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MSS. OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

[We have obtained, after much difficulty, from a personal friend of the late JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, the MSS. of the annexed *Letters*, and are permitted to publish them in the Messenger. We know our readers will receive them with interest. They throw much novel light on the character of a man whose genius, however great, has been mostly an enigma, and show his views on the most interesting of subjects in the maturity of his life and in the zenith of his reputation.]

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LETTER I.

As well as very bad implements and worse eyes will permit me to do it by candlelight, I will endeavor to make some return to your kind letter, which I received, not by Quashee, but the mail. I also got a short note by him, for which I thank you.

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And now, my dear friend, one word in your ear—in the porches of thine ear. With Archimedes I may cry 'Ευρηκα. Why, what have you found—the philosopher's stone? No—something better than that. Gyges' ring? No. A substitute for bank paper? No. The elixir vitæ then? It is; but it is the elixir of eternal life. It is that peace of God which passeth all understanding, and which is no more to be conceived of by the natural heart, than poor St. George* can be made to feel and taste the difference between the Italian and German music. It is a miracle, of which the person upon whom it is wrought alone is conscious—as he is conscious of any other feeling—e. g. whether the friendship he professes for A or B be a real sentiment of his heart, or simulated to serve a turn.

God, my dear friend, hath visited me in my desolation; in the hours of darkness, of sickness, and of sorrow: of that worst of all sickness, sickness of the heart, for which neither wealth nor power can find or afford a cure. May you, my dear friend, find it, where alone it is to be found! in the sacred volume—in the word of God, whose power surpasseth all that human imagination (unassisted by his grace) can conceive. I am now, for the first time in my life, supplied with a motive of action that never can mislead me—the love of God and my neighbor—because I love God. All other motives I feel, by my own sad experience, in my own person, as well as in that of numerous "*friends*," (so called) to be utterly worthless. God hath at last given me courage to confess him before men. Once I hated mankind—bitterly hated them—but loved (like that wretched man Swift) "John or Thomas." Now, my regard for individuals is not lessened, but my love for the race exalted almost to a level with that of my *friends*—I am obliged to use the word. I pretend to no sudden conversion, or new or great lights. I have stubbornly held out, for more than a Trojan siege, against the goodness and mercy of my Creator. Yes—Troy town did not so long and so obstinately resist the confederated Greeks. But what is the wrath of the swift-footed Achilles to the wrath of God? and what his speed to the vengeance of Heaven? and what are these even, to the love of Jesus Christ, thou son of David? I had often asked, but it was not with sufficient humility; or, perhaps, like the Canaanitish woman, God saw fit to try me. I sought, but not with sufficient diligence—at last, deserted in my utmost need, (not indeed like Darius, great and good—for I could *command* service, such as we too often pay to God—lip service and eye service,) desolate and abandoned by all that had given me reason to think they had any respect and affection for me, I knocked with all my might. I asked for the crumbs that otherwise might be swept out to the dogs, and it was opened to me, the full and abundant treasury of his grace. When this happened I cannot tell. It has broken upon me like the dawn I see every morning, insensibly changing darkness into light. My slavish fears of punishment, which I always knew to be sinful, but would not put off, are converted into an humble hope of a seat, even if it be the lowest, in the courts of God. Yes, at last I am happy—as happy as man can be. Should it please God to continue his favor to me, you will see it—not only on my lips, but in my life. Should he withdraw it, as assuredly he will, unless with his assistance I humbly endeavor by prayer and self-denial, and *doing* of his word as well as hearing it, to obtain its continuance, *mine* will only be the deeper damnation. Of this danger I am sensible, but not afraid. I mean slavishly afraid. He that hath not quenched the smoking flax, who has snatched me as a brand from the burning, will not, I humbly yet firmly trust, cast me back into the furnace. I now know the meaning of words that before I repeated, but did not comprehend. I am no Burley of Balfour, but I have been, as I thought, on the very verge and brink of his disease; but I prayed to God to save me, and not to suffer me to fall a prey to the arts and wiles of Satan, at the very moment I was seeking his reconcilement.

I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness. I have thrown myself, reeking with sin, on the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ his blessed Son and our (yes, my friend, *our*) precious Redeemer; and I have assurance as strong as that I now owe nothing to your Bank, that the debt is paid—and now I love God, and with reason. I once hated him, and with reason too, for I knew not Christ. The only cause why I should love God is his goodness and mercy to me *through Christ*. But for this, the lion and the sea-serpent would not be more appalling to my imagination, than a being of tremendous and indefinite power, who made me what I am—who wanted either the will or the ability to prevent the existence of evil, and punishes what is inevitable. This is not a God, but a Devil, and all unbelievers in God tremble and believe in this Devil that they worship—such worship

* His nephew, who is deaf and dumb.

as it is, in his place. I have been looking over some of my marginal pencilled notes on Gibbon, and rubbing them out. I had thought to burn the book, but the Quarterly Review and Professor Porson have furnished the antidote to his poison, whether in the shape of infidelity or obscenity. See Review of Gibbon's posthumous works.

> Chains are the portion of revolted man,
> Stripes and a dungeon: and his body serves
> The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
> Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
>
> *Cowper's Task.*

God hath called me to come out from among them—worshippers of Mammon or of "Moloch-homicide," or "Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's son," "Peor his other name:"

> "Lust hard by Hate,"

and I will come, so help me God!

Is it madness to prefer your new house in fee simple, to a clay cottage, of which I am tenant at will, and may be turned out at a moment's warning, and even without it, and out of which *I know* I must be turned in a few years certainly?

It is now midnight. May God watch over our sleep—over our helpless, naked condition, and protect us as well from the insect that carries death in his sting, as from the more feared but not so obvious dangers with which life is beset; and if he should come this night (as come he will) like a thief, may we be ready to stand in his presence and plead not our merits, but his stripes, by whom we are made whole.

J. R. of R.

P. S. I was not aware of the length to which my sermon would extend. Let me entreat you again to read Milton and Cowper. They prepared me for the "Sampson" (as Rush would say) among the medicines for the soul.

Roanoke, August 25, 1818.

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LETTER II.

My Good Friend—I am sorry that Quashee should intrude upon you unreasonably. The old man, I suppose, knows the pleasure I take in your letters, and therefore feels anxious to procure his master the gratification. I cannot, however, express sorrow, for I do not feel it, at the impression which you tell me my last letter made upon you. May it lead to the same happy consequences that I have experienced, which I now feel in that sunshine of the heart, which the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, alone can bestow.

Your imputing such sentiments to a heated imagination, does not surprise me, who have been bred in the school of Hobbes, and Bayle, and Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, and Hume, and Voltaire, and Gibbon; who have cultivated the sceptical philosophy from my vain-glorious boyhood—I might almost say childhood; and who have felt all that unutterable disgust which hypocrisy, and cant, and fanaticism, never fail to excite in men of education and refinement, superadded to our natural repugnance to Christianity. I am not, even now, insensible to this impression; but as the excesses of her friends (real or pretended) can never alienate the votary of liberty from a free form of government, and enlist him under the banners of despotism, so neither can the cant of fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or of both—for so far from being incompatible, they are generally found united in the same character, (may God in his mercy preserve and defend us from both!) disgust the pious with true religion.

Mine has been no sudden change of opinion. I can refer to a record showing, on my part, a desire of more than nine years standing to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; although, for two and twenty years preceding, my feet had never crossed the threshhold of the house of prayer. This desire I was restrained from indulging, by the fear of eating and drinking unrighteously; and although that fear hath been cast out by perfect love, I have never yet gone to the altar—neither have I been present at the performance of divine service, unless indeed I may so call my reading the Liturgy of our Church and some chapters of the Bible to my poor negroes on Sundays. Such passages as I think require it, and which I feel competent to explain, I comment upon, enforcing as far as possible, and dwelling upon those texts especially that enjoin the indispensable accompaniment of a good life as the touchstone of the true faith. The sermon from the mount, and the Evangelists generally—the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, chap. vi,—the general Epistle of James, and the first Epistle of John—these are my chief texts.

The consummation of my *conversion*—I use the word in its strictest sense—is owing to a variety of causes, but chiefly to the conviction, unwillingly forced upon me, that the very few friends which an unprosperous life (the fruit of an ungovernable temper) had left me, were daily losing their hold upon me in a firmer grasp of ambition, avarice, or sensuality. I am not sure that to complete the anti-climax, avarice should not have been last; for although, in some of its effects, debauchery be more disgusting than avarice, yet as it regards the unhappy victim, this last is more to be dreaded. Dissipation, as well as power or prosperity, hardens the heart, but avarice deadens it to every feeling but the thirst for riches. Avarice alone could have produced the slave trade. Avarice alone can drive, as it does drive, this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like so many post-horses whipped to death in a mail-coach. Ambition has its cover-sluts, in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war; but where are the trophies of avarice? The handcuff, the manacle, and the blood-stained cowhide! What man is worse received in society for being a hard master? Who denies the hand of a sister or daughter to such monsters?—nay, they have even appeared in "the abused shape of the vilest of women." I say nothing of India, or Amboyna—of Cortes, or Pizarro.

When I was last in your town I was inexpressibly shocked, (and perhaps I am partly indebted to the circumstance for accelerating my emancipation,) to hear, on the threshold of the temple of the least erect of all the spirits that fell from heaven, these words spoken:

"I don't want the Holy Ghost (I shudder while I write,) or any other spirit in me. If these doctrines are true, [St. Paul's] there was no need for Wesley and Whitfield to have separated from the church. The Methodists are right, and the Church wrong. I want to see the old church," &c. &c.—that is, such as this diocese was under Bishop *Terrick*, when wine-bibbing

and buck-parsons were sent out to preach "a dry clatter of morality," and not the word of God, for sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. When I speak of *morality*, it is not as condemning it. Religion includes it, but much more. Day is now breaking, and I shall extinguish my candles, which are better than no light —or if I do not, in the presence of the powerful king of day they will be noticed only by the dirt and ill-savor that betray all human contrivances—the taint of humanity. Morality is to the Gospel not even as a farthing rush-light to the blessed sun.

By the way, this term Methodist in religion is of vast compass and effect—like *Tory* in politics—or *Aristocrate* in Paris, "with the lamp-post for its second," some five or six and twenty years ago. *Dr. Hoge?*—"a Methodist parson." *Frank Key?*—"a fanatic," (I heard him called so not ten days ago,) "a Methodistical whining," &c. &c. *Wilberforce?*—"a Methodist." *Mrs. Hannah More?*—"ditto." It ought never to be forgotten, that real converts to Christianity on opposite sides of the globe, agree at the same moment to the same facts. Thus Dr. Hoge and Mr. Key, although strangers, understand perfectly what each other feels and believes.

If I were to show a MS. in some unknown tongue to half a dozen persons, strangers to each other, and natives of different countries, and they should all give me the same translation, could I doubt their acquaintance with the strange language? On the contrary, can I, who am but a smatterer in Greek, believe an impostor, who pretends to a knowledge of that tongue, and who yet cannot tell the meaning of τυπτο?

I now read with relish and understand St. Paul's Epistles, which not long since I could not comprehend, even with the help of Mr. Locke's Paraphrase. Taking up, a few days ago, at an "Ordinary," the Life of John Bunyan, which I had never before read, I find an exact coincidence in our feelings on this head, as well as others.

Very early in life I imbibed an absurd prejudice in favor of Mahomedanism and its votaries. The Crescent had a talismanic effect on my imagination, and I rejoiced in all its triumphs over the Cross, (which I despised,) as I mourned over its defeats; and Mahomet the 2d himself did not more exult than I did when the Crescent was planted on the dome of St. Sophia, and the Cathedral of the Constantines was converted into a Turkish Mosque. To this very day I feel the effects of Peter Randolph's Zanga on a temper naturally impatient of injury, but insatiably vindictive under insult.

On the night that I wrote last to you, I scribbled a pack of nonsense to Rootes, which serves only to show the lightness of my heart. About the same time, in reply to a question from a friend, I made the following remarks, which, as I was weak from long vigilance, I requested him to write down, that I might, when at leisure, copy it into my diary. From it you will gather pretty accurately the state of my mind.

"It is my business to avoid giving offence to the "world, especially in all matters merely indifferent. I "shall therefore stick to my old uniform, blue and buff, "unless God see fit to change it for black. I must be "as attentive to my dress and to household affairs, as "far as cleanliness and comfort are concerned, as ever— "and indeed more so. Let us take care to drive none "away from God, by dressing Religion in the garb of "Fanaticism. Let us exhibit her as she is, equally "removed from superstition and lukewarmness. But "we must take care, that while we avoid one extreme, "we fall not into the other—no matter which. I was "born and baptized in the Church of England. If I "attend the Convention at Charlottesville, which I rather "doubt, I shall oppose myself then, and always, to "every attempt at encroachment on the part of the "Church—the Clergy especially—on the rights of con- "science. I attribute, in a very great degree, my long "estrangement from God, to my abhorrence of Prelati- "cal pride and Puritanical preciseness; to Ecclesiasti- "cal tyranny, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant— "whether of Harry V, or Harry VIII—of Mary or "Elizabeth—of John Knox, or Archbishop Laud—of "the Cameronians of Scotland, the Jacobins of France, "or the Protestants of Ireland. Should I fail to attend, "it will arise from a repugnance to submit the religion, "(or church) any more than the liberty of my country, "to foreign influence. When I speak of my country, "I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia. I was born "in allegiance to George III—the Bishop of London "(*Terrick!*) was my diocesan. My ancestors threw "off the oppressive yoke of the mother country, but "they never made me subject to *New* England in mat- "ters spiritual or temporal—neither do I mean to become "so, voluntarily."

I have been up long before day, and write with pain from a sense of duty to you and Mrs. B., in whose welfare I take the most earnest concern. You have my prayers. Give me yours, I pray you. Adieu!

J. R. of R.

P. S. You make no mention of Leigh. I was on the top of the pinnacle of Otter this day fortnight—a little above the Earth, but how far beneath Heaven!

Roanoke, Sept. 25, 1818.

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LETTER III.

Your obliging promptitude deserved my speedier thanks, but you will excuse me I am sure, my dear sir, when you learn that I have been for several days confined to my chamber by something very like *angina pectoris*. It is the most distressing sensation I ever felt, although not the most painful. It is during a remission of its attack that I take up my pen to put some of my nothings upon paper.

Yesterday was a sore day (as I hear) for the War Department. The official statements from that bureau were exposed in a most mortifying manner, and on the question in committee of the whole to strike out the first section of the obnoxious bill [i. e. to reject it] the court mustered but five or seven affirmatives—and this after the combined exertions of several of the leading members, as they are called, in favor of the motion.

My question to Mrs. B. related to a book that I had lately read with some amusement—Melincourt. It is not new, but I had not happened to meet with it before. I have been trying to read Southey's Life of Wesley for some days. Upon the whole, I find it a heavy work, although there are some very striking passages, and it abounds in curious information. From 279 to 285, inclusive, of the second volume is very fine. Yesterday I was to have dined with Frank Key, but was not well enough to go. He called here the day before, and we

had much talk together. He perseveres in pressing on towards the goal, and his whole life is spent in endeavors to do good for his unhappy fellow men. The result is, that he enjoys a tranquillity of mind, a sunshine of the soul, that all the Alexanders of the earth can neither confer nor take away. This is a state to which I can never attain. I have made up my mind to suffer like a man condemned to the wheel or the stake—and, strange as you may think it, I could submit without a murmur to pass the rest of my life "in some high, lonely tower, where I might outwatch the Bear with thrice great Hermes;" and exchange the enjoyments of society for an exemption from the plagues of life. These press me down to the very earth, and to rid myself of them I would gladly purchase an annuity and crawl into some hole, where I might commune with myself and be still.

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I am glad that the pretty Mrs. F—h is so comfortably established at Mrs. Kemp's. Do I understand you correctly that the C——'s, Rootes, Gilmer, and Mr. Burwell are of the same party? I should like very much to join it, for (to say nothing of the ladies) R. and G. are two of my favorites. I could be somewhat less miserable there, I am sure, than I find myself here.

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If I possessed a talent that I once thought I had, I would try and give you a picture of Washington. The state of things is the strangest imaginable, but I am like a speechless person who has the clearest conception of what he would say, but whose organs refuse to perform their office. There is one striking fact that one can't help seeing at the first glance—that there is no faith among men: the state of political confidence may be compared to that of the commercial world within the last two or three years.

I read Mr. Roane's letter with the attention that it deserves. Every thing from his pen on the subject of our laws and institutions excites a profound interest. I was highly gratified at the manner in which it was spoken of in my hearing by one of the best and ablest men in our house. It is indeed high time that the hucksters and money-changers should be cast out of the Temple of Justice. The tone of this communication belongs to another age; but for the date, who could suppose it to have been written in this our day of almost universal political corruption? I did not read the report on the lottery case. The print of the Enquirer is too much for my eyes: and besides I want no argument to satisfy me that the powers which Congress may exercise where they possess exclusive jurisdiction, may not be extended to places where they possess only a limited and concurrent jurisdiction. The very statement of the question settles it, and every additional word is but an incumbrance of help.

And now, my dear sir, you may be glad to come to an end of this almost interminable epistle. Shut up in my little "chair-lumbered closet" this cold day, without a soul to speak to or a book to read, you have become the victim of my desolate condition. Indeed, if I had a book I could not read it, having exercised my eyes so unmercifully on John Wesley, that I do not see what I am writing—at least not distinctly. My best regards to Mrs. B. I wish I could provoke her to talk. When you see Dudley, tell him I have been trying to write to him for several days; and when you see Mr. Cunningham, present me most kindly to him and *his house.*

Sincerely yours,

Washington, January, 1821. J. R. of R.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY J. DOGGETT, Jr.

Bright auburn lock! which like the wing
Of some kind angel sweeping by,
Shinest in the sun a glossy thing,
As soft as beams from beauty's eye,
Thou dost recall, sweet lock, to me,
All of the heaven of memory.

Thou once did'st shade a marble brow,
Where beauty raised her polish'd throne;
Methinks I gaze upon it now
And listen to a silver tone—
Which floats from lips in notes as sweet
As angel's greetings when they meet.

Fair lock! I'd rather hold with thee
A silent, blissful, strange commune,
Than join that boisterous gaiety
Which seems of happiness the noon:
For thou dost whisper, shining hair,
Peace comes not, rests not, *is* not there.

Philadelphia, June, 1836.

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

A fine fashionable mother, one beautiful spring morning, walked forth into the city, leading by the hand a little child of five or six years old. The former was dressed in all the fantastic finery of the times; she had a pink bonnet, ornamented with a bird of paradise, shaded with huge bows of wide ribbon; sleeves which caused her taper waist to appear like lean famine supported on either side by overgrown plenty; her gown was of such redundancy of plaits and folds, that a whole family might have been clothed from its superfluities; and while with one hand she led the little girl along, in the other she held a cambric handkerchief worked with various devices, and bordered with rich lace, reported to have cost fifty dollars. The little child was dressed as fine as its mother, for she unfortunately had light curly hair, and was reckoned a beauty.

They passed a toy-shop, and the child insisted on going in, where she laid out all the money she had in various purchases that were of no use whatever, in spite of the advice of her mother, who alternately scolded and laughed at her for thus wasting her allowance on things so useless. The child seemed to reflect for a few moments, and thus addressed her mother:

"Mother, what is the use of those great sleeves you wear?"

The mother was silent, for the question puzzled her.

"Mother, what is the use of that fine bird on your hat?"

The mother was still more at a loss for a reply.

"Mother, what is the use of having a worked handkerchief, bordered with lace, to wipe your nose?"

"Come along," cried the mother somewhat roughly, as she dragged the little girl out of the toy-shop, "come along, and don't ask so many foolish questions."

MISERIES OF BASHFULNESS.

A modest woman dressed out in all her finery is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.—*She Stoops to Conquer.*

Of all the evils which harass the human family, none is perhaps more tormenting or more difficult to be removed, than bashfulness—a feeling sufficient in itself to blast the most promising hopes, and render comparatively useless the most brilliant abilities. To this evil, from earliest recollection, I have been painfully subject, and to its influence upon my character and habits, may be traced the many difficulties I have met with in my passage through life. Gifted by nature with a mind of no ordinary caste, which my modest and retiring disposition, while it precluded me from the enjoyment of society, induced me to cultivate, at an early age I had acquired a large fund of useful and polite information. This circumstance induced my parents to send me to the University of ——, then the most flourishing institution in the country. The first term after my arrival passed off drearily enough, but after becoming familiarized to the habits of my fellow students, and to the customs of the institution, I became better satisfied with my situation. Nothing of importance occurred until the time appointed for the examinations came on. I had applied myself with assiduity and vigilance, and flattered myself that I had completely mastered the exercises appointed for the occasion. Among the candidates for graduation there was an individual whom I shall designate by the name of C——, and whose connection with my narration compels me to mention him. He was the son of a southern planter, of immense fortune, and to a person of almost faultless beauty united great liberality, which his princely fortune enabled him to stretch to its farthest limits. As may be imagined he was quite a lion among the students and ladies.

Towards this individual I conceived a certain feeling of dislike from my first introduction, which a more intimate acquaintance with his character ripened into hatred. He was proud and overbearing in his deportment towards his inferiors, and even amidst his immediate friends and acquaintance he possessed a certain haughty and imperious bearing, indicative of the exalted opinion he entertained respecting his own merits. His mind was not remarkable for strength, nevertheless he had some shrewdness or cunning, which the vulgar are apt to mistake for talents. As I have before observed, the time for the annual examination had arrived, and no culprit in the gloomy walls of Newgate dreaded the fatal toll of St. Sepulchre's bell—the gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity—more than I did the arrival of the hour when our exercises were to commence. A large number of ladies and gentlemen had been invited, and among the number was my father.

At length the University bell tolled the appointed hour, and we were drawn up on a stage in front of the assembly, from which we were concealed by a curtain, as yet down. At a given signal the curtain rose and presented to our view a numerous concourse of both sexes, among whom I distinguished my father seated on the front row of seats, prepared no doubt to witness his son's triumph. A sight of his countenance served to increase the confidence I had in my powers, and to dispel the embarrassment I felt on the occasion. The student at the head of the class answered the question put to him with perfect ease and composure—so did the second. I stood third; as soon as my name was called by the examining professor, I felt the blood rush with such velocity to my face as nearly to cause blindness—my brain reeled—my eyes swam—and although I perfectly understood the question, my confusion was so great as to hinder utterance. The question was passed to the next, who was C——; he answered it. The mingled shame, mortification, and rage I suffered, are indescribable. I retired from the contest, and the prize which I could have gained was awarded to my abominated enemy. I returned home with my mortified father, who persuaded me to endeavor to overcome the painful and unfortunate failing, which he perceived would blight my future prospects, by mixing largely in society. In pursuance of this advice, soon after my arrival in my native town, I determined to attend a large party, at the residence of one of my mother's fashionable friends. I suffered acutely from the time I received the invitation till the appointed night. At length it arrived, and I, attired in my best suit, with no aristocratic touch, rung the door bell. The servant ushered me into a large and splendidly furnished room but partially filled. The courage I had summoned for the occasion, like Bob Acre's, "oozed as it were from the palms of my hands," and I remained standing in the door-way as immovable as if (instead of the gay and fashionable assembly who were gazing at my strange appearance with so much astonishment,) the Gorgon Medusa had turned upon me her petrifying look. The harmonious note which at that moment stole from Bennett's eloquent cremona, diverted their attention from my person and restored me to something like consciousness. I advanced into the room, and was cordially greeted by mine host and his lady, who were old friends of my family. The dancing now commenced, and the rooms gradually filling placed me in a rather more comfortable situation. I was, however, far from being easy. In order, as I thought, to calm my perturbed spirits, I seated myself on a sofa, situated in a corner of one of the rooms. I had remained there but a short time, when the voice of some one engaged in earnest conversation striking upon my ear, I turned my attention in that direction and perceived my late triumphant enemy C——, conversing in an animated strain with Miss ——, the only daughter of the wealthy and hospitable owner of the mansion in which we were passing the afternoon. Miss —— was evidently much pleased with the subject as well as the manner of the speaker, and he seemed inclined to make the best possible use of the advantage he had gained. They were however joined by a large number of ladies, who in their anxiety to reach Miss —— completely surrounded me. Yes—I who would sooner march to the cannon's mouth, or attempt to scale the fortress of Gibraltar, than face a female, was literally blockaded—totally

surrounded by decidedly "the most awful things in nature," a company of full dressed women. C—— was perfectly at ease, and enjoyed heartily the dismay and confusion under which I labored. Perceiving that the only possible chance of escaping, would be speedy action, I endeavored instinctively to effect a retreat, but in vain. As I arose, I encountered the huge sleeve of a female attired "in all the glaring impotence of dress," which impeded my egress. On attempting to return, I ran foul of a talkative little creature, and left her minus of about half of her head dress. The little lady was in a rage; however, there was no time for delay—so I gave her no apology. At length I reached my seat on the sofa, on which several ladies had seated themselves. After some time, I endeavored to enter into conversation with the damsel who sat next me, hoping that it would afford me some alleviation; but the attempt was abortive. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and refused to utter whatever ideas I might have had in my brain—through which passed in rapid succession, the last opera—the fancy ball—Shakspeare—Moliere, &c. &c., without affording its wretched owner a theme on which to commence a conversation. In vain I made strenuous exertions to collect my scattered thoughts—the attempt increased my confusion. At last the approach of a servant with a waiter of refreshments opened a passage through which I dashed. The exulting laugh of C—— reached my ear, as I cleared the little crowd collected around him. In my passage through the room I met a servant bearing a freshly opened bottle of Champaigne. Seizing a glass brimfull with the sparkling liquor I tossed it off—another, and another—and then "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was immediately changed from the bashful and timid character in which I had hitherto appeared, to the bold, impudent, easy man of the world. An almost irresistible desire to make female acquaintances seized me, and I was determined to indulge it. Meeting a friend at the moment, I requested him to give me an introduction to every lady in the house. At this sweeping request my friend was surprised beyond measure, knowing well my former disposition. However, not being able to refuse, he led me up to a fresh, rosy-looking Miss, and gave the necessary introduction. I bowed, and in doing so nearly lost my equilibrium. I, however, succeeded in gaining my footing, and commenced conversing. By this time, I had given such unequivocal indications of the effect my Champaigne potation had produced, as to induce my friend to withdraw me from my fair acquaintance and insist upon my taking leave of the "festive scene." But what man has been known to take good advice when he is at all inebriated. I refused to retire, and to disprove the suspicions of my friend, I determined to dance the next cotillion. In accordance with this resolve I wended my way through the crowd till I discovered the lady to whom I had been introduced, and solicited the pleasure of her hand. We stood up to a double cotillion, and at that moment the music struck up. The animating and delightful sensations produced by the wine began to subside, and my mind commenced gradually to comprehend the almost insurmountable difficulties of the situation in which my rashness had placed me. I had no more idea of dancing than a bear just caught from the woods, and as for the figure of the dance, I would sooner have attempted to solve the hieroglyphics inscribed upon an Egyptian obelisk. Every moment developed new difficulties, and fresh obstacles were cast in my way by every second's reflection. Oh! how bitterly did I repent the many opportunities I had omitted of learning the trifling (in the abstract, yet important in reality,) accomplishment which I so much needed then. However, it was now too late to retreat, and I was about to dash forth and perform some random capers, when my companion checked me with the information that my time to dance had not yet come on. To increase the awkwardness of my situation, I discovered myself to be corporeally tipsy, though mentally sober. I was therefore afraid to move, lest I should evince my unlucky and disagreeable situation. As a *dernier resort*, I resolved to watch the graceful and easy movements of my companions in the dance, and, if possible, to gain some slight information concerning my unenviable employment. At last my turn came round, and with bent knees and clenched hands I advanced. In attempting to make a flourish which was to have been followed by a bow, I lost my balance, and tumbled at full length upon the floor. The roar of laughter which this feat called forth still rings in my ears, and a recollection of the scene always covers my cheeks with blushes. I arose from my incumbent posture and hastily excusing myself to my partner, rushed from the house, heartily wishing for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." MARLOW.

FIRST LOVE.

BY J. C. McCABE.

There is a thought, still beautiful, though years have roll'd along,
Which stirs the wave of memory, and wakes her wonted song—
Which rustles 'mid the heart's dead flowers like midnight's mournful breeze,
And dove-like spreads its soothing wing o'er passion's stormy seas.
No crime can dim its purity--no cloud obscure its ray;
But like the temple's altar light, its steady beams will play,
All sweetly hovering o'er the soul, like spirit from above——
O, 'tis the thought—the holy thought—of boyhood's early love!

When years have wrinkled o'er his brow, and furrows traced his cheek,
And his once glad voice is trembling now in lapses faint and weak;
How thoughtful is his glance, as on his slowly rolling tears,
There floats along that fairy form he loved in boyhood's years.
And then—O then, that heart (like harp hung up in ruined hall,
Untouch'd, save when the night-winds sweep along the mould'ring wall,)
It gives a wild tone from its chords, the pilgrim lone to tell,

Though desolate it still can yield to melody's sweet spell.
Oh, cast him on the stormy sea, when Death rides on the surge,
And sea-nymphs chant around his head a melancholy dirge,
While struggling with the giant waves, from their embrace to flee,
That lov'd one's voice is whispering of halls beneath the sea.
And as far down he swiftly sinks, and billows o'er him foam,
A thousand phantasies appear, and o'er his vision come;
But *one will* keep its vigil there, though storm and tempest sweep,
Unmoved, though burst upon by all the billows of the deep.

Go place him in the battle's front, where death and carnage meet,
And his country's flag unsullied is his warrior-winding sheet;
When from his heart is oozing fast the darkly purple tide,
And victory's shout a moment fills his dying eye with pride—
The wild and lingering look he casts, as heaven's own arch of blue,
Like the vision of a summer dream, fades slowly from his view,
Speaks—clearly speaks—of vision'd joys—of home beheld once more—
Of the image of the one-loved form in sorrow bending o'er.

EROSTRATUS.

I.

Early in the afternoon of an autumn day, in the first year of the hundred and fifth Olympiad, the keeper of the light-house which then marked the entrance of the harbor of Ephesus, announced the approach of a vessel, which, from its size and proportions, he decided to be from Corinth or Athens. Crowded, as the port of Diana's favorite city at that time was, with sails from every maritime town in the Mediterranean, where commerce was cultivated, the arrival of a vessel was an event of hourly occurrence, yet the news of the approach of this spread rapidly through the city. The magistrate left the bench, the merchant forsook his warehouse, and the mechanic dropped his tools. All hastened to the quay. It was expected that this vessel brought the news of the results of the Olympic games. With such rapidity the lusty rowers plyed their oars, that the most experienced eye could scarcely decide whether the approaching bark carried three or four banks. The helms-man was singing the prize verses of the games, in which all the oars-men joined at intervals as a chorus. Soon she neared sufficiently for the pilots, who stood upon an eminence, to decide that she was the Sphynx of Corinth. She presently came within speaking distance, and the name of the victor in the poetic contest was demanded. "Leonidas of Mægara," was the reply. Other questions succeeded until the Sphynx was moored in the harbor, and then followed, amidst the embraces of friends and relatives, more minute inquiries and particular replies touching the events of the games, which then excited an interest in every land where the Greek tongue was spoken, of which the moderns can form but little conception. Preparations for the customary sacrifices to Diana of the Ephesians, Neptune, and the Winds, in grateful return for the prosperous voyage, were quickly made.

II.

The crowds which shortly before covered the spacious quays had nearly all dispersed, when a young man for whom no one appeared to wait, and who had sought no one in the joyful multitude, stepped on shore, bearing all his baggage in a small scrip. His countenance wore an expression of the deepest melancholy, which could not have escaped notice, had not the sighs which broke from his breast, and the half dried tears which stained his cheeks, sufficiently testified that his bosom shared none of the general joy. Instead of seeking his home, he bent his steps along the quays, and shortly gained the suburbs, passing rapidly through which, he sought the open country. Here throwing himself upon the ground, he gave way to the most passionate expressions of sorrow. "Cursed folly" he exclaimed "that induced me to believe that glory was to be obtained by merit, and that the applauses of the crowd could be won by him who has no gold in his purse to purchase their praises. Cursed be the books of the Philosophers which teach"—"Erostratus," exclaimed a young man who, unobserved, had approached and gazed on him with astonishment, "what mischance has so disordered you, that instead of seeking your friend's house, I find you embracing our mother earth, and outshining our first tragedians? Is this a specimen of some successful drama which you have been composing, or"—"Metazulis," said Erostratus, "cease these ill-timed pleasantries. I have just returned from the Olympic games"—"I know it," interrupted Metazulis. "I was from home when the Sphynx arrived, and had I not learned from our neighbor Polisphercon that you and he had been fellow passengers, I should have assured myself that the charms of Corinth had proved stronger than your patriotism. Excuse my interruption, and pardon a friend's inquiring why these tears? why this anguish? Have you returned without that heart, which you once vowed to Diana should never leave your keeping, and without the blue-eyed maiden who has robbed you of it?" "No Metazulis, replied his friend, forcing a melancholy smile, "my heart is safe as though blue-eyed maidens had never been—but I went to Olympia, puffed up with the senseless expectation of gracing my brow with the wreath of poetry, which now encircles the head of a wealthy churl who feasted the judges. *His* name is celebrated through the cities of Greece; *mine* is unmentioned, save as that of the deluded Ephesian who dared to put his doggrel in competition with the rich strains of the rich Leonidas. But I forever forswear"—"Forswear nothing" cried Metazulis. "Be not discouraged by a single failure. The next judges may be honester, and in four years the strengthened wings of your muse will achieve higher flights." "And Leonidas may become richer," said Erostratus. "How often, how often,"

said Metazulis, "have I had to censure my friend's faint heart, discouraged at the slightest disappointment! Who ever swam a river at a single stroke? Make my house your home. Let poetry continue your study. My sister's lyre shall accompany your odes. We will strive to put off the partiality of friends, and play the critics upon your works. I warrant not a spot shall meet the eye in the next production you lay before the Olympic Judges." Putting his arm into that of Erostratus, who offered no resistance, he led him to the city.

III.

Henceforth the streets of Ephesus rarely echoed to the footsteps of Erostratus. Immured in the house of the friendly Metazulis, his whole soul was occupied with the ardent hope of gaining the prize for poetry at the next Olympic games. The encouragement of Metazulis and Lesbia, had fanned into a flame the spark of ambition not to be extinguished in his breast. Every day did his impatience increase, and nightly, upon retiring to his couch, would he reckon that a day less was between him and immortal glory. The poems and odes which fell from his pen, fell not faster than they were wedded to music by the enthusiastic Lesbia. Unhappy Lesbia! it was not in thy nature to behold such kindred genius and remain unmoved! A fire was in thy breast, bright and unquenchable, save by death! Poor Lesbia! Her admiration of the poet blinded her to the most glaring defects of the poetry, and the living Erostratus, whom she daily saw, seemed to her superior to all the poets who had sung since the days of Deucalion.

Four years rolled by in poetry, music, and, though neither seemed conscious of it, in—love. The hymn to Ceres, upon which Erostratus now builds his hopes, is completed, and pronounced perfect by Metazulis, and Lesbia. Lesbia gives her brother and his friend the parting embrace, and with her scarf, waves them again and again farewell from the terraced roof. She is not to see Erostratus again until his brows are shaded with the crown of victory. Prosperous winds wafted on their course Erostratus and his friend, who had left his home and his sister, to share with his adopted brother the first triumphs of success. A few days were spent in luxurious Corinth by the travellers, and postponing a more ample view until their return, they departed for Olympia, where they arrived after a journey, which to Erostratus seemed to occupy an age.

IV.

With the usual ceremonies the games were opened, and the first, second, and third days devoted to chariot races and the athletic exercises. The fourth day was assigned to the claimants of the palm for poesy. Erostratus was the first competitor who rose. His feelings at first overpowered him, but a look from Metazulis, a burst of applause from the countless multitude, and more than all, a thought of the moment when he should lay the meed of victory at the feet of Lesbia, encouraged him. His voice was at first low and indistinct, but as the plaudits increased, he became more animated, and towards the close, the delivery was worthy of the poem. The hymn being ended, the lengthened shouts dispelled all fear of failure from his mind, and he fancied he already felt the olive wreath upon his temples. A single competitor appeared to contest with him the prize, many having withdrawn upon the conclusion of his ode. Cratinus of Platæa arose, as soon as the applause began to subside. Four times had the crown been decreed to Cratinus, and he now aspired the fifth time to that honor. The hitherto unconquered Cratinus began, and scarcely had he recited twenty lines, when even Metazulis admitted in his heart the superiority of this poem to that of his friend. Cratinus was loudly cheered, and in justice would have been more so, had not a large proportion of the audience been prepossessed in favor of Erostratus. Applause well merited followed the conclusion of the Judgment of Paris, (such was the theme of Cratinus) and then a breathless silence succeeded, whilst the judges compared their opinions. We cannot describe the anxiety of Erostratus in this interval. He trembled, a cold sweat bedewed his body, and leaning upon the breast of his friend, his life seemed to hang upon the decision. The presiding judge at length arose and delivered the award. The crown was decreed to Cratinus; and Erostratus fell senseless in Metazulis' arms. For a long time he remained insensible, and his friend was beginning to fear that his hopes and his life had terminated together, when he began to revive; but having murmured "the crown, the crown," he fell into a second swoon. So great an effect had the destruction of his long cherished hopes produced upon him, that for some days there appeared scarcely a possibility of his recovery. During this time Metazulis wrote to his sister the following letter.

"Weep with me Lesbia. Our friend has failed, Cratinus, of Platæa has obtained the prize, Erostratus is dangerously ill. The physicians bid me hope—I have none. Should he recover from the fever which now threatens to terminate his life, what a life will be his! If, contrary to my expectations, he should survive this shock, may our love to him be redoubled! Let it be our care to smooth his path to the grave, which, broken hearted as he is, can be but short. Farewell."

V.

The medical attendants were not disappointed. A month having elapsed, Erostratus left the couch of sickness; but another passed by before Metazulis thought his strength sufficient to warrant his proposing their return. Erostratus made no opposition. The love he felt for Lesbia, (with which the ravings of his delirium had acquainted Metazulis,) urged his return, although he felt that he scarcely dared appear before her. The task of diverting his mind from the sad recollections which occupied it, was painful and difficult. Metazulis proposed visiting the curiosities of nature, and the celebrated works of art, which lay contiguous to their route. To this Erostratus made no objection, but his eye, once so delighted with all that was beautiful and sublime, now gazed upon them without pleasure. Metazulis left Corinth in the first vessel which departed, anxious to see his sister, and to bear his friend from Greece, where every thing conspired to bring to his mind his failures. Far different were the feelings with which Erostratus had entered Corinth, and now bade it a final farewell. They reached Ephesus. Metazulis found none of his domestics awaiting his return; but what was their anxiety, their horror, upon finding the house closed, and the door-posts marked with the insignia of death! They hastily opened the door. All is silence and desolation. Erostratus rushes to the sitting room, where he had

parted from Lesbia. Metazulis following, arrives to see him fall senseless upon the couch, whereon reposed the dead body of his sister, at whose head sat the motionless domestics, murmuring the prayers for the departed.

VI.

In a month after the ashes of Lesbia had been consigned to the tomb, those of Metazulis were laid beside them. The wealth of Metazulis was now the property of Erostratus, but could gold purchase peace for his anguished soul? Never was he seen to smile, and his solitary hours (and how few of his hours were not solitary?) were passed in grief and lamentation. The love of immortality remained inextinguishable in his breast, and he resolved upon an achievement which should give his name a place in the page of history; and in the moments of his phrenzy, he imagined that the name of Lesbia would appear in the record with his, and that this would be accepted by her shade as an atonement on his part, for the fate in which her love for him had involved her. In the middle of a dark and tempestuous night, he applied a torch to that temple, the boast of Ephesus, the wonder of the world! The Greek historians of after days asserted that the goddess was in Macedon attending to the birth of Alexander. Her fane was destroyed and reduced to a mass of blackened ruin. Erostratus unhesitatingly avowed himself the incendiary, and the rack could force no reply from him but the cry "I did it for immortality." He was condemned to be burnt to death, and expired in the most dreadful torture, with a smile upon his countenance and the name of Lesbia upon his lips. The magistrates, lest his desire of an immortal memory should be gratified, denounced death upon all who should pronounce his name, that it might be blotted out forever.

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About twenty years subsequently, a citizen of Ephesus, and his friend from Athens, were walking upon the shore of the sea, a few miles from the former city. There were a number of young Ephesians exercising themselves in athletic sports upon the sands, at whom they looked for a while, and then passed on. After a few steps they stopped to examine something over which the sea was breaking near the shore. A few human bones blackened and mouldering met their gaze. "Near this spot," said the Ephesian, "we burnt Erostratus." "Who was he?" replied the Athenian, "I do not remember to have ever heard of him." The Ephesian made no reply but hurried his friend on board a small fishing boat, and put to sea. It was long before the Athenian could obtain an explanation of this singular conduct from his agitated friend. The Ephesian at length reminded him of the edict, and avowed that the forbidden name had escaped his lip, and been overheard by the youths who were near them. A vessel bound to Greece picked them up. The Ephesian settled in Attica, never daring to return to his native country. The greater portion of the incidents recorded above were communicated by him to his friend, and the tale, corroborated by others, became well known throughout Greece; but at Ephesus, no one for centuries dared to utter the forbidden name of Erostratus.

BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

[We have rather accidentally met with these two poems, *The Belles of Williamsburg*, and the *Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg*, both written and circulated in that place in 1777. These pieces are believed to have been either composed by two different gentlemen, or to have been the joint production of both. As we cannot, however, assign to each his due share, we do not think ourselves at liberty to mention their names—which (although the authors in question are now no more,) are still distinguished names in Virginia.]

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THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Wilt thou, advent'rous pen, describe
The gay, delightful, silken tribe,
That maddens all our city;
Nor dread, lest while you foolish claim
A near approach to beauty's flame,
Icarus' fate may hit ye.

With singed pinions tumbling down,
The scorn and laughter of the town,
Thou'lt rue thy daring flight;
While every miss with cool contempt,
Affronted by the bold attempt,
Will, tittering, view thy plight.

Ye girls, to you devoted ever,
The object still of our endeavor
Is somehow to amuse you;
And if instead of higher praise,
You only laugh at these rude lays,
We'll willingly excuse you.

Advance then each illustrious maid,
In order bright to our parade,
With beauty's ensigns gay;
And first, two nymphs who rural plains
Forsook, disdaining rustic swains,
And here exert their sway.

Myrtilla's beauties who can paint?
The well turned form, the glowing teint,
May deck a common creature;
But who can make th' expressive soul
With lively sense inform the whole,
And light up every feature.

At church Myrtilla lowly kneels,
No passion but devotion feels,
No smiles her looks environ;
But let her thoughts to pleasure fly,
The basilisk is in her eye
And on her tongue the Syren.

More vivid beauty—fresher bloom,
With teints from nature's richest loom
In Sylvia's features glow;
Would she Myrtilla's arts apply,
And catch the magic of her eye,
She'd rule the world below.

See Laura, sprightly nymph, advance,
Through all the mazes of the dance,
With light fantastic toe;

See laughter sparkle in her eyes—
At her approach new joys arise,
  New fires within us glow.

Such sweetness in her look is seen,
Such brilliant elegance of mien,
  So jauntie and so airy;
Her image in our fancy reigns,
All night she gallops through our veins,
  Like little Mab the fairy.

Aspasia next, with kindred soul,
Disdains the passions that control
  Each gentle pleasing art;
Her sportive wit, her frolic lays,
And graceful form attract our praise,
  And steal away the heart.

We see in gentle Delia's face,
Expressed by every melting grace,
  The sweet complacent mind;
While hovering round her, soft desires,
And hope gay smiling fan their fires,
  Each shepherd thinks her kind.

The god of love mistook the maid,
For his own Psyche, and 'tis said
  He still remains her slave;
And when the boy directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
  Not age itself can save.

With pensive look and head reclined,
Sweet emblems of the purest mind,
  Lo! where Cordelia sits;
On Dion's image dwells the fair—
Dion the thunderbolt of war,
  The prince of modern wits.

Not far removed from her side,
Statira sits in beauty's pride,
  And rolls about her eyes;
Thrice happy for the unwary heart,
That affectation blunts the dart
  That from her quiver flies.

Whence does that beam of beauty dawn?
What lustre overspreads the lawn?
  What suns those rays dispense?
From Artemisia's brow they came,
From Artemisia's eyes the flame
  That dazzles every sense.

At length, fatigued with beauty's blaze,
The feeble muse no more essays
  Her picture to complete;
The promised charms of younger girls,
When nature the gay scene unfurls,
  Some happier bard shall treat.

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SEQUEL TO THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Ye bards that haunt the tufted shade,
Where murmurs thro' the hallowed glade,
  The Heliconian spring—
Who bend before Apollo's shrine,
And dance and frolic with the nine,
  Or touch the trembling string—

And ye who bask in beauty's blaze,
Enlivening as the orient rays
  From fair Aurora's brow,
Or those which from her crescent shine,
When Cynthia with a look benign,
  Regards the world below—

Say, why, amidst the vernal throng,
Whose virgin charms inspired your song
  With sweet poetic lore,
With eager look th' enraptured swain,
For Isidora's form in vain,
  The picture should explore.

Shall sprightly Isidora yield,
To Laura the distinguished field,
  Amidst the vernal throng?
Or shall Aspasia's frolic lays
From Leonella snatch the bays,
  The tribute of the song?

Like hers I ween the blushing rose,
On Sylvia's polished cheek that glows,
  And hers the velvet lip,
To which the cherry yields its hue,
Its plumpness and ambrosial dew
  Which even Gods might sip.

What partial eye a charm can find,
In Delia's look, or Delia's mind,
  Or Delia's melting grace,
Which cannot in Miranda's mien,
Or winning smile or brow serene,
  A rival beauty trace?

Sweet as the balmy breath of spring,
Or odors from the painted wing
  Of Zephyr as he flies,
Brunetta's charms might surely claim,
Amidst the votaries of fame,
  A title to the prize.

What giddy raptures fill the brain,
When tripping o'er the verdant plain,
  Florella joins the throng!
Her look each throbbing pain beguiles,
Beneath her footsteps Nature smiles,
  And joins the poet's song.

Here even critic Spleen shall find,
Each beauty that adorns the mind,
  Or decks the virgin's brow;
Here Envy with her venomed dart,
Shall find no vulnerable part,
  To aim the deadly blow.

Could such perfection nought avail?
Or could the fair Belinda fail
  To animate your lays?
For might not such a nymph inspire
With sportive notes the trembling lyre
  Attuned to virgin praise?

The sister graces met the maid,
Beneath the myrtle's fragrant shade,
  When love the season warms;
Deluded by her graceful mien,
They fancied her the Cyprian queen,
  And decked her with their charms.

Say then why thus with heedless flight,
The panegyric muse should slight
A train so blythe and fair,
Or why so soon fatigued, she flies
No longer in her native skies,
But tumbles through the air.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN 1835.

NO. I.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

The chambers in which the British Parliament are accustomed to assemble, have nothing of the theatrical aspect of the halls for political exhibition built in France for the representations of its representative government.

Let us enter the chamber of the Commons. Here you see no amphitheatre for the ladies, no boxes for the Peers, nor for the *corps diplomatique*. A narrow gallery, only, is reserved for the reporters, and another, more spacious, is open to the public. Here are no costly marbles, no statues, no gilding. It is truly nothing but a chamber—a vast apartment, of greater length than width, without ornaments of any sort—indeed, perfectly naked.

Conceive that we are looking from the public gallery.

Directly before us, at the bottom, is a sort of sentry-box, surmounted by the royal arms. There, in an arm chair covered with green leather, sits the speaker, in his black robe and greyish mittens, solemnly dressed out in an immense wig, the wings of which fall to his waist.

At his feet is a narrow table, at which the principal clerk is seated, supporting on his two hands a large face, smiling impurturbably under a little *perruque* that hangs over his head in the form of a horse-shoe.

The benches on which the members sit, are ranged rectilinearly in different divisions, to the right and left, and in front of the speaker. Every one places himself in the position that is most agreeable to himself, and sits, or stands, at his pleasure. Every member wears his hat, except when addressing the speaker. Every one speaks from the place in which he finds himself at the moment. It is not to the house, however, but to the speaker that they must address themselves.

The simple and country-like habits of the house are well suited to the character of representatives of the people. It proves that the Commons meet not to take part in a show, but to discharge the business of the country.

At three o'clock the speaker enters the chamber, preceded by the chief of the ushers, the mace on his shoulder, and followed by a sergeant-at-arms, with a sword at his side, and dressed in black after the French fashion. Arrived at his chair, the speaker first counts the members present. If there be forty, the session is opened, and the chaplain repeats his prayers, to which every member listens, standing and uncovered, with his face towards the back of his bench.

Generally the first hours are consumed in matters of minor importance. Local and private bills are discussed. The benches begin to be filled between eight and nine in the evening. The house is rarely full before midnight. From this period till two in the morning, they discuss great questions, such as are likely to bring on an important vote.

Such are the English. They distrust, beyond all reason, the frivolity of their own minds. They consider it always dangerous to embark in grave affairs, if their dinner has not been stored away to serve as ballast. It is indispensable that they should meditate and mature their opinions and their eloquence, while engaged in drinking their wine and grog.

When simple Mr. Brougham (the period of his greatest glory) Lord Brougham never came to the House of Commons until he had emptied three bottles of Port. It was at the bottom of his glass that he found calmness, wisdom, and discretion. But since his elevation to the House of Lords, his lordship is forced to speak fasting. It is in consequence of this change that he is now always intoxicated. The sobriety of his stomach produces the intemperance of his tongue and of his brain.

The invariable prolongation of its sittings late into the night, is the cause that the House of Commons never assembles on Saturday. Encroachment on the Sabbath would otherwise be an inevitable legislative sacrilege; and we must admit, that it would be with but bad grace that the Parliament alone should violate the Puritanical laws which it so rigorously maintains, and which prescribe, during the twenty-four hours of that sacred day, the most absolute and universal idleness.

Two words of personal statistics at present.

The House of Commons contains four hundred and seventy-one members for England, twenty-nine for Wales, fifty-three for Scotland, and a hundred and five for Ireland—in all, six hundred and fifty-eight. On important occasions, very few fail to appear at their posts. Six hundred and twenty-two voted, at the commencement of this session, on the election of the present speaker. Mr. Abercromby, elected by the opposition, obtained a majority of but eight votes over Sir Charles Manners Sutton, the candidate of the then ministry.

You observe that the chamber is divided into two parts, almost equal in size. On one side, the ministry and the reformers; on the other, the conservatives, forming the present opposition.

Each of these grand divisions may perhaps be subdivided. Among the reformers or whigs, radical reformers, pure radicals, and repealers;* among the conservatives, the old tories and the demi-conservatives. Such subdivisions, however, are useless. It is no easy thing to distinguish these different shades of opinion. Besides, they are every day becoming gradually less distinct, and will soon present but two parties.

In the first place, are there any whigs? Are the whigs a party? I answer, no. There are some great noblemen, some minister-lords, whose ancestors were whigs, but they themselves are not. To continue the leaders of a true political party, they have been forced to become radicals, and to make themselves interpreters and advocates of the popular wants. What has been

* Translated from a number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

* The *repealers* are Irish members advocating the repeal of the union between Ireland and England.

the result? The whigs and the radicals are absorbed, the one in the other. Seeing so many liberal concessions obtained by England, the Irish Catholics have followed the example of the liberals; they have put off their extreme demands; they have ceased to contend for the repeal of the union. Under the orders of O'Connell, they march behind the ministerial troops, and sustain them so as to prevent their falling back, come what may.

In the camp of the opposition there is the same fusion. Sir Robert Peel has dressed all the tories in the uniform of conservatives. Even the little irresolute batallion of Lord Stanley, has recently, with its chief, assumed the new livery of the defenders of the church and of the throne. The *tiers-parti* has not been more successful on the side of the Manche than on the Parisian.

The question, then, is simply and plainly raised. It is the great question that is to be decided between the old society and the new, the same that was raised in France in 1789; only, if the throne is wise, here the whole war may be finished on the floors of Parliament.

The field of battle is now before the reader. You have the army of reformers and that of the conservatives in the presence of each other—each recognizing but one watchword, but one standard; the first, stronger and bolder, but having too many leaders, and a rear guard more impatient to arrive in action than the principal body; the second, more compact, better disciplined, and more obedient to its only chief.

Great as may be the exasperation on each side, you will rarely ever observe the belligerent parties, even in their hostilities, depart from their habits of chivalrous loyalty.

There is a sort of Parliamentary law of nations established in the house.

The opposition never takes advantage of the absence of a minister to interrogate his colleagues on matters foreign to their own departments.

Nor will a minister ever introduce a bill without notice; the courtesy, in this respect, is extremely great between the two parties. Challenges are regularly exchanged; the day and the hour are both fixed. If any member mentions his inability to attend at the appointed time, the motion is hurried or delayed to suit his convenience.

If the question should be one of importance, and the decision doubtful, whatever urgent business may call a member away, he will not desert his post, unless he is enabled to find among his adversaries some one equally desirous to absent himself. They make an arrangement then that both shall stay away, and this double contract is always held sacred.

In their struggles, though often violent, the blows are always generous, and aimed in front. However, the noise of the interruptions by which approbation or discontent is expressed, would astonish and terrify a stranger—above all, one unaccustomed to the discordance of English pronunciation. The sound is unusual, striking, and the more astonishing, as at first you are unable to tell whence it proceeds. There are six hundred men, seated, uttering savage cries of joy or anger, their bodies all the while remaining immovable, their features preserving their usual phlegmatic and calm expression. These tumults produce quite a fantastic effect. *Hear! hear!* is the cry of satisfaction and encouragement. Listen to the speaker!—his discourse penetrates and touches the soul of the question; let us listen to him—hear him. *Spoke!—spoke!* indicates impatience, ennui, lassitude. You abuse your privilege—you have said enough—you have spoken! This reproach is imperative—it is rarely resisted. *Order! order!* is the call to order; it is a summons to the speaker to notice and reprimand the offending member who has passed the boundaries of propriety—for, to the speaker alone belongs the right to pronounce judgment on such occasions.

The speaker centres in himself the omnipotence of the chamber of which he is the representative. His authority is supreme, within as well as without the walls of the Parliament house. His situation renders him a personage of very high importance. He has his official palace, he holds his *levees*, to which none are admitted unless in court dress. Singular inconsistency! the very same Commoners who enter booted, spurred, with their over-coats and their hats on, into their own hall, would find the doors of their own speaker closed against them, if they should present themselves without ruffles and dressed *à la Française*. This rigorous particularity is unreasonable. Mr. Hume, however, in a recent attack upon this absurd etiquette, found himself unable to succeed against the powerful prejudice by which it is upheld. The sound sense of his objections only passed for radical folly. Thus it is that with the English the ancient forms of etiquette have deeper root than even their old abuses. You may be certain that they will have reformed the church, the aristocracy, and perhaps the crown itself, before the grotesque wigs of their magistrates. Their entire revolution will have been completed, while their new liberty will be still distinguished by the manners and dress of the *ancien regime*.

In England, the real and undeniable sovereignty is in the House of Commons. The British peerage is a mere phantom, a little more respectably clothed than that of France, but quite as much of a phantom. Still this very British Peerage, which is condemned to obey the Commons and register their edicts, preserves all the appearances of supremacy! It continues to command the Commons to appear at its bar, who regularly obey this summons, preceded by their speaker! And when the Lords, seated in their own chamber, have signified the royal assent to the wishes of the Commons, the latter withdraw, bowing as they go out! The real upper or superior chamber consents to be called and to appear always as the inferior.

How much do I prefer to these ceremonious *levees* of the British speaker, the popular balls of the president of the French Chamber of Deputies, where no orders are given to the guards to prevent the entry of persons not in costume! Above all, I like those numbered letters of invitation—the four hundred and fifty-nine first for the representatives of the people, and then the four hundred and sixtieth for the Duke of Orleans, as the first peer of the realm, and so on for the rest. In France the peerage comes after the people!

It is much to be regretted that the French do not remove the abuses themselves, as they do their names and customs. Their system is different from the English, but it is very doubtful if it be the best. The latter are always very respectful subjects; they kneel

down at the feet of royalty in supplicating it to take their will for its pleasure. The former hold themselves erect and firm before their monarch, who leads them by the nose, suffering them all the while to proclaim themselves at their ease, the true sovereigns of the kingdom.

Mr. Abercromby, the present speaker, by no means solicited the honor of the chair which, at the opening of the session, was decreed him by the first act of the reformers. Constrained to maintain, in the name of the house, the privileges of that body, he represents that assembly with all the dignity that his grotesque wig will permit. Happily he has thick grey eye-brows, which harmonize extremely well with his light-colored official *perruque*. In spite of the enormous quantity of hair that overshadows his person, there is nothing savage in his appearance; on the contrary, a mild and affable dignity eminently distinguishes him; his manners are marked by a noble ease; he also speaks well, and his full and sonorous voice is admirably suited to the station which he occupies as president of a large and popular assembly.

The conservatives will never forgive him for having, even involuntarily, dethroned their candidate. They regret the airs of a superannuated dandy, and the old-fashioned elegance of Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who, having grown old in the chair, had been long accustomed to regard toryism with a favorable eye. It is true that Mr. Abercromby, an avowed partizan of the reformers, has not, in consequence of his acceptance of the speakership, become the inexorable censor of his radical friends. So that when O'Connell, provoked by some imprudent noblemen, branded them with epithets never to be effaced, Mr. Abercromby was guilty of the heinous crime of not interposing to check the vengeance of the outraged orator. Impartiality, according to the tories, would consist in permitting their attacks, without allowing the insulted or injured party the rights of defence.

I have now given you a general and hasty sketch of the leading characteristics of the house; it only remains for me to carry you to one of its sittings. We will select the occasion of the presentation of the bill for the reform of the English and Welch Corporations, which was, after a month of argument, finally voted. On the evening of the 5th of June, then, it was known that Lord John Russell was to introduce his bill in the Commons. What was to be the nature of this measure, so long promised and so impatiently expected on one side, and so much feared on the other? Curiosity in London was at its height; it was the third day of the Epsom races! No matter! Every one returned to the city—horses were abandoned for politics. As early as twelve the crowd began to encumber the environs of Westminster, pressing towards the gates of the palace of the Parliament. With great difficulty I succeeded in squeezing myself into the public gallery.

At three, prayers being said, the speaker having counted with the end of his little flat three-cornered hat the members in attendance, and more than forty being present, the session opened.

There was at first a long discussion of a bill regulating the distribution of water in the parish of *Mary-le-bone;* the debate was of but little interest, though Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Hume, and Sir Francis Burdett took frequent part in it. My attention was fixed on their persons, if not on their discourses.

Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer is a young radical who leads a life altogether aristocratic. He is renowned for the elegance of his grooms and of his vehicles. Nobody wears a black frock so short and so tight. He speaks well and easily, with a voice somewhat unpleasant, his head elevated and thrown back after the fashion of men of small stature. He is the elder brother of the novelist, and is himself the author of a work on France, in which he judges of French manners, society, politics and literature with a degree of insane ignorance hardly less disgusting than the *naïve* buffoonery of Lady Morgan. It is a distinguishing characteristic of the English, to write without knowledge, observation or study on every country they pass through. It is a pity that a man of common sense and intelligence such as Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, should have made his literary *debut* by so vulgar a piece of national *gaucherie.*

There is nothing about the person of Mr. Hume that would strike you; he looks like a good-natured, unaffected, broad-shouldered countryman, independent in his character, and utterly careless of fashion. His mere manner, to say nothing of his words, expresses invincible aversion to all ceremony. His appearance does not belie his character. His enunciation has all the ease, firmness, and roughness of his opinions. One of the chief priests of radicalism—an inexorable and incorruptible reformer, he has sworn never to sit, but on the benches of the opposition; it is from fidelity to his oath, not from sympathy, as you might well conclude, that he now sits in the ranks of the conservatives.

Sir Francis Burdett differs from Mr. Hume both in his air, height, and figure. Picture to yourself a long body, about five feet ten inches, in white velvet breeches, with boots turned down at the top, and a blue frock. A white vest, a white cravat, a little bald, flat head, well powdered, will complete the portrait. The fate of public men who outlive themselves, is often singular. Sir Francis Burdett, ten years since, was as fashionable as his dress. He was the favorite of Westminster—the popular orator of the House of Commons. He caused himself to be imprisoned in the Tower, for having dared to speak too boldly against royalty. Now he is suspected by the people—they suspect him of voting with toryism. They despise him, they accuse him of versatility. "But," he replies, "it is you, perhaps, who have changed. Reformers formerly, you are now radicals! Tories in my day, you are now reformers! I have preserved my opinions and my dress!" Well! the error is with you, Sir Francis Burdett; you should have changed also, or not have lived to become old. If you had died at the proper time, perhaps you might now have your statue of bronze near that of Canning, in Westminster square. Who knows if to-morrow the same people who formerly carried you in triumph, may not ornament your white breeches with the mud of the streets leading to the Parliament house?

At last the discussion touching the waters of Mary-le-bone draws to a close. The house having to vote on this unlucky bill, the galleries for the reporters and the public were cleared. This is the custom of Parliament; decisions never take place but with closed doors.

When I returned to the gallery, the hall presented

quite an altered appearance. The less piece was finished—the great one was about to commence. The ranks on the right and left grew thicker every moment—each member hastened to his post.

Lord John Russell, the official commander in chief of the reformers, had appeared on the ministerial benches, to the right of the speaker. By his side, you observed his principal aides-de-camp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice, with a large bald forehead, and the countenance of a Satyr, the most ready, if not the ablest speaker in the cabinet; Lord Morpeth, secretary for Ireland, a large young man whose premature grey hairs, appear at a distance to be of a light yellow, looking like a timid and blushing youth; Lord Palmerston, an old bloated dandy, whose fat face seems to swell itself out between his thick whiskers with more satisfaction since he is no longer led by the nose by Talleyrand—Lord Palmerston, who has not wished to be made a peer since his last return to power, pretending that his eloquence has a more open field in the Commons than it could have in the House of Lords.

In front of the ministerial group, and separated from it only by the table of the clerks, sits Sir Robert Peel, surrounded also by his conservative aids, among whom you may distinguish Lord Granville Somerset the quasimodo of Westminster, whose double hump does not prevent him from being one of the most alert to sound the Protestant tocsin against Popery.

Here and there you may have observed other distinguished members of the house; Daniel O'Connell, the great O'Connell, calm and absorbed in the reading of some new book, of which he is cutting open the leaves, in the midst of his sons, his nephews, and his Irish Catholics, who form what is called *his tail;* a tail, if you please, but one which leads the head of the state. After them, Lord Stanley, the young heir of the house of Derby, that ambitious and disappointed *elegant*, who has yet only in heart deserted the benches of the reformers.

Next you have remarked two young men standing up, and differing as much in their height and figure as in their opinions; but equally celebrated, each one in his own way, in the world, and who, in consequence, deserve to be described.

The first is Viscount Castlereagh, son of the Marquis of Londonderry, a mad conservative like his father, but less simple and possessed of much more discretion. Thin and pitiful in his person, without figure and without talent, it is not in the house that he really exists; in the saloons of the west end is his true atmosphere—it is there alone that his stupidity finds the air that it can respire. Lord Castlereagh is one of the chiefs of the new school which has regenerated English fashion. This school is entirely different from that of Brummell, which founded its distinction upon dress. The new fashionables of the sect of the noble lord, affect, on the contrary, entire negligence in the dress, and the greatest freedom of manners. Nothing is brilliant in their equipages, nor in the style of their servants. Their vehicles are of dark colors and sombre liveries; for themselves extreme simplicity in appearance. No flowered vests; no gold or silver lacing about them; no jewels; at the most the end of a gold chain at the button of a black coat; an engraved ring betraying some mysterious sentiment known to the whole city. Add to this the most refined impertinence of vanity, a sublime contempt for every one not of the exclusive circle into which they alone find admission, and an ambitious senseless jargon. Lord Castlereagh is the perfect type of this first and principal class of London fashionables.

The second, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, the well known author of *Pelham* and other novels, is, like his brother, an avowed radical. He is large, and would, did he not stoop and hold himself in other respects badly, appear to advantage. His hair is thick, light, and curly. His long inexpressive countenance, and his large moist and fixed eyes, scarcely reveal the writer of genius. I suppose it is in some measure the incontestible success of his writings that has opened to him the doors of that exclusive society, with which he is very much at home. For the style of his costume he is indebted to old traditionary fashions. You will rarely ever meet him but with his bosom open, the skirts of a luxuriant surtout lined with velvet or silk floating to the wind, with the rest of his dress of clear brilliant shades, and varnished boots, brandishing some cane encrusted with a rich head. He would remind you of those *parvenus* of bad taste who encumber the *avant* scenes of the opera at Paris. I do not deny the really interesting character of some of the novels of Mr. Bulwer, though they are in other respects so wretchedly written; but it seems to be that he acted very ridiculously in endeavoring to exaggerate their real value, at the expense of exhibiting the absurd vanity betrayed in every page of the sad rhapsodies he has recently published under the title of the *Student.* I would however sooner pardon him for this last work, than an act of his of which I have been informed. A young American called on him the other day, with letters of introduction. "I am delighted to see you, sir," said Mr. Bulwer, "but I will tell you beforehand that it will be difficult for me often to have that honor; I have already more acquaintances than my leisure will allow me to cultivate, and, in conscience, it is to them that I owe the moments at my disposal." Do you not discover in this piece of politeness something that even surpasses the characteristic amiability of the English? The English do not ruin themselves by hospitality. If a stranger is introduced to them by letters of introduction, they give him a heavy and long dinner, with a supper for dessert; then, having stuffed him with roast beef and filled him with Port and grog, and having spared no pains to cram him, they take their leave of him; and if the unfortunate individual survives this cheer, their doors are afterwards closed against his entrance. Sir Walter Scott, who was perhaps as great a novelist as Mr. Bulwer, did not consider himself exempt from the common duties of politeness and attention to visitors who happened to be introduced to him. So far from it, he treated them with much more hospitality than is the custom in England; it is true, however, that Sir Walter, though a great novelist, was not a great *fashionable.*

There also you may have recognized Doctor Bowring searching about, running up and down, from one bench to another, shaking the hand of every member who will allow him to do so. The doctor is well known in Paris, and as he did not quite waste his time in promenading the streets of that capital, he soon discovered that charlatanism was one of the most powerful means of success.

He took the most direct route to attain his end, and proceeded straight to the journals. The French journalists, when one knows how to deal with them, are complacency itself. In a short time no one was talked of but Doctor Bowring. The doctor did not take a single step that was not duly registered; it was Doctor Bowring here, and Doctor Bowring there, every where the doctor; and the honest public of the French capital, deafened by these trumpet-tongued praises, took him for some extraordinary important personage. On this side of the channel we better understand the puffs of the press, so that every body laughed, I assure you, when this Doctor Bowring was strutting through France, so splendidly decked out with the importance which he had purchased from the newspapers of Paris. He returned to London, but without this glorious mantle. That had been detained at the custom house as a sort of prohibited French merchandise. In fine, the doctor remains just what he was before, that is to say a reformer, anxious to profit by reform, a pale disciple of the utilitarian school of Lord Brougham; a sort of travelling clerk of the foreign office, speaking sufficiently well three or four living languages; a poet, who furnishes some stanzas of ordinary poetry to the magazines; as for the rest, the very best physician in the world.

It was now near six; no one remained to be heard; the moment had arrived for opening the lists. According to the order of the motions for the day, the speaker gave the floor to the minister of the home department. Suddenly the waves of the assembly subsided; a profound silence ensued; Lord John Russell rose to speak.

Lord John Russell, third son of the Duke of Bedford, is extremely small, scarcely five feet high; the smallness of his person almost renews his youth; one would hardly suppose him forty-five years of age, as he really is. A head large about the forehead, and small towards the chin, forming a sort of triangle; chesnut-colored hair, short and thin; large eyes surmounted by well arched brows; a countenance pale, calm, soft and phlegmatic, marked by a sort of half-concealed cunning, are the features that would alone strike you. His manner of speaking is in perfect harmony with his modest and quiet exterior. His voice is weak and monotonous, but distinct. In speaking, his body is scarcely more animated than his discourse. All his action consists in gliding his left hand behind his back, seizing the elbow of his right arm, and balancing himself indefinitely in that position.

Lord John Russell expresses himself plainly and without effort; his language is cold and dry, but clear and concise. An author more concise than elegant, his style of writing exhibits itself in his off-hand speeches. He has nothing of the tiresome volubility of Thiers, who is minister of the home department in France; he says no more than is necessary, while he says every thing that he wishes. His sarcasm though frozen, is not the less sharp. The blade of his poignard does not require to be made red hot to inflict a deep wound. He has none of those sudden flashes which electrify and inflame an assembly; his light is of that peaceable and steady nature that illuminates and guides. His mind is a serious one, full of appropriate, condensed, and well resolved reflections.

In less than an hour he had unrolled the whole plan of his bill, and concisely explained its principles and details, not without letting fly some well sharpened arrows against the corrupting influence of the tories over the municipal constitution, the reform of which he demanded.

As soon as Lord John Russell had resumed his seat, and in the midst of the various murmurs which his speech had excited, Sir Robert Peel rose to address the speaker.

The ex-first lord of the treasury is of moderate height; his figure would be elegant, but for the fatness which has already begun to render it heavy; his dress is neat and studied without being dandyish; his manner would not convict him of the approach of fifty; his regular features have an expression of contemptuous severity; he seems to affect too much the manners of a great man; natural distinction has more ease and carelessness about it.

Moreover, studied affectation is also the prevailing characteristic of his oratory. Gesture and language both betray his ambitious affectedness. He has more of the actor than becomes a public speaker. It is irksome to see him agitate, struggle, and throw himself incessantly about. I do not like to see a statesman exhibit so much acquaintance with the positions of an elocutionist. It may be well enough by one's own fireside to cross one leg over another and to play with the guineas in the pockets of one's pantaloons. One may play with his collar in a drawing room, or throw back the skirts of his frock, without any great impropriety; but in public, and, above all, in places devoted to the solemn discussion of the laws of a nation, this style of flirting manners is by no means appropriate. Sir Robert abuses the purposes for which his hands and arms were given him. One almost loses his words in the incessant agitation of his person.

In other respects I will acknowledge that his elocution is spirited, easy, and intellectual; he may be listened to with pleasure. I am always well pleased with the manner in which he applies his rhetorical skill to public affairs. He has every thing which the art of speaking can give him; but the warmth which animates him is always artificial. The true fire of conviction which is so naturally communicated from the speaker to his audience, is always wanting. There is no sincerity about him. He is an ambitious tory in disguise, who, in order to seize again the golden reins of government, has hypocritically cloaked himself under the mantle of a reformer, and who would pass over to the radicals with his arms and baggage, if there was any chance of remounting by their aid to the power which he covets, and of securing himself in its enjoyment.

In accepting, with ample reservations, the principle of the bill, Sir Robert Peel, in answer to the sharp insinuations of Lord John Russell, made several witty and amusing observations, which diverted a good deal the house.

The minister replied in a few polite but firm observations. The serenity of the noble lord is perfectly unchangeable. He is as calm when defending himself, as when attacking his adversaries. I consider this political temperament as the most desirable for a statesman actively engaged in public affairs. Such coolness disconcerts the fury of one's assailants. One is never worsted in a combat when he retains such undisturbed self-possession.

Some remarks on the details of the bill were made by different members. No one having opposed its introduction, the members began to move off. It was already night, and the hour for dinner; the candles were not yet lit; the house rose in a body.

An individual in a brown curly wig, and dressed in a blue frock, whose broad shoulders and athletic form displayed great personal strength, descended from the ministerial benches, and stepped in the centre of the hall. The sound of his voice called every one back. Silence ensued. This was the great Irishman, the *giant agitator*, as he is called—a giant they may well call him. This energetic old man has alone more youth and life than all the young men in the Commons together, than the whole chamber itself.

The darkness of the evening was not sufficiently great to conceal him from my view. I see him now before me, erect on his large feet, his right arm extended, and his body inclined forwards; I seem to hear him speak. His remarks were not long; he said but a few words, but all his power was condensed in them. The lion fondled while he growled. His approbation was imperative and threatening. "So the bill has only looked to England and Wales! Must Ireland then be always forgotten, that its turn never comes but after the other countries of the United Kingdom? Has it not enough of venal and corrupt municipalities? Nevertheless, he would support openly and with all his strength, the plan of ministers. It was a noble and glorious measure; he wished for nothing more for Ireland."

He did not wish for more, that is to say, he did not order more for Ireland. The wishes of O'Connell are not to be despised. In consequence, Mr. Spring Rice hastened to satisfy him. "He need not give himself any uneasiness," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer; "the government would equally do justice to Ireland. It should likewise have its corporations reformed, and perhaps during the same session."

"Thanks!" murmured O'Connell, mixing himself with the crowd of members pouring out of the hall; "I will remember this promise for Ireland."

Ireland! you should have heard him pronounce its name with that excited, trembling accent, so full of tenderness, which emphasizes and lingers on every syllable of the beloved word; you should have heard him, to comprehend the power of his irresistible eloquence. Pure love of country lends one a super-human strength. A just cause, honestly and warmly embraced, is an irresistible weapon in hands capable of wielding it.

I am not surprised that desperate conservatives, seeing their tottering privileges ready to be trodden under the feet of O'Connell, should treat him as an agitator, madman, destroyer. But how is it, that among the reformers themselves, he has so many inconsistent admirers, who will never pardon him for the bitter violence and inexorable severity of his speeches? Do these moderate and quiet men believe that honeyed phrases, and the submission of prayers, would have obtained the redress of even the least of the Irish griefs? No! had he not struck roughly and pitilessly, the old edifice of usurpation and intolerance would be still entire. Let him go on—let him be pitiless; he has made an important breach in the walls—let him level them with the ground. To overthrow such things is not destruction; it is but the clearing of the ground to build up public liberty.

O'Connell is unquestionably the best speaker, and the ablest politician in Parliament. Friends or enemies, every one acknowledges, at least to himself, that he is the master-spirit; thus he is the true *premier*. The members of the cabinet are nothing but puppets, dressed up for show, and worked by his agency. His influence over the masses of the people is also immense and universal. He is not the popular idol in Ireland only, but also in England and Scotland. Long life to him! the hopes and future welfare of three nations are centered in his person.

I have nothing further to say of the sitting of the 5th of June, except to remark, that a sufficient number of working members were left in the room to continue for many hours the despatch of business of secondary importance. It is but justice to the House of Commons to state, that great political questions do not retard the execution of local and private business. They will often get through in a single night, more work than the French Chamber of Deputies would in a month of thirty days.

You have seen that the opposition of the conservatives gave way before the corporations bill. It was not without deep mortification, as you may imagine, but prudence rendered it indispensable. It is necessary, at any sacrifice, to assume the appearance of not hating too violently the principles of reform. The plan is not without cunning.

But the opposition counts with confidence on regaining its ground on the question of Irish tithes and their appropriation. It is on this question that it has halted and offers combat. "We have abundantly proved," say their proclamations, "that we are reasonable reformers, but our love of change cannot induce us to sacrifice the church." And their church, that ungrateful and unnatural daughter, which has denied and plundered its mother, invokes with all its power the old prejudices of the Protestants to the aid of its champions; it sounds the tocsin with its bells taken from Catholic steeples. Every where it stations its bishops in its temples without altars, and makes them preach a new crusade against Catholicism. Hear them: Of the innumerable religious sects which encumber the three kingdoms, taking them in alphabetical order, from the Anabaptists to the Unitarians, there is not one so hateful and dangerous as the Catholic church. The Popish sect is the only one that endangers the state, the throne and the property of individuals. It is necessary to burn again the Pope in effigy and in processions, as formerly under the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and it would not be bad to burn on the same occasion that impious majority in the Commons, who wish to appropriate a part of the Protestant tithes in Ireland to the education of the poor of all religions! God be praised, the selfish and insensate voice of the conservatives has only cried in the desert. Their fanaticism will not succeed against the general good sense of the nation. Within as without the chamber, their defeat is inevitable. To use the beautiful metaphor of Mr. Shiel, the first Irish orator after O'Connell, the church of Ireland will be the cemetery of toryism and Protestant intolerance.

THIRD LECTURE

Of the Course on the Obstacles and Hindrances to Education, arising from the peculiar faults of Parents, Teachers and Scholars, and that portion of the Public immediately concerned in directing and controlling our Literary Institutions.

On the Faults of Teachers.

It will be recollected, my friends, that my last effort was to expose the vices and faults of parents, so far as they obstruct the progress of education. Those of instructers shall next be exhibited, since they are certainly entitled at least to the second in rank in their power to do mischief. I might sum up all *their* faults in one sweeping condemnation, by saying that they render the persons guilty of them enemies to themselves, to their professional brethren, and to the public. But specifications are wanting, and such I propose to give, as minutely and distinctly as I can.

In the first place, they injure themselves by the style and language often used when they tender their services to the public. The expressions are frequently such as to encourage the idea, already too prevalent, that *they* are the only party to be obliged—*they alone* to be the receivers of favors never to be adequately compensated. Whereas the truth is, if they are really fit for their business, and desirous to perform it faithfully, they never receive the millionth part of a cent for which they do not make a most ample return—a return, the real value of which can never be measured by mere dollars and cents. But the language in which they seek or acknowledge employment, often expresses a degree of humility below the lowest gospel requirement—a doubt of their own qualifications to teach, which, if true, ought forever to exclude them from the class of instructers. It sometimes, in fact, deserves no better name than a servile begging for patronage, as if they considered it a species of gratuitous alms. Ought it to be wondered at, when this is the case, that the public should understand them literally, and treat them accordingly? If they avoid this extreme in tendering their services, it by no means follows, as a necessary consequence, that they should run into the other, which is also very common, of making themselves ridiculous by extravagant pretensions. The middle course in this, as in many other things, is best. Let them always state plainly and explicitly, without exaggeration, what they believe they can do—their willingness to make the attempt with persevering fidelity, and the pecuniary compensation expected for their services. If this were always fairly and fully done, there could not be even the shadow of a pretext on the part of any who might then choose to accept their offers, for underrating their labors, and talking or acting as persons who had conferred obligations beyond all requital, by giving much more than they had received, or could be paid. When teachers are treated in this way, it is, in a great measure, their own fault, and it arises chiefly from the causes just stated. To render their intercourse with their employers what it ought to be, and what it certainly might become, there should be not only a feeling of entire reciprocity of benefit as to the money part of their dealings, but a mutuality of respect and esteem well merited on both sides. This kind of regard can never be felt towards teachers who receive such civilities as may be paid to them, like unexpected and unmerited favors; for if they themselves do not appear to hold their own profession in the honor to which it is justly entitled, who else can they expect to rate it any higher?

In the second place, teachers are often enemies to their professional brethren in the jealousy manifested towards each other—in a restless and ill-restrained propensity to depreciate each other's qualifications, and a too frequent co-operation with the slandering part of the community, when they find the children sent to them from other schools ignorant and ill-disposed, to ascribe it all to the defective manner in which they have been taught, rather than to the real and very frequent causes of incapacity, bad temper, or bad early habits. By such practices, many foolishly imagine that they are promoting their own particular interests, when, in fact, they are deeply injuring the general interests of the whole class of teachers, by contributing to impair the public confidence in all schools whatever. For what can more effectually do this with the majority of mankind, than to hear those who set up for their instructers in morals, as well as in general science, continually finding fault with each other, or silently acquiescing in its being done by persons not of their own profession? Such conduct places them in this desperate dilemma; if what each says of every other be false, the public must think them all base calumniators: if it be true, the conclusion is inevitable that they are all incapable; and either alternative would speedily and most deservedly strip the whole of employment.

Lastly, teachers are often enemies to the public in so many particulars that I scarcely know with which to begin; not that I mean to charge them with being intentionally so—for it frequently happens with the best people in the world, that they are among the last to see their own greatest defects. Some of the faults of teachers may be considered as belonging exclusively to themselves, and for which they can find no excuse whatever in the faults of others—such, for example, as the two first enumerated. But those which I have now to expose, are so intimately blended with the faults of their employers, of their children, and of that portion of the world with which they are more immediately connected, that, like the reciprocating action of the various parts of certain mechanical contrivances, these faults must be viewed as causing each other. Thus, the parental fault of blindness to their children's defects, both natural and moral, and their consequent injustice to the instructers who ever blame or punish them, give birth to the equally fatal fault in teachers of carefully avoiding every hint of incapacity, and studiously concealing the ill-conduct of their pupils, because well aware that they probably will not be believed. If compelled to make communications on so perilous and ungrateful a subject, they are so softened and frittered away, as to produce a far less pardonable deception than entire silence, since a sensible parent would ascribe the last to its proper motive, when the glossing and varnishing process might lead them entirely astray. The same knowledge of the self-delusion, and consequent injustice of parents, leads teachers to the frequent commission of another fault, in which they often engage their particular friends as participators. At their public examinations (where they have any) they contrive a sort of Procrustes' bed, which all their pupils are made to fit, but rather by the

stretching than by the lopping process. This is usually managed so adroitly, that the public will see numerous goodly advertisements, with many imposing signatures, taking their rounds through all the newspapers, by which it clearly appears that every scholar in the school, however numerous they may be, even to the youngest child, performed to the entire satisfaction and admiration of all who saw or heard them. It is utterly impossible that these examinations, if fairly made, could have any such uniform and favorable result; for the difference of natural capacity alone must inevitably produce a great inequality of performance in the pupils. Every body with five grains of experience, knows that many other causes are constantly operating to increase this inequality. Such reports, therefore, of examinations, fail entirely with the reflecting, well-informed part of the community, to produce any thing but ridicule, disgust, or pity, while the ignorant and inexperienced are most unjustifiably imposed upon. The most deceived of any will generally be the parents who are absent, whose natural partiality for their own children so blinds their judgment, as to make them believe in any eulogium bestowed upon them, however extravagant. Little else is ever accompiished by these truly delusive spectacles, unless it be most injuriously to inflate the vanity of the poor pupils. The desire to be puffed in the newspapers, and talked about in public, is substituted for the love of learning for its own sake, and thereby one of the most important objects of education is greatly obstructed. *This is*, or *ought to be*, to excite in all persons under pupilage an ardent desire to gain knowledge, because they love it for itself, and for the power which it confers of promoting human happiness.

The reciprocal faults just stated in teachers and parents, co-operate, not to promote in any way, but to destroy the great ends of instruction, so far at least as they can contribute to the work of destruction. Let it not be understood, from the foregoing remarks, that I am opposed to public examinations in all schools whatever; although I certainly wish it to be understood that, as generally managed, they are worse than useless. But I do object to them altogether in schools for females—unless, among our other marvellous advances towards perfectibility, we should take it into our heads to make lawyers, doctors, statesmen, and soldiers of our daughters, instead of modest, unassuming, well-informed, home-loving, and virtuous matrons. *Then, indeed*, it will be necessary to give them that kind of early training, continually aided by public examinations at school, which will inure them to the public gaze, and enable them, in due time, to meet the searching eyes of multitudes with unabashed hardihood of countenance; and entirely divested of such a very needless incumbrance as that retiring, timid, indescribable modesty, heretofore deemed one of the most lovely, fascinating, and precious traits of the female character. I will not go so far as to assert that none can possess this trait who have been accustomed to be publicly examined—for I have the happiness to know many from whose hearts neither this ordeal, nor all the other corrupting influences of the world united, have had power to banish those admirable principles and qualities which constitute at once the most endearing ornaments and highest glory of their sex. But I *will say*, that they are exceptions, forcibly illustrating the truth of the general principle, which is, that modesty, or indeed any other good quality, *must*, in the end, be destroyed by causes continually operating to work its destruction.

Another sore evil of incalculable extent, in relation to this subject of education, is the frequent discordance between the precepts and the lessons which must necessarily be taught in all well-regulated schools, and the examples witnessed, the opinions heard, and the habits indulged in at home. This often places conscientious teachers in a most puzzling and painful dilemma, from which many shrink altogether, while others vainly endeavor to compromise the matter in such a manner, as completely to *nullify* (if I may use a very current phrase) every effort to do good. The dilemma is, that in discharging the duty to the child, the parent, although indirectly, is unavoidably condemned, every time the teachers warn their pupils, as they continually ought to do, against any of the faults and vices most prevalent in society. Desperate, indeed, and almost hopeless, is the task of teaching, when this most deplorable, but very common case occurs. For what is the consequence of imparting virtuous principles and habits to the children, admitting the possibility of it, where none but vicious examples have been seen under the parental roof? Their eyes are inevitably opened to the wretched moral destitution of those to whom, under God, they owe their existence; and they are thus plunged into a state of perpetual suffering, if not actual misery—for the better the children become, the greater will be their distress and affliction at the condition of their parents. What fathers or mothers are there, having either hearts to feel or understandings to discern the awful responsibilities they live under in regard to their children, but must tremble at the bare thought of setting them bad examples, and thus becoming a source of double misery to their own offspring—misery *here*, even if they escape the contagion of these vicious parental practices and habits—and misery *hereafter*, should they be so deeply infected as to prove irreclaimable?

Another highly pernicious fault, of which multitudes of teachers are guilty, is continually to act as if they took upon themselves no other responsibility than that of a mere formal attendance in their schools for the number of hours prescribed, to hear prescribed lessons repeated in a parrot-like manner. Any thought of being accountable for the influence exerted in forming the characters of so many fellow-beings, seems never to enter their minds, although this is beyond all calculation the most important part of the whole process of education.

Another fault of frequent occurrence among instructers is, to have such an overweening, extravagant sense of their own dignity, as to be incessantly on the watch for offences committed against it. Thus even a single muscular contortion of a pupil's face, whether natural or accidental, and even if he be but nine or ten years old, will be construed into a most grievous and flagrant insult, not to be expiated but by some signal punishment, usually of a corporeal kind, and inflicted in such a manner as to prove that the operators are rather working off their own wrath than endeavoring to cure the scholar's defects. By this truly ridiculous sensitiveness, they are certain so to expose themselves as either to become laughing-stocks or objects of scorn and contempt to all their older scholars, or of the most

perfect hatred to the younger ones. In all such cases these teachers become real nuisances—for the injuries done by such conduct to the tempers of their pupils, far exceed any possible benefit they can gain at such schools.

There are some faults of teachers which greatly impair, if they do not entirely destroy, a proper subordination among their scholars. One is the want of a dignified manner, equally removed from a proud, haughty, imperious demeanor, and too much familiarity. Another is the excessive fear of offending the parents, and perhaps losing the pupils, by complaint. In every case of the kind, the child, of course, escapes all effectual reproof or adequate correction, especially if the parent be very wealthy, very weak, or extensively connected with what are usually called "*great people.*" Invidious distinctions are thus created in such schools, and the influence of all punishment is lost, even over those upon whom it may be inflicted, sometimes in double or quadruple proportions, to compensate for the omission in the cases of the favored culprits.

Another fault, little, if any less destructive of the influence which teachers should possess over their pupils, is their general carelessness in the all-essential duty of striving to convince their scholars that they are really and deeply interested, both as social beings and as christians, in leading their juvenile minds to the sublimest heights of knowledge and virtue. No instructer who fails to do this, whatever may be his or her other qualifications, can possibly succeed well in the main objects of education. They may, indeed, cram their pupils' heads with words, and even get into them a very showy stock of ideas; but in regard to the great, vital principles of human action, *piety and virtue*, these pupils will be in little better condition, as to true moral worth, than so many automata, having the power of uttering articulate sounds, and repeating what they have been taught, but devoid of all generous, benevolent, and virtuous motives of conduct. The notion constantly present to their minds will be, that they pay their money for a quantum of reluctant service, to a selfish and mercenary being, whose constant study is, to perform no more of such service than barely sufficient to secure the pupils' continuance at school, for the sake of the pecuniary compensation alone. Ought there to be any wonder if the scholars themselves, under such circumstances, contract the same selfishness, the same base love of lucre, which they find often so productive of profit, and which they believe to be the governing principle of their teacher's conduct? Should the general propensity to extravagance in the use of money, so fatally common among young people, or their better feelings imbibed at home, protect them from contracting principles similar to those of such instructers, they are in danger of adopting another opinion equally destructive of the chance of deriving intellectual or moral improvement from any school whatever. This is, a firm belief that the whole class of teachers are destitute of every thing like generous and noble sentiments, and are consequently utterly undeserving of deference, respect, esteem, or affection.

Another thing which greatly impairs the influence of teachers with their pupils, is the very common practice of giving way to their own faults and bad habits in the presence of their scholars. Those who take upon them to instruct others in practical duties, must so act on all occasions as to be able to say, "*Not only do as I tell you, but do as I do;*" for without good examples in teachers, all their precepts go for nothing, or will be obeyed from no other principle but fear.

Another fault much too common among teachers, is, that many will enter into the profession, who are exceedingly deficient in all the requisite qualifications; and whose sole object is to support themselves at other people's expense, while preparing for some other pursuit, to which the business of teaching is made a kind of convenient stepping-stone. For all the mechanic arts—even the most simple—a particular training and appropriate education is deemed essential. But for that most difficult of all arts, next to governing a nation—I mean the art of preparing youth successfully to fulfil all their various duties in life—no peculiar adaptation of talent seems ever to be looked for; no course of study or instruction, specially suited to this all important profession, is scarcely any where systematically pursued, or required. We will not trust even a tinker to mend a hole in a dish or basin, unless we believe that he has been regularly bred to his business; yet we fear not to trust both the souls and bodies of our children—both their temporal and eternal happiness—to persons of whom we often know nothing, but that they profess to teach a few sciences, a foreign language or two, and possibly some ornamental art; as if the mere professing to do these things was necessarily accompanied by the full power and skill to accomplish that infinitely greater object of all education—the forming the hearts, minds, and principles of youth, to the love of knowledge and the practice of virtue! This last all important qualification, without which every other will be unavailing, is so far from being the inseparable concomitant of what is usually called "learning," that it is rarely ever found in those who have had no practical experience in teaching: not that practice alone will give it, for it seems to be the result of a combination of circumstances and qualities not often uniting in the same person. These are—perfect self-control—great benevolence—much forbearance—a quickness in distinguishing all the various shades and diversities of character in children—sound judgment in selecting the best means of instruction—with unwearied perseverance in applying them. Many an humble mother, who scarcely understands even the meaning of the terms grammar, science, and literature, possesses vastly more of this highly essential art, than thousands of the most erudite scholars; and are as far superior to them for all the most valuable purposes of education, as Sir Isaac Newton was to Swift's ideal clown, whom he represents as ignorantly calling this incomparable philosopher, "one Isaac Newton, a maker of sun dials." Not that I would undervalue learning in teachers; no, very far from it, for a large portion of it is indispensable. But I mean to assert, that *there is a peculiar art of teaching*, not necessarily connected with, nor the result of, what is usually called learning. It is the art, as I before remarked, of forming the hearts, minds and principles of children, to the love of knowledge and to the practice of virtue, which mere learning can never confer. It is an art, in fact, which must have for its basis strong natural sense and feelings—a heart full of the milk of human kindness—sound, moral, and religious principles—a clear,

discriminating judgment, a considerable portion of scholastic learning, and some practical experience. Those alone who possess and love to exercise this art, are capable of imparting "that education which bears upon the machinery of the human mind, which is truly practical—that which breaks up the 'fallow ground' of the human heart—that which brings forth the fruits of intelligence and virtue." In other words, (to borrow the language of an admirable article on popular education, in a late North American Review,) every teacher, when entering upon the discharge of his duties, should be able most conscientiously "to say with himself—'now, *my* business is to do what is in my power, to rear up for society intelligent and virtuous men and women: it is not merely to make good arithmeticians or grammarians, good readers or writers, good scholars who shall do themselves and me credit—this, indeed, I have to do; but it is still farther, to make good members of society, good parents and children, good friends and associates; to make the community around me wiser and happier for my living in it: my labor, in fine, must be, to ingraft upon these youthful minds that love of knowledge and virtue, without which, they cannot be happy, nor useful, nor fitted for the greatest duties; and without which, indeed, all their acquisitions will soon drop like untimely blossoms from the tree of life."

We bind lads to hatters, shoemakers, and tailors, to learn their trades, lest our miserable bodies and limbs should not receive their due share of decoration—nay, we often make the mere fashion of these decorations an object of the most anxious concern, of the deepest imaginable interest; while the artizans who are to adorn our minds with *their* appropriate embellishments, are left to pick up their qualifications as they may; frequently too, they are persons without any inclination, or talents, or temper, or principles, to fit them for this all important business; and not unfrequently, with so slender a stock of the requisite knowledge and learning, as to be much more suitable subjects for *receiving*, than for imparting instruction. True it is, that such charlatans and impostors are soon found out; but they contribute greatly to degrade the profession, and do infinite mischief in other respects; for they are free to roam every where, without any testimonials of their fitness, and rarely fail to find some new field for their fatal empiricism.

Another crying fault among teachers is, that many still make rods and sticks their chief—if not the sole reliance, for restraining their pupils from doing what they prohibit, or for compelling them to do what they command; as if the only sure method of informing the mind, or curing the deep-rooted diseases of the soul, was by the barbarous quackery of bruising the head, or scarifying the body. Under the old *regime*, there were some punishments, (possibly still in use) of which it is hard to say, whether the cruelty or folly was greatest. For instance—one was to beat the collected ends of the fingers with an implement, sometimes made like a butter stick, at other times like a broad, flat rule. This served the double purpose of inflicting the first punishment, and for administering a second, which was to smack the palms of the open hands until they were often black and blue with bruises. I can speak experimentally of a *third* punishment, not less novel, I believe, than ingenious; but whether it was ever practised by any other than a master of my own, (God rest his soul!) "this deponent sayeth not." It was unquestionably a favorite one with him, and well do I remember it, having occasionally suffered it in my own person. There was one thing which the scholars thought much in its favor—it could only be conveniently applied in the season for fires, as it consisted in igniting the end of a stick, extinguishing the blaze after a sufficient quantity of charcoal was formed, and then smoking the boys' noses, who were compelled to stand as still as statues, from the dread of something still more painful. How it may be with such of my school fellows and fellow sufferers as are still living, I cannot tell; but I confess my own nostrils have always taken unusual alarm at smoke ever since, although it has been more than forty years since they have received any in this way. What could have been our worthy tutor's object I never could conjecture, unless it might have been to give himself lessons in physiognomy, while contemplating the various contortions into which he could throw the human countenance, by the application of so simple, so cheap an agent, and thus coming at a better knowledge of the dispositions and characters of his pupils. I have it from several unquestionable authorities, that other punishments, still more cruel, irrational, and unjustifiable, *were once*, if they are not yet, common in some schools. Among these, I will here mention one, which a highly estimable gentleman told me, that he himself saw inflicted on his own brother, many years ago, in a celebrated eastern school, which was always full to overflowing. The poor little fellow, for some offence not recollected, was actually suspended from the floor by his thumbs, and suffered to hang so long, that several weeks elapsed before he recovered the perfect use of his hands. This was kept a profound secret from the father, doubtless through fear of their barbarous tyrant, lest he should inflict some equally cruel punishment on the informer.

In proof of farther deficiency in the requisite qualifications to peform, even what teachers themselves often promise—to say nothing of what the public have a right to expect from all who profess to teach—I will notice two or three advertisements which I myself saw several years ago. The schools, by the way, no longer exist. I rely upon these public annunciations as conclusive evidence of incompetence, because, with ample time to prepare such notices, if persons who offer to undertake the business of instruction, do not, even with the assistance of friends, put forth an advertisement in passable English, the failure is a clear demonstration, that much more is promised than the individual is capable of performing. The first advertisement contained a promise "to teach English Grammar *orthöepically*." The second notice informed all whom it might concern, that the gentleman would "*learn*" (instead of teach) all children all the branches which he enumerated, comprehending nearly the whole circle of sciences; but, notwithstanding this palpable proof, that he was ignorant of his own language, he soon obtained from seventy to eighty pupils. The third advertisement proclaimed, that all the various branches in which instruction was given by the subscribers, "were taught upon *reasoning principles*." Many more examples might be given of public promises to teach, which were falsified by the very terms in which they were made, but these, I hope, will suffice.

For this evil of incompetent teachers there seems to be no corrective but public opinion. This, however, must be more enlightened—must be better educated, before it can interpose effectually. Something, perhaps, might be beneficially done, by a law forbidding any persons from acting as teachers without certificates of fitness from well qualified judges. This is done in other countries, and in some parts of our own, as to the professions both of law and medicine. But in these parts, as with us, it would seem as if bodily health and property were esteemed of infinitely higher value, than all the faculties of the mind and endowments of the soul put together. These last are left defenceless—so far, at least, as *law* is concerned: the glorious privileges of ignorance are in all respects equal to those of knowledge, as regards the right to teach, or rather *to attempt* its exercise: and he who proposes to vend nonsense—nay, mental poison, like the vender of damaged goods and quack medicines, stands precisely on the same footing with the wisest, the best man, and the fairest and the most honest dealer in the nation. Not a solitary obstacle exists to the success of either, but the difficulty of procuring customers, and this is easily overcome, simply by the proclamation of "cheap goods! cheap physic! cheap schooling!" It has been said in vindication of such unrestrained, and often highly pernicious practices, that "every one has a right to do as he pleases with his own." But this is true, only so long as we do nothing injurious either to ourselves or to others. The first species of injury is clearly, undeniably prohibited by the laws of God, the last is forbidden both by God and man. But we violate both divine and human laws, in offering to undertake so sacred a trust as that of teaching, if we know ourselves to be incapable of fulfilling it; and the parent who accepts such offer, incurs still deeper guilt, if he either knows or strongly suspects the incompetency of those who make it. Another argument is, that no person, however unfit, should be prevented from attempting to teach, because, if really incapable, this will soon be discovered; and, of course, such would-be teacher would get no employment. But those who use such arguments appear to forget entirely, that until our whole population be far better educated, than at present, the merest pretender to science and literature, who ever made the offer to instruct others, will always have some pupils sent to him "*upon trial*," (as I have often heard it said,) especially if care be taken to call the new establishment "*a cheap school.*" The inevitable consequence of this *sending upon trial*, is, that the whole time the experiment lasts, is literally thrown away, if nothing worse. The poor children, who are the defenceless victims of the process, sustain the immediate loss; and indirectly, the public at large is injured to the full amount of the deficiency of that knowledge which the pupils might have gained under suitable instructers, and which might avail them, at some future period, to serve their country in some useful capacity or other. *If knowledge be power, time is wealth*, and wealth too, of the most precious kind; since to misapply it ourselves, or wilfully to make others do it, whose conduct our duty requires us to direct, is to expose to forfeiture our *own* chance of happiness in both worlds, and to place *them* in similar danger.

Even among very competent teachers, there is frequently a fault of very pernicious tendency, in which they are encouraged, particularly by those who patronize them. It is often, probably, committed without design to deceive; but in this, as in many other matters, innocence of intention does not prevent the mischief of the act. Dr. South, I believe, somewhere says, "Hell itself is paved with good intentions." The fault to which I allude is, that they, and their friends for them, often promise *too much*. Thus the teachers make out a very specious and flourishing epitome of their respective institutions, promising at one and the same time, both to shorten the period of instruction, and to augment the stock of knowledge imparted, in some most surprising manner, by means of various wonder-working contrivances. Upon this, probably, some partial and over zealous friends are consulted. These, in order to repay the compliment paid to their judgment, feel bound to flourish away in their turn; when, behold, the joint product of this mutual flattery is a marvellous statement running through our public journals, by way of epilogue to the prospectus of these schools, representing the conductors of them as all so many Edgeworths, Pestalozzis, and Fellenburgs; their pupils all docile and talented; or, if perchance a stray black sheep should get among them, it is speedily made as white as the best of them, either by the force of example, or by an admirable system of rules and regulations of such sovereign potency, as to effect *that* for a school, in a few weeks or months, which all the moral and religious teachers who have existed since the birth of our Saviour, have failed to accomplish for the christian world in eighteen hundred and thirty-six years. In these magic seminaries, by the wonder-working inventions of their conductors, all the crooked paths of education are speedily made straight—all the rough places smooth, and every old difficulty, which in times of yore, rendered the business of teaching and learning so irksome, tedious and puzzling, is made to vanish with a "presto, begone, thou mischievous imp of exploded and despised antiquity!" All the movements of these modernized and Utopian institutions, are represented as going on like clock-work, smooth as oil, and regular as the planetary system itself. Here, are never to be heard of any unmanageable children—any dunces—any mules who *can*, but *will not* learn. Here the fabled Parnassus is realized, with all its charming prospects of verdant slopes, odoriferous flowers, delicious fruits, and immortalizing laurels: and here, the splendid portals of the august temple of science bear upon their ample fronts, the soul-cheering invitation of, "ask and ye shall have, knock and they shall be opened unto you;" the mere reading alone of which, is to obtain for the scholars as ready an admittance to all their exhaustless treasures, as the repetition of the cabalistic word "sesame," used to gain into the robber's cave of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. These truly marvellous facilities invented by us moderns, to expedite the manufacture of profound scholars and immaculate moralists, as far surpass the clumsy contrivances of our ancestors, to accomplish the same ends, as that most palatable expedient for teaching the famous Martinus Scriblerus his alphabet, exceeded in ingenuity and delectable adaptation to the designed end, every other scheme devised for a similar purpose. It consisted simply, in coaxing the little genius to eat his letters cut out of gingerbread. Oh! the profundities and the altitudes of these won-

drous improvements! when shall we all learn to estimate them as they deserve? Not that I mean to deny the real advances made in the arts of teaching, as well as in the general system of education. These certainly have been very great, and are justly entitled to much praise. But I believe the facts will warrant me in asserting, that they fall far short of what they are generally represented to be; and that, if stripped of all exaggeration, of all false pretension, so as to be estimated exactly for what they are worth and no more, they will be found to have gained more in show than use: in other words, that they are, in no small degree, calculated to make vain, superficial pretenders to true knowledge, rather than profound scholars and real proficients in any art or science whatever—unless it be in the art of puffing, which seems now to have reached its acme of perfection. If the amount of these improvements were nearly equal to what is claimed for them, we should scarcely be able to walk along the streets of our towns and cities, without running our heads against such men as Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato. But what is the plain, stubborn matter of fact? Why, that it is very doubtful, whether the number of such illustrious men (if such can be found at all,) now bears an equal proportion to the present population of the world, that the number did to the population of the period in which the philosophers just mentioned immortalized their names. There must be some reason for this, if true, as I confidently believe it to be; and it must lie much deeper, and have much more force, than the zealous advocates for the vast superiority of modern over by-gone times in the arts of teaching, will be willing to allow. May it not be found in the remarkable fact, that in ancient times, no men occupied a more elevated rank than *teachers*, while the all important business of teaching youth was confined to men of the highest order of talent—the most profound knowledge, and the greatest respectability of character; whereas, in our days, this indispensable occupation—this profession, so vitally necessary to human happiness, is permitted to be exercised by any one who chooses to attempt it? Nay, more, in these times, men of the highest order of talent and greatest acquirements, very rarely devote themselves to it. Hence, in public estimation, it has fallen nearly into the lowest ranks, whereas it once held, and ought again to occupy at least an equal grade with the highest of all the professions. None, I presume, will deny that the proportion of human talent is much the same in all ages. But education being the great moving power which enables this talent to exert itself efficaciously, the evidences of this exertion must always increase both in number and degree, if the modes of culture improve as fast as the subjects increase, upon whom they are to be exercised. Is this the fact?—*if it is*, where are the proofs in regard to the present times? Let those who have them bring them forward. There can be no doubt that a most delightful and fascinating picture might be given of the present state of society by any one who would exhibit all the good which is to be found in it, leaving entirely out of view every thing which is bad. But this last must even grow worse in education, as in every thing else, if it be not exposed with an unsparing hand.

Having spoken, as some perhaps may think too harshly, of the fault committed by teachers who claim for themselves any great and novel discovery in teaching, let me endeavor equally to expose those who tempt them to the commission. It is with modes of instruction as with schools themselves—the newest are generally believed to be the best; and this seems often to be taken for granted, even by those who ought to know better. Not that novelty alone should constitute a valid objection to any thing; but surely it never should be considered of itself a sufficient recommendation to any scheme or project, the obvious design and effect of which will be, to subvert something long established and well approved. Yet in regard to schools, it is often sufficient to insure abundant patronage to utter strangers who offer to instruct young persons of either sex, if they will only profess to teach *old things* in a *new way*, or something purporting to be altogether new, and will dignify with the name of "*system*" what they are pleased to claim as a method of their own, or of some person equally unknown to the solicited patrons or patronesses. This fascinating term "*system*" settles all doubts, and the new broom sweeps all before it. I say not this with the slightest view of discouraging the establishment of new schools. Nothing, indeed, is farther from my thoughts—for I wish with all my heart that a good one could be fixed in every neighborhood throughout the United States. But the remarks have been made to inculcate the absolute necessity for avoiding all precipitation in the choice of schools, and for adopting some better measure of their merits than their own pretensions. It is true that parents and guardians must run some risk in sending to any school whatever, not immediately under their own eyes, and well known to them. But surely such risk need not be near so great as it often is, if they would always seek something beyond mere novelty in making their choice. How, and from whom, to seek is the great difficulty; for the characters of schools and their teachers are among the most uncertain things in the world—since they depend infinitely more on the prejudices and partialities of those who undertake to give them, than on their own real merits. Thus the parents and guardians of children who are either too stupid or too perverse to learn, will almost always ascribe their want of information to the teachers, and censure them in the most unqualified terms. On the other hand, where great progress has been made by the pupils, their friends and relatives will be equally profuse in praising their instructers. Strangers who are to decide, will rarely ever consider, or even inquire what is the relative situation of the eulogizers and censurers in regard to the schools and their teachers whose characters are given; although it is obvious, on the slightest reflection, that we cannot possibly judge correctly of any opinions affecting the reputation of others, without knowing thoroughly the motives of the persons who deliver these opinions, as well as their credibility. There is another important circumstance affecting the character of schools, which is very rarely attended to as it should be. The last to which the pupils go, although it be only for a few months or weeks, bears all the blame, or receives all the praise, for whatever habits they are found to possess—for whatever knowledge or ignorance may be discovered in them. It never appears for a moment to cross the brains of these character-coiners, that habits, either good or bad, cannot possibly be of such quick growth; or that much igno-

rance cannot be removed, nor much knowledge imparted, within a period utterly insufficient for communicating even the simplest elements of moral and scientific instruction.

The last fault which I shall notice among teachers, is, their not unfrequent practice of endeavoring to make a kind of compromise between that system of instruction based upon the unchangeable, eternal principles of the Gospel of Christ, and that which is preferred by the world at large. Few things, if any, can differ more; few in fact, are so utterly irreconcileable to each other: yet many teachers act as if they believed that their amalgamation must be attempted, cost what it may. The mere worldly portion of society, who compose a most fearful majority in every country, must be persuaded that their children will be educated according to their own principles and views; while the religious part of the community, small as it seems by comparison, must likewise be regarded as worthy of the teacher's attention. It is easy to infer what must be the result of any attempt to form this oil and water amalgam—this hotchpotch of contrarieties, where the worldly influence preponderates so much. The morality of the pupils will very rarely, if ever, reach beyond the external man, as it is not implanted in its only appropriate soil—the heart. Its cardinal maxim will be—not the admirable christian rule of "doing as you would be done by," but—"do as others do; always wear a specious outside; ever keep well with the world, by conforming to all its fashionable practices;" while their religion will consist almost solely, in a mere formal and reluctant attendance at places of public worship, and in a seeming abstinence from scandalous vices.

It may be alleged as some small excuse perhaps, for this compromising spirit in teachers, that a very large portion of those who employ them are really incompetent to decide correctly, either how or what their children should be taught, although such persons are often most apt to interfere with the teacher's views; and are most liable to be governed by their own prejudices and passions rather than by reason and judgment. If the instructer, in any case, subjects his principles to their guidance, he degrades himself, he loses his self-respect by offending against his own conscience; on the other hand, if he obeys *that*, he risks the loss of their patronage by offending against their self-conceit, and few there are with moral courage enough to brave this danger. To what source therefore can we look with any rational hope of success for that reform in teachers—in schools—and in the relative merits of the matters taught, which is so demonstrably essential both to individual and national happiness? The disease is in a vitiated public opinion; and where are the moral physicians who have hardihood enough to attempt, and influence sufficient to administer the necessary remedies?

In my endeavors to expose the faults of parents, I gave one female example of ignorant interference with teachers. Having again just spoken of this pernicious practice, let me here cite an instance of a father, whose power to direct will best appear after the following statement. I once breakfasted, some thirty years ago, with one of those utterly incompetent parents, accompanied by two fine-looking little boys, apparently about eleven and twelve years of age. The father was more than half drunk, early as it was in the morning, and told me, with a look of most ineffable self-complacency, that "he had brought his boys from school to town, to see"—what think you, my friends? why, "a negro hanged," adding, "that it had always been *his opinion*, you could not too soon *give boys a knowledge of the world by showing them everything that was to be seen.*" Can we wonder that this world should be what it is, when such animals in the form of men, direct the education of so large a portion of it? They possess the legal right of directing, and none can control them. The consequence is, that thousands of youths who might have proved ornaments and blessings to their country, are utterly lost to every valuable purpose in life.

To judge better how far it is possible for teachers to mingle a worldly with a Christian system of instruction, let us endeavor briefly to state what we believe to be the only true and justifiable objects of education. These are—to insure, as far as human means can accomplish it, that there shall be "sound minds in sound bodies;" which can only be effected by fully developing the powers of both. If this be true, and not a rational man in the world, I think, will deny it, the merit of every plan of instruction must depend on its competency to achieve this great purpose by the direction which it gives to natural talent, and by its power to restrain or encourage the natural dispositions; to inculcate every species of useful knowledge; and to perfect all those corporeal powers, the exercise of which is essential to the procurement of health and the means of subsistence. Unless all these be done, and judiciously too, there cannot possibly be, *sound minds in sound bodies.* There may be abundance of science, a great knowledge of languages, a splendid assortment of accomplishments; but so far as depends upon scholastic instruction, there will be few or none of those great principles of human conduct which are to bear us triumphantly through all the perils both moral and physical of the present life, and lead us to heaven. The fashionable systems of the present day, can no more accomplish this, than they can teach children to fly. Religious principle, constantly demonstrated by religious practice, must, aye *must* be the first and last thing taught and required; or all the science and literature of the schools will be utterly unavailing to human happiness. But how many schools have we, where this is done? How many are there wherein not even *a pretence* is made of either public or private worship—of either moral or religious instruction? Numerous, deplorably numerous are the instances in which the poor pupils are all left to seek God or not, according to their own fancies; and where the miserable pretext for such criminal neglect is, that the Liberals of the present times, than whom, by the way, there are no greater bigots upon earth—bigots I mean in *unbelief*—would probably deem it an improper interference with the religious creeds of the scholars, if one word were ever uttered about religion at all. Every thing of the kind they denounce as sectarian—even Christianity itself; as if there was not just as much sectarianism in infidelity, as among any sect of Christians to be found in the world. Nay more, as if the dangers of error in either party were not most fearfully greater on their side than on the side of the Christians.

The foregoing faults are not confined to boy schools; but too often appear in female schools also. In regard to these last, there is one peculiar fault committed by

many teachers which cannot be too much exposed. If much retirement be essential to successful study, nothing can well be more preposterous, than frequently to give girls the choice between the attractions of company and those of their schoolrooms: for not one in a hundred will then choose the latter. The great mischief of this indulgence is, that not only their places of study, but the studies themselves are brought into continual danger of becoming both irksome and disgusting to them. If it be said that they must go into company to form their manners, the answer is, that even manners may be too dearly bought. But admitting their high value, the teachers should be the exemplars of their pupils in *this* as in other matters, or they are not entirely fit for their office. It may also be added, that manners formed by much company-keeping are not such as would be most sought after in a wife—the destined head, and greatest ornament of a domestic circle: for if these manners have become the subject of much admiration, the possessor is rarely ever known to be content, unless she can have many other spectators besides her husband and family to witness their display. Wonderful indeed, would it be, if women who were trained one half their lives to acquire some accomplishment for the sake of having it admired, should be perfectly satisfied to spend the other half with only a husband, and now and then a relation or two to act the part of admirers. I will not deny that what are called "elegant manners," can rarely be acquired without mixing much with good society. It is also admitted that there is nothing in their acquirement at all incompatible with the attainment of all other good qualities or acquisitions; and that many of the most agreeable and estimable women are to be found among those who have seen most of the world. But are these most likely to be happy in the retirement of that domestic life, which is the destiny of ninety nine women in a hundred? *If they are not,* then far too much has been sacrificed for "elegant manners." *If they are,* should we not see many more of them to unsettle our faith in the truth of the general rule, that all who are destined to spend the longest portion of their existence in private life, should necessarily be so educated, as to acquire a decided preference for it, or we do them a great and irreparable injury by giving them a different taste? That such education is altogether incompatible with that which requires much going into company, as one of its essential parts, seems to me as clear as the light of a meridian sun in a cloudless day. It is scarcely in human nature for young ladies who have reigned as the belles of society, as idols in public, to become exemplary, happy matrons in private life. The two characters are so entirely unlike, their tastes, their highest gratifications so entirely dissimilar, that the same persons can rarely, if ever, fill both characters. *When they do they are moral wonders.* The natural modesty of the sex, which always inclines them to shun rather than to seek general admiration; and consequently to prefer home, with all its tranquil pleasures, and rational enjoyments, to the bustle, the notoriety and highly exciting gratifications of the world, will not be altogether subdued in every case, by what is called a fashionable education; but assuredly, there is nothing in any part of the whole process calculated to give this greatest charm of the female character its proper culture and highest embellishment. This embellishment is *piety* towards God, and active benevolence towards the whole human race. Let me not be misunderstood—let me never be deemed so illiberal, so inexperienced, as to believe that no ladies fashionably educated, can be pious or benevolent, or happy in private life; *no, far from it;* but I do assert that the whole tendency of fashionable education is to prevent their being either. It is, in truth, as little suited to the things of time, as to those of eternity. A very brief argument, I think, will prove this assertion to be true.

If the general principle of adapting the early education of our children to the profession we expect them to follow—to the situations and circumstances in which we think it likely they will be placed—be correct in every case, where *boys* are concerned; why, in the name of common sense, should it be incorrect in regard to *girls?* Are *they alone* to be trained for *one thing,* while they are probably destined for *another?* Is it not the height of cruelty, as well as injustice, to give them tastes and expectations which can be gratified only for a few months, perhaps for a year or two, after which they will almost certainly have to spend the remainder of their lives, however long, in nearly utter destitution of the opportunities, if not the means also, to use and to realize these parental gifts? Desperate surely is the folly, or far above all reason is the wisdom of such a plan; if indeed the only legitimate plan of all education be—permanently to promote the real happiness of the individuals educated.

Few, I believe, if any, will deny, that the common fault just pointed out—of so illy adapting the education of girls to the situations in which they will probably be placed, deserves all the reprehension which can be bestowed upon it. But those who are most apt to commit it, are often guilty of another, if possible still worse. For the same falsely calculating spirit which neglects to provide for the domestic happiness of the child, so far as that can be secured by the culture of tastes, sentiments, and habits suitable for domestic life, will often exert parental influence and authority, after what *they* call education is finished, to wed the poor victims of their mismanagement to some husband who is deemed a good match, (to use a slang phrase among matrimonial negotiators,) solely on account of his wealth. After making it almost absolutely necessary to the happiness of the helpless daughter that she should marry a man of polished manners, refined taste and liberal education, she is forcibly united to one entirely destitute of all these accomplishments—to one who will snore an accompaniment to her sweetest music—will gaze, if he looks at all, "with lack-lustre eye," on her finest paintings; and flee from her elegant dancing to the gambling house and the bottle: to one in fine whose capability of participating with her in the pleasures of reading, or of literary conversation, will probably be but a few grades above that of the most illiterate clown. Such, alas! is too often the reward of a fashionable education; especially in cases where in procuring it, the fortunes of the poor girls have all been expended with confident anticipations that ample compensation would be found in the wealth of their future husbands. It not unfrequently happens that one of the effects of this worldly training is, to make the girls full as great calculators as their parents in regard to matrimonial connexions. When this occurs, they well deserve all the

misery that so often follows a marriage contracted from such mercenary and truly despicable motives; although the parents themselves if they had their due, would undergo tenfold suffering for having been the original cause of the calamity, in first placing their daughters where such principles were to be imbibed; and afterwards co-operating with might and main to encourage their very complying teachers in accomplishing so glorious a work.

My purpose in commencing this lecture, was to confine it solely to the "faults of teachers;" but I have been led insensibly to blend with them certain parental faults. Although this is a departure from the order which I had prescribed to myself, I hope it may serve to strengthen all my objections to the faults of both parties; since the influence and authority of parents superadded to the exertions of teachers in a wrong course, must be incalculably more dangerous and fatal. It has been forcibly remarked in regard to some of the practical evils of a certain government, that, "if men *suffer*, what matters it, whether it be by the act of a licensed or an unlicensed robber—a Janizary or a Jonathan Wild." And well may it be asked in relation to the practical defects of our systems of education, what matters it whether they are legalized as in corporate schools, or submitted to as in private ones, or whether parents or teachers are most to blame for them, so long as they are quietly suffered to work all the mischief which they so constantly produce? However innocent either, or both parties may be of intentional harm to the sufferers from these defects, their influence on human happiness is not therefore the less baneful. Innocence of intention, which I doubt not may generally be pleaded in this case, is no excuse, but a great aggravation of the evil, since there can be no hope of any remedy until the perpetrators of the mischief can be convinced of its real character, its full extent, and that they alone are its authors—that they only have both the power and the right to apply the proper corrective. If *they* would take the matter in hand; if *they* would co-operate earnestly and perseveringly in a right course, only for a few years, the moral condition of our society would soon be as different from what it now is, as our fondest hopes could possibly anticipate. The vast improvement which such co-operation might effect, the incalculable private and public blessings it would certainly produce, cannot, I believe, be better illustrated on my part, than by giving you in conclusion, the last two paragraphs of the excellent article on popular education already quoted from the North American Review for January. In speaking of the absolute necessity of inculcating moral and religious principles as the groundwork of all really useful education, the author remarks:

"There are few departments of scholastic instruction, whether higher or lower, that may not be found to yield constant suggestions for virtuous and religious excitement. The teacher who should skilfully avail himself of such opportunities, would produce effects upon society the most extensive and lasting, and the most delightful. Sir James Mackintosh says of Dugald Stewart, and we can scarcely conceive of a higher eulogium, that 'few men ever lived perhaps who poured into the breasts of youth a more fervid and yet reasonable love of liberty, of truth and of virtue. How many (he adds) are still alive, in different countries, and in every rank to which education reaches, who, if they accurately examined their own minds and lives, would not ascribe much of whatever goodness and happiness they possess to the early impressions of his gentle and persuasive eloquence.' Few men indeed possess the powers or opportunities of the Edinburgh Professor. But, to every instructer of youth, a sphere is opened for the exertion of the noblest talents and virtues. It is a most mischievous and absurd idea, but one that has prevailed, if it do not still prevail, that such a man is not required to possess great talents—that he may be a dull and plodding man—that he may be dull in his moral sensibility—that he need not be a religious man—and yet may very well discharge the duties of his station. But if heaven has given to any man talent and enthusiasm, or virtue, or piety, let him know that it is all wanted *here*, and that he can scarcely choose a nobler field for its action. Let a man enter this field, therefore, not to go through the dull round of prescribed duty; let him throw himself into this sphere of action with his whole mind and heart—with every wakeful energy of thought and kindling fervor of feeling; to think and to act, to devise and to do, all that his powers permit, for the minds that are committed to him; to develope and exhaust his whole soul in this work; to labor *for* and *with* his pupils—to win their affection—to quicken in them the love of knowledge, to inspire with every noble impulse the breast of ingenuous youth; to raise up sound scholars for literature, and devoted pastors for the church, and patriotic citizens for the country, and glorious men for the world: let him do *this*, and none shall leave brighter signatures upon the record of honored and well spent lives. Let him do *this*, and whether he sit in the chair of a university or in the humblest village school—whether as a Stewart or a Cousin, or as an Oberlin or Pestalozzi, he may fill the land with grateful witnesses of his worth, and cause a generation unborn to rise up and call him blessed.

"To the friends of education, as well as to the actual laborers in its cause, let us say in fine, *press onward.* The spread of knowledge has given birth to civil liberty; the increase and improvement of knowledge must give it stability and security. The fortunes of the civilized world are now embarked in this cause. The great deeps are breaking up, and the ark that is to ride out the coming storm must have skill engaged in its construction, and wisdom to preside at its helm. The warfare of opinion is already begun; and for its safe direction, knowledge *must* take the leading staff. In *this* war, not the mighty captain but the schoolmaster, is to marshal the hosts to battle. It is *he* that is to train the minds which are to engage in this contest. It is *he* that is to train up orators and legislators, statesmen and rulers; and *he* too is to form the body politic of the world. Would the free spirits of the world look to the defence and hope of their cause? It is no dubious question where they must look. Their outposts are *free schools*; their citadels are *universities;* their munitions are *books;* and the mighty engine that is to hurl destruction upon the legions of darkness, is the *free press.* Other ages have struggled with other weapons; but the panoply of *this* age *must be knowledge;* the gleaming of *its* armour must be the light that flashes from the eye of free, high minded public opinion. Call

this complimenting, call it complaisance to the base multitude, call it visionary speculation, call it what you will—but the doctrine is true: and, over the liberties of the world, whether prostrate or triumphant, *that truth* must arise brighter and brighter for ever."

NATIONAL INGRATITUDE.

BY MATHEW CAREY.

Every American, actuated by a due regard for the honor of his country, must feel deep regret at one feature in the proceedings of our government, which is equally impolitic and discreditable. I mean the neglect, or, what is near akin to neglect, the very long delay of an acknowledgment of those brilliant services, which not only add lustre to the national character, but often produce the most solid, substantial advantages. In this respect, I am afraid, we are more delinquent than any other nation in Christendom—so far, at least, as regards delay. This conduct is, I say, discreditable, as it manifests a deficiency of gratitude, one of the noblest of national virtues.

It is, moreover, impolitic, and may often produce most pernicious and disastrous results in moments of difficulty and danger. There is a vast difference between the efforts of two men, in such crisis, one of whom may rationally anticipate having his merits duly appreciated, and to a certain extent remunerated, if he perform any very gallant or brilliant exploit—the other almost equally certain, that do what he may, he will probably be overlooked altogether, or, if his exploit be commemorated, it will be after a tedious delay of ten, fifteen or twenty years. In such great emergencies, as I referred to above, the former is stimulated to volunteer his services as one of a forlorn hope, where the chances are twenty to one against his escape—the other, if detailed for the service, will doubtless perform his duty, but will have had little temptation to offer himself as a volunteer.

Doubtless such considerations have great influence on the conduct of British military and naval officers. Whenever they perform any very signal or glorious exploit, they are morally certain of due and prompt attention being paid them. With us, if an officer victoriously defends a fort against an overwhelming superior force, as Colonel Croghan did—if he intrepidly destroy an important vessel of war, belonging to an enemy, and by that glorious act spread the fame of his country in remote nations, as Decatur, and his brave companions did—if he defeat a numerous army, as Scott and Brown have done—if he preserve a vessel of war by a rare union of ardor, tact, and energy, as Hull did when pursued by a fleet—if he capture or destroy an entire fleet, as Perry and M'Donough have done—what is his reward? Perhaps nothing. Perhaps after a lapse of ten, a dozen, or twenty "lingering, lagging years" of suspense, he is, at a time when the exploit by which it was earned is almost forgotten, rewarded with a gold-hilted sword!

By-the-bye, swords are, except for officers in actual service, a very injudicious mode of testifying national gratitude. To such officers they may be very appropriate, as they may carry them on their persons, and their appearance will recall the recollection of the action for which they were awarded.* But a service of plate, which might not cost as much as a gold-hilted sword, lying on a sideboard, or used by the party in his entertainments, would more effectually tend to gratify that laudable pride and ambition, which, say what we may, have a powerful tendency to produce almost every thing estimable in human conduct.

Of the striking cases in our history, which have called forth, and which justify these strictures, I shall present those of General Starke, Commodore Decatur, and Lieutenant Webster.

General Starke.

That the acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States by, and the treaty of alliance with, France, accelerated the acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain, is a point admitted on all hands. Those arrangements with France probably saved the country the horrors of two or three years additional warfare—and this at a time when its resources were nearly exhausted, and a fearful gloom had for a long time pervaded the horizon.

It is equally true, that the battle of Saratoga and the capture of a powerful, well-disciplined army, commanded by an enterprising general, decided the hitherto wavering councils of Louis XVI. to admit the United States into the fellowship of nations.

Should there be any doubts on the subject, they will be removed by an attention to the chronology of that period.

Dr. Franklin arrived in Paris, in December, 1776, and used his utmost endeavors to obtain an acknowledgment of American Independence from month to month, in vain. He was fed with those vague promises, of which courtiers can be so lavish, but which, however specious, mean little or nothing. At length was fought the important battle of Saratoga, on the, 17th, of October, 1777. The news probably reached the Court of Versailles early in December. The treaties of alliance and acknowledgment of independence were signed on the 7th of February, 1778, after a lapse of only eight or nine weeks from the arrival of that intelligence. This time was probably employed in concocting the terms and was by no means too much for such a mighty business.† Could the Jew Apella, for a moment, doubt the cause that led that court to the recognition of American Independence?

This preface appeared necessary to shed a proper blaze of light on the glorious battle of Bennington, the turning point of the war to the northward, which directly led to the triumph at Saratoga, and to the capture of the bombastic British commander. National gratitude could, at its utmost stretch, scarcely overpay an achievement pregnant with such all-important consequences.

* Lieutenant Webster, in a letter received from him some years since, corroborated this idea: "I keep the sword generally in my closet, unless a friend should request to see it."

† "In the midst of this supposed gloomy state of affairs in America, the news of the surrender of the British army commanded by General Burgoyne, to that of the Americans under General Gates, at Saratoga, on the 17th October, 1777, arrived in France; and at the very moment when the French cabinet was as yet undecided in regard to the steps to be adopted relative to the United States. This memorable event immediately turned the scale, and fixed the French nation in their attachment to the infant republic."—*Memoirs of Franklin*, p. 382.

General Carleton, who commanded the British forces in Canada, being regarded as not sufficiently energetic, was superseded by General Burgoyne, who stood in high estimation for energy, military skill and bravery. How far he answered expectation remains to be seen. He started from Canada early in December, 1776, and met with little resistance in his destructive and marauding career some hundred miles, till he arrived at Saratoga.

He issued his braggart proclamation on the 6th of December, in which he denounced extermination, through the instrumentality of the hordes of Indians, whom he had in his pay, against all who dared oppose his Majesty's arms. The prospect to the north was then to the last degree gloomy—defeat and disaster had marked the progress of the Americans. Those were "times that really tried men's souls." Despondency had spread extensively. General Schuyler, who commanded the northern army, gives an appalling description of the state of things. "The torpor, criminal indifference, and want of spirit which so generally prevail, are more dangerous than all the efforts of the enemy." On the 4th of July he resumes the subject—"We have not above four thousand continental troops; if men, one-third of whom are negroes, boys, and men too aged for the field, and indeed for any other service, can be called troops. The States, whence these troops came, can determine why such boys, negroes, and aged men were sent. A great part of the army took the field in a manner naked, without blankets, ill armed, and very deficient in accoutrements."

Such was the deplorable state of affairs to the north, a few weeks previous to the time when Starke made his appearance on the arena. General Burgoyne, being considerably straitened for provisions of every kind, and having learned, by his spies, that there was a large supply of flour, corn, and cattle, collected at Bennington, guarded only by militia, of whom he entertained great contempt, despatched a body of five hundred Germans with one hundred Indians, under the command of Colonel Baum, to seize them. The Germans, being heavily armed, and the roads greatly obstructed, were several days in marching between thirty and forty miles.

General Starke, who had for some time previously employed all his influence and energies in collecting as many militia as possible, commenced an attack on Baum's troops, immediately on their arrival; but, after a short struggle, had to retire to some little distance; meanwhile, Baum, finding his situation perilous, fortified himself within a double breast-work, and sent for assistance to Burgoyne. On the other hand, Starke, having received a reinforcement on the 16th of August, renewed his attack on Baum; and, notwithstanding the strength of his defences, and the bravery of his troops, carried the fortifications, and made prisoners of all that were not killed. This battle was just ended when a reinforcement of five hundred Germans, under Breyman, made its appearance. The Americans, though extremely fatigued by the assault, and a battle of two hours, attacked the new enemies with such determined bravery, that their efforts were crowned with a most complete victory, after a hard fought battle of several hours. The results of the two battles were, the capture of about seven hundred prisoners, one thousand stand of arms, four brass field-pieces, twelve brass drums, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, four ammunition wagons, eight loads of baggage, and twenty horses. Among the prisoners was Colonel Baum, who shortly afterwards died of his wounds. There were killed in the two battles about three hundred men, of whom, it is supposed, one third were Americans.

As a reward for this glorious triumph of patriotism and heroic bravery, Congress *liberally passed a resolution of thanks to General Starke and his brave soldiers! and promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general!* WERE NOT THESE THANKS AND PROMOTION ABUNDANT REWARD?

Whether this veteran received a pension or not, cannot now be ascertained. But be that as it may, he was, in his old age, I believe about ninety, reduced to penury. On the 18th of March, 1818, forty years after his exploits, he petitioned Congress for a pension (perhaps an additional one.) The petition was referred, in the House of Representatives, to a committee, who reported a bill on the 19th, which, conformably with the usual procrastinating routine of Congress proceedings*, lay over untouched for five weeks, till the 18th of April, when it was passed and sent to the Senate, who referred it to the committee on pensions, who reported it that day, without amendments. It was read in committee of the whole, on Monday the 20th, and agreed to *with amendments*. It being against the rules of the Senate to pass a bill the same day on which it has undergone amendments, Mr. Fromentin moved to suspend the rule. But, regardless of the services, the claims, and the sufferings of the hero, the motion, alas! was rejected—Congress adjourned next day—and, of course, the bill was lost. Next session it passed. Starke received one year's pension, but died before another came around—covered with glory, but steeped in penury!!

The Capture and Destruction of the Philadelphia frigate.

History furnishes few instances of heroic daring—ardent zeal—unconquerable energy—and nice tact and skill, equal to the capture and destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli—and, all the circumstances of the case duly considered, it may be doubted whether any thing superior to it can be found on record. Never was there a much more hazardous enterprize—never was there a greater disparity between the means of attack and the means of defence. Indeed, it must be confessed, that all the dictates of prudence were opposed to the undertaking. But I will not enfeeble the interest of the reader, by attempting to describe the affair, when it is so transcendently better done in the glowing and eloquent speech of the Hon. Mr. Robbins, one of the senators from the State of Rhode Island.

"The Philadelphia was captured from the barbarians when she was, and after she had long been, in their secure possession, in their own harbour, and under the guns of their own fort, and where she was kept fully

* To this general censure, there was one remarkable exception. The bill, to render members of Congress salary officers, at the rate of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, was hurried forward with an engine of high pressure. It was read the first and second time, March 6th, 1815—the third time, and passed the 9th. Received and read first time in Senate, the 11th, second time 12th, third time, and passed, the 14th. Laid before the President, and passed, the 18th. Thus, this bill, so extremely obnoxious, was hurried through, from its initiation till its final ratification in twelve days.

manned and armed, as their pride, as well as defence, and where she was a monument at once for barbarian triumph, and for American humiliation. *This protecting fort was armed with more than a hundred guns, and backed, it was said, by an army in camp of twenty thousand men.* The banks of the harbor were *lined with land-batteries throughout, and armed also with more than a hundred guns*, and its waters were guarded by a thousand seamen. Still this little gallant band, the recaptors, in the dead of night, with Decatur at their head, made their way to this frigate, boarded her, cut down every barbarian on board, or drove him over her sides into the water; then, in obedience to orders to set fire to her in different parts, they burnt her down to the water's edge, and made their retreat in safety; and *all this in the face and fire of the artillery of that fort and of those land-batteries.*

"Let it be recollected that this daring enterprise was out of the routine of the regular naval service; it was, indeed, permitted, but not directed by the commanding officer on that station; it was wholly a volunteer enterprise. It was originally suggested by the gallant and ever-to-be-lamented Decatur, then a lieutenant, and but a youth, as it were. He saw that the thing was practicable to spirits daring like his own, and that the achievement, though full of danger, would be full of honor. He saw the brilliant page it would make in history; but he did not foresee that it would be but the title-page to that volume of brilliant exploits, which subsequently were to illustrate our naval annals, of which this was to be the precursor and animating model. He soon collected his volunteer band of congenial spirits, all young, like himself, and, like him, burning with a thirst for distinction. Confiding in themselves, they went to the enterprise, confident of success, and did realize what to colder minds would seem but the dream of romance. It is pleasing to note the number of our naval heroes, who afterwards so much distinguished themselves in our naval battles, who gave their juvenile and first proofs of heroism in this heroic enterprise."

Thirty-two years have elapsed since this achievement took place, and the halls or Congress have, probably, witnessed twenty or thirty frivolous debates on this simple question, whether a great, a powerful, a wealthy nation, lying under heavy obligations to some of its heroic citizens, should honorably discharge the debt, or, through an unworthy species of chicane, delay or evade the payment—debates, which, in addition to the dishonor they inflicted on the nation, probably cost full as much as would have satisfied the claimants, and rescued them from the distress and embarrassments caused by the delay of justice. A delay of justice is often equivalent to a denial of it, and, for aught we know, it may be somewhat the case in the present instance. The justice of the claim has, I apprehend, never been disputed. The difficulty, so far as I understand the subject, is on the apportionment of the sum acknowledged to be due, among the different claimants. But what character would an individual deserve, who owed a sum of money to a number of persons, and delayed, or refused to pay any of them, under pretence that he could not precisely fix their respective quotas? Would he not be set down, and with justice, as a sharper. And are the rules of morality less obligatory on nations than on individuals?

If a proper disposition to do justice prevailed with Congress, the difficulty might have been easily obviated, by passing an act awarding the whole sum to the mass of the captors, subject to an apportionment by an arbitration, or by a jury.

If the widow of the illustrious Decatur, and her fellow-claimants, whoever they may be, are not common paupers, supported by eleemosynary aid—are not tenants of hospitals, or alms-houses—their escape from this frightful result, attaches no merit to those majorities whose cold-blooded and heartless votes are recorded against the act of paramount justice involved in this question.

Lieutenant Webster and Lieutenant Newcomb.

It cannot for a moment be doubted that the gallant attack on the British, in their attempt on Baltimore, by a six gun battery, called Fort Patapsco, and by another small battery called Fort Covington, the former commanded by Lieutenant Webster, and the latter by Lieutenant Newcomb, were the chief means of saving the city from capture. The British contemplated a simultaneous attack by land and water; and, while the troops were landing at North Point, a flotilla, consisting of sixteen ships including five bomb vessels, proceeded up the Patapsco. At one o'clock, A. M. on the 14th of September, 1814, twelve hundred picked men were detached with scaling ladders, to land on the south side of the city. They had eluded Fort M'Henry by a somewhat circuitous route. As they approached the shore, the two small forts, of whose existence, it is believed, they were ignorant, opened a most destructive fire upon them, which sunk some of their barges, and killed many of their men. These unexpected disasters wholly deranged all their plans, and made them retreat in a state of discomfiture. In their retreat they came within gunshot of Fort M'Henry, which raked them with great havoc.

Had they passed the two small forts, and debarked their men at the contemplated point, nothing could have saved Baltimore from falling a prey to those who had so recently taken Washington; and sharing in the ignominious fate of that city, as, even without this co-operation, the former, Baltimore, was in most imminent danger.

For this invaluable service, which would be cheaply purchased by millions of dollars, the two Lieutenants received the thanks of the City of Baltimore, and each a gold-hilted sword, which cost between three and four hundred dollars. To Lieutenant Webster, whose circumstances were humble, a donation of an equal sum in *l'argent comptant* would have been infinitely more useful. Sometime afterwards he opened a grocery store, nearly opposite the Indian Queen, in Market street, the principal thoroughfare in Baltimore, a city which was so largely indebted to him, and whose inhabitants ought to have vied with each other in their encouragement of him. But, alas! so slender was their support, that he was unable to maintain himself by his business, and finally failed. What has become of him since, I have no means of ascertaining with precision, but have some reason to believe that he is now in the service of the United States.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!"

DIARY OF AN INVALID.

NO. II.

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THE PORTRAIT.

My life, during the last three years, has been as variable as the seasons. My own habits and manner of existence often remind me of those gregarious birds, whose mysterious and far off voices we hear, singing the requiem of dying pleasure, as they journey from one climate to another. As soon as I have made an agreeable settlement in one place, and begin to enjoy the sympathies of society, (for believe me, gentle reader, my heart was not cast in the misanthrope's mould,) either a blast from the north, or a fiery dart from the south, warns me that I am out of my proper latitude. On consulting with my physician on the fittest location for my approaching winter quarters, he suggested Charleston, in South Carolina, as offering the twofold advantage of a regular and mild temperature of climate, and all the pleasures arising from intercourse with the most polished and interesting society in the United States. Knowing something of the querulous, desponding disposition attendant on protracted disease, he encouraged me to the removal, by remarking that he had himself spent a winter in that city, under circumstances much more depressing; and he could truly say, he retained none but the most delightful reminiscences of the place or its inhabitants. He had formed many valuable and enduring friendships among its citizens, and on some of them he should confer a favor, by recommending his friend to their hospitable courtesies. He furnished me with several letters of introduction; among them was one to Col. H. B. Ashton; in handing me which, he paused, exclaiming with enthusiastic emotion, "Oh! that I could take the place of this letter—that I could grasp again that hand, the pledge of as true a heart as ever beat in a human breast." He continued—"His address you will readily ascertain, as he is a man of some distinction there. You have only to forward *this*, and I will warrant that you never repent the trouble of presenting it."

On the first day of November, I took passage in a commodious packet, bound from New York to Charleston. The day of embarkation was fine, and my feelings of regret, on leaving my native city, gave place to an exhilarating superiority, as, in clearing her port, I saw her proud ramparts spurn the encroaching billow, while the flag of every nation swept by me, seeking her free and rich commerce.

We had a fair and pleasant voyage to Charleston, which (except in contrast with my own *imperial city*,) I should pronounce both an interesting and handsome looking town from its harbor. On landing, I had more than enough very civil offers to take me to the best hotel, in the best coach, on the very best terms. This matter was soon settled, and away I was whirled into the heart of the town, and set down before a spacious and ancient looking building, not exhibiting all the Corinthian ornament of our northern style of architecture, but sumptuous in its accommodations. There was an ease and an elegance in all its "appointments," very gratifying to the flesh, as I can say from experience. Either I was in the humor to be pleased with every thing, or every thing was in the humor to please me. The very attendants, to the lowest menial, evinced the most perfect delight in waiting my pleasure, or doing my bidding; unlike our northern gentry, who by their impertinent *empressement*, show that they are working "for a *consideration*."

The first morning after my arrival opened with smiles so bland, that I was tempted to walk to the post office and deposit my letters of introduction; for I soon learnt that the etiquette here is not to force yourself upon the acquaintance of any one. The following day brought a number of calls in answer to my letters. The gentlemen were all courteous and prepossessing, but none came up exactly to my idea of Ashton. It was late in the evening, and I was getting a little miffed, that my claims on his attention had not been acknowledged with the promptitude my importance demanded, when a quick rap at the door announced a visiter. Before I had time to smooth down my ruffled temper into any thing like complacency, in walked a tall and elegant gentleman, who, addressing me, said, "May H. Ashton claim the privilege of a friend, in greeting Mr. M—— with a heartfelt shake of the hand?" He went on to say, that an unexpected call into the country had prevented his receiving intelligence of my arrival until late in the evening, which, he remarked, must account for his apparent neglect. But as soon as I saw the man, every unworthy thought was gone. He could not be mistaken. Nature had set her stamp upon him, as one of her *premium* productions, when she makes the moral attributes correspond and harmonize in beautiful proportions with noble external lineaments. He had passed the zenith of life, being then perhaps sixty years old, yet time had not extinguished the fires of youth; tempered and mellowed in the school of experience, they beamed still in the smile of benevolence, and were practically illustrated in every virtue. I could dwell on the charming traits of his character forever—but lest I should tire my reader, I will hasten on to the incident which gave rise to the following interesting narrative.

It was soon settled, that I should spend as much of my leisure time as I found agreeable, at the house of my new friend. He gave me a sort of running history of what I might expect to encounter, of noise and confusion, in a castle populous with brats of all ages and sizes; but, concluded he, "good humor, like charity, hides all their failings, in my eyes, at least." With these prepossessions, you will not be surprised to learn, that I found his family not only pleasant, but interesting. Mrs. Ashton was a lady, whose polished and dignified manners showed that she had moved in the select circle of society, which she still adorned by the charms of her conversation and the sweetness of her disposition. Her two eldest sons were settled in life, and the youngest daughter at a boarding school; but the six little rioters of grand-children were sufficiently *uproarious*, to show that the tranquillity of the house must not depend on silence.

I had, on my first entrance into the saloon, remarked a PORTRAIT, which, with many others, adorned the room, but which, though it hung in a much less conspicuous light, had, from the first moment I beheld it, irresistibly attracted my attention. Its subject was a young lady, apparently not more than sixteen years old. Whenever the conversation flagged, or my thoughts

were free, my eyes insensibly turned to the charmed spot, and there they would rest, while with a strange delight, my mind would busy itself in trying to define, and to gift with "a local habitation and a name," the deep, overpowering sympathies its beauty awakened in the mind of the beholder. I can speak of the effect on my feelings, but words would be inadequate to express its surpassing loveliness. In beholding it, I could only exclaim, in the celebrated words of Burke, "There surely never lighted on this globe a more delightful vision." To describe the features separately, would give you no idea of the bewitching harmony of the whole expression. "Her eyes dark charm 'twere vain to tell." Their light seemed as emanated from the celestial world, and while you were gazing on it, your soul appeared to catch something of the beatific vision. And yet this heavenly being seemed not sublimated beyond the affections of earth—No, the rainbow of hope and love looked as it were spanning a dark cloud, which might blot it out forever. This fascination continued from day to day, and yet no remark or inquiry was made as to the original of the portrait. I felt as if there were something mysterious or sacred about it, and that it would be intruding into the sanctuary of private feelings, to show any curiosity on the subject. None of the family ever alluded to it, though they must have observed the deep interest with which I regarded it.

One evening, after all the little nurslings were hushed, we sat as usual, telling over, with the garrulity of age, the events of "by-gone days." Ashton's talent for animated narrative was of the first order, and the hours flew on the wings of delight, when I could get him to dilate on the revolutionary struggles at the south. Of those times his mind retained the faint recollections of childhood, but his memory was stored with volumes of their kindling and heart-stirring facts, which seemed to possess double interest, when told by the patriot and the sage. His early fancies had been fed with this "ancient lore" from the fountain of a mother's love and a mother's instructions. Listening to her stories of the self-denial, hardships and dangers, our ancestors encountered in the path to freedom, his soul had become transformed into their image; and now, the spirits of Laurens, and Rutledge, and Sumpter, seemed to stalk before me, while he rehearsed their deeds.

I inquired if any members of his own immediate family were engaged in the war? "None," he replied, "but its evils were felt in almost every family, and its consequences, like those of other civil wars, were often destructive to domestic peace and happiness. Such was the case in our own house. I have remarked the fixed attention with which you have gazed on a female portrait in my saloon. It is not often I lift the veil which conceals the story of one whose fate was so intimately linked with the tenderest feelings of my own heart; but I see that your sympathies are already interested, and if you desire it, I will give you a brief sketch of the original of the portrait, referring, where my recollections fail, to my mother's memoranda." I expressed my high gratification at his offer, and he proceeded to relate the following particulars.

"Morna Ridgely was the only child of Colonel Charles Ridgely, an officer in the forty-second regiment of British light infantry. He was the younger son of a noble family in Northumberland; and, as usual in such cases, the laws of entail excluded him from the advantages of patrimony, leaving him to choose between the church and the army. He possessed a gallant, noble, and sincere disposition, and scorned the idea of making "merchandise of the gospel;" but to fight his country's battles, to bring glory to Old England, was quite congenial to his feelings. His choice was made, and he was to go into the army as soon as a vacancy occurred in the regiment. Meantime, he was pursuing his studies at the University of Edinburgh, where many of the younger branches of English nobility are sent.

"It was here that he formed an attachment to a lovely young Scottish maiden, by the name of Morna Donald. Her father had been the leader of a clan, which had often made incursions on the border, and, of course, his name was in "ill odor" with the English gentry of the neighboring lands. But the gentle Morna bloomed in unstained purity and innocence, the brightest flower on Scottish heath—and she gave the "jewel of her heart to the gallant and open hearted Ridgely, not dreaming how soon it would be withered by the cold blight of scorn and unkindness.

"All his family, except my mother, spurned poor Morna as the daughter of a savage rebel, and declared they felt it a disgrace to receive her into their houses. Ridgely's feelings were wounded in the keenest manner by this treatment, and he would have sunk under the mortification, but for the soothing affection of my mother, between whom and himself there existed the warmest and most confidential intimacy. She proffered her heart and her house to receive the forlorn Morna, who found her bosom the ark of safety and repose, amidst the storms by which she was buffetted. About this time his commission was obtained, but the regiment not being called into service, the young couple, at my mother's solicitation, remained with her during the first year of their marriage. The spirits of the young bride had received a shock of disappointment from which they never recovered. She was calm and resigned, but the thrill of pleasure which once gave joy to her heart and beauty to her countenance, was gone never to return. Sadness preyed on her health, but her friends looked forward in hope to the interesting period when a mother's cares and a mother's love should win her spirit back to hope and happiness.

"How fallacious are human expectations! The same wave that cast the little orphan on the shores of time, bore the mother to the ocean of eternity. With a smile of perfect confidence, she gave the bud of promise into the arms of my mother, saying, this is yours, the last gift of the dying Morna—a precious pledge of her unwavering trust in your affection. And most faithfully was that pledge redeemed by my mother! from that moment did the little Morna lie in her bosom, and receive all the tenderness of maternal care. Having a few months previously lost her only child, an infant twelve months old, all her tenderness was now centred in her new charge, whose beauty and sprightliness promised to repay all her attention.

"Ridgely was ordered to join his regiment and proceed to Ireland, where a rebellion had recently broken out. In departing, he bathed the little orphan with his tears, and renewed the gift to his sister, not knowing that he should ever behold her more. The child grew; the charms of her mind and person fast unfolded in the

sunshine of my mother's love, and she soon became the joy and pride of her heart. Her father returned to England when she was four years old, and had the long wished for happiness of clasping his beloved child, the image of his lost wife, to his bosom; and the shattered fragments of his heart were gathered again around his infant daughter. How gratifying to him, to see how powerfully she felt the tie of birth! The highest boon she could ask, was to sit on her father's knee, and lean her bright cheek on his heart, while she persuaded him to stay with her, and she would love him 'as much as aunt Ashton.' Among the 'dire chimeras' of the nursery, she had heard many tales of the 'wild Irish,' and her little heart beat with anxious fears for her father's safety; she could not be quieted until he promised not to go among them any more.

"But now the young Morna was herself to be the adventurer. Major Ashton (my father) was commanded to embark with his regiment for the American colonies. This was unexpected and sad news to my dear parents; but there was no time to parley. The yoke of servitude began to sit uneasily on the necks of the colonists, under the growing demands of government—and an increased army was necessary to enforce submission. With decision and promptitude worthy of a better cause, my father obeyed the summons. The military hero is bred in the school of suffering and self-denial. A separation from all the endearments of social and domestic life, he considers one of the necessary consequences of the service, and he submits with dignity. Such was the conduct of Colonel Ridgely, in parting with his only child. His tears fell on her cheek, while with trembling fingers he threw back the thick curls from her forehead, that he might behold all of a face so lovely and so beloved. It was happy for Morna that she could not comprehend the fullness of his agony. She knew that she was her father's darling, and her heart beat in unison with his as far as she understood his feelings; but the page of the future is gilded with bright hues in childhood, and she readily yielded to the soothing assurances of her aunt, that either she would return to England, or her father be sent to America. So she was comforted, and her thoughts were diverted by the wonderful and mysterious preparations (as it seemed to her) her aunt was making to go away. In the course of a month she bade adieu to the white cliffs of Albion; and after a tedious voyage of thirty-eight days, Morna's uncle pointed out to her the distant shores of the western world. She gazed on the prospect with wonder-waiting eyes, for she had never thought of any land so far from her home and country.

"Major Ashton's troops were landed at Boston; but as that post was well supplied, the reinforcements were stationed in the various commercial towns along the seaboard, to enforce compliance with the new system of taxation. He was ordered to Charleston, in South Carolina; and after a stormy cruise of ten days arrived in harbor and disembarked his forces, making Charleston his head quarters. For the sake of brevity, I must pass over many intervening circumstances, and even years, not necessary to the main interest of my story. I must not omit, however, to mention that my mother was called, the second year of her residence here, to experience the bitterest of all calamities, in the death of her beloved husband, who fell a victim to the fever of the climate. I was an infant at that time, but I can imagine the desolation of her soul, left a widow, and a stranger in a foreign land; and my earliest recollections of her are associated with times, when she sat silent, and almost unheeding my importunity to know what made her weep so much. I find a letter from Colonel Ridgely to my mother, written during that year, informing her that his regiment would sail in a few days for the East Indies, to relieve another, which was suffering greatly from disease. 'It is uncertain,' he says, 'how long we may continue on this station, though the present prospect is, that we shall only act as a temporary relief.' He speaks of his dear child, and the anxious and melancholy thoughts that fill his mind, when he reflects on the distance and the time that must separate him from her.

"But time, as it passed the young Morna, had a dove's wing. Her bark of happiness was borne smoothly and joyfully down the current of life. Young hope spread her sail, and no cloud dimmed the bright horizon. The toys of childhood were gradually laid aside for the pleasures and occupations of intellectual cultivation. My mother, while she guarded against the perversion of the superior talents of her pupil, spared no expense in adorning her mind with every lasting and lovely accomplishment. But of all adornings, she considered that of a meek and quiet spirit to be of greatest price, having learned it in the school of sad experience; and to this end she labored with the waywardness of childhood and the vanity of youth, believing that they who sow in hope will reap in joy. And such was her recompense. The natural sensibilities of her niece were exquisite: she trembled lest by taking a wrong direction they should prove the scourge of her life. Byron says,

> ——"Our young affections run to waste,
> Or water but the desert."

Far otherwise was it with my lovely cousin. Many sweet and endearing instances of her goodness my memory still retains. She was my mother's almoner to the cottages of the poor. On these errands I was frequently her companion; and though my wayward and loitering step exercised her patience in no small degree, she never chid me in any voice but that of love, or denied me any innocent gratification, however great the self-denial it imposed on her. You will not wonder that she was the idol of the indigent and helpless. Among this mass of people, the African slaves excited her warmest sympathy—evinced in benevolence of the most practical sort. Instead of joining her schoolmates on holidays in selfish recreations, she would petition her aunt to carry some nice soup to aunt Dinah, or to read the bible to blind Betty who loved to hear it so much. I believe they looked upon her as a ministering angel; something celestial compounded of a purer flesh and blood than sinful mortals, 'God bless and love you Miss Morn; you are too pretty for this world!' was their usual salutation.

"When my mother arrived in Charleston, she sought out a faithful servant as a nurse for her young family. Margaret was her name, which we soon contracted into the endearing appellative of 'Mammy Marget.' She was the most devoted and faithful servant I ever knew. I loved and venerated her next to my mother. She doated on my cousin; with watchful fidelity she guard-

ed her health and happiness so far as her limited sphere extended, and was rewarded with the deep and tender attachment of a grateful heart.

"In her school, Morna was a general favorite. Arbitress in every disagreement, her candor and disinterested kindness could admit no appeal from its fair and equal decision. With Mary Percy, one of her classmates, a girl of congenial tastes and feelings, she was very intimate. The rocks and dells in these environs still bear memorials of their merry gambols and rambles amongst the wild luxuriance of nature. Alfred Percy, also, the brother of the young lady, and two years older, was frequently one of the party, and performed wonders of agility and bold adventure in various feats of climbing, leaping, and swimming, any of which he would carry to the utmost extent of possibility to oblige or amuse Morna. In a short time he had so won her admiration as to be her beau ideal of all that was noble and elegant: however, she was not the girl to be fascinated on a slight acquaintance. The current of her affections ran in too deep a channel to be ruffled by the wing of every bird that flitted over it. My mother's experienced eye discerned the growing attachment of Percy towards her lovely niece, and while she would not have influenced her decision in a matter where the affections are so deeply interested, she hoped the time might come when she would not be insensible to the love of one so worthy of her heart and her choice.

"We must turn from the visions of youth and the dream of love to our political horizon, which now grew darker and darker. Our colonies had reached the lowest point of oppression and injustice; they felt the burden intolerable; and rising, threatened to heave off the weight that was crushing them. You recollect the affair at Lexington struck the first note of revolt, which was re-echoed by most of the States in the Union. South Carolina was, perhaps, at that time, the most loyal of all to the British government; but even here there were not a few whose hearts swelled with indignation at her tyrannical exactions. My mother's feelings on this subject were identified with those of the suffering colonists, and she felt that if she had a son able to do his country service, she would buckle on his armor, and speed him with her prayers, in the cause of freedom and suffering humanity.

"After the first shock of resistance, you recollect the States were unanimous in the cause of liberty; though the scene of war was, during the first part of the contest, confined to the Northern and middle States, and our arms were generally successful wherever valor and dexterity could supply the want of superior numbers and discipline. How did the courageous youth of South Carolina burn to join their brethren of the North in the struggle for liberty! The hot valor of young Percy, like that of his namesake of poetic fame, spurred him on to rush into the marshalled ranks, from which he could scarcely be withheld by the sober forecast of his father, who foresaw that the tide of battle was already tending towards the south.

"Information was at length received, that a British squadron had been fitted out for the reduction of Charleston; and, detained by unfavorable weather, was lying at Cape Fear. This gave the Americans time to strengthen their fortifications, so as to make an attack from the seaboard extremely difficult. In the month of June, 1776, the squadron anchored off the bar. What a moment of thrilling anxiety was this to every true American heart in the place! The land forces were commanded by Cornwallis and Clinton; the naval by Sir Peter Parker. The provincial forces were commanded by General Lee. Our young hero Percy, was honored with a lieutenancy in his army. It was some days before the British troops could disembark, owing to the impediment in crossing the bar. At length, however, they effected a landing on Long Island, and prepared for an attack. Percy's post was in the select division, placed on the main land, opposite Sullivan's island, the only successful point of attack.

"The evening before the expected battle he called at my mother's, still the spot of peculiar attraction whenever a moment of leisure allowed him the indulgence of his warmest and tenderest feelings. She candidly expressed her fears for his safety, knowing the dangerous post he would occupy, and his fearless intrepidity. She charged him to remember how many hearts would throb with deep interest for him on that eventful day, and concluded by hoping that discretion would temper his courage. He replied with restrained emotion, 'I hope, dear madam, I am not insensible to your regard, and that of many kind friends; but there is one whose interest and sympathy I would rather win than the world besides.' He looked towards Morna, but she was gone. He followed her retreating footsteps to her favorite alcove. 'Morna,' he said, assuming the manner of their childhood's freedom, 'I have heard you say, courage should be your second requisite in a hero. I come to ask a token from you as an incentive to valor to-morrow.' 'Would you desire a higher,' she answered, 'than the cause of your country? Oh, Alfred, it is not your honor or courage that is in danger, but your life.' 'Then give me this bright tress, which has escaped from its bondage, to remind me that you are among those who care for my safety. It will be the first and brightest charm my heart ever wore.' Morna spoke not: how could she? But her lover read the confession of her heart in the 'many-colored Iris' which filled her eye. You may imagine the scene that followed, when the fervor and faith of young hearts are pledged on the eve of doubtful battle. The hour of separation came, and Percy was taking his leave of her he loved best, with a countenance of hope unclouded by doubt or fear. He whispered to Morna, in going, 'Remember the token, the talisman of protection and favor to the knight without fear and without reproach.' 'Noble Percy!' exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, 'you were never formed to wear the chain of slavery.' Morna, too, felt proud of her lover; but in the moment of her exultation, she thought of the perils to which his life must be exposed, and the dark omen of dread dimmed the bright star of her destiny. My mother, while she evinced the warm sympathy which all the circumstances of the newly awakened feelings in her niece's bosom were calculated to inspire, endeavored to calm them by pointing to the bright side of the picture, and urging her to look forward with patient hope to the probably successful issue. But Mammy Marget, who felt, perhaps, quite as much in whatever distressed her young mistress, with the characteristic propensity of narrow-minded ignorance, sought to lay the blame of her tears on somebody, and who so probably the cause as Percy.

'Mas Alfred, he's always so violent, he must be the most foremost of any, no place will do for him but the hottest. Why not put some of the raggamuffins, as the British calls the militia, in that dangerous place, they mean creters don't care—jist as live shoot down a clever young man like him as a dog. But, maybe this don't comfort you, Miss Morn, my pretty dove, so I won't say no more but the truth, and that is, he's as ginerous as you; for but t'other day, he ask me, Mammy Marget, how you do these hard times? I tell him, well as other folks I reckon, I only wish we had some of that good sugar and coffee that them mean English is squandering out yander, with their white sarvants to tend'm, struttin' about like peacocks in their finery. Then I see the fire in his eye, and he say, bridling up jest like him, I would not fill my mouth with any of their good things; but as it does not hurt your conscience, take this and buy some, (and he give me ever so much money,) they will be *mean enough*, as you say, to extort upon the penury of a poor slave. That's jist what he say, I knowed what he meant in spite of his high larnt words, and thinks I, I'll remember 'em to tell Miss Morn.'

"You recollect the entire failure of this first expedition against Charleston, owing to the inability of the land and naval forces to unite in the attack. The American batteries sustained the fire from the fleet with unmoved firmness, and Percy won laurels by his intrepidity and presence of mind. The enemy seeing it impossible, in present circumstances, to gain footing, left Charleston harbor with all their forces; and during the two succeeding years, no further attempt was made to reduce this place.

"About this time a letter came to my mother, under the British passport. It was from Colonel Ridgely from whom she had received no intelligence for ten years. It informed her, that the state of affairs in America had recently recalled his regiment from India, with the design of transporting that, and several others, to the southern colonies, to oppose the combined forces of France and America. He lamented the occasion of his visit to a land where his tenderest and most cherished hopes were centered. He spoke of the necessity to which the ministry, by their harsh and unjust exactions had reduced the American colonies, of taking up arms in self-defence. Not even Chatham's eloquence could arrest the storm, though he had predicted with a prophet's inspiration, that the final issue would be the infamy of its originators, and the everlasting degradation of England. As an officer in his majesty's service, he said honor and loyalty forbade him to withdraw from the duties imposed on him, however his own individual feelings and opinions might prompt him to retire from the combat.

"You may well conceive with what mingled emotions of hope and disappointment the bosoms of a daughter and sister were filled on reading this letter. Morna's first words were, 'Dear aunt, shall I live to see my beloved father in the ranks of my country's enemies? No, the grave would be far preferable—can nothing avert it? O! how shall I meet Alfred? His high soul will revolt at an alliance with the daughter of his country's enemy. Write to him, dear aunt, immediately for me, and release him from every obligation.' 'My beloved child,' replied she, 'I must first chide your generous haste, which would destroy both your own and Alfred's happiness. Can you suppose he could cease to love you, or to respect your father, only because he is engaged to support a cause, which, though we esteem it unjust, every loyal subject of Britain is bound to maintain? Rather let us seek resignation and comfort from heaven, and hope that God may over-rule the purposes of man for the good of all, and the glory of his name.' Morna yielded to the opinion of her aunt, which in her calmer moments she felt to be just, and at her request tried to compose her agitated feelings, as she laid her aching head on that bosom which was alike the sanctuary of her joys and sorrows. Her wearied senses sunk into repose, and she was unconsciously placed on the couch of rest. This was scarcely done, when a quick knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Ashton hastened to attend the summons, and prevent any interruption from sudden noise. 'Mr. Percy!' was her exclamation, 'is it you? Your countenance is the omen of evil tidings—are you the herald of recent disasters?' 'Madam, your look tells me you are not ignorant that the enemy, having gained possession of Georgia, is marching rapidly towards our capital. I have just received a major's commission, and orders to march my company to reinforce General Lincoln; but, like the crusader of old, I come, first to visit the shrine of my tutelar saint, and bear from its altar the token of conquest and safety. May I not see Miss Ridgely?' My mother then related the story of the recent tidings from England, and the overwhelming effect on her niece's spirits. Percy remained silent, and his brow lowered with displeasure for a moment, but his noble nature rose triumphant over the irritation of national feeling. 'I must see her,' he said, with deep emotion; 'I must assure her how much I love and admire the sensibility of her filial piety.' My mother stept softly into the chamber, and found Morna sleeping soundly, but with a flushed cheek, indicating so high a degree of excitement, that she feared the consequences of awaking her. Mammy Marget, who was watching by her, declared it would be the death of her if she saw Mr. Percy now. 'He's always so vilent, talking about honor and death. It's hardly worth while to lose honor or life fighting with they mean English, and the runaway niggers they git to join 'em. Oh no, he'll jist set Miss Morn to crying, for she bleeves every word he tells her. He can jist leave a message, or a little keepsake, or something to show he 'ant forgot her; and that he couldn't do, neither.'

"Mammy Marget's advice was certainly wise in this case, and after much earnest debate, Percy consented to yield to prudent counsel, and with a heavy heart took his leave. In a few hours he was on his route to join General Lincoln, who kept in advance of General Prevost, whose obvious design was to reach Charleston as soon as possible. General Moultrie, stationed to oppose his passage, found his efforts ineffectual; he passed with his superior force towards the capital, while Lincoln marched rapidly towards its relief. He despached in advance of his army a chosen body of mounted infantry, commanded by our young hero Percy, to guard the passes to the city, but the little band used all their efforts in vain.

"Prevost arrived within cannon shot, and summoned the town to surrender, on the 12th of May, 1779. But being summoned, did they do it? No, Lincoln was ad

vancing with a superior force, and the enemy dared not risk an attack, but prudently resolved to take possession of the islands of St. James and St. John, where they waited to be reinforced by the arrival of two frigates. In one of these vessels was Colonel Ridgely. His regiment was landed on Port Royal island, where they were commanded to wait further preparations to begin the attack. Colonel Ridgely's thoughts turned from the scene of military show towards his daughter, whose image, amidst all the vicissitudes of his wanderings, was still stamped in living colors on his heart. He was impelled to encounter every danger, to see her, if she still lived. A disguise was the only possible means of doing this, as all communication with the enemy was interdicted by the Americans, under the severest penalty. His ingenuity suggested the habit of an English chaplain, whose inoffensive and pious character, had gained him permission to visit some sick prisoners in the Charleston hospital. Under cover of night Ridgely passed the sentinels, with the pretence of administering to a dying prisoner the consolation of religion. When in the city, he varied the deception a little, inquiring for the residence of Mrs. Ashton, as a clergyman on holy duty bound.

"I feel that I can give you no idea of the scene that ensued, when the disguise was thrown off, and the person of Colonel Ridgely was revealed before his astonished sister. 'My brother!' was the exclamation, as she sunk back in her seat, paralyzed with emotion. Morna caught the electrifying words, and sprung forwards; but ere he had clasped her in his arms, the rush of feelings had overpowered her senses, and she lost in momentary insensibility the consciousness of his presence. Her recollection was soon restored. Her father's countenance was the first object that met her returning sensibility. Oh! how many long past and almost forgotten reminiscences seemed to spring up around her, as she gazed with intense delight on that still remembered smile. Her spirits rose from their depression; she lost the fear of coming evil in the endearments of a father's love, and hope dispelled the dark cloud that had seemed to lower over her.

"Colonel Ridgely's disposition was one to look on the bright side of things. He expressed his hope that there would be no further bloodshed, and that a capitulation, honorable to both sides, would restore peace to the besieged city. The dawn was almost visible, before he resumed his habit, to return. Morna's last request was, that he would not risk a life so dear, if there was the least possibility of danger or detection.

"Sir H. Clinton arrived with reinforcements on the 1st of April, soon after which he summoned the town to surrender; but General Lincoln declared his intention of defending the place (to which resolution he was induced by the daily expectation of recruits from Virginia, which never arrived) whenever hostilities should commence. The batteries of the enemy were immediately opened on the town. The Americans returned a brisk, but ineffectual fire. Their numbers were too few to cope with the united strength of the British army, and the troops so scattered as to be exposed to be cut off by every fire from the batteries. The results of this unavailing struggle on the side of the Americans, caused the final capitulation of Charleston. But this happened too late to awaken joy or sorrow in the breast of Morna. Her betrothed lover was one of General Lincoln's aids, and commanded his first battery. He maintained this post of danger with consummate skill and bravery, until every man was swept away from around him, and he stood alone, a distinguished mark for their shot. It was but for a moment, and he fell, covered with wounds and with glory. General Lincoln, who was near him in his last moments, sent a message to his family, informing them that he met death as became an American, and a hero, fighting in the cause of liberty.

"Afflictions, it is said, never come alone. The same day that brought the overwhelming tidings of Percy's fall, intelligence reached my mother that Colonel Ridgely was mortally wounded. Hostilities having ceased, he sent under a flag of truce to request the immediate attendance of his sister and daughter. No time was to be lost; in a state of mind bordering on distraction, they were hurried towards the British camp. My mother was a worshipper of God; to Him she looked up for strength equal to the mighty conflict. But of poor Morna, how shall I speak? The waves of affliction had well nigh overwhelmed the slender bark of her existence, and despair alone seemed to nerve her step, as she was conducted to the door of her father's tent. The attendant officer seeing them approach, opened the door, and with a sad countenance informed them that Colonel Ridgely had just expired. A shriek was the only sound that escaped Morna's lips. She fell insensible on the floor, and happy would it have been for her if life had been extinguished with her reason, which from that moment never resumed its empire. The functions of life gradually revived, and maintained a feeble and wavering existence for a few weeks; but the gem of the mind was gone—wild and incoherent fancies filled her imagination—broken images of past and future joys were confusedly mingled with phantoms of fear and dread. In her last moments, there was something mysterious and almost supernatural in the creations of her imagination. She seemed to have caught the glimpse of a procession, which she was hastening to join. 'Mammy Marget,' she cried, 'bring my bridal dress—the procession is waiting for me; to the church you know we must go to be united: there is Alfred and father too. Haste! haste!—it is almost in the clouds already, but I must overtake it!' Breathless she sunk back, and expired. Her remains were laid in my mother's garden, and the turf that 'wraps her slumbering clay' was daily moistened with her tears. On the slab that marks the spot are inscribed Hamlet's words: 'Lay her in the earth, and from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring.'"

Such was the history attached to the PORTRAIT.

V.

STANZAS.

BY JAMES F. OTIS.

See, where, fast sinking o'er the hills,
As with a golden halo round,
The setting sun with splendor fills
Those massy piles which lie around
His couch, in crimson glory drest,
Like drapery o'er a monarch's rest.

Bright, fair, but oh, how fading too
Is all this beautiful array!
A moment given to the view,
Then past, amid the gloom, away:
So, like the gilded things of earth,
Which charm the eye, though little worth!

And now, eve's glowing star illumes
The chambers of the distant west,
And, scarce discerned, like waving plumes
That flash o'er many a warrior's crest,
There float along the upper air
Thin, fleecy clouds, so clear and fair.

How sweet to gaze upon their slight,
Transparent forms, changing so oft,
As e'en the Zephyr's gentlest flight
Scatters them with its pinions soft—
Seeming, as down the sky they go,
Like wreaths of gently driven snow!

And then to trace the full-orbed moon,
As, struggling on her cloudy way,
She travels forth, now wrapped in gloom,
Now bursting forth with undimm'd ray—
Like some high, noble heart, whose pride
Still bears him on, though woes betide.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY.

BY E. BURKE FISHER.

CHAP. I.—LOVE.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and bye, a cloud takes all away.

"*Harry, dear Harry, farewell!*" "*God bless you, Mary, we shall meet again!*"—a stifled sob from the first speaker, and an ejaculation of manly sorrow from the latter, attested their emotion—the oarsmen dipped their light blades into the wave, and the little craft obedient to the impulse rapidly receded from the shore. The youth watched its progress through the glancing waters, and every ripple it created seemed to wash upon his heart; a moment, and it ranged under the bows of a stately vessel, which soon after spread her canvass to the breeze, and bore down the bay, on her outward course. Evening found the youth pacing the shore, gazing upon the faint outlines of the departing ship, and when the niggard robe of night hid her from his view, then it was that the full sense of his situation fell heavily upon him—he felt that he was an outcast—an alien, without a single tie to bind him to life, and with a sensation of wretchedness, known only to him who has tasted of the bitter chalice of misery—he cast him down upon the sands, and wept long and bitterly! * * *

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Who is there who has not heard the melancholy detail, as

"From his sire's lips gleaned,
Or history's page,"

of the fierce and destructive tornado, that ushered in the autumnal equinox of 1787. Its fury was felt by the storm-tossed seaman, as his frail bark drove onward to destruction, and its disastrous results might in part be gathered, from the many evidences of its triumph as strewn along the shores of Cape Cod. The tempest proved as transient as it was violent, and the sun, that shone out on the morrow of the storm, steeped its rays in the now tranquil ocean, which, apparently conscious of the ruin it had wrought, seemed to atone for its mischief by studied repose. The regular swell of the sea succeeded the raging billows of the night—the shrill demon of the tempest had retired to his northern caves, and in his stead, the playful zephyrs of the south wantoned upon the waters. The hardy wreckers were out upon the beach as usual, after a night of storm, culling a harvest from the spoils which the ocean had cast upon their shores. Men, women and children were engaged in this employment, and so inured had they become to their somewhat equivocal profession, that whether the object they inspected was the corpse of the shipwrecked, or a cask of West India, the same *sang froid* was evinced, and they proceeded as leisurely to rifle the garments of the disfigured and ghastly dead, as in breaking open a sea chest. An unusually well stowed bale had drawn the attention of the crowd, and they were busily employed in turning over its contents, when an exclamation of surprise from an idler upon the strand caused the party to turn in the direction he pointed, and they beheld the object that had elicited his outcry. Drifting in towards the land, they saw a floating spar, upon which rode a small lad of some sixteen or seventeen years, supporting in his arms what seemed the lifeless form of a female. There was something so noble in this generous devotion to another's safety in the hour of deadly peril—a touching display of all that ennobles, in the conduct of one so young, thus jeopardizing his own doubtful chance of preservation, in the rescuing from the fierce waters their prey, that even the cold and sluggish feelings of the men of Barnstable were moved to admiration, and forgetting personal advantage in the excitement of the moment, they awaited but the approach of the float within range of their interference, when they rushed into the surge, and with deafening plaudits bore the young mariner and his burthen to the land. The boy relaxed not his hold of his companion, until he had safely deposited her in the arms of the bystanders, when, throwing one look upon her wan and lifeless features, he cast his eyes to heaven, and murmuring, "Thanks, merciful Father! she is saved!" he sank insensible upon the sand.

Sympathy—that noblest attribute of the soul, finds as ready response in the heart of the child of nature, as in the tutored feelings of the man of civilization; and the lawless wrecker in his course of plunder, may act as nobly, and feel as proudly the sacred glow of humanity, as does the sage expounder of moral legislation! The witnesses of the sad scene we have described, furnished ample illustration of the fact, for the men of Cape Cod, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," drew their hands over their eyes, and their tones were husky as they communed with each other, while the women, ever alive (in all conditions) to the dictates of humanity, busied themselves in the attempt to excite to action the frozen channels of life in the unfortunate maiden.

The intense pitch to which the sensibilities of her

preserver were strung, precluded him from enjoying the repose he so much required, and supported by one of the spectators, he stood watching with silent expectation the efforts at resuscitation practised upon his companion in suffering. The exertions of the females were at length crowned with success, the ashy paleness of her brow was crossed by the flush of returning animation, and before the lapse of another hour the children of the wreck, who but a short time since were tossed to and fro upon the capricious waters, found themselves under the friendly roof, and seated at the hospitable board of Gregory Cox, to whose dwelling the generous wreckers had borne them.

The kindly nature of their host, for a long time, taught him forbearance upon the subject of their painful story, and weeks passed on before he gently hinted his wish to hear the sad recital, and so judiciously did the worthy Quaker prosecute his inquiries, that the detail was given, with scarce the knowledge of the lad, that the events over which he brooded had been revealed to their sympathizing friend. His narrative was brief, yet pregnant with misfortune. Thus it ran.

The maiden was the daughter of a Frenchman of rank, who had lately relinquished an official post in the Canadas with the intention of returning to his native land. He had, with his wife and daughter, embarked in the vessel commanded by the narrator's sire. Circumstances connected with the instructions of his owners, had induced the commander to make for the port of Boston, but contrary winds rendered nugatory his efforts, and for several days the ship had been beaten along the coast of Massachusetts, where it was met by the raging equinox, and destroyed by the combined fury of the winds and waves. So unforeseen was the shock, and so totally unprepared were the miserable victims, that the same storm-fed billow which scattered the fragments of the vessel to the fury of the winds, bore with it the mass of beings that cowered upon its decks. Borne along by the violence of the assault, the boy was plunged into the boiling sea, but fortunately striking a drifting spar as he fell, he had steadied himself upon it, the only living thing, as he thought, that survived the onset of the fierce destroyer. As he was thus rocking upon the turbulent waves, a gleam of lightning, triumphing for a moment over the darkness, gave to his view the garments of the girl, and with instinctive humanity, he lifted her from the waters and supported her in his arms, although aware that he was thereby rendering more hazardous his own ultimate chances of safety.

It seemed as if the eye of Omnipotence saw and approved the act, for in a short time the march of the tempest was stayed, the lashing billows sank to gentle ripples, and the wild roar of the howling winds gave way to the soothing breeze, as it swept from the land. During the remainder of that eventful night of disaster and death, did the young mariner sustain the insensible form of his companion, and although no signs of returning consciousness rewarded his care, yet, buoyant with the hope of a generous and daring spirit, he clung to his position until the coming of Aurora revealed the shores of Barnstable, towards which his sailless and unseamanlike craft was rapidly drifting. The rest has been already shown.

Time rolled on! Weeks resolved themselves into months, and months became absorbed in years, yet the circumstances of the wreck, as detailed in the journals of the day, brought no claimant for the girl. As to the stripling, his only relative was that parent whom he had seen meet a watery grave, and he knew that he stood alone in the world, with no one to sympathize with the misery that racked his bosom, save the orphan partner of his perils; and when he looked upon her budding loveliness, thus left to waste neglected, and without the fostering care of maternal watchfulness, he vowed to be to her all that a brother could, or a parent might be. The isolation of his destiny had rendered him an enthusiast upon the one subject of his charge, so that, when in the gay flush of innocent girlhood, she shared his joys and mingled her tears with his, his feelings became concentred in devotion, which the world calls *love*, but for which *affection*, pure as seraphs might glory in avowing, would be the more fitting term. In the absence of other channels to vent his feelings she became the cynosure of his loftiest imaginings, his more than sister. Happy in her youth, and time-seared to the loss she had sustained, *Mary Destraix* loved her preserver with a sister's tenderness; and when, after the lapse of years, there came one who called himself her uncle—her father's brother—the joy with which she sprang to his embrace was merged in tears, when the probability of her separation from her brother crossed her mind, as the stranger announced his intention of returning with her immediately to the castellated abode of her ancestors, in the sunny plains of Marne.

"And Harry—my brother Harry, shall he not go with us?" she asked inquiringly, gazing into the stern face of her new-found relative.

The Frenchman turned to the spot, where stood the subject of the query. He had heard the story of the youth, and liked not the question; and as he glanced, not at the noble countenance and manly bearing, but the rustic apparel of the stripling, his dislike to a further intimacy between the pair was increased. The stranger was lord of Marne, and had breathed the courtly air of the Louvre, and he could see nothing worthy of consideration in the mere fact, that a rough and untutored rustic should peril his life for a maiden of noble blood. Tendering the youth a purse well stocked with Louis, he signified his disinclination to rank him among the members of his voyage home. The indignant recipient took the proffered gold, advanced a step, and dashing the gift at the feet of its aristocratic giver, rushed from the scene.

"Harry, my noble, generous preserver," sobbed a voice at his side, as he stood upon the rude piazza that overlooked the ocean, "think not so meanly of me, as that for broad lands and empty honors I would forsake you! Harry, my brother, I will not go!"

"Not so, Mary Destraix," was the answer of him she addressed—the bitterness of his feelings rising paramount to the usual joyousness of his tones when he spoke to her—"Are you not the daughter of a peer of France, called to fulfil a bright and envied destiny? Would you so forget your illustrious ancestry, as to forego their claims upon you as their descendant, to follow the fortunes of one, who was even cast from the ocean as unworthy to tenant its caves?"—and the boy laughed in his agony.

"Look there!" he continued, addressing the stranger

who had followed his niece—"Look at yon cradle of storms!" and he enforced his words, by pointing out towards the quiet waters, which lay steeped in the phosphorescent tintings of a summer's eve. "Where were the vassals of your house that they stepped not in to the rescue of their master? Will the great deep give up its prey for gold? Though the blood of Charlemagne runs in your veins, that act—that crowning act, of offering lucre in exchange for life—would sink you to a level with the veriest serf!"—and drawing up his form, now moulded into the fair proportions of nineteen summers, he gave back the haughty glance of the Frenchman with one equally fierce, and turned to the weeping maiden.

The result of their conference was such as lovers' conferences usually are. The mind of Mary was open to the fact, that her feelings towards her preserver were merged in a fonder tie than a sister's, and a promise of constancy, immutable to time and circumstance—an interchange of tokens—a kiss, the first that ever consecrated their mutual affections, and *Harry Harwood* sought his couch that night—so late boiling with the fiercest passions—now calm and full of hope—

> Congenial hope! thy passion-kindling flower,
> How bright—how strong in youth's confiding hour!

The going down of the succeeding sun found Harry weeping upon the beach alone.

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CHAP. II.—CONSTANCY.

> "Mulier cupido, quod dicit amanti
> In vento, et rapida scribere oportet aqua."—*Catullus.*

There were banquetting, and revelry within the princely halls of Versailles, and the dulcet sounds of woman's voice accorded well with the rich breathings of lute and harp. The effulgence of a thousand lights streamed upon the beauties of the court of Louis, as they stood ranged in their dream-like loveliness at the footstool of the queenly Austrian. The rich swell of vocal melody—the tread of the dancers, as they moved in the stately *Pavon*, or lascivious waltz—the laugh of the witty, as jest and repartee rang through the lofty dome—*all* typifyed an epoch of pleasure, and absence from cares such as *then* existed in the *converzaziones* of Maria Antoinette, but which too soon gave way before the ruthless onset of revolutionary reformation, covenanted in the destruction of these very halls, and sealed in the blood of royalty.

The park, and alleys of the gardens, echoed with the laughter of joyous and happy spirits, and the flowery groves, and trelliced arbors—fit spot for love's communion—were made this night the trysting spot of many a youthful pair, while the gentle breeze as it swept through the leafy paradise, carried upon its wings confessions—reciprocal disclosures—vows, and protestations, baseless all—aye, baseless as the courier by which they were borne away!

"Beautiful Mary, you wrong me, every way you wrong me, by your unjust suspicions. The *Deperney* may be as fascinating as you describe her, but I own not her power! The *Canaille* of the *National Assembly* may be won by her lures, but *Marmonti* wears no colors save those of the fair Destraix!"

"Hold, impertinent! Know you not that the Lady Deperney is my friend, and beware how you speak of the members of the Assembly, or I shall send you to republican America, there to learn more fitting terms, by which to designate the leaders of the people!"

"That I may also gain some tidings of your lover of Barnstable," was the laughing rejoinder of her companion. "Your uncle tells strange stories of that same youth, and I am half inclined to be jealous of some certain passages that occurred, in the *tete-à-tete* you wot of."

"Aye! my gallant deliverer from the raging billows of the Atlantic." For a moment, there came associations of a painful nature, across her mental vision, and she felt herself checked in her levity: it was but for a moment, for in the next, she smilingly tapped the mercurial Frenchman upon the shoulder as she answered, "Nay, you should not be too severe upon my youthful follies—the boy saved me from a watery death, and in the hour of parting, there might have been things spoken, prompted more by gratitude than prudence—besides I was so young!"

"But what if the boy should clothe this pretty romance with the sober hues of reality, and come to claim his rights? What would the heiress of Marne think, if, at the levee of our gracious sovereign, her quondam lover should step forward, and demand her as his bride?"

"Rest contented on that score, knight of the tristful countenance," laughingly responded the fair one; "the lad has too much sense to attempt any flight of the kind; his modesty and wits would teach him that in so doing he was transgressing the bounds of discretion."

"And yet, if he could survey the ripened loveliness of the flower he saved when in its budding helplessness," urged the gallant Marmonti, bending his lips to the hand of his companion, "and feel no wish to claim it for his trans-Atlantic bower, he must be indeed a Stoic; and I take it, that his is a warmer spirit than voluntarily to purge his memory of the recollection of an action that must come coupled with the charms of the rescued floweret. By the bones of the immortal Henri! but the little I have heard of thy deliverance, and the heroism that achieved it, have taught me a brother's love for this same—how call you the youth?"

"Harley—No—Harwood; ay, that is his name—but, methinks, a glimpse of him would tend marvellously to lessen thy brotherly feelings. He had but little of knightly bearing, and his speech and actions savored somewhat of his nautical training. I would that he were here?"

There was a rustling in the adjacent shrubbery—a hasty step was heard upon the gravelled avenue, and as the intruder dashed swiftly by, there came words upon the ear of the late speaker, breathed in tones she remembered but too well. "And this is Mary Destraix, and it is thus she speaks of Henry Harwood! Great God, how I have been duped!" The footsteps died away in the distance, and before she could rally from the shock, the speaker was gone.

The sword of Marmonti was drawn from its sheath, but the convulsive grasp of the conscience-stricken girl withheld him from pursuit; and when he inquiringly bent his gaze upon her countenance, its expression was so death-like and cold, that fearing she was ill, (for he understood not the purport of the stranger's exclamation,) he hastily returned to the saloon.

During the remainder of the evening, it was the subject for comment that the favorite of the queen was grave and abstracted, and that her brow, usually lighted up with the joy of an untroubled spirit, was crossed with darker hues than were wont to sully it. Even Marmonti strove in vain to restore her depressed spirits, but it would not do; the words she had heard in the garden clogged her soul, bowing it down to remorse and anguish. Memory led her away from these scenes of hollow semblance to the shores of Massachusetts—to that eventful night, when, in her feebleness, she battled with the adverse waters. Again she was listening to the oft-repeated story of the garrulous wreckers, as they painted, in their blunt honesty of speech, the daring courage and generous conduct of the youthful mariner, as, after having laid her gently upon the beach, he uttered that prayer of thanksgiving for her safety. As fancy's finger pointed out these episodes of her past existence, and she reflected upon the return she had made—that she had spoken of him as a thing of scorn, and that he had heard her! the swelling waves of contrition irrigated her selfish soul, and she retired to her chamber, for that night redeemed from the trammels of coquetry and ingratitude. Dismissing her maid, she sat down in an embrasure of her apartment, but was disturbed from her reverie by the entrance of her attendant, who placed beside her a pacquet, bearing her address, and again retired. Hastily breaking the seal, she opened its folds, in doing which a braid of hair escaped from therein and fell to the ground. The contents of the epistle were disjointed in character, and evidenced a bruised and saddened spirit. The writer was Harwood.

"I will not upbraid you, Mary, although you have crushed my fondest—my dearest hopes! Fool that I was, I dreamed that the Mary of my boyhood was still the same—that what she *professed* in other days, she would prove in my ripened years—that her gentle spirit yet retained its recollection of one with whom was spent the darkest portion of her brief existence! Do you remember that night when the demon of the storm swept the bosom of the dark Atlantic, and I bore you——but no! not that; but surely you still retain the memory of that kind, good old man, who took us in our destitution and gave us a home, and who, when we were seated at his social board, would moralize upon our melancholy story, and bid us love one another, for it seemed as if Providence so willed it in the arrangement of our destinies. And oh!. how often, when wandering along the shores of Barnstable, have we mingled our tears when we looked out upon the great sea, the sepulchre of all we loved, and cheated Sorrow of its triumph, in gilding with Hope's brightest pencillings a radiant and sunny future—and then, that evening, when in the holy hush of nature, and in the presence of none save our God, you vowed remembrance, and gave me a ringlet of your own raven hair. I return it, Mary, for I may not retain it after the fatal proofs of your feelings towards me, which inadvertently I overheard this night. Alas! that such things should be—that you, whom I have loved—how fervently and deeply let my present agony pourtray, should speak of me as of one——but I will not upbraid, but bless you, Mary; even in your heartlessness will my prayers be as fervent for your welfare, as when in other years I watched your girlhood beyond the ocean. Farewell! Heiress of Marne, farewell—*forever!*"

Her attendants, upon entering their mistress' chamber on the ensuing morning, found her lying insensible upon her couch, the letter of Harwood compressed within her grasp.

Did she awake to better feelings, and was the film of ingratitude and deceit rent from her heart? Alas! that selfishness should prevail over the finer impulses of our nature, and the perspective of a coronet in woman's eye sway ascendant over the homely aspect of humble wedlock! Who was Henry Harwood, that he should aspire to the hand of the favorite of Marie Antoinette, and on the plea of having performed a trifling act of humanity, *dare* thus to address the loveliest woman in the Court of Louis? One month, and Marmonti, amid the beauty and chivalry of France, and honored by the presence of royalty, wedded the fair Destraix!

Marmonti's lineage was noble—ay, princely! In his veins there ran the tide of the House of Bourbon. Marmonti was the friend of his king!

And had the flight of time wrought no change in the fortunes of *the boy of the wreck?* In a land like ours, industry and perseverance eke out their reward, and fostered by the liberal and equalizing spirit of our institutions, Harwood's concentrated energies found ample opportunity to develop themselves. His tale won for him the favorable notice of a philanthropist, and his integrity and devotion to the sternest duties, gained him his friendship—so that the homeless, beggared stripling of a few years past, found himself embarked upon the sea of commerce, aided by friendly winds, on his course to fortune and esteem; and although he could urge no pretensions to ancestral honors, yet in republican America, where aristocracy is but the idle misnomer of faction, and man is judged by the standard of his moral excellence, Harwood became one of her genuine aristocracy—one of her merchant nobles!

The bells that rung out the consummation of the nuptial rites, tortured not the ears of the jilted lover—he was ploughing the waves on his return.

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CHAP. III.—REVERSES.

"For mortal pleasure—what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

There was slaughter in the streets of Paris! Revolution,—not the revolution of a shackled and indignant people rising to assert their rights,—but of a wild mob,

"The scum
That rises upmost when a nation boils,"

stalked in the palaces of the mighty, desecrating their ancestral domes, and treading down with demoniac fury the trophied honors of their sires. Faction—lawless and unprincipled faction—usurped the tribunals of justice—its acts were the dethronement of kings, ratified in the blood of princes. The headless trunk of the Bourbon was cast beneath the feet of his people in their fury, and to weep for him was to share his fate! The regal Antoinette too—the fairest, yet alas! the most hapless of the daughters of Lorraine—was dragged to the accursed block, and in rapid succession her chivalrous defenders kissed the guillotine, reeking with the blood of their sovereigns. The fell tiger Anarchy, was abroad in Gallia, and his fangs rent asunder the

life-strings of all who owned not his sway, while the wild shouts that ushered in the blood-washed republic was mingled with the wail of France for her slaughtered and dishonored chivalry.

Marmonti witnessed the decapitation of his royal relative, and heard from his cell the cry that told the murder of the queen. A blank of a few days ensued—he was dragged from his dungeon—a dash in the records of the criminal tribunal, and all that remained of Frederick, Duke of Marmonti, was his lifeless and mangled corpse. Did the wife of Marmonti share the grave of her lord?

Seated in the oriel of an apartment in the *Palais du Ministéres des Affaires des Etrangéres*, was a lady clothed in a suit of sables. The year was in its decline, and the melancholy aspect of the external world served to deepen the gloom that sat throned upon the features of the mourner. Ever and anon the hoarse roar of the multitude in the adjacent *place* swept into the room, as some popular leader vented his oratory; or from the Boulevard below the window, there would ascend the voices of the patriotic artizans, as they repeated in stunning chorus,

"Aux armes citoyens, formons nos battaillons
Marchons; qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

She shuddered as these sounds broke upon her ear, and when from the *Place Vendome* there darted a thousand artificial meteors, aided in effect by the discharge of artillery, she shrouded her face with her hands and wept convulsively.

The door was thrown open and a visiter announced, but absorbed in grief she heeded not the tidings. The visiter advanced until within a few feet and paused, as if awaiting her attention, but still she noted not his proximity.

"Lady," murmured the stranger—God of heaven! could it be *his* voice?—"Duchess of Marmonti, will you not speak to your friend?" *Yes*, those tones were *his;* his whom in her girlhood she had such cause to love and honor, whom in her womanhood she had slighted and defamed. And what did he here? Had he heard of her misfortunes, and was his errand to the wretched that he might triumph in her wretchedness? The passions of her race stirred within her as she caught at this opinion, and throwing back the dishevelled ringlets from her care-worn features she raised her flashing eyes to the face of the speaker; but the saddened look and pitying glance that met her gaze, spoke not joy but sorrow for her misery, and again her head was hidden from her companion's view.

"Mary"—and the voice of the speaker was fraught with emotion—"Mary," and as if that name conjured up old and familiar associations, he seated himself beside her; a tear filled in his eye and dropped upon the hand he pressed within his own. *That tear!* It opened the floodgates of memory, and told a brother's love. The sufferer saw not in the being before her, the man she had so deeply injured in his richest affections, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she poured forth her grief, even as she was wont to do in earlier, happier years. Time rolled refluently in its channels, and her companion was once more the Harry of Barnstable and she again Mary Destraix. Cheated by the phantom of happiness the kindly demeanor of Harwood created, she wept the more; but her tears were not wrung from the heart—and when in the outpourings of his sympathy he spoke of her departure from Paris and its associations, and painted with brotherly fervor the comfort and safety that awaited her in his distant home, she raised her eyes beaming with gratitude and essayed to speak, but her emotions were too strong for the cold medium of words, and she could only thank him with her tears.

The influence of Harwood, through his country's ambassador, was sufficient to obtain from the new government of France a passport of safe conduct for the widow of the revolutionary victim, so that the only object of his coming being now accomplished, the pair quitted its shores. In her home in the western world the expatriated Duchess found an effectual asylum from the contingencies that threatened her during her continuance in the French capital; and as she noted the frank and urbane deportment of her host, her mind regained its wonted vigor and her countenance its healthful hues: not but that at times, when the sad and tragic scenes through which it had been her destiny to pass came across her brain, there came an icy sensation upon her heart, but she triumphed over her misfortunes, and would have been even selfishly happy was it not that when she reflected upon her conduct towards Harwood a sense of shame possessed her mind; but his own actions aided to dispel such feelings and sear her heart to their impression, and she became as tranquil as the exigencies of her situation would warrant.

As to him—experience had taught him a lesson never to be forgotten. He had periled his happiness upon the fickle sea of human affections, and had met disappointment as the product; and although when he gazed upon the surpassing beauty of her, his first—his only love—he felt as he did on that day when he watched from the beach of Cape Cod her departure from the scenes of her girlhood; yet the revelations of woman's faith he had obtained in the royal gardens of Versailles, nerved his heart against further invasion from the son of Venus. It had worn away the enthusiasm of his earlier years, and left him still alive to the deference which woman in any and all circumstances has a right to claim, but callous to her lures; so that when in the course of time the mercurial passions of the French people had become shackled by the wisdom and tyranny of the giant-minded Corsican, and that politic ruler deemed it expedient to annul the decree against the house of Marne and invited its only living representative to return to her family possession, Harwood at once counselled her acceptance of the proffered restitution, and despite her avowed astonishment and reluctance, hastened the arrangements for her departure.

"She will wed again," soliloquized the merchant, as he turned from gazing upon the bark which was conveying her to "the land of the vine." "She will wed again; and surrounded by minions and parasites, and in the possession of gewgaw honors, be happier than as the wife of one who has nothing to offer but honest affections and an humble home," and with a sigh he quitted the quay.

Years brought another change in the dynasties of France. The imperial diadem was rent from the brow of Napoleon, and *he*—"the man of a thousand thrones"—left to point the moral of his own ambition upon the sea girt rock of Helena. The Bourbon sat again upon

the throne of his sires, and with him the fortunes of his followers loomed in the ascendant. The predictions of Harwood had been in part fulfilled, for the relict of Marmonti was again a bride, and a leader in the brilliant circles that shone in the zodiac of the restoration. I have said *in part*—for, had her change of fortunes brought corresponding happiness?—We shall see.

The merchant read the announcement in the Parisian journals, and there was bitterness in the train of reflections which accompanied the perusal. Throwing aside the paper he indulged in long and melancholy musings upon this fresh instance of her versatility of principles, so glaringly developed in a second marriage. A letter was placed in his hands at the moment, and carelessly breaking the wax he held it unread, his mind still wandering upon the *on dit* from whence his reverie; but a vagrant glance at the superscription at length rivetted his attention, and he eagerly devoted himself to scanning its contents.

"Congratulate me, my dear friend," *he read*, "for I am the happiest of women. Our gracious sovereign is the idol of his people, and the times of wit and gaiety are revived in the capital. You will see by the publications of the day that I am again wedded; and although I do not feel for my present husband the strong affection which I entertained for the first, and which is buried with him, still I think I shall love him, for he strives to render me happy by indulgence in my every wish. His loyalty throughout the period of his monarch's exile, his unswerving zeal and bravery in the field, have endeared him to the king, who has been pleased to reward his faithful services with honors and preferment. My own introduction at court gained the favorable notice of his majesty, who smilingly assured me that my misfortunes should not be forgotten. And now, my friend, the storms that have hitherto overclouded the sun of my life are forever dispersed, and the future is full of promise. The court is re-established at Versailles—but I forget that between us Versailles is an interdicted name. *The garden scene!* Ah, how you would be amused to hear the envious demoiselles of the court rallying me upon that little incident, but I only laugh at them and" ——

The idle levity with which she alluded to a period of such painful interest, jarred upon his excited feelings. "What an escape I have had!" he murmured, as with vacant eye he watched the blaze of the epistle as it scorched and blackened in the grate, where it had accidentally fallen. "Can she be indeed a faithful type of her sex? Nay, that is impossible; and yet"— He paused and left the blank unfilled.

* * * * * * *

Gentle readers, you whose grey hairs are the results of sorrowful experience as well as time, have been taught that it is not expedient at all times to give utterance to our opinions; and you, also, romantic lingerers on the shores of boyhood, have yet to learn that be your experience what it may, as it is with religion so also with woman; and he who tilts against either is warring with established usage, and will be buried in the ruins of his own creation. Thence it is that I, having performed my duty as an historian, wish not to hinge a moral upon my labors, leaving it for you to draw such inferences as you may deem most wise. But ere I leave you, I would state that the score of years that have passed away since the occurrence of the events recorded above, have wrought little change in the two principal personages of my story. Age has, it is true, somewhat marred the beauty of the *Countess Malvoli*, but her eager pursuit after pleasure is as keen as ever, while the merchant of Boston is still a bachelor, and has even been known in some of his cloudy moments, to assert—in the language of the Volscian Satirist—

> "Nulla fere causa est, in qua non fœmina litem
> Moverit."

TO J—— S——.

(NOW OF ALABAMA.)

Brother and friend, I greet thee!—tho' thy dwelling
Be far from friends and from thy home of youth,
Thoughts of thy best-loved ones and thee, are swelling
Within my heart, in sadness and in truth.

I greet thee from the land, where death has broken
Some links of love's bright chain, but where the ties
Of blood still bind thee, and this worthless token
Is warm with truth's and friendship's fadeless dyes.

Thou wert to me, *indeed*, a friend and brother—
As such I loved thee, such I still must deem;
Distance and time, with me, can never smother
The deep, full flowing of affection's stream.

I know thee!—Nature's magical refining
Has given thy soul what art can ne'er bestow—
A warmth, a depth of tenderness, inclining
Even to romance—what few will ever know.

I felt, when with thee, that no shade of feeling,
No touch of truth, no thought of loftier aim,
Could ever be to thee a vain revealing—
That with thy mind my own could kindred claim.

Thou saidst that thou shouldst hail with greater pleasure
This page,* when it contained some trace of me—
Say, wilt thou by this humble tribute measure
The fond regard I cherish still for thee?

May all this world can give, best worth possessing,
Fame, fortune, friends, and length of days be thine;
And may the Christian's hope, that surest blessing,
Add grace to years, and gild thy life's decline.

Farewell!—Time's restless tide is rushing o'er us—
It cannot fade the past to mem'ry dear;
But its dark waters may, perchance, restore us
Much we have loved, and lost, and sighed for here.

Virginia, June 26, 1836. E. A. S.

PARADISE LOST.

There exists a prose version of Milton's Paradise Lost, which was innocently translated from the French version of that epic. One Green, also, published a new version of the poem into blank verse.

* Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTER TO B——.*

It has been said that a good critique on a poem may be written by one who is no poet himself. This, according to *your* idea and *mine* of poetry, I feel to be false—the less poetical the critic, the less just the critique, and the converse. On this account, and because there are but few B——'s in the world, I would be as much ashamed of the world's good opinion as proud of your own. Another than yourself might here observe, "Shakspeare is in possession of the world's good opinion, and yet Shakspeare is the greatest of poets. It appears then that the world judge correctly, why should you be ashamed of their favorable judgment?" The difficulty lies in the interpretation of the word "judgment" or "opinion." The opinion is the world's, truly, but it may be called theirs as a man would call a book his, having bought it; he did not write the book, but it is his; they did not originate the opinion, but it is theirs. A fool, for example, thinks Shakspeare a great poet—yet the fool has never read Shakspeare. But the fool's neighbor, who is a step higher on the Andes of the mind, whose head (that is to say his more exalted thought) is too far above the fool to be seen or understood, but whose feet (by which I mean his every-day actions) are sufficiently near to be discerned, and by means of which that superiority is ascertained, which *but* for them would never have been discovered—this neighbor asserts that Shakspeare is a great poet—the fool believes him, and it is henceforward his *opinion*. This neighbor's own opinion has, in like manner, been adopted from one above *him*, and so, ascendingly, to a few gifted individuals, who kneel around the summit, beholding, face to face, the master spirit who stands upon the pinnacle. * * * *

You are aware of the great barrier in the path of an American writer. He is read, if at all, in preference to the combined and established wit of the world. I say established; for it is with literature as with law or empire—an established name is an estate in tenure, or a throne in possession. Besides, one might suppose that books, like their authors, improve by travel—their having crossed the sea is, with us, so great a distinction. Our antiquaries abandon time for distance; our very fops glance from the binding to the bottom of the title-page, where the mystic characters which spell London, Paris, or Genoa, are precisely so many letters of recommendation.

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I mentioned just now a vulgar error as regards criticism. I think the notion that no poet can form a correct estimate of his own writings is another. I remarked before, that in proportion to the poetical talent, would be the justice of a critique upon poetry. Therefore, a bad poet would, I grant, make a false critique, and his self-love would infallibly bias his little judgment in his favor; but a poet, who is indeed a poet, could not, I think, fail of making a just critique. Whatever should be deducted on the score of self-love, might be replaced on account of his intimate acquaintance with the subject; in short, we have more instances of false criticism than of just, where one's own writings are the test, simply because we have more bad poets than good. There are of course many objections to what I say: Milton is a great example of the contrary; but his opinion with respect to the Paradise Regained, is by no means fairly ascertained. By what trivial circumstances men are often led to assert what they do not really believe! Perhaps an inadvertent word has descended to posterity. But, in fact, the Paradise Regained is little, if at all, inferior to the Paradise Lost, and is only supposed so to be, because men do not like epics, whatever they may say to the contrary, and reading those of Milton in their natural order, are too much wearied with the first to derive any pleasure from the second.

I dare say Milton preferred Comus to either—if so—justly. * * * * *

As I am speaking of poetry, it will not be amiss to touch slightly upon the most singular heresy in its modern history—the heresy of what is called very foolishly, the Lake School. Some years ago I might have been induced, by an occasion like the present, to attempt a formal refutation of their doctrine; at present it would be a work of supererogation. The wise must bow to the wisdom of such men as Coleridge and Southey, but being wise, have laughed at poetical theories so prosaically exemplified.

Aristotle, with singular assurance, has declared poetry the most philosophical of all writing*—but it required a Wordsworth to pronounce it the most metaphysical. He seems to think that the end of poetry is, or should be, instruction—yet it is a truism that the end of our existence is happiness; if so, the end of every separate part of our existence—every thing connected with our existence should be still happiness. Therefore the end of instruction should be happiness; and happiness is another name for pleasure;—therefore the end of instruction should be pleasure: yet we see the above mentioned opinion implies precisely the reverse.

To proceed: ceteris paribus, he who pleases, is of more importance to his fellow men than he who instructs, since utility is happiness, and pleasure is the end already obtained which instruction is merely the means of obtaining.

I see no reason, then, why our metaphysical poets should plume themselves so much on the utility of their works, unless indeed they refer to instruction with eternity in view; in which case, sincere respect for their piety would not allow me to express my contempt for their judgment; contempt which it would be difficult to conceal, since their writings are professedly to be understood by the few, and it is the many who stand in need of salvation. In such case I should no doubt be tempted to think of the devil in Melmoth, who labors indefatigably through three octavo volumes, to accomplish the destruction of one or two souls, while any common devil would have demolished one or two thousand.

* * * * * *

Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study—not a passion—it becomes the metaphysician to reason—but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years; the one imbued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in

* These detached passages form part of the preface to a small volume printed some years ago for private circulation. They have vigor and much originality—but of course we shall not be called upon to endorse all the writer's opinions.—*Ed.*

* Spoudiotaton kai philosophikotaton genos.

intellect and learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority, would be overwhelming, did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination—intellect with the passions—or age with poetry. * *

"Trifles, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below,"

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought—not in the palpable palaces where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well: witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy; witness the principles of our divine faith—that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man.

We see an instance of Coleridge's liability to err, in his Biographia Literaria—professedly his literary life and opinions, but, in fact, a treatise *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis.* He goes wrong by reason of his very profundity, and of his error we have a natural type in the contemplation of a star. He who regards it directly and intensely sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray—while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below—its brilliancy and its beauty.

* * * * * *

As to Wordsworth, I have no faith in him. That he had, in youth, the feelings of a poet I believe—for there are glimpses of extreme delicacy in his writings—(and delicacy is the poet's own kingdom—his *El Dorado*)—but they have the appearance of a better day recollected; and glimpses, at best, are little evidence of present poetic fire—we know that a few straggling flowers spring up daily in the crevices of the glacier.

He was to blame in wearing away his youth in contemplation with the end of poetizing in his manhood. With the increase of his judgment the light which should make it apparent has faded away. His judgment consequently is too correct. This may not be understood,—but the old Goths of Germany would have understood it, who used to debate matters of importance to their State twice, once when drunk, and once when sober—sober that they might not be deficient in formality—drunk lest they should be destitute of vigor.

The long wordy discussions by which he tries to reason us into admiration of his poetry, speak very little in his favor: they are full of such assertions as this—(I have opened one of his volumes at random) "Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before"—indeed! then it follows that in doing what is *un*worthy to be done, or what *has* been done before, no genius can be evinced: yet the picking of pockets is an unworthy act, pockets have been picked time immemorial, and Barrington, the pick-pocket, in point of genius, would have thought hard of a comparison with William Wordsworth, the poet.

Again—in estimating the merit of certain poems, whether they be Ossian's or M'Pherson's, can surely be of little consequence, yet, in order to prove their worthlessness, Mr. W. has expended many pages in the controversy. *Tantane animis?* Can great minds descend to such absurdity? But worse still: that he may bear down every argument in favor of these poems, he triumphantly drags forward a passage, in his abomination of which he expects the reader to sympathize. It is the beginning of the epic poem "*Temora.*" "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light; the green hills are covered with day; trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze." And this—this gorgeous, yet simple imagery—where all is alive and panting with immortality—this—William Wordsworth, the author of Peter Bell, has *selected* for his contempt. We shall see what better he, in his own person, has to offer. Imprimis:

"And now she's at the pony's head,
And now she's at the pony's tail,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled her with bliss—
A few sad tears does Betty shed,
She pats the pony where or when
She knows not: happy Betty Foy!
O Johnny! never mind the Doctor!"

Secondly:

"The dew was falling fast, the—stars began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said——drink, pretty creature, drink;
And looking o'er the hedge, be—fore me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a—maiden at its side,
No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was—tether'd to a stone."

Now we have no doubt this is all true; we *will* believe it, indeed we will, Mr. W. Is it sympathy for the sheep you wish to excite? I love a sheep from the bottom of my heart.

* * * * * *

But there *are* occasions, dear B——, there are occasions when even Wordsworth is reasonable. Even Stamboul, it is said, shall have an end, and the most unlucky blunders must come to a conclusion. Here is an extract from his preface—

"Those who have been accustomed to the phraseology of modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to a conclusion (*impossible!*) will, no doubt, have to struggle with feelings of awkwardness; (ha! ha! ha!) they will look round for poetry (ha! ha! ha! ha!) and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts have been permitted to assume that title." Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Yet let not Mr. W. despair; he has given immortality to a wagon, and the bee Sophocles has transmitted to eternity a sore toe, and dignified a tragedy with a chorus of turkeys.

* * * * *

Of Coleridge I cannot speak but with reverence. His towering intellect! his gigantic power! He is one more evidence of the fact "que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu'elles nient." He has imprisoned his own conceptions by the barrier he has erected against those of others. It is lamentable to think that such a mind should be buried in metaphysics, and, like the Nyctanthes, waste its perfume upon the night alone. In reading his poetry I tremble—like one who stands upon a volcano, conscious, from the very darkness bursting from the crater, of the fire and the light that are weltering below.

* * * * *

What is Poetry?—Poetry! that Proteus-like idea, with as many appellations as the nine-titled Corcyra! Give me, I demanded of a scholar some time ago, give me a definition of poetry? "Tres-volontiers,"—and he proceeded to his library, brought me a Dr. Johnson, and overwhelmed me with a definition. Shade of the immortal Shakspeare! I imagined to myself the scowl of your spiritual eye upon the profanity of that scurrilous Ursa Major. Think of poetry, dear B—, think of poetry, and then think of—Dr. Samuel Johnson! Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then—and then think of the Tempest—the Midsummer Night's Dream—Prospero—Oberon—and Titania!

* * * * *

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *in*definite sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness.

What was meant by the invective against him who had no music in his soul?

* * * * *

To sum up this long rigmarole, I have, dear B——, what you no doubt perceive, for the metaphysical poets, *as* poets, the most sovereign contempt. That they have followers proves nothing—

> No Indian prince has to his palace
> More followers than a thief to the gallows.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

BY M. CAREY.

1. If you be so exceptious and pettish, as to question every word you hear said of you, you will have few friends, little sense, and much trouble.

2. Neglect not manners as if they were of little importance. They are frequently what the world judges us by, and by which it decides for or against us. A man may have virtue, capacity and good conduct, and yet by roughness be rendered insupportable.

3. Broach not odd opinions to such as are not fit to hear them. If you do, you will do them no good by it, perhaps hurt; and may very well expect discredit and mischief to yourself. An ill placed paradox, and an ill timed jest have ruined many.

4. To have a graceful behavior, it is necessary to have a proper degree of confidence; and a tolerably good opinion of yourself. Bashfulness is boyish.

5. Think how many times you have been mistaken in your opinions in times past, and let that teach you in future not to be positive or obstinate.

ANTHOLOGIA.

BY M. CAREY.

1. On a lady of sixty marrying a youth of seventeen.

Hard is the fate of every childless wife,
The thoughts of barrenness annoy her life.
Troth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wisely done
To choose a child and husband both in one.

2. Composition of an Epigram.

What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole,
Its body brevity and wit its soul.

3. Lurking Love.

When lurking love in ambush lies,
Under friendship's fair disguise:
When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating strife and spleen:
When, like sorrow, he seduces,
When, like pleasure, he amuses:
Still, howe'er the parts are cast,
It is but lurking love at last.

4. The Farmer's Creed.

Let this be held the farmer's creed:
For stock look out the choicest breed—
In peace and plenty let them feed—
Your land sow with the best of seed—
Enclose and drain it with all speed,
And you will soon be rich indeed.

5. On a Slanderous Coquette.

Hast thou not seen a lively bee,
Rove through the air, supremely free,
Its slender waist, and swelling breast,
In nature's beauteous colors drest,
While on its little, pointed tongue,
All Hybla's luscious sweets were hung:
Such Nancy is—but, oh the thing,
Wears, like the bee, a poisonous sting.

6. On Content.

It is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth can fee;
It is a dower from heav'n sent,
But not to thee or me.

It is not in the monarch's crown
Though he'd give millions for 't—
It is not in his lordship's frown
Nor waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the Carter.

7. On a Dandy.

They say, my friend, that you admire
Yourself with all a lover's fire.
Men who possess what they desire
Like you, are happy fellows.
But you can boast one pleasure more,
While blest with all that you adore,
That no one will be jealous.

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Random Recollections of the House of Lords, from the year 1830 to 1836. By the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." Philadelphia: Republished by E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

This is an exceedingly interesting volume, written by Mr. Grant, a young Scotch reporter—a man of sound sense, acute observation, and great knowledge of mankind. Its manner is correct, fluent, and forcible—occasionally rising into a high species of eloquence. It has too, that rare merit in compositions of this nature—the merit of strict impartiality—an impartiality so rigidly observed, that it is nearly impossible to form, from any thing comprehended in the book itself, an estimate of the political principles of the writer.

The work commences, in pursuance of the author's plan adopted in his book on the other House of Parliament, with an account of the interior of the building in which the Lords assembled prior to its partial destruction by fire in October 1834. This account is full of interest. "The present house," says the author, "is a small, narrow apartment. Last year it was but very imperfectly lighted. It is more cheerful now, owing to the new windows added to it during the recess. It is incapable of containing more than two hundred and fifty of their lordships with any degree of comfort. It is right to mention, however, that it is but seldom a greater number are present, and it is not often there are so many."

Chapter II is occupied with the forms, rules, regulations, &c. of the House, and is also very entertaining. Among other things, we have here a denial of the common assertion that the Lord Chancellor carries the Great Seal before him when advancing to the Bar of the House to receive a bill sent up by the Commons. His Lordship, we are told, very gravely, merely carries before him the bag in which it is deposited when he receives it from the King, or when, on his retirement from office, he delivers it up into his Majesty's hands. This bag, we are farther informed, is about twelve inches square, is embroidered with tassels of gold, silver, and silk, and has his Majesty's arms on both sides. The Great Seal itself is made of silver, and is seven inches in diameter. We do not understand the manner in which the Seal is said to be divided into two parts, and attached to the letters patent. The impression is six inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch thick. On every new accession we learn that a new Seal is struck, and the old one cut into four pieces and deposited in the Tower. In this chapter we have the following characteristic anecdote of King William. The *empressement* with which the narrator dwells upon the wonderful circumstance of the monarch's actually reading a letter "without embarrassment, or the mistake of a single word," is an amusing instance of the mystifying influence of "the divine right" and its accompaniments, upon the noddles of its devotees. The idea, too, of the King's asking what are the words in his own speech, is sufficiently burlesque.

Of his extreme good nature and simplicity of manners, he gave several striking proofs at the opening of the present session. The day was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in his visual organs, consequent on advanced years, and to the darkness of the present House of Lords, especially in the place where the throne is situated, rendered it impossible for him to read the *Royal Speech* with facility. Most patiently and good-naturedly did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking, and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, when, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the house, "Eh, what is it?" The infinite good nature and bluntness with which the question was put, would have reconciled the most inveterate republican to monarchy in England, so long as it is embodied in the person of William the Fourth. Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech, but by the time he got to about the middle, the Librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which I trust will command your attention.

He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution.

What a running satire on *form* is the following!

No noble Lord must, on any occasion, or under any circumstances, mention the name or title of any other noble Lord. If he wishes to refer to any particular Peer, he must do so in some such phraseology as the following: "The noble Duke, or the noble Marquis who has just sat down"—"the noble Earl at the head of his Majesty's Government"—"the noble and learned Lord"—"the noble Lord that spoke last"—"the noble Viscount that spoke last but one"—"the noble Baron that spoke last but two," &c. &c.

What a world we live in, when such and similar things are related in a volume such as this, by a man of excellent sense, with a gravity becoming an owl!

Chapter III consists of "Miscellaneous Observations," contrasts the general deportment of the House of Lords with that of the House of Commons, and rejoices that the art of cock-crowing is yet to be learned by the Peers, and that their Lordships have as yet afforded no evidence of possessing the enviable acquirement of braying like a certain long-eared animal, yelping like a dog, or mewing like the feline creation. It includes also some scandalous accounts of the unconquerable somnolency of a certain Ministerial Duke, and a member of the Right Reverend Bench of Bishops.

Chapter IV is entitled "*Scenes in the House*," and gives a detailed report of two of the most extraordinary of these *scenes*—one occurring in April 1831, on occasion of the King's dissolving Parliament—the other in July 1834, when the Duke of Buckingham thought proper to make some allusions to the "potations pottle deep" of Lord Brougham, which were not exactly to the mind of his Lordship. The rest of the book is occu-

pied with admirable personal sketches of most of the leading members, and is subdivided into *Late Members*, embracing Lord King and Lord Enfield—*Dukes of the Tory Party*, viz: Dukes of Cumberland, Wellington, Gordon, Newcastle, Buckingham, Northumberland and Buccleugh—*Marquises of the Tory Party*, including the Marquises of Londonderry, Wellesley, and Salisbury—*Earls of the Tory Party*, the Earls of Eldon, Wicklow, Limerick, Winchelsea, Roden, Aberdeen, Haddington, Harrowby, Rosslyn, and Mannsfield—*Barons of the Tory Party*, Lords Wynford, Lyndhurst, Ellenborough, Fitzgerald and Vessey, Ashburton, Abinger, Wharncliffe and Kenyon—*Peers who have Seats in the Cabinet*, viz: Lord Melbourne, Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Lord Duncannon—*Dukes of the Liberal Party*, the Dukes of Sussex, Leinster, and Sutherland—*Marquises of the Liberal Party*, the Marquises of Westminster, Cleveland, Anglesea, Clanricarde, and Conyngham—*Earls of the Liberal Party*, Earls Gray, Durham, Radnor, Carnarvon, Mulgrave, Burlington, Fife, and Fitzwilliam—*Barons of the Liberal Party*, Lords Plunkett, Brougham, Denman, Cottenham, Langsdale, Hatherton, and Teynham—*Neutral Peers*, the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Ripon—and lastly, the *Lords Spiritual*, under which head we have sketches of the Archbishops of Canterbury and Dublin, and the Bishops of Exeter, London, Durham, and Hereford. The whole of these sketches of personal character are well executed and exceedingly diverting—some, of a still higher order of excellence. The portrait of Lord Brougham, in especial, although somewhat exaggerated in the matter of panegyric, is vividly and very forcibly depicted, and will be universally read and admired. The book concludes in these words.

It is a fact worthy of observation, that with the single exception of Lord Brougham, no man that has, of late years, been raised from the Lower to the Upper House, has made any figure in the latter place. On the contrary, they all seem to be rapidly descending, as public speakers, into obscurity. In addition to Earl Spencer and Lord Glenelg, I may mention the names of Lord Denman, Lord Abinger, Lord Ashburn, Lord Hatherton, &c. In fact, there is something in the very constitution of their Lordships, as a body, which has a strong tendency to discourage all attempts at oratorical distinction.

SIGOURNEY'S LETTERS.

Letters to Young Ladies. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Second Edition. Hartford: Published by Wm. Watson.

We have to apologize for not sooner calling the attention of our readers to these excellent *Letters* of Mrs. Sigourney—which only to-day we have had an opportunity of reading with sufficient care to form an opinion of their merits. Our delay, however, is a matter of the less importance, when we consider the universal notice and approbation of the public at large. In this approbation we cordially agree. The book is, in every respect, worthy of Mrs. Sigourney—and it would be difficult to say more.

The *Letters* (embraced in a duodecimo of two hundred and twelve pages,) are twelve in number. Their subjects are, *Improvement of Time—Domestic Employments—Health and Dress—Manners and Accomplishments—Books—Friendship—Cheerfulness—Conversation—Benevolence—Self-Government—Utility*—and *Motives to Perseverance.* Little has been said on any one of these subjects more forcibly or more beautifully than now by Mrs. Sigourney—and, collectively, as a code of morals and *manner* for the gentler sex, we have seen nothing whatever which we would more confidently place in the hands of any young female friend, than this unassuming little volume, so redolent of the pious, the graceful, the lofty, and the poetical mind from which it issues.

The prose of Mrs. Sigourney should not be compared, in its higher qualities, with her poetry—but appears to us essentially superior in its *minutiæ*. It would be difficult to find fault with the construction of more than a very few passages in the *Letters*—and the general correctness and vigor of the whole would render any such fault-finding a matter of hyper-criticism. We are not prepared to say whether this correctness be the result of labor or not—there are certainly no traces of labor. The most remarkable feature of the volume is its unusually extensive circle of illustration, in the way of brief anecdote, and multiplied reference to authorities—illustration which, while apparently no more than sufficient for the present purpose of the writer, gives evidence, to any critical eye, of a far wider general erudition than that possessed by any of our female writers, and which we were not at all prepared to meet with in one, only known hitherto as the inspired poetess of Natural and Moral Beauty.

Would our limits permit us we would gladly copy entire some one of the *Letters*. As it is, we must be contented with a brief extract, (on the subject of Memory,) evincing powers of rigid thought in the writer. Few subjects are more entirely misapprehended than that of the faculty of Memory. For a multiplicity of error on this head Leibnitz and Locke are responsible. That the faculty is neither primitive nor independent is susceptible of direct proof. That it exists in conjunction with each primitive faculty, and inseparable from it, is a fact which might be readily ascertained even without the direct assistance of Phrenology. The remarks of Mrs. Sigourney apply, only collaterally, to what we say, but will be appreciated by the metaphysical student.

I am inclined to think Memory capable of indefinite improvement by a judicious and persevering regimen. Were you required to analyze it to its simplest element, you would probably discover it to be a *habit of fixed attention.* Read, therefore, what you desire to remember, with concentrated and undivided attention. Close the book and reflect. Undigested food throws the whole frame into a ferment. Were we as well acquainted with our intellectual, as with our physical structure, we should see undigested knowledge producing equal disorder in the mind.

To strengthen the Memory, the best course is not to commit page after page verbatim, but to give the substance of the author, correctly and clearly in your own language. Thus the understanding and memory are exercised at the same time, and the prosperity of the mind is not so much advanced by the undue prominence of any *one faculty* as by the true balance and vigorous action of *all.* Memory and understanding are also fast friends, and the light which one gains will be reflected upon the other.

Use judgment in selecting from the mass of what you read the parts which it will be useful or desirable to remember. Separate and arrange them, and give them in charge to memory. Tell her it is her duty to keep them, and to bring them forth when you require.

She has the capacities of a faithful servant, and possibly the dispositions of an idle one. But you have the power of enforcing obedience and of overcoming her infirmities. At the close of each day let her come before you, as Ruth came to Naomi, and 'beat out that which she hath gleaned.' Let her winnow repeatedly what she has brought from the field, and 'gather the wheat into the garner' ere she goes to repose.

This process, so far from being laborious, is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. To condense, is perhaps the only difficult part of it; for the casket of Memory, though elastic, has bounds, and if surcharged with trifles, the weightier matters will find no fitting place.

While Memory is in this course of training, it would be desirable to read no books whose contents are not worth her care: for if she finds herself called only occasionally, she may take airs like a froward child, and not come when she is called. Make her feel it as a duty to stand with her tablet ready whenever you open a book, and then show her sufficient respect, not to summon her to any book unworthy of her.

To facilitate the management of Memory, it is well to keep in view that her office is threefold. Her first effort is to *receive* knowledge; her second to *retain* it; her last to *bring it forth* when it is needed. The first act is solitary, the silence of fixed attention. The next is also sacred to herself, and her ruling power, and consists in frequent, thorough examination of the state and order of the things committed to her. The third act is social, rendering her treasures available to the good of others. Daily intercourse with a cultivated mind is the best method to rivet, refine, and polish the hoarded gems of knowledge. Conversation with intelligent men is eminently serviceable. For, after all our exultation on the advancing state of female education, with the other sex, will be found the wealth of classical knowledge, and profound wisdom. If you have a parent, or older friend, who will, at the close of each day, listen kindly to what you have read, and help to fix in your memory the portions most worthy of regard, count it a privilege of no common value, and embrace it with sincere gratitude.

We heartily recommend these *Letters* (which the name of their author will more especially recommend,) to the attention of our female acquaintances. They may be procured, in Richmond, at the bookstore of Messrs. Yale and Wyatt.

THE DOCTOR.

The Doctor, &c. New York: Republished by Harper and Brothers.

The Doctor has excited great attention in America as well as in England, and has given rise to every variety of conjecture and opinion, not only concerning the author's individuality, but in relation to the meaning, purpose, and character of the book itself. It is now said to be the work of one author—now of two, three, four, five—as far even as nine or ten. These writers are sometimes thought to have composed the *Doctor* conjointly—sometimes to have written each a portion. These individual portions have even been pointed out by the supremely acute, and the names of their respective fathers assigned. Supposed discrepancies of taste and manner, together with the prodigal introduction of mottoes, and other scraps of erudition (apparently beyond the compass of a single individual's reading) have given rise to this idea of a multiplicity of writers—among whom are mentioned in turn all the most witty, all the most eccentric, and especially all the most learned of Great Britain. Again—in regard to the nature of the book. It has been called an imitation of Sterne—an august and most profound exemplification, under the garb of eccentricity, of some all-important moral law—a true, under guise of a fictitious, biography—a simple jeu d'esprit—a mad farrago by a Bedlamite—and a great multiplicity of other equally fine names and hard. Undoubtedly, the best method of arriving at a decision in relation to a work of this nature, is to read it through with attention, and thus see what can be made of it. We have done so, and can make nothing of it, and are therefore clearly of opinion that the *Doctor* is precisely—nothing. We mean to say that it is nothing better than *a hoax.*

That any serious truth is meant to be inculcated by a tissue of bizarre and disjointed rhapsodies, whose *general* meaning no person can fathom, is a notion altogether untenable, unless we suppose the author a madman. But there are none of the proper evidences of madness in the book—while of mere *banter* there are instances innumerable. One half, at least, of the entire publication is taken up with palpable quizzes, reasonings in a circle, sentences, like the nonsense verses of Du Bartas, evidently framed to mean nothing, while wearing an air of profound thought, and grotesque speculations in regard to the probable excitement to be created by the book.

It appears to have been written with the sole view (or nearly with the sole view) of exciting inquiry and comment. That this object should be fully accomplished cannot be thought very wonderful, when we consider the excessive trouble taken to accomplish it, by vivid and powerful intellect. That the *Doctor* is the offspring of such intellect, is proved sufficiently by many passages of the book, where the writer appears to have been led off from his main design. That it is written by more than one man should not be deduced either from the apparent immensity of its erudition, or from discrepancies of style. That man is a desperate manner-ist who cannot vary his style *ad infinitum;* and although the book *may* have been written by a number of learned *bibliophagi*, still there is, we think, nothing to be found in the book itself at variance with the possibility of its being written by any one individual of even mediocre reading. Erudition is only certainly known in its *total* results. The mere grouping together of mottoes from the greatest multiplicity of the rarest works, or even the apparently natural inweaving into any composition, of the sentiments and manner of these works, are attainments within the reach of any well- informed, ingenious and industrious man having access to the great libraries of London. Moreover, while a single individual possessing these requisites and opportunities, might through a rabid desire of *creating a sensation*, have written, with some trouble, the Doctor, it is by no means easy to imagine that a plurality of sensible persons could be found willing to embark in such absurdity from a similar, or indeed from any imaginable inducement.

The present edition of the Harpers consists of two volumes in one. Volume one commences with a *Prelude of Mottoes* occupying two pages. Then follows a *Postscript*—then a *Table of Contents to the first volume*, occupying eighteen pages. Volume two has a similar *Prelude of Mottoes* and *Table of Contents*. The whole is subdivided into Chapters Ante-Initial, Initial and Post-Ini-

tial, with Inter-Chapters. The pages have now and then a typographical *queerity*—a monogram, a scrap of grotesque music, old English, &c. Some characters of this latter kind are printed with colored ink in the British edition, which is gotten up with great care. All these oddities are in the manner of Sterne, and some of them are exceedingly well conceived. The work professes to be a Life of one Doctor Daniel Dove and his horse Nobs—but we should put no very great faith in this biography. On the back of the book is a monogram—which appears again once or twice in the text, and whose solution is a fertile source of trouble with all readers. This monogram is a triangular pyramid; and as, in geometry, the solidity of every polyedral body may be computed by dividing the body into pyramids, the pyramid is thus considered as the base or essence of every polyedron. The author then, after his own fashion, may mean to imply that his book is the basis of all solidity or wisdom—or perhaps, since the polyedron is not only a solid, but a solid terminated by *plane faces*, that the *Doctor* is the very essence of all that spurious wisdom which will terminate in just nothing at all—in a hoax, and a consequent multiplicity of *blank visages*. The wit and humor of the *Doctor* have seldom been equalled. We cannot think Southey wrote it, but have no idea who did.

RAUMER'S ENGLAND.

England in 1835. *Being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany, during a Residence in London and Excursions into the Provinces. By Frederick Von Raumer, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, Author of the "History of the Hohenstaufen," of the "History of Europe from the end of the Fifteenth Century," of "Illustrations of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," &c. &c. Translated from the German, by Sarah Austin and H. E. Lloyd. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.*

This work will form an æra in the reading annals of the more contemplative portion of Americans—while its peculiar merits will be overlooked by the multitude. The broad and solid basis of its superstructure—the scrupulous accuracy of its *data*—the disdain of mere *logic* in its deductions—the *generalizing*, calm, comprehensive—in a word, the *German* character of its philosophy, will insure it an enthusiastic welcome among all the nobler spirits of our land. What though its general tenor be opposed at least apparently to many of our long cherished opinions and deeply-rooted prejudices? Shall we less welcome the truth, or glory in its advancement because of its laying bare our own individual errors? But the England of Von Raumer will be sadly and wickedly misconceived if it be really conceived as militating against a Republicanism *here*, which it opposes with absolute justice, in Great Britain, and Prussia. It will be sadly misconceived if it be regarded as embracing one single sentence with which the most bigoted lover of abstract Democracy can have occasion to find fault. At the same time we cannot help believing that it will, *in some measure*, be effectual in diverting the minds of our countrymen, and of all who read it, from that perpetual and unhealthy excitement about the forms and machinery of governmental action which have within the last half century so absorbed their attention as to exclude in a strange degree all care of the proper *results* of good government—the happiness of a people—improvement in the condition of mankind—practicable under a thousand forms—and without which all forms are valueless and shadowy phantoms. It will serve also as an auxiliary in convincing mankind that the origin of the principal social evils of any given land are *not* to be found (except in a much less degree than we usually suppose) either in republicanism or monarchy or any especial method of government—that we must look for the source of our greatest defects in a variety of causes totally distinct from any such action—in a love of gain, for example, whose direct tendency to social evil was vividly shown in an essay on *American Social Elevation* lately published in the "Messenger." In a word, let this book of Von Raumer's be read with attention, as a study, and *as a whole*. If this thing be done—which is but too seldom done (here at least) in regard to works of a like character and cast—and we will answer for the result—as far as that result depends upon the deliberate and unprejudiced declaration of any well-educated man. We agree cordially with the opinion expressed by Mrs. Austin in her Preface to this American imprint. The book is the most valuable addition to our stock of knowledge about England and her institutions which America has ever received or which, in the ordinary course of things she is likely to receive.

Of Professor Von Raumer it is almost unnecessary for us to speak—yet a few words may not be amiss. He is a man of unquestionable and lofty integrity—the most highly esteemed living historian—second to none, living or dead, in all the high essentials of the historiographer—profoundly versed in moral and political science—and withal, a lover, and a connoisseur of art, and fully aware of its vast importance in actuating mankind, individually, and nationally. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and *Councillor* of the Court Theatre in which he labors to keep up the moral influence of that establishment as a school of art. He has constantly opposed absolutism in every form—especially the absolutism of exclusive political creeds. "If," says the Conversations Lexicon, "the much talked of *juste milieu* consists in endless tacking between two opposite principles, Raumer belongs rather to one of the extremes than to that. But if the expression is taken to denote that free and neutral ground on which a man, resting upon the basis of justice, and untrammelled by party views, combats for truth proved by experience, careless whether his blows fall to the right or the left—then Raumer unquestionably belongs to the *juste milieu*." He has written the *History of the Hohenstaufen and their Time*—a history richer than the richest romance—a work *On the Prussian Municipal System*—a work *On the Historical Development of the Notions of Law and Government*—*Letters from Paris in* 1830, a series of papers printed precisely as they were written to his family, and evincing a spirit of foresight nearly amounting to prophecy—so accurately were his predictions fulfilled—*Letters from Paris in Illustration of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*—a *History of Europe from the End of the Fifteenth Century*, in six volumes, of which one is yet to be published—a *History of the Downfall of Poland*—in which although employed and paid by his govern-

ment he did not hesitate to accuse that government of injustice—*Six Dialogues on War and Commerce—The British System of Taxation—The Orations of Æschines and Demosthenes for the Crown—CCI Emendationes ad Tabulas Genealogicas Arabum et Turcarum—Manual of Remarkable Passages from the Latin Historians of the Middle Ages—Journey to Venice—Lectures on Ancient History*—and some other works of which we have no account. The present *Letters* are printed just as the author wrote them from day to day. We are even assured that some mistakes have been suffered to stand with a view of showing how first impressions were gradually modified.

Mrs. Austin, the translator, however, has taken some liberties in the way of omission, which cannot easily be justified. Some animadversions on her friend Bentham are stricken out without sufficient reason for so doing. We learn this as well by her own acknowledgment as by ominous breaks in particular passages concerning the great Utilitarian. The latter portion of the book is translated by H. E. Lloyd.

The plan of Von Raumer's work embraces, as may well be supposed, a great variety of themes—the political topics of the day and of all time—the present state and future prospects of England—comparative views of that country, France, and Prussia—descriptions of scenery about London, localities, architecture, &c.—social condition of the people—society in high life—and frequent disquisitions on the state of art and musical science. We will proceed, without observing any precise order, to speak of some portions which particularly interested us. The book, however, to be properly appreciated, should be read and thoroughly studied.

It appears that although Raumer was received with the greatest kindness by nearly all the leading men of all parties in Great Britain, he was treated with neglect if not with rudeness by Lord Brougham, who remained obstinately deaf to all overtures at an introduction. It does not appear from the course and tenor of these *Letters* that the harshness with which the traveller so frequently speaks of his Lordship, had its origin in this rude treatment. It is more probable that the rude treatment had its source in the knowledge on the part of Lord Brougham, that Raumer could expose many of his falsities in relation to municipal law and some other matters concerning Prussia. His Lordship's *Report on the State of Education* is especially the theme of frequent censure.

The person (says our author) who judges the Prussian institutions most dogmatically is Lord Brougham. He says "It may matter little what sentiments are inculcated on all Prussian children by their *military* chiefs; but it would be something new in *this* country systematically to teach all children, from six to fourteen years of age, the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, the absolute excellence of its institutions, and the wickedness and iniquity of every effort to improve them." If the noble lord, in the excitement of debate, and the flow of his eloquence, let such notions and words escape him, we cannot wonder; but that, when called on by a parliamentary committee to give a dispassionate, true testimony, he should have uttered things so entirely false, nay, so utterly absurd, cannot in any way be justified, or even excused. Sir Robert Peel compassionately intimates that our school-children are tormented by theologians, and Brougham places them under the rod and cane of the corporal. That our military arrangements are a school of freedom, and for freedom, and the very antipodes of the English recruiting and flogging system, may, perhaps, be more unintelligible to an Englishman, than all the theological and scientific curiosities of Oxford to a German. But what have military arrangements to do with our schools? If Lord Brougham has read any thing but the title-page of Cousin's work, he may and must know that all he said about the Prussian schools was entirely visionary, and could only serve to mislead those who believed him. The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, so long upheld by certain parties in England, is not known in our schools even by name; and if any Professor at Oxford should venture to speak of church and state as, thank heaven, any Prussian Professor is at liberty to do, it would certainly be said—the heretic brought church and state into danger. In our schools and universities we know of no theological intolerance, no exclusion of Dissenters, no idolatry of what exists for the moment, no forced subscriptions; yet we are not by this alienated from Christianity, but hold fast to the imperishable diamond of the Gospel without converting it into an amulet with thirty-nine points. In Prussia, then, it would seem the wickedness and impiety of every attempt to improve civil institutions is systematically enforced! In Prussia, which, without any boasting of journals and newspapers, silently effected the greatest reforms, and rose from a state of abject degradation, like a phœnix from its ashes—the aversion and opposition between citizens and soldiers is abolished; the system of the defence of the country is easy, yet general and powerful; the regulations of commerce and of duties of custom freer than in any other part of Europe; the peasants are converted into land-owners; a municipal system introduced twenty-seven years ago, which England is now copying; and schools and universities placed on so firm a basis that the calumnies of Lord Brougham can only recoil on his own head. From the descriptions of what is called the Prussian compulsory system, one would be inclined to believe that the children were coupled together like hounds, and driven every morning with blows to be trained! Should a parent be so wicked as not to give his children any education, and purposely keep them from school and church, the law justly gives the magistrates a right of guardianship. This remote threat may have had a salutary effect in individual cases, but I have never heard of the actual application of outward compulsion—*obtorto collo*. Morality, sense of honor, general custom, conviction of the great advantage of a careful education, suffice among us to excite all parents *voluntarily* to send their children to school. In perfect accordance with our school laws it is considered as equally sinful to withhold nourishment from their minds as from their bodies. If we duly appreciate the spirit of the laws, cavils about the letter fall away; but even the letter has had a wholesome influence, and without the application of corporal restraint, in promoting the intellectual emancipation of the people.

Our author's letter on the *Finances* of Great Britain will be read with surprise and doubt by many, but with respect by all. He commences with an analysis of finance in general, and with a brief survey of many financial distresses which are as old as history itself. His remarks on the absence of all finance in the middle ages will arrest attention. In these days men had no money, and yet did more than in modern times—they effected every thing, and we can effect nothing, without the circulation of the "golden blood." Every individual in those days, garnered, says Raumer, without the medium of money, what he wanted; and the whole was entirely kept together by ideas. It is only since Machiavelli—since the power of the middle ages was lost in the feudal and ecclesiastical systems, that we have had to seek a new public law, and a science of

Finance. In regard to England, our author runs through all the most important epochs of its monied concerns, and shows effectually that she has no reason to tremble at present. He alludes to what is called the enormous burden of her taxes, and of her debt—whose interest is more than 30,000,000*l.* per annum—far more than half of its revenue, and more than four years revenue of the whole Prussian monarchy! He admits, for the sake of argument, that England must sink under this intolerable pressure, and become bankrupt—but the public debt and its interest, he says, would then at once be annihilated. To the assertion that this remedy is worse than the disease, and would produce a degree of distress much exceeding what is now complained of, he replies, that such an assertion is a direct acknowledgment that the expenditure of the enormous interest above-mentioned is salutary. He proceeds with the affirmation that all the public debts being the property of individuals, there are cases in which this private property *cannot remain inviolate without sacrificing the whole*—and in this way, a reduction or annihilation of the debt must take place. He refers, for illustration, to the *Redemption Bonds* of Vienna, and to Solon's *Seisachtheia*, and says, there can be no reason for doubting that England would as well survive such abrupt annihilation of her national debt as many other states have done—among whom are Athens, Rome, France, and Austria. He remarks, that Englishmen may as well rejoice that the country has such immense capital, as lament that it is burthened with so many debts—for *every debt is there a capital.* If these debts were of so little value that the price of stock indicated the loss, instead of the profit—if the interest could only be paid by new loans—if the debts were due to fund-holders *out of the country*, England would be in a desperate condition in the event of bankruptcy. But, he observes, if all the national debt were abolished, there would, in fact, as regarded the *whole* national wealth, be no change whatever. The stockholders would lose, of course, a revenue of 30,000,000*l.*; but, on the other hand, taxes might be abolished to the same amount. Individuals would be ruined—the nation not at all. He shows clearly, however, by statements officially certified by Sir Robert Peel, that England has very little need of apprehending a national bankruptcy—and that since 1816 she has reduced the principal of her debt by no less than $616,000,000. Certainly no state in Europe can boast of a similar progress.

Von Raumer presents a vivid picture of the miseries of Ireland.

> When I recollect (says he, after some distressing narrations,) the well-fed rogues in the English prisons, I admire, notwithstanding the very natural increase of Irish criminals, the power of morality—I wonder that the whole nation does not go over and steal, in order to enjoy a new and happier existence. And then the English boast of the good treatment of their countrymen, while the innocent Irish are obliged to live worse than their cattle. In Parliament they talk for years together whether it is necessary and becoming to leave $100,000 annually in the hands of the pastors of 526 Protestants, or $10,759 to the pastors of 3 Protestants, while there are thousands here who scarcely know they have a soul, and know nothing of their body, except that it suffers hunger, thirst and cold. Which of these ages is the dark and barbarous—the former, when mendicant monks distributed their goods to the poor, and, in their way, gave them the most rational comfort; or the latter, when rich (or bankrupt) aristocrats can see the weal of the church and of religion, (or of their relations) only in retaining possession of that which was taken and obtained by violence? All the blame is thrown on agitators, and discontent produced by artificial means. What absurdity! Every falling hut causes agitation, and every tattered pair of breeches a *sans culotte*. Since I have seen Ireland, I admire the patience and moderation of the people, that they do not (what would be more excusable in them than in distinguished revolutionists, authors, journalists, Benthamites, baptized and unbaptized Jews,) drive out the devil through Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils. . . . . I endeavored to discover the original race of the ancient Irish, and the beauty of the women. But how could I venture to give an opinion? Take the loveliest of the English maidens from the saloons of the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Lansdowne—carry her, not for life, but for one short season, into an Irish hovel—feed her on water and potatoes, clothe her in rags, expose her blooming cheek and alabaster neck to the scorching beams of the sun, and the drenching torrents of rain—let her wade with naked feet through marshy bogs—with her delicate hands pick up the dung that lies in the road, and carefully stow it by the side of her mud resting-place—give her a hog to share this with her; to all this, add no consolatory remembrance of the past, no cheering hope of the future—nothing but misery—a misery which blunts and stupifies the mind—a misery of the past, the present, and the future—would the traveller, should this image of wo crawl from out of her muddy hovel, and imploringly extend her shrivelled hand, recognize the noble maiden whom a few short weeks before he admired as the model of English beauty? . . . . And yet the children, with their black hair and dark eyes, so gay and playful in their tatters—created in the image of God—are in a few years, by the fault of man and the government, so worn out, without advantage to themselves or others, that the very beasts of the field might look down on them with scorn. . . . . Is what I have said exaggerated, or perhaps, merely an unseasonable and indecorous fiction? or should I have suppressed it, because it may offend certain parties? What have I to do with O'Connell and his opponents? I have nothing either to hope or to fear from any of them; but to declare what I saw, thought, and felt, is my privilege and my duty. *Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos!*

Our author speaks of the dissolution of the Union as of a measure which would and should naturally be opposed by any person who has never seen Ireland, and who considers the case merely in a general and theoretical point of view—but allows that he can easily conceive how well-disposed persons may rely on this alternative as the most efficient remedy. He does not, however, approve of the demand—although he goes even farther than O'Connell. His propositions are nearly as follows: First, that provisions should be equally made for the schools and churches of the Protestants and Catholics, out of the church property already existing or to be created. Secondly, that the tithes should be abolished—that is, as a mode of taxation—not the tax itself. It is observed, that to deprive the church of its due, and to make a present of it, without any reason, to the landlord, would not only be an act of injustice, but would operate to the prejudice of the poor tenants, since the clergyman has not so many means to distrain the cattle as the temporal landlord, and generally is less willing to employ them. Thirdly, that poor laws should be introduced, taking care to avoid their abuses. This idea is in opposition to that of O'Connell, who dreads the misapplication of the laws as in England. Von

Raumer acknowledges the *difficulty* of introducing them, but insists upon the *necessity*. The difficulty proceeds from the want of a wealthy middling class in the country—the true basis of all finance. To obviate this want, he insists—Fourthly, upon a law respecting absentees. He denies the injustice of such law, and rejects as false that notion of private property which would impose on the land owner no duties, while it gives him unconditional rights. He does not, however, propose compelling the absentees to return home, but to pay more to the poor-tax than those who are present. "Is this impossible?" he asks—"have not the Catholics borne for centuries higher taxes than the Protestants? This was possible, *without reason;* and therefore the other would be very possible, *with good reason.*" He suggests—Fifthly, the complete abolition of the system of tenants at will, and the conversion of all these tenants at will into proprietors. "On reading this," he says, "the Tories will throw my book into the fire, and even the Whigs will be mute with astonishment. The whole battery of pillage, jacobinism, and dissolution of civil society, is discharged at me; but it will not touch me—not even the assertion that I would, like St. Crispin, steal leather in order to make shoes for the poor. Even the Radicals ask with astonishment, how I would work this miracle. There is a Sybilline book, a patent and yet hidden mystery, how this is to be effected; and there is a magician who has accomplished it—the Prussian Municipal Law, and King Frederick William III of Prussia." Granting that his proposal should be rejected unless both parties are gainers, our author proceeds to show that both parties will be so. That those who are raised to the class of land-owners would gain, is evident. That the present proprietors would gain, he asserts, is proved from the fact, that in the long run, the tenant-at-will is able to produce and to pay less than he who has a long lease, the latter less than the hereditary farmer, and the hereditary farmer less than the proprietor. The subject is discussed very fully and clearly in another letter on *English Agriculture*.

Professor Von Raumer makes a proper distinction between the nature and consequences of English agitation, and the agitation of many continental countries. In these latter we find anticipative and preventive polices—especially in France. When a *movement* breaks out under a government employing this system, it is because the preventive means are exhausted, and thus every thing rushes at once into disorder and irretrievable confusion. A similar *movement*, however, in England, (and the remark will apply equally to the United States, although Von Raumer does not so apply it,) is suffered to gather strength and flourish until the *overt act*, and the citizen who dwells under the influence of the preventive system, would of course, in observing us, expect the same irretrievable confusion to ensue with us as with him. If our own government, or that of England, should attempt to interfere before the overt act, the administration would meet with no support. But when the *movement* has grown to an open violation of the laws, the case is different indeed. "In short," says our author, "what is regarded abroad as the beginning of a revolution, is, in reality, the crisis, and is, in a very different sense than in France, *le commencement de la fin.*"

Much of our traveller's time, while in Great Britain was passed in close intimacy with her statesmen. Of Russell, Spring Rice, Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell, he speaks in terms of evident respect. From many passages in which he mentions the latter, we select the following.

I suddenly conceived the project of going straight from P—— to his antagonist—to—— (H—— will be furious) to Daniel O'Connell. I found him in a small room, sitting at a writing table covered with letters, in his dressing gown. I began with apologies for intruding upon him without any introduction, and pleaded my interest in the history and fate of Ireland, and in his efforts to serve her. When I found he had read my Historical Letters I felt on a better footing. I could not implicitly accept his opinion concerning Elizabeth (which he has borrowed from Lingard) as a good bill. We agreed, however, on the subject of the much disputed and much falsified history of the Catholic conspiracy of 1641. .... I am also perfectly of his opinion, that the tenants at will—those serfs—are in a worse condition in Ireland than any where, and that, both with regard to moral and intellectual culture, or physical prosperity, their position is not comparable to that of our thrice happy proprietary peasants. I told him that what he desired for Ireland had long been possessed by the Catholics of Prussia: and that hatred and discontent had expired with persecution. .... The English Ministry first made this man a giant: but he is a giant too, by the strength of his own mind and will, in comparison with the Lilliputians cut out of reeds, which we call demagogues; and which are forced to be shut up in the Kopenick hot-house, or put under a Mainz forcing-glass to rear them into any size and consideration. .... Thank God, however, the governments of Germany do not prepare the ground for universal discontent. If this prevailed, and prevailed with justice, O'Connells must of necessity arise..... Your dissertation on the greatness or smallness of German demagogues (I hear you say) is quite superfluous: you had much better have described to us what that arch agitator and rebel, O'Connell, looks like—What he looks like? A tall gaunt man, with a thin face, sunken cheeks, a large hooked nose, black piercing eye, malignant smile round the mouth, and, when in full dress, a cock's feather in his hat, and a cloven foot. 'That is just what I imagined him!' cries one. But, as it happens, that is just what he is not. On the contrary, he has a round, good-natured face. In Germany he would be taken for a good, hearty, sturdy, shrewd farmer: indeed he distinctly reminded me of the cheerful, sagacious, and witty old bailiff Romanus, in Rotzis.

At page 391, Von Raumer alludes to some notices of his historical works in the British Quarterlies. He complains of injustice done him in a review of his "*Letters from Paris in* 1830." The Reviewer states that our traveller did not court society, and that he professes to have seen and become acquainted only with what strikes the eyes of every observer in the streets, tavern, and theatre. This is denied by Von Raumer, who declares his chief associates to have been "wealthy merchants and distinguished literati, old and new peers, members of the Chamber of Deputies, the most celebrated diplomatists, and three of the present ministers of Louis Philippe."

The remarks of our author upon *Art*, (in the extensive German signification of the word) are worthy of all attention and bespeak an elevated, acute, and comprehensive understanding of its properties and capabilities. Many pages of the work before us are devoted to comments upon the Architecture, the Painting, the Stage, and especially the Music of England,

and these pages will prove deeply interesting to a majority of readers. At pages 143 he thus speaks of Mrs. Sloman.

Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Sloman, a fiendish shrew, who must have been the torment of her husband's life long before the predictions of the witches. Even in the sleeping scene she betrayed only fear of discovery and punishment; and the exaggerated action, the rubbing of the hands, and seeming to dip them in water, and the rhetorical '*to bed!*' were very little to my taste..... To sum up my impression of the whole—an excess of effort, of bustle, and of accentuation, with every now and then, by way of clap-trap, a violent and yet toneless screaming. Exactly those passages in which these stage passions were the most boisterous and distressing were the most applauded. There is not a single well-frequented German theatre (such as those of Vienna, Berlin or Dresden) in which so bad a performance as this would have been exhibited.

Our traveller is in raptures with Windsor, and censures the tasteless folly of Buckingham house. Of the Italian opera in England he speaks briefly and contemptuously—nor does the national music find any degree of favor in his eyes. His criticisms on sculpture and painting are forcible and very beautiful. In some observations on the attic bas-reliefs, and the works from the Parthenon and Phigalia, to be found in the British Museum, he takes occasion to collate the higher efforts of Grecian art with the rudeness of Roman feeling, and the still more striking rudeness of the German and Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His remarks here are too forcible and too fresh to be omitted.

These schools (the German and Italian) were, it is true, internally impelled by Christianity towards the noblest goal of humanity and of art, but they have unsuitably introduced the doctrine of election even into these regions. To the beautiful forms pardoned by God are opposed the ugly bodies of the non-elect; to the healthy, the sick; to the blessed, the damned. In theology, in philosophy, in history, this dark side of existence may be employed at pleasure, but when it appears in art I feel hurt and uncomfortable. . . . This *caput mortuum* may be wholly separated. It should evaporate and become invisible. Not till this is accomplished can we place Christian art above Greek art, as the Christian religion above the Greek religion. A great confusion of ideas still prevails, in considering and judging of these things. How often have modern works of art been praised in reference to the doctrine, and ancient works reprobated for similar reasons. But the demoniac is not a suitable subject for art, merely because he is mentioned in the Bible; or a Venus to be rejected, because the worship of the goddess has ceased. . . . . Music without discord is unmeaning and tedious, and painting and sculpture likewise need such discord. But every musical discord is necessarily resolved, according to the rules of art—while painters and sculptors often leave their dissonances unresolved, and eternized in stone. In every discord I feel its transition into euphony. It is but a motion, a creation of harmony; but no musician would ever think of affirming that to sing out of tune is ever permitted, much less that it is necessary in his art. The combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ display a chain of discords, which originate, advance, and develop themselves—one could set them to music without violating the rules and euphony of the science. But were we to attempt a similar musical transposition with many celebrated statues, we should break all the strings of the instrument by the violence of the effort.

We had noted many other passages for comment and extract—(especially a lively Philippic against Utilitarianism on pages 398, 399, an account of Bentham's penitentiary, and other matters) but we perceive that we are already infringing upon our limits. This book about England will and must be read, and will as certainly be relished, by a numerous class, although not by a majority, of our fellow-citizens. The author, we rejoice to hear, has engaged to translate into his own language the Washington Papers of Mr. Sparks. We will only add that Professor Von Raumer has the honor of being called by the English organ of the High Church and Ultra Tory Party, "a vagrant blackguard unfit for the company of a decent servants' hall."

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

Memoirs of an American Lady. With Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution. By the author of "Letters from the Mountains." New York: published by George Dearborn.

This work has been already a favorite with many of our readers—but has long been out of print, and we are glad to see it republished. Mrs. Grant of Laghan is a name entitled to the respect and affection of all Americans. The book, moreover, is full of good things; and as a memorial of the epoch immediately preceding our Revolution, is invaluable. At the present moment too it will be well to compare the public sentiment in regard to slavery, Indian affairs, and some other matters, with the sentiments of our forefathers, as expressed in this volume. In Albany and New York it will possess a local interest of no common character. Every where it will be read with pleasure, as an authentic and well written record of a most exemplary life. The edition is well printed on fine paper, and altogether creditable to Mr. Dearborn.

Some remarks on slavery, at page 41, will apply with singular accuracy to the present state of things in Virginia.

In the society I am describing, even the dark aspect of slavery was softened into a smile. And I must, in justice to the best possible masters, say, that a great deal of that tranquillity and comfort, to call them by no higher names, which distinguish this society from all others, was owing to the relation between master and servant being better understood here than in any other place. Let me not be detested as an advocate for slavery, when I say that I think I have never seen people so happy in servitude as the domestics of the Albanians. One reason was, (for I do not now speak of the virtues of their masters,) that each family had few of them, and that there were no field negroes. They would remind one of Abraham's servants, who were all born in the house, which was exactly their case. They were baptised too, and shared the same religious instruction with the children of the family; and, for the first years, there was little or no difference with regard to food or clothing between their children and those of their masters.

When a negro woman's child attained the age of three years, the first new-year's day after, it was solemnly presented to a son or daughter, or other young relative of the family, who was of the same sex with the child so presented. The child to whom the young negro was given, immediately presented it with some piece of money and a pair of shoes; and from that day the strongest attachment subsisted between the domestic and the destined owner. I have no where met with instances of friendship more tender and generous than that which here subsisted between the slaves and their masters and mistresses. Extraordinary proofs of them

have been often given in the course of hunting or Indian trading, when a young man and his slave have gone to the trackless woods together, in the cases of fits of the ague, loss of a canoe and other casualties happening near hostile Indians. The slave has been known, at the imminent risk of his life, to carry his disabled master through trackless woods with labor and fidelity scarce credible; and the master has been equally tender on similar occasions of the humble friend who stuck closer than a brother; who was baptised with the same baptism, nurtured under the same roof, and often rocked in the same cradle with himself. These gifts of domestics to the younger members of the family were not irrevocable; yet they were very rarely withdrawn. If the kitchen family did not increase in proportion to that of the master, young children were purchased from some family where they abounded, to furnish those attached servants to the rising progeny. They were never sold without consulting their mother, who, if expert and sagacious, had a great deal to say in the family, and would not allow her child to go into any family with whose domestics she was not acquainted. These negro women piqued themselves on teaching their children to be excellent servants, well knowing servitude to be their lot for life, and that it could only be sweetened by making themselves particularly useful, and excelling in their department. If they did their work well, it is astonishing, when I recollect it, what liberty of speech was allowed to those active and prudent mothers. They would chide, reprove, and expostulate in a manner that we would not endure from our hired servants; and sometimes exert fully as much authority over the children of the family as the parents, conscious that they were entirely in their power. They did not crush freedom of speech and opinion in those by whom they knew they were beloved, and who watched with incessant care over their interest and comfort.

The volume abounds in quaint anecdote, pathos, and matter of a graver nature, which will be treasured up for future use by the historian. At page 321 is a description of the breaking up of the ice on the Hudson. The passage is written with great power; and, as Southey has called it, "quite Homeric," (a fact of which we are informed in the preface to this edition) we will be pardoned for copying it entire.

Soon after this I witnessed, for the last time, the sublime spectacle of the ice breaking up on the river; an object that fills and elevates the mind with ideas of power, and grandeur, and indeed, magnificence; before which all the triumphs of human art sink into insignificance. This noble object of animated greatness, for such it seemed, I witnessed; its approach being announced, like a loud and long peal of thunder, the whole population of Albany were down at the river side in a moment; and if it happened, as was often the case, in the morning, there could not be a more grotesque assemblage. No one who had a nightcap on waited to put it off; as for waiting for one's cloak or gloves, it was a thing out of the question; you caught the thing next you that could wrap round you, and run. In the way you saw every door left open, and pails, baskets, &c. without number set down in the street. It was a perfect saturnalia. People never dreamt of being obeyed by their slaves till the ice was past. The houses were left quite empty: the meanest slave, the youngest child, all were to be found on the shore. Such as could walk, ran; and they that could not, were carried by those whose duty would have been to stay and attend them. When arrived at the show place, unlike the audience collected to witness any spectacle of human invention, the multitude, with their eyes all bent one way, stood immoveable, and silent as death, till the tumult ceased, and the mighty commotion was passed by; then every one tried to give vent to the vast conceptions with which his mind had been distended. Every child, and every negro was sure to say, 'Is not this like the day of judgment?' and what they said every one else thought. Now to describe this is impossible; but I mean to account in some degree for it. The ice, which had been all winter very thick, instead of diminishing, as might be expected in spring, still increased, as the sunshine came and the days lengthened. Much snow fell in February, which, melted by the heat of the sun, was stagnant for a day on the surface of the ice; and then by the night frosts, which were still severe, was added as a new accession to the thickness of it, above the former surface. This was so often repeated, that in some years the ice gained two feet in thickness, after the heat of the sun became such as one would have expected should have entirely dissolved it. So conscious were the natives of the safety this accumulation of ice afforded, that the sledges continued to drive on the ice, when the trees were budding, and everything looked like spring; nay, when there was so much melted on the surface that the horses were knee deep in water while travelling on it; and portentous cracks, on every side, announced the approaching rupture. This could scarce have been produced by the mere influence of the sun, till midsummer. It was the swelling of the waters under the ice, increased by rivulets, enlarged by melted snows, that produced this catastrophe; for such the awful concussion made it appear. The prelude to the general bursting of this mighty mass was a fracture lengthwise, in the middle of the stream, produced by the effort of the imprisoned waters, now increased too much to be contained within their wonted bounds. Conceive a solid mass, from six to eight feet thick, bursting for many miles in one continued rupture, produced by a force inconceivably great, and, in a manner, inexpressibly sudden. Thunder is no adequate image of this awful explosion, which roused all the sleepers within reach of the sound, as completely as the final convulsion of nature, and the solemn peal of the awakening trumpet might be supposed to do. The stream in summer was confined by a pebbly strand, overhung with high and steep banks, crowned with lofty trees, which were considered as a sacred barrier against the encroachments of this annual visitation. Never dryads dwelt in more security than those of the vine-clad elms, that extended their ample branches over this mighty stream. Their tangled nets laid bare by the impetuous torrents, formed caverns ever fresh and fragrant, where the most delicate plants flourished, unvisited by scorching suns or nipping blasts; and nothing could be more singular than the variety of plants and birds that were sheltered in these intricate and safe recesses. But when the bursting of the crystal surface set loose the many waters that had rushed down, swollen with the annual tribute of dissolving snow, the islands and low lands were all flooded in an instant; and the lofty banks, from which you were wont to overlook the stream, were now entirely filled by an impetuous torrent, bearing down, with incredible and tumultuous rage, immense shoals of ice; which, breaking every instant by the concussion of others, jammed together in some places, in others erecting themselves in gigantic heights for an instant in the air, and seeming to combat with their fellow-giants crowding on in all directions, and falling together with an inconceivable crash, formed a terrible moving picture, animated and various beyond conception; for it was not only the cerulean ice, whose broken edges combatting with the stream, refracted light into a thousand rainbows, that charmed your attention; lofty pines, large pieces of the bank torn off by the ice with all their early green and tender foliage, were driven on like travelling islands, amid the battle of breakers, for such it seemed. I am absurdly attempting to paint a scene, under which the powers of language sink. Suffice it, that this year its solemnity was increased by an unusual quantity of snow, which the last hard winter had accumulated, and the dissolution of which now threatened an inundation.

CAMPERDOWN.

Camperdown; or News from our Neighborhood—Being a Series of Sketches, by the author of "Our Neighborhood," &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

In "*Our Neighborhood*" published a few years ago, the author promised to give a second series of the work, including brief sketches of some of its chief characters. The present volume is the result of the promise, and will be followed up by others—in continuation. We have read all the tales in *Camperdown* with interest, and we think the book cannot well fail being popular. It evinces originality of thought and manner—with much novelty of matter. The tales are six in number; *Three Hundred Years Hence—The Surprise—The Seven Shanties—The Little Couple—The Baker's Dozen*—and *The Thread and Needle Store Three Hundred Years Hence* is an imitation of Mercier's "*Lan deux milles quatre cents quarante*," the unaccredited parent of a great many similar things. In the present instance, a citizen of Pennsylvania, on the eve of starting for New York, falls asleep while awaiting the steam-boat. *He dreams* that upon his awakening, Time and the world have made an advance of three hundred years—that he is informed of this fact by two persons who afterwards prove to be his immediate descendants in the eighth generation. They tell him that, while taking his nap, he was buried, together with the house in which he sat, beneath an avalanche of snow and earth precipitated from a neighboring hill by the discharge of the signal-gun—that the tradition of the event had been preserved, although the spot of his disaster was at that time overgrown with immense forest trees—and that his discovery was brought about by the necessity for opening a road through the hill. He is astonished, as well he may be, but, taking courage, travels through the country between Philadelphia and New York, and comments upon its alterations. These latter are, for the most part, well conceived—some are sufficiently *outré*. Returning from his journey he stops at the scene of his original disaster and is seated, once more, in the disentombed house, while awaiting a companion. In the meantime he is awakened—finds he has been dreaming—that the boat has left him—but also (upon receipt of a letter) that there is no longer any necessity for his journey. The *Little Couple*, and *The Thread and Needle Store* are skilfully told, and have much spirit and freshness.

ERATO.

Erato. By William D. Gallagher. No. I, Cincinnati, Josiah Drake—No. II, Cincinnati, Alexander Flash.

Many of these poems are old friends, in whose communion we have been cheered with bright hopes for the Literature of the West. Some of the pieces will be recognized by our readers, as having attained, anonymously, to an enviable reputation—among these the *Wreck of the Hornet*. The greater part, however, of the latter volume of Mr. Gallagher, is now, we believe, for the first time published. Mr. G. is fully a poet in the abstract sense of the word, and will be so hereafter in the popular meaning of the term. Even now he has done much in the latter way—much in every way. We think, moreover, we perceive in him a far more stable basis for solid and extensive reputation than we have seen in more than a very few of our countrymen. We allude not now particularly to force of expression, force of thought, or delicacy of imagination. All these essentials of the poet he possesses—but we wish to speak of care, study, and self-examination, of which this vigor and delicacy are in an inconceivable measure the result. That the versification of Mr. G.'s poem *The Conqueror*, is that of Southey's *Thalaba*, we look upon as a good omen of ultimate success—although we regard the metre itself as unjustifiable. It is not impossible that Mr. G. has been led to attempt this rhythm by the same considerations which have had weight with Southey—whose Thalaba our author had not seen before the planning of his own poem. If so, and if Mr. Gallagher will now begin anew, in his researches about metre, where the laureate made an end, we have little doubt of his future renown.

It is not our intention to *review* the poems of Mr. Gallagher—nor perhaps would he thank us for so doing. They are exceedingly unequal. Long passages of the merest burlesque, and in horribly bad taste, are intermingled with those of the loftiest beauty. It seems too, that the poems before us fail invariably as *entire* poems, while succeeding very frequently in individual portions. But the failure *of a whole* cannot be shown without an analysis of that whole—and this analysis, as we have said, is beyond our intention at present. Some detached sentences, on the other hand, may be readily given; but, in equity, we must remind our readers that these sentences are *selected*.

The following fine lines are from *The Penitent*—a poem ill-conceived, ill-written, and disfigured by almost every possible blemish of manner. We presume it is one of the author's juvenile pieces.

Remorse had furrowed his ample brow—
His cheeks were sallow and thin—
His limbs were shrivelled—his body was lank—
He had reaped the wages of sin;
And though his eyes constantly glanced about,
As if looking or watching for something without,
His mind's eye glanced within!
Wildly his eyes still glared about,
But the eye that glared within
Was the one that saw the images
That frightened this man of sin.

From the same.

We were together: we had tarried
So oft by some enchanting spot
To her familiar, and which carried
Her thoughts away—where mine were not—
That, ere she knew, the bright, chaste moon
—Not as of old, (when Time was young)
She roamed the woods, in sandal-shoon,
With bow in hand and quiver strung—
But 'mong the stars, and broad and round
The moon of man's degenerate race,
Its way had through an opening found,
And shone full in her face!
She started then, and, looking up,
Turned on me her delicious eyes;
And I, poor fool! I dared to hope,
And met that look with sighs!

From the "*Wreck of the Hornet*"—

Now shrank with fear each gallant heart—
Bended was many a knee—

And the last prayer was offered up,
God of the Deep, to thee!
Muttered the angry Heavens still
And murmured still the sea—
And old and sternest hearts bowed down
God of the Deep, to Thee!

The little ballad "*They told me not to love him*," has much tenderness, simplicity, and neatness of expression. We quote three of the five stanzas—the rest are equally good.

They told me not to love him!
They said he was not true;
And bade me have a care, lest I
Should do what I might rue:
At first I scorn'd their warnings—for
I could not think that he
Conceal'd beneath so fair a brow,
A heart of perfidy.

But they forc'd me to discard him!
Yet I could not cease to love—
For our mutual vows recorded were
By angel hands above.
He left his boyhood's home, and sought
Forgetfulness afar;
But memory stung him—and he fought,
And fell, in glorious war.

He dwells in Heaven now—while *I*
Am doom'd to this dull Earth:
O, how my sad soul longs to break
Away, and wander forth.
From star to star its course would be—
Unresting it would go,
Till we united were above,
Who severed were below.

By far the best poem we have seen from the pen of Mr. Gallagher is that entitled "*August*"—and it is indeed this little piece alone which would entitle him, *at least now*, we think, to any poetical rank above the general mass of versifiers. But the ability to write a poem such as "*August*," while implying a capacity for even higher and better things, speaks clearly of present power, and of an upward progress already begun. Much of the beauty of the lines we mention, springs, it must be admitted, from imitation of Shelley—but we are not inclined to like them much the less on this account. We copy only the four initial stanzas. The remaining seven, although good, are injured by some inadvertences. The allusion, in stanzas six and seven, to Mr. Lee, a painter, destroys the *keeping* of all the latter portion of the poem.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dimmeth thy brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unfruitful West,
Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

LIFE ON THE LAKES.

Life on the Lakes: Being Tales and Sketches collected during a Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. By the author of "Legends of a Log Cabin." New York: Published by George Dearborn.

The name of this book is in shockingly bad taste. After being inundated with the burlesque in the shape of Life in London, Life in Paris, Life at Crockford's, Life in Philadelphia, and a variety of other *Lives*, all partaking of *caricatura*, it is not easy to imagine a title more sadly out of keeping than one embracing on the same page this so travestied word *Life* and the—Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. We have other faults to find with the work. It contains some ill-mannered and grossly ignorant sneers at Daniel O'Connell, calling him "the great pensioner on the poverty of his countrymen," and making him speak in a brogue only used by the lowest of the Irish, about "*the finest pisantry in the world.*" The two lithographs, (Picture Rocks and La Chapelle) the joint work of Messieurs Burford and Bufford, are abominable in every respect, and should not have been suffered to disgrace the well printed and otherwise handsome volumes. In the manner of the narrative, too, there is a rawness, a certain air of foppery and ill-sustained pretension—a species of abrupt, frisky, and self-complacent Paul Ulricism, which will cause nine-tenths of the well educated men who take up the book, to throw it aside in disgust, after perusing the initial chapter. Yet if we can overlook these difficulties, *Life on the Lakes* will be found a very amusing performance. We quote from the close of volume the first, the following piquant Indian Story, narrated by an Indian.

As our adventures are thus brought, for the day, to a premature close, suppose I give you an Indian story. If any body asks you who told it me, say you do not know.

Many years ago, when there were very few white men on the lake, and the red men could take the beaver by hundreds upon its shores, our great father, the president, sent a company of his wise men and his warriors to make a treaty with the Chippewas. They did not travel, as the poor Indians do, in small weak canoes; no, they were white warriors, and they had a barge so great she was almost a ship. The warriors of this party, like all our great father's warriors, were exceeding brave; but among them all, the bravest was he whom the white men called the Major, but the red men called him Ininiwee, or the Bold Man. He was all over brave—even his tongue was brave; and Waab-ojeeg himself never spoke bolder words. For a while the wind was fair and the lake smooth, and the courage of Ininiwee ran over at his mouth in loud and constant boasting. At last they came to the mouth of Grand Marais, and here a storm arose, and one of the wise men—he was tall and large, and, on account of the color of his hair, and *for other reasons*, the Chippewas called him Misco-Monedo*—told the warriors of our

* Red Devil.

great father to take off their coats and their boots, so that if the great barge was filled with water, or if she turned over, they might swim for their lives. The words of Misco-Monedo seemed good to the warriors, and they took off their coats and boots, and made ready to swim in case of need. Then they sat still and *silent*, for the courage of the Major no longer overflowed at his lips; perhaps he was collecting it round his heart. They sat a long while, but at last the guide told them, 'It is over, the warriors are safe.' Then, indeed, there was great joy among the white men; but Ininiwee made haste to put on his coat and his boots, for he said in his heart, 'If I can get them on before the other warriors, I can say I am brave; I did not take off my boots nor my coat; you are cowards, so I shall be a great chief.' Ininiwee put on his coat, and then he thought to have put on his boots; but when he tried, the warrior who sat next him in the barge shouted and called for the Misco-Monedo. He came immediately, and saw that Ininiwee, whom they called the Major, in his haste and in his great fright, was trying to put his boot on another man's leg."

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

Russia and the Russians; or, a Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia; with Characteristic Sketches of the People. By Leigh Ritchie, Esq. Author of "Turner's Annual Tour," "Schinderhannes," &c. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

This book, as originally published in London, was beautifully gotten up and illustrated with engravings of superior merit, which tended in no little degree to heighten the public interest in its behalf. The present volume is well printed on passable paper—and no more. The name of Leigh Ritchie however, is a host in itself. He has never, to our knowledge, written a bad thing. His Russia and the Russians has all the spirit and glowing vigor of romance. It is full of every species of entertainment, and will prove in America as it has in England, one of the most popular books of the season. In this respect it will differ no less widely from the England of Professor Von Raumer than it differs from it in matter and manner, the vivacious writer of Schinderhannes suffering his own individuality of temperament to color every thing he sees, and giving us under the grave title of Russia and the Russians, a brilliant mass of anecdote, narrative, description and sentiment—the profound historian disdaining embellishment, and busying himself only in laying bare with a master-hand the very anatomy of England. It is amusing, however, although by no means extraordinary, that were we to glean the character of each work from the respective statements of the two writers in their prefaces, we would be forced to arrive at a conclusion precisely the reverse. In this view of the case Leigh Ritchie would be Professor Von Raumer, and Professor Von Raumer Leigh Ritchie. We copy from the book before us the *commencement* of a sketch of St. Petersburg, in which the artist has done far more in giving a vivid idea of that city than many a wiser man in the sum total of an elaborate painting.

St. Petersburg has been frequently called "the most magnificent city in Europe," but the expression appears to me to be wholly destitute of meaning. Venice is a magnificent city, so is Paris, so is St. Petersburg; but there are no points of *comparison* among them. St. Petersburg is a city of new houses, newly painted. The designs of some of them may be old, but the copies are evidently new. They imitate the classic models; but they often imitate them badly, and there is always something to remind one that they are not the genuine classic. They are like the images which the Italian boys carry about the thoroughfares of London—Venuses de Medici and Belvidere Apollos, in stucco.

But the streets are wide, and the walls painted white or light yellow; and from one street opens another, and another, and another—all wide, and white, and light yellow. And then, here and there, there are columned façades, and churches, and domes, and tapering spires—all white too, that are not gilded, or painted a sparkling green. And canals sweep away to the right and left almost at every turning, not straight and Dutch-like, but bending gracefully, and losing themselves among the houses. And there is one vast and glorious river, as wide as the Thames at London, and a hundred times more beautiful, which rolls through the whole; and, beyond it, from which ever side you look, you see a kindred mass of houses and palaces, white and yellow, and columned façades, and churches, and domes, and spires, gilded and green.

The left bank of this river is a wall of granite, with a parapet and trottoir of the same material, extending for several miles; and this forms one of the most magnificent promenades in Europe. The houses on either side look like palaces, for all are white, and many have columns; and there are also absolute *de facto* palaces; for instance, the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, and the Marble Palace, on one side, and the Academy of Arts, on the other. The water in the middle is stirring with boats, leaping and sweeping through the stream, with lofty, old-fashioned sterns, painted and gilded within and without.

Among the streets, there is one averaging the width of Oxford Street in London, sometimes less, sometimes a little more. It is lined with trees, and shops with painted shutters, and churches of half a dozen different creeds. Its shops, indeed, are not so splendid as ours, nor are their windows larger than those of private houses: but the walls are white and clean, sometimes columned, sometimes pillastered, sometimes basso-relievoed: in fact, if you can imagine such a thing as a street of *gin-palaces* just after the painting season—and that is a bold word—you may form an idea scarcely exaggerated of the Nevski Prospekt.

But no analogy taken from London can convey an idea of the—grandeur, I may venture to say, presented by the vistas opening from the main street. Here there are no lanes, no alleys, no *impasses*, no nestling-places constructed of filth and rubbish for the poor. These lateral streets are all parts of the main street, only diverging at right angles. The houses are the same in form and color; they appear to be inhabited by the same classes of society; and the view is terminated, ever and anon, by domes and spires. The whole, in short, is one splendid picture, various in its forms, but consistent in its character.

Such were my first impressions—thus thrown down at random, without waiting to look for words, and hardly caring about ideas,—the first sudden impressions flashed upon my mind by the physical aspect of St. Petersburg.

I have said in a former volume of this work, that I have the custom—like other idlers, I suppose—of wandering about during the first day of my visit to a foreign city, without apparent aim or purpose; without knowing, or desiring to know, the geography of the place; and without asking a single question. Now this is precisely the sort of view which should be taken of the new city of the Tsars, by one who prefers the poetry of life to its dull and hackneyed prose. St. Petersburg is a picture rather than a reality—grand, beautiful, and noble, at a little distance, but nothing more than a surface of paint and varnish when you look closer. Or,

rather, to amend the comparison, it is like the scene of a theatre, which you must not by any means look behind, if you would not destroy the illusion.

It will be said, that such is the case with all cities, with all objects that derive their existence from the puny sons of men: but this is one of those misnamed truisms which are considered worthy of all acceptation for no other reason than that they come from the tongue, or through a neighboring organ, with the twang of religion or morality.

London does not lose but gain by inspection; although on inspection it is found to be an enormous heap of dirty, paltry, miserable brick houses, which, but for the constant repairs of the inhabitants, would in a few years become a mass of such pitiful ruins as the owls themselves would disdain to inhabit. Those narrow, winding, dingy streets—those endless lines of brick boxes, without taste, without beauty, without dignity, without any thing that belongs to architecture, inspire us with growing wonder and admiration. The genius, the industry, the commerce, of a whole continent seem concentrated in this single spot; and the effect is uninterrupted by any of the lighter arts that serve as the mere ornaments and amusements of life. An earnestness of purpose is the predominating character of the scene—a force of determination which seizes, and fixes, and grapples with a single specific object, to the exclusion of every other. The pursuit of wealth acquires a character of sublimity as we gaze; and Mammon rises in majesty from the very deformity of the stupendous temple of common-place in which he is worshipped.

Venice does not lose but gain by inspection; although on inspection it is found to be but the outlines of a great city, filled up with meanness, and dirt, and famine. We enter her ruined palaces with a catching of the breath, and a trembling of the heart; and when we see her inhabitants crouching in rags and hunger in their marble halls, we do but breathe the harder, and tremble the more. The effect is *increased* by the contrast; for Venice is a tale of the past, a city of the dead. The Rialto is still crowded with the shapes of history and romance; the Giant's Steps still echo to the ducal tread; and mingling with the slaves and wantons who meet on the Sunday evenings to laugh at the rattle of their chains in the Piazza di San Marco, we see gliding, scornful and sad, the merchant-kings of the Adriatic.

St. Petersburg, on the other hand, has no moral character to give dignity to common-place, or haunt tombs and ruins like a spirit. It is a city of imitation, constructed, in our own day, on what were thought to be the best models; and hence the severity with which its public buildings have been criticised by all travellers, except those who dote upon gilding and green paint, and are enthusiasts in plaster and whitewash. As a *picture* of a city, notwithstanding, superficially viewed—an *idea* of a great congregating place of the human kind, without reference to national character, or history, or individuality of any kind—St. Petersburg, in my opinion, is absolutely unrivalled.

It would be difficult, even for the talented artist whose productions grace these sketches, to convey an adequate idea of the scale on which this city is laid out; and yet, without doing so, we do nothing. This is the grand distinctive feature of the place. Economy of room was the principal necessity in the construction of the other great European cities; for, above all things, they were to be protected from the enemy by stone walls. But, before St. Petersburg was built, a change had taken place in the art and customs of war, and permanent armies had become in some measure a substitute for permanent fortifications. Another cause of prodigality was the little value of the land; but, above all these, should be mentioned, the far-seeing, and far-thinking ambition of the builders. Conquest was the ruling passion of the Tsars from the beginning; and in founding a new capital, they appear to have destined it to be the capital of half the world.

It is needless to exaggerate the magnitude of the city; as, for instance, some writers have done, by stating that the Nevski Prospekt is half as wide again as Oxford Street in London. Every thing is here on a gigantic scale. The quays, to which vessels requiring nine feet of water cannot ascend, except when the river is unusually high, might serve for all the navies of Europe. The public offices, or at least many of them, would hardly be too small, even if the hundred millions were added to the population of the country, which its soil is supposed to be capable of supporting.

Perhaps it may be as well to introduce here, for the sake of illustration, although a little prematurely as regards the description, a view of the grand square of the Admiralty. This is an immense oblong space in the very heart of the city. The spectator stands near the manège, the building which projects at the left-hand corner. Beyond this is the Admiralty, with its gilded spire, which is visible from almost all parts of the metropolis. Farther on is the Winter Palace, distinguished by a flag, in front of which, near the bottom of the vista, is the column raised to the memory of Alexander. Opposite this, on the right hand, is the palace of the Etat Major, and returning towards the foreground, the War Office. The group in front are employed in dragging stones for the new Isaak's church, which stands in the left hand corner, although the view is not wide enough to admit it. This is to be the richest and most splendid building in the world; but it has been so long in progress, and is now so little advanced, that a notice of it must fall to the lot of some future traveller. Saint Isaak, I believe, is not particularly connected with Russia, except by his day falling upon the birth-day of Peter the Great.

Such is the scale on which St. Petersburg is built; for although this may be considered the heart of the city, the other members correspond. The very vastness of the vacant spaces, however, it should be observed, seems to make the houses on either side look less lofty; while on the other hand, no doubt the real want of loftiness in the houses exaggerates the breadth of the area between. But on the present occasion, any thing like fancy in the latter respect would have been quite supererogatory. The streets were hardly passable. Here and there a pond or a morass gave pause to the pedestrian; while the droski driver was only indebted to his daily renewed experience of the daily-changing aspect of the ground, for the comparative confidence and safety with which he pursued his way. The streets, in fact, were in the same predicament as the roads by which I had reached them; they had thawed from their winter consistence, and their stones, torn up, and dismantled by the severities of the frost, had not yet been put into summer quarters.

The greater part of the streets are what may be termed pebble-roads, a name which describes exactly what they are. At this moment, in the whole city, there are upwards of seven hundred and seventy-two thousand square sagenes* of these roads, while of stone pavement there are only nine thousand four hundred and fifty, and of wood six thousand four hundred.

The wooden pavement, I believe, is peculiar to St. Petersburg, and merits a description. It consists of small hexagons sawed from a piece of resinous wood, and laid into a bed formed of crushed stones and sand. These are fastened laterally into each other with wooden pegs, and when the whole forms a plain surface, the interstices are filled with fine sand, and then boiling pitch is poured over all. This pitch from the porous nature of the wood is speedily absorbed, and on a quantity of sand being strewed above it, the operation is complete, and a pavement constructed which is found to be extremely durable, and which seems to me to suffer much less injury from the frost than the stone causeway. The honor of the invention is due to M. Gourief; and I have no doubt he will ultimately see it adopted in most of the great towns towards the north.

* A sagene is seven feet.

SUPPLEMENT.

In compliance with the suggestion of many of our friends, and at the request of a majority of our contributors, we again publish a supplement consisting of *Notices of the "Messenger."* We have duly weighed the propriety and impropriety of this course, and have concluded that when we choose to adopt it, there can be no good reason why we should not. Heretofore we have made selections from the notices received—only taking care to publish what we conceived to be a fair specimen of the general character of all—and, with those who know us, no suspicion of unfairness in this selection would be entertained. Lest, however, among those who do *not* know us, any such suspicion should arise, we now publish *every* late criticism received. This supplement is, of course, not considered as a portion of the Messenger itself, being an extra expense to the publisher.

We commence with the *Newbern* (*North Carolina*) *Spectator*—a general dissenter from all favorable opinions of our Magazine.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this periodical has been on our table for some days, but our avocations have prevented us from looking into it before to-day. It is as usual, a beautiful specimen of typography, and sustains Mr. White's acknowledged mechanical taste. Its contents are various, as may be seen by referring to another column of to-day's paper, and not more various than unequal. Some of the articles are creditable to their authors, while others—indeed a majority of them—would better suit an ephemeral sheet like our own, which makes no great literary pretensions, than the pages of a magazine that assumes the high stand of a critical censor and a standard of correct taste in literature. While its pretensions were less elevated, we hailed the Messenger as an attempt, and a successful one, to call forth southern talent and to diffuse a taste for chaste and instructive reading; and had its conducters been satisfied with the useful and creditable eminence which the work attained almost immediately, the Messenger would not only have had a more extensive circulation, but its labors would have been more beneficial to the community—the great end at which every periodical should aim. With the talent available in any particular spot in the southern country, it is out of the question, truly ridiculous, to assume the tone of a Walsh, a Blackwood or a Jeffries; and to attempt it, without the means to support the pretension, tends to accelerate the downfall of so indiscreet an attempt. We do not wish to be misunderstood in this remark. We believe, indeed we know, that the south possesses talent, and cultivated talent too, in as great abundance perhaps as any population of the same extent so situated; but the meaning which we intend to convey is, that this talent is neither sufficiently concentrated, nor sufficiently devoted to literary pursuits, to be brought forth in support of any single publication in strength adequate to establish an indisputable claim to superiority. Without these advantages, however, the Messenger has boldly put itself forth as an arbiter whose dicta are supreme; and with a severity and an indiscreetness of criticism,—especially on American works,—which few, if any, of the able and well established Reviews have ventured to exercise, has been not only unmerciful, but savage. We admit that the number before, as well as the one preceding, is more moderate; and this change encourages the hope that justness of judgment and a dignified expression of opinion will hereafter characterise the work. The May number, however, is over captious, unnecessarily devoted to faultfinding, in a few cases. In criticising "Spain Revisited," this spirit shows itself. About ninety lines are occupied in condemnation of the Author's dedication, a very unpretending one too, and one which will elevate Lieutenant Slidell in the estimation of all who prefer undoubted evidences of personal friendship to the disposition which dictates literary hyper-criticism. The errors of composition that are to be found in the work, grammatical and other, are also severely handled, we will not say ably. The following is a specimen.

"And now, too, we began"—says Spain Revisited—"to see horsemen jantily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, and worked spatterdashes, reining fiery Andalusian coursers, each having the Moorish carbine hung at hand beside him."

"Were horsemen"—says the Messenger, "a *generic* term," that is, did the word allude to horsemen generally, the use of the "*slouched hat*" and "*embroidered jacket*" in the singular, would be justifiable—but it is not so in speaking of individual horsemen, where the plural is required. The participle "*reining*" probably refers to "*spatterdashes*," although of course intended to agree with "*horsemen*." The word "*each*" also meant to refer to the "*horsemen*," belongs, strictly speaking, to the "*coursers*." The whole, if construed by the rigid rules of grammar, would imply that the horsemen were dressed in spatterdashes—which spatterdashes reined the coursers—and which coursers had each a carbine."

With all deference to the Messenger, we would ask, if it never entered into the critick's mind that "slouched hat," "and embroidered jacket" are here used as generick terms? Lieutenant Slidell evidently intended that they should be so received: but that he entertained the same intention respecting "horsemen," the whole context disproves. Had the reviewer placed a comma after the word "horsemen," in the first line of the paragraph which he dissects, (the relative and verb—*who were*—being elided, there is authority for so doing,) considered as parenthetical and illustrative all that follows between that comma and the one which comes after "spatterdashes," supplied the personal relative and the proper verb, which are plainly understood before the participle "reining," we presume that this sentence, ill-constructed as it undoubtedly is, would have escaped the knife, from a conviction that there are many as bad in the Messenger itself. The only critical notice which we have had leisure to read since the reception of the number, is the one which we have named. We may resume the subject in connexion with the June number.

We are at a loss to know who is the editor of the Spectator, but have a shrewd suspicion that he is the identical gentleman who once sent us from Newbern an unfortunate copy of verses. It seems to us that he wishes to be taken notice of, and we will, for the once, oblige him with a few words—with the positive understanding, however, that it will be inconvenient to trouble ourselves hereafter with his opinions. We would respectfully suggest to him that his words, "*while its pretensions were less elevated we hailed the Messenger as a successful attempt, &c. and had its conductors been satisfied with the useful and creditable eminence, &c. we would have had no objection to it*," &c. are a very fair and candid acknowledgment that he can find no fault with the Messenger but its success, and that to be as stupid as itself is the only sure road to the patronage of the Newbern Spectator. The paper is in error—we refer it to any decent schoolboy in Newbern—in relation to the only sentence in our Magazine upon which it has thought proper to comment specifically, viz. the sentence above (by Lieutenant Slidell) beginning "And now too we began to see horsemen jantily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, &c." The *Spectator* says, "We would ask if it never entered into the critic's mind that 'slouched hat' and 'embroidered jacket' are here used as generic terms? Lieutenant Slidell evidently intended that they should be so received; but that he entertained the same intention respecting 'horsemen,' the whole context disproves." We reply, (and the Spectator should imagine us smiling as we reply) that it is precisely because "slouched hat" and "embroidered jacket" *are* used as generic terms, while the word "horsemen" *is not*, that we have been induced to wish the sentence amended. The *Spectator* also says, "With the talent available in any particular spot in the Southern country, it is out of the question, truly ridiculous, to assume the tone of a Walsh, a Blackwood, or a Jeffries." We believe that either Walsh, or (*Blackwood?*) or alas! Jeffries, would disagree with the Newbern Spectator in its opinion of the talent of the Southern country—that is, if either Walsh or Blackwood or Jeffries could have imagined the existence of such a thing as a *Newbern Spectator*. Of the opinion of Blackwood and Jeffries, however, we cannot be positive just now. Of that of Walsh we can, having heard from him very lately with a promise of a communication for the Messenger, and compliments respecting our Editorial course, which we should really be ashamed of repeating. From *Slidell*, for whom the Spectator is for taking up the cudgels, we have yesterday heard in a similar strain and with a similar promise. From *Prof. Anthon*, ditto. *Mrs. Sigourney*, also lately reviewed, has just forwarded us her compliments and a communication. *Halleck*, since our *abuse* of his book, writes us thus: "There is no place where I shall be more desirous of seeing my humble writings than in the publication you so ably support and conduct. It is full of sound, good literature, and its frank, open, independent manliness of spirit, is characteristic of the land it hails from." *Paulding*, likewise, has sent us something for our pages, and is so kind as to say of us in a letter just received, "I should not hesitate in placing the "Messenger" decidedly at the head of our periodicals, nor do I hesitate in expressing that opinion freely on all occasions. It is gradually growing in the public estimation, and under your conduct, and with your contributions, must soon, if it is not already, be known all over the land." Lastly, in regard to the disputed matter of Drake and Halleck, we have just received the following testimony from an individual second to no American author in the wide-spread popularity of his writings, and in their universal appreciation by men of letters, both in the United States and England. "You have given sufficient evidence on various occasions, not only of critical knowledge but of high independence; your praise is therefore of value, and your censure not to be slighted. Allow me to say that I think your article on Drake and Halleck one of the finest pieces of criticism ever published in this country."

These decisions, on the part of such men, it must be acknowl-

edged, would be highly gratifying to our vanity, were not the decision vetoed by the poet of the *Newbern Spectator*. We wish only to add that the poet's assertion in regard to the Messenger "putting itself forth as an arbiter whose dicta are supreme," is a slight deviation from the truth. The Messenger merely expresses its particular opinions in its own particular manner. These opinions no person is bound to adopt. They are open to the comments and censures of even the most diminutive things in creation—of the very Newbern Spectators of the land. If the Editor of this little paper does not behave himself we will positively publish his verses.—*Ed. Messenger.*

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From the Augusta Chronicle.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The following flattering tribute to the merits of this Southern periodical, is from the New York Courier and Enquirer; and, for its liberality and independence, it is scarcely less creditable to the Messenger, than to the paper from which it is extracted. The Courier and Enquirer is ever ready to do justice to the South, in all its relations, and to defend it when assailed, and therefore richly merits the warm gratitude and liberal patronage of its people.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

"We have received the May number of the Southern Literary Messenger, and its contents are equal to its reputation. We feel no hesitation in declaring our opinion that this publication is in every essential attribute, at the very head of the periodical literature of its class, in the United States. We do not agree by any means with some of its literary *conclusions*. For instance, it is very wide of our opinion on the merits of Halleck, in this very number; but there is a vigor and manliness in most of the papers that appear in the Messenger, which we are almost ready to admit, are found *no where* else in American periodicals. At all events, it holds a proud post among its compeers, and its criticisms in particular, though sometimes a little too tomahawkish, have, generally speaking, a great deal of *justice* on their side."

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From the National Intelligencer.

On the subject of the right of instruction, we find in the June number of the Richmond Literary Messenger, a very able paper, which, as soon as we can free our columns from the mass of Congressional matter on our hands, we will spread entire before our readers. The article comes to us in the shape of a letter to a gentleman in Virginia, and is understood to be from the pen of that distinguished jurist, Judge Hopkinson, of Philadelphia. It was elicited by a recent article in the Richmond Enquirer in defence of the right of mandatory instruction, and furnishes a luminous and complete refutation of that, amongst the most mischievous of the fallacies which obtain occasional popularity in particular States. Hearing of this letter, the publisher of the Messenger had the good sense and good fortune to obtain a copy of it, and the manliness to publish it in his valuable journal. In so doing he has rendered a service to the public, and enriched his pages with an article which is, itself, worth five years' subscription to the Messenger.

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From the Richmond Compiler.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—Every body must remember, that a very short time ago the attempt to establish a magazine in Virginia, was looked upon as chimærical in the last degree; and when, at length, the publication was commenced, in spite of a host of difficulties, its speedy downfall was universally predicted. Such predictions, no doubt, tended in a great degree to verify themselves, and are the usual resources of the enemies of any scheme of the kind. But it is saying a great deal for the enterprize and talent which have been employed in the service of the Messenger, that it has not only overcome difficulties such as no other magazine in the country ever successfully contended with, but that it has succeeded in attaining to the very first rank among American monthly periodicals. Since the commencement of the second volume, there has hardly been a dissenting voice, in this respect, in the many notices of the journal which have come under our observation. The *first literary names in the Union* (without reference to mere Editorial opinions) have not scrupled directly to avow their belief, that the Messenger is decidedly the first of American Journals, and that its Editorial articles and management in especial, are far superior to those of any magazine in America, but have suffered these opinions to be published. Here, then, there can be no suspicion of puffery. Yet in spite of all these things,—in spite of the energy which has been displayed in getting up the Journal—in spite of the acknowledged ability with which it is conducted, and the admitted talents of its principal contributors (Judge Hopkinson, Professor Dew, Rbt. Greenhow, Heath, Timothy Flint, Edgar Poe, Judge Tucker, Groesbeck, Minor, Carter, Maxwell and a host of others)—in spite, too, of the general acknowledgement that such a publication is an honor to the State, we find our citizens regarding the work with apathy, if not treating it with positive neglect. Our public presses, too, we think to blame, in not entering more warmly into the cause of the *Messenger*. We happen to be aware that these presses are, one and all, favorably disposed to the Journal and proud of its success. But they are, in a measure, bound to some *active* exertions in its behalf. In such a case as that of the Messenger, silence amounts to positive dispraise. The public in other States naturally look to the Richmond presses for opinions in relation to the magazine, and are at a loss to account for not finding any, except by supposing some demerit. We are quite sure that Mr. White has neither any expectation nor desire that we should *puff* his Journal—that is, praise it beyond its deserts. Yet we may certainly notice each number as it appears, expressing freely although briefly, our opinion of its deserts. This is nothing more, it appears to us, than our absolute duty—a duty we owe to the cause of Virginia literature, to Mr. White, Mr. Poe, and to ourselves.

The present number, we do not think equal as a whole to the March number, and still less to that for February—which latter may be safely placed in comparison with any single number of any Journal in existence for the great vigor, profundity, and originality of its articles. Yet we do not mean to say that the number now before us is not an admirable one, and fully equal to any of our Northern magazines in its communications, while it far surpasses the best of them in its Editorial department.

The first article is "MSS. of Benj. Franklin," printed from MSS. in the hand-writing of Franklin himself, and never published in any edition of his works. It is unnecessary to say more than this to call public attention to so valuable a paper. "Lionel Granby," chap. X. is the next prose article. We like this chapter as well if not better, than any of the former ones. The writer of these papers is evidently a man of genius—we might perhaps express our meaning more fully by saying that he has that degree of genius which enables him to appreciate, and keenly feel the labors of men of genius. Some of his detached passages may be considered as very fine. He has, however, no capacity to sustain a connected narrative of any length, and these chapters of "Lionel Granby" are consequently replete with the most ludicrous incongruities. They evince great ignorance of what is called the world. They are full of a shallow pedantry. Their style is excessively turgid, ungrammatical, and *inconsequential*. "The Prairie" is a delightful little sketch of real scenery. "Random Thoughts" is an excellent article, evincing much true learning and acumen. Such contributors as the author of this paper are invaluable to the *Messenger*. "Odds and Ends" is from the pen of Oliver Oldschool—a former correspondent of the Messenger. We believe Oliver Oldschool to be Mr. Garnett, the author of many excellent things on Female Education. His present essay is exceedingly amusing—but somewhat old fashioned. "The Hall of Incholese" by J. N. McJilton should not have been admitted into the columns of the Messenger. It is an imitation of the Editor's tale of Bon-Bon, and like most other imitations, utterly unworthy of being mentioned in comparison with its original. Nothing but the most extraordinary talent can render a tale of this nature acceptable to the present state of the public appetite. If not exceedingly good, it is always excessively bad. It must be a palpable hit or it is nothing. The "Lecture on German Literature" is in every respect worthy of the talents and learning of its author, George H. Calvert, Editor of the Baltimore American, and the writer of several popular works. It is a spirited and accurate sketch of German Literature from its origin to the present day. The Messenger should secure Mr. Calvert if possible. "Readings with my pencil, No. IV," is a very good paper. "American Social Elevation" is the best communicated article in the present number, and perhaps one of the best, if not indeed the best (of a similar nature) which has ever appeared in any Journal in the country. Its philosophy is bold and comprehensive without being minute—its style fervid and exceedingly pure. From the initials and place of date, we are led to attribute this essay to Mr. Groesbeck of Cincinnati. "Verbal Criticisms" is a good paper, but we cannot agree with the critic in his strictures on the phrase "being built."

The Editorial Department is (as it invariably is,) full, bold, vigorous and original. The first paper is "Lynch's Law," and gives the history and origin, together with a copy of the law. Then follow Critical Notices. New works are reviewed—of Slidell's, of Professor Anthon's, of Mrs. Trollope's, of Paulding's, of Walsh's, of Cooper's, and of Mellen's. Praise and blame are distributed with the soundest discrimination, and with an impartiality, (even in the case of known friends,) which it is impossible not to admire; or to impeach.

The Poetical Department is quite limited. Two pieces by Mr. Poe are very beautiful, the one entitled "Irene," in especial, is full of his rich and well-disciplined imagination. The lines on "Camilla" by Lambert A. Wilmer, are a perfect gem; full of antique strength and classic sorrow.

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From the Baltimore Gazette.

The Southern Literary Messenger for April, has been received rather late in the day. Though the appearance of the Messenger is occasionally delayed (from us) longer than we might wish, yet we ever give it the cordial welcome which a most interesting and worthy friend never fails to receive at our hands. The present number, we perceive, contains less than the usual amount of matter, owing to the increase of the pages of the March number occasioned by the insertion of Professor Dew's valuable address upon the influence of the federative republican system of government upon literature and the development of character.

The long and able article on Maelzel's Chess Player, contained in this number, does credit to the close observation and acute reasoning of its author, who, as the article is published under the editorial head, we infer is the talented editor himself. The question whether or not the chess-player is a pure machine, is, we think, completely put to rest. The nature of the game of

chess is such, that no *machine*, however ingeniously arranged may be its mechanism, could of itself perform its constantly varying operations. We have never, at any time, given assent to the prevailing opinion, that human agency is not employed by Mr. Maelzel. That such agency is employed cannot be questioned, unless it may be satisfactorily demonstrated that man is capable to impart intellect to matter: for *mind* is no less requisite in the operations of the game of chess, than it is in the prosecution of a chain of abstract reasoning. We recommend those, whose credulity has in this instance been taken captive by plausible appearances; and all, whether credulous or not, who admire an ingenious train of inductive reasoning, to read this article attentively: each and all must rise from its perusal convinced that a *mere machine* cannot bring into requisition the intellect which this intricate game demands, but on the contrary that every operation is the result of human agency, though so ingeniously concealed as to baffle detection, unless by long continued and close observation.

This question, so often, and in this instance so ably, examined, was settled in Baltimore several years ago, by the actual discovery of a man emerging from the top of the chest or box, on which Mr. Maelzel's figure moved the chess men, the lid, which moved on a pivot like some card table covers, being turned on one side. This was seen by two youths of respectable character, through a window, accidentally open, in the rear of the room in which Mr. Maelzel's Chess Player was exhibited. Of the truth of this discovery we are entirely satisfied.

The Lecture "On the Providence of God in the Government of the World," from the original manuscript of Benjamin Franklin, and which has not hitherto been published in any edition of his works, is properly entitled to the first place in the columns of the Messenger. The argument of the Providence of God contained in this lecture, is admirable for its brevity and conclusiveness. Franklin reasoned well, and wrote as well as he reasoned. Forming his style after the model of the most chaste and classic writer of the English language, and drawing from the resources of a capacious and well stored mind, he never failed both to please and to instruct his readers. His aim was to benefit his countrymen; and he wrote for them in a way in which they could understand, appreciate, and profit by every thing that came from his pen. The epistles published more than a century ago in his Pennsylvania Weekly Gazette, contain many valuable hints respecting domestic economy, some of which might be treasured up with advantage at the present day; for, generally speaking, economy is not an American virtue. Two of those epistles, one from Anthony Afterwit, and the other from Celia Single, have made their appearance in this number of the Messenger. Neither of them, it seems, has been inserted in any of the editions of the Doctor's works.

The article on "Genius" is perhaps more in accordance with our views than with those of the editor, who seems to think the writer's inferences lag behind the spirit of the age, and hence deduces the important conclusion, that his correspondent is not a phrenologist. We leave both the editor and his correspondent to the enjoyment of their own respective opinions, while we pass on to entertain ourselves for a little while in the "March Court" of our sister State. Nugator describes to the life the scenes of every day occurrence both in and *around* a Virginia Court House, and concludes the picture he has so happily drawn, by introducing the trial of a negro woman for murder, during the late war, and at the time the British were ascending the Potomac.

The article on "Woman," by Paulina, is sensible and well written—far more just and philosophical than a vast deal that has been said on this fair subject. Commend us to the ladies in general, and to Paulina in particular, for just views of the gentler sex. It is to be hoped the fair writer may perceive that the subject is not exhausted in a single essay.

"Leaves from my Scrap Book," includes much that is excellent within a limited space. The writer has improved his naturally correct taste by close communion with the ancient and modern classics.

A Tale of Jerusalem, is one of those felicitous "hits," which are the forte of Edgar A. Poe. The point, like that of an epigram, lies in the conclusion.

The "critical notices" of the present number, evince the usual ability of the editor in this department; though, what is more to our taste, not quite so caustic, as hitherto. We accord with the review of the "Culprit Fay." The merits of this poem, despite the praise lavished upon it, when critically sifted, will be found to be like the little Ouphe himself, rather a small affair.

Our article has been lengthened so far beyond the usual limits as to preclude attention to the poetical department.

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From the Norfolk Herald.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The present number of the Messenger, although not altogether equal to some previous ones, is full of highly interesting and valuable matter, and sustains the well earned reputation of the Journal. The first article is "MSS. of Benjamin Franklin." These MSS. are copied from the hand writing of Franklin himself and have never appeared in any edition of his works. Among other good things, they include the following question and its solution. "A man bargains for the keeping of his horse six months, whilst he is making a voyage to Barbadoes. The horse strays or is stolen soon after the keeper has him in possession. When the owner demands the value of his horse in money, may not the other as justly demand so much deducted as the keeping of the horse six months amounts to?" The second prose article is "Lionel Granby," a series of papers which we cannot consider as at all creditable to the Messenger. The "Prairie" is a very good sketch. "Random Thoughts" are somewhat pedantic, but make a very excellent article. "Odds and Ends" we fancy is from the pen of Mr. Garnett; it is full of humor, and will be generally liked, although we agree with the Richmond Compiler in thinking it rather too old fashioned. The "Hall of Incholese" is decidedly bad, and moreover a direct imitation of Mr. Poe's tale of "Bon-Bon." The Editor should have refused to admit it in the Messenger, if for no other reason, on account of its barefaced flattery of himself. Mr. Calvert's (of the Baltimore American) "Lecture on German Literature" will be generally read and admired. It is a well-written and comprehensive essay, evincing intimate acquaintance with the literature of which he treats. "Readings with my Pencil, No. IV" by J. F. O. is like all the other numbers, good. "American Social Elevation" is most admirable: if we mistake not, this article is from the pen of Professor Dew. "Verbal Criticisms" are just, but rather common place.

The "Editorial" of this number is very forcible and racy as usual. Among other things we notice an account of the origin of "Lynch's Law." The "Critical Notices" embrace all new publications of any moment, that is, American publications; and we approve of the Editor's discrimination in not troubling himself, except in rare cases, with those of foreign countries. The books reviewed are Slidell's "Spain Revisited," "Paulding's Washington," Mrs. Trollope's "Paris and the Parisians," Walsh's "Didactics," Anthon's "Sallust," Cooper's "Switzerland" and "Mellen's Poems." A press of other matters prevented us from doing what we intended in relation to the last Messenger. We wished especially to have called public attention to the Editorial *critique* on the poems of Drake and Halleck, and the article (also editorial) on the "Automaton of Maelzel." Both these pieces are unanswerable—and perhaps the two best articles of any kind which have ever appeared in an American Periodical. The essay on the Automaton *cannot be answered*, and we have heard the Editor challenges a reply from Maelzel himself, or from any source whatever. The piece has excited great attention. The poetry of the Messenger improves: there are some excellent lines in the present number.

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From the National Gazette.

The May number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains several excellent articles. Mr. Calvert's Lecture on the Literature of Germany may be commended to the attention of all who are either about studying the German language, or would wish to know something of the authors of that country. His descriptions, though necessarily brief, are satisfactory, and his estimates of the comparative merits of the authors he mentions, are, in general, judicious. The MSS. of Benjamin Franklin (not in his works) are from the same source which furnished some for the April number. They will be read with interest by all. The chapter of Lionel Granby does not advance the thread of the story. It describes a visit of the hero to Lamb (Elia Lamb,) and pictures his guests, Coleridge, Godwin, &c. "Odds and Ends" is the title of an attempt to divide mankind into genera and species, such as have not yet been named in any work on natural history. It will furnish amusement and perhaps instruction to the reader. The author (Oliver Oldschool) is an old correspondent of the Messenger. The essay entitled "American Social Elevation," deserves great commendation. How fatal to the advancement of society too great attention to money-making and politics is proving in this country, is well exhibited, and remedies for this are judiciously suggested. A new account of the origin of Lynch's law is given, which is probably the true one.

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From the Baltimore American.

In the Southern Literary Messenger for April, which reached us a few days since, the Editor opens the department of "critical notices" with some spirited and just remarks on the puffing system, as practised in this country towards native writers, and a vindication of his own course. He is on the strong side, whatever number or influences may be arrayed against him, and will do much good even though he run occasionally into the extreme of severity. Many people really believe, by dint of reading the repeated praise bestowed on them, that the marrowless prose fictions and "baseless" verse of the day constitute a Literature. Let the editor of the Messenger and others, go on purging their judgment of such crude notions, and assuming a high standard of literary merit, require substantial qualifications in candidates for fame, and condemn unsparingly all who do not unite genius with cultivation, a union indispensable for the production of works of permanent value.

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From the Baltimore Athenæum.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The April number of this excellent periodical is before us, and fully maintains the dignity and reputation won by its predecessors. We have read it carefully, and therefore hold ourselves qualified to pronounce judgment on its general merit. The articles in prose, are *all* good. We wish we could say the same of the poetry; which, with the exception of the dramatic sketch entitled "The Death of Robespierre," (admirable by the bye, although we think the writer has caught somewhat of the reflection of Coleridge,) we say, with the above exception, the poetry, judged by the Editor's own standard, that of Ideality, does not rank above mediocrity. The critical notices, together with the brief introductory essay "On the present state of American criticism," are in the Editor's best vein. We like the independent spirit, and critical acumen, which

he evinces in the performance of his duty; and, however we may at times be induced to differ with him in opinion, yet we cannot but say, that in general his dissections of "poor devil authors," though apparently severe, are well merited. In making this admission, we do not withdraw any opinion heretofore expressed when we have differed from the Editor of the Messenger, for, whenever we dislike an article we shall, (as we have ever done,) speak our mind fully though in all friendliness. But we assert our conviction, that judicious criticism, exercised without regard to persons, has been long wanting. There was a time when American Reviewers *imported* their decisions on the works of native authors, and frowned down any attempt to resist the foreign decree. They have now rushed into the opposite extreme, the barrier once broken down, the torrent of adulation has lifted up every man who could fill a book with words; and changed the current of popular feeling to such an extent, that it is only by strenuous exertions it can be brought back into its mediate and true channel. They have given Phaeton the reins, and if his steeds are not checked by a more powerful hand, the most disastrous effects must inevitably ensue. We, therefore, bid our friends cherish a work that upholds independent criticism, and pursues the "even tenor of its way," the friend of all who deserve its friendship, but the slave of none. Cherish it we say, that by a more extended circulation it may fulfil the christian precept, and "go about doing good."

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From the Baltimore Athenæum.

The Southern Literary Messenger for May.—This number contains, among other excellent papers, an address on "German Literature," by our townsman, George H. Calvert, Esq., delivered before the Athenæum Society of Baltimore, on the 11th of February, 1836. The pleasure derived from a perusal of this admirable lecture was greatly enhanced by the fact of our having been present at its delivery, and our still vivid recollection of its varied beauties and excellences, heightened and rendered impressive by the peculiar manner, emphasis, and enunciation of the speaker. Of the literature of Germany, deeply metaphysical, and rich with an abounding store of learning as it is, we are by far too ignorant, and we owe much to the author of this address for his labors in opening for us many sources of rich intellectual enjoyment, in his translations, of which Schiller's Don Carlos may be named as his most elaborate effort yet published.

We cannot enter into an analysis of the entire number of the Messenger before us; it is however highly interesting, as is usual with all the issues of this Magazine. The paper called "Odds and Ends," we recommend to the especial perusal of all who have any desire to reform their manners and morals. It is a pleasant and well conceived satire.

Some of the northern critics have intimated that Simms was the editor of the Messenger. This is an error. It is now edited, as we understand, by Edgar A. Poe, formerly of this city, a young gentleman of excellent talents, and untiring industry. He is earning for himself a fine reputation.

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From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this handsome and ably conducted periodical has just come to hand. It comes late, but in the case of this Messenger we may truly say "better late than never;" for the tales it tells, and its qualities as a temporary visiter and companion, must always secure it a cordial reception, however it may procrastinate its stated journeys, or linger by the way side. The Southern Literary Messenger is now under the editorial conduct of Edgar A. Poe, Esq. formerly of this city, and has been so, as we understand, since the commencement of the second volume. This gentleman has been, the while, a liberal contributor to its columns, and this thorough identification with a periodical, marked with unusual ability and attended with extraordinary success, must be satisfactory to the editor, and afford ample testimony at the same time that the conduct of the Messenger is in fit and competent hands. The May number of the Messenger contains the usual variety, and is marked with the freshness, spirit, and independence, which are characteristic of the work.

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From the Baltimore Patriot.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The April number of this fresh and spirited periodical has come to hand. Its contents exhibit the usual variety. The character of this work is now so well established, that we need not speak to the question of its general merits, and shall only say that the visits of this "Messenger," though sometimes tardy as in the present case, are, to us, always and altogether acceptable. The number now before us contains a long and ingenious editorial article, on the *modus operandi* of Maelzel's Chess Player.

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From the New Yorker.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The April number of this spirited Monthly reaches us somewhat later than its date would indicate, yet so excellent in matter and manner that the reader will easily be induced to pardon the delinquency. The remarkable typographical neatness of the Messenger we have frequently alluded to, in glancing rapidly, as now, at the more intrinsic character of its contents. Some of those of the present number deserve a more extended consideration than we have time or space to give them.

"MSS. of Benjamin Franklin" form the opening paper of the Magazine—three hitherto unpublished though characteristic essays from the pen of the first eminent philosopher and sage whom America can claim as her own. 'A Lecture on Providence' is replete with the profound yet perspicuous common sense which was ever so prominent a feature in the character of the inventor of the lightning-rod; while the letters of 'Anthony Afterwit' and 'Celia Single' are in his lighter vein of humorous utilitarianism which would have done no discredit to the pen of Addison. (By the way, why have we no compilation or edition of the Life and Writings of Dr. Franklin at all commensurate with the dignity of the subject? Such a work would form a valuable and now desirable addition to American literature.)

"Genius" is discussed in the succeeding prose paper, and to better purpose than in the majority of essays on the subject. The writer maintains that "Genius, as it appears to me, is merely a decided preference for any study or pursuit, which enables its possessor to give it the close and unwearied attention necessary to ensure success." This proposition is stoutly and ably maintained, and, though we cannot concur in it fully, we believe it much nearer the truth than is generally supposed. If true at all, it is a profitable truth, and should pass into an axiom with all convenient celerity.

"Some Ancient Greek Authors Chronologically Considered," is an article evincing profitably directed research, which we shall copy.

"March Court" is a sketch so exclusively Virginian, that we can hardly judge of its merit.

"The Death of Robespierre" is a dramatic sketch—a species of writing which we do not properly appreciate. We, who do not worship even Shakspeare, cannot bow to the sway of his humbler satellites.

"Woman" is the topic of the succeeding paper—judicious and sensible, but not very original or forcible, considering that the essayist is a lady.

"Leaves from a Scrap Book" will be found among our literary selections. We regret that its Greek characters and phrases compelled us to exclude the author's forcible illustration of the disadvantages under which the earlier poets labor in a comparison with the moderns. Nothing could be more conclusive.

The Editorials of the number are ably written, though some pages are devoted to a solution of the mystery of the Automaton Chess-Player, doubtless the correct one, viz. that, after all the scrutiny which it has undergone, there is actually a man concealed in the pretended machinery. We are not sure that this demonstration, conceding it to be such, is worth the space it necessarily occupies.

In the matter of Criticism, the Messenger has involved itself in a difficulty with some of our Northern periodicals, either party, as is not unusual in such cases, being just about half right. The Southern Editor has quite too savage a way of pouncing upon unlucky wights who happen to have severally perpetrated any thing below par in the literary line, like the Indian, who cannot realize that an enemy is conquered till he is scalped, and some of the mangled have no more policy than to betray their soreness by attempts at retaliation, under very flimsy disguises, invariably making the matter worse. We think the Messenger often quite too severe, as in the case of 'Norman Leslie,' but still able and ingenuous. The Poems of Drake and Halleck are reviewed this month—neither of them after the fashion of an ardent and awed admirer—but faithfully, fairly, and with discrimination.

In conclusion, we take pleasure in remarking the fact that the cause of literature at the South is so flourishing as it appears to be at present. We believe the whole number of periodicals which may be distinguished as literary on the other side of the Potomac, has more than doubled during the last two years, and that their circulation has increased in at least equal proportion. We rejoice at this state of things, though it may be justly thought to militate against our own personal interest. The South has interests and feelings which find little real sympathy with us, though a profound and respectful deference elsewhere; and it is right that she should have literary as well as political journals to maintain those interests and challenge respect for those feelings. We shall not grudge them a generous patronage.

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From the Charlottesville Advocate.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this work has appeared, with its usual variety of valuable matter.

Foremost in merit as in place, are more of those MSS. of Dr. Franklin, which are contained in the April No., and which have never yet been published in any edition of his works. They seem, all, to have been communications to a newspaper called the Gazetteer; though we are not informed whether they actually came forth in its columns or not. One piece purports to be from a gossipping "young girl about thirty-five," who styles herself "Alice Addertongue; and who makes an ingenious, (and of course satirical) defence of Scandal. Another consists of some "Queries to be asked the Junto," (his club, perhaps;) one of which is, "Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of the tankard that has cold water in it, in the summer time?" The simplicity of this question would warrant the belief, that the doctor was then but little advanced in his career of physical knowledge; unless we suppose that he propounded it only to stimulate some of his friends or readers to thought. The following question and answer have much of the true Franklin shrewedness and pungency: "I am about courting a girl I have but little acquaintance with; how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults, and whether she has the virtues I imagine she has? *Answer.* Commend her among her female acquaintance."

The Messenger has Chapter X. of "Lionel Granby;" a sort of novel, in which there has been much to admire; but we are

altogether dissatisfied with the present Chapter, crippling, as it does, several of the good things said in the Essays of Elia, by making the hero of the story hear them (and very clumsily retail them) from the lips of Charles Lamb himself, the real "Elia." We would advise the writer to bring his hero *tete à tete* with no more literary lions, if he can shew them off to no better advantage than he shews Lamb. What will our readers think of his talking of "the 'willie-draughts' which are pledged to the memory of boyhood," meaning an allusion to the "guid-willie waughts" of Burns, in "Auld Lang Syne?"

We like such collections of scraps, as are bundled together in the piece headed "Random Thoughts."

"Odds and Ends," by our old friend Oliver Oldschool, is a whole gallery of satirical portraits; representing various forms of human weakness or depravity—sketches of character almost worthy of Theophrastus, or La Bruyere. Of female characters, the *Tongue-tied, or Monosyllabic*, the *Bustlers*, the *Tom-boys*, the *Peace-sappers*, the *Tongue-warriors*, and several other classes, are held up to just ridicule; and of males, the *Busy-bodies*, the *Touch-me-nots*, the *Gastronomes*, the *Devillish Good Fellows*, &c. &c.

"A Lecture on German Literature," by George H. Calvert, of Baltimore, is a pregnant outline of a great deal that is inestimable in the literary store houses of probably the most enlightened nation (if we set aside politics) on earth.

We welcome No. IV. of "Readings with my Pencil," from a practised pen, and full, cultivated mind.

The article headed "Verbal Criticism," is of a sort which all the repositories and guardians of Literature ought oftener to contain: brief reprehensions of too prevalent errors in language; interspersed with curious philological remarks.

The somewhat long essay on "Social Elevation" has much that is praiseworthy, neatness (sometimes force) of style, and in the main, great justness of thought. Its aim is, to expose and rebuke those two ruling passions of our countrymen, the *love of money*, and the *love of political preferment*. It justly and forcibly shews how these obstruct our progress in knowledge, virtue, liberty, and happiness, by merging all enlarged patriotism in the most narrowly selfish considerations. Bent on wealth, half our people forget their country's weal, in contemplating the increase of their private hoards. Bent on *rising in the State* (as it is called,) or on ministering to those who do wish to rise, the other half sacrifice their country to their party, or to its leaders. God speed the Essayist in the wide, the universal dissemination of the views on this subject!

After all, the "Critical Notices" of the Editor have afforded us by no means the least pleasure. They are acute, just, and pungent. There is one thing we particularly like in the criticisms of the Messenger. While it displays a becoming pride in whatever excellences our country and its literature possesses, it does not hold itself bound, like many of our journalists, to applaud every thing that is American, and to admit the justice of no animadversions upon us and ours, from foreign tongues or pens. Thus, in an article on Mr. Cooper's "Sketches of Switzerland," it joins him in a just *fillip* to our national vanity, which has made us believe for many years past, that "the name of *an American* is a passport all over Europe," a boast which Mr. C. says is refuted by many mortifying tokens wherever an American travels in Germany, France, Switzerland, or Italy. In a review of Mrs. Trollope's *Paris and the Parisians*, the Messenger again justly rebukes the same American weakness, by averring (what we have always upheld) that her book upon the "Domestic Manners" of America had many more truths than our self love would let us acknowledge. "We have no patience," says the Messenger, "with that atrabilious set of hyper-patriots, who find fault with Mrs. T.'s *flumflummery* about the good people of the Union. The work appeared to us an unusually well written performance in which, upon a basis of downright and positive truth, was erected, after the fashion of a porcelain pagoda, a very brilliant, although a very brittle fabric of mingled banter, philosophy and spleen." * * * "We do not hesitate to say, that she ridiculed our innumerable moral, physical, and social absurdities with equal impartiality, true humor and discrimination; and that the old joke about her *Domestic manners of the Americans* being nothing more than the *Manners of the American Domestics*, is, like most other very good jokes, excessively untrue." Of all people on earth, it might be supposed that we, rational American freemen, would be most ready to bear with unpalatable truths told us of ourselves, and to profit by the admonitions those truths involve: that we would most willingly pray

> "O would some Power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!
> It would frae mony a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion."

But instead of doing so, we wince, swear, and call names, at the slightest hint from a foreigner that our country and all belonging to it, are not the very beau ideal of perfection. It must be thus, if we would make those advances towards perfection which the true patriot covets for his country. Pope's precept applies no less to nations than to individuals—

> "Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
> Make use of *every friend*, and *every foe*."

"Paulding's Washington," "Anthon's Sallust," "Walsh's Didactics," "Mellen's Poems," and Lieutenant Slidell's "Spain Revisited," (all native American works) are reviewed in a manner at once kind, just, and interesting.

The Number contains a good deal of original Poetry; the merits of which we must consign to the judgment of those who have more pretensions to taste in poetry than we have.

We wish the Messenger all honor and prosperity--a steadily increasing list of punctually paying subscribers.

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From the New Yorker.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We believe our respected cotemporary has profited by our advice this month before it reached him, for we find the June number on our table in much better season than its predecessors. We mark the improvement with pleasure, even though we cannot take credit to ourselves for effecting it. A few words on the papers which compose it.

"The Right of Instruction" is ably and temperately discussed in the leading article, which we may safely attribute to the pen of Judge Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania. The essay denies the right of a Legislature to instruct authoritatively the U. S. Senators of the State—or rather, the obligation of the Senators to obey unhesitatingly such requisition. We shall take cognizance of this subject in another place at an early day; but, for the present, we must be content with the remark that the argument drawn from the spirit of the Constitution and the intent of its framers is formidable, if not conclusive.

"Perdicaris," a sketch of the Greek scholar now lecturing on the literature and polity of his native land, is only remarkable for a translation of a beautiful little poem 'from the Romaic of Christopoulos.'

"MSS. of Benjamin Franklin" are continued in this number.

"Losing and Winning" is one of the most quietly affecting and excellent tales that we have perused for months. Let who will declaim against the evils wrought by fiction, we are sure that this same story contains more true practical wisdom—more forcible persuasives to the paths of virtue and duty, than many a well-intended volume of fact or direct exhortation.

"The Swan of Loch Oich" is fair verse, and fair only.

"Ulea Holstein—A Tale of the Northern Seas," is touching in its catastrophe, but not well imagined. The writer is evidently no veteran.

We have sometimes fancied we had reason to dislike the poetical contributions to the Messenger, while we were better suited with the prose. In the number before us there are three articles in verse—"The Laughing Girl," "A Birth-Day Tribute," and "Thy Home and Mine,"—which would do credit to any periodical. The Editor is evidently 'weeding out' as well as strengthening his crops of contributors, much to the advantage of his work.

"Court Day" and "My First Attempt at Poetry," are both well done.

A Lecture on Education concludes the contributed articles, and is devoted to a portrayal of the parental faults and misdemeanors which operate as serious obstacles to the inculcation of right principles and correct ideas in the minds of children. We heartily wish it could be read and appreciated by all the parents in our country.

The Editorial Criticisms are spirited but just. "Recollections of Coleridge," Colton's "Religious State of the Country," &c. &c. are praised without stint; while Col. Stone's unfortunate "Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman," is most unsparingly shown up. We like the independence, the directness, of the Editor, though he sometimes contrives to tread emphatically on the corns of an author for whom we have a tenderness. In the present instance, however, he has managed to be just right throughout, and our appreciation of his labors is graduated accordingly.

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From the National Gazette.

The number of the Southern Literary Messenger, for June, contains, among other excellent articles, "A reply to a late article in the Richmond Enquirer in favor of the mandatory right of a State Legislature to instruct a Senator of the United States, and supported by the

alleged opinions of King, Jay and Hamilton, as expressed in the Convention of New York." It is said to be by "a distinguished jurist of Philadelphia;" and the signature of H., together with the internal evidence of the composition, leave no doubt that it is from the pen of the eminent Judge of our District Court. He concludes the article with stating that a week or ten days before the death of Chief Justice Marshall, having called upon that great and good man, the question of instruction being then in high debate in the papers—he said to him that he thought the Virginia doctrine of instructions was inconsistent with all the principles of our government, and subversive of the stability of its foundations. To this the Chief Justice replied, in these words—"It is so; indeed, the Virginia doctrines are incompatible, not only with the government of the United States, but with *any* government."

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From the Boston Galaxy.

The Southern Literary Messenger is before us. Too much praise cannot be conceded to the publisher of this Monthly. He started on untried ground—but has brought forward his forces with such superior skill, and maintained the combat so manfully, that he has won the entire victory. The Messenger is an honor to the South. The articles it contains are for the most part of a superior order, while a spirit characterizes its editorial department exceedingly gratifying. The number before us has many most valuable articles; and so long as those concerned in its publication exert themselves with their present success, a corresponding flow of patronage must ensue. There is an original manuscript of Ben Franklin—desirable if only as a matter of curiosity—a poem by N. P. Willis, furnished by J. F. Otis, to be found on our outside—an interesting chronology of authors—a story by E. A. Poe, &c.

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From the United States Gazette.

Southern Literary Messenger.—Backward, like every thing else this spring, the April number of this periodical made its appearance in the first week in May. It is a good number, and though the reader may think the variety of its articles not so great as in some of the preceding, it contains many interesting papers. The first consists of "MSS. of Benjamin Franklin," comprising a Lecture upon Providence, never before published, and two humorous letters in the manner of those in the Spectator, published originally a hundred years ago in the Pennsylvania Gazette, and now republished from the original manuscripts. The article upon Maelzel's Automaton Chess Player is the most successful attempt we have seen to explain the *modus operandi* of that wonderful production. The writer advances a multitude of reasons to sustain his position, that a human being is concealed in the box and figure, and might be considered to have achieved complete success, were it not that an objection at once suggests itself. Could any human being have played so often and so long without once betraying himself by a sneeze and a cough? The "March Court" is a racy sketch, and the writer brings before us the justices, jurors, counsellors, clients, planters, pettifoggers, constables, cake women, candidate and jackass, as large as life, to say nothing of the sheriff running down a man who endeavors to escape, not punishment for some offence of his own, but the honor of sitting on the jury to decide upon the guilt of others. Nothing of the kind can be better than the anecdote in this piece, of the suppression of the British authorities by the *report* from the British cannon during the last war. The dramatic sketch entitled "The Death of Robespierre," is much to our taste. The incidents are well told, the language is poetical, and the versification smooth and harmonious. It is to be hoped that the readers of the Messenger will hear again from this author. The Essay on "Woman" is, we conclude from the signature, from a female hand, and contains just views upon a subject long neglected, but now beginning to attract a proper share of attention—Female Education. The present number is smaller than usual, its predecessor having exceeded the standard, to admit Professor Dew's Address. The subscription list continues steadily to increase, and includes the names of several Philadelphians. The citizens of Richmond appear determined to give it a liberal support, and testify their opinion of its excellence in the most substantial manner.

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From the Methodist Conference Sentinel.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We are indebted to the politeness of the publisher for the May number of this periodical. We have looked over some of its articles with pleasure. Among others "Odds and Ends," "German Literature," and "American Social Elevation" are well worthy of an attentive perusal. The character of this monthly "Messenger" is, in the general, unexceptionable, and it will, beyond question, exert a powerful, and, we trust a purifying, influence upon Southern literature. "The Hall of Incholese" is not only a failure in that department of literature with which it claims affinity; but it certainly possesses a character that can reflect but little credit upon the heretofore well established reputation of the "Messenger." It seems neither fit to "point a moral, nor adorn a tale." If the author has any desire for distinction in that particular line of writing, it will be necessary for him to form a more extensive acquaintance with "the little figure in black" before he can even hope for success. It would be better however to withdraw from the association altogether. In objecting to this article, we cannot be understood to object to the work in which it is found. The "Editorial Notices" are, to us, the most interesting part of the periodical. We turn to them with pleasure, in anticipation of an intellectual feast, and we are *never* disappointed. Though we sometimes differ with the editor in matters of taste and opinion, yet we find satisfaction in following the ever flowing stream of thought along which he leads his readers. We bid it welcome to our desk, and heartily wish it success.

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From the Petersburg Constellation.

Southern Literary Messenger, for June.—Our best thanks are due to the attentive proprietor for his prompt attention in forwarding the Messenger. As usual, it contains many pleasing articles: the MSS. of Franklin are literary curiosities. An excellent moral tale, entitled "Losing and Winning," adorns the number. Our present limits will not permit more than these cursory remarks, but if enterprise and talent are any guaranty for success, Mr. White need feel no alarm for the ultimate success of his efforts in favor of *Southern* Literature. Let the New York Mirror snarl if it will; there are papers in each Messenger which will outlive all the Norman Leslie "Pencillings by the Way," and "Wearies my Love of my Letters?" of its erudite editors. Kennel a stag-hound with a cur, and the latter will yelp in very fear.

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From the Winchester Virginian.

The June number of the *Southern Literary Messenger* has reached us. Its contents are of a highly interesting character—among them is a very able article on the "Right of Instruction," by a distinguished jurist of Philadelphia, but one in which the conclusions are not such as have obtained in Virginia, nor such as we have always inclined to believe correct. We are rather gratified than otherwise, however, at the introduction into the Messenger of essays upon such topics. Of the prose articles, one entitled "Losing and Winning," by the author of "Sensibility, &c." is a most valuable contribution; several others in the same department are very well written. The poetical articles are generally in good taste, and the critical notices are, as usual, able, candid and fearless. The Messenger is taking a higher and still higher stand among the periodicals of the day.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

Southern Literary Messenger.—In acknowledging our obligations to the publisher for the above work, we cannot do less than express our unqualified approbation of the character, contents and design of the Messenger. We have often seen it favorably noticed by our brethren of the corps editorial, as among the first monthly magazines in this country—by some even placed at the head of the list—but it is only by an examination and perusal of the numbers before us, that we have learned to appreciate the justness of their praise. The correctness, neatness, beauty and elegance of its typographical execution and appearance, not less than the rich and attractive guise thrown over its pages by the combined union of wit, genius and learning therein displayed, certainly surpass any thing to be met with in any similar periodical within our knowledge. We have not space to detail its particular merits, and will only remark generally in the words of another, that the contributions, prose and poetical, are of a high grade of excellence, the *critiques* precisely what they should be in such a work—faithful mirrors, reflecting in miniature the book reviewed, and exposing alike its beauties and deformities without favor or affection. We should be glad to enrich our columns by transferring to them several articles from the Messenger—perhaps hereafter we may be enabled to do so. At present we can only commend it to the countenance and patronage of our literary friends.

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From the Charleston Courier.

The Southern Periodicals.—We have received the April number of "The Southern Literary Messenger." It contains, among other articles of interest, a highly ingenious attempt to show that Maelzel's Chess Player is not a pure machine, but regulated by mind—by a human agent concealed within it.

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From the Louisville City Gazette.

The Southern Literary Messenger is the title of a periodical, published at Richmond, Virginia, that has no superior, either in the taste and genius of its contributors, or the beauty of its mechanism. Its criticisms are prepared with peculiar justness and acumen—not leaning to the side of mercy, and throwing a protecting veil over the sins and faults of others, but plainly pointing them out—not screening the errors of a friend, or sparing the tender places of an enemy. Such guardians we want to preserve the vigor of American Literature. There are some nurses so tender and so indulgent, that the children under their tutelage, either die of a surfeit of sweets, or languish through their too great care and tenderness. This will never be the case with our literature while guarded by such vigilant sentinels as the Southern Literary Messenger.

We had an opportunity, while conducting a periodical in a neighboring city, of seeing some of the earlier numbers of the Messenger, and on such occasions expressed the gratification and pleasure enjoyed in their perusal. And it is not only well sustained, but improves. Lionel Granby is kept up with spirit. Edgar A. Poe sprinkles his gems among the leaves of the Messenger. George H. Calvert, Esq. of the same city, freights it with the researches of ripe scholarship in the lore of German Literature. The May number is excellent, and we shall recur to it often, before it gives place to its successor.

We are indebted to Mr. White, the publisher, for his present, and assure him he could not have sent us a budget which would have been received by us with more pleasure.

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From the Oxford Examiner.

Southern Literary Messenger.—He who assumes to himself the province of amusing and instructing mankind for "a consideration," is amenable at all times to just criticisms. The publisher of a newspaper or journal of any kind, should never feel *hurt*, as a caterer for the public appetite, if some of those to whom they minister should growl and find fault. He ought not to claim preemption over all other men, but should be satisfied if he occasionally received an approving nod. It is always a strong evidence of a want of force of mind to fly in a passion at the suggestions of a friend, when they are disposed to disapprove of our acts, although they may be unjust. We make these preliminary remarks in allusion to a hasty notice we took of the April number of the Messenger, which the publisher was polite enough to send us. Our time is generally much occupied, and we perhaps gave that number and others which have been occasionally handed us by a friend, rather a hasty perusal. We felt *then*, as we do *now*, that the editor's criticisms were unnecessarily, perhaps, strictly severe in some instances. The eagle who towers above all other birds, and even dares to look upon the sun, would not, unless hard pressed, condescend to notice the earthly flutterings of a tomtit—he aspires to higher game.

We may have done the editor injustice; and we hardly expected him to send us another number—but perhaps, in his youthful days, he has read the fable of the gnat and the ox—whether he did or did not, we feel obliged to him for the May number.

We have always freely accorded to Mr. White almost unrivalled excellence as a printer, and we now as freely accord to him the most unqualified praise for the *matter* as well as the manner of his last number.

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From the Columbia (S. C.) Times.

We acknowledge the receipt of the May number of that chaste and interesting publication, the "Southern Literary Messenger," published by T. W. White, Richmond, Va. It undoubtedly contains more matter, for the price, than any other southern publication, and in style, is altogether unlike the mawkish effusions denominated "literary" with which our community is so liberally inundated.

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From the New Hampshire Patriot.

The *Southern Literary Messenger*, for April, has just reached us, and though rather late in the day, we cannot omit observing that it is excellent—well sustaining the high reputation of its predecessors. We renewedly commend the work to the favor of our literary friends, as one every way deserving their patronage—in many respects unrivalled by any similar publication in the country.

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From the Winchester Virginian.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have just received the April No. of this work, but have barely had time to read the article on "Maelzel's Chess Player," which happened to arrest our attention on opening the book. It is exceedingly well written and interesting. The table of contents holds out quite a tempting bill of fare.

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From the Richmond Whig.

The Southern Literary Messenger.—The May number of this periodical has just appeared. Though not perhaps equal to some of the preceding numbers, it is far, very far from being deficient either in entertainment or instruction. As all the supporters of this work, and indeed the public generally, have a deep interest in its reputation, it is not only right, but a duty, to pass an occasional judgment upon its merits—to commend its various excellences, and to point out in the spirit of liberal criticism, such faults as may be perceived to exist. The Messenger, to be extensively and permanently popular, must mingle the useful with the sweet. It must not only mirror the burning thoughts and glowing images which teem in the world of fancy, but also condescend an occasional visit to this dull planet, the Earth. It must mix familiarly with ordinary mortals, take some interest in their concerns, and lend a helping

hand in the struggles which are now making against power and corruption. Not that the Messenger should become a vehicle of mere party politics, but that the great principles of liberty should be boldly and steadily espoused by its conductors and those various and important measures which concern the welfare and happiness of the State, freely and frequently discussed in its pages. If the Star of this Republic, "the world's last hope," is destined to go down in darkness, corruption and misery, literature will either follow its fate, or be no longer worth cultivating or preserving. As essentially connected with the great cause of civil liberty, sound morals ought also to find in the Messenger a constant and able advocate. Without freedom and virtue, it is difficult to conceive the existence in any community of a pure and exalted literary taste. Such articles as the "Hall of Incholese," by J. N. McJilton, are popular only with a small number of readers, and are not calculated to increase the moral reputation of the Messenger. The introduction of the Evil One, as a familiar in human society—as a social companion in scenes of revelry, has rather a tendency to throw an air of ridicule upon the truths of Divine Revelation. Milton indeed pierced the mysterious veil which shrouds the monarch of darkness, but Milton's Satan, "high on his throne of state," is invested with a sublime terror which forbids the approaches of levity, and leaves behind it no impression inconsistent with revealed truth. No similar exception, however, can be taken to any other article in the present number of the Messenger. The MSS. of Franklin are interesting remains of that great man—interesting as illustrations of the strong common sense which peculiarly distinguished him. "Lionel Granby" is one of the best chapters which has appeared under that title. A novel however, published at intervals in the pages of a monthly miscellany, necessarily loses by that circumstance much of its interest. The author of "Odds and Ends" has attempted with much humor and effect, a new moral classification of that strange compound animal called Man. His satire is for the most part just, and his style racy and agreeable. "Random Thoughts," saving and excepting one or two smutty allusions, are excellent. They have an air of freshness and originality, which is quite delightful, considering how little can be said which is new upon any subject. The Lecture on "German Literature," by Mr. Calvert of Baltimore, now for the first time published, is highly creditable to its author. It evinces much classical taste, combined with a spirit of philosophical criticism. Mr. Calvert is sometimes, however, careless in his style, or rather in the formation of his sentences, which a good writer should study to avoid; and the great literary sin of this country, *a propensity to bombast*—is discernible in some parts of his lecture. Take for example the following passage, "John Wolfgang Goethe, was born at Frankfort on the Maine, in 1749, ten years before Schiller. 'Selectest influences,' leagued with nature, to produce this wonderful man. To give its complete development to a mighty inward power, outward circumstances were most happily propitious. *Upon faculties of the quickest sensibility, and yet of infinitely elastic power—wide convulsions and world-disturbing incidents bore with tempestuous force, dilating the congenial energies of the young genius who suddenly threw out his fiery voice to swell the tumult round him, and announce the master spirit of the age.*" This would certainly be a very unfair specimen of the general character of the lecture, and it is the more surprising, that such a sentence should have escaped the vigilance of the author. The slightest departure from the simplest mode of expression, if it does not degenerate into bombast, is almost certain to be attended by a certain degree of obscurity. The author of the "Hall of Incholese," is himself not free from this blemish. The following passage is entirely unintelligible: "The Spanish minister was married; but a star on the fashionable horizon higher than the vesta of his own choice, prompted the proffer of his help, in the establishment of a medium point of lustre." The meaning might be guessed at by very laborious study—but popular literature should never levy so severe a tax upon its subjects. The paper on "American Social Elevation," contains many just thoughts and patriotic reflections, expressed in an unusually agreeable style—and the 4th No. of "Readings with my Pencil," is quite passable. The design of the writer is excellent, and deserves to be imitated. The "Critical Notices," though in themselves good, are not generally equal to the Editor's previous efforts. As it was however permitted to Homer sometimes to nod, so should the really gifted mind which presides over the Messenger, be allowed occasionally a little repose. Of the poetry, the writer of this brief notice will say nothing. Some of it is good—but he is but an indifferent judge.

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From the New York Weekly Messenger.

Southern Literary Messenger.—The high encomiums which this periodical has received from all parts of the Union, it most richly deserves. We have been favored with the five first numbers of the current (second) volume, and have had an intellectual feast in the perusal of many articles contained therein. To express our opinion candidly of the talents and erudition of the worthy editor of this monthly, would expose us to the charge of plagiarism, because it would be exactly similar to half a hundred others, who have preceded us in expressions of approbation. What shall we do then? To go through and examine every article in five numbers, is more than we have space for. But we must—we feel bound to say, Virginians especially are indebted to Mr. White for his *unprecedented* literary zeal. He ought to meet with encouragement; in short, we believe he does,—but there should be an effort made to sustain the undertaking, by a continually increasing list of *paying* subscribers.

If our friends in the city or country wish their table filled with rich literary food once a month, they should immediately order "The Southern Literary Messenger," published by T. W. White, Richmond, Va. There is one article to which we object, the burlesque, or caricature, not criticism, on Fay's "Norman Leslie," but in making only one objection, we think much is said for the periodical, more than can be said of any other of the monthlies. We really do think it is as good as any, if not the very best in these United States. We think so highly of the Richmond "Messenger," that if we had the numbers of the first volume, we would have them neatly bound, and placed in our library as a literary treasure.

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From the Norfolk Herald.

The *Southern Literary Messenger* for May very gallantly holds it own. The 'manuscripts of Franklin' are well worth publishing. The chapter of Lionel Granby introduces us into the bodily presence of Lamb and Coleridge, and the ragged regiment of folios and quartos pass in review before us. The Lecture on German Literature, by Mr. Calvert of Baltimore, is a very entertaining discourse on the history of the poetry and philosophy of that wonderful people; but it is clear that the author of the lecture has paid more attention to the German than to the English and those languages from which the English flows. The paper of Oliver Oldschool is worthy of its author, and we were happy to see the story of 'Tang Lang' appended as a foot-note. The critical notices are very good for the most part; but then we could hardly expect Mr. Poe to be sour ere the honey moon be past. What has become of the remaining numbers of the series of articles on the distinctive differences of the sexes from the pen of one of the strongest writers of the Commonwealth? We sincerely hope, that, after such a fair beginning, the theme has not proved too mighty—if it has, the author may henceforth ponder well on the advice of Horace. Still we are on the look out for the essays.