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T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TO MY WIFE.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.*

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee,
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home;
I'll lull me there to rest:
And is there ought disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own,
All hers and mine are roll'd in one—
Our hearts are so entwin'd,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis Death to be disjoin'd.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XII.

BY ROBERT GREENHOW.

At the conclusion of the last number it was stated that on the 12th of August 1832, Yusuf the old Pasha of Tripoli abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ali, thereby disappointing the expectations of his grandson Enhammed.

* These verses, printed from an original MS. of Lindley Murray, and, as we believe, never before published, present that celebrated grammarian in an entirely new point of view, and give him strong claims to the character of a poet. A sister of Mr. Murray married, we think, one of the Hoffmans of New York, and it is possible some of that highly respected family may have in their possession some other metrical pieces from his pen. It is somewhat remarkable that the present lines involve an odd grammatical error of construction in the concluding stanza.

The Consuls being nearly all unprepared for this conjuncture, were uncertain how to act. The majority were disposed to adopt the proposition made by M. Schwebels, that they should proceed without delay in a body, and offer to Ali the congratulations customary in Barbary on the accession of a new Sovereign; the others however refused. Under ordinary circumstances the visit would have been a mere ceremony, but in the actual state of things it was likely to be interpreted by the people, both within and without the town, as an evidence of the dispositions of the Governments represented by the Consuls; in that way it might have an important influence in determining the issue of the struggle in favor of Ali, which was by no means desired by all the Consuls, several of them being inclined from personal as well as political motives, to prefer the establishment of Enhammed as Pasha of Tripoli. The young Prince was considered superior to his uncle in intelligence and personal character; he appeared to be sustained by the great mass of the population, and it was probable that if no other Power interfered in the contest, he would ultimately prove successful; moreover he was the legitimate heir to the throne according to rules of succession, which the European Governments in general were interested in maintaining. These considerations occasioned much discussion among the Consuls; at length it was agreed that no public demonstration should be made by them in behalf of either Prince, until instructions had been received from their several governments. This arrangement does not seem however to have been considered by the Consuls as precluding them from any private exertions which their inclinations or the interests of those whom they represented might prompt them to make in favor of one or the other party; accordingly the agents of France, Spain, Naples and the Netherlands, engaged actively in support of the *Town Pasha* as Ali was designated; while the pretensions of Enhammed the *Country* candidate, were as zealously upheld by those of Great Britain, the United States, Tuscany and Portugal.

The news of Yusuf's abdication only rendered the people of the country more strongly determined to persevere in the cause of Enhammed, and M. Schwebels who had been empowered by Ali to act as mediator, was unable to procure their submission on any terms which he could offer to them or their chief. After some days of fruitless negotiations, on the 24th of August the French Consul received their *ultimatum*, in the form of a letter or manifesto addressed to Yusuf, which is worthy of notice as a specimen of Arab state-paper writing. It commences by a long rhapsody in praise of God, his angels and his prophet Mohammed, and the remainder is a mass of unconnected assertions and declarations from which there is occasionally an attempt to draw deductions, interspersed with scraps from the Koran and other sacred writings, having no discoverable bearing on the main subject. The amount of the whole is, that Yusuf having become incapable from the

infirmities of old age to conduct the affairs of the country, and Ali having rendered himself odious by his tyranny and rapacity, the people had determined to make Enhammed Sovereign of Tripoli, and would not desist until they had succeeded in establishing him as such. The document is signed by Enhammed as Pasha, by his brother Hamet as Bey and by a hundred and ten Sheiks and other principal persons; the names of many of the signers are preceded by invocations addressed to God and the Prophet, in token of the writer's conviction of the truth of what was asserted in the paper, or accompanied by expressions indicative of humility or devotion, such as—*The poor of the poor—The slave of God—Who prays to God.*

A copy of this manifesto was at the same time despatched to Mr. Macauley the American Consul, on the return of a boat which had been sent to the part of the coast occupied by the insurgents, in order to procure provisions for his family; it was accompanied by a letter from Enhammed, requesting that it might be shown to the other Consuls, who were also advised to take measures for their own security as the town would in a few days be stormed by the insurgents. The Consuls on receiving this notification, immediately addressed a note to Ali, to inquire what protection he could afford them, in case they remained; the Pasha replied by assuring them that they were in no danger, as the place was strong enough to resist any attacks which the insurgents could make.

Having learned that Mr. Macauley had received other documents from Enhammed, Ali became anxious to know their contents, and being permitted to examine, he wished to retain them, in order to prevent their circulation among the people; the Consul however insisted upon their return, and an altercation ensued between him and the Pasha, in consequence of which the flag of the American Consulate was struck by Macauley, in token of a cessation of intercourse with the Tripoline Government. This measure alarmed Ali, who knew that there was a large American squadron in the vicinity; he therefore immediately made satisfactory apologies to the Consul, who having accepted them again displayed his flag.

The assurances of the Pasha were not sufficient to dispel the apprehensions of the Consuls, nor of the people who soon became acquainted with the contents of Enhammed's communications. The forces of the insurgents were daily increasing, and many houses in the place had already been injured by their shot; to oppose them, Ali had only about six hundred troops, nearly all of them negro slaves, not more than were required to garrison the castle and keep the people in awe. The walls of the place were indeed high and thick, but the cannon on their ramparts were nearly all useless. In addition, the want of provisions began to be seriously felt, and the general discontent of course increased. Many persons who had held high offices under Yusuf escaped from the town and joined Enhammed's party; among them were the head of the law and religion, and Hadji Mohammed Bet-el-Mel who had succeeded old D'Ghies as the confidential Minister of the late Pasha.

While things were in this state, on the 28th of August the insurgents made a general attack on the city, and at the same time the Pasha caused a number of the inhabitants to be seized and imprisoned on suspicion

of being engaged in a conspiracy against him. These proceedings naturally caused the utmost alarm and distress in Tripoli. The Christian residents and the Turks expecting that the place would be immediately stormed and ravaged by the Arabs, took refuge on board the vessels in the harbor; while many of the most respectable natives, fearing that they might be arrested or killed by the Pasha if they should remain in their own houses, sought protection in those of the foreign Consuls. Ali, on seeing this, became fearful of exciting greater confusion by persisting in his violent measures; he therefore countermanded the arrests, and his ministers went about endeavoring to tranquillize the people, and to induce those who had fled to the Consulates, to return to their own houses. The bombardment however proved fruitless; the guns of the besiegers were small and badly served, and although they damaged some of the houses they had no effect on the fortifications. Other attacks of the same kind were afterwards made, which being equally unsuccessful, the alarm subsided and Ali's friends became more confident of success.

Enhammed becoming convinced that without more efficient means of attack little advantage was to be derived from bombarding the town, determined to direct his efforts against its commerce. He accordingly removed his artillery to the eastern shore of the harbor where batteries had been thrown up to receive them; and having also armed two small vessels he conceived himself authorized to declare the port in a state of blockade. He therefore addressed a circular to the Consuls in Tripoli through the medium of his friend Mr. Macauley, informing them that no vessels would thereafter be allowed to enter the port. M. Schwebels and nearly all the other Consuls, immediately protested against this blockade, on the ground that it was an irregular and unwarrantable proceeding, on the part of individuals who had not yet been acknowledged as constituting an independent power by any Government. The American Consul however thought proper not to join in this expression of opinion, and by his refusal drew upon himself the indignation of Ali's party, which was manifested by public insults and private annoyances, until at length considering that his life was no longer secure in Tripoli Mr. Macauley struck his flag and retired with his family to a country house, situated within the lines of the insurgent forces. The Pasha on this became again alarmed, and endeavored by every means, even by the indirect offer of a bribe, to induce the Consul to return to his post in the town; his arguments however proving vain, he despatched Mohammed D'Ghies to Malta where the squadron of the United States had just arrived, in order that by his representations to its commander, the consequences which he had reason to anticipate might be averted.

Commodore Patterson the commander of the American squadron, having compared the statements of the Consul with the explanations offered by D'Ghies, was convinced that there had been faults on both sides, and that the matter might be easily settled without any hostile proceedings. He therefore sailed for Tripoli, as soon as he had obtained the requisite supplies, and arrived there on the 23d of November with two frigates and a sloop of war. The Commodore was visited on board his ship, immediately on his arrival, by Macauley, and also by Mohammed D'Ghies, who was fur-

nished by Ali with full powers to arrange the existing difficulties. As the American force was sufficient to destroy the city in the actual condition of its defences, the Tripoline Minister readily agreed to the terms of satisfaction required by the Commodore; the Pasha in consequence made the usual Punic protestations of regard for the United States and their Consul, and disavowing any participation in the annoyances to which the latter had been subjected, delivered up to the Commodore all who could be proved to have been engaged in them. These miserable instruments of tyranny were reprimanded and dismissed; the flag of the United States was again displayed on the Consulate, and saluted with the usual number of thirty-three guns; the Commodore and his officers visited the Pasha, who was entertained in his turn on board the frigate, and the utmost good feeling was manifested between parties who cordially hated or despised each other. No notice was taken of Emhammed who had flattered himself with the hope of acquiring a powerful ally. Mr. Macauley however placing little confidence in the smiles and assurances of the *Town Pasha*, and moreover considering his place of residence unsafe, as it had been pierced by several balls from the cannon of the besiegers, did not think proper to remain at his official post; he therefore established himself at Malta, where he continued for the ensuing two years and a half, visiting Tripoli occasionally during that period.

The year 1833 and a part of 1834 passed without the occurrence of any notable event, and without any alteration in the prospects of either of the rival Princes. The town had in the mean time been reduced to abject misery; no supplies could be obtained from the interior, and as its commerce was almost destroyed, the inhabitants were starving. On the other hand, the condition of the country is said to have been more than usually prosperous; no taxes could be collected by Ali, and as Emhammed's followers were chiefly from the agricultural districts, he was unable even had he been willing, to levy severe contributions. The foreign trade was conducted through the ports of Tajoura, Mesurata and Bengazi, the chiefs of which being nearly independent, raised large sums by appropriating to themselves the greater part of the duties on imports and exports.

The Consuls had probably been all instructed to remain neutral or at least to appear so. M. Schwebels continued to act as mediator, employing his good offices as before merely in urging the submission of the insurgents to the Pasha. In May 1834 however, it was discovered that he had overstepped the bounds of neutrality; for a proclamation signed by Ali and guaranteed by the seal and signature of the French Consul, promising indemnity and reward to those who would betray or desert the cause of the insurgents, was found on the person of one of the Sheiks in command under Emhammed. Soon after this M. Schwebels was transferred to Tunis where he now acts as Consul General of France, and was succeeded in Tripoli by M. Bourboulon.

Colonel Warrington returned to Tripoli, but he neither displayed his flag nor held any official communication with Ali; he remained chiefly at his country house, which being near the town and in the midst of the insurgents, received occasionally and perhaps not always accidentally a ball from one of the guns of the castle. Although it does not appear to be certain that

he took any active part in favor of Emhammed, yet Ali considered his presence as highly injurious, and in order to procure his removal as well as to effect some arrangement with regard to the claims of British subjects, he commissioned Hassuna D'Ghies who had remained in France since 1829, to proceed to England. In London Hassuna soon found that these objects were not to be attained by direct applications to the Ministry, and he accordingly endeavored to secure assistance in the Legislature. In consequence of his representations, motions were made in the House of Commons by Sir James Scarlett and Mr. Bowring, for inquiries into the conduct of Warrington, who was charged by those gentlemen with having made an improper use of his official station at Tripoli and with having thereby occasioned great distress in that place. The subject was however so generally uninteresting, that the Ministers found no difficulty in evading these calls by merely declaring that investigations into the subject had been commenced.

The Governments of France and England were in fact at the time engaged in negotiations with a third Power, which was equally interested in the future political condition of Tripoli. The Sultan of Turkey who had been obliged to submit to the occupation of Algiers by the French determined if possible to prevent a country so much nearer to his own dominions from falling into the hands of a Christian Power, and he accordingly declared his intention to exert his supreme authority as Sovereign of Tripoli in deciding the question between the rival Princes. The announcement of this determination led to correspondence on the subject between the three Governments the nature of which has not yet been disclosed; it is impossible therefore to say whether the events which ensued were the result of agreements made between them, or, as is more probable, the Sultan acted without regard for the wishes of the other parties.

On the 18th of September 1834 a Turkish brig arrived at Tripoli, bringing Mohammed Cekir, Private Secretary of the Seraglio, as Envoy or Commissioner from the Sultan. For some days the objects of his mission were unknown; it was however soon rumored that he was the bearer of a *firman* or Imperial order recognizing Ali as Pasha, and requiring the people to submit to his authority. This rumor was fully confirmed on the 25th, when the *firman* declaring such to be the will of the Sultan, was publicly read at the castle in presence of the principal persons of the Government, and of the foreign Consuls who had been invited to attend. The friends of Ali now considered his success assured; the Consuls with the exception of those of Great Britain and Tuscany, immediately offered to him their congratulations without reserve, and M. Bourboulon delivered his credentials as *Chargé d'Affaires* of France. The people of the town, probably supposing that the termination of their miseries was at hand expressed their joy by shouts of triumph and felicitation, which were responded to by yells of defiance from the country. The Envoy having formally acknowledged Ali as Pasha, then proceeded to execute the remainder of his charge, and issued a proclamation calling on the insurgent chiefs to submit within the space of six days to their lawful sovereign; he moreover privately despatched to Emhammed letters written to him by the

Grand Vizier and Capoudan Pasha, exhorting him to yield without delay. Neither Enhammed nor his followers however were disposed to obey the mandate of a distant monarch, whom they regarded rather as their spiritual than as their temporal chief, particularly as the summons was unaccompanied by adequate means of enforcing it; the period fixed in the proclamation consequently expired without manifestation on their parts of any intention to cease their opposition to Ali. Mohammed Cekir then considering it possible that his proclamation might have been withheld from the people of the country by their chiefs, determined to communicate with them directly in person; accordingly on the 3d of October he left the town and proceeded with great ceremony, under the escort of a body of the Pasha's troops, to the vicinity of Enhammed's encampment, where being soon surrounded by a crowd of curious Arabs he ordered the *firman* to be read. The effect by no means corresponded with his wishes; the *firman* was written in the Turkish language with which the auditors were entirely unacquainted, and when its meaning was at length explained to them, they replied by shouts and movements so little allied to respect, that the Envoy found it most prudent to retreat without further parley within the walls of Tripoli. While on his way however he received a letter from Enhammed and his Sheiks, professing great veneration for the Sultan, but declining to comply with his will on the subject in question.

After this failure a consultation was held at the castle, the result of which was another proclamation addressed to the people of the country inviting them in more conciliatory terms to make their submission within a period of six days as before allowed. The reply of the insurgents to this summons did not differ from that given to the former; it was however signed by all the chief men of their party. They also sent a circular letter to the same effect to the Consuls in Tripoli, enclosing an expostulatory manifesto addressed to the Sovereigns of Europe, setting forth the causes of their appearing in arms and their determination to resist the authority of Ali, notwithstanding the Sultan's *firman* which they averred had been obtained by corrupt means. These papers are supposed to have been drawn up by Hadji Mohammed Bet-el-Mel (whom Enhammed had made his first Minister,) with the aid probably of Colonel Warrington.

The Turkish Envoy in revenge for this contumacy, declared the part of the country occupied by the insurgents in a state of blockade; and the brig which had brought him to Tripoli was forthwith employed in cruising off its coast. Enhammed on his part repeated his assurances, that he should maintain the investment of the town by sea as well as by land, and having again warned the Consuls that their vessels would be prevented from entering the harbor, a few days after gave proof of his power as well as of his determination to effect what he had threatened. On the 6th of November he fired upon an Austrian vessel which attempted to enter the port and compelled her to put back, although she was under the French flag, and supported by a French brig of war, as well as by that in which the Ottoman Envoy had arrived; several other vessels, European as well as Tripoline, were treated in a similar manner. The Turk not choosing to expose the flag of his Sovereign to such indignities returned to Constantinople.

In the spring of 1835 reports were circulated in Tripoli that a Turkish armament was about to be sent to that place from Constantinople; some supposed it was for the purpose of overthrowing all opposition to Ali; others hinted that the Sultan meant to take possession of the country. The latter opinion was confirmed by all the European Journals; and indeed it could scarcely have been expected that the Ottoman Government, which at that moment seemed to need all its forces and funds for its own defence, could have been disposed to send a large and expensive expedition for the mere purpose of settling a dispute with regard to the Sovereignty of a distant country.

On the 20th of May Mohammed Cekir returned to Tripoli where he announced the Turkish Squadron as near, and assuring Ali that it was sent entirely for his benefit, advised him to show his gratitude to the Sultan, by the liberal distribution of presents among its officers. The Ottoman ships appeared on the evening of the 25th, and in the course of that night the whole armament, consisting of one ship of the line, five frigates, two sloops, two brigs, a schooner, a cutter and ten transports, anchored in the roads and harbor, without any opposition either on the part of the Pasha or of his rival. The next morning presents of fresh provisions were sent to the ships from the Messeh as well as the town; salutes were fired from the batteries on each side, and the Turkish Admiral received visits and communications from each quarter. The Pasha attended by his ministers and chief officers also paid a formal visit to the Admiral, by whom he appears to have been received with the respect usually paid to one of his rank; it was then confidently expected in the city that he would be detained, however after having spent about four hours on board the flag ship, he returned to the castle in his boat receiving salutes as he passed, from the guns of the squadron. Immediately on landing, he issued an order that none of his subjects should appear in arms. This order having been circulated the disembarkation of the troops began, and by mid-day of the 27th more than four thousand Turkish soldiers with nineteen cannon and four mortars had entered the city, which was thus placed entirely at their discretion.

On the morning of the 28th, Ali again went on board the Admiral's ship, in order as it was understood to accompany that officer and the commander of the troops to the city; two hours afterwards the guns from the ships announced that the high personages were on their way to the shore, and the barges supposed to contain them were discovered approaching the water gate. The Turkish Admiral and General landed and attended by their guards entered the castle; the Pasha however did not appear, and it was soon ascertained that he was a prisoner on board the flag ship. At four o'clock the Sultan's *firman* was publicly read, by which the General Mustapha Nedgib was appointed Pasha of the Province of Tripoli.

The Turkish Pasha no doubt considered his work imperfect, until he had also possessed himself of Enhammed's person; with this view therefore he immediately despatched a messenger to the Prince, requesting him, his brother Hamet and his Minister Hadji Mohammed, to appear at the Castle and declare their submission to the will of the Sultan. Hadji Mohammed at once evinced his readiness to submit, recommending

to the Turk to issue assurances of pardon to all who had been engaged in the opposition to Ali; Emhammed however declined entering the castle, except upon the guarantee of the British Consul. Mustapha without hesitation gave the assurances of indemnity as recommended by Hadji Mohammed, and ordered the gates of the town to be thrown open; he however peremptorily refused to assent to any interference on the part of a foreign Consul.

The Arabs as soon as they were certain of Ali's imprisonment, and of their own freedom from danger, abandoned their tents and batteries and flocked into the town. Their chief in vain called on them to remember their promises of fidelity to his cause; he in vain entreated the British Consul to interfere in his behalf; at length night coming on he retired to his tent exhausted and dispirited, and fell asleep. On awaking he found himself almost alone; the Sheiks with their followers had all deserted him, and even Hadji Mohammed had sought refuge on board of a British ship of war which lay in the harbor. With a few followers the two young Princes then betook themselves to flight. Hamet succeeded in reaching the frontiers of Egypt, but Emhammed, overpowered by the sudden disappointment of all his hopes, blew out his own brains with a blunderbuss on the day after he had left Tripoli; at least such was the account of his death given by his attendants.

Ali and his Minister Mohammed D'Ghies were sent to Constantinople; what has been their fate we have as yet no means of ascertaining. Hassuna D'Ghies after many mutations of fortune, is at present established at Constantinople as the editor of the *Moniteur Ottoman* the official Gazette of the Sultan. The old Pasha Yusuf who appeared to be sinking into idiocy, remains in honorable durance in the castle, where Hadji Mohammed Bet-el-Mel is allowed to attend him. Thus has the Caramanli family been a second time deprived of the sovereignty of Tripoli, which will not probably be regained by one of their name.

MOSES

PLEADING BEFORE PHARAOH.

Scene—The Council Hall of Pharaoh—Moses, Aaron, and Elders of Israel, awaiting the King's appearance.

Time—Supposed to be immediately prior to the Plague of Darkness.

Aaron to Moses.—Mark'st thou what troops are mustering round the palace?

Behold the guards are doubled at the gates—
The avenues are bristling with their spears;
What may this mean?

Moses.—It means we are beset,
And shall be dead ere night, if fierce Arbaces
Can move the king to wrath; and he who sent us
Permit our death.

Aaron.—My life may well be yielded;
But must thou die, my brother, Heaven directed
To be as God unto me? Hapless Israel,
Mourn without comfort if thy prophet fall!

Moses.—Fear not for thy life or my own, God with us;

Stand we before the king—for soon begins
The work a thousand years shall not conclude.
I feel assured our prayer will not be granted;
And I behold the ills which angry heaven
Will yet inflict on this devoted land:
The tenfold plagues, the last dread retribution,
The billowy grave prepar'd for Egypt's pride,
I see as things which pass before my eyes.
Our desert wanderings, perils and privations,
Miraculous deliverance from them all—
The solemn code in God's own thunder spoken,
The weary struggle, and triumphant close
Of Israel's sufferings, in that Land of Promise
Which I shall see, but not survive to enter—
Would I could see no more!
Thou only God, worthy of Israel's worship,
Who by the humblest instruments canst work
Thy purposes of goodness, hear thy servant!
Thou knowest that I am weak—be thou my strength;
Thou knowest that I am dull and slow of speech—
Do thou inspire such language as may sink
Into a heart self-steel'd against thy will!
Fill thought, and soul, and sense with thy idea,
That I, so lately taken from the desert,
May stand confess'd, tho' in a monarch's presence,
The chosen servant of the King of Kings;
And oh, if in the book of thy decrees
There be a space by which this prince and people,
Whom, spite of our deep wrongs, I cannot hate,
May find thy mercy and escape this doom,
Then let thy servant's prayer be even for Egypt,
Which, though of late oppressive, once hath been
Thy Israel's refuge in her utmost need.

PHARAOH AND HIS TRAIN ENTER.

Pharaoh, (being seated.)—Stand forward, Moses, and ye Hebrew leaders—

Say, wherefore do ye trouble me again
For that which I have sworn by all our Gods
Never to grant while I am king of Egypt?

Arbaces to Moses, observing that he made no obeisance.
And ere thou speakest to thy lord and master,
Unmanner'd peasant, proud rebellious slave,
Crouch to his throne, and gladly do that homage
Which all the brave and highborn in the land,
Honor'd and happy think themselves to render.

Moses.—The base prostration of an abject slave
Can do no honor to a sovereign prince;
As Pharaoh's bondman I would not stand here,
But keep aloof, and quietly fold my chains
On arms which could not burst their links asunder;
And as the ambassador of Israel's God,
Call'd by his voice, sustain'd by boundless power,
And prompted by his spirit, ne'er will I
Bend to a sovereign who dishonors mine.

Pharaoh.—Wave we this question now; I stand not here

On points of ceremony—say thy errand.

Moses.—In fear that thou wilt promise as before,
And as before deceive us—yet in hope
That thou mayst profit by the part I speak.
The God we serve hath chosen Israel's children
Forth of this land to spread his name and worship

Throughout the earth—and by my voice he bids thee
Release our tribes from bondage, and permit
Their peaceable departure to the desert.

Pharaoh.—And who is Israel's God, that I should
serve him?

Or who the God of Abram, that my kingdom
Should lose a million vassals at his word?

Moses.—Thou askest who is God? and how shall I,
A worm but crawling on his footstool, tell thee?
Or how wilt thou, so blinded by a worship
Degrading beyond utterance, understand?
Were every thought a ray direct from heaven,
And every word an angel's, I might hope—
But, Prince,—the Deity I serve is God
And Lord of Hosts; his name the Great Jehovah,
Supreme, Omniscient, present every where—
Strong to destroy, omnipotent to save.

By his command—the breathing of his will—
Beam'd in existence yonder brilliant orb—
The infinite host of heaven—the fruitful earth
Thou walk'st on and enjoyest, knowing little
Of regions close around thee, and but nothing
Of realms unmatch'd in beauty, which thy sons,
In the hundredth generation, will not see—
Nor dream of their existence. He alone
Can truly claim our gratitude for blessings
Shower'd without stint or measure on our heads,
Love, worship, loyalty, and true obedience,
But mix'd with wholesome fear. Not for thy throne,
With power a hundred fold of that thou hast—
Not for the sway of hosts innumerable
As sands in yonder desert—or the wealth
That earth contains and may produce through ages—
For giant strength, or patriarch's length of days—
Knowing Jehovah, would I tempt his wrath,
Or brave the stroke of his destroying arm.

Pharaoh.—Hast thou e'er seen the God of whom thou
speakest?

Moses.—In his essential spiritual being? never!
Nor ever shall, until this mortal frame
Dissolve into the dust from whence it came,
And my emancipated spirit fly:
I trust and hope to dwell with him forever.
But in the unconsum'd, tho' burning bush,
Of which I spake when first I came to thee,
I have beheld the outward manifestation
Of his great presence, and have heard him speak
His holy purpose, and expound to me
What I should say—how plead with thee for freedom.

Pharaoh.—Apis and Isis are the Gods of Egypt—
And many more my ancestors have worshipped;
I too will serve them, nor embrace a faith
Preach'd by a leader of insurgent slaves,
Or such as would be so. But did Jehovah,
The God thou vauntest, prompt thee with a fraud?
Hast thou not striven t' amuse me with the thought
That sacrifice alone required your journey
Into the wilderness? and when deception
Might not avail, hast thou not own'd thy purpose,
And claim'd a right to quit the land forever?

Moses.—The crowned king who broke his solemn pro-
mise

To let our tribes depart, might well have spar'd
A pointless sarcasm and unjust reproach
To human policy. If I have stoop'd

So far as not to tell thee *all* the truth,
Be sure it was to spare thy pride alone,
And naught beside. But glance thine eye around—
Behold our people helpless and unarm'd,
Beaten with stripes, o'erlabor'd, driven and watch'd
By spears of vigilant armies. Be thou judge
If that deliverance can be their achievement,
Or less than God can free them from thy hands;
Then say if purpos'd fraud can be a means
With him who wrought such wonders in the land.
Let us depart, great prince. The voice of Justice,
True wisdom's dictates, and thy prescient fears
Of greater evils yet befalling Egypt,
All speak one word; that word—Emancipation.

Pharaoh.—Setting aside thy magic, or the wrath,
If such it be, of Israel's God, what wisdom
Worthy a prince's thought, would be in this?

Moses.—The highest and the greatest—that which
chooses

Nobly t' endure a smaller present evil,
And shun a distant great calamity.
As truly as the waves of distant ocean,
Chasing each other, rise by turns and fall—
As truly as the air, surcharged with heat,
Gendereth the thunderstorm which clears and cools it—
So surely, in the troubled sea of life,
Wrong wreaketh wrong, and evil followeth evil,
And moral tempests purge the crimes of nations.
When will the sons of men be taught this lesson?
What tears, what blood must flow, what lands be ra-
vaged,

What empires overthrown, or peopled only
With widows and with orphans, ere they learn it?
The wrong is ours, but such redress we seek not;
God hath our quarrel taken in his hands:
Our fathers journey'd here, th' invited guests
Of Egypt's king, and were by him receiv'd
With hospitality and royal bounty,
Which well became a prince whom Joseph serv'd.
I need not tell thee of the slow encroachments
By which the alien guests became thy subjects,
Or call to mind the hard and stern decree
Which, in a day, transferr'd us from subjection
To chain'd and absolute bondage; or the edict
Which gave our sons to death as soon as born:
These things are fresh in memory—but oblivion
Shall cover all, if thou but set us free.

Pharaoh, to one of his Council.—Osirion, I have ever
held thee wise;

Speak thy opinion of this man's petition.

Osirion.—Most gracious prince, as briefly as I may.
The past experience fully proves this truth,
That in all prosperous and happy lands
There is a chain of order and gradation.
Vicerents, counsellors, governors, warlike chiefs,
Subservient leaders, freeborn subjects, slaves,
Link within link, each in its proper place,
And guided by the sovereign hand alone.
Who is not bound on earth? If any can
Be free from all control save that of heaven,
The greatest and the wisest only should. (*Bowing to
Pharaoh.*)

Another truth is this—that be a nation
Govern'd as though the Gods themselves were here,
And order'd all things that we do on earth,

There will be innovators—men who seek
 For their own ends to break establish'd usage,
 And raise a storm of discord and commotion,
 No matter what it wreck, so they be wafted
 To the point they have in view ; and never yet
 Have they begun their work at the fountain head
 Of a nation's wisdom, but by base appeals
 To the lowest passions of the vulgar herd,
 Furious and blind as snakes in the summer heat.
 This man, half hypocrite and half fanatic,
 Nurtur'd from childhood by thy royal sister—
 Rear'd in thy palaces, and stor'd with learning
 The most profound that Egypt could afford—
 In our religious mysteries deeply skill'd,
 And taking rank among our wisest magi—
 Bold, politic and crafty, aims no doubt
 To organize and sway a faith and nation
 Broadly distinct from all upon the earth.
 What asks he at thy hands ? Emancipation !
 Claim'd too of right, with most rebellious threats,
 Even to thy face, on thy presum'd refusal—
 And with what justice, Pharaoh, thou mayst judge.
 Israel hath sojourn'd here four hundred years—
 Thriven on our soil—found refuge here from famine—
 Had Goshen for a heritage—and shar'd
 Peace and protection with thy native subjects ;
 Shall they not share the vassalage and toil ?
 Nor see I aught unjust that they should be
 Bondmen to those who fed and guarded them.
 Throughout the world there must be slaves and mas-
 ters ;

The features of these men, their creed, their language,
 And barbarous right of circumcision, mark
 Them as a race made to be known as slaves :
 And whether it were just t' enthrall these tribes,
 Pharaoh, concerns not thee or us. Our sires
 Bequeath'd the heritage of sway to us,
 And their's entail'd the slavery on their sons.
 Never, I trust, will I behold the day
 When, at the bidding of a God unseen
 By us, and even by him who takes his name,
 These slaves be yielded, and the broad foundation,
 Our social fabric's base, be taken away.
 True policy, the guide which, when a king
 Forsakes his throne's security, is gone,
 Cries loudly to detain them. Where will be
 The public works which make thy name eternal,
 And raise thy kingdom to the loftiest height
 Of national glory, if these men be freed ?
 And where the quiet obedience of thy subjects,
 When those who were their menials, and perform'd
 All offices of drudgery, are gone ?
 Let these men be arrested, and their bodies
 Detain'd as hostages for Egypt's safety.

Pharaoh to Moses.—Hear'st thou ?

Moses.—I grieve that thou who hast beheld
 God's visits unto Egypt mark'd with ruin,
 Canst reason yet, and listen too to others,
 As if it were with me, and not my Maker,
 Thou had'st to deal. Do I not know these magi—
 Their priestly craft and worthless jugglery ?
 Presume not too far on thy power t' oppress.
 Though proof against remorse for what is past—
 Though deaf unto the cries of slaves in bondage,
 And dumb when words of freedom should be spoken,

Prince, be not blind to thine own dearest interests—
 Stake not thy life, thy honor and thy crown,
 Thy people's safety, and thy kingdom's strength,
 Upon the words of the most shallow fools
 That ever tempted man to his destruction.
 Trust not their crooked policy, which bids thee
 Prefer *convenient wrong* to truth and justice ;
 Do that thy conscience whispers thee is right,
 And leave the rest to him who sent me hither.
 The God of Israel is the God of Egypt,
 And though unhonored, careth for her sons.

Pharaoh to Arbaces.—Arbaces, give thy counsel.

Arbaces.—King of Egypt,
 The sharpest evils need the sharpest cures.
 Here, in the very grasp of thy great power,
 Stands open-mouth'd rebellion ; all the chiefs
 And advocates of Hebrew discontent
 Are now before thee : speak but thou the word,
 And ere an hour be past, their traitorous heads
 Shall grace thy palace wall, and their torn limbs
 Be sent through Goshen and the land of Egypt,
 A dreadful warning—and my life shall answer
 For peace hereafter, and most tame submission
 From all thy Hebrew vassals.

Pharaoh, to Moses.—Hearest thou ?

Moses.—I hear, and smile to hear it. God of mercy !
 Look not with utter scorn on thy creation,
 Nor let thy anger rise, that these poor worms
 With barely light to view the rapid stream
 On which they drift from time to eternity,
 Must purple it with blood, and freely deal
 Death and extermination on each other,
 As though thy uncreated power and thunders
 Were all thy own, and thou hadst never been.

Pharaoh, to Arbaces.—T' imprison him and let him
 live, were folly—

And I have yielded to my sister's prayers
 He should not die, unless the Hebrews rise
 In servile war against us. (*To Moses.*) Thou mayst
 leave me,

And go where'er thou choosest ; but thy people
 Go not in peace while I am king of Egypt.

Moses.—The wisdom that would point thee to the
 path

Of peace, of honor, and thy Maker's favor,
 Is lost on thee, and all appeals to justice
 As well were made unto the marble steps
 That base thy throne. But though thou fearest not now,
 Hereafter thou wilt tremble, and it may be,
 Own, when too late, the God thou now despisest.
 Once more I must address thee. King of Egypt,
 I charge thee in the name of High Jehovah,
 Let all the Hebrews quit thy land in peace,
 And bear their wives, their offspring, and their goods
 Far from thy utmost limits, never more
 To own thy sceptre, or to call thee Lord.
 Nor send them empty handed. Let them take
 From thine own subjects aught that may be needed
 For journeying in the desert. Sayst thou no ?
 Then on thy country, from the king, who sits
 Upon his throne, down to the meanest peasant,
 The curse, the peril, and the plague will fall.
 Darkness and tempests, pestilence and death
 Shall triumph yet, and wring the very hearts
 Of men grown faint and sick with utter ruin.

Nor this the worst. If then thy haughty soul
Experience cannot teach, or suffering bend,
Th' outstretched arm of God himself will sweep
Thee and thy legions from the earth forever.
And when yon pyramids, the unsolv'd enigma
Of future ages, rais'd by stripes and groans
Of trampled Israel—piles which thou hast built,
As if t' outlast the world on which they stand,
Are batter'd by barbarians, or have crumbled
Beneath the sure and silent hand of time,
The story of thy overthrow shall be
Had in remembrance, and the name of Pharaoh
A living proverb in the mouths of men
For harden'd heart and blind infatuation.

Pharaoh.—And durst thou threaten me, thou sorcerer?
Out of my presence—I defy thy magic,
Disown thy God, and scoff at his commands.

Moses.—Aye, wage thy puny strength against th'
Almighty,

And feel his power, whose name thou dost blaspheme.
See in what splendor rides the sun above us;
Few moments more will blot it from thy sight.
(*Raising his rod to Heaven.*) Shadows of night, arise!
and let the gloom,

That mantled space, before the stars of heaven
Hail'd the first dawning of their God's creation,
Envelope Egypt! Yea, let utter darkness,
Intense as pride in this besotted prince,
Black as their thoughts who counsel him to murder,
Enduring, all-pervading, palpable,
Even to the sense of feeling, rayless, cheerless,
Be as a funeral pall upon this land!

Pharaoh.—Another plague. Beware, or thou mayst
find

The faith I plighted to my sister fail,
And but for that thou hadst been dead ere now.

Officers.—Guard us from ruin, now, ye Gods of
Egypt!

See, Pharaoh! see, the deepest midnight rising
Round heaven's extremest verge, and merging fast
Towards the fading sun, whose sickly beams
Flicker and die before the gathering horror.
Great prince, relent, and let this people go;
Should Egypt be destroy'd, to keep her slaves—

Pharaoh.—Peace, on your lives! and you, ye Hebrew
leaders,

Approach while I can see ye. I know not,
Or care to know, if this be incantation,
Or work of other Gods than those of Egypt;
But while I live, and hold the sceptre here,
Tho' all the accumulated gloom of hell,
And all its plagues be wasted on the land,
I will not let ye go, or bate one tittle
Of royal right to hold ye in subjection.
(*To Moses.*) Listen, and mark my words! they touch
thy life:

Go from my presence, nor return unsummon'd—
For in the day thou seest me thou shalt die.

Moses.—Thou hast said well—I'll see thy face no more.

NOMS DE GUERRE.

Balzac's real name was Guez—Metastasio's was Tra-
passo—Melancthon's Hertz Schwartz—Erasmus' Ge-
rard.

TO ANNA.

Full forty years have fled away
Since first we hailed the wedding day,
And I've been blest, as well I may,
With Anna.

Though thou wert young, and tender too,
When first I sought thy heart to woo,
Thou'st never been unkind, untrue,
My Anna.

If bent with sickness, woe, or care,
Who offered up the sigh, the prayer,
Or proved a watchful angel there?
My Anna.

The stream of life may roughly glide,
And I in anguish may be tried;
I'll not repine, if by my side
Is Anna.

When dwindling from me one by one,
My num'rous sunshine friends were gone,
Who lingered still and loved me on?
My Anna.

Whilst others live in jarring strife,
We pass a calm, contented life—
I daily bless my matchless wife,
My Anna.

O, never can affliction move
The depth, the truth of woman's love!
For grief and pain would only prove
My Anna.

And when the closing hour draws near
In which I quit this earthly sphere,
I'll die repeating to her ear,
My Anna!

c.

LINES.

Oh! there's a light in woman's eye—
A liquid light—a living ray—
Which gleams upon our pilgrim path,
And guides us o'er life's rugged way:
A magic sound in woman's sigh—
A thrilling tone—so soft, so sweet,
That, like the harp of Æolus,
It seems a voice for angel meet,
Wailing a lost one from on high.

IGNOTUS.

BIBLES.

The first Polyglot Bible is that of Cardinal Ximenes,
printed in 1515. It contains the Hebrew text, the
Chaldaic Paraphrase, the Greek Septuagint, and the
ancient Latin edition. The second is the Royal Bible,
Anvers, 1752: the third that of Le Jay, Paris, 1645:
the fourth that of England, London, 1657, edited by
Walton. There are many since, but of less celebrity.

CLASSICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Editor—The following list of the editions of the classics fittest to enter into a literary collection of the Roman and Greek authors, was drawn up, a little while since, at the request of a friend, who is beginning to appropriate, out of his income, an annual sum to the forming of a private library. The series indicated is such as is recommended by the convenience of their form, the general goodness of their typographical execution, the correctness of their text, and the usefulness of a commentary, from which all that sort of erudition is excluded, which perpetually misses or goes beyond the mark. In such a plan, the mere luxury of editions—the pursuit of the rare, or curious, or costly, apart from more serious excellence—is, of course, to be disregarded. Beyond mere uniformity of size, I would make no sacrifice to the Graces; nor this, but that the octavo form combines the differing advantages of compactness and bulk. It neither forbids, by its diminutiveness, all explanation of the text; nor confounds you, like a folio, with the trivialities of an eternal erudition. It is, too, the form in which editions have been multiplied the most; so that it can offer, in a cheap but agreeable dress, almost every thing with which learning has elucidated the ancient writers.

I myself do not slight the passion of the mere book-fancier. In a country where the wealthiest and best-born of the land lavish their annual thousands, for the praise of possessing stud horses of the most honorable lineage, or that they may enjoy, through life, the society of grooms and trainers, it would be, perhaps, not amiss if, for mere diversity's sake, some less illiterate follies were introduced. Are the brawling and boorish fox-hunter, or the super-subtle man of the turf (races rapidly becoming the reproach of English manners and tastes) all that our men of fortune can imitate among the English gentry? Their ancestral mansions, adorned with whatever art or science can accumulate of beautiful or curious: their delightful pleasure-grounds, where the picturesque creates a thousand charmingly disposed landscapes: their museums of antiquities—their rich galleries of pictures—their master-pieces of sculpture—their noble and learned private libraries, the chief pride and ornament of every wealthy residence—when, alas! shall we, instead of what is coarsest and most immoral and least intellectual in the habits and amusements of English life, rise to even the idler and more puerile parts of Taste and Letters—the follies of the Virtuoso and the Bibliomaniac?

But “revenons à nos moutons:” let us get back to our ancients; of whom, I believe, you will find the annexed list a careful and a copious one. I have consulted, in compiling it, the following leading authorities: Morhof, *Polyhistor Literarius*; Fabricius, *Bibliotheca Græca*; Idem, *Bibliotheca Latina Vetus*; Idem, *Bibliographia Antiquaria*; Idem, *Historia Bibliothecæ suæ*; Saxius, *Onomasticon Literarium*; Saldenus, *De Libris eorumque usu et abusu*; Panzer, *Annales*; Renouard, *Annales des Aldes*; Cave's *Chartophylax*; Le Clerc, *Bibliothèque Universelle*; Idem, *Bibliothèque Choisie*; Bayle, *Dictionnaire historique, &c.*; the great French *Biographie Universelle*; Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et pseudonymes*; Cailleau, *Dictionnaire bibliographique*; Harwood, *View of the Classics*; Adam Clarke, *Bibliographi-*

cal Dictionary and Miscellany; Dibdin, *Guide to the Classics*; Moss, *Classical Bibliography*; Dunlop, *Roman Literature*; Schoell, *Littérature Grecque*; Hartshorne, *Book rarities of the University of Cambridge*; Bent's *London Catalogues*; Idem, *Literary Advertiser*; Anthon's *Lempriere's Dictionary*; Watts's *Bibliotheca Britannica*; Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*; but, much more than all, Brunet's excellent, exact, eminently useful *Manuel du Libraire*—a book which should be in the hands of every man attempting to pursue any thing like systematic study.

Editions of a series of Greek and Roman classics, 8vo. cum notis selectis variorum.

Achilles Tatius, (*Clitophon et Leucippe*) Heliodorus, (*Æthiopica*) Longus, (*Daphnis et Chloe*) et Xenophon, (*Ephesiaca*.) Bipont, 1792-4. Four parts in 3 vols. 8vo. 25 francs.

Ælian I would omit—both his *Historia Animalium* and his *Variae Historiae*.

Æschines—in the Greek orators; which see.

Æschylus, *Tragædiæ*, (à Schutz.) London: 1823, 5 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. It has the Scholia, and Schutz's Notes.

Æsop, *Fabulae*, Gr. et Lat. Leipsic: 1810, 8vo. Cum notis vario. et de Furia: accedunt dissertationes Tyrwhitt de Babrio, Hushkii de Archilocho, et Bentleii de Æsopo. There is a cotemporary, and perhaps more esteemed edition, by Coray, (Paris, 8vo.) but I should prefer the first, for the Accessus.

Agathemerus (*Geographia*) I would omit, till they publish the new edition of *Scriptores Geographiæ Minores*.

Alcæus, *Fragmenta*. Halæ: 1810—à Stange, 8vo. 5 francs.

Aleiphron. I would omit his *Epistles*, or buy the cheap 8vo. edition of Utrecht, 1791. 3 to 4 francs.

Ammianus Marcellinus. Leipsic, 1773, 8vo. ab Ernesti. It is regarded as one of his best editions. There is an admirable Glossary to it. 13 shillings.

Ammonius de *adfinium vocabulorum differentia*, I would not have.

Anacreon, à Fischer. Leipsic, 1793, 8vo. fine paper. 16 to 18 francs.

Andronicus Rhodius, I would omit.

Anonymi Ravennatis *Geographia*, à Porcheron. Paris. 1688, 8vo. 4 to 5 francs.

Anthologia Græca, à Brunck et Jacobs et Paulsen, Leipsic, 1813-17, 4 vols. 8vo. 90 francs.

Antiphon, Andocides, &c. See Greek orators.

Antoninus Imperator, *Meditationes*, Græco-Lat. à Gattaker. Oxford, 1704, 8vo. The notes are short; it contains a few epistles, judged spurious—5 to 7 francs: or the Leipsic reprint of 1729, 8vo. 5 to 6 francs.

Antoninus Liberalis, *Transformationes*. Græc. Lat.—cum Munckeri notis, et Verheyk. Leyden, 1774, 8vo. 8 to 10 francs.

Aphthonius, *Progymnasmata*. I would omit him, unless I wished a rhetorical collection.

Apollodorus, *Bibliotheca*. Græc. Lat. à Heyne. Göttingen, 1803, 2 vols. 8vo. It is regarded as a mine of mythological learning. 24 francs.

Apollonius Dyscolus should be omitted.

Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonautica*, à Wellauer. Leipsig, 1828, 2 vols. 8vo.—or Brunck, Leipsig, 1810, 2 vols. 8vo. 20 francs.

- Apollonius Sophista, I would omit.
- Appian Alexandrinus, *Historia*, à Schweighæuser. Lipsiæ, 1782-5, 3 large 8vos. to bind in 6: 54 francs. It is regarded as this commentator's best performance.
- Apuleius, *Opera*. Bipont, 8vo. It stands next to the 4to. edition of Oudendorp & Rhunken. Leyden, 1786. The latter costs probably 40 to 50 francs.
- Aratus, *Phaenomena* and *Diosemia*, à Buhle. Lipsiæ, 1796-1808, 2 vols. 8vo. 23 francs.
- Archilochus, *Reliquiae*, edente Liebel. Lipsiæ, 1812, 2 vols. 8vo. 13 francs.
- Archimedes, I would omit, as having no literary value.
- Aristides, *Orationes*,—among the orators.
- Aristænetus, *Epistolæ Eroticæ*, Boissonade. Paris, 1822, 8vo.
- Aristarchus. I would omit him, unless in a grammatical collection, or in a mathematical one.
- Aristæus, *Historia LXX Interpretum*, I would omit, as supposititious, though curious for the discussion that it involves. Hodius's is the edition that contains it; and is also the best. Oxford, 1692, 8vo. 3 to 5 francs.
- Aristophanes, *Comædiæ*, à Brunck. Oxford, 1810, 4 vols. 8vo. with Lexicon Aristophanicum of Sanxay, as 5th vol. (Oxford, 1811,) about 2l.
- Aristotle, *Opera*, Buhle. Bipont, 1791-9, 5 vols. 8vo. contain the *Organon*, *Rhetorica* and *Poetica*. The rest is not likely to be ever given: add, therefore,
- Aristotelis *Ethica*, à Wilkinson, Oxford, 1818, 8vo. 9 frs.
- Aristotelis *Politica et Economica*, Schneider. Oxford, 1810, 2 vols. 8vo. 18 frs.
- Arrian, *Opera Omnia*, à Borheck, Lemgovia, 1792, 1811, 3 vols. 8vo. 18 frs. Or
- Arrian, *Tactica*, *Periplus Euxini*, *Periplus Erythraei*, *de Venatione*, à Blancard. Amsterdam, 1683 or 1750, 8vo. 9 to 12 frs.
- Arrian, *Expeditio, et Indica*, à Raphelio. Amsterdam, 1757, 8vo.
- Artemidorus, *Oneirocritica*, I would omit, unless I formed a collection of the whole class of writers on Divination, &c.
- Athenæus, *Deipnosophistæ*, à Schweighæuser. Argentorati, 1801-7, 14 vols. 8vo. 188 frs.
- Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, à Gronovio. Leyden, 1686 or 7, 8vo. 10 a 15 frs.
- Ausonius. I would take him only in a collection: but if apart, the edition of Tollius. Amsterdam, 1671, 8vo. 15 frs.
- Avianus, *Fabulae*, à Cannegieter. Amsterdam, 1731, 8vo. 8 a 12 frs.
- Avienus. I would take him in the collection of *Poetæ latini minores* (Wernsdorf.)
- Babrius. See *Æsop*.
- Barclay. His *Argenis* is often brought into this sort of collection. Leyden, 1664-9, 2 vols. 8vo. 10 to 15 frs.
- Bion, Moschus and Theocritus. The beautiful edition from Bodoni's press, (Zamagna's version; no notes) 1792, 12 to 18 frs. Or, for use,
- Valcknaer's excellent edition of 1781. Leyden, 8vo. 12 frs.
- Boetius, *de Consolatione*, Bertii. Leyden, 1671, 8vo. 10 to 12 frs.
- Cæsar, ab Oberlino. Lipsiæ, 1805, 8vo. 15 frs. papier fin.
- Callimachus, Ernesti. Leyden, 1761, 8vo.
- Calphurnius, *Eclogæ*, I would omit, or get in a collection.
- Martianus Capella. This is only worth attention as the first attempt in scholarship of Hugo Grotius, (then 15 years old.) Leyden, 1599, 8vo. It is worth from 20 to 30 francs, with portraits of the P. de Condé and Grotius: but much less, when wanting these.
- Catullus, Tibullus et Propertius. The best edition is Vulpus's, of which the entire set (4 vols. 4to.) is a dear book. In 8vo. the edition of Gabbema, Utrecht, 1659, (in Italics) is perhaps to be preferred. Price about 9 francs. That of Grævius (1680) is much dearer, and scarcely so good. There is a very good Bipont one, which has the fragments of Gallus and the *Perrigilium Veneris*, 1783, 8vo. It has, also, a good notitia Literaria; which forms, indeed, one of the good points common to many of the Deux-ponts books.
- Celsus, I would omit, as also Censorinus, *de die natali*.
- Chariton, *Chaerea et Callirhoe*, à Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1783, 8vo. 12 a 15 frs.
- Chion, *Epistolæ*, (à Hoffman), cum fragmentis Memnonis, ab Orélli. Lipsiæ, 1816, 8vo. Their authenticity is examined by Hoffman.
- Cicero, *Opera*. Of the 8vo. editions, Ernesti's, Halle, 1776-7, 5 in 8 vols. 8vo. (with E.'s Clavis), 60 to 80 frs. (best paper) is good. Schütz's, Lipsiæ, 1814-18, 18 vols. 8vo. is perhaps still better, 100 frs. It has, in the last volume, a good Index latinis.
- Le Clerc's. Paris, 1827, 35 vols. large 12mo. with French translation *en regard*, is the only edition that is by any means complete. It contains a preliminary discourse; Plutarch's life, translated; a supplement from Middleton's; a copious bibliography of editions. In the 34th and 35th volumes, it has the Apocrypha and Fragments—the Invective against Sallust, and Reply; Discourse to the people, before going into exile; Letter to Octavius; Treatises on the supposititious works. In the 35th volume are Fragments, with an account of the discoveries made among the Palimpsestes, since 1814, with conjectures towards the yet undiscovered works; Fragments of Speeches, Letters, Philosophical works, Poems, and the apocryphal de Consolatione, with an Introduction. It seems to me a very agreeable literary edition. How far it is a critical one, I have never seen any authoritative decision. Though much ampler than any other, it has not, of course, the parts of orations published about 1830, by Maius, in his *Scriptores Classici e Codicibus Vaticanis*.
- To complete Ernesti's or Schütz's, the *Respublica* and these fragments are, of course, necessary.
- Claudian, à Gesner. Lipsiæ, 1759, 2 vols. 8vo. 15 to 18 frs. best paper. There is also an esteemed edition by Barthius, first published, with much applause, when he was less than 20 years old. Hannover, 1612, 8vo. This, however, was one of his riper works: for he published the Psalms translated into Latin verse, at 12; and at 16, a work on the method of reading the Latin authors, from Ennius downwards.
- Cælius Apicius, *De opsoniis et condimentis*, by Dr. Martin Lister. Amsterdam, 1709, 8vo. 8 a 12 frs.
- Coluthus, *Raptus Helenæ*. Not worth having; but if taken, the edition of Bekker. Berlin, 1816, 8vo. It is the best text, and has seven additional verses—which are not unimportant, in a poem of 380—unless the whole should chance to be of no merit, as in this case.

Conon is of little importance, even as to mythology. He may be taken in Gale's collection—*Scriptores antiqui Historiæ poeticæ*.

Cornelius Nepos, à Fischero. Lipsiæ, 1806, 8vo. It is edited by Harles, and regarded as an excellent performance. In fine paper, 15 frs.

Corripus, I would omit—as also Demetrius Cydnus, and Demetrius Phalereus.

Curtius (Quintus), à Pitisco. Hague, 1708, 8vo. 15 a 20 frs.

Dares Phrygius. See Dictys Cretensis.

Demosthenes, may be taken in the collection of Greek Orators, by Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1770–5, 12 vols. 8vo. Isocrates alone is wanting, in this collection.

Dictys Cretensis is a forgery not worth having, except in mere illustration of the Chivalric Romances; of which it is largely the source. Take the edition à Perizonio, Amsterdam, 1702, 8vo. 15 to 18 frs. It includes Dares Phrygius.

Diodorus Siculus, à Wesselingio. Bipont, 1790–1806, 11 vols. 8vo. 108 frs. The 11th contains indexes. It has a good *notitia literaria*, Essay on the Sources, &c.

Diogenes Laertius à Longolio. Curia Regnit. 1739, 8vo. 18 a 24 frs.

Dion Cassius. There exists no 8vo. edition. That of Reimar, Hamburg, 1750, 2 vols. fol. 84 to 96 frs. is far the best. There is a late cheap one, by Schaefer. Lipsiæ, 1818, (Græce,) 4 vols. 18mo. 15 frs.

Dion Chrysostom. His Orations are published by Reiske, but without a Latin version. They match, in form and appearance, his *Oratores Attici*, 2 vols. 8vo. Lipsiæ, 1784 or 98. 25 frs.

Dionysius Alexandrinus, *Orbis descriptio*, à Wells. Oxford, 1704 or 9, 8vo. 6 a 9 frs.

Dionysius the Areopagite. Not now accounted authentic.

Dionysius Halicarnasseus, *Antiquitates*, &c. à Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1774, 6 vols. 8vo. 80 to 96 frs. The last volume (unfinished at R.'s death) is by Morus, as is the interesting life of Reiske.

Epictetus, *Enchiridion, fragmenta, et Dissertationes ab Arriano digestæ*, Schweighæuser. Lipsiæ, 1799, 4 vols. 8vo. 54 frs. Add the Commentary of Simplicius, by the same editor. Leipsig, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. 27 francs. These form a dear, but the most valuable edition.

Epicurus, *Physica et Meteorologica*. I would omit these, as every thing else not having a literary value. We want the taste and the history of the ancients—not their science.

Eratosthenes and Euclid may be omitted, for the same reason. Of the latter, however, Van Loin's edition, Amsterdam, 1738, 8vo. 4 or 5 frs. or Baerman's, Leipsig, 1769, 8vo. 3 to 4 frs. is usually taken for such collections as this.

Euripides, *Tragædiæ*. Glasgow, 1820, 9 vols. 8vo. 7l. 17s. 6d. It has the Scholia and the entire notes of Barnes, Beckh, Brunck, Burney, Elmsley, Herman, Hoepfner, Markland, Monk, Musgrave, Porson, Seidler, Valcknaer, Wakefield, &c. as well as a copious index.

Eustathius, *Ismenias et Ismenis Amores*, 8vo. Paris, 1618, ed. Gaulmin. They are now regarded as the production of Eumathes, a grammarian of the 14th century, not of the Scholiast. There should be 45 pp. of notes at the end of this edition.

Eutropius, à Verheyk. Leyden, 1762, 8vo. It has the Greek paraphrase of Pænius, and the breviary of

Sextus Rufus, with a very copious and judicious selection of notes, 12 a 16 frs.

Florus, *Breviarium*. Bipont, 1810, 8vo. 4 frs: a good edition.

Frontinus, I would omit, with the other *Strategics*; or buy them all (the Latin ones) in the collection at the head of which stands Vegetius; whom *see*.

Fronto. The fragments of his Orations, published by Maius, (Milan, 1815, 2 vols. 8vo.) are, I fancy, too inconsiderable or disjointed to be worth having.

Gemistus Pletho, it is not worth while to have.

Geographiæ Veteris Scriptores Græci (Minores)—a valuable and necessary book, but too enormously dear to be purchased. A new edition has been long in expectation. The old (Oxford, 1698–1712, 4 vols. 8vo.) sells for no less than 80 to 100 dollars. It contains Hanno, Scylax, Agatharchides, Arrian, Nearchus, Heracleotes, Dicaarchus, Isidorus, Scymnus, Agathemerus, Various Excerpts, Anonymi expositio Mundi, Ptolemæi Arabia, Abulfedæ Chorasmia, Ejusdem Arabia, Excerpta varia, Dionysii Orbis Descriptio.

The Geoponici, I would omit.

Hecataeus of Abdera. Mere fragments.

— of Miletus, in Creuzer's *Historicorum Græcorum Vetusissimorum Fragmenta*. Heidelberg, 1806, 8vo. They also include part of the preceding. The price I cannot ascertain.

Heliodorus. In the *Scriptores Erotici*. See Achilles Tatius.

Hellanicus. His fragments were published by Sturz. Leipsig, 1787, 8vo.

Hermogenes Sophista. His *Ars Rhetorica* (Coloniæ, 1614, 8vo.) I would leave for a collection of another sort.

Herodian, à Ruddiman, 8vo. Edinburg, 1724, 4 frs.

Herodotus. Schweighæuser's, (Paris, 1816, 6 vols. 8vo.) is generally esteemed the best edition. 90 frs. A new and valuable edition (by Bähr) is in progress in Germany—the first volume already out. The Translation of Larcher, (Paris, 1802, 9 vols. 8vo.) has valuable geographical illustrations. There are, besides, those of Rennel and Niebuhr—the latter printed in an English translation, London, 1830, 8vo. The *Lexicon Ionicum* of Portus is likewise an important aid to the study of H. (Oxford, 1810, 8vo. 9 frs.)

Hesiod, à Loesnero. Lipsiæ, 1778, 8vo. 15 a 18 frs.

Hierocles, *Commentarii in Aurea Carmina*, à Warran. London, 1742, 8vo. 10 to 12 frs. The *Facetiæ* passing under his name are usually esteemed supposititious. His *de Providentia et Fato* are not sought for.

Himerius Sophista. His *Eclogæ et Declamationes*, may safely be omitted.

Hippocrates, I would also omit in this collection. If he be taken, the edition of Vander Linden, (Leyden, 1665, 2 vols. 8vo.) is the proper one, but is very dear; common copies of it selling at from 60 to 80 frs.

Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores, I would not embrace in this collection. Suetonius and Eutropius you will have already taken, in another form. Spartian, Julius Capitolinus, Elius Lampridius, Trebellius Pollio, and Vopiscus are without literary value. The 8vo. edition of Leyden (1671, 2 vols.) is both an indifferent and dear book. It sells for 27 to 36 francs; while the esteemed folio edition of Paris, 1620, by Salmasius, sells at from 8 to 10 frs.

Historiæ Poeticæ Scriptores antiqui, à Gale—embracing Apollodorus, Conon, Ptolemæus, Parthenius, Antoninus Liberalis; with his *Dissertatio de Scriptoribus Mythologicis*—may be let alone. The single edition is that of Paris, 1675, 8vo., worth 15 to 24 frs. It sometimes is dated London, 1676.

Homer. Ernesti's (Lipsiæ, 1759, 5 vols. 8vo., or its beautiful and faithful reprint, by Foulis, Glasgow, 1814, 5 vols. 8vo.—the latter having also Wolf's prolegomena) is the best general edition, costing 100 francs in the first form, and 120 in the second. The edition of Wolf (Lipsiæ, 1804-7, 4 vols. 8vo. 20 francs) should also be possessed; nor is it possible to omit mentioning Heyne's very esteemed edition of the *Iliad*. Lipsiæ, 1802, 8 vols. 8vo.

Horace, à Gesner, cum notis Zeunii. Leipsic, 1788; or Glasgow, 1794, 8vo. 10 to 20 frs. Bentley's emendations and notes have no doubt done much towards the elucidation of Horace; but, as a commentary, Gesner's is certainly preferable. Bentley's edition, however, as reprinted at Leipsig, 1764, 2 vols. 8vo. (15 to 20 frs.) may be added to the foregoing.

Hyginus. I would omit him, with the other mythologues.

Isæi Orationes, in Reiske's Orators.

Isocrates, Orationes et Epistolæ, à Coray. Paris, 1807, 2 vols. 8vo. 21 frs. The notes, in modern Greek, are very valuable. A learned disquisition on the Greek education and tongue is prefixed.

Jamblichus may be fairly let alone with the mystagogues.

Josephus, à Havercamp et Hudson. Lipsiæ, 1782-5, 3 vols. 8vo. 80 francs. A volume of Commentary and Index was to have followed. I do not know if it has ever appeared.

Julian Apostate. His *Cæsares* (Heusinger, Gotha, 1736, 8vo. 6 to 8 frs.) and his *In Constantii laude Oratio* (Schæfer, Leipsig, 1802, 8vo. 7 frs.) may be taken.

St. Justin may be omitted in this collection.

Justinian, *Corpus Juris Civilis*, &c. omit.

Justin. Bipont edition, 1784, or Argentorati, 1802, 8vo. 5 frs. Very good and cheap edition, with a good *notitia literaria*.

Juvenal and Persius, cura Ruperti. Lipsiæ, 1801 or 1818, 2 vols. 8vo. 27 frs.

Lactantius is to be omitted, of course.

Libanius, as a sophist, not an orator, may be excluded.

Leonidæ (the two) should be taken only in the Anthology.

Livy, Recensuit Drachenborch, edidit Crevier. Oxford, 1822, 4 vols. 8vo. 11.18s.

Longinus. Toup's (Oxon, 1778, 8vo.) though not sufficiently correct in the typography, is the *Editio opt.* It is, however, of a form somewhat too large—royal 8vo. 8 to 10 frs.

Longus, *Daphnis et Chloe*. It should be taken in the Bipont *Erotici Græci*; though this wants Courier's restoration of the chasm of eight pages. The latter may be seen in one of the volumes of the *Classical Journal*. There can scarcely be said to be any edition that contains it: for Courier's (Rome, 1810, 8vo.) was printed for private distribution only—52 copies. It has the Greek text alone. The complete version (French) may be found in the works of Paul Louis Courier.

Lucan, *Pharsalia*. Take the Glasgow reprint of the

Strawberry-hill edition, cum notis Grotii et Bentleii, cura posteriore Cumberland, 8vo. 1816, 18 frs.

Lucian, *Opera*. Hemsterhuy's edition, with Gesner and Reiske's notes, as reprinted at Deux-Ponts, 1789-91, 10 vols. 8vo. 80 to 100 francs, is no doubt the completest. There is, however, the excellent and much cheaper one of Schnieder. Halle, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. 30 francs. It has no interpretation, but offers esteemed notes, and some valuable readings.

Lucilius. That of the Vulpii, Patavii, 1735, 8vo. is no doubt best. 4 to 6 francs.

Lucretius. Bentley and Wakefield's edition, in the Glasgow reprint of 1813, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. It is beautifully printed by Bell, rivalling the Foulis.

Lycophron may fairly be left to the lovers of the unintelligible.

Lycurgus. Take him in Reiske's Orators.

Lysias. Also in Reiske's Orators.

Macrobius, *Opera*, à Vulpiis fratribus. Patavii, 1736, 8vo. 6 to 9 frs. The edition of Gronovius is more commonly taken (Leyden, 1670, 8vo.) but is dearer—18 to 24 francs.

Manilius. His *Astronomicon* may be omitted, as striving in vain to make good poetry out of very bad astronomy.

Martial. The Bipont edition, 1784, 8vo. after the *variorum* of Schrevælius. The Amsterdam (1701, 8vo.) after the Delphin Editor Collessus, is usually taken. But it is rather dear (about 20 francs); and has, besides, a villainous collection of the *loci obsceni* into a sort of Cloaca, at the end. There are rare copies, in which the text is in its place; but they sell very high—50 francs or more.

Maximus Tyrius. His Platonism is of very little use.

Meleager. I would take his Epigrams, &c. in the Anthology.

Menander. Of his Fragments, Meineke's edition, Berlin, 1823, 8vo. is the best. The older one of Le Clerc—which gave occasion to that fierce literary war between Bentley, Gronovius, Burmann, De Pauw and others—is very defective; though hitherto usually employed.

Minucius Felix, as purely ecclesiastical, should be omitted.

Moschion. His *de Mulieribus* we should, of course, exclude from any but a medical collection.

Musæus. His *Hero and Leander* is best edited by Schræder. Leovardiæ, 1742, 8vo. 10 to 12 frs. That of Magdeburg (by Carpzovius) 8vo. 1775, is of some esteem. Its preface is curious.

The *Mythographi Latini*, collected by Muncker, (Amsterdam, 1681, 8vo. 12 to 18 frs.) consisting of Hyginus, Planciades Fulgentius, Lactantius Placidus, and Albricus Philosophus, may be omitted.

Nemesianus. His *Cynegetica*, &c. are given in that volume of Wernsdorf's *Poetæ Lat. Minores*, which contains the poems *de Venatione et Piscatu*, [the 1st.]

Nemesius, *de Natura Hominis*, may be omitted.

Nicander. His *Alexipharmics and Theriacs* may be banished, with no great harm, among the medical writers.

Nicolaus Damascenus. The fragments of his *con-cinnated Universal History* should have a place in a historical, but scarcely in a literary collection.

Nonnus. His *Dionysiaca* are not yet given in a good edition. There are two unfinished editions probably yet in progress, that began to appear at Heidelberg and Leipsig, in 1819. The first is by Moser, as yet of only the 6 books from the 8th to the 13th. The other, by Græfe, contains the first 24 books, 1 vol. the text alone.

Nonnius Marcellus is confined to grammatical subjects. Julius Obsequens. His *de Prodigis* may be safely omitted.

Ocellus Lucanus. His Fragments are neither important, nor of a clear authenticity.

Oppian, *de Venatione et Piscatu*. If purchased, the best edition is that of Schnieder, Leipsig, 1813, 8vo. It should, however, when bought, be given to some genius vast enough to embrace both the arts of Industry and those of Indolence.

Oratores Græci, à Reiske. Lipsiæ, 1770, 8 vols. in 12, 8vo. It brings 220 francs, entire. The latter 6 volumes may sometimes be had separate; and these, united with the London re-edition of Reiske's Demosthenes [1822, 3 vols. 8vo.] and the Isocrates of Coray, give the proper series of Orators.

Orphæus, *Argonautica*, &c. cum notis variorum, àb Hermanno. Lipsiæ, 1805, 8vo. 20 francs. It contains the discussion as to the age and author of the Orphica; a dispute set on foot by Huet, whose opinion Valeknaer, Schnieder and Hermann have since maintained; while the genuineness of the Poems has been supported by Gesner, Ruhnken and some others.

Ovid. Burmann's is no doubt the best edition; but is in 4to. and high priced—8l. 8s. The best 8vo. edition, notis variorum, is that of Cnipping, Leyden, 1670, 3 vols. 45 frs.

Palæphatus. His *Incredibilia* are only proper for a mythographic collection.

Palladius, *de Febris* may, of course, be omitted.

Rutilius Palladius, *de Re Rustica*, is in the collection *Scriptores rei rusticæ*.

Panegyrici Veteres [latini] à Jaeger. Nuremberg, 1778, 2 vols. 8vo. 14 frs. The Delphine edition [by de la Baune] is also much esteemed; and there is a London reprint, 1716, 8vo. That of Arntzenius, Utrecht, 1790-7, 2 vols. 4to. is the editio opt. 24 a 30 frs. The collection embraces 12 panegyrics—1 of Plinius Cæcilius; 2 of Claudius Mamertinus; 1 of another Claud Mam.; 5 of Eumenius; 1 of an unknown; 1 of Nazarius; 1 of Dræpanius.

Parthenius. Of his Erotic tales, Heyne's is the best edition. Gottingen, 1798, 8vo. 3 frs.

Paterculus. Ruhnken's edition, Leyden, 1789, 2 vols. 8vo. 18 to 24 francs, is best.

Pausanias. That of Facius is much the best. Lipsiæ, 1794-7, 4 vols. 8vo. 36 frs.

Pædo Albinovanus. His *Elegies* are in Wernsdorf's *Poetæ*; as is Severus's *Ætna*.

Persius. See Juvenal Ruperti.

Petronius, *Satyricon*, &c. à Hadrianide. Amsterdam, 1669, 8vo. with the *Fragmentum Traguriense*, 1671. It should also include *Sulpitiæ Satyra*, *Priapeia*, *Pervigilium Veneris*, *Statilii Apologia*, and an Index of 4 leaves. The whole costs 15 to 20 frs. Burmann's 4to. edition is the best. Amsterdam, 1743, 2 vols. 4to.

Phædrus, à Schwabio. Brunswick, 1806, 2 vols. 8vo. 16 francs, engravings. It has a life—an excellent notitia literaria—a dissertation on the age of Phædrus—

another on the Fables of Gabriel Faernus—34 Fables à MSto. Divionensi—a copious Index; and supplenda. There are some castrated editions of Phædrus.

Phalaris, à Boyle. Oxon, 1718, 8vo. 7 frs. Though now regarded as certainly spurious, the epistles are worth having, for the sake of the literary controversy, and Bentley's masterly investigations on Phalaris, Æsop, &c. London, 1817, 8vo.

Philo Judæus may be left among the mystic and ecclesiastic writers.

Philo Byzantinus is of little worth, even in a geographical collection.

Philostratus. His *Life of Apollonius*, his *Heroica*, *Icones*, and *Lives of the Sophists* may be all omitted. There is no uniform edition, except in folio. The 8vo. of Boissonade, Paris, 1806, is of the *Heroica* only.

Phlegon Trallianus. His fragments are of no value.

Phocylides. The fragments attributed to him are too slight and too uncertain to be collected.

Photius. Of his *Myriobiblon*, there is no 8vo. edition.

Pindar, à Heyne. Göttingen, 1798-9, 3 vols. in 5, 8vo. 45 to 60 francs. It is the best. Its Leipsig copy of 1817, in 4 vols. 8vo. may be taken equally well.

Plato. The Bipont edition, 1781-8, 12 vols. 8vo. is certainly to be preferred. Besides its other auxiliaries, the discourse of Thiedman (in the 12th vol.) on the Philosophy of Plato, is highly valuable. It grows dearer every day; now worth probably 150 francs. Good editions have since been published by Bekker and Ast—the former reprinted in London, 11 vols. 8vo. 10l. It is well to mention the Translation into French, which Cousin is now publishing, and of which some 7 or 8 vols. have appeared.

Plautus, à Bothio. Berlin, 1804-11, 4 vols. 8vo.; the last occupied with notes. It offers a much emended text, and a metrical restoration—1l. 1s.

Plinius, *Historia Naturalis*, à Franzio. Lipsiæ, 1776-91, 10 vols. 8vo. This is the edition usually adopted for such a collection. It is, however, too copious, and wants taste. It would, perhaps, be well to abandon, in this instance, the 8vo. size, and take the beautiful and esteemed edition of Brotier, printed by Barbou, Paris, 1779, 6 vols. 12mo. Its price is about 45, and that of Franzius about 60 francs. It may be remarked, however, in regard to the latter, that its 10th vol. is made up of some curious Dissertations. It possesses, too, in the 1st, 2d, and 3d, various other auxiliary pieces of value.

Plinius the Younger. His *Panegyricus Trajani* is in the collection, already indicated, of the *Panegyrici Veteres Latini*.

Plinius, *Epistolæ*, à Gierig. Lipsiæ, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. 17 frs. The edition of 1806, by the same Editor, is still better, and includes the *Panegyric*. It is about the same price.

Plotinus, *de pulchritudine*, may be omitted, unless in forming a philosophical collection. It is the only one of his works published in an 8vo. form. Creusner, Heidelberg, 1814, 21 francs. It includes, besides Wyttenbach's notes, *Anecdota Græca*; Procli disputatio de unitate et pulchritudine; Nicephorus Nathaniel adversus Plotini de Anima; *Lectiones plotinicae*.

Plutarch, *Vitæ*, à Coray. Paris, 1809-15, 6 vols. 8vo. 108 frs. It is the best edition of the *Livcs*. Heeren's

dissertation "*de fontibus et auctoritate Vitarum par. Plutarchi*," Göttingen, 1820, 8vo. is an indispensable critical adjunct to the Lives.

Plutarch, *Moralia*, à Wyttenbach. Oxon, 1795-1810, 13 vols. 8vo. 5l. 5s. It is reputed the best edited book that ever came from the classic press of Oxford—we might almost say, of England. It is the chef d'œuvre of Wyttenbach; having occupied 30 years of his life.

Poetæ Latini Minores, à Wernsdorf. Altemberg, 1780-98, 6 in 10 vols. 8vo. 72 frs. Far the best collection; including, besides those of Burmann's collection, many others: that is, it has Nemesianus and others, de aucupio, Venatione et piscatu; Nemesiani Laudes Herculis; Ausonii Mosella et de ostreis; the Idyllia et Bucolica of Calpurnius, of Sidonius Syracusanus, of Severus Sanctus, Bede, Septimius Serenus; Ausonii Cupido Cruci affixus, Cassius Parmensis, &c. &c. These are the contents of the two first volumes only. The third contains the lesser Satyrists, with some Elegies and Lyrics: the fourth, Heroic Poems: the fifth, Geographic ones: the sixth, Agricultural and rural, with some amatory and convivial ones.

Poetæ Minores Græci, à Gaisford. Oxford, 1814, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 7s. It is much approved.

To these I would decidedly add the little collection of Pope, *Selecta Poemata Italorum qui latinè scripserunt*. London, 1740, 2 vols. small 8vo. It is far the most charming body of Modern Latin Poetry that exists. Price, 10 to 12 francs. It embraces Eclogues, Odes, Elegies, and a Sylva, from Sannazaro, the Amalthei, Vida, Fracastoro, Politian, Jano Etrusco, the Strozzi, Ariosto, Sadolet, Buchanan, and others.

Polybius. Schweighæuser's, Leipsig, 1789-95, 7 in 9 vols. 8vo. is undoubtedly the best edition of this most important historian. It offers a very complete Apparatus to him. There are geographical and historical Indexes, and a Lexicon Polybianum. The Notes are excellent; the arrangements of the fragments, admirably luminous, according to Gibbon, who commends the whole performance very highly. It is thought least excellent, in the elucidation of the Achaean League. Price 120 francs. There is a Supplement, by Orellius, containing the Commentary of Æneas Tacticus. Leipsig, 1818, 8vo. 8 francs.

Polyænus. His *Strategemata* do not come within the plan of this collection.

Pomponius Mela, Gronovii. Leyden, 1748, 2 vols. 8vo. 12 to 15 francs. That of Tzschuckius, Leipsig, 1807, 7 vols. 8vo. is usually said to be the best; but is entirely too bulky and too dear—108 frs.

Porphyrius. His *de Abstinencia ab esu animalium* is the only one of his works printed in 8vo. except his Life of Pythagoras. He is, however, only fit to be passed over.

Proclus. His Platonic Commentaries, and his Astronomical works may all be omitted.

Propertius, Barthii, Lipsiæ, 1777, 8vo. 7 francs. That of Kuinoel, Leipsig, 1805, 2 vols. 8vo. 24 francs, were better, if it were smaller. Of the best, which is unquestionably the elegant one of Vulpus [Patavii, 1755, 2 vols. 4to.] there is no other impression. It is also a dear book—48 to 60 frs.

Prudentius should be omitted. He is below the age of either Poetry or Classical Latinity.

Psellus *de Lapidum Virtutibus*, *Synopsis Legum*, *de*

dæmone, and his mathematical works may all be safely omitted.

Quintus Calaber. His *Prætermissa ab Homero* are of too low an age, except for a collection intending to be absolutely complete.

Quintilian, à Spalding. Leipsig, 1798-1816, 4 vols. 8vo. and a 5th, in 1829, by Zumpt, containing supplemental notes and an Index: 55 a 60 francs, for the whole. It is much the best edition. It of course excludes, as spurious, the *Declamationes*, and the *de Claris Oratoribus*.

The *Rei rusticæ Scriptores*, I would exclude, except so far as embraced in the body of the works of their chief authors.

Rhetores Selecti Græci, edente Gale, Oxon, 1676, 8vo. worth 10 to 15 francs, is a collection worth having. It embraces Demetrius Phalereus, Tiberius, Anonymus Sophista, and Severus Alexander.

Of the Rhetores Latini, there is no 8vo. edition. There is a 4to edition by Capperonnier, Argentorati, 1756, 8 to 10 frs. It embraces Rutilius Lupus, Aquila Romanus, Julius Rufianus, Curius Fortunatianus, and others.

Gale's two other collections—his *Historiæ Poeticæ Scriptores antiqui* [London, 1675, 8vo.] and his *Opuscula Mythologica, Ethica et Physica* [Amsterdam, 1688, 8vo.] may be taken or omitted, according to one's view. The latter [Gr. and Lat.] comprises Palephatus, Heraclitus, Phornutus, Sallustius Philosophus, Ocellus, Lucanus, Timæus, Locrus, Demophilus, Democratus, Secundus, Sextus Pythagoricus, Theophrastus, Heliodorus Larissæus, &c.

Sextus Rufus. His *Breviarium* and *de Regionibus Urbis*, are of little consequence.

Rutilius Numatianus. His *Itinerary* is in Wernsdorf's *Poetæ Lat. Minores*.

Rutilius Lupus, *de figuris Sententiarum et Elocutionis*, is proper only to a Rhetorical collection. It has been edited by Rhunken, along with Aquila Romanus and Julius Rufianus. Leyden, 1768, 8vo. 7 to 10 frs.

Sallust, à Krotcher, Lipsiæ, 1825, 8vo. Its price I cannot ascertain. Gronovius's, Leyden, 1690, 8vo. is likewise good, but somewhat dear—18 francs. The 4to edition of Havercamp, Amsterdam, 1742, is much approved, but somewhat overloaded with Commentary. That of Wasse [Cambridge, 1710, 4to.] is excellent, 10 to 15 frs.

Sappho. See below.

Scribonius Largus. His *Compositiones Medicæ*, [Pharmacy] are in very bad Latin, besides being out of our range.

Scriptores Antiqui Parabulum Medicamentorum, ab Ackermanno, is another collection of the same sort—to be, therefore, passed over.

Scriptores Erotici Græci. See Achilles Tatius, &c.

Scriptores Physiognomonix Veteres, à Franzio, may also be omitted.

Secundus [Joannes.] His *Basia* and *Epithilamia* are elegant and pure enough to enter into a collection of classic Latin poets. There is an 8vo. edition, Warrington, 1776. I do not know its present price.

Sedulius. His *Carmen Paschale* has no merit but that of orthodoxy; which, in poetry, is no great affair.

Sappho. The last edition [that of Vogler, Leipsig, 1810, 8vo. 6 frs.] is said to be without criticism, though

surcharged with notes. It is better, therefore, to take Wolff's 4to. one, Hamburg, 1733, 12 to 15 francs, joining to it his

Poetriarum [Græcarum] Octo fragmenta, Hamburg, 1734, 4to. 12 to 15 francs. It contains the remains of Erinna, Miro, Mirtis, Corinna, Telesilla, Praxilla, Nossis and Anyta—the eight who, with Sappho, make those usually known as the Greek Muses. There is a third collection of Wolff, *Mulierum Græcarum quæ oratione prosa usæ sunt, fragmenta*. Gottingen, 1739, 4to. 12 to 15 francs. It forms, with the two preceding, an interesting series.

Seneca. The Elzevir edition [by Gronovius] Amsterdam, 1672, 3 vols. 8vo. is most esteemed, but is become too dear—60 to 80 frs. The later one of Ruhkopf, Leipsig, 1797–1811, 8vo. 5 vols. 1l. 16s. is regarded as very excellent.

Severus [Sulpitius.] His *Historia Sacra* is of too low an age.

Silius Italicus, Ruperti, Gottingen, 1795, 2 vols. 8vo. is the best edition, 18 frs. The Preface is by Heyne.

Sophocles. London, 1819, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. It is a reimpression of Brunck's, with the Scholia; Fragments; a Lexicon Sophocleum; an Index; Excerpts from the Variæ lectiones of Erfurt's edition; some inedited notes of Charles Burney; the Scholia of Demetrius Triclinius, &c.

Statius. That of Veerhusen, Leyden, 1671, 8vo. has been the most esteemed, but is very dear—30 frs. Lemaire published a very excellent edition in Paris, 1825, 3 vols. 8vo. Its price I cannot ascertain, but it is probably 12 francs per volume—the usual rate of his collection of classics.

Stobæus, *Eclogæ ethica et physica*, à Heeren. Gottingen, 1792, 2 in 4 vols. 8vo. 30 francs.

Stobæus, *Florilegium*, by Gaisford, Oxford, 1822, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s.

Strabo. That of Siebenkees and Tzschucke [Leipsig, 1796–1818, 7 vols. 8vo. 103 francs] is usually preferred. Coray, however, published at Paris, 1816–19, in 4 vols. 8vo. an excellent edition, with much improved readings, and a very judicious commentary. It has no Latin Version. 54 francs. This may be said to be part of that excellent performance of Coray and du Theil, the French translation of Strabo; of which the notes and dissertations offer such important illustrations of the Geographer.

Strato. His *Epigrams* are in the Greek Anthology. See Anthologia.

Suetonius, à Wolf. Lipsiæ, 1802, 4 vols. 8vo. 36 francs. It has the notes of Casaubon and Ernesti; the *Ancyran Monument*, and the *Fasti Prænestini*. There are also many notes of Ruhnken.

Synesius. His *Hymni, Epistolæ, de Insomniis and de Febribus* may all be passed over.

Tacitus. I should prefer the Commentary of Brotier to all others. The original edition, [4to. Paris, 1771, 4 vols.] is scarce and dear. Valpy has reprinted it very handsomely, London, 1812, 5 vols. 8vo. 2l. 18s. To Brotier's notes he has added a selection of others, and the inedited annotations of Porson. There is a very excellent edition, remarkable as a monument of feminine scholarship, by Mrs. Grierson, Dublin, 1730, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 18s.

Tatian. His *Oratio ad Græcos* might be passed over,

were it not that, in this Temperance Society age, it is well to commemorate the sole surviving production of him who was the first to forbid the use of wine in the Eucharist.

Terentianus Maurus may be passed by, or taken in some grammatical collection.

Terence. Zeunius's is the best edition; accurate, but very ugly, in the original impression. There is a very handsome, but less correct London reprint, 1820, 2 vols. 8vo. retaining the Notes and Subsidiæ of Z. It adds a selection from other annotators. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Tertullian, we may, of course, pass over.

Theocritus is given in Gaisford's *Poetæ Minores Græci*.

Theodorus Prodrômus. His *Rhodanthe et Dosicles* is regarded as one of the poorest of the Greek romances.

Theodosius *de Sphæra*, we will, of course, pass over.

Theognis. His *Sententiæ*, with those of the other Greek Gnostic poets, should be taken in Brunck's collection—the new edition, Leipsig, 1817, 8vo. 10 frs.

Theophrastus. His *Characters* alone come within our plan. Of these, the best edition is that of Ast, Leipsig, 1816, 8vo.

Thucydides. The Bipont edition, 1788–9, 6 vols. 8vo. is most in request. It is formed upon that of Wass and Dukker, with annotations by the Bipont Society—75 francs. There are later editions, by Hackius & Bekker, of which I can ascertain every thing except the critical merit: the former, London, 1823, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. the latter, Oxford, 1821, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Tiberius Rhetor. See *Rhetores Selecti Græci*, à Gale.

Tibullus. Heyne's edition, as revised by Wunderlich, Leipsig, 1816–17, 2 vols. 8vo. 25 francs, is the best.

Tryphiodorus. His *Ilii Excidium* may be passed over.

Tyrtæus. His remains are found in the Anthology of Brunck.

Valerius Flaccus. The edition of Harles, Altenburg. 8vo. above 1300 pp. is accounted the best. It is founded on Burmann's. 20 frs.

Valerius Maximus. Kappius's, Lipsiæ, 1782, 8vo. 9 francs, is unquestionably the best edition.

Varro. I would take the edition of Henry Stephens, Paris, 1573 or 1581, small 8vo. 9 to 15 francs. The Durdrecht edition, 1619, may have some advantage over it: but I would take the other, merely as a specimen of the Stephens press. It is also cheaper.

Verrius Flaccus, and his abreviator Pompeius Festus may be passed by, unless in a grammatical collection. He is also the supposed author of the *Fasti Prænestini*.

Vibius Sequester, *de fluminibus*, is of little importance.

Aurelius Victor. The edition of Pitiscus, Utrecht, 1696, 8vo. 12 a 18 francs, is the best for our purpose.

Virgil. Heyne's edition is esteemed, on all hands, the chef-d'œuvre of all classical criticism. The Leipsig reprint of 1800, 6 vols. large 8vo. 130 francs, is the best. It is adorned with 204 very agreeable vignettes, and is every way a beautiful book. Lemaire was to have reproduced it, with additional notes, in his *Bibliothèque des Auteurs classiques latins*. Four vols. had appeared some time ago. There is also a very handsome reprint by Priestley, London, 1821, 4 vols. 8vo. 4l. 4s. As a criti-

cal adjunct to Virgil, Ursini's Virgilius Collatione Scriptorum Græcorum illustratus, may be taken. Leovardæ, 1747, 8vo. 8 to 10 frs.

Vitruvius. If he be taken, the edition of Schnieder, Leipsig, 1807-8, 3 vols. 8vo. 45 francs.

Xenocrates the Physician. His *de alimento ex aquatilibus* may be omitted.

Xenophon. Schnieder's edition of Leipsig, 1800, reprinted at Oxford, 1812, 6 vols. 8vo. is certainly the best.

Zosimus. Reittemeier's edition of his *Historiæ*, Leipsig, 1784, 8vo. is reputed the best—10 frs.

E. W. J.

S. C. College.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS

To a young officer of the United States Navy, lost at sea.

BY HENRY THOMPSON.

I shed the warm tear still for thee,
Friend of boyhood infancy;
And memory delights to view
The sunny haunts our childhood knew.
Thy form in midnight's hallow'd sleep
Comes back, its promis'd vow to keep;
But ah! too soon the visions end
That image thee! my boyhood friend.
Long I've wept for thee in sorrow!
Long I've vainly striv'd to borrow
The thought that life doth still remain
To bring thee back to me again.
And years have fled away with me,
Since thou wert shrouded in the sea;
Since thou wert laid beneath the foam
You lov'd to call your only home.
And thou art now beneath its breast,
In the deep coral grave of rest;
And long the wave will kiss the shore
That thou wilt visit—never more!
But when from the deep, rocky bed
The sea gives up its mighty dead,
We'll meet where ocean cannot part
The feeling and the faithful heart.
Till then, sleep on in thy ocean grave,
And long I'll love the murmur'ing wave
Because it comes from the distant sea,
To whisper something still of thee!

Alabama, Oct. 1836.

RIGHT OF INSTRUCTION.

Huic legi nec abrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest: nec vero aut per senatum aut per populum solui hac lege possumus: neque est quaerendus explanator aut interpret eius alias; nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis; alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes (nostri Reipublicæ) et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immutabilis continebit.

De Republica.

Si a jure decedis, vagus eris, et erunt omnia omnibus incerta.

Coke.

Rerum ordo confunditur si unicuique jurisdictio non servetur

Id: Proem 4th Institute.

A disposition to conclude my side of this subject in a single essay, caused me to obtrude myself at an unreasonable length upon the readers of the Messenger, in

the last number. Nothing could have induced me to trespass again, but the introduction of new matter by JUDGE HOPKINSON, which requires consideration even more imperiously than his first letter, both from its intrinsic importance, and the respect due to his more deliberate investigation; and the belief that, though but the ghost of a champion against an accomplished knight, my previous occupancy may keep more worthy combatants from the field.

The Judge reiterates again and again his singular idea of the novelty of our doctrines. He says "politicians of a later date are its authors. It was unknown to those who made the Constitution—as well as to those writers and speakers who afterwards attacked and defended it." To support this idea, he refers freely to the *secret proceedings and debates of the Convention* by CHIEF JUSTICE YATES, and LUTHER MARTIN's communication to the Maryland Legislature.

After the long digression in his first article against the impropriety of inferring opinions from the, comparatively, elaborate debates of the State Conventions, it is a little surprising to find such vast premises sustained only by scraps and fibres torn from Mr. YATES's maimed and meagre skeleton of debates. But to answer we must follow him.

No body of men ever encountered successfully greater difficulties than the Federal Convention. Nothing but a stern conviction of the necessity of doing something prevented a dissolution without effecting anything. Federalism and Nationalism, Democracy and Aristocracy, Monarchy and Republicanism, and every combination, of all, had to be reconciled in one uniform system. The fears entertained by the small states of the large ones had to be allayed, and the fears of all the ultra-state-rights-men, had to be satisfied of their safety from the strangling grasp of the federal arm. At the same time the party had to be satisfied which demanded more of their due weight for the large states than they possessed under the confederation, and the national government-men who demanded sufficient strength and perfection in the form of the federal government to enable it to act independently of state action, and even in spite of it. Our government is a happy compromise of these conflicting interests. MR. MADISON was in favor of a national government, perfect within its own sphere, leaving the state governments only to manage their local concerns, but with no power to interfere with the operations of the United States' government. LUTHER MARTIN was in favor of equality and mere federation of the states, and conducting the federal government by states, and not its independent action.

The principles of the first set of resolutions, appear to have met MR. MADISON's views, and were probably written by him, or with him, though offered by GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, who "candidly confessed that they were not intended for a federal government,—he meant a strong consolidated union, in which the idea of states should be nearly annihilated."

This is the system of government to which the Judge refers us, as containing the idea, in the fourth resolution, that senators ought "to hold their offices for a term sufficient to insure their independence, namely, seven years," and that they ought to be "ineligible to state or federal office during their term of service." This resolution was written with the avowed object of keep-

ing the state governments from interfering in any way,—even by the allurements of office,—with an officer who was designed to be an intrinsic part of an entirely separate consolidated general government; and the *rejection* of that very system and the reasons assigned for it in the debates, prove, beyond doubt, that the objection to it was because it left the states, *as states*, and their governments and sovereignty, without representation, and of course without protection. The Judge quotes a *rejected* clause, to prove the *adoption* of its principles!

MR. MADISON was opposed to the amendment. He did not wish to leave the state legislatures this modicum of federal power, because he wished a distinct and *independent* government. He must have foreseen the exercise of instructions and recognized the right; or he could not have used the expressions which fell from him when the right of election was given to state legislatures. All who knew MR. MADISON, or are at all familiar with his history, and his writings on the formation of the constitution, must remember that he was haunted and hag-ridden by a terror of disunion, and federal weakness, which, to us, at the present day, would seem almost a monomania, if recent startling events had not fearfully proven that this phantom is ever armed and ready to assume a tangible shape, and realize, in practice, those terrible consequences which his second-sighted sagacity could so manifestly mark in the dim picture of the future. His fear of the state legislatures led him to favor GOVERNOR RANDOLPH's proposition,—which was to have the senators selected by the house of representatives, out of a certain number of persons nominated by the state legislatures. This would have adroitly used the best possible body for judicious nomination, without giving it the power of appointment. Without representation, they would have been without the right of instruction, and the election being made by the house of representatives, the constitution of the senate would have had another *national* feature, and its members been removed as far as practicable from state influence.

When the first and fatal blow was stricken at this system by giving the election to the Legislatures, MR. MADISON's hopes of a national government, entirely distinct and independent of state governments, were at once prostrated. Then he used the language quoted by Judge H. "We are proceeding in the same manner that was done when the confederation was first formed. Its original draft was excellent, but in its progress to completion it became so insufficient as to give rise to the present convention. By the vote already taken, will not the temper of the state legislatures transfuse itself into the senate? Do we create a free government?"

Our distinguished opponent asks what would he have said, had he known that a right of instruction would be claimed? He could have said no more—indeed he could not have used so much force without knowing it. How else can the *temper* transfuse itself? Is it only by an election every *six years*, leaving the senators independent in the interval? Would not the legislative *nominations* have *transfused the temper* quite as effectually? The legislatures would only have nominated those who concurred in sentiment with a majority of their members; and all that the house of representatives would have done would have been to elect the most moderate, if they differed, and the most violent if

they agreed with the state legislature. The difference between the two modes, as to the transfusion of temper, was almost nothing without instructions, but very great with it; and as Mr. M. seemed to think the amendment almost annihilated his scheme, we must suppose he objected more to the incidental right of instruction given by the vote, than the principal right of election from which it flowed. Notwithstanding Mr. M.'s strenuous opposition, the change was made by a vote of *nine states to two*—thus evincing a decided determination in that body to enable the states to defend themselves, and *transfuse their temper* if necessary. Judge H. tortures Mr. M.'s objections to the new system into an evidence of ignorance of one of the most important consequences of that system, without a knowledge of which, his reasons would have been of little force, and his fears utterly without foundation.

The clauses which the Judge quotes in the fourth resolution, were left in their original form by the advocates of state power, in the first consideration in committee, being satisfied with their great gain in the mode of election; but they were afterwards stricken out, being a part of the scheme which had been rejected, and inconsistent with the spirit of the amended resolution. The proposal and subsequent rejection of the express terms of senatorial *independence*, prove that the convention disapproved of the idea; but Judge H. quotes it as evidence of "an intention to make the senators equally independent of the several states and of the United States."

The objections of LUTHER MARTIN to the *possibility* of senators doing their own will instead of that of their states, modern times have proven to be too well founded, but his opinions upon that subject being analogous to those of PATRICK HENRY, I refer to my last number for the answer. He does not yield the right, but complains of the power of senators to disobey, without being punished. He does not say, as the Judge supposes, "that senators are *not*, precisely what the advocates of instructions say they *are*," but that they *may do*, precisely what we say they *ought not*. He is directly opposed to MR. MADISON, and fears the senators may stop that transfusion of temper, which the latter thought they could not legitimately stop. MR. MARTIN would not have objected to this system, if senators had been elected for shorter terms, and paid by the states, and subject to recall, because then he would have thought them sufficiently dependent on their states. But none of these would have given the state any control over them except by *instructions*.

MR. WILSON was with MR. MADISON and GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, opposed to the election of Senators by state legislatures. Because he thought they ought "*to lay aside their state connections and act for the general good of the whole*," and that the general government ought not "to be comprised of an assemblage of different state governments." Mr. W. wished senators elected by *districts*. He wanted an *independent* national government, and thought the laying aside state connections incompatible with legislative elections, and that this mode would make the general government an assemblage of different state governments. He wished the senators to be by a *DIFFERENT CONSTITUTION*, precisely what Judge H. contends they *NOW ARE*, and Mr. W. contended that they could not be by our present

system. Yet he is quoted to prove that under this constitution "the senators for each become the senators of all," and that "the senators from Virginia become as independent of her as those of Massachusetts." If Mr. W. thought so, he was arguing against himself. Nothing but instructions could possibly make the senate an assemblage of different state governments; and the doctrine of the senators from each state losing their connection and becoming senators for all, made it the reverse, and a senate as strictly national and independent as Mr. W. could wish. The defeat of Mr. WILSON proves that the convention did *not* wish senators to lay aside state connections, and *did* wish the senate to be an assemblage of state governments; and the reasoning of himself and his party proves that they thought such would be the operation of the present system if adopted. Thus we have the evidence of both majority and minority—the whole convention—against the opinions of JUDGE HOPKINSON, and his coadjutors of the present day.

MR. ELSWORTH wished the senate to have "*wisdom and firmness*," as a protection against the hasty and inconsiderate proceedings of the *first branch*;" and yet he wished an election by the legislatures. This speech was in opposition to Mr. WILSON's motion for the people to elect by districts. If he had wished the wisdom and firmness as a protection from the "wild and inconsiderate democracy of the state legislatures," as the modern doctrines contend, would he have preferred that body as electors?

MR. MASON said, on the same proposition, "It is equally necessary to preserve the state governments, as they ought to have the *means of self defence*. On the motion of Mr. WILSON *the only means they ought to have would be destroyed*." On the debate as to *equality* of votes in the senate, a similar contest arose, with a similar result. In that debate JUDGE ELSWORTH remarks, "If the larger states seek security, they have it fully in the first branch of the general government. Small states must possess the power of *self-defence or be ruined*. Will any one say there is *no diversity of interests in the states*? And if there is, should not those interests be *guarded and secured*? But if there is none, then the large states have nothing to *apprehend* from an equality of rights." This is all utterly inconsistent with the idea of the "senator for one being the senator for all," so far as to set the interests and wishes of his own state at defiance. The states-rights-men, and the small states obtained this protection and security after an arduous and manly struggle—are they to lose it by construction and recreancy of representatives? It may be to the interest, perhaps, of the large states for a time, to establish this doctrine, but it would speedily swallow all in the federal Maelstrom. If, for instance, Pennsylvania should ever wish a national bank, it might be agreeable to turn the voices of New Jersey, Delaware and Rhode Island in opposition to the deliberate will of those states, by persuading their senators that they were senators for the union and not of those little states, and that the interest of Pennsylvania ought to be considered before that of their diminutive states. But it would be very unpleasant for her own senators to tell Pennsylvania, in spite of instructions, we voted money for a steamboat canal from the Ohio to Baltimore, because it would benefit all the western country, and we are senators for all.

After the vote was carried in favor of the legislative elections, GOVERNOR RANDOLPH moved to strike out the term of *seven years*, and make the senators go out in classes, as that body might possibly always sit, "perhaps, to aid the executive." "The state governments will always attempt to counteract the general government." Requiring that *body*, as a body, to act with *firmness*, does not imply the duty of a senator to resist his own state. The arrangement of *classes* shows what is meant. That arrangement gave no facilities for disobedience to instructions, and hence could not contribute to their *firmness* in that sense. But the arrangement in classes leaves the senate always ready to act—"it might possibly always sit"—"to aid the executive"—to act perhaps against a state which was attempting to counteract the general government, and the term of whose senators had expired, and which had refused to elect others. If all the senators had gone out at the same time there would have been none to act. GOVERNOR RANDOLPH had tried to make the *individual senators independent of their states*. Failing in this, he now tried to make the *body* as firm and strongly permanent as he could, by not allowing all to go out at the same time. If his object had been thus to defeat the previous vote, and render the senators independent, his amendment would have been rejected. A similar struggle was again raised upon the question of paying the senators, the length of their term, and a power of recall, but the friends of the states, and federative principles yielded these minor points, believing themselves secure in the elections and instructions and equality of votes in the senate. The leaving the pay of senators to depend upon the states, was making the federal government too degradingly dependent upon the states. Not to have power to pay its own officers, would have left it almost as powerless as the old confederation, and it was thought, too, that it would lead to federal corruption, and thus defeat its own object, by making senators look exclusively to the federal government for honor and emolument. This would have been an awkward and humiliating check upon the body, without giving much control over its members. The example of unpaid parliaments was quoted with effect. We learn, then, from the debates, that the convention meant the states to act *as states* in the senate, in all respects as they had done under the confederation, except that the senator had power to make a law instead of a treaty, and his action was final without a subsequent ratification by his state. They never meant to change, in any degree, the state power of directing him.

The national-government-men contended that the states would have too much power—the states-rights-men that they would have just enough for protection—the ultra states-rights-men that they would not be sufficiently protected, because there was no means of controlling a wilful senator. Without the right of instruction their disputes amount to nothing. The first class ought to have been satisfied, for they lost nothing; the second class ought to have seceded as they threatened, for they gained nothing; and the third class was guilty of the folly of asking a remedy for the violation of a right which did not exist. They were all mistaken—all wrong, and ignorant of what they asked and what they accepted, and we of the present day can see their errors! There is nothing new under the sun. The

question we now discuss is the same under a new name which was discussed in the convention. A question of power between states and general government and large and small states. What was lost in constituting is to be regained by construction. What *states* refused to give up, is to be cozened out of their *agents*. In all the conventions however, our misguided ancestors considered the senate as the last remnant of the federative features of the old government, and that senators represented distinct sovereignties, and were on the footing of ambassadors or the members of the old congress as to their constituents, and only legislators as to the general government.*

* Of this, abundant evidence may be adduced. Mr. Ames, in the Massachusetts convention, assigned the ambassadorial character of senators as a reason for the length of their term.

"The senators represent the *sovereignty* of the states; in the other house individuals are represented. The senate may not originate bills. It need not be said that they are principally to direct the affairs of war and treaties. They are in the quality of *ambassadors* of the states, and it will not be denied that some permanency in their office is necessary to a discharge of their duty. Now, if they were chosen yearly, how could they perform their trust? If they would be brought by that means more immediately under the influence of the people, then they will represent the *state legislature* less, and become the representatives of individuals. This belongs to the other house. The absurdity of this, and its repugnancy to the federal principles of the constitution, will appear more fully, by supposing that they are to be chosen by the people at large. If there is any force in the objection to this article, this would be proper.

"But whom in that case would they represent? Not the legislatures of the states, but the people. This would totally obliterate the federal features of the constitution. What would become of the *state governments*, and on whom would devolve the duty of defending them against the encroachments of the federal government? A consolidation of the states would ensue, which it is conceded would subvert the new constitution, and against which this very article, so much condemned, is our best security. Too much provision cannot be made against a consolidation. The state governments represent the wishes and feelings and local interests of the people. They are the safeguard and ornament of the constitution—they will protract the period of our liberties—they will afford a shelter against the abuse of power, and will be the natural avengers of our violated rights.

"A very effectual check upon the power of the senate is provided. A third part is to retire from office every two years. By this means, while the senators are seated for six years they are admonished of their *responsibility to the state legislatures*. If one third new members are introduced, who feel the sentiments of their states, they will awe that third whose term will be near expiring. This article seems to be an excellence of the constitution, and affords just ground to believe that it will be in practice, as in theory, a *federal republic*."

The remarks of Mr. King in the *same convention*, upon the same subject, lead irresistibly to this conclusion, although it was attempted to be reasoned away by Judge H. in his first letter—"The senators," said Mr. K. "will have a *powerful check*, in those men who wish for their seats, who will *watch* their whole conduct in the general government, and will *give the alarm* in case of misbehavior." (This is one distinct check and Mr. K. proceeds.) "And the *state legislatures*, if they find their *delegates* erring, can and will *instruct* them. Will not this be a check? When they hear the voice of the people *solemnly dictating* to them *their duty*, they will be bold men indeed to act *contrary to it*." (This makes obedience a *duty*, and the boldness and hardness not of that virtuous kind which the Judge supposes.) "These will not be instructions sent them in a private letter, which can be put in their pockets; they will be public instructions, which all the country will see; and they will be hardy men indeed to violate them." (This seems to suppose meanness enough to violate secret instructions, but not audacity enough to violate them in the face of day.) "The honorable gentleman said, the power to control the senate is as great as ever was enjoyed in any government; and that the members thereof will be

One remark of Judge H. will finish our consideration of this portion of his letter. "This (right of instruction)

found *not to be chosen for too long a time*. They are, says he, to assist the executive in the designation and appointment of officers; and they ought to have time to mature their judgment. If for a shorter period, how can they be acquainted with the rights and interests of nations, so as to *form advantageous treaties*?" If this is not our doctrine in full, we give it up. Here is length of term advocated, not to strengthen in disobedience, but to *mature judgment as to officers*, and *acquire information as to treaties*; but as to legislative proceedings, "if they are found erring, instruct them." Instructions are given as the remedy for a term *too long for legislators*, but necessary to enable them to execute properly their executive duties.

A similar view was taken by Mr. Parsons of Newburyport, who thought "suitable checks had been provided to prevent an abuse of power, and to continue *their dependance on their constituents*." Mr. Neal asks, "If we should ratify the constitution and *instruct* our first members to congress, &c. &c., is there not the highest probability that every thing which we wish may be effectually secured?" Mr. Symmes finally withdrew his opposition, and would, "especially as the amendments were to be a *standing instruction* to their *delegates*, until they were obtained, give it his unreserved assent."

So in the *New York convention*, Mr. Hamilton says, "It will be the interest of the large states to increase the representation. This will be the *standing instruction* to their delegates." He then argues at length to prove that the will of the people must prevail over that of the members of congress, and thus speaks: "If the general voice of the people be for an increase, it undoubtedly must take place. They have it in their power to *instruct their representatives*; and the state legislatures, which appoint the senators, may *enjoin* it also upon them."

In the same convention, Mr. Jay says, "The senate is to be composed of men appointed by the state legislatures: they will certainly choose those who are most distinguished for their general knowledge; I presume they will also *instruct them*; that there will be a *constant correspondence* supported between the senators and the *state executive*, who will be able, from time to time, to afford them all that particular information which particular circumstances may require." He seems to have considered senators in the light of *ambassadors*, and never to have contemplated the contingency of a state executive's refusing to send instructions to senators!

There was an attempt made in this convention to carry an amendment, making senators ineligible for more than six years in a term of twelve, and subjecting them to a power of recall, but it was negatived—its opponents alleging that the states had as much power of *control* as any constituents ought to have, or as the people had in the other house, and that to render senators ineligible a second term would be highly impolitic—excluding useful and experienced citizens from office.

In the convention of *North Carolina*, Mr. Davie, in giving the reasons for the introduction of a vice president, says: "It was owing with other reasons, to the *jealousy of the states*, and particularly to the extreme jealousy of the *lesser states*, of the power and influence of the larger members of the confederacy. It was in the senate that the several political interests of the states were to be preserved, and where all their powers were to be perfectly balanced." Hence, he concludes, the *casting vote* ought to be in the hands of a man, possessing the confidence of all the states in a great degree, and responsible to no particular one.

In the convention of *Pennsylvania*, Mr. Wilson, in answer to the fears of some as to the *independence of senators*, says: "In the system before you, the senators, sir, those tyrants that are to devour the legislatures of the states, are to be *chosen by the state legislatures themselves*. Need any thing more be said on this subject? So far is the principle of each state's retaining the power of self-preservation, from being weakened or endangered by the general government, that the convention went further, perhaps, than was strictly proper, in order to secure it; for in this second branch of the legislature, *each state*, without regard to its importance, is entitled to an *equal vote*." Further on, he says: "The truth is, and it is a leading principle in this system, *that not the states only*, but the *people* also shall be here represented." Again: "States now exist and others will come into existence; it was thought proper that they should be *represented* in the general government."

is practically to give the legislatures a power to recall their senators, as instructions may always be given, which *must be disobeyed by an honest man.*" Such could not be given by an *honest man.* This supposes a *majority* of each legislature always dishonest, and ready to pass dishonest instructions, not to effect legislation, but merely to eject an *honest* senator. What could induce this? only *one* could take the place, and the rest must be prostrated, unless the people too be dishonest. A new election would place honest men in power, they would give honest instructions to the dishonest senator, and by our rule he must obey and honest measures prevail, or give place to an honest man. So that the rule is likely to work as much good as harm in any contingency, unless honest men are necessarily corrupt state legislators, or a dishonest man an honest senator, or the *people* thoroughly corrupt. If the latter is true, unless we could find an honest king, we must be content with a corrupt government.

In his former letter the Judge complained that there was no mention of this right in the constitution,* and now declares that "not a syllable can be found anywhere from any body which hints at this right." I trust this popular periodical now bears many syllables from high authority having an "awful squinting" that way, and visible to the naked eye. But there is still higher evidence, not only of the knowledge of this right by our ancestors, but of the high value and sanctity of it in their estimation. It was incorporated into the first Virginia bill of rights, thence copied *verbatim* by the Virginia convention on the federal constitution, in a bill of rights which that body proposed to attach to the federal constitution, and copied again *verbatim* in the recommendations of amendments by the North Carolina convention on the constitution.†

JUDGE HOPKINSON "has not referred to the opinions of Mr. BURKE, because the argument stands here on a different and stronger ground." Yes, stronger—on our

Such were the opinions of those who "assisted in framing the government;" but the idea now is, that senators *represent* and protect, not their own states, but the whole union, even in opposition to the interest or safety, and expressed wishes of their states.

* Mr. Bourdoin. "The whole constitution is a declaration of rights. The rights of *particular states* and private citizens not being the object or subject of the constitution, they are only incidentally mentioned. In regard to the *former*, it would require a *volume* to describe them, as they extend to every subject of legislation not included in the powers vested in congress."—*Debates Massachusetts Convention.*

† See fifteenth article of Virginia bill of rights, *passed unanimously* in the Virginia convention, June 12th, 1776, in these words. "XV. That the people have a right peaceably to assemble together, to consult for the common good, or to instruct their representatives; and that every freeman has a right to petition, or apply to the legislature for redress of grievances."

In Virginia convention on the federal constitution, Friday, 27th June, 1788, Mr. Wythe, from the committee on amendments, reported the Virginia bill of rights, with this preamble, "That there be a bill of rights asserting and securing from encroachment the essential and unalienable rights of the people, in some such manner as the following. (Here follows the bill, including the fifteenth article.) The same clause, with others, was carried in the North Carolina convention, by a vote of 184 to 84, the minority objecting to other clauses. This proves that the right was known and valued, as a natural and unalienable right of the people, and of course the states when constituents, and considered a different thing from consultation, petition, advice or remonstrance. Every freeman may petition or remonstrate, but the people must instruct.

side. First, because states are represented *as such*, in their *sovereign capacity*; and apart from general representative principles, their ambassadorial character requires obedience. Secondly, because small districts elect for vast regions in England, and here power is equally distributed, for the avowed purpose of equal representation and protection. And thirdly, because in England a member of the House of Commons has no constitutional right of *resignation*; it is prohibited; and by our rule, he must there obey in *all cases*.

As to the *first*, even Blackstone admits that members of Parliament ought to obey if they represented separate communities, and did not serve for the whole realm. He says, "every member is chosen for the whole, and hence is not bound, like a deputy in the United Provinces, to consult his particular constituents." But here they are elected for *states*, by analogy to the old congress and the diet of the United Provinces.* Mr. HAMILTON says in the Federalist, (No. 9,) "The proposed constitution, so far from implying an abolition of the state governments, makes *them constituent parts of the national sovereignty*, by allowing them a direct representation in the Senate, and leaves to their possession certain exclusive and very important portions of sovereign power. Mr. MADISON says, in No. 45, "The state governments may be regarded as constituent and essential parts of the federal government." Mr. LANSING, who had been a member of the federal convention, said in the New York convention, "I believe it was undoubtedly the intention of the framers of this constitution to make the lower house the proper, peculiar representative of the interests of the people—the senate of the *sovereignty of the states.*" For this reason he wished a power of recall to make them more dependent upon their states, "of whose independence it was designed by the plan that they should be the bulwark, and check to the encroachments of the general government." Mr. SMITH, in the same convention, was also very apprehensive of senatorial disobedience, and advocated Mr. Lansing's amendment. He says, "with respect to the second part of the amendment, I would observe, that as the senators are the *representatives of the state legislatures*, it is reasonable and proper that they should be under their control. When a state sends an agent commissioned to transact any business, or perform any service, it certainly ought to have a power to recall him." I presume this authority, with that in a previous note, will sufficiently establish this point.

II. As to the second reason, it received sufficient consideration in my former number.†

* "In Switzerland and Holland the different parties (states) send deputies, commissioned and instructed by themselves, who debate, but have no other power than what is conferred only by the people, or may be subsequently given." (Harrington, Oceana, 51.) This bears a close resemblance to the powers of the old congress.

† Judge Hopkinson is against all instructions, but thinks his reasoning stronger in the case of senators, because the right is not reserved. I am for all instructions, and especially those to senators, because of their character as ambassadors, representing sovereignty, and because it is a reserved state right, secured by our international compact, in which all is reserved which is not given, and in which a representation of sovereignties, as such, was insisted upon and yielded. But even as to popular instructions, the case is much stronger here than in England, for reasons intimated in my last. Let us see how it has stood there, long before the reform bill, and long before the American

III. If any thing could render a relaxation of our rule tolerable in England, it would be that feature of

revolution brought up all the questions of representation and taxation for discussion and decision. In the most ancient times, when the connection between vassal and lord was very close, and the vassal had little to which the lord could not lay claim, the commons were considered as represented in the commune concilium, by the lords and great barons under whom they held; but the king's tenants *in capite*, holding *immediately* from the crown, could not be considered, by the most liberal construction, as thus represented, and they were therefore admitted into parliament, in propria persona, in their own right. When these became too numerous thus to be admitted, they of their own accord, to avoid inconvenience, appeared by *proxy*. As the towns, cities, and boroughs began to receive incorporations, to grow in importance and wealth, especially personal property, an aliquot part of which was always granted, they too being unrepresented by the lords, were required to send *proxies*; and it was subsequently extended to knights for the shires, as the feudal fetters wore away. These *proxies* had no power but that conferred by their constituents. (See Pettit's *Antient Right of the Commons of England*, p. 14; 1 Gordon's *History of Parliament*, 215)—(Lex Parliamentaria, 113 and 117. "And Note, If any new project was proposed in Parliament for raising subsidies or supplies, the commons usually replied thereto that they were not instructed by their principals in that matter, or that they durst not consent to such tax, &c. without conference with their countries." "And Note, Blackstone (Book I, 168) says, a member of the house of commons cannot vote by proxy, because "he is himself but a *proxy* of a multitude of other people." Representation in the Parliament of Scotland went through a similar process. (See Lord Somers' *Tracts*, vol. 12, p. 610.) In the seventh parliament of the reign of James the First of Scotland, (1427) "the small barons were allowed to send commissioners, and were charged with the fees of their deputies," and this was the first instance of *elective* members to the Scottish parliament.

In Burgh's *Political Disquisitions*, (London, 1774) the American doctrine in its most rigorous extent is found applied in full vigor to members of parliament, and sustained by an abundant series of precedents from the earliest times, and quotations of the strongest language from members of Parliament in sustaining the duty of obedience, and the advice and opinions of the best English authors, to the same purport. (See vol. I, from p. 180 to 205—many instances of instruction and obedience against the sentiments of the representative, a few of which are in Mr. Leigh's report of 1812.)

In the Irish parliament, which met in November 1767, there was scarcely a town or county which had not instructed its representative to vote in favor of a limitation of their parliaments to seven years; and so eager were they, that all required the most positive assurances, and some even exacted an *oath* from their members to vote for the bill. The bill was passed, and its subsequent history affords a curious instance of legislative cunning and popular firmness. (See *London Magazine*, 1768, p. 131.)

In the session of 1733—4, (An. 7, Geo. II) Sir William Wyndham, in the house of commons, in a speech on Mr. Bromley's motion for repealing the septennial act, said of an opinion of Mr. Willes, (afterwards chief justice) of a character very similar to that advanced by Judge Hopkinson, (to wit: "After we are chosen, and have taken our seats in this house, we have no longer any dependance upon our electors, at least so far as regards our behavior here; their whole power is then devolved upon us, and we are in every question to regard only the public good in general, and to determine according to our own judgment. If we do not—if we are to depend upon our representatives, and to follow blindly the *instructions* they send us, we cannot be said to act freely, nor can such parliaments be called free parliaments. Such a dependance would be more dangerous than a dependance upon the crown")—that it was "not only a new doctrine, but it was the most monstrous, the most slavish doctrine that ever was heard, and such a doctrine as he hoped no man would ever dare to support within those walls. He was persuaded that the learned gentleman did not mean what the words he happened to use seemed to import—for though the people of a county, city or borough may be misled, and may be induced to give instructions which are contrary to the true interest of their country, yet he hoped he would allow that in times

their constitution which will not permit resignation. As that constitution "will not intend a wrong," it must suppose constituents utterly incapable of giving instructions "which no honest man can obey"—and it must hold a member entirely irresponsible, morally and legally, for a vote in obedience to them. Such is the fact, and this arrangement prevents that possibility of the defeat of their wishes by resignation, which the judge so much deprecates, and which he sets up as a reason or excuse for wilful disobedience. This absence of a constitutional privilege of resignation renders members, when once elected, indebted entirely to the courtesy of the crown for their escape from their seats when disagreeable. Another feature of their constitution makes the acceptance of office under the crown, (except a few offices of state) *ipso facto* vacate a seat in parliament. Hence we often hear of gentlemen's accepting the Chiltern Hundreds.*

past the crown has oftener been misled; and we must conclude that it was more apt to be misled in future, than we can suppose the people to be." (See *Com. Debates VIII*, pp. 172, 183. The whole debate might be read with advantage by many modern republicans.) Here, whatever right the crown had to control parliament, is vested in the legislatures as to senators, and the people as to legislatures, as they are sovereigns; hence, whether whig or tory rule prevails, we ought to have the right of instruction.

The immortal Sidney, in his discourses on government, goes to the full extent of our present doctrines. "Many in all ages, and sometimes the whole body of the commons, have refused to give their opinion in some cases till they had consulted with those that sent them; the houses have been often adjourned to give them time to do it; and if this were done more frequently, or that the towns, cities and counties had on some occasions given instructions to their deputies, matters would probably have gone better in parliament than they have often done." He seems satisfied with subsequent rejection as sufficient punishment for violation of duty, but does not hence infer that there are no duties. "Whosoever any of them has the misfortune not to satisfy the major part of those that chose him, he is sure to be rejected with disgrace the next time he shall desire to be chosen. This is not only a sufficient punishment of such faults, as he who is one of five hundred may probably commit, but as much as the greatest and freest people of the world did ever inflict upon their commanders that brought the greatest losses upon them." (Discourses on Government, section 38.) This rejection from office is the only punishment provided by our constitution in cases of impeachment of the highest officers.

Quotations might be multiplied, but "this little taste shall suffice." It must be remembered that these doctrines prevailed under a constitution which allowed of no resignation, and where fifty-six members (or about a ninth part of the English representation) were elected by only three hundred and sixty-four votes—where one man sent a representative from Sarum, and one from Newton, and two sent one from Marlborough—and the elective franchise was so unequally and unjustly distributed, that parliament never truly represented the wealth, population, or wishes of all England, or any section, or even a single election district, or any class of persons or property, unless the representatives of the single freeholders of Newton and Sarum constituted an exception! When our "novel doctrine, conjured up for party purposes," has prevailed there time out of mind, who shall deny its propriety here? Lords have proxies, and may instruct them, though the absent principals may be gambling in Brussels, or revelling in Parisian debauchery, and neither hear or read the debates; shall that be denied to the majesty of the people which is yielded to the dignity of a half fledged lordling, sunk in vices which disgrace the human character?

*"A member when duly elected, is not only compelled to serve in parliament, but he cannot at any future period either resign his seat or be expelled from the house except by some legal disqualification. In order, therefore, to meet the views of those members who may wish to resign their seats, it has been the practice, ever since the year 1750, for such members to accept

In England no one seems to have objected to this right, that it cannot be enforced, or disobedient delegates punished, although there, delegates may alter or refuse to alter the constitution itself, in despite of their constituents—still less is the want of power to recall, or the length of term urged against it. If this last was a sound reason, then it would follow that members of the old parliaments were bound to obey, but not those elected since the septennial act! That is, the stronger the reason for the right the weaker it becomes, which militates against every principle of British law.

The sublime and eloquent BURKE appeared before the electors of Bristol in all the proud consciousness of lofty virtue and commanding intellect. But strip his arguments of the gilded cloud of drapery flung around them by the magic of his fancy, and his sophistry, naked, unadorned, loses half its force by losing all its beauty.* The most powerful and legitimate argument he uses, applies only to the expediency of disobedience in that particular case, and if his facts were correct, ought to have excused him, if such an offence can ever be excused. "Was I not to foresee, or foreseeing, was I not to endeavor to save you from all these multiplied mischiefs and disgraces." He then artfully asks, if the "little, silly canvass prattle of obedience to instructions would save them from the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.'" Thus presenting them only the awful *alternatives* of destruction or disobedience, and appealing to subsequent *developements* to prove that disobedience was their preservation. By placing it in this position, he ventures to ridicule instructions. His next best argument also applied only to special cases. He appeals to "near two years tranquillity" to prove that "the late horrible spirit was in a great measure the effect of insidious art, and perverse industry, and gross misrepresentation." In a word, any thing but the deliberate sense of the people. From this it seems the people ought not to be tranquil under insult, or their deliberate will may be mistaken for a "fashionable gale." After thus fortifying himself by all the strength which his ingenuity and eloquence could give to his own peculiar position, he ventures to fire his gilded shot at the sacred citadel. He contends that if the "dislike had been much more deliberate, and much more general than it was," he ought not to make the "opinions of the greatest multitudes the masters of his conscience," unless they "were the standard of rectitude," which was not ex-

the office of steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which being an appointment under the crown, their seats are of necessity vacated. The office, however, is a merely nominal one. The stewards who accept it desire neither honor nor emolument from it, the only salary attached to the appointment being twenty shillings a year. The Chiltern Hundreds are districts in Buckinghamshire belonging to the crown. The appointment to the office of the steward of these Hundreds is vested in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as a matter of course, grants it to every member who applies for it."—*Random Recollections of the House of Commons.*

"On the 2d of March, 1623, (!) it is agreed, That a man, after he is duly chosen, cannot relinquish."

See this and other precedents, and the reasons for the principle on which this part of the parliamentary constitution stands, collected in "Volume II of Hatsell's *Proceedings and Precedents in the House of Commons.*" The rule is firmly established, but thus easily evaded when inconvenient.

* "And vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness."—[Reflections on the French Revolution.]

pected of him. All they asked was, in a question of expediency, that he would substitute their judgment for his own. He doubts if "Omnipotence itself can alter the essential constitution of right and wrong," much less such *things* as his constituents and himself. This was pretty gilding for their chains merely. They never attempted to alter the constitution of right and wrong, but to judge the one from the other; and the question was not between them and Omnipotence, but the electors of Bristol and the "sublime and beautiful" BURKE.

He next contends that the delegate owes his *judgment* as well as his exertions to his constituents—which is true—and the debt is paid when they ask to set aside his judgment for theirs. He admits the delegate should sacrifice his *will* to his constituents, but that government is a matter of judgment and of reason—not of inclination; and asks, "What sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion—one set of men deliberate, and another decide—and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?" I might ask what sort of a will is this conceded, which is never to prevail? Can there be no reason or judgment—no discussion—no deliberation—no arguments out of parliament? Can the people neither talk, or think, or read? This argument wholly falls, when the instructions are given, after both popular and parliamentary discussion has spread all the light upon the subject through the country.

Now what remains of MR. BURKE's great defence of disobedience? His arguments all go to expediency in particular cases, and not the *right*, when stripped of the difficulties he throws around its exercise. Take him from his position, and strip him of his gorgeous and dazzling armor, and he must stand a pigmy confessed before all, as he was before the electors of BRISTOL.

JUDGE HOPKINSON finds fault with MR. TYLER for resignation. "He had sworn to support and defend the constitution against *wrong from any quarter*," and he violated his duty and his oath, it seems, by resigning. "Where is the difference," he indignantly exclaims, "between the sentinel who turns his own arms upon the citadel he was bound to defend, and one who gives up his trust to the *enemy*, that he may do the work of ruin which the conscience of the latter forbids." The difference is rather between the sentinel who, being ordered to shoot a traitor brother from the battlements, turns and kills his commander—and one who, with the same orders, retires with leave from the service, and suffers another to do what affection for a brother, or perhaps participation in his designs, will not permit him to accomplish.

This new theory makes every resigning senator responsible for *all* (or none) of the unconstitutional acts of his successor. MR. TYLER must bear MR. RIVES' expunging sins, to avoid which he resigned; MR. LEIGH must suffer if his successor establishes a bank or other form of monarchy; MR. TAZEVELL is responsible for MR. RIVES' vote on the force bill, and MR. RIVES for MR. LEIGH's vote censuring the President, to escape which he resigned. Political parties have been censuring the wrong men. This new light, like an ignis fatuus, will lead them into a direction opposite to the one they wish to pursue. The incumbent is never res-

possible when his predecessor has resigned. Resignation in a senator is at all times as criminal as desertion of his post by a sentinel, and when he is succeeded by a senator of different opinions (which he cannot prevent) it is equivalent to treason. To what a labyrinth of error are we led, by forcing reason to follow a foregone conclusion?

Let us examine it. Because senators are sworn to protect and defend the constitution, if they quit their posts and thus make room for another who may, or certainly will violate it, they themselves violate their oaths, their duty and the constitution. These are Judge H.'s premises. But Mr. Tyler's resignation was of such a character, therefore he violated the constitution. But any senator who will ever violate that instrument is not a fit guardian for it, and ought instantly to resign. Mr. Tyler did so, therefore he ought to have resigned. Then his resignation was right because it was wrong!

Again. Mr. T. violated the constitution by resigning—not by the act itself, but by enabling Mr. Rives to do it; but the guilt could only be incurred by one person, by one vote, and as Mr. T. had clearly incurred the guilt by a previous act, Mr. R. was innocent. But if Mr. R. did not violate the constitution, and Mr. T.'s guilt depended upon that, he too is innocent, and *there was no violation because there was a violation!* But any reasoning which makes a man both right and wrong, or the constitution not violated because it is violated, must be intelligible and acceptable to those who make two persons who come to "opposite conclusions upon the same case" both right, and only infer from the difference that some one else is wrong!

Who shall be impeached—who punished under this new doctrine? Resignation is not unconstitutional, but is made criminal by an *ex post facto* act. As the subsequent acts could not be committed without the resignation, all the guilt attaches to the resigning member. Neither MR. RIVES or MR. LEIGH can thus commit any sin in *propria persona*. MR. TYLER sins in MR. RIVES, and MR. RIVES is responsible, not for his own acts, but those of MR. LEIGH. This is a roundabout responsibility with a vengeance, which makes no one responsible until he resigns, and is beyond the reach of impeachment.

But upon the Judge's own grounds, what better argument could be offered against senatorial infallibility, than this violation of the constitution by Mr. Tazewell, Mr. R. and Mr. T. and the promise to violate it by MR. LEIGH? Four successive *guardians* of the state have betrayed their trust. They have deserted their posts, and left the constitution at the mercy of the legislatures, as "a rag floating upon the winds." What can the legislatures do when thus left unchecked, unguarded, and the constitution a prey "to wild democracy?" The high criminality of the senators is enhanced by the fact that he is instructed by "a majority of six or eight out of one or two hundred, and he knows a large proportion of the majority to be men of little knowledge, of strong passions and prejudices, with a servile adherence to party purposes—men whom he would not regard in any concern of his own of the value of a dollar," and in the minority he knows all to be eminent statesmen. Of what a stupendous violation of duty are these men guilty? They leave the state and the statesmen a prey to these vile demagogues in a new

election, which the stupid constitution has put it into their power to make, without the guardian care and saving disobedience of some kind senator to protect us from their rashness. The more the Judge exaggerates the crime, the less worthy he makes the guardian; the more frequent the offence, the less infallible the senatorial wisdom and virtue. If senators commit these high crimes, they ought to be controlled by the ordinary guardians of the state—the legislature. We have now had this crime committed by a senator of each party in each manner, and promised by a third. Mr. R. resigned when first instructed by this wicked majority, and Messrs. Tyler and Leigh obeyed. The second time MR. TYLER resigned, and MR. LEIGH promised to resign, and MR. RIVES obeyed. When senators thus differ, what has become of the firmness and guardian care and infallibility which was to protect us? Which shall we follow? One or other of the two has in every instance, by this theory, violated the constitution. How shall we act? They are right and we are wrong, but how can we avail ourselves of the superior wisdom they have developed? What complexity—what difficulty—what a mass of error and confusion in the legislatures—what a waste of inexplicable and incongruous wisdom on the part of senators! Oh that our short-sighted ancestors had so ordered it that the guardian should instruct the ward, instead of the reverse!

This doctrine of non-resignation for fear a successor should violate the constitution, assumes that immediately after a senatorial election, a majority of each legislature becomes and must continue knaves or fools. It operates with much more force against a new election than instructions. It proves that senators ought to hold office for life; that all legislatures after the first have been incompetent, and all to come will be incompetent, from want of honesty and discretion to elect senators. But as it is admitted by all to be the best body for that purpose, and was selected as such by the convention, it follows that no body, since the first senate perhaps, ever has been or can be competent to elect senators. The state legislatures can only be incompetent because the *people* want honesty or capacity enough to elect men capable of electing senators. *A fortiori* are they not sufficiently honest or capable to elect presidential electors, or the house of representatives, which are even more important. The government must lapse into anarchy because there is not sufficient honesty or capacity in it to govern it. And it must continue so, because an ignorant and corrupt people without a government cannot better their condition. Nor can any form of hereditary government be established, because it is absurd to say that *chance* is a better guide than the simplest reason; and where the wisdom of all combined is not sufficient, it is absurd to look for greater wisdom in a *few* or in *one*. Thus it seems to me that a denial of the right of instruction is not only inconsistent with a representative government, but the reasons on which it is founded are inconsistent with any government.

MR. TYLER admits our principle and says he would obey, but for constitutional scruples, but having these he resigns. This seems a simple, intelligible, respectful course; but Judge H. "whose political metaphysics surpass my understanding," loses himself in a labyrinth of doubt and obscurity. He says in effect "I will do as I please," makes the matter simple enough. All des-

potisms are simple, and simple people submit to them. "Obey or resign" is not too complicated to be understood by men as enlightened as senators ought to be, and seems more suitable language between masters and servants. He creates a new difficulty by making senators not enlightened, but simpletons, groping in the dark in each case, to know whether they must obey or resign. All such should resign at once, for Judge H.'s theory is based only upon exalted wisdom, and cannot save him, if he is a "simple novitiate" seeking a *rule* to guide him in a plain duty. He would be a "simple novitiate" indeed who would inquire "what legislature he should obey." Common sense would seem to say the question only arises upon the instructions actually before him in all cases, and he could not obey a legislature which did not instruct, or instructed last year, or forty years ago, or may instruct forty years or a month hence. I cannot see where the Judge finds authority for his "playing for the rubber, or taking his chance for a third heat," (as he facetiously remarks, "*especially in Virginia*,") unless the senator has second sight, and then the argument proves that he ought to obey, not only promptly, but *a year in advance*. But it is better to *count out with honors* and gain *his points*, than run the risque of losing by this *odd trick*.

The strangest perversion runs through these comments upon Mr. Tyler's course. The firmness before required is forgotten. The senator must disobey if he finds great men against his constituents—the opinion of a JAMES MADISON, or even a disappointed minority of his own constituents, if in *his opinion*, possessed of more intellect than the majority, may be obeyed in preference. A majority of constituents seems to be the only body, to be utterly disregarded.

But the leaning on authority is not yet sufficient; we are to be defeated not only by *concurrence*, but *difference of opinion*, as the following paragraph proves:

"I cannot refrain from remarking that these gentlemen, (Messrs. Tyler and Leigh,) both professing to maintain the true and orthodox doctrines of "Instruction," and exerting their powerful and cultivated intellects to explain them through many a labored column, at last bring themselves to opposite conclusions on the same case. Is it possible to give a more impressive illustration and evidence of the fallacy of the whole faith than that two such men, both indoctrinated in the same school, should, when brought to the practical application of their principles, so differ about their import and obligation?"

I should humbly conceive it proved the fallacy of that faith which holds that a senator cannot be wrong. Two senators "come to opposite conclusions upon the same case," and it proves not as simple mortals would suppose, that *one* must be wrong, but that the *legislature* is wrong. If *their difference* only proves error in some one else, we cannot wonder at the vast estimation in which senators are held by their admirers. But their difference is not so great as supposed. One says I cannot obey, and, therefore, I resign now; the other says you want me to resign, but I will not now, but at the beginning of next session. Here is the same conclusion from the same case. Mr. Leigh postponed, but why will he resign at last? He gives no reason, but the instructions, and no one has suggested any other. He must resign on account of the disagreeable feelings pro-

duced by the peculiar position of being a misrepresenting representative. Those feelings are required and expected by our theory in the bosoms of all conscientious senators. So even the difference which was to destroy us, is one of *time*—not of *principle*. As to the argument that some of the voters of last year gave contrary instructions the year before, if true,—it does not prove them less worthy of respect now than then,—indeed, the last being the more deliberate, is the more worthy opinion; and as Mr. Tyler obeyed the first, *a fortiori* he was bound to obey the last, or resign.

I have done. Long as I have been with you, I have only touched the most striking points. There are two documents which would have shed light upon the obscurest part of this subject, I mean the letter of ELDRIDGE GERRY to the Massachusetts convention, on the constitution of the senate, and JAMES MADISON's history of the constitution, and debates of the convention. These were inaccessible, but whenever examined they must confirm the views taken here. Though the Sun of Montpelier has sunk in glory, below the horizon, it will thence shed a brilliant but mellowed light upon its noon-day track, and mystic truths so long hidden by its dazzling brilliancy, may be read by its milder rays, engraven in letters of gold upon the imperishable arch of Heaven. We must abide the coming of that time in mute faith, confiding in what we have already learned from Moses and the prophets; but, if it be no profanity to quote the sacred founder of our religious faith in defence of our hallowed constitution, I would say, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

ROANE.

'TIS THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last day of Summer,
Now fading away,
As behind yon blue mountain,
The sun hides its ray;
And the low breeze is sighing,
So chilly and drear,
That, methinks, the wood whispers,
Stern Autumn is near!

'Tis the last day of Summer,
And sad is the smile,
That now lights up the gloom,
Where it lingers awhile;
Whilst the cloud that is wreathing,
So gaily the west,
But reveals by its brightness,
The tempest's dark crest.

'Tis the last day of Summer,
And fleet as its ray
Hath departed, so fleetly,
Doth life speed away!
But beyond *this drear gloom*,
Is a resting place given,
Where the spirit shall bask,
In the summer of Heaven.

T. J. S.

Frederick County, Aug. 31st, 1836.

THE LEARNED LANGUAGES.

The youthful votary of knowledge, naturally infirm of purpose, is ever prone to despond and falter in a pursuit the utility of which is not immediate and palpable; yet he listens with amiable credulity to the matured in judgment and the ripe in scholarship. It should therefore be the duty and pride of such to cheer onward the ingenuous, even in those studies whose inceptive difficulties alarm him. Hence we read with feelings of regret and surprise an article in the August number of the Messenger, from the pen of Mathew Carey, Esq., the inevitable tendency of which will be to discourage students of the Classics, and to diminish the estimation, already too low, in which they are held in the south. We should be deterred from entering the list against a name so imposing, and one which deserves so well of his adopted countrymen, if we did not reflect that the inherent strength and self-tenability of a good cause greatly outweigh the most splendid abilities in sustaining a bad one. *Magna est veritas et prævalebunt.* So thus we hurl our white pebble from the river of Truth at the forehead of Goliath.

Before we rush in *medias res*, permit us to premise that, if we chose to decide this question with Mr. Carey by a preponderance of authorities, the rich libraries of our university would supply an array of illustrious names as long as that of John Lackland's barons. But reason and experience shall be our only authorities, than which there are none greater, not even Locke or Carey.

The universality of the study of the dead languages is objected to. "A young Englishman, unless he goes to the University of Cambridge, has scarcely a notion that there is any other kind of excellence." But one would suppose that the practice of studying them by all enlightened nations, for so many centuries, ought to be conclusive evidence of their utility; because mankind are so much influenced by interest, that they are ever ready to abandon whatever does not promote it. Our opponents, however, tell us that they were engrafted into seminaries of learning in ages less enlightened than the present—that such is the force of prejudice and custom, they have been continued as a course of education despite their many disadvantages. Is this true? Have not mankind long since shaken off their idolatrous veneration for antiquity? The whole cumbersome and chaotic mass of feudal error has fallen before the full blaze of modern discoveries and improvements. But modern reformers and experimentalists, in removing the rubbish of ignorance, and the rust of antiquity from literary institutions, spared the languages in which Mæonides and Maro bequeathed to posterity models more potent for inspiring genius than all the waters of Castalia, in which Demosthenes and Cicero gave utterance to sentiments which, even at this distant day, have impelled many to deeds of noblest patriotism. Spared did we say? They have done more; they have recommended redoubled attention to them. It is a fact, that the learned languages are more extensively cultivated now than at any former period, and that too by utilitarian and practical Englishmen—by intellectual and acute Germans—by scientific Frenchmen—by economical, perience-counting Scotchmen, in the teeth of opponents, powerful, gifted, active. If they are worthy of so much

attention in Europe, *a fortiori*, they are worthy of it here, for the obvious reason that, breathing as they do the spirit of liberty and republicanism, they furnish ideas more congenial and valuable to that form of government in which these principles are recognized, than to an oppressive one, where Brutus is stigmatized as a murderer, and the burning words of the two mighty scourges of tyranny regarded as dangerous food for popular lips. In a free country eloquence is the lever that heaves the body politic. In the Classics the purest models are found. Hence we infer that they are the appropriate study of American youth, and that it would be our highest glory to outstrip Europe in a knowledge of them, as we have already done in the science of government.

In reply to the argument that the languages consume too much time from the acquisition of English, we assume high ground, and lay down the predicate that the study of them is the shortest, best and easiest way to learn English. This idea will be illustrated by attending to the *modus operandi* of teaching. Before a student can acquire the idea contained in the simplest sentence of a dead language, he must ascertain the English meaning of every word in it; and before he can render it correctly, he must study into what English moods, tenses, and cases the words of his translation are to be put. If he do not this, he will be liable to render a Latin or Greek imperfect by an English future, and vice versa; hence it is evident that he must have not only his classical books, but that an English Grammar, a Geography, and a Dictionary must be ever at his side. Take an illustration. The crude, disarranged sentence, "vinco Scipio Hannibal in Africa," and the English translation, (Scipio conquered Hannibal in Africa) are given him to reduce to good Latin, and to explain the three proper names. To do this he must refer to his English Grammar, to find in what mood, tense, number, person and voice the verb "conquered" is, and then take up the English books containing the required information concerning Scipio, Hannibal and Africa: thus, in correcting this short sentence, learning, perhaps, more of English Grammar, Geography, and History, than of Latin. We are persuaded that nine-tenths of our southern teachers will tell Mr. Carey, that in their schools, consisting of Classical and English students, the Latin scholars are the better English scholars—that they are the better writers and speakers, the more cheerful and industrious, the more influential with their fellows, and that they require in their studies a larger number of English books than the other.

But if we are answered by Mr. Carey that he did not mean to assert that the verbal and grammatical knowledge of English which has been shown to be the result of the study of the Classics was lost thereby, but that knowledge of a higher order, science and literature were sacrificed to them, we have a reply ready at hand, which obviates this objection, viz: that they are chiefly studied at that infantile period of the intellect, when common sense teaches that it is not prepared to comprehend either the abstrusities of Mathematics, the minutiae of Chymistry, or the mysteries of Philosophy. To require so much of mere tyros, is as absurd as to exact of one of tender years and feeble frame the labors of a Hercules. Mr. Carey need not be afraid that the nascent stage of the mind above referred to, will be

left without its appropriate food, even if the sciences are forbidden to it. It is an established principle of the present day to educate the faculties in the order of their development. In the spring time of existence, Memory is the first to put forth its buds; and therefore, in accordance with the truism just laid down, should receive the earliest culture. What is more proper for this purpose than getting by rote the simple rules of Grammar, tracing out and remembering the definitions of words, and passing from author to author in the order of their difficulties? In thus proceeding from what is easy to what is comparatively difficult, the student would be obeying a law both of reason and nature; his mental powers would be gradually invigorated and expanded, until he would be prepared to enter with greater probability of success on the dreaded path of Mathematics and Philosophy; for the derivation and composition of their abstract and scientific terms, would in many cases instantaneously and perfectly suggest their meaning to the Classical scholar, whilst the English one would be compelled to learn them laboriously and imperfectly from English Dictionaries. It is this happy fitness of ancient languages to that period of youth which, without them, would want a proper object of study, that gives to them a crowning pre-eminence over every other substitute.

We will now examine that extraordinary argument by which Mr. Carey attempts to prove that too much time is consumed in the study of languages, even in those few cases in which he would tolerate them at all. Here it is. "That lads of moderate capacity, and no very extraordinary application, frequently acquire the French language in twelve or eighteen months," &c. Again—"That the Latin language is not more difficult than the French—indeed I believe not so difficult." From these *petitiones principii*, he draws the *non sequitur* conclusion, "that it's an error to consume three, four, five or six years in the attainment of the Latin." Now every person at all acquainted with Philology, knows that foreign language to be easiest to himself which bears the greatest resemblance to his vernacular tongue in its structure, syntax, the sequence of its words in sentences, and the identity or similarity of many of its terms with corresponding ones in his own language. It will be evident to any individual, that in these particulars the French resembles our language much more than the Latin. If he will only reflect, the whole intricate machinery of declensions and conjugations, which constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of ancient languages, is almost entirely wanting in the French, and indeed in all modern languages. Here I cannot do better than to quote the words of that elegant rhetorician, Dr. Blair. "There is no doubt that in abolishing cases, we have rendered the structure of modern languages more simple. We have disembarrassed it of the intricacy which arose from the different forms of declension. We have thereby rendered modern languages more easy to be acquired, and less subject to the perplexity of rules." Again, in a subsequent chapter, he says, "Language (modern) has undergone a change in conjugation perfectly similar to that which I showed it underwent with respect to declension; the consequence was the same as that of abolishing declensions; it rendered language (modern) more simple and easy." But the proof of the pudding is in the eating; so the uni-

versal practice among teachers of giving much longer French than Latin lessons, to be prepared in the same given time, is conclusive of the more easy attainment of the former. Most opportunely for the tenability of our argument, while we were preparing this article, an intelligent student of the University stated to us that he found he was making very little progress in French, and could assign no reason for it, unless it was because French is so easy that it does not take hold upon and engage the mind. But Mr. Carey would not only limit the time during which the ancient languages ought to be studied; he goes a good deal farther in his hostility to them, by advising that they should be studied even during the short period of twelve or eighteen months through the medium of translations. Now simply to state that this plan would utterly destroy that strengthening of the memory, disciplining of the mind, and refining of the taste, which languages are known to afford, is to prove its absurdity. If his plan should recommend itself to public adoption, the friends of Classical literature would abandon its defence in despair. The followers in any vocation are the best authority in the world in relation to the vocation, whether they be statesmen, teachers, or shoemakers. The united voice of teachers denounces translations as ruinous to the minds and habits of their pupils; hence they are regarded as contraband commodities, and as such, lawful confiscations to the dominion of Vulcan. These labor-saving machines of the mind, like those in mechanics, engender habits of idleness, by shortening the time and toil of accomplishing a task, smoothing the way, leaving the student nothing to elaborate for himself, until his mind is reduced to a state of wretched imbecility and servile dependence. Can a mind thus educated be prepared to make nice discriminations, to trace effect to cause, to winnow away the chaff of error from the golden grains of truth and wisdom? Even the little gained in this way is evanescent—takes no root in the memory. To look for enduring and accurate knowledge from him, would be as unreasonable as to expect a correct description of a country from one who flies through it in a steam car. But we might give up all that has yet been said about translations, and still maintain our argument against them, upon the ground that they do not express the meaning of the translated authors. At least the fire, spirit, enthusiasm are squeezed out and *skeletonized* in dull, vapid, prosaic copies. And is not this the case with all translations? Have not the French vainly essayed to translate Milton and Shakespeare? Are not their abortive attempts miserable caricatures? What becomes of the halo of glory which the ancient artists threw around the forms of Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medicis, when copied—of the coloring of Titian, the sublimity of Claude, and the grandeur of Raphael, when attempted to be transferred to the canvass of some impotent imitator? Gone! Why should we contemplate Homer and Virgil through those smoked glasses, translations, when we can do it in the bright mirror of their own languages? There remains yet another disadvantage of studying ancient authors by translations. They cannot infuse that self-sacrificing patriotism, that high moral, and almost romantic elevation of character, which even Mr. Carey admits the poets of antiquity have a tendency to create. These virtues must be contemplated, turned and re-

turned in the mind, as they are portrayed in the originals—not conned from “Horace’s three hundred and seventeen lines introduced into the Latin primer, to illustrate the rules of Grammar.”

But if Mr. Carey cannot argue down the ancient languages, he will frighten parents from putting their sons to the study of them, and the sons from studying, by asking, “how many years of life are spent in learning—how much labor, pain, and imprisonment are endured by the body—how much anxious drudgery by the master—how many habits are formed of reluctance to regular employment, and how——” and the rest of the bugbears. Oh, how will the preceding paragraph be hailed as pregnant with wisdom by all our vigorous, idle, southern youth, who long for more time out of school, to hunt, fish, and scamper over the broad, umbrageous Campus. If Mr. Carey only knew the quantity of swine and pancakes devoured by our students at a meal, and then behold them rush to their sports, and jump twelve feet in the “clear,” he would never again say that Latin kills boys. There might be some truth in the assertion contained in the quotation now before us, if predicated of German seminaries, where we are told the youth frequently study fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. But let any one carefully examine the pupils of an American academy, and he will be convinced that they enjoy more happiness, health, and leisure than any other class of the community. This fact is farther proven by the common observation of educated men, that their school-boy days were the happiest of their whole life, and that they never pass a group of students, and witness the joyous outpourings of youthful feelings, without envy. There is no royal road to learning. It is admitted that the languages are not to be acquired without labor—hard labor. Is this an evil to be deprecated? No. Whatever is acquired without it is generally worthless, not prized—because no price, no toil, no sweat has been paid for it. Constituted as society is, the original curse denounced against man, “in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,” has proven a blessing. Truly says the adage, “an idle brain is the devil’s work-shop.” An industrious one is the chosen abode of the sister virtues. Why, then, should we increase the temptation to idleness, already great to the youth of the south, by the banishment of the only study, perhaps, suitable to the idlest stage of human life? We should thus leave a chasm in the plan of instruction, and that precious time unfilled up, when a regard to the formation of good habits would imperiously require that it should be filled up as far as is consistent with health. Substitute something else, you say. If what has already been said, does not prove that nothing else effectually supplies their place, perhaps the following reflection may assist to do it. The principal point in which we fall short of our northern brethren, and of most European nations, is in our want of system in our employments, and attention to the small things of business. Now the Classics demand constant attention to the most minute marks and letters, together with the exercise of judgment, patience, memory, classification—all of which are component parts of system.

No disposition is felt to controvert the position taken by Mr. Carey, that great men have been made under systems from which the learned languages were ex-

cluded—or to discourage the gifted child of poverty, who can never enjoy their advantages. Let such a one reflect that there have been orators who never tasted the honied eloquence of Cicero—bards whose lips were never touched with a “live coal” from the poetic fire of Homer and Virgil—patriots whose bosoms were never warmed, whose arms were never nerved by the story of Aristides and Brutus. There are men to keep whom down would be as impossible as to suppress the fires of *Ætna*. They ask—they need no aid from their predecessors or cotemporaries. They will create opportunities and modes of development and action for themselves. Very properly, therefore, the institutions of society, the systems of education, are not framed for them; but for ordinary beings—persons of mediocre intellect, of which a vast majority of mankind are composed.

In reviewing the field of our argument, we find that the Classics have been mainly defended upon the ground of the mental training and good habits which result from the study of them—dry objects of pursuit certainly to boys, but still most necessary. But we might long since have cut this question short, by holding up the argument, the truth of which is now generally admitted by competent judges, that it is impossible to understand English in all its power, beauty, copiousness, without a previous acquaintance with the Classics. But the multitude, in the true spirit of English vanity, are constantly proclaiming the entire independence of their language, and vauntingly assert that it needs no plumage borrowed from any tongue under heaven. Mark you! this was not said until the huge, misshapen skeleton of the Anglo-Saxon had received a filling up—a beauty and proportion from much abused Latin and Greek. Now, as the English language has declared her *Independence*, and set up for herself, it is but fair that she should surrender back to Greek and Latin the harmonious and expressive words, the poetical imagery and rich mythology which she has stolen from them, but which she has just found out she does not need. Let her do this, and what does she become?—what she was originally. *Rudis indigestaque moles*. We have never known the common-sense rule, viz: That to know the whole we must know all the parts, to be dispensed with except in the case of the English language, which it appears can be perfectly known without previously studying the languages of which it is made up.* We however have no fears that our boasted vernacular will be able to sustain her declaration, since Greek and Roman ideas, illustrations, and allusions are so interwoven with it that they have become an inseparable part and parcel of it. Those who would know the nice and delicate shades of meaning belonging to English derived terms, will ever betake themselves to the fountain-head for this knowledge. What praise do we unwittingly bestow upon the two noble tongues of antiquity, when we consider that the highest compliment we can pay our illustrious characters is to compare them to some Greek or Roman worthy—to say of a Washington he is a Fabius, of a

* Since this short article was penned, the number of words of Greek and Latin derivation in it was roughly estimated to be eight hundred, though the writer made an effort to use words purely English in all cases where they would answer the purpose as well.

Franklin he is a Socrates, of a Henry he is a Demosthenes!

The department of poetry would lose the most by a neglect of the Classics. As the bards of antiquity were the first to walk forth into the garden of poetry, they did not fail to appropriate to themselves their most beautiful flowers; they, having the gathering of the harvest, have left to the moderns in many branches of the poetic art naught but the mere gleanings of the field. These ancient poems have been so translated, paraphrased, metamorphosed by modern poets, that a mere English scholar would find nearly as much difficulty in the works of the latter, as in those of the former. A glance at one more argument in favor of the learned languages, and this discussion is closed. The history of the forum and halls of legislation proves that in the actual conflict of mind against mind, the Classical orator has a decided advantage over an antagonist who has merely an English education, though in every other respect they be entirely equal. His knowledge of the variety and flexibility of his own tongue, will place at his command a greater copiousness of words, a wider range of selection, a greater fluency and facility in the utterance of them than his unfortunate antagonist can possibly pretend to.

In conclusion, we would say to the ingenuous of the Old Dominion—of the whole south, be not discouraged, be not deluded. The inceptive steps of all great undertakings are slow—sometimes unpleasant. If the beauty, perfection, and pre-eminent usefulness of the Classics are not at present obvious, you will at your docile age be willing to take something on trust, and to pursue your studies under the assurance, that by degrees the circumference of your vision will be enlarged, the point from which you take it in will be elevated, until you shall stand on the pinnacle of the temple of knowledge. Although you will not be so unreasonable as to expect to behold the interior and brighter glories of the temple, while you are merely entering the vestibule, yet along your path you will meet with many flowers to cheer you onward. You have every encouragement to proceed. Are you emulous to serve your country in the halls of legislation? You will, at the completion of your scholastic education, come forth armed with weapons from the armory of Demosthenes and Cicero. Would you create a southern literature? Your present studies are the very first step towards it. Your discouragers may be defied to point you to a single nation eminent in literature, and at the same time proscribers of the Classics. Contribute your mite to demonstrate to the world that this is not the land where "Genius sickens and Fancy dies," and to enable your countrymen to point proudly to our sister band of states, and say of one, this is our Arcadia—of another, this is our Laconia—of a third, this is our Attica. Do not suppose that this is too much to expect. By the blessing of God, and the operation of causes now at work, to this pitch of glory we must arrive. You live in the region of great men; you daily tread upon the same lines of latitude once trodden by Homer, Demosthenes, and Plato. *Macte nova virtute puer, sic itur ad astra.*

Hæc exempla—

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium

*præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernec-
tant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

University of North Carolina, October, 1836.

LINES TO A WILD VIOLET,

FOUND IN THE WOODS OF ALABAMA.

BY HENRY THOMPSON.

Type of thy God, in nature drest,
Emblem of innocence and rest,
Why hid'st thou in the sunless glade
Those lovely tints which sure were made
To woo the light?
Hast thou too felt the cold world's scorn,
The with'ring blight of rayless morn
That thus within the woodland gloom
In ivy shade you're wont to bloom
So far from sight?
And wilt thou fade in lonely bower,
Pale, gentle, melancholy flow'r!
And die when leaves in vernal dearth
Shall kiss the cold and dewy earth
In autumn day?
Or wilt thou wither on my heart,
And there sweet sympathy impart,
And give beneath the dew of grief,
Those lovely hues so bright and brief,
To slow decay?
Ah! no, I will not thus intrude,
To mar thy gentle solitude,
For thou art pure and undefil'd,
Lonely and beautiful and wild,
A forest queen!
Bloom on in thy secluded dell,
Sweet flow'r! that lovest alone to dwell!
And there within thy silent glade,
In God's own purity array'd,
Perish unseen.

TRAITS OF A SUMMER TOURIST.

No. I.

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wirtzburg?
Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord!

Hamlet.

Steaming from Washington to Baltimore is an improvement upon that route at least. "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say 'all is barren;'" was the beneficent *dictum* of a philosopher as wise as he was witty,—but he never travelled on the post-road from the Monumental city to the capital of the western world. If he had, I fear that precious morceau of pitiful cosmopolitism would have never fallen from his pen.

The locomotive Andrew Jackson whirled us by a series of fields, of which one will serve as a sample. It consisted of about three acres, from the surface of which a few weakly, wilting, pea-green shoots were starting reluctantly upwards, and which nine negroes were try-

ing to make a corn-field of, by dint of most desperate hoeing. Patches of rye and wheat were seen also, at intervals, most forcibly illustrating the condition of Egyptian fields in the seven years of famine of Joseph's time. It was plain that this section of the country, (as Mr. Senator G—— remarked to the representative for the district,) was fit for nothing else than to make rail roads of.

At the end of "The Thomas Viaduct," a beautiful piece of mechanism, by the way, is the "Viaduct Hotel," not so beautiful. As we passed, several of the Light Corps of the city [Baltimore] were "standing at ease" by the door of the hotel. They had gone out thither to spend the day of our nation's birth, in drinking mint-julaps, and watching the passing and repassing of the rail road cars. It seemed to be an object with them to discover, as we flew onward, who, of all the grandees who had just concluded those labors which had for seven months been making Washington so famous, were forming a part of our freight. The senator was for stopping the cars, and giving the representative a chance at the stump, before so goodly an array of his constituents. But whether he thought the audience not "fit," nor "few" enough for such a display, I could not discover—the Colonel declined the proposal.

Commend me to mine host of the Exchange! Page's is the very home of good order, good cheer, good company, and all else that is good,—the very place where one may ask, with a confidence defying negation, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" We found our rooms commodious and airy, and soon saw reason to bless our forethought, in having pre-engaged our accommodations, while compassionating the "potent, grave, and reverend seniors" of the land, as they cubicated on pallets in the dining-rooms, and were, in some instances, denied the liberty to hang for the night upon a hat-hook! Always engage rooms a week before hand, considerate traveller.

Who shall adequately describe what has so often been dwelt upon by tourists, the distinctive peculiarities of the older cities of the Union? To attempt it were "damnable iteration." Suffice it therefore to say, that Baltimore has beautiful brick edifices, with pure white marble porches and porticoes—several splendid public buildings, among which none is more deserving of particular mention, inside and outside, than the Unitarian Church, (although Baltimoreans generally "stump" on the Cathedral,) two monuments, one in questionable and the other in unquestionable taste—and upon the whole, neat, clean, orderly, and well-kept streets. She has here and there public fountains, supplied with ever-flowing streams of the purest water,—baths, places of public amusement, (although theatrical entertainments are not much in favor there,) shot-towers, hotels, newspapers, steamboats, rail roads, and pretty women in great abundance. Few cities possess a more refined or more generally diffused taste for music, painting, architecture, and the fine arts in general, than Baltimore. Her present situation, in a commercial and enterprising point of view, is extremely encouraging; and recent legislation in regard to internal improvements will doubtless have a very beneficial effect upon her fortunes.

A steamboat burned to the water's edge last night, at one of the wharves, and a boy was consumed as he was sleeping in the cabin! It was a pleasure boat, and had been running to different points in the neighborhood of the city all the day previous. The unfortunate boy who lost his life was a wanderer from New York, and had been permitted by the captain to sleep and board in the cabin, until a vessel in which he was about to go to sea, was ready to sail. He had retired to rest, after a day of toil to him, though of pleasure to those upon whom he had been waiting, as one of the hands on board the boat; and met his horrible fate while sleeping in innocent unconsciousness of danger. The neglect of the watchman who had been entrusted with the care of the boat, was the cause of the fire, that unfaithful officer having left his charge to join in a carousal in the town. How fearful a thought, that all our enjoyments are obtained by others' pains! The smiles that deck the faces of the few are watered in their growth by the tears of the many.

How neglectful of the *minutiae* of comfort and convenience are most of those who cater for the traveller's enjoyment in his journeyings along these great thoroughfares of our country! Here are we, arrived in the city of brotherly love, upon one of the very hottest days in the year, and upon asking for rooms at a new and much vaunted hotel, are ushered into a suite of three flights of stairs, and glowing, almost *hissing*, with the concentrated rays of the meridian sun, shining through crimson curtains—"Think of that, Master Brook,"—*crimson curtains*, in weather to set the very mercury in the thermometer a bubbling! As honest Jack said upon a not dissimilar occasion, "it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation!" What salamanders must be the people of the M—— house! We could not stand it, and so, after one night's parboiling, we turned our backs upon the rectangular city, resolved never to "tarry" there, in summer time again, until she had her Tremont, her Page's, or her Astor's to receive and accommodate us.

Arrived at New York, I was told that half the town were "out of town"—a comfortable assurance, methought, for we can have our choice of quarters. Yet were we three hours in finding a place whereon to lay our heads! I soon learned that by "the town" was meant that wandering, gossiping, gadding, sight-seeking, lionizing, country-visiting portion of this great Babel, who make it a point to spend all "the months that have no R," at the crowded watering places of their own and the neighboring states. But they have left the streets as noisy, as crowded, and as business-like as ever, and a stranger feels quizzed when told that they are empty.

The sail up the Hudson is full of interest, and thousands are now daily enjoying the many attractions it presents to the traveller. As the city at this season is any thing but delightful, I got on board the good steamer Erie, (to which commend me ever,) and bade adieu to hot streets, and the crowded thorough-fares for a season. On my return I may find it worthy of a sketch or two.

The Hudson is very broad near its mouth, or junction with the East River, at the harbor of New York.

Hoboken, New Brighton, Jersey City, and Staten Island, besides Brooklyn on the East, lie invitingly contiguous, and are attained by steamboats constantly running thither at every hour in the day. As they are all plentifully provided with green lawns, and cool shades, to say nothing of numerous houses of refreshment, you may be assured, that in the hot season, they are by no means vacant. As you go up the river, and leave the island on which the great city is laid out, on your right, the first prominent object that strikes your eye is *Fort Lee* on the left, which the map tells us is ten miles from New York. This was an important post in the revolutionary contest, and is now in ruins. Its position is admirable, standing on the bluff which commences the celebrated *Palisades*. These extend twenty miles up the river, and are curious ridges of rocks, from two to six hundred feet high, very much resembling that species of defence, whence they derive their name. Passing along, the traveller is prompted by the guide books to look at *Tappan Bay*, where the celebrated Andre attempted to take an advantage of the treason of the despicable Arnold, which would have been fatal to the cause of liberty, but for the fidelity of some of the American scouts. The spy was executed very near this place. The next place of interest is *Sing-Sing*, where is one of the New York State Prisons. As we intended to visit the more interesting one at Auburn, we did not stop here, but casting a glance at the *Sleepy Hollow* of Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*, we glided on, and soon entered *The Highlands*.

I had never imagined that any thing half so grand and so picturesque awaited us on our up-river jaunt. The half had not been told. Besides the splendor of the scenery,—the tremendous hills and ravines on one side, and the gently levelling upland and lowland fields and meadows, full of fertility and the promise of rich harvests, on the other,—there were a thousand associations with the early history of our Republic, especially with that interesting period, when "men's souls were tried," which rendered it a continuous and uninterrupted scene of thrilling and exciting interest. *Stony Point* and old *Wayne*, *Forts Montgomery* and *Clinton* with *Gates*, *Sir Henry Clinton*, and "*Old Put*," *Independence*, *Bloody Pond*, *General Vaughan*, *James Clinton*, and a thousand other places and names throng upon the memory, and tell the tale over again of a most interesting part of that glorious struggle for freedom by our brave fathers.

On one of the boldest and most commanding of those highland eminences, the traveller soon perceives the moss-grown battlements of *Fort Putnam*, over-hanging the barracks of the *Military Academy* at *West Point*. As the steamboat passes this headland, *Kosciusko's* monument, erected by order of government, is discerned, and then the hotel comes in sight. Intending to stop at mine host *Cozzens'* on our way down the river, we did not land, but went on to *Catskill* landing, where we debarked, and took stage for the celebrated *Mountain House*, at *Pine Orchard*. This is a grove situated on the table land near the summit of one of the most lofty of the *Catskills*, and is more than two thousand feet above the level of the *Hudson*. We found there a most commodious hotel, the view from the front piazza of which is exceedingly picturesque. We experienced a great change in the weather upon reaching the Moun-

tain House, having left an almost torrid climate at the foot of the hill, and finding it cold enough at the top for a fire. We therefore retired to rest, after this, our first day's journey, with great expectation for the morn.

Salvator Rosa alone could do justice to the scenery around *Pine Orchard*. The pencil of modern artists may find much here to furnish a fitting subject for their attempts, and they may succeed in giving pleasing sketches from its inexhaustible sources of picturesque and romantic illustration. But it requires the hand of that great painter of the grand, the sublime, the stupendous, fitly to illustrate that scenery.

You look down three thousand feet into a valley, stretching over an hundred miles in one direction, and more than half that distance in the other, in the midst of which runs the river *Hudson*, covered at this season with craft of various descriptions, which, from that great elevation, seem mimic boats upon a rivulet. At your feet a rocky precipice descends perpendicularly, the depth of which it is impossible to estimate, as it has never been explored, and loses itself, to the eye of the gazer from the summit, amidst the rude and tangled masses of primeval forest, stretching downward to the distant valley, verdantly sloping to the river's banks. This is the scene presented to the sojourner at the *Mountain House*, and its many changes, like those of a panorama, render the prospect intensely interesting, in every aspect of the weather.

Having enjoyed this first gush of picturesque beauty, you are reminded, by the daily arrival of the proper vehicles at the door, of a scene of yet more mingled romance,—the cascades of *Canterskill*. These lie at the termination of a delightful woodland path, along the side of which flows a smooth and quiet stream, taking its rise in a lake upon which you bestow, as you pass, a gratified glance. Following this rivulet you come suddenly to the brink of a tremendous precipice, shelving down between woody mountains, with rough rocky ravines, seemingly unattainable by human feet. But your guide holds a clue, following which you soon attain a level formed of sandstone and gray-wacke, and await the fall of the water from the edge of the precipice, one hundred and seventy-five feet above. As the water at this season runs low, the proprietor has taken the precaution to dam it up above the precipice, and so lets it fall when a company of visitors demand it. This fall is very beautiful. No obstacle intervenes to break the silvery sheet as it descends, and, as it comes over the rough edges of the rock at top, it assumes a form as of feathery spray, which is sometimes so thin and vapory, as to float away without reaching the level at all. Descending eighty feet farther, you see the second fall, the termination of which is even more grand and savage than the upper level. Here you may see both falls at the same instant, and from a situation which challenges another attribute of grandeur and sublimity to enhance the perfect enchantment of the scene.

We lingered at *Catskill* several days in a sort of dreamy state of quiet enjoyment,—now fishing, now roving among the woods, now stretched on the brink of the *Pine Orchard* looking listlessly down upon the impenetrable forests, the smiling, sunny valleys, or the silver thread of water, on which seemed

"—— the tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock,—her cock a bouy
Almost too small for sight"

and where the many steamers that smoke their daily course along the Hudson, seemed like some tiny utensil discharging its culinary office. There would we gaze upon the lifting fog-banks at morning, watching the sunbeams as they gradually struggled forth to irradiate, first the distant valley, and so diffusing thin yellow glory upward and upward, until, at length, we stood in the midst of their effulgence, and saw their vapory veil floating away over our heads, like gossamer web of the dew spider.

Nor were our household attractions few or powerless. Many visitors were at the Orchard, but there was a coterie of young ladies with their brothers and husbands from the neighboring village of the Catskill, from whose good offices and gentle hospitality we derived a great deal of additional enjoyment. Music, books, and conversation drove away ennui during those hours, when the inclemency of the weather or fatigue compelled us to suspend our out-of-door amusements, and we were thus enabled to enjoy the everlasting scenery of the Catskill, under auspices the most favorable.

New Lebanon Springs next attracted us. They lie about twenty-seven miles from Hudson, which is ten miles up the river on the opposite side, whither we went by the same steamer that had landed us at Catskill, and thence by stages to New Lebanon.

New Lebanon is a pleasant village, near the eastern line of the state of New York, lying in a most fertile and valuable tract of country, with alternations of gently sloping hills and smiling valleys, all of which seem arable and productive. The most popular public house is that to which the Spring that gives a name to the place, belongs. It is very well kept, but was far too crowded for comfort,—the day of our arrival being Saturday, and great numbers having come from Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Ballston Spa, &c. to witness the worship (?) of the Shakers on the Sabbath.

The waters of these Springs have no very decided mineral or medicinal qualities,—but as they are very profuse in their flow, and as their temperature is always rising of seventy degrees, Fahrenheit, they are delightful for bathing in the summer season. The proprietors have, accordingly, fitted up commodious bathing houses, which are very well attended, and afford, by no means, the weakest attraction to be found at New Lebanon. But even in this respect they cannot be compared with the Warm and Hot Springs of Bath county in Virginia.

The truth is, New Lebanon invites the visiter more by the salubrity of its climate, the rural beauty of its scenery, the quiet seclusion which it offers to the town-weary traveller, and more than all, by its accessibility from so many populous parts of the country, than by any magic virtues possessed or imparted by its "springs," and all these inducements combine to keep the pretty little village full to overflowing from spring to autumn. I saw many visitors from the southern states there among the rest, and was gratified to learn that there is an annual increase of business at "Columbian Hall." In my next I shall describe a scene at the Shaker's Church.

VIA TOR.

SACRED SONG.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"
When the heart's best affections are yielded to God,
And the spirit that wandered, returns to the fold
Of the Saviour who bought it by shedding of blood!
One moment of rapture so holy, is worth
Far more than whole ages of wandering bliss;
And oh! if a joy ever gild this dark earth,
It is this, it is this!

The pleasures of time are all fleeting and vain—

The bubbles that sparkle o'er life's turbid stream,
E'en the ties of affection are sundered in twain,

When the dark clouds of sorrow portentously gleam.
But the rapture that thrills through the soul at its birth
Into favor with God, is ineffable bliss;
And oh! if a joy ever gild this dark earth,
It is this, it is this!

T. J. S.

MARTIN LUTHER INCOGNITO.

Mr. Editor,—Public attention has recently been attracted, with great justice, to the *Memoirs of Luther*, by Professor Michelet of Paris; a work remarkable, first, as composed almost entirely of the Reformer's own words, and, secondly, as proceeding from a Roman Catholic. You will not, I trust, deem it unseasonable to accept the translation of a very rare and entertaining document, relating some scenes eminently illustrative of this great man's private manners. Allow me to premise, by way of refreshing the reader's memory, that after the celebrated appearance of Luther at the Diet of Worms, he was secretly snatched away by his friend the Elector, and kept for some months in the castle of Wartburg. The paper which follows gives some account of his return. It is from the pen of an honest Swiss, and is written in the Swiss-German dialect, but is so full of racy diction and inimitable naïveté, that it cannot fail to gratify every lover of ancient story. I have availed myself, here and there, of an antique idiom or phrase, as remarkably comporting with the rude original.* Respectfully, &c.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

I cannot forbear to relate, though it may chance to seem trifling and even childish, how I, John Kessler, and my comrade John Reutiner, fell into company with Martin Luther, at the time when he was enlarged from his captivity, and was on his way back to Wittenberg. For as we were journeying thither, for the sake of studying the holy scriptures, we came to Jena, in the Thuringian territory, (and God knows in a dismal storm,) and after much inquiry in the city for an inn where we might lodge for the night, we were utterly unable to find any. The taverns were shut against us on every side, for it was carnival-time, at which season there is little care for wayfaring people. So we had come to the outskirts of the town, thinking to go on further, to find if possible some hamlet where we might be entertained. Under the very gate of the town, as

* The document may be seen in Marheineke's *History of the German Reformation*, vol. i, p. 319. Berlin, 1831.

we went out, there met us a reverend man, who greeted us kindly, and asked whither we were bound at so late an hour. For he said there was neither house nor court-yard offering us lodging, which we could reach before the dead of night, and that the way was intricate; therefore he counselled us to abide where we were. We answered, "Good sir, we have been to every hostelry which has been shown to us, but every where we have been denied entrance; we must needs go further." Then he asked whether we had inquired at the Black Bear. To which we replied, "No such inn have we seen, pray tell us where we may find it." He then pointed out the place, a little without the town. And though all the innkeepers had dismissed us, yet no sooner had we reached the Black Bear, than the host came to the door, helped us in, and gave us the kindest welcome, taking us into the common room. There we found a man sitting alone at a table, with a little book lying before him, who saluted us in a friendly manner, and invited us to come forward and seat ourselves by him at the table. Now (under favor be it spoken) our shoes were so clogged with the filth of the roads, that we dared not to enter with freedom, but crept in softly, and sat upon a bench by the door. But he invited us to drink with him, which indeed we could not refuse.

After we had accepted his friendly and courteous advances, we placed ourselves, as he desired, at the table near him, and ordered some wine that we might drink to his honor; having no other thought than that he was a trooper, for he sat, after the manner of the country, in a red cloak, with doublet and hose, a sword by his side, with his right hand upon the pommel and his left grasping the hilt. He soon began to ask the place of our birth, and then, answering his own question, added, "You are Switzers. From what part of Switzerland come you?" We answered, "From St. Gallen." "You will find," said he, "at Wittenberg, whither I understand you are going, some excellent people, such as Doctor Jerome Schurf, and his brother Doctor Augustin." We replied, that we had letters to them; and then proceeded to ask in turn, "Sir, can you certainly inform us whether Martin Luther is now at Wittenberg, or in what place he is?" "I have sure information," said he, "that Luther is not in Wittenberg at this time; but he is to be there shortly. Philip Melancthon however is there; he teaches the Greek tongue, as there are others who teach the Hebrew, both which languages I earnestly exhort you to study; for they are necessary preparations to the understanding of the scriptures." We answered, "God be praised, if our lives are spared, we shall not rest until we see and hear that man; on his account it is that we have undertaken this journey; for we understood that he was minded to set aside the priesthood, with the mass, as an unauthorized service. Now, inasmuch as we have, from our youth up, been trained and set apart, by our parents, to become priests, we desire to hear what reason he can show for such a design."

After some conversation of this kind, he asked, where we had already studied. We answered, "At Basle." "How fares it," said he, "at Basle? Is Erasmus Roterodamus there at present? What is he doing?" "Sir," replied we, "so far as we know all things go on well. But what Erasmus is doing there is no one can tell, for he keeps himself quiet and aloof." Now it struck us

with great surprise that the trooper should talk thus, and that he was able to discourse about Schurf, and Philip, and Erasmus, and about the importance of both Greek and Hebrew. Moreover, he would now and then let slip a Latin word, which made us suspect that he was something different from an ordinary cavalier. "Prithee," said he, "what is thought of Luther in Switzerland?" "Sir," said I, "there, as elsewhere, there are diversities of opinion. Some there are who cannot enough extol him, and thank God that by his means he has revealed his truth and discovered error; but others denounce him as an intolerable heretic; and such are chiefly the clergy." "Ah," said he, "I could warrant it was the parsons." In such talk he continued to be very sociable, so that my comrade made free to take up the little book which lay before him and open it. It was a Hebrew Psalter. He then laid it down, and the trooper took it up. Hereupon we fell into still greater doubt as to who he might be. Then said my comrade, "I would give a finger off my hand, if I could thereby understand this language." The man replied, "You may attain it, if you will only bestow labor; I also desire this attainment greatly, and am exercising myself every day to make greater proficiency."

By this time the day was declining and it had become quite dark, and the host entered to look to the table. As he saw our eager curiosity about Martin Luther, he said, "My good fellows, had you been here two days sooner, you might have been gratified, for he was then sitting at this very table. And with this he pointed out the place. We were now chagrined and vexed at our own delay, and provoked at the bad roads which had been our hinderance; but we said, "It rejoices us to be in the house, and at the very table where he has lately sat." At this the host could not but laugh, and went immediately out. After a little while, he called me to the outside of the door. I was alarmed, and began to think with myself in what I had been unseemly, or of what I could be suspected. The host then said to me, "Since I perceive in very truth that you long to see and hear Luther—the man who sits by you is he." This I took in jest, and said, "Ay, sir host, you would fain mock me, and stay my curiosity with Luther's lodging." He replied, "It is assuredly he; nevertheless, do nothing to show that you recognize him." I straightway left the host, still being incredulous, and returning to the room seated myself at the table, and was very desirous to let my companion know what the host had disclosed. I therefore turned myself towards the door and at the same time towards him, saying softly, "The host says that this is Luther." Like myself he could not believe it, and said, "Perhaps he said it was *Hutten*,* and you have misunderstood him." Now, as the horseman's dress suited better with Hutten, than with Luther, who was a monk, I persuaded myself that the host had said, "It is Hutten;" for the beginning of both names sounds alike. All that I said, therefore, was under the supposition that I was conversing with Ulrich ab Hutten.

In the midst of these things there came in two merchants, who wished to pass the night, and when they

* Ulrich von Hutten; a celebrated knight and statesman, and a friend of Luther, who died two years after these events, in 1523.

had laid aside their habits and spurs, one of them placed beside him a small unbound book. Martin asked what book it was. "It is Doctor Luther's exposition of sundry gospels and epistles, just printed and published; have you never seen it?" At this time the host appeared and said, "Draw near to the table, for we are about to eat." We however spoke to him and begged that he would bear with us so far as to give us something by ourselves. But the host said, "Dear fellows, seat yourselves by the gentleman at the table, I will give you good cheer." And when Martin heard this, he said, "Come along, I will pay the reckoning."

During the meal Martin gave us much friendly and godly discourse, so that both we and the tradespeople paid more attention to his words than to all our food. Among other things he lamented with a sigh, that while the princes and nobles were now assembled at the Diet at Nuremberg, on account of God's word, and the impending affairs and grievances of the German nation; yet they undertake nothing but to spend their time in expensive jousts, cavalcades, frolics and debauchery. "But such," said he, "are our Christian princes!"

He further said that it was his hope that gospel truth would bring forth fruit among our children and descendants, who are not poisoned by popish error, but are now grounded in the pure truth of God's word, more than among their parents, in whom error is so rooted that it cannot be easily eradicated. Upon this the tradespeople united in expressing their opinion, and the elder of them said, "I am a plain, simple layman; I have no particular knowledge of this business. But this I say, as the matter seems to me, Luther must be either an angel from heaven or a devil out of hell. I have here ten gulden that I would gladly give that I might confess to him; for I believe he is the man that can and would direct my conscience."

Meanwhile the host came to us and said privately, "Do not trouble yourselves about the reckoning; Martin has settled for your supper." This gave us great joy, not for the sake of the money or the cheer, but that we had been entertained by such a man. After supper the merchants arose, and went into the stable to see to their horses; while Martin was left alone with us in the room. We then thanked him for his favor, and at the same time let him understand that we took him for Ulrich ab Hutten. But he answered, "I am not he." Here the host came near, to whom Martin said, "I have to-night been made a nobleman, for these Switzers take me to be Ulrich ab Hutten." "And you are no such person," said the host, "but Martin Luther." At which he laughed, and said with great glee, "These take me for Hutten, and you for Martin Luther; I shall soon be called Martinus Marcolfus." And after some such discourse, he took a high beer-glass, and said, after the custom of the country, "Switzers, join me in a friendly glass to your health." And as I was about to take the glass, he changed it, and ordered instead of it a flask of wine, saying, "The beer is to you an unaccustomed beverage; drink wine."

With that he arose, threw his knight's cloak over his shoulder, and bid us good night, giving us his hand as he said, "When you arrive at Wittenberg commend me to Dr. Jerome Schurf." We said, "We will cheerfully do so, but how shall we name you, that he may understand your greeting?" "Only say," said he, "that

he who is on his way greets you; he will soon understand you." And so saying he went to bed. After this the tradespeople returned, ordered the host to bring them something to drink, and had much conversation concerning the unknown guest who had been sitting by them. The host made known that he took him to be Luther, which the merchants believing, lamented very much that they had behaved themselves so rudely in his presence; saying that they would on this account rise so much earlier the next morning before he departed, in order to beg that he would not take it in ill part, nor be offended, as they had not known his person. This they accordingly did, finding him next morning in the stable. Martin answered them: "You said last night at supper, that you would willingly give ten florins that you might confess to Luther. When therefore you confess to him you will discover whether I am he." And without betraying himself any further he mounted and rode on his way towards Wittenberg. On the same day we set out on the same road, and arrived at a village lying at the foot of a mountain; I think the mountain is called Orlamund, and the village Nasshausen. The stream which flows through this was swollen by the rains, and the bridge being in part carried away so that horses could not pass, we turned aside into the village, where we chanced to fall in with the same merchants, who entertained us there free of cost for Luther's sake. On the Saturday after, being one day after Luther's arrival, we called upon Doctor Jerome Schurf, in order to present our letters. When we were ushered into the room, whom should we see but Martin Luther, the same as at Jena, together with Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicholas Amsdorf, and Doctor Augustin Schurf, relating what had befallen him in his absence from Wittenberg. He greeted us and said, laughing as he pointed with his finger, "This is the Philip Melancthon of whom I told you." Upon which Philip turned to us, and asked us many questions, which we answered according to our knowledge. And thus we passed the day on our part with great joy and satisfaction.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

It is a lovely spot they chose,
This green and grassy dell!
And here in death's long, last repose,
Eudora now sleeps well:
Escaped from all her mortal pain,
She sleeps—and will not wake again.

Oh! who that knew her can forget
That highly polished mind?
Those charms that Love must cherish yet,
In that fair form enshrined?
And that warm heart that felt the flame
Of friendship—worthy of the name?

Yes, she was one of those—the few—
That decorate the earth;
A diamond of the purest dew;
Nor knew I half its worth

Till death had stolen the precious gem
That would have graced a diadem.

But why am I lamenting here,
When she is now at rest ;
And, happy in her heavenly sphere,
Her soul is with the blest ?
No, no, I will not, will not weep :
Enjoy, sweet saint, thy sacred sleep.

Norfolk.

* *

ALFIERI AND SCHILLER.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The characteristic differences between the national drama of the Germans and that of the Italians, as well as in the genius of the two writers, are strikingly shown by a comparison of the works of Alfieri and Schiller. Nor need we refer to the whole range of their respective productions; the two great poets have more than once, by their choice of the same subject for dramatic effort, afforded us opportunity to draw a parallel between them. The distinction is exactly the reverse of what the characters of the nations would lead us to expect; the cold and classic simplicity of the ancient school pertaining to the more ardent and volatile Italian, while the energy of expression and warmth of action peculiar to the romantic system belong to the representative of a colder and more meditative race. We shall not now employ ourselves in endeavoring to discover the causes of the general barrenness of the drama among a people of a temperament so imaginative, and whose history has been so rich in the materials of fiction. It is our object to show the vast difference which actually exists between the tragic compositions of Italy and those of the German school; as well as to give some idea of the peculiarities of the two authors who form the subject of this article. For this purpose, we select a play of each, founded upon the same historical event, and portraying in part the same characters; and purpose to offer a close analysis of both.

The "*Filippo*" of Alfieri treats of the same events with the "*Don Carlos*" of Schiller. It was the first published production of the noble poet, and is marked by much of the harshness of diction and severe simplicity, amounting almost to baldness, which distinguished his earlier plays. The author avoids, with scrupulous care, any thing approaching to local coloring; excluding all inferior personages from the stage, and admitting no forms or observances that might remind us of our vicinity to the person of the Spanish monarch. The chief care of Alfieri is ever bestowed upon the character of his protagonist; and it is to that point we must direct our attention.

It is well known that Philip II supplanted his unfortunate son Don Carlos, and married the princess to whom the youth had been betrothed with the consent of both crowns. Our poet depicts the disastrous attachment of the devoted pair. The piece opens with a passionate soliloquy of Isabella, in which she reproaches herself bitterly for the unconquered love she bears to the son of her husband. Her mind revolts at the idea of such an affection, which she fears her indiscretion

may one day betray to its object. She distrusts her every word and look. In the midst of this, the prince enters, evidently unhappy, and earnestly asks her reason for avoiding his presence. He perceives that the whole court is hostile to him; miserable and oppressed, he cannot wonder that he reads envy and hatred in every countenance about him, since he is conscious that he does not possess the favor of his father and sovereign. From the queen, however, "born under a milder sky," whose nature is all gentleness, he expected pity. Isabella is moved to the expression of sorrow for his misfortunes; his joy in her sympathy is extreme, and in return he offers condolence with her for her "hard lot," which she repels with some confusion; immediately after, hinting at the relation in which she stands to him, she offers to intercede with the king in his behalf. Carlos declines this offer, telling her she is the innocent cause of all his sufferings, and reminds her of their former affection and engagement; bitterly alluding to his father's hatred, and the greatest wrong he has inflicted, in depriving him of his bride. Isabella reproves his resentment against the king, whom she imagines deceived by false counsellors, and refuses to listen to his passionate complaints; the prince pleads with her to remain, and at length bids her renounce and accuse him. Now comes the discovery. When Carlos calls himself guilty, the queen says,

"Art thou alone the guilty?"

This thoughtless exclamation betrays to the prince the state of her heart; and shocked at her own indiscretion Isabella implores him to leave her. He pleads that flight would not protect him from the vengeance of Philip, who regards him with detestation, though ignorant of his only fault. The queen departs, forbidding him to follow her, and Perez enters. This person, a warm friend to the prince, attempts to console his evident wretchedness, which he attributes to his father's displeasure, by assuring him that the king has been wrought upon by false rumors and the machinations of his enemies. His offers of service and devoted attachment affect Carlos, who nevertheless will not reveal the secret cause of his grief. He yields, however, to the entreaties of Perez, to accept him as his friend, and permit him to share his destiny; congratulating himself even in the midst of wretchedness that he is less worthy of compassion than Philip on his throne.

The next act introduces upon the scene the tyrant and arch-hypocrite, attended by his minister Gomez. Their conversation illustrates strikingly the haughty reserve of the king, who will not admit even his private counsellor to his most secret thoughts, or treat him as an equal.

"Philip. Gomez, what thing above all else in the world Dost thou esteem?"

Gomez. Thy favor.

Philip. Hopest thou to keep it? By what means?

Gomez. By the self-same means

That first obtained it, sire; obedience,
And silence.

Philip. Thou to-day must practise both."

Gomez is commanded to watch the countenance and actions of the queen in the interview about to take place. The crafty minister is accustomed to observe, interpret, and silently execute his master's will. Isabella enters, summoned by her lord, who expresses his wish for her

advice in a matter pertaining to private relations as well as to the concerns of state. He then speaks of his son, artfully adapting his words to alarm and reassure her alternately.

Philip. Carlos, my son—thou lov'st
Or hatest him.

Isabella. My lord—

Philip. I understand.

If to thy inclinations—not the voice

Of virtue—thou didst listen, thou wouldst feel

Thyself his—step-dame.

Isabella. Nay, not so; the prince—

Philip. Is dear then to thee; virtue in thy heart
So strongly dwells, that thou, the wife of Philip,
The son of Philip lov'st with love—maternal.

Isabella. Yours are the pattern of my thoughts; you
love him;
At least I do believe it; in like manner
I also—love him."

The king expresses his wish to make her the judge of his son, who he says has been guilty of a heinous offence. With cruel art he remarks the agitation of the queen at this disclosure, which he pretends to impute to indignation at a crime of which she is yet ignorant. He brings an accusation against the prince of having leagued with rebels to overthrow the power of his sovereign; silences the doubts Isabella ventures to suggest, respecting the truth of the charge, and appeals to her for his sentence. The queen seizes upon some artful expressions of parental tenderness that fall from Philip, and implores him to listen to the voice of nature; pleads eloquently the cause of Carlos, and beseeches her husband to dismiss suspicion, and win back the affections of his son by clemency and gentleness. Gomez is despatched for the accused; the queen requests leave to retire, but is commanded to remain. Carlos, on his entrance, demands to know of what fault he has been guilty; the king speaks in an ambiguous manner, asserting his acquaintance with the private thoughts of the prince, whom he afterwards reproves for his communication with a leader of the rebels, yet the monarch ostentatiously pardons him, telling him he owes his impunity to the intercession of the queen, to whose counsel and guidance he recommends him. They are dismissed; and the brief dialogue between the king and his minister shows the result of their investigations. The silent understanding and concert between them has something in it more fearful than the most elaborate denunciation.

Philip. Heard you?

Gomez. I heard.

Philip. Saw you?

Gomez. I saw.

Philip. Distraction!

Suspicion then—

Gomez. Is certainty.

Philip. And yet

Philip is unrevenged?

Gomez. Think—

Philip. I have thought;

Follow you me.

Act II, Scene 5.

In the third act Carlos acquaints Isabella with her imprudence, in speaking in his favor to the tyrant, and the probable consequences of addressing thus one whose mercy is but the pledge of evil. She cannot however

believe the king an unnatural father, but promises never to repeat so perilous an effort. After her departure, Gomez enters and announces the king. To his hypocritical offers of service, Carlos deigns no reply, but leaves him without uttering a word. Philip, with his nobles and ministers, then appears upon the stage; and having ordered the doors to be closed, in a set speech, accuses his son of treason and an attempt upon his life; produces the blade which he states to have fallen at his feet when the baffled assassin fled from him; and having played off a feigned reluctance to hear the condemnation of the criminal, leaves the sentence to their decision. Gomez, with affected sympathy for the sufferings of the father, confirms the accusation of treason by producing intercepted letters alleged to have been written by the prince, that prove a treacherous correspondence with the French; while Leonardo completes the catalogue of crimes by charging him with heresy, and hurling against him the denunciations of the church. They are proceeding to adjudge him to death, encouraged by Philip, who tells them they stand in the presence, not of the father, but the king, when Perez craves permission to speak, and boldly vindicates the innocence of his friend. The king, in displeasure, breaks up the assembly; his anger at the boldness of Perez is only equalled by his wonder that such a spirit could exist in his court.

"Alma si fatta

Nasce ov'io regno? e dov'io regno, ha vita?

Carlos is afterwards surprised alone at night, by a body of soldiers, led by his father. To the displeasure of Philip at finding him armed at such an hour, he answers by submitting himself to the royal will. The scene that ensues between father and son is terrible, and powerfully depicts the native cruelty of the tyrant. He accuses the youth of secret and atrocious designs—of attempted parricide.

Carlos. Of parricide! What hear I? Parricide?
Thyself canst not believe it. And what proof,
What inference, what suspicion?

Philip. Inference, proof
And certainty, I from thy paleness draw.

Carlos. Father! Oh, force me not, by fierce excess,
That fearful bound to pass, which 'twixt the subject
And sovereign—'twixt the father and the son,
Heaven, nature, and the laws have placed!

Philip. With foot
Most sacrilegious thou hast passed already,
Long since, that bound. What do I say? Unknown
It ever was to thee. Lay by the words
Of haughty virtue and severe; but ill
Such words become thee. Speak now as thou art;
Thy meditated treasons, and the many
Already ripe, unveil. What dost thou fear?
That I should be less great than thou art impious?
If truth thou speak'st and nought dost hide, then hope!
If aught thou dare conceal, then tremble!

Carlos. Truth
Severe thou forcest from me now. Myself
Too well I know, to fear; and thee, oh Philip!
Too well I know, to hope. The luckless gift,
My life, take back; 'tis thine; but mine my honor,
Which thou hadst never power to take nor give.
Guilty I should be, if to such confession
Base fear could lead me.

Here my latest breath

Thou may'st behold me draw ; long, cruel death,
And infamous prepare for me ; no death
Degrades me. Thou alone, sire—thou alone
Wilt not weep tears of pity for my fate.

Philip. Rash youth ! thus to thy sovereign lord dost
offer

Excuse for all thy crimes ?

Carlos. Excuse ? Thou hat'st me,
That is mine only fault ; thy thirst for blood
Mine only crime. Thy right alone, O king,
Is kingdom absolute.

Philip. Ho—guards—arrest him !

Carlos. Such is a tyrant's sole reply. These arms,
Lo ! to the chain I give—lo ! to the steel
I bare my breast. Wherefore delay ? Dost now
Begin to soften ? Day by day thy reign
Is written in black characters of blood.

Philip. Bear him hence—from my sight. In the next
tower,

Unto the deepest dungeon. Wo to you
If any of you show compassion to him.

Carlos. Nay—fear not that. Thy ministers in cruelty
Do equal thee.

Philip. Drag him by force away ;
Forth from my presence. *Act IV, Scene 2.*

At the close of this appalling scene, Isabella enters in time to see the prince dragged away by the guards. The king pretends, as before, to attribute her emotion to fears for his own safety, and ironically tells her to be comforted by the assurance that all danger to the royal person is past ; promising her that the traitor shall be visited with summary punishment. The villain who would shed the blood of a father, he suggests would not hesitate to take the life of a step-mother. After this cruel hypocrisy, he leaves her to despair, and she is joined by Gomez, who comes with offers of sympathy and assistance. He brings the sentence of Carlos from the council, who have adjudged him to death for an alleged attempt upon his father's life ; and the sentence only wants the king's signature. Gomez artfully works upon her feelings ; assures her that the prince's only fault is his right to the crown, which Philip would bestow upon one of her children. It is this, he says, that has caused the king's unnatural hostility to his son. The crafty minister affects the warmest pity for the unfortunate victim, and indignation for the cruelty of the monarch. The queen, deceived by these representations, implores his aid for the prince. Gomez answers that he will be too proud to accept safety at his hands, or save himself by flight ; and Isabella offers to remove his scruples by a personal interview in the prison. The minister covers the joy he feels at this proposal by an appeal to the justice of heaven to protect the innocent.

The fifth act opens with a soliloquy of Carlos in the dungeon. He wishes to die, but shrinks from the disgrace of an ignominious execution, and dreads above all that the king should discover his ill-fated attachment to the queen. The iron door opens, and Isabella appears ; she beseeches him to save himself from impending death. Carlos, with a presentiment of despair, asks how she obtained access to his prison. He believes her to have come with the knowledge of Philip, and as a messenger of his vengeance.

Isabella. Doth Philip know it ? Heaven !
Wo—if he did !

Carlos. What say'st thou ? Philip here
Knows all. Who dares to break his stern command ?

Isabella. Gomez.

Carlos. What do I hear ? What fatal name,
Fearful, detestable !

Isabella. He is no foe
Of yours—as you may think—

Carlos. If I could ever
Believe he was my friend more shame would kindle
My cheek than e'er did wrath.

Isabella. Yet he alone
Feels pity now for you. 'Twas he revealed
The king's atrocious plot to me.

Carlos. Incautious !
Alas, too credulous, what hast thou done ?
Why give to such compassion faith ? If truth
He uttered—he—most impious minister
Of the most impious king—'twas with the truth
To cheat thee ! *Act V, Scene 2.*

Both are now in the tyrant's power ; as a last resort,
the prince beseeches Isabella to begone from his dangerous presence.

Carlos. Away—if life be dear——

Isabella. To me—life dear ?

Carlos. My honor then—thy fame ! * * Go—hide
thy tears ;

Smother thy sighs in thine own breast ; with eye
Unmoistened, with intrepid front, must thou
The tidings of my death receive."

It is too late ; Philip enters, and scornfully upbraids them with their mutual love, which they have vainly thought to conceal from his discernment. He has long known it, but has suffered them to remain in their delusion, that his revenge might more readily overtake them, and now comes to rejoice in their last sufferings. The monster asserts what is evident throughout, that his jealousy is not the object of love, but of pride.

"Thou hast offended
In me thy sovereign king—and not thy lover ;
The sacred name of Philip's wife hast stained."

The unhappy pair vindicate their innocence, and excuse the attachment which was honorable and proper before their forced separation. The haughty tone that Isabella assumes contrasts strongly with her previous submission, and shows that she has lost all hope. Gomez then appears with a dagger and a cup of poison, which the king offers to the choice of the lovers. Carlos chooses the dagger, yet reeking with the blood of Perez, and stabs himself ; but counsels the queen, who he knows has said too much to hope for safety, to drink the poison, as a less painful death. Isabella prepares to follow ; but Philip, perceiving that she rejoices in the prospect of death, bestows life upon her as a punishment ; she will not accept the cruel gift, but snatching his dagger from his girdle, plunges it into her side, and dies asserting her innocence.

The last words of the monster who witnesses the horrid scene intimate something like remorse.

"Lo, full and fearful vengeance I obtain ;
Yet am I happy ? Gomez, be concealed
The dire event from all. By silence thou
Shalt save my fame, thy life."

Before making any remarks upon this powerful play,
we shall proceed to analyze the corresponding produc-
tion of Schiller, in order to present the two pieces in as

close proximity as possible. In *Don Carlos*, we are transported at once into the Spanish court, and the tragedy has all the aids and appliances which a graphic delineation of the manners of the age and country can give. We have no "voices in the desert;" all around reminds us that we are among the ministers and courtiers of a despotic monarch; there are the pomp and circumstance of sovereign state; the jealousies, the repinings, the fears and the plots of selfish and intriguing courtiers; the designs and labors of patriotic enthusiasm and of less disinterested feelings, and the contrast of innocence and unsuspecting credulity with artful malice. The piece opens with an interview between the prince and the king's confessor Domingo, which takes place in the royal garden at Aranjuez. The priest artfully endeavors to learn the cause of the evident melancholy cherished by Don Carlos. For this purpose, he alludes to the queen, and the sorrow which the depression of her son-in-law has occasioned her. The prince, with artifice of which he seems afterwards ashamed, replies by accusing her of having cost him the affection of his father; but Domingo cannot believe in his dislike.

"You mock me, prince. All Spain
Adores her queen. Can you with eye of hate
Behold what all esteem? * *

The loveliest woman in the world, a queen—
And once your bride. Impossible, my prince!
It cannot be! No—no. Where all men love
Can Carlos never hate; you cannot thus
Strangely gainsay yourself. Be sure the queen
Knows not how much she hath her son displeased;
'Twould be a grief to her."

He goes on to assure the heir of her interest for him; and relates an incident that occurred at a tournament, in which her fears for his safety were involuntarily betrayed. Carlos haughtily replies:

"I much admire
The king's gay confidant, so aptly versed
In tales of curious wit."
and adds in a more serious tone,

"Ever I've heard it said, the spy on looks,
And he who treasures tales, hath done more ill
In this wide world, than in the murderer's hand
The dagger or the poisoned cup. Your trouble,
Good sir, you might have spared; if thanks you wait,
Hence to the king."

After the intimation of his suspicion that the confessor is placed as a spy upon him by the king, he is relieved of the presence of Domingo, and the Marquis of Posa enters. This personage, who plays a conspicuous part in the drama, and is in fact the hero of the piece, is a political enthusiast, whose whole soul is devoted to the attainment of a favorite object, to which all his efforts and intrigues have an ultimate tendency. The skill with which he lays his plans, and the metaphysical subtlety with which they are carried on, even to the delusion of the vigilant Philip, are developed in the course of the tragedy; but it is proper to give this insight into his character at first, to avoid the imputation of inconsistency and folly, which would otherwise rest for a time upon his actions in the mind of the reader. The delight of Carlos at again embracing his friend just returned from a tour through Europe, is so excessive that the marquis himself reproves his boyish weakness, which the prince excuses by expressing his

utter misery. In this and the other extracts we are obliged to use our own translation, having never met with an English version of the play. Carlos answers to the generous suggestions of his friend.

"Thou speak'st of time long past; I also once
Dreamed of a prince of Spain, in whose proud cheek
The fiery blood would mount, if one did speak
Of Liberty!—yet he is long since buried.
Whom thou seest here—he is no more the Carlos
Who in Alkala took his leave of thee,
Who with the sweet and glorious vision burned.
Creator of a new and golden age
For Spain to be; Oh, the design was simple,
Yet godlike still! Past is that dream!

Marquis de Posa. A dream!
Prince—Was it but a dream?

Carlos. Nay—let me weep;
Weep on thy breast hot tears—mine only friend!
I have none—none—in the wide full earth none;
Far as my father's regal sceptre reaches,
Far as the seaward breeze our flag sends forth,
There is no place—not one—where I may pour
My bitter tears, but this. O Roderick,
By all that thou and I may hope in heaven
Of future rest—drive me not hence!"

Act I, Scene 2.

With pathetic earnestness the desolate prince reminds the marquis of the days of their boyhood and their affection; relates an instance of his own devotion to him, when he bore the punishment of some juvenile offence committed by Posa, and resented by the king. The marquis sympathizes but coldly with these emotions; his mind is occupied with thoughts too high and momentous to find pleasure in the recollections of childhood. He would pay the debt of kindness, however, in manlier coin. The prince, in explanation of his previous agitation, and his long cherished grief, confesses his love for the queen his step-mother, and his eager wish for an interview with her without the presence of malicious spectators. His friend, after exacting from him a promise to undertake nothing without his knowledge and sanction, engages to help him to a private audience. It is no part of the design of Posa to discourage this unfortunate attachment, so long as he fancies it can be made subservient to the accomplishment of his schemes.

The next scene introduces us into the retirement of the queen. Elizabeth of Valois, the wife of Philip, is surrounded by her ladies, who converse upon their anticipated return to Madrid, and the sports and festivals that wait to welcome the royal pair. These are savage as the temper of the age; and the delight in anticipation displayed by some of the noble dames calls for the mild reprehension of the gentle queen. A better subject for discussion is offered in the approaching marriage of the princess of Eboli, one of the ladies, to a nobleman of Spain. The queen, with playful grace, inquires his merits of the destined bride, but is surprised when the latter, in a passion of tears, throws herself at her feet, and beseeches that she may be saved from such a sacrifice. Elizabeth promises her liberty, then dismisses the subject with an abruptness that shows unpleasing remembrances are awakened in her mind, and asks for her daughter the Infanta Clara, a child of three years old. The Duchess of Olivