so impetuous—so overwhelming—that the room was flooded from wall to wall—the loaded table was overturned—the tressels were thrown upon their backs—the tub of punch into the fire place—and the ladies into hysterics. Jugs, pitchers, and carboys mingled promiscuously in the *melée*, and wicker flagons encountered desperately with bottles of junk. Piles of death-furniture floundered about. Sculls floated *en masse*—hearse-plumes nodded to escutcheons—the man with the horrors was drowned upon the spot—the little stiff gentleman sailed off in his coffin—and the victorious Legs, seizing by the waist the fat lady in the shroud, scudded out into the street followed under easy sail, by the redoubted Hugh Tarpaulin, who, having sneezed three or four times, panted and puffed after him with the Arch Duchess Ana-Pest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EARLY ADVENTURES.

Dissolve frigus—lignum super focus large reponens.—*Horace.*

Towards the end of a raw and blustering day in October, I was comfortably seated in my easy chair before a blazing fire, which diffused a cheerful light and a genial warmth through the apartment. My feet, cased in morocco slippers, rested on a footstool, whilst I carelessly sipped a glass of Madeira, supplied from a decanter which reared its rosy form on a table hard by. To an eye-witness I must have seemed the picture of comfort and happiness. On turning to help myself to another glass of the nectar-like fluid that glistened so temptingly by the ruddy light, my eye caught the gold edge of a note which lay on the table, half concealed by a book, and which, upon perusal, I discovered to contain a polite invitation from a wealthy and fashionable acquaintance to spend the next evening at her house. The emphatic N. B. "*Mrs. M. would be glad to see her friends in fancy dresses*," soon brought to my experienced mind the nature of the *fête* to which I had the honor of an invitation. I arose to consult my prints and books to discover the most appropriate costume wherein to conceal my noble self. But not being able to suit exactly my somewhat fastidious taste, I resolved to consult the accomplished, beautiful, talented, and "last but not least," the wealthy Miss ———, who performed on the piano like another Handel, and tripped it on the light fantastic toe, with almost as much ease and grace as the fairy Taglioni. I had long looked on Miss ——— with affection—or perhaps love: and I had the vanity to suppose my feelings were reciprocated. But of the latter surmise I could only judge by "circumstantial evidence"—for the Cerberus-like vigilance of the matron under whose protection she lived, (and who had married my father's brother,) prevented me from forming any correct judgment of the extent of her affection for me—or if she possessed any, from taking advantage of it. The old lady (my aunt) who had found the yoke of Hymen not so easily borne, and who knew by experience the hazard that was to be encountered in forming matrimonial connexions, zealously opposed the various attempts I made to win the heart of the mistress of my adoration. Seeing all my designs frustrated, and my schemes overthrown by the superior knowledge and oversight of my feminine antagonist, I resolved, like a prudent general, to "beat a retreat," while it was in my power to effect one without loss of force or reputation. Nevertheless, I deemed it not imprudent to make one vigorous effort to obtain the five thousand dollars a year, along with the person of Miss ———, before I retired from the contest. Fraught with this intention, I resolved to visit Miss ——— immediately, to consult her about *something* beside the *fancy dress*. Having exchanged the gown in which I had been so luxuriously enveloped, for a dress coat, cut by the inimitable hands of Nugee, and attired the rest of my person in the most approved style, I sallied forth to the residence of my charmer.

The wind had gradually subsided during the last half hour, until it had nearly died away. The fresh air, with the exercise of walking, produced that racy and dancing stir of the blood, which all action, whether evil or noble in its nature, raises in our veins. The full moon now rose in all the splendor of its matchless beauty, and bathed in silvery light the gorgeous piles of snow-white clouds that calmly reposed on the surface of the dark blue sky. The walk was too pleasant to be of long duration, and before it seemed a moment had elapsed, I found myself on the marble steps of the house to which I had been directing my course. At my aristocratic pull of the door-bell, a servant immediately made his appearance, and to my inquiry if Mrs. D—— was at home, he answered in the negative. "Did Miss ——— accompany her, or did she remain?" said I in a hesitating tone of voice. "*She* is within," said the servant, and he forthwith ushered me in. In a few moments Miss ——— entered the room, looking as fresh and beautiful as Aurora "when first she leaves her rosy bed." It is useless to trespass upon the patience of the reader by giving a prolix account of a scene he has read of in every novel, romance, or tale, that has been written since the time of Clovis. Be it sufficient to say, that with "accents sweet" I poured forth the impassioned tale of my love—and with all that eloquence which love (and the hope of the five thousand per annum only) could have inspired. My suit was accepted; and to escape the vigilance of my aunt, it was agreed that she should attend the fancy ball the next evening, habited in the costume of a "Novice," at which place I should meet her as Young

Norval. Soon as the clock should toll the hour of twelve we should leave the "festive scene," while all would be too busy to notice our departure. Immediately we were to repair to the residence of my aunt, when, after changing our dresses for some more suitable, we should hasten to a country seat about twenty miles distant, possessed by a near relative of mine, where we should be united in the holy band of matrimony.

This arrangement being made, with a heart buoyant with hope, and an elastic tread, I soon regained my apartment. And

> "Now the latter watch of wasting night
> And setting stars to sweet repose invite;"

but the high excitement under which I had been, banished

> "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

from my pillow.

* * * * * *

Comformably to the plan arranged between Miss ——— and myself, I drove to Mrs. M——'s at the usual hour, and halted some distance from the house, in the rear of about a hundred carriages. The rooms were already full when I entered—and after being announced in character and introduced to the lady of the house, I mingled with the motley crowd.

For the first hour the scene was grotesque in the extreme. The guests paraded the rooms with all the gravity of well-bred persons of the sixteenth century, looking stiff and very uncomfortable in their ill-adjusted habiliments. At the announcement of supper the prospect for pleasure brightened, and the guests felt themselves more at home. The gaudy figures moving about in the full blaze of the numberless chandeliers, produced a brilliant effect; and the various characters mingling together, made a splendid show of the burlesque. Here a "Red Man" from the "Far West," with his beautifully variegated moccasins, and a glass of "golden Sherry" in his hand, was descanting on the beauties of the latest tie with a superb "Spanish Cavalier," who haughtily fingered his jet black moustache, and sipped his Sherbet. Next him stood a "Knight of Malta," with his magnificent stars and diamonds, in close converse with a "Peasant Girl." The "Arch Bishop" set the whole table in a roar by his jokes; and "His Holiness" the Pope, giggled with "Anne Boleyn" over an ice-cream. The Jew was detected with ham-sandwich; while "King Lear" forgot the ingratitude of his daughters over champagne.

I finding the assignated time approaching, detached myself from the brilliant crowd around the supper table, and took a seat on a sofa in the next *room.* I had not been seated many minutes before I perceived "The Novice" approaching, and at that instant a clock near me tolled the midnight hour. I dashed up to the object of my search, and observing it was now time to go, she immediately took my arm, and we marched out. At the door I handed her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive as rapidly as possible to —— street. In a few moments we arrived at the house, and seeing her rather slow, I requested her to unveil, as we had no time to lose. Slowly she raised her hand, and removing the dark veil from her face, disclosed the features of—*my aunt.* Overwhelmed with rage and disappointment I rushed from the house, and meeting one of the servants, learned that Miss ——— had suddenly heard of the death of a relative to whom she was much attached, and had been unable to attend the ball. It appears she had written to me, but the note, by some unpardonable negligence of the domestic to whom it was entrusted, had never been delivered. Learning these particulars I hurried down the street, and seeing a stage-coach standing before a hotel door, I leaped into it, and drove off. The motion of the carriage produced a dull, heavy sensation on my frame, and at length I fell asleep. I was aroused from my slumber by the sounds of laughter, and soon discovered that it arose from my fellow-passengers, who were diverting themselves at the oddity of my appearance and dress. Some took me for a madman. But one old gentlemen in pepper and salt dress, and with a red nose, assured the company that I was some theatrical character who had eloped from his creditors. Never was he of the "Grampian Hills" worse treated. At length I arrived at an inn, where I procured a suit of clothes, and resolved either to commit suicide, or drown my cares in a bottle of *Champagne.* J. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SHADOW. A FABLE—BY ——.

Ye who read are still among the living, but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and many secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away ere these memorials be seen of men. And when seen there will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron.

The year had been a year of terror, and of feelings more intense than terror for which there is no name upon the earth. For many prodigies and signs had taken place, and far and wide, over sea and land, the black wings of the Pestilence were spread abroad. To those, nevertheless, cunning in the stars, it was not unknown that the Heavens wore an aspect of ill; and to me, the Greek Oinos, among others it was evident, that now had arrived the alternation of that seven hundred and ninety-fourth year when, at the entrance of Aries, the planet Jupiter is conjoined with the red ring of the terrible Saturnus. The peculiar spirit of the skies, if I mistake not, greatly made itself manifest, not only in the physical orb of the earth, but in the souls, imaginations, and meditations of mankind.

Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall, in a dim city by the melancholy sea, we sat, at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass: and the door was fashioned by the artizan Corinnos, and being of rare workmanship was fastened from within. Black draperies, likewise, in the gloomy room shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets--but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about of which I can render no distinct account—things material and spiritual. Heaviness in the atmosphere—a sense of suffocation—anxiety--and above all, that terrible state of existence which the nervous experience when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of

thought lie dormant. A dead weight hung upon us. It hung upon our limbs—upon the household furniture—upon the goblets from which we drank; and all things were depressed, and borne down thereby—all things save only the flames of the seven iron lamps which illumined our revel. Uprearing themselves in tall slender lines of light, they thus remained burning all pallid and motionless; and in the mirror which their lustre formed upon the round table of ebony at which we sat, each of us there assembled beheld the pallor of his own countenance, and the unquiet glare in the downcast eyes of his companions. Yet we laughed and were merry in our proper way—which was hysterical; and sang the songs of Anacreon—which are madness; and drank deeply—although the purple wine reminded us of blood. For there was yet another tenant of our chamber in the person of young Zoilus. Dead, and at full length he lay, enshrouded—the genius and the demon of the scene. Alas! he bore no portion in our mirth, save that his countenance distorted with the plague, and his eyes in which Death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seemed to take such interest in our merriment as the dead may take in the merriment of those who are to die. But although I, Oinos, felt that the eyes of the departed were upon me, still I forced myself not to perceive the bitterness of their expression, and, gazing down steadily into the depths of the ebony mirror, sang with a loud and sonorous voice the songs of the son of Teios. But gradually my songs they ceased, and their echoes rolling afar off among the sable draperies of the chamber became weak, and indistinguishable, and so fainted away. And lo! from among those sable draperies where the sounds of the song departed, there came forth a dark and undefined shadow—a shadow such as the moon when low in Heaven might fashion from the figure of a man: but it was the shadow neither of man, nor of God, nor of any familiar thing. And quivering awhile among the draperies of the room, it at length rested in full view upon the surface of the door of brass. But the shadow was vague, and formless, and indefinitive, and was the shadow neither of man nor God—neither God of Greece, nor God of Chaldæa, nor any Egyptian God. And the shadow rested upon the brazen doorway, and under the arch of the entablature of the door, and moved not, nor spoke any word, but there became stationary and remained. And the door whereupon the shadow rested was, if I remember aright, over against the feet of the young Zoilus enshrouded. But we, the seven there assembled, having seen the shadow as it came out from among the draperies, dared not steadily behold it, but cast down our eyes, and gazed continually into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And at length I, Oinos, speaking some low words, demanded of the shadow its dwelling and its appellation. And the shadow answered, "I am SHADOW, and my dwelling is near to the Catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal." And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast: for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well remembered and familiar accents of a thousand departed friends.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CURSE OF THE "BETRAYED ONE."

A FRAGMENT—BY HUGH BLAIR.

They moved her couch, that the whispering breath
  Of evening might come with its balmy sigh,
And fan her brow, e'er the film of death
  Spread over her dark and beautiful eye.

But she heeded not the whispering wind,
  For her burning thoughts afar were roaming;
Madness had seized on her wretched mind,
  And her high brow throb'd, and her lips were foaming!

And the beautiful curls of her sable hair
  Streamed wildly over her fevered pillow—
And her bosom heaved in its whiteness there,
  As the breeze heaves up the snowy billow—

And her teeth with convulsive grasp were set,
  And her eye burned bright as a beam of day—
She twined her hand in her locks of jet,
  And tore their glittering curls away!

And she screamed with a wild, convulsive shriek,
  Then uttered a low protracted groan—
As ye've heard the wind thro' your lattice break,
  And die away with a hollow moan.

But at length, through the evening's gathering gloom,
  Her voice came forth from the riven chords
Of her broken heart, as from a tomb!
  And she utter'd these wild and fearful words:

"I've loved thee, man, with an ardent love;
I've sworn it by each orb above—
By the glorious Sun when he sank to rest,
And lit with his beams the glowing west—
By the pallid Moon, when her silver beam
Danced gladly o'er yon murmuring stream,
Upon whose verdant banks with you
I've stood that holy orb to view—
And by every lamp which the dusk of even
Hung out in the glittering arch of heaven.
I cannot *now* deny the flame
Which has wasted thus my wretched frame—
For I've told it thee by many a word
  Which came from the core of my bleeding heart,
As you touched each thrilling, aching chord,
  By that hellish power, thy fiendish art.
I've told it thee by many a sigh,
By many a tear in my weary eye,
By many a sob, and many a groan,
Which burst from the lips of thy '*lovely one*'—
And I've told it thee by the burning streak
Which so often lit my fevered cheek,
As you played with each glittering curl of jet
That waved on the neck of '*Thy Martinette!*'
Come hither thou fiend and gaze upon me;
  Behold the wreck of thy hellish power—
Come hither, I have a *blessing* for thee,
  Which thou shalt hear in my dying hour.

"That maiden, she of the lovely face,
Who holds in thy heart *my* wretched place,
Shall become thy bride, and her first born son
Be a monster, hideous to gaze upon!
And the sight of the thing shall drive her mad!

And while she's screaming in accents wild,
She shall call upon thee in tones most sad,
Thyself to murder her hideous child!
Oh, she shall shriek in her wild despair,
And her phrensied eye, with a fearful glare,
Full on thy faithless face shall gleam—
And with lips of foam and teeth close set,
Her voice full in thy ear shall scream,
'Remember the curse of *thy Martinette!*'
And with fingers of blood she shall rend her cheek—
And those lips which now in their freshness part,
Shall utter as wild and terrific a shriek
As ever yet burst from my broken heart;
And her every shriek and her every groan
Shall wither thy heart, thou faithless one!
And thus she shall die, ere reason's dawn
The veil from her wildered soul hath drawn.
But her blasted babe, that hideous thing,
Shall live—and its frightful presence shall bring
Galling thoughts, which shall have the power
To blast thy every peaceful hour!
By its blasted form thou shalt never forget
The dying curse of *thy Martinette!*"

She spoke, and sunk back on her dying bed,
And the blood gushed forth from her lips of foam!
They raised her again—but the spirit had fled
Away, away to its secret home!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MRS. B. G. S.

When Summer sheds her soft perfume
The bowers among—
When all the earth is rich in bloom,
The sky in song—
When evening's golden clouds like shadows flee,
Turn for an instant then your thoughts on me.

When Winter in her frozen zone
Robs earth of green--
When only Friendship can atone
For what has been—
When round the hearth your other friends you see,
It is the hour I love—think then of me.

In days of bliss when hope is nigh,
And life is dear,
Your heart with joy elate beats high,
And friends are near--
Forget not there is one will ever be
Glad of thy gladness; cast a thought on me.

And when the darksome days
Of age or ill
The bright and cheering rays
Of hope shall chill,
Think there is one whose love can never be
Changed with Time's changes—oh remember me.

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SEA BIRD'S REVEL.

BY GILES McQUIGGIN.

Look out upon the ocean wave—
Look from the lonely shore;
See how the mountain billows rave,
Hark how the waters roar!

Darkly hangs the tempest cloud,
From windward to the lee;
The thunder mutters hoarse and loud
Above the foaming sea.

'Tis nature in her revel hour—
She sweeps a stormy wing;
Old Ocean trembles at her power,
As wild his surges fling.

The sea bird rides upon her wrath,
Rocks on the tempest's ire—
Surveys the lurid lightning's path,
And shouts amid its fire.

The proud bird breasts the storm alone,
Mounts through its misty height—
The summit is his lofty throne,
The thunder his delight.

While gazing on the horrors round,
His burning eye-balls glare;
King of the storm, with lightnings crown'd,
He fears no terrors there.

When he for very gladness shrieks,
It deafens ocean's roar—
O'er nature in her wildest freaks
The proud storm king may soar.

Ride on aerial charioteer,
The tempest hails thy form;
Thou lov'st a sky forever clear,
Go seek it through the storm.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

I MET THEE BY MOONLIGHT ALONE.

BY M. S. LOVETT.

Air—"Oh! meet me by moonlight alone."

I met thee by moonlight alone,
The blue sky was cloudless above;
And dew-gems around us were thrown,
To gladden our meeting of love.

I met thee by moonlight alone,
My heart trusting wholly to thee:
Was it prudent? Alas! I will own
That I asked not, for *thou* wast with me.

How buoyant my heart, and how sweet
The zephyrs that waved through my hair!
Low murmured the stream at my feet,
Its tale to the summer-night air.

But ah! did the sky cease to smile?
The Moon—were her silver rays gone?
Did *each* beauty but tarry the while
We met—love, by moonlight alone?

Oh no, for the sky is still bright,
The dew-drops still nightly have shone:
On *me* fell the darkness and blight:
I met thee by moonlight alone!

And the pale Moon while wand'ring above,
Oft hears its sad votaries own,
That too often the Altar of Love
Is lighted by moonlight alone.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Places of Protestant Worship in Paris—History of Mr. Lewis Way an English Divine.

PARIS, ———.

Dear Jane:

Here is an interesting narrative to amuse you, which I have just heard related. In the *Champs Elysées*, there stands a beautiful protestant chapel, where we attend divine service almost every Sabbath; if we do not go there, we repair to the oratorio, a protestant church in the Rue St. Honoré, or to the English Ambassador's, where there is public worship every Sunday, or to another temple consecrated to our form of worship, (the Church of the Visitation,) in the Rue Saint Antoine. Bishop Luscombe officiates at the oratorio, and Mr. Wilkes, a Presbyterian clergyman, assembles his congregation in an upper apartment adjoining the church. The history in question is that of the Rev. Mr. Lewis Way, who owns the chapel in the Champs Elysées and preaches there; he is extremely eloquent and energetic, and speaks plain truths to his flock without hesitation, when necessary. It is said that when a youth he had an ardent desire to be educated for the church, but his parents being extremely poor, and not having any relatives to assist him, he became a student of law at the temple, and was one morning proceeding to his labors, when he observed his own name inscribed on the door plate of a handsome dwelling. He immediately ascended the steps and requested to speak with the master of the house, and on his appearance, after apologizing for the liberty he was taking, told his story, represented his forlorn situation, and begged to be informed if there was any relationship between them. On comparing notes he found there was *not* and was taking leave, but the gentleman, who was an odd old bachelor, insisted on his prolonging his visit, and in the interim, sent a trusty servant to inquire his character of the lawyer under whom he studied, and who happened to be the one whom he (Mr. Way, *Senior*,) usually employed. The lawyer's answer was highly creditable to his pupil, and from that moment the old gentleman adopted him, enabled him to take orders, and dying soon afterwards, bequeathed him a fortune of 300,000 pounds sterling. The sudden accession of such wealth affected his brain, and he was crazy for several years. Now, *I* think he must have been so, when he introduced himself so strangely to his benefactor; but be that as it may, on regaining his senses, he resolved to make Paris his future home, and to devote his time to the protestants in that city. He accordingly came over here, purchased the hotel Marbœuf his present abode, and converted a portion of it into the tasteful little chapel, where he addresses and edifies a numerous congregation on all holy days. The seats of the chapel are covered with cerulean velvet, the windows ornamented with paintings, and there is a good organ, upon which one of his daughters (for he has married and has several children,) always performs. A shady and pleasant garden adds to the beauty and comfort of the place. And thus ends my story, for the truth of which remember I do not vouch. But as I have had it told to me,—so I have detailed it unto thee; and with this flourishing rhyme conclude.

Yours, LEONTINE.

LETTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Excursion to Lagrange—Count de Tracy and Madame La Fayette—Theatre of Monsieur Compte—Chinese Baths.

PARIS, ———.

I thank you beloved sister! for your affectionate letter of the — instant, and shall not delay answering it, for I am impatient to inform you of our recent agreeable excursion to Lagrange. On Friday, we availed ourselves of the kind General's invitation, and rising very early, commenced our journey to his castle. We partook of coffee, eggs, and bread and butter, at a village some leagues hence, and having rested the horses, went on so rapidly as to reach Lagrange in time for dinner; met with a cordial reception from all the family, and were introduced to several distinguished guests. Among these, were the venerable Count de Tracy and the celebrated Monsieur Constant. The former is the father of Madame G. Lafayette, and a charming old gentleman he is. The latter, the intimate friend of Madame de Stael and the leader of the liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, I have described to you in a previous letter. Madame George Lafayette is the presiding hostess of Lagrange, and has uncommonly affable and affectionate manners; indeed the whole family (as I have already remarked) are extremely amiable, and so charitable, that many poor persons in their neighborhood are supported by their bounty. Madame Lafayette Senior, you know, died of a malady contracted by her, in the damp and noxious dungeon of Olmutz, while she shared her husband's captivity. Her memory is deservedly venerated by him, and I am told that he cannot speak of her, without shedding tears of sorrow and gratitute, at the recollection of her sufferings and self-sacrifice for his sake. He shewed us a miniature of their jailor, which was taken by his eldest daughter, Madame de Maubourg, during their imprisonment, in the following singular manner. She drew it first on her thumb nail with a *pin*, not being allowed a pencil or paper; however, having found means to obtain a piece of crayon and a blank leaf from a book, she copied the head sketched on her nail, and as the resemblance was striking, her father has since had it painted in oil colors, by an artist, who has enlarged the design; by portraying the old Cerberus with a huge bunch of keys, and in the act of unlocking the prison door. It is quite an interesting little picture.

I will now describe the farm, for we examined all parts of it. Order and neatness reign throughout the domain, and the General himself sees that nothing is neglected. He has a numerous flock of merino sheep, well guarded by a shepherd and two faithful dogs. Their sagacity and vigilance are remarkable; if one of the flock separated itself from the others only a few feet, these dogs would observe it in an instant, and hasten to drive back the wanderer to its place, which they always did with evident tenderness. The horses, cows and swine were in a thriving condition, looking contented, fat and sleek. The poultry yard contains foreign as well as domestic fowls; they are accommodated according to their habits, and form an amusing spectacle. The regulations of the kitchen, the dairy, the ice-house, stables and pig-styes, are admirable, and you may tell Albert that I advise him to come over and take a lesson in such useful arrange-

ments, though I will answer for it, *you* entertain so exalted an opinion of his knowledge on all subjects, that you deem more acquirements or improvements unnecessary. "Mais revenons au Chateau." It is a stone building enclosing three sides of a square court, There are five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth in the centre of the left side of the castle, as you enter through a large arch which leads into the square court; it is surrounded by a thickly spreading ivy, which was planted by our great statesman, Charles James Fox, more than twenty years ago, while on a visit to Lagrange. You approach the arch by a bridge, thrown over a moat, bounding two sides of the castle, and terminating in a small lake. Here may sometimes be seen floating an American boat, that in 1824 beat an English one, in a race on the water at New York, and was afterwards presented to the good General. He is adored by the Americans and quite devoted to them and their interests. His drawing room is decorated with the portraits of their Presidents, and in an adjoining room may be seen in golden frames, their declaration of independence and the farewell address of Washington; also, the colors of the "Brandywine," the ship they sent out with him when he returned from an excursion to their country four years ago. These colors were presented to him by the officers of that vessel, and the midshipmen gave him as a testimony of their respect, a handsome silver urn, with an appropriate inscription. The library and a cabinet of curiosities, are likewise supplied with American productions. In the first, are beautiful engravings of various parts of the United States, some American works and the cane of Washington; and in the second, divers odd articles of Indian manufacture. On Saturday we took leave of La Grange and its inmates; their kindness and attention to us, and the pleasure we derived from our visit to them, we can never forget; they will be associated with our most agreeable reminiscences of France. Last night we went to the theatre of Monsieur Compte, where all the performers are children; the little creatures acted remarkably well and with great spirit, and we were highly diverted. Monsieur Compte is considered the best ventriloquist in Europe. Edgar and Sigismund have been taking lessons in swimming; there are several excellent schools here for teaching the art, and one for *ladies;* and Marcella, Leonora and myself had serious thoughts of entering as pupils, but finally concluded we had enough of *water works* at the delightful "Chinese Baths," on Wednesdays and Saturdays, our regular bathing days, when we usually rise extremely early, so as to accomplish our purpose, and get back in time for breakfast. The "Chinese Baths" are so called, because the building containing them, is in the Chinese style; in front is a parterre of flowers, and beyond this masses of artificial rocks, with a couple of Chinese figures among them; the whole arrangement is singular and picturesque. The H——'s have returned to town for a few weeks, and we are engaged to pass this evening with them. I do not covet going however, for their parties are said to be very stiff.

With our usual affectionate greetings to aunt Margaret, Albert, and yourself, I conclude.

LEONTINE.

LETTER TWENTY-THIRD.

A sociable evening at the ex-Minister's of the Marine—Museum of Artillery—Bay Market—Corn Market—St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

PARIS, ——.

Dear Jane:

Our stay here is drawing to a close and consequently during the last ten days, we have been so occupied in shopping, visiting and *sight-seeing*, that I have found it impossible to write; but here is a rainy day and I take advantage of it to resume our correspondence. We called yesterday to take leave of Monsieur and Madame de N——, and they looked happier, I assure you, in their own residence in the Faubourg du Roule, than they did when inhabiting the sumptuous edifice of the "Admiralty," on the place "*Louis Quinze.*" I suppose you have learnt from the newspapers that Monsieur de N—— thought it prudent to resign his office, and has been succeeded by Monsieur ——.

We found him and Madame de N—— surrounded by friends, who had accidentally dropped in as well as ourselves, and the evening being sultry, the company were regaled with delicious *sorbets* and iced creams. *Ecarté* was soon introduced among the elder gentry, and several of Mr. de Neuville's young nieces being there, our brothers and two other youthful beaux, the girls and myself joined them in playing "Tierce" and Blindman's-buff in the saloon. We enjoyed ourselves thus, till quite a late hour. One of the most curious and interesting places that has recently attracted our attention, is the "Museum of Artillery," in the street of the University. It is the depôt of a great variety of antique armor, ordnance and implements of war, and among the first we beheld the coat of mail of many a famous champion and that of Joan of Arc, which we thought uncommonly large to fit a woman. Every article is kept beautifully neat and bright, and a number of the things are labelled, which saves the trouble of a guide to explain their names and use. Another most singular place we have seen is the "*Marché du Vieux Linge,*" or "rag fair." This is an enormous building divided into four halls, containing 800 stalls or petty shops. And oh! the queer articles that are in these shops!—tawdry second hand hats and dresses—old shoes, old gloves, old ribbons, old trunks, old carpets, bedding, chairs, and other furniture. These castaways are vamped up for sale, and wo betide the unfortunate wight whose path lies through or near the market; he is sure to be assailed and deafened with loud importunities from every quarter, to "come and buy," and may think himself lucky if he be not seized and absolutely forced into some of the stalls, to behold their wonders. *We* went out of mere curiosity and were glad to hurry out as quickly as our feet could carry us, the people were so rude and presuming. The "Halle au Blé," or "corn market," well merits examination. It is a large circular edifice of stone, enclosing one immense hall with a vaulted roof of sheet iron supported on an immense framing of cast iron; from a window in the centre of which the light descends. The bags of corn are heaped in enormous masses at regular distances, and through the myriad of narrow passages formed by these you thread your way. To-day we visited the venerable church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the bell of which tolled the signal for the Catholics to commence their direful murders on the eve of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. It was

once rich in pictures and statues; at present, it is remarkable only for its antiquity and the curious carving around its portal. Its founder was the cruel and superstitious Childebert, and two statues of stone, near the entrance, are said to represent him and his wife. On the *fête de* Dieu, the royal family walk there in procession from the palace of the Tuilleries, to hear mass. They are magnificently arrayed and attended by a concourse of priests and soldiers, and by a band of females clad in white, who strew roses in their path. From St. Germain, we hastened to the palace of the fine arts on the quay Conti. For an account of it, you must wait till my next letter reaches you; this, you perceive, is almost full, so while I have room, I had better insert the name of your attached LEONTINE.

—

LETTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Packers—The Muette de Portici—The Whale—Place Louis Quinze—Manufacture of Chocolate—Iced Creams—Champs de Mars—Racing—Palace of the Fine Arts and Royal Academy or Institute.

PARIS, ———.

"What! again at your pen Leontine?" inquires Marcella, "assuredly you are a most indefatigable scribe or an exceedingly devoted sister!" "Leave out the *or*," I answer, "for I am *both*." You, dearest Jane, can bear witness to the truth of my assertion, and I hope it will ever be my pride to merit the second appellation. Indeed it would be shameful if I did not endeavor to deserve it, as you continually set me the example. This will be my last letter from Paris, for the signals of our departure are resounding through the saloon, from the hammers of the packers there busily engaged. Here, for five francs, you may have your fine dresses and hats, &c. &c. safely and neatly arranged for travelling, by men who thus gain their living, and it is surprising with what adroitness and fitness they adjust each article, depositing more in *one* box or trunk than we could in *two*, and fixing every thing so securely that it cannot get injured, no matter how violent the motion of the carriage may be. On Wednesday, we shall set out for the borders of the Rhine. Papa has determined to proceed to Strasbourg and thence descend the river as far as Nimueguen, where we shall abandon the steamboat for the stage and commence our tour through Holland. How I shall regret to part with the Danvilles! Poor Edgar, it will cost him a severe pang to bid farewell to Marcella, though I verily believe she has refused him, judging from certain indescribable, but very *expressive* symptoms in their recent behaviour towards each other. Alas! we shall probably never see her again. Mr. Danville has promised to rejoin us at Morven Lodge, about the period of your marriage. Papa without assigning the reason of his request has urged him to be with us there by the 10th of April, but I have been so loquacious as to explain all to Leonora, and we have decided on acting as bride's maids, which you must own is extremely kind. Pray don't scold me in your next, for tattling, and don't tell Albert of my volubility; you know, he always insists that the stale and foolish saying, "a woman cannot keep a secret," is correct, and he would be sure to crow over my frailty. This evening we are going to see the opera of the "*Muette de Portici*," in which there is a representation of Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, and the imitation is considered excellent and wonderful. Our party will be large, but I suspect not gay, for the reflection, that in two days we shall be far separated, will doubtless cast a gloom over the mind of each. As for me, I cannot bear to dwell upon the subject in thought or word, so will hasten to another. Who should drop in upon us yesterday evening, while we were at tea, but Ernestus Blanford, and he rendered himself doubly welcome by delivering your despatches. Thank you for my share of them and for the beautiful embroidered reticule. Mamma is much pleased with her's. Really, you are cunningly skilled in producing, *Love in a Mist, Heart's Ease and Bachelor's Buttons*; may you be as successful in creating the first and second in the hymeneal state; for the third, there will then be no demand. Our father and brothers desire their acknowledgments for the watch guards you wove them, and Sigismund bids me say, that if the chains with which you have encircled Albert are as soft and silken as those just received, he is no longer amazed at his tame submission to thraldom. We took a farewell drive through the city this morning, and visited the whale now exhibiting on the place "Louis Quinze," in a neat edifice erected for its reception; and what do you think of their having converted the poor dead monster into a reading room. It is a fact, that the interior of the carcass is decorated and furnished for that purpose, and is the resort of the newsmonger as well as the curious! It was on the place "Louis Quinze," (from the centre of which, the view of palaces, avenues, colonnades and bridges, is superb) that the royal martyrs and thousands of other victims of the reign of terror, met their fate, at the foot of a statue of Liberty, erected during that bloody period on the ruins of an equestrian statue of Louis XV. This was overthrown by the remorseless revolutionists, although it was universally regarded as an exquisite piece of sculpture, (especially the horse) and was the chêf d'œuvre of Bouchardon. Issuing like Jonah from the whale, but probably with less *velocity*, we went to the Bazaar to purchase some rolls of sweet chocolate, which we are advised to carry with us, as being agreeable and wholesome to eat early in the morning, when travelling a long distance to breakfast. While the woman who sold it was tying up the package, we questioned her about the conflagration of the old Bazaar, that happened several years ago, and among other things she told us that two Anacondas, confined in a room of the building, perished in the flames, and during their torments shrieked like human creatures. It is quite amusing to remark the variety of forms into which chocolate is cast here. Tiny boots and shoes, pots and kettles, bugs and nuts, little men and little women, and numerous other objects are represented by the ingenious manufacturer of that luxury. As for the bugs with their wire legs, and the divers sorts of nuts, you can distinguish them from real ones, only by the touch or taste. While on the subject of eatables, let me mention the peculiar manner in which iced creams are served at balls and parties. Each kind is moulded into the shape of the fruit with which it is flavored, and frequently a peach or apple dexterously tinged with red, to render the semblance of nature more complete. The plates containing them are usually in the form of a golden grape leaf; the stem turned up constitutes a handle, and golden spoons accord with the burnished leaf. When an entertainment is given, it is

only necessary for the master or mistress to send a mandate for the requisite number of ices, to Tortoni, Hardi, or any other adept in the *freezing* art, and at the appointed hour they arrive, disposed in the tasteful order just described.

We have lately witnessed a race on the "Field of Mars," the spot appropriated to such sports and to military parades. It is a vast plain, in front of the military school, and is capable of admitting the evolutions of 10,000 soldiers within its boundaries. These consist of rows of trees and a verdant bank, or a wide wall of turfed earth, which affords a safe and convenient station for the spectators of the scene below. The race road is immediately beneath the bank, and separated from the area of the plain by stone pillars connected with iron chains—beyond these the carriages and horsemen are ranged. We observed several ladies dashing about on horseback at a fearless rate, and among them the pretty Mrs. W. the Yankee wife of a rich banker. On one side there was a pavillion wherein we procured seats, and the royal family occupied another near it, which had been prepared for them. The little duke of Bordeaux and his youthful sister, were in extacies whenever the horses ran by. The chief contention was between a courser of Monsieur Casimir Perier and one belonging to Lord Seymour. The French steed gained the victory much to the delight of the populace. But some Englishmen surmised that if Purdy had been there, matters would have ended differently. I asked Mr. Danville who they meant by Purdy, and he informed me that he is a countryman of ours, who once distinguished himself in America, (at the city of New York, I think he said,) by mounting a famous horse, *ycleped Eclipse*, and wresting the palm from Henry, a celebrated racer of the South. At present I must fulfil my promise of describing to you the "palace of the arts," anciently termed the college of the four nations, because it was designed by its founder Cardinal Mazarin, for the reception of pupils from among the four nations subdued by Louis the great. It is a handsome structure, extending for many yards along the borders of the Seine. Its designation has been changed and it is now used by the "Royal Academy or Institute," for their private meetings and general assemblies. This corps of Savans was established in the reign of Louis, and is composed of the élite of the philosophers, artists and literary men of the kingdom. They correspond with the literati of all countries, and have done much in the cause of literature and the arts and sciences. They have ranged themselves into four classes; the first is devoted to the improvement of natural philosophy, chemistry and mathematics, and is denominated the "Academy of Sciences;" the second makes the language and literature of France its care, and is called the "French Academy;" the third applies itself to history and ancient learning, and bears the title of the "Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres," and the fourth, the "Academy of the Fine Arts," is employed on music, painting, sculpture and architecture. The classes meet separately once a week, and hold each general annual association, in the months of March, April, July and October; at which times prizes are awarded by the Academy of the Fine Arts, to such as deserve them; who are afterwards permitted to repair to Rome and remain there some years to improve themselves in their vocations, the government paying their expenses. The hall in which the general meetings are held, was formerly a chapel; beneath it Cardinal Mazarin lies buried. The members wear a costume of black and green, and the successful candidates are sometimes crowned with wreaths of laurel. The hall and several apartments leading to it, are decorated with statues of various distinguished characters,—as Bossuet, Fenelon, Sully, Pascal, Descartes, Rollin, Molière, and others, whose names are venerated by the learned and good. The post hour has arrived, so farewell to my "bonny Jean"—we shall soon be still farther from you, but any where and every where I shall still be your devoted sister

LEONTINE.

The following specimen of a translation of Homer's Iliad, by the late William Munford, is now ushered before the public for the first time. We have been permitted to make this extract from the work, and will continue to present our readers with other specimens in our succeeding numbers. It is needless to say to our Virginia readers who the author was, for he was known to the state at large, not only as one of the best of men, but as a most laborious public servant, and as a scholar of deep research and profound learning. His fame as a poet depends upon the reception which this translation may meet with. Of the work, the author himself has expressed the hope, that "the *lovers* of HOMER will not be unwilling to behold their favorite author arrayed in such various suits of apparel, as may be furnished by artists of different tastes. Pope has equipped him in the fashionable style of a modern fine gentleman;—Cowper displays him (like his own Ulysses) 'in rags unseemly,' or in the uncouth garb of a savage. Surely, then, there is room for an effort to introduce him to the acquaintance of my countrymen, in the simple, yet graceful and venerable costume of his own heroic times. The design, at least, will be admitted to be good, however imperfect the execution."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Scene between Hector and Andromache.

BOOK VI.

This said, the chief of heroes, Hector, thence
Departing, soon his splendid palace reach'd
And courts commodious:—but he found not there
His white-arm'd princess, fair Andromache;—
For, with her child and maid of graceful garb,
She stood in Ilion's tower, moaning sad,
Weeping and sighing.—Finding not within
His blameless wife, he on his threshold stood,
And of his servants, thus inquiry made.
Be quick, and tell me truly; whither went
My lovely consort, fair Andromache?—
To any of my sisters, did she go;—
Or brother's wives;—or to Minerva's fane,
Where other Trojan dames with flowing hair,
The dreadful Goddess by their prayers appease?
His household's faithful governess replied;—
Oh Hector, (since thou bidst me tell thee true,)
To none of all thy sisters did she go,
Or brother's wives;—nor to Minerva's fane,
Where other Trojan dames with flowing hair,
The dreadful Goddess by their prayers appease:—
But she is gone to Ilion's lofty tower,

Urg'd by the direful news, that in the field
The Trojans suffer much, and Greeks prevail.
Alarm'd and seeming frantic, to the wall
She hurried, and the nurse her infant bore.
So spake the prudent dame.—Impetuous, thence
Great Hector rush'd, retracing (through the streets
With beauteous buildings grac'd,) his former way.
But, through the spacious city, when he reach'd
The Scœan portals, whence into the field
He meant to hasten, there his faithful wife
Andromache, to meet her Hector ran;—
His wife with wealthy dowry, daughter fair
Of fam'd Eëtion,—chief magnanimous,
Who dwelt, in Hypoplacus' sylvan land,
At Hypoplacian Thebes,—Cilicia's king;—
His daughter wedded Hector great in arms,
And now to meet him sprang:—with her the nurse,
Who, in her bosom, bore the tender babe,
Their only son, and joy of Hector's heart,—
Who, bright in youthful beauty, like a star
Resplendent shone.—Scamandrius was the name
That Hector gave him;—others call'd the boy
Astyanax, in honor of his sire,
Sole guard and bulwark of the suff'ring town.
He smil'd in silence, gazing on his son!—
But sad Andromache beside him stood,
With anxious fondness shedding tender tears:
She, sorrowing, clasp'd his hand, and thus she spake:
Ah, rashly brave! thy courage will thyself
Destroy:—nor dost thou pity this thy son
In helpless infancy, and me thy wife,
Unhappy, doom'd a widow soon to be;
For soon the Greeks will slay thee,—all combined
Assailing:—but for me, of thee bereft,
Better it were to sink beneath the ground;—
For no relief or solace will be mine
When thou art dead; but unremitting grief.—
No more have I a father;—now no more
My honor'd mother lives.—Achilles slew
My father, and laid waste Cilician Thebes,
His town, well-peopled, grac'd with lofty gates.
He slew Eëtion;—yet, with rev'rence touch'd,
Despoil'd him not, but burn'd the breathless corse
With all it's splendid armor, and, above
It's ashes, heap'd a monument of earth.
The mountain nymphs, of Ægis-bearing Jove
Immortal daughters, planted round the tomb
A grove of elms, in honor of the dead.—
My brethren, too,—seven gallant heroes,—all
In one sad day, to Pluto's dark abode
Went down together; for the swift and strong
Achilles slew them all, among their herds
And fleecy flocks.—My mother, who had reigned
The queen of Hypoplacus' sylvan land,
Was hither brought, with other spoils of war,
And, for a ransom infinite, releas'd;—
But, home return'd, within her father's halls,
Diana's arrow pierc'd her mournful heart.—
Yet, Hector, thou alone, art all to me;—
Father, and honor'd mother, brother too;—
My husband dear, and partner of my youth.
Oh then, have pity now, and here remain
Upon this tower; lest thy hapless son
An orphan, and thy wife a widow be.—
The people, station at the fig-tree, where
The town is most accessible, and wall
May be ascended:—there, a fierce assault,
The bravest of our foes have thrice essayed;—
The two Ajaces, fam'd Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ also, and the mighty son
Of Tydeus;—whether by some soothsay'r mov'd
In heavenly tokens skill'd, or their own minds
Impelling them with animating hope.
To her the mighty Hector made reply:—
All thou hast said, employs my thoughtful mind.
But, from the Trojans, much I dread reproach,
And Trojan dames whose garments sweep the ground,
If, like a coward, I should shun the war:—
Nor does my soul to such disgrace incline;
Since, to be always bravest, I have learn'd,
And with the first of Troy to lead the fight;—
Asserting so, my father's lofty claim
To glory, and my own renown in arms:—
For well I know, in heart and mind convinc'd,
A day will come, when sacred Troy must fall,
And Priam, and the people of renown'd
Spear-practis'd Priam!—Yet, for this to me
Not such concern arises;—not the woes
Of all the Trojans;—not my mother's griefs;—
Not royal Priam's, nor my brethren's death,
Many and brave, (who, slain by cruel foes,
Will be laid low in dust,)—so wring my heart,
As thy distress, when some one of the Greeks
In brazen armor clad, will drive thee hence,
Thy days of freedom gone, a weeping slave!—
Perhaps, at Argos, thou may'st ply the loom
For some proud mistress, or may'st water bring
From Messa's or Hyperia's fountain;—sad,
And much reluctant, stooping to the weight
Of hard necessity; and some one, then,
Seeing thee weep, will say—"behold the wife
Of Hector, who was first in martial might
Of all the warlike Trojans, when they fought
Around the walls of Ilion!"—So will speak
Some heedless passer by, and grief renew'd
Excite in thee, for such an husband lost,
Whose arm could slavery's evil day avert.
But me, may then an heap of earth conceal
Within the silent tomb, before I hear
Thy shrieks of terror and captivity.
This said, illustrious Hector stretched his arms
To take his child; but, to the nurse's breast
The babe clung crying, hiding in her robe
His little face;—affrighted to behold
His father's awful aspect;—fearing too,
The brazen helm, and crest with horse-hair crown'd,
Which, nodding dreadful from its lofty cone,
Alarm'd him!—Sweetly, then, the father smil'd,
And sweetly smil'd the mother!—Soon the chief
Remov'd the threat'ning helmet from his head,
And plac'd it on the ground, all-beaming bright.
Then, having fondly kiss'd his son belov'd,
And toss'd him playfully, he thus, to Jove
And all th' immortals, pray'd:—Oh grant me, Jove,
And other powers divine, that this my son
May be, (as I am,) of the Trojan race
In glory chief!—So let him be renown'd
For warlike prowess, and commanding sway,
With power and wisdom join'd; of Ilion king!
And may his people say, "This chief excels

His father, greatly ;" when, from fields of fame
Triumphant he returns, bearing aloft
The bloody spoils, (some hostile hero slain,)
And his fond mother's heart expands with joy.
He said, and plac'd his child within the arms
Of his beloved spouse :—she him receiv'd,
And softly on her fragant bosom laid,
Smiling with tearful eyes.—To pity mov'd,
Her husband saw :—with kind consoling hand
He wip'd the tears away, and thus he spake.
My dearest love! grieve not thy mind for me
Excessively !—no man can send me hence
To Pluto's hall, before th' appointed time ;—
And surely, none, of all the human race,
(Base, or e'en brave,) has ever shunn'd his fate ;
His fate fore-doom'd when first he saw the light.
But now, (returning home,) thy works attend,
The loom and distaff, and command thy maids
To household duties ;--while the war shall be
Of *men* the care ;—of all indeed,—but most
The care of *me*, of all in Ilion born.
So saying, Hector glorious chieftain took
His crested helm again.—His wife belov'd
Homeward return'd ; but often turned her head,
With retrospective eye, and tears profuse.
At length she reach'd the palace of her lord,—
The stately palace with commodious rooms,
Of Hector terror of his foes, and found
Her num'rous maids within ; among them all,
Exciting sorrow !—They, with doleful cries,
Hector (tho' living still) as dead, bewailed,
In his own house ;—expecting never more
To see the chief, returning from the war,
Escap'd the strength and valor of the Greeks.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DOOR-LATCH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

"Go back and shut that door!" roared I in a voice of thunder.

"How can you, my dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak so *very* loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain."

"Because," said I, "I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked—and talked—but it is all of no use: the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it—No! and I *wont* bear it any longer—I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week."

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her of undissembled sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death warrant at this very hour with less of pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me in the silent eloquence of nature to spare her whom I had promised to "cherish and to love."

"I have never seen you troubled," said she, (uncomplaining spirit! there was no emphasis—no! not the *least*, on the word *troubled!*) "I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know that I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the catch it would shut without difficulty——I should never think of it," added she after a pause, "on my own account, but it causes *you* so much vexation."

It was true as she had said, that I had felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A *heavy* loss—a *sore* disappointment—a *great* calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to pride. But a door-latch! What occasion could that give for philosophy? None, and therefore I let it gall me *to the quick!!!* It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it, with a little care—such a *little* thing, if only attended to. "True!" whispered Philosophy in my ear, "but such a 'little thing' to get angry about! such a 'little thing' to make you miserable for an hour every day! for shame, Mr. Plowman!" To tell the truth I did begin to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself—but *through* me my dearer wife.

"I declare, my dear!" said I, "that if that door-latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!"

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever door did. I swung it a few times on the hinges with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia as well as myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

"The root of bitterness," said I, "is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before--but Heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache: the sound of that file must have been *torture* to you!"

She smiled sweetly as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although her forehead burnt my hand, and the blood was *raging* through her veins, that it was "quite cured, *since the door shut so easily!!*" Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than clasp her to my bosom and swear to cherish her with tenfold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another.

Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be interrupted at the moment of its birth—so I took my arm chair from the corner, and sitting down at the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked me in the face with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which so rarely survives childhood. I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order. "Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness during any one of these moments depends almost invariably upon the merest *trifles*. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care then of trifles, and *great* events will take care of themselves. (Somewhere about here I began to think *aloud!*) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent,

and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was *great.* Nevertheless, I do believe that if the *hard bottomed* chair, [N. B. It was of white oak.] in which I have sat for the last eight—yes! nine years—if this chair had but been well covered with a good, soft sheepskin—that sheepskin—purchased at the cost of ninepence,—would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of my grandfather!"

"It is a mortifying reflection," said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, "and one which at first thought would seem to speak little for your heart—yet a true one perhaps; and not more true with you than with many others."

"And still," said I, "I am without the sheepskin. Why? Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together and look at the pain *in the aggregate*, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it."

"But why not purchase the sheepskin, now that you *have* added the moments together?" said she.

"After all my reflection I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheepskin! It will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking chair seems to be somewhat worn I must even buy another for you."

"Oh! *green* velvet by all means!" said she. "It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new hearth rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have *green* for its border, you know."

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening--and, to one who has ever *seen* my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye was worth the price of a thousand. G.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DESART GRIEF.

BY LUCY T. JOHNSON.

There are no dews in desart lands—
  No showers refresh their skies;
But oft the winds sweep o'er their sands,
  And breathe their voiceless sighs
Thro' depths profound, where naught hath been
To glad the ever wearied scene.

So weeps the soul in ripened years,
  Mid life's turmoil and grief;
When the last fount of balmy tears
  Hath lent its last relief,—
And when the lips oft pour their sighs
O'er blighted hopes and broken ties.

O! in this world so full of tears,
  There is not one for me—
The fountain of my early years,
  Of heavenly drops so free,
Hath ceased to pour its natal tide
When cares oppress, or ills abide.

Where is the balm to Israel blest,
  That Gilead gave of yore?
Can it not sooth the heart to rest
  As it hath done before?
Methinks I hear a voice doth say—
Pray thou, in fervent meekness pray.

'Tis done—that prayer was not in vain;
  Its incense reached to heaven;
And sweet's the joy that springs again
  In chaste emotion given.
Flow on, flow on, ye balmy tears,
As ye have flow'd in other years.

So falls the dew on desart sands,
  And showers refresh their skies,
When from the founts of distant lands
  Some grateful mist may rise,
And pour its fresh'ning breath at last
On all the melancholy waste.

Elfin Moor, Va. September 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONG OF THE PIRATE'S WIFE,

ON HER PASSAGE FROM CORUNNA TO NEW YORK.

Air—"Meeting of the Waters."

"The wife of the Spanish Pirate, Bernardo de Soto, hearing in Corunna, in Spain, of the trial and condemnation of her husband in Boston, immediately freighted a small schooner, and leaving her three children, sailed for Boston. She visited Washington to intercede for her husband, returned to New York, and hastened to Boston to afford him the solace of her presence."

Adieu to the shores of my dear native clime,
The land of the olive and pale-tinted lime!
Your bright orange tree, and your clustering vine,
No pleasure can yield to this sad soul of mine.

I go from the land of my dear cottage-home—
My babes, they are there—from my babes I must roam;
A mother's fond heart, it hath bid them adieu,
And fatherless children left motherless too.

That cheek, from my own I have torn it away,
Unlock'd the dear arms that would force me to stay;
All eloquent, vainly, the big tears did flow,
The heart of the wife bade the mother to go.

Blow breezes! blow breezes! fill kindly the sail—
My panting heart leaps at the voice of the gale;
Swift onward! swift onward! his doom may be seal'd,
Unheard my petition, my love unreveal'd.

They're gone, the bright shores of my dear native clime,
The land of the olive and pale-tinted lime—
All tearless, bright shores, I can see you depart,
For stronger than death is the love of my heart.

The stain of his hands, though the crimson of blood,
That may not be blanch'd with the deep ocean-flood--
The sin of his soul against mercy and truth
Cannot wean from the pirate the wife of his youth.

For mercy! for mercy!—to offer my plea,
Nor ocean nor land can have terrors for me;
From country and home I can heedlessly part—
The cell of the pirate is home to my heart.

There's pardon! there's pardon! and long shall his life,
Unsullied by crime, be the bliss of his wife—
And blessed, thenceforward, most blessed shall be
The home of Senora, beneath the lime tree.

ELIZA.

Maine.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS

OR THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY HUMBUG, ESQ.

A new version of an old story.

Too much rest is rust,
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tyne by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging. *Old Song.*

In order to recommend myself and the article, which, to use the fashionable phraseology, is now being prepared for the Messenger, to the favorable consideration of its readers, I beg leave to premise that I am a gentleman of good education and respectable talents—that I am in circumstances of ease and leisure, and what is a still stronger recommendation at the present alarming crisis, I am both from conviction and expediency, a decided anti-abolitionist. You must know, Mr Editor, that besides having been afflicted all my life with that rabid propensity, which in classical dialect is called *cacoethes scribendi*, I have been troubled with another inconvenient and rather expensive malady, which I shall call the *cacoethes perigrinantis*, by which I mean, that about the time of the dog-days I am generally beset by an unconquerable desire for locomotion, an irresistible propensity to change my place of abode and all its multiform incidents and relations, and to launch forth as it were into a new creation—to look abroad upon Nature and Nature's works, and to contemplate my fellow-worms in some of their new antics and attitudes.

Accordingly, during the late summer, attracted by the fame of the Virginia Springs and the salubrious region in which they lie, I deposited my frame (none of the smallest) in one of those republican vehicles called a mail coach, a true and happy invention by the way, for bringing discordant spirits into close communion with one another—an admirable machine for levelling all artificial distinctions—a kind of itinerant temple where Patrician and Plebeian, both masculine and feminine, where mountebank and statesman, puritan and profligate, and all the moods and genders of character may nestle together and worship at the same altar of democracy. But for certain drawbacks and inconveniences which will readily suggest themselves to the reader—such as the dangers of dislocation and fracture, and sundry annoyances too tedious to mention—a man of observation like myself would find it as agreeable to spend his summers in a stage coach as any where else. It is a kind of moral Kaleidescope, where at every turn some new combination or some curious variety in human character is presented to the eye. It above all imparts a refreshing hilarity to the spirits, which are too apt to stagnate when chained down to one solitary spot on the earth's surface. But this is a digression. Having deposited myself in the vehicle as before mentioned, I shall not entertain the reader as is the custom with some of the more learned fraternity of tourists, by long and elaborate details of the several points of arrival and departure—by curious and profound dissertations upon the philosophy of a coach wheel revolving upon its axis—nor by beautiful and extatic bursts about the blue skies and verdant meadows and lofty forests. Suffice it to say, that I found myself on the evening of an August day, on the summit of the Warm Spring Mountain which overlooks the first thermal fountain in the Pilgrim's path to Hygeia. Here I commence my adventures. This is the starting point of my story, and it is henceforth of course that I shall expect my gentle reader to sharpen his attentive faculty—and as Mark Anthony said to his countrymen at Cæsar's funeral, "lend me his ears." Gently and by slow degrees had we surmounted the ascent of this celebrated mountain, (celebrated at least in the Old Dominion and by all travellers to the Springs,) and now we were about to pass down into the valley of the warm waters. Kind reader, if your steps have never led you thither, I must inform you that the descent on the western side is most exceedingly and *unaccommodatingly* abrupt. The pilot, however, *alias* driver, who in this instance at least entertained some regard for his living freight, used the precaution of *locking*, to speak technically, or rather of *shoeing* one of his hinder wheels—but no sooner had the yet untired steeds commenced their downward course, (the coach with its ton weight at least of flesh and bone rapidly following,) than spang went the lock chain asunder! and away flew the mettlesome animals as fast as their heels would carry them. *Now*, we plunged onward as if driving through the mountain forest,—then, suddenly turning, rolled at some distance on the margin of a frightful precipice, each moment expecting to be dashed headlong down its angry side. Here gliding as swiftly as an arrow over a tolerably smooth surface, and there jolting and rattling over some rocky gutter, which communicated its jarring vibration to each sensitive nerve—and then what confusion and consternation within! There was my unlucky self, for example, tossed to and fro, in a manner which reminded me of poor Sancho in the memorable blanket scene. First thrown in one direction, I found one of my elbows actually goring the side of a stout nullifier from the Palmetto State—then hurled to the opposite point of the compass by another pitch of the coach, I found myself in the act of suffocating a little New Yorker, whom I took to be an abolitionist. Next, by another cross movement, I detected myself almost in the lap of a fat middle aged lady, who weighed at least thirty pounds more than myself, and presently I came almost in contact with the lips of a rosy cheeked damsel of seventeen, who was about to make her *debut* at the White Sulphur. And then what a crowding and jostling of knees, and what a thumping and bruising of shins! The ladies screamed—the nullifier roared and threatened, and the little Manhattaner protested that in case of any serious accident to the party, the coroner's inquest would be murder in the first degree against both the driver and proprietor. As for me, I confess that my thoughts were multitudinous and not very delightful. First I thought of Capt. John Gilpin, and wished most heartily that I might come off as well as that renowned officer of the London militia—then I thought of that silly old fellow Phœbus, who from paternal weakness alone committed the reins of his golden chariot to a foolish boy, and lastly I was harrowed in imagination at the terrible idea of Ixion revolving forever on his infernal wheel. Neither did I forget that classical sentence which flashed across my memory, and which I fear is too true in more senses than that in which the poet used it—

Facilis descensus Averni, &c.

Fortunately, however, the genius of terror passed over us without exacting any of the usual sacrifices of broken bones and dislocated limbs, and in a short time

our Palinurus (who to do him the justice performed his part handsomely) landed us in front of the spacious portico of the Warm Spring Hotel.

Every person in the world (I mean that portion of the world which goes to the Virginia Springs,) who knows any thing of the great hotel at which we stopped—knows that it is kept by Col. Fry—one of the most polite, accommodating and facetious landlords that ever lived from the time of "Mine Host of the Garter" down to the present day. He will not only give you the best which his ample house affords, but he is always ready to say a good thing with a good grace, in order, I suppose, to put his guests in the most comfortable humor imaginable. The visitors to the Springs however never remain long at the Colonel's Caravansera at the commencement of the season. Those who come from the north and east generally give "mine host" a passing salutation attended by a stout promise to devour his substance as they return from their merry circuit. He on the other hand is not backward in hastening their return somewhat after the following manner. "After being well charged, gentlemen, with Calwell's sulphur—well *salted* by Erskine and Caruthers—your pulsations equalized—and your expectations realized by Burke—your palates feasted and *sweetened* at the bubbling fountain of friend Rogers—and your carcases *boiled* and sweated by Dr. Goode—you may then safely return and be *fried* under my special direction." All this terrible process it seems I was destined to undergo, and accordingly I gave my valedictory blessing to the Colonel, who take him for all in all is "a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent humor." Being again reconciled to my mail coach, notwithstanding recent alarms, I soon found myself alighted in the spacious lawn of the far-famed *White Sulphur Springs*. All who visit the mineral region are bound by a law more absolute than that of gravitation to wend to this favorite spot. It is the great magnet which alike attracts the way worn valetudinarian and the votary of fashion. Imagination depicts it as the very elysium of hope and the paradise of enjoyment! It is the *Almacks* of watering places, where all the dignitaries of the land—the learned and unlearned—the young, the gay and the beautiful, submit to humiliation and sacrifice, in order to gain admission. The multitudes who thronged the porches of the pool of Bethseda, looked not with more anxiety for the coming of the angel who troubled the waters, than do the hundreds who crowd around King Calwell's throne, await the approving smile (the *Introito*) of his principal Secretary of State. Woe be unto the luckless wight who is found at a crisis of pressure, in a public conveyance,—who does not bring along with him a flaming equipage and attendants; he is laid on the shelf, or to use the customary phrase, is *turned off* with the same *sang froid* with which a Netherlander smokes his pipe, or a Westerner shoots his rifle. To me, however, the stars were propitious, and when the little Grand Vizier tipt me the nod of assent, I followed the guide to my dormitory with as light a heart and elastic a step as if I had been appointed an ambassador with full powers. What became of my stage companions I did not stop to inquire. I was indeed so much elated with my own good fortune that for once I forgot my usual benevolence, and it was not until the next morning that I learned that a due proportion of them were sentenced to perform quarantine in the neighborhood. Here then, said I to myself, have I at last reached the goal of my desires! This is the spot where so many thousands are sighing to come without being gratified—where so many love sick city nymphs and whiskered beaux are panting to try their luck in the wheel of life's lottery. What a lucky dog am I to have gained admittance into this region of delight!

I continued to soliloquize in this rapturous strain, until Blackamore (it was night fall on my arrival) conducted me to my chamber,—where, being somewhat fatigued, I proposed to retire at an early hour and to rise with the morning sun, renovated and refreshed for all the countless enjoyments of the next day. The serene current of my thoughts was, to be sure, somewhat ruffled, when on reaching my apartment I found it to be a quadrangle of about eight feet dimensions, with a cot and mattress on each side of the door arranged for two lodgers. A couple of chairs, a wash stand, and a fractured mirror about the size of the Jack of Spades, constituted the sum total of the furniture. "My worthy descendant of Ethiop!" I exclaimed, "here is some mistake! Do you take a gentleman of my size and respectability into a room not larger than a closet? No fire either to warm my limbs in the chilly night air of these mountains? I will forthwith complain to the Prime Minister!"

"Lod masser," answered Syphax, or Juba or Jugurtha, (I forget his name) "complaining will do no more good than saying nothing at all. Take a nigger's advice and keep quiet—for you ought to remember, sir, that mass Calwell *don't charge not a cent for board nor lodging*."

"Thou son of old Sycorax!" I replied fiercely, "do you take me for a strolling mendicant? I will teach you and your master too, and his Grand Vizier to boot, that I expect to pay for my accommodations, and must therefore have them to my taste."

"You're a high larned gentleman," said old Cato, (I think Cato was the name) "but nigger speaks the truth for all that. Mass Calwell not charge a four pence ha'-penny for eating and sleeping, but he charge *eight dollars a week for use of de water*."

Notwithstanding that I was upon the verge of permitting the organ of my destructiveness to preponderate over that of my benevolence, I could not forbear smiling at the old negro's logic. "Eight dollars a week for water!" exclaimed I—"A fellow might drink his pint a day of the very best London particular for one half of that sum—Well, sir, we will try this precious elixir to-morrow morning. In the meantime, thou worthy descendant of Ham, I shall be inexpressibly obliged to you if you will lead me down to the drawing room, in order that I may warm these wearied and rheumatic limbs before retiring to rest."

"Drawing room, sir," said old Cato, "I believe there is no such thing in the whole establishment. If folks want *warming* here they must go to mass Plumb's bar room, which is way down in the cellar."

"Bar room, sir!—Bar room!" I retorted, "can it be possible that men, rational men, can abandon the Spring—nature's own sweet medicinal compound, for those deleterious mixtures—those pernicious products of the corrupt art of distillation?" I forgot however that Cato had not entered into all the elaborate views and recon-

dite reasonings of the Temperance Society—and I forthwith checked the rein of my imagination. I found that the best that I could do under all circumstances, was to betake myself to rest, and although I must confess that I had descended some few rounds on that golden ladder, which like Jacob's of old, I verily believed had led to the seventh heaven,—I consoled myself with the hope that *to-morrow*—delightful to-morrow—would spread a new and brighter coloring over my prospects. Cato being dismissed, I retired and slept soundly for the space of two hours at least; at the expiration of which time, I was suddenly startled by a noise immediately underneath me, which to my classical fancy seemed to resemble the shrieks of the ancient Bacchæ, the Priestesses of the Vine-loving God. Let that however pass! There was a mixture of music in it, or of something intended for music, which kept me in a tolerable humor and smoothed over those porcupine points which began to shoot forth at the unpleasant disturbance to my repose. The mystery was soon solved. Cato by direction of the Prime Minister, had placed me directly over the ball room—a most confounded location to be sure for a man fond of sleep—but still I thought that every one was bound to make some sacrifice in order to promote the enjoyments of others. "Tired nature's sweet restorer," lulled me once more into oblivion as soon as the clamor and screeching (for music it was not) had somewhat subsided. Again had the leaden God touched me with his wand, and again were my slumbers invaded by the arrival of my fellow lodger at midnight. *I began to descend a few more rounds on my golden ladder.* I thought of Sancho's exclamation, "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep!"—but what, thought I, is the invention worth if a man cannot use it even in this free country.

Morning at last dawned—but oh! what a morning? The rain fell in torrents—and the wind came whistling down the mountain hollows as if old Æolus had resolved that his voice should be distinctly heard and his strength clearly understood. What was I to do? To walk abroad was impossible—so I even resolved to lay quietly ensconced in my cot, *hard* as it was, until my fellow lodger, who was one of the Saturnine breed, should take his departure, and the merry bell should invite me to breakfast. My naturally sweet temper had become a little soured at my various discomforts—but my appetite was keen, and I thought with the immortal dramatist, that "when the veins are unfilled, we are neither apt to give nor forgive." When the hour arrived, I hastened with the aid of umbrella and cloak to the banquetting hall. The crowd had assembled in the long portico awaiting the signal of admission. A few only of the fairer part of creation were interspersed, and they—were any thing but fair. I presumed that the more delicate and fragile of the sex would not encounter "the peltings of the pitiless storm." The doors being opened, the multitude rushed in. What a resistless force thought I, is caused by the concurrent movement of 400 human appetites about to engage at the breakfast table. It was a new discovery in mechanical philosophy, and I felt confident that the *momentum* was at least equal to a hundred horse power. "Body of Bacchus!" as the Italians say, what a furious set-on there was! I sat at one end o the table in silent consternation! At length I ventured to ask one waiter for a hot cup of coffee—of another I civilly requested a chop—and a third I respectfully solicited to hand me a roll. I might as well have addressed my language to the door post. The menials rushed by me like a whirlwind. It seems, as I afterwards learned, that every mother's son of them had been bribed to wait on particular gentlemen; and if I had screamed at them loud enough to rupture a blood vessel, the knaves would have been as deaf as adders. At length I addressed myself to a juvenile looking man who was sitting not far to my right, and who though young in years was evidently a veteran in that sublime science called *Number One;* for I perceived that by a good understanding with the members of the Kitchen Cabinet and the black Alguazils of the breakfasting room, he had gathered around him as many tit-bits as would have feasted a London Alderman. "Pray sir," said I, "will you be so kind as to help me to one of those extra dishes in your vicinity!" The youngster looked at me with perfect amazement. I might as well have asked him for one of his wisdom teeth! By the by, I am not certain that he had cut either of them,—at all events I was confident of one thing, and that was, that the youth had never graduated in good manners So I let him pass. But why relate my melancholy and fruitless efforts and my innumerable rebuffs at the table. There I had to sit a full three quarters of an hour at least, before my longing appetite was appeased. *Regaled* it was not,—unless a cold mutton chop which retained the flavor of the wool, and a cup of decoction compounded by the rule of three grains of coffee to a gallon of water—can be said to constitute the highest felicity of eating.

I arose from the table and *descended a few more rounds on my gilded ladder of hope.* What was I to do? The rain continued to fall in such torrents that Neptune himself could not have surpassed them, had he held his throne in the clouds. Cato had informed me the over night that there was no drawing room—and I was cold—my limbs were shivering. I resolved to visit the subterranean regions of the bar room and post office. There, to my unutterable grief, I found groups of individuals gathered together in such motley disorder, and withal forming so complete a blockade to every avenue approaching the fire—that I stood like a statue of despair. A cluster on my right were discoursing in grandiloquent style on the recent discoveries in the moon—another on my left were discussing the attempted assassination of the King of the French—a third were denouncing the whole army of abolitionists and lamenting that Tappan and Thompson did not find it convenient to visit the White Sulphur Springs—a fourth were denouncing the vengeance of Judge Lynch against the *Chevaliers D'Industrie*—anglicè black legs,—a fifth were pouring a volley of exterminating epithets upon the head of Amos Kendall and the Little Magician; and a sixth, did not even spare his majesty King Calwell himself and his minister of the home department, for putting them in *Fly Row* to be devoured by those *cantackerous** vermin, the fleas. I forgot that there was a seventh circle standing near Mr. Plumb's cabinet—who were very intently engaged at the early hour of ten—not in discussing domestic or foreign politics—lunar discoveries or abolition—but with all the ardor which distinguished the disputants on those several topics,

* See Mr. Forsyth's Speech in the United States Senate.

were trying experiments upon a quart glass of genuine ice-crowned mint julep; and judging from the rapid fall of the fluid in the vessel which contained it, I thought that their experiments were likely to prove very successful. Unhappy me, that I was unable to participate in any of these conversational or bibaceous enjoyments! "I will not despair," thought I to myself, as between the hours of eleven and twelve the elements had ceased their strife, and a few spots of azure were already visible in the clouded vault. Presently the monarch of day himself peeped out from behind the black curtain which had hidden his shining countenance. I looked out and saw multitudes hastening to the Spring. This, said I, is the grand climacteric of my happiness!—now will I revel in the joys of that ambrosial fount which will console me for the sorrows of disappointment. The statue of the Nymph Hygeia* which surmounted the dome of the Spring house, looked more white and beautiful, as refreshed by the morning's shower bath she reflected the beams of her venerable grandsire.† Down I went to the Spring—and whilst the throng which preceded me were eagerly quaffing the delicious beverage, I had leisure to survey their countenances and to gather materials for reflection. It was evident that upon the pallid cheeks of some, wasting consumption had fixed her fatal seal. Others bore the jaundiced and cadaverous marks of obstructed bile. A few were the hobbling victims of hereditary or acquired gout, and were either suffering for the sour grapes which their fathers devoured, or paying the penalties of their own luxurious indulgence. By far the greater portion however had the ruddy complexions and smiling countenances of health. "Wonderful elixir!" said I to myself—"incomparable panacea! which not only cures all diseases, but is even beneficial to health itself." I hastened to dip my glass in the flowing nectar, and realize my fond anticipations. Alas! alas! the saying of the wise man of Greece rushed upon my memory—"*Desire nothing too much!*" My dream of bliss was suddenly dispelled! Instead of nectar, I smelt and tasted a mixture of brimstone and eggs in a state of putrescency! What an extinguisher to my air-built hopes and delusive fancies! And is it for this, I exclaimed within myself, that hundreds and thousands toil up craggy precipices and swelter under August suns? *Is it worth eight dollars per week to partake of this "villainous compound?"* Must we sacrifice home and comfort, and real enjoyment, in order to *sacrifice* also to this heathen block‡ which sits upon the top of the dome? Reason, prudence and common sense forbid it! I left the Spring with a degree of disappointment bordering upon despair! In the fulness of time the dinner bell tolled. It was indeed the knell of sorrow rather than the merry peal which invites to innocent enjoyment. Shall I describe that dinner?—no, not for a thousand dinners, "with all their appliances and means to boot;"

> 'I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
> Whom you all know are *honorable* men."

Neither will I describe what occurred "about the sixth hour when men sit down to that nourishment they call supper." I went to my apartment, all desolate and fireless as it was, to prepare for the *Ball.*

* * * * * *

(*To be continued.*)

* The gift of Mr. Henderson, a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans.

† Hygeia was the daughter of Æsculapius, and was granddaughter of Apollo or the Sun.

‡ Mr. Henderson's White Lady was no doubt a liberal donation; but alas! it is nothing but a block of painted wood.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

JOSEPHINE.

Suggested by a Scene in the Memoirs of the Empress Josephine.

In sorrow's stern and settled gloom,
The father sat—the silent tomb
Enclosed his earthly joy and pride;
His son, his only son had died.
His bosom heaved no natural sighs—
No tears relieved his burning eyes;
Alive to love's sweet voice no more,
The look of dark despair he wore:
Unmoved and hopeless, heeding not
Soft words of comfort, he forgot
That yet a source of joy remained—
That earth a blessing still contained.

Fair Buonaparte the mourner sought,
By pure maternal feelings taught—
Saw with an angel's pitying eye
His deep and hopeless agony.
She led, in all her beauty's pride,
His blooming daughter to his side;
To her kind heart his babe she press'd,
And kneeling thus before Decrest,
Seemed a bright spirit from above
Sent on some embassy of love.
Surprised and startled at the view,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
While tears, the balmy dew of grief,
Gave to his bursting heart relief—
And conscious, once again he blessed,
And clasped his children to his breast.

Yes, Josephine—'twas thine to feel
The joys of sympathy—to heal
The wounded heart,—while he whose fate
Heaven linked with thine, was *called* the great,
Thine was true greatness of the soul,
Swayed by pure virtue's soft control:
Patient in sorrow—meek in power—
Beloved e'en to thy latest hour—
Thou hadst a bliss he could not know,—
Thou ne'er hadst caused a tear to flow.*
While victory's wreath his temples bound,
Thou wast with brighter honors crowned;
For by the poor thy name was blessed,
And thy sweet influence confessed
By him whose proud, ambitious mind,
Scarce earth's vast empire had confined.
Thou wast his solacer in care,
His triumphs thou didst fondly share—
And even when exiled from his throne,
Thy faithful heart was all his own.
A happier lot than his was thine!
Brighter thy name on Mem'ry's shrine!—
Whilst blood-stained laurels o'er him wave,
Love placed the marble on thy grave!† E. A. S.

* In her last hours she said, that "she had never caused a single tear to flow."

† Her tomb was erected by her children.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO CLAUDIA.

Oh! dost thou remember that gladsome hour,
When I bowed the knee to thee,
And feigned the love of thy captive knight,
In playful mimicry?—
When the chiding word, on thy trembling lip,
Died, faintly murmuring, there,
And the ill-feigned smile, on thy blushing cheek,
Was drown'd in a bursting tear?

Ah! little thou think'st of the years of pain
I've paid for that giddy hour,
And the anxious thoughts that have ever lain
In its memory's magic power:
Yet, with all its sorrow, and all its care—
Its dreary and hopeless woe—
I'd not, its luxury of despair,
For the wide world's hopes forego.

'Tis my bosom's dearest and purest shrine,
And fountain of holiest thought,
Where all that is sacred or divine,
Is in deep devotion brought.
That smile and tear are the relics there—
Embalmed in tears of mine—
And the image that claims each fervent prayer,
Is that bright, fair form of thine.

Thou wast then just op'ning to life's gay bloom,
Like springtide's sweetest gleam;
And I played with thee, without thought of gloom,
Or of startling "Love's young dream."
'Twas the last glad hour of my mirthful youth—
My parting hour with thee—
And of thy sweet smile of light and truth,
'Twas the last I'll ever see.

Since, many a care-cloud of dark'ning blight
Hath shaded my youthful brow;
And many a sorrow of deadly weight,
Lies cold on my bosom now.
I've tested the falsehood of life's whole scope,
And heed not the clouds that lower;
But, mid all the wrecks of my early hope,
I cling to that parting hour.

Oft, from the dance, and its wild delight,
The world, and its hollow glee,
I've fled to the silence of moonlit night,
To live o'er that hour with thee.
'Tis the one bright spot in this wide, wide waste,
That blooms in its beauty yet;
And to that I'll turn, while life shall last,
From the world's whole love and hate.

Augusta, Ga.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

CANTILENA AMATORIA.

BY GILES McQUIGGIN.

Not love thee, Lelia! ask the rocks
That gird the mountain stream;
Whereon I've knelt and notch'd thy name,
By Cynthia's borrowed beam.
Not love thee! ask the moss that spreads
From Wye-head to the tide,
How oft I've roved at midnight's noon,
And thought of thee and sigh'd.

The ravine winding through the wood,
The terrace walk, the grove,
Are all the faithful witnesses
Of my enduring love.
Night's latest star can tell the times
I've watch'd it as it rose,
When none but it, lone wanderer,
Was watcher of my woes.

Pale Cynthia! how I've gaz'd on thee,
And thought of her whose frown
To sorrow's deepest ecstasy
Had borne my spirit down.
Her doubt is worse than death to one
Whose all of earthly bliss
Is in the smile that gives her love
In sweet return for his.

Not love thee, Lelia! witness Heaven,
How oft before thy throne,
I've bent in humble attitude,
To worship thee alone;
And her dear image intervened
Between my thoughts and thee:
Forgive the sin, her sacred form
Seemed dear as *thou* to me.

Not love thee! when the life-blood chills
That warms my system now—
And to the monster's mandate all
My body's powers must bow,—
Then Lelia thou shalt just begin
A holier love to share;
And if there are blest homes on high,
We'll meet and feel it there.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Mephistopheles in England, or the Confessions of a Prime Minister, 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. In a long poetical dedication this book is inscribed "to the immortal spirit of the illustrious Goethe"—and the design, title, and *machinery* are borrowed from the Faust of that writer. The author, whoever he may be, is a man of talent, of fine poetical taste, and much general erudition. But nothing less than the vitiated state of public feeling in England could have induced him to lavish those great powers upon a work of this nature. It abounds with the coarsest and most malignant satire, at the same time evincing less of the power than of the *will* for causticity—and being frequently most feeble when it attempts to be the most severe. In this point it resembles the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. The most glaring defect, however, in the structure of the book is its utter want of *keeping*. It appears, moreover, to have no just object or end—unless indeed we choose to consider *that* its object which is the object of the *hero proper* himself—"the hell-doomed son of Sin and Death Mephistopheles"—to cherish and foster the malice, the heart-burnings, and all evil propensities of our nature. The work must, therefore, as a whole be condemned, notwithstanding the rare qualities which have been brought to its composition. To prove that these qualities exist in a very high degree in the writer

of Mephistopheles, it would only be necessary to spread before our readers the scene of the Incantation in the Hartz. It is replete with imagination of the most etherial kind—is written with a glow and melody of language altogether inimitable—and bears upon every sentence the impress of genius. It will be found a seasonable relief from the mingled coxcombry, pedantry, and gall which make up the body of the book. But we will confine ourselves at present to an extract of a far different nature, as affording a better exemplification of what we have previously said.

"Between the acts the curtain rose for a *divertisement*, in which the incomparable Taglioni made her appearance. She was greeted with the loudest demonstrations of popularity from her numerous patrons, which she acknowledged by several graceful courtesies. 'Behold! said Mephistopheles, directing my attention to the evolutions of the dancer, the progress of civilization. If all this were not so graceful it would be indecent, and that such an exhibition has a moral tendency is more than doubtful. Look at that young girl in the pit. She has seen sufficient to crimson her face, neck, and shoulders with a blush of shame, and she hides her head from a sight which has shocked her sense of decency. There is no affectation there. She is an innocent girl fresh from the country who never saw a ballet in her life. Yet all the rest, man, woman and child, gaze on delighted. Every glass is raised the more closely to watch the motions of the figurante. Look!—she makes a succession of vaults, and her scanty drapery flying above her hips discloses to her enraptured admirers the beauty of her limbs. A thousand hands beat each other in approbation. Now she pirouettes, and observe the tumult of applause which follows. She stands on her left foot, on the point of her great toe nail, extending her right leg until the top of her foot is in a parallel line with the crown of her head. In this position she bends with an appearance of the greatest ease, till her body nearly touches the ground, and then gradually rises with the same infinite grace amid enthusiastic bravos and ecstatic applause. Now on her tip-toe, her right leg still extended, she moves slowly round, liberally extending to all her patrons within sight the most favorable opportunity of scrutinizing the graces of her figure, while the whole house testify their infinite gratification at the sight by every species of applause. Again she comes from the back of the stage, turning round and round with the speed of a tetotum but with an indescribable and fascinating grace that seems to turn the head of every young man in the theatre. During the storm of approbation which ensues she stands near the footlights, smiling, courtseying, and looking as modest as an angel. Then comes Perrot, who is as much the idol of the ladies as Taglioni is the goddess of the gentlemen. He leaps about as if his feet were made of India rubber, and spins around as if he intended to bore a hole with his toe in the floor of the stage. Then a little pantomime love business takes place between the danseur and the danseuse, and they twirl away, and glide along, and hold eloquent discourse with their pliant limbs; and the affair ends by the gentleman clasping the lady round the waist, while he, bending his body in the most graceful attitude, so that his head shall come under her left arm, looks up in apparent ecstacy into her smiling face as the lady raised high above him on the extreme point of her left foot, extends her right hand at right angles with her body, and looks down admiringly upon her companion. Thus grouped the curtain drops, and every one cries *bravo!* thumps the floor with his stick, or beats his palms together till such a din is raised as is absolutely deafening.'

"'She is a charming dancer,' I observed.

"'Yes'—replied he—'she understands the philosophy of her art better than any of her contemporaries: it is to throw around sensuality such a coloring of refinement as will divest it of its grossness. For this she is paid a hundred pounds a night, and is allowed two benefits in the season which generally average a thousand pounds each. While you are thus liberal to a dancer, some of the worthiest of your ministers of religion receive about fifty pounds per annum for wearing out their lives for the good of your souls; and many of your most exalted men of genius are left to starve. Such is the consistency of human nature.'"

—

The District School, or National Education, by J. Orville Taylor. Third Edition. Philadelphia: Carey Lea & Blanchard. This work has met with universal approbation, and is worthy of it. The book was first published only a short time ago, and the third impression will speedily be exhausted, as parents have a direct personal concern in the matter, and in the important truths, duties, and responsibilities, herein pointed out. Mr. Taylor is entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen for that beneficial impulse which his work has been, and will be the means of giving to the great cause of General Education. "If a parent," says Mr. Taylor, "does not educate his child—the world will." We sincerely hope so. As the *District School* now appears it has been entirely re-written, and such alterations and additions made as the experience of the author suggested. We heartily wish it all the success it so eminently deserves.

—

The New England Magazine for September is unusually rich. Among its numerous and very excellent articles we would particularly notice a paper called "My Journal"—and more especially Scraps of Philosophy and Criticism from a recent work of Victor Hugo's. One of these Scraps *on Style*, we are sure we shall be pardoned for extracting.

"If the name here inscribed were a name of note—if the voice which speaks here were a voice of power—we would entreat the young and brilliant talents on which depends the future lot of a literature for three ages so magnificent to reflect how important is their mission, and to preserve in their *manner* of writing the most worthy and severe habitudes. The Future—let them think well of it—belongs only to the masters of *style*. Without referring to the admirable works of antiquity, and confining ourselves to our National Literature, try to take from the *thought* of our great writers the expression which is peculiar to it. Take from Moliere his lively, ardent, frank, and amusing verse, so well made, so well turned, so well finished—take from Lafontaine the simple and honest perfection of detail—take from the phrase of Corneille the vigorous muscle, the strong cords, the beautiful forms of exaggerated vigor, which would have made of the old poet half Roman, half Spanish, the Michael Angelo of our tragedy if the elements of genius had mingled as much fancy as thought—take from Racine that touch in his style which resembles Raphael, a touch chaste, harmonious, and repressed like that of Raphael, although of an inferior power—quite as pure but less grand, as perfect though less sublime—take from Fenelon, the man of his age who had the best sentiment of antiquity, that prose as melodious and severe as the verse of Racine of which it is the sister—take from Bossuet the magnificent bearing of his periods—take from Boileau his grave and sober manner at times so admirably colored—take from Pascal that original and mathematical style with so much appropriateness in the choice of words, and so much logic in every metaphor—take from Voltaire that clear, solid, and indestructible prose, that crystal prose of Candide, and the Philosophical Dictionary—take from all these great writers that simple attraction—*style*: and of Voltaire, of Pascal, of Boileau, of Bossuet, of Fenelon, of

Racine, of Corneille, of Lafontaine, of Moliere—of all these masters what will remain? It is *style* which insures duration to the work, and fame to the poet. Beauty of expression embellishes beauty of thought, and preserves it. It is at the same time an ornament and an armor. *Style* to the idea is like enamel to the tooth."

—

The Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences, edited by Daniel Drake, M. D. Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Cincinnati College, and formerly Professor of the same in Transylvania University, and the Jefferson Medical College. Doctors C. R. Cooper and S. Reed, Assistant Editors and Proprietors. Vol. IX, No. 33. We have received this Journal with the greatest pleasure, and avail ourselves of the present opportunity to express our opinion concerning it. It is an invaluable addition to our Medical and Scientific Literature, and at the same time one of the very cheapest publications in the country, each number containing 168 pages of closely printed matter, and the subscription price being only $3 per annum. The work is issued on the first day of July, October, January, and April, and has lately been incorporated with the Western Medical Gazette. We sincerely wish the publication every possible success—for it is well worthy of it. Its typographical and mechanical execution altogether are highly creditable to Cincinnati, and the able and well known collaborators, a list of whose names is upon the opening page of each number, and whose editorial offices are engaged in the service of the Journal, will not fail to impart a sterling character and value to the Medical, as well as purely Literary portions of the work. We take the liberty of extracting from page 79, of the present number, (that for July) an interesting account of a cure of partial spontaneous combustion, occurring in the person of Professor H. of the University of Nashville. The portion extracted is contained in a Review of *An Essay on Spontaneous Combustion, read before the Medical Society in the State of Tennessee, at their annual meeting in May* 1835. *By James Overton, M. D.*

"Prof. H., of the University of Nashville, is a gentleman 35 years old, of middle size, light hair, hazle eyes, and sanguinolymphatic temperament; he has been extremely temperate as to alcoholic stimulation of every kind; led a sedentary and studious life; and been subject to a great variety of dyspeptic affections. On the 5th of January, 1835, he left his recitation room at 11 o'clock, A. M., and walked briskly, with his surtout buttoned round him, to his residence, three quarters of a mile. The thermometer was at 8°, and the barometer at 29.248—the sky clear and calm. On reaching home he engaged in meteorological observations, and in 30 minutes, while in the open air about to record the direction of the winds—

"'He felt a pain as if produced by the pulling of a hair, on the left leg, and which amounted in degree to a strong sensation. Upon applying his hand to the spot pained, the sensation suddenly increased, till it amounted in intensity to a feeling resembling the continued sting of a wasp or hornet. He then began to slap the part by repeated strokes with the open hand, during which time the pain continued to increase in intensity, so that he was forced to cry out from the severity of his suffering. Directing his eyes at this moment to the suffering part, he distinctly saw a light flame of the extent, at its base, of a ten cent piece of coin, and having a complexion which nearest resembles that of pure quicksilver. Of the accuracy in this latter feature in the appearance of the flame, Mr. H. is very confident, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances amidst which the observation must have been made. As soon as he perceived the flame, he applied over it both his hands open, united at their edges, and closely impacted upon and around the burning surface. These means were employed by Mr. H. for the purpose of extinguishing the flame by the exclusion of the contact of the atmosphere, which he knew was necessary to the continuance of every combustion. The result was in conformity with the design, for the flame immediately went out. As soon as the flame was extinguished, the pain began to abate in intensity, but still continued, and gave the sensation usually the effect of a slight application of heat or fire to the body, which induced him to seize his pantaloons with one of his hands and to pinch them up into a conical form over the injured part of the leg, thereby to remove them from any contact with the skin below. This operation was continued for a minute or two, with a design of extinguishing any combustion which might be present in the substance of his apparel, but which was not visible at the time. At the beginning of the accident, the sensation of injury was confined to a spot of small diameter, and in its progress the pain was still restricted to this spot, increasing in intensity and depth to a considerable extent, but without much if any enlargement of the surface which it occupied at the beginning. A warmth was felt to a considerable distance around the spot primarily affected, but the sensation did not by any means amount in degree to the feeling of *pain*. This latter sensation was almost, if not entirely confined to the narrow limits which bounded the seat of the first attack, and this sensation was no otherwise modified during the progress of the accident, than by its increasing intensity and deeper penetration into the muscles of the limb, which at its greatest degree seemed to sink an inch or more into the substance of the leg.

"'Believing the combustion to have been extinguished by the means just noticed, and the pain having greatly subsided, leaving only the feeling usually the effect of a slight burn, he untied and pulled up his pantaloons and drawers, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the part which had been the seat of his suffering. He found a surface on the outer and upper part of the left leg, reaching from the femoral end of the fibula in an oblique direction, towards the upper portion of the grastrochnemi muscles, about three-fourths of an inch in width, and three inches in length, denuded of the scarfskin, and this membrane gathered into a roll at the lower edge of the abraded surface. The injury resembled very exactly in appearance an abrasion of the skin of like extent and depth, often the effect of slight mechanical violence, except that the surface of it was extremely *dry*, and had a complexion more livid than that of wounds of a similar extent produced by the action of mechanical causes.' pp. 25–26.

"His drawers, composed of silk and wool, immediately over the abraded skin, were burnt entirely through, but the scorching had not extended in the slightest degree beyond. The pantaloons, made of broadcloth, were uninjured; but over the affected spot, the extremities of the wool were tinged with a kind of dark, yellowish matter, which could be easily scraped off with a knife.

"'Considering the injury not to be of a serious character, Mr. H. bestowed upon its treatment no particular care or attention, but pursued his usual avocations within doors and in the open air, which was very cold, until the evening of the succeeding day. At this time the wound became inflamed and painful, and was dressed with a salve, into the composition of which the rosin of turpentine entered in considerable proportion. This treatment was continued for four or five days, during which time the wound presented the usual aspect of a burn from ordinary causes, except in its greater depth and more tardy progress towards cicatrization, which did not take place till after thirty-two days from the date of the infliction of the injury. The part of the ulcer which healed last was the point of inception and

intensity of the pain at the time of attack, and which point was evidently the seat of deeper injury than any other portion of the wounded surface. About the fifth day after the accident, a physician was requested to take charge of the treatment, and the remedies employed were such chiefly, as are usual in the treatment of burns from other causes, except that twice a week the surface of the ulcer was sprinkled over with calomel, and a dressing of simple cerate applied above it. In the space between the wound and the groin there was a considerable soreness of the integuments to the touch, which continued during the greatest violence of the effects of the accident, and then gradually subsided. The cicatrix is at this time, March 24th, entire; but the surface is unusually scabrous, and has a much more livid aspect than that of similar scars left after the infliction of burns from common causes. The dermis seemed to have been less perfectly regenerated than is usual from burns produced by ordinary means, and the circulation through the part is manifestly impeded, apparently in consequence of atony of its vessels, to an extent far beyond any thing of a similar nature to be observed after common burns.'" pp. 27–28.

—

The Classical Family Library. Numbers XV, XVI, and XVII. Euripides translated by the Reverend R. Potter, Prebendary of Norwich. Harper & Brothers, New York. These three volumes embrace the whole of Euripides—Æschylus and Sophocles having already been published in the Library. A hasty glance at the work will not enable us to speak positively in regard to the value of these translations. The name of Potter, however, is one of high authority, and we have no reason to suspect that he has not executed his task as well as any man living could have done it. But that these, or that any poetic versions can convey to the mind of the merely general reader the most remote conception of either the manner, the spirit, or the meaning of the Greek dramatists, is what Mr. Potter does not intend us to believe, and what we certainly should not believe if he did. At all events, it must be a subject of general congratulation, that in the present day, for a sum little exceeding three dollars, any lover of the classics may possess himself of complete versions of the three greatest among the ancient Greek writers of tragedy.

Ardent admirers af Hellenic Literature, we have still no passion for Euripides. Truly great when compared with many of the moderns, he falls immeasurably below his immediate predecessors. "He is admirable," says a German critic, "where the object calls chiefly for emotion, and requires the display of no higher qualities; and he is still more so where pathos and moral beauty are united. Few of his pieces are without particular passages of the most overpowering beauty. It is by no means my intention to deny him the possession of the most astonishing talents: I have only stated that these talents were not united with a mind in which the austerity of moral principle, and the sanctity of religious feelings were held in the highest honor."

The life, essence, and characteristic qualities of the ancient Greek drama may be found in three things. First, in the ruling idea of Destiny or Fate. Secondly, in the Chorus. Thirdly, in Ideality. But in Euripides we behold only the decline and fall of that drama, and the three prevailing features we have mentioned are in him barely distinguishable, or to be seen only in their perversion. What, for example is, with Sophocles, and still more especially with Æschylus, the obscure and terrible spirit of predestination, sometimes mellowed down towards the catastrophe of their dramas into the unseen, yet not unfelt hand of a kind Providence, or overruling God, becomes in the handling of Euripides the mere blindness of accident, or the capriciousness o chance. He thus loses innumerable opportunities—opportunities which his great rivals have used to so good an effect—of giving a preternatural and ideal elevation to moral fortitude in the person of his heroes, by means of opposing them in a perpetual warfare with the arbitrations and terrors of Destiny.

Again; the Chorus, which appears never to have been thoroughly understood by the moderns—the Chorus of Euripides is not, alas! the Chorus of his predecessors. That this singular, or at least apparently singular feature, in the Greek drama, was intended for the mere purpose of preventing the stage from being, at any moment entirely empty, has been an opinion very generally, and very unaccountably received. *The Chorus was not, at any time, upon the stage.* Its general station was in the orchestra, in which it also performed the solemn dances, and walked to and fro during the choral songs. And when it did not sing, its proper station was upon the *thymele*, an elevation somewhat like an altar, but with steps, in front of the orchestra, raised as high as the stage, and opposite to the scene—being also in the very centre of the entire theatre, and serving as a point around which the semi-circle of the amphitheatre was described. Most critics, however, have merely laughed at the Chorus as something superfluous and absurd, urging the folly of enacting passages supposed to be performed in secret in the presence of an assembled crowd, and believing that as it originated in the infancy of the art, it was continued merely through caprice or accident. Sophocles, however, wrote a treatise on the Chorus, and assigned his reasons for persisting in the practice. Aristotle says little about it, and that little affords no clew to its actual meaning or purpose. Horace considers it "a general expression of moral participation, instruction, and admonition;" and this opinion, which is evidently just, has been adopted and commented upon, at some length, by Schlegel. Publicity among the Greeks, with their republican habits and modes of thinking, was considered absolutely essential to all actions of dignity or importance. Their dramatic poetry imbibed the sentiment, and was thus made to display a spirit of conscious independence. The Chorus served to give verisimilitude to the dramatic action, and was, in a word, *the ideal spectator.* It stood in lieu of the national spirit, and represented the general participation of the human race, in the events going forward upon the stage. This was its most extended, and most proper object; but it had others of a less elevate l nature, and more nearly in accordance with the spirit of our own melo-drama.

But the Chorus of Euripides was not the true and unadulterated Chorus of the purer Greek tragedy. It is even more than probable that he did never rightly appreciate its full excellence and power, or give it any portion of his serious attention. He made no scruple of admitting the *parabasis* into his tragedies*—a license which although well suited to the spirit of comedy, was entirely out of place, and must have had a ludicrous ef-

* The *parabasis* was the privilege granted the Chorus of addressing the spectators in its own person.

fect in a serious drama. In some instances also, among which we may mention the Danaidæ, a female Chorus is permitted by him to make use of grammatical inflexions proper only for males.

In respect to the Ideality of the Greek drama, a few words will be sufficient. It was the Ideality of conception, and the Ideality of representation. Character and manners were never the character and manners of every day existence, but a certain, and very marked elevation above them. Dignity and grandeur enveloped each personage of the stage—but such dignity as comported with his particular station, and such grandeur as was never at *outrance* with his allotted part. And this was the Ideality of conception. The cothurnus, the mask, the mass of drapery, all so constructed and arranged as to give an increase of bodily size, the scenic illusions of a nature very different, and much more extensive than our own, inasmuch as actual realities were called in to the aid of art, were on the other hand the Ideality of representation. But although in Sophocles, and more especially in Æschylus, character and expression were made subservient and secondary to this ideal and lofty elevation—in Euripides the reverse is always found to be the case. His heroes are introduced familiarly to the spectators, and so far from raising his men to the elevation of Divinities, his Divinities are very generally lowered to the most degrading and filthy common-places of an earthly existence. But we may sum up our opinion of Euripides far better in the words of Augustus William Schlegel, than in any farther observations of our own.

"This poet has at the same time destroyed the internal essence of tragedy, and sinned against the laws of beauty and proportion in its external structure. He generally sacrifices the whole to the effect of particular parts, and in these he is also more ambitious of foreign attractions, than of genuine poetical beauty."

The Early Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, L. L.D. Poet Laureate. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The early naval history of England, and by so fine a writer as Southey undoubtedly is, either in poetry or prose, but more especially in the latter, cannot fail of exciting a lively interest among readers of every class. In the subject matter of this work we, as Americans, have moreover a particular feeling, for it has been often remarked that in no national characteristic do we bear a closer analogy to our progenitors in Great Britain than in the magnificence and glory of our many triumphs both over and upon the sea. To those who know Southey well, and we sincerely hope there are not a few of our readers who *do* know him intimately, through the medium of his writings at least, we shall be under no necessity of giving any assurance that the History of which we are now speaking, is a work of no common merit, and worthy of all their attention. Southey is a writer who has few equals any where, either in purity of truly English prose, or in melody of immortal verse. He is great in every department of Literature which he has attempted. And even did we feel inclined at present, with his very happily executed Naval History before us, to quarrel with some of his too zealous friends for overrating his merely poetical abilities, we could not find it in our hearts to place him second to any one—no, not to our own noble Irving in —— we will not use the term classical, but prefer repeating our former expression—in *truly English*, undefiled, vigorous, and masculine prose. Yet this the North American Review has ventured to do, not having, we think, before its eyes the fear of flat and positive contradiction from all authorities whose opinions are entitled to consideration. Comparisons of this nature, moreover, rarely fail of *appearing*, even although they really *be not*, invidious; and in the present instance we are really aware of no reason, or rather of no possibility for juxta-position. There are no points of approximation between Irving and Southey, and they cannot be compared. Why not say at once, for it could be said as wisely, and as satisfactorily, that Dante's verse is superior to that of Metastasio—that the Latin of Erasmus is better than the Latin of Buchanan—that Bolingbroke is a finer prose writer than Horne Tooke, or coming home to our own times, that Tom Moore is to be preferred to Lord Brougham, and the style of N. P. Willis to the style of John Neal? We mean to deal, therefore, in generalities, when we disagree with Mr. Everett in what he has advanced. Irving is *not* a better prose writer than Southey. We know of no one who is. In saying thus much we do not fear being accused of a deficiency in patriotic feeling. No true—we mean no sensible American will like a bad book the better for being American, and on the other hand no sensible man of any country, who pretends to even common freedom from prejudice, will esteem such a work as the Naval History of Great Britain the less for being written by a denizen of any region under the sun.

The Gift: A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1836. Edited by Miss Leslie. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart.—We are really sorry that we have no opportunity of noticing this beautiful little Annual at length, and article by article, in our present number: and this the more especially as the edition is even now nearly exhausted, and it will be hardly worth while to say any thing concerning the work in our next, by which time we are very sure there will not be a copy to be obtained at any price. The Gift is highly creditable to the enterprise of its publishers, and more so to the taste and talents of Miss Leslie. This we say *positively*—the ill-mannered and worse-natured opinion of the Boston Courier to the contrary notwithstanding. Never had Annual a brighter galaxy of illustrious literary names in its table of contents—and in no instance has any contributor fallen below his or her general reputation. The embellishments are *not all* of a high order of excellence. The Orphans, for example, engraved by Thomas B. Welch from a painting by J. Wood, is hard and scratchy in manner, and altogether unworthy of the book—while the head of the child in the Prawn Fishers, engraved by A. W. Graham from a painting by W. Collins, R. A. has every appearance of a cabbage. But the portrait of Fanny Kemble by Cheney, from Sully, is one of the finest things in the world, notwithstanding a certain wirinessabove the hair. The likeness is admirable—the attitude exquisite—and the countenance is beaming all over with intelligence. The gem of the book, however, is the Smuggler's Repose, engraved by W. E. Tucker from a painting by J. Tennant. We repeat it, this is absolutely a gem—such as any Souvenir in any country might be proud to possess, and sufficient of itself to stamp a high character upon the Gift.

INDEX

To Volume I of the Southern Literary Messenger.

PROSE.

POETRY.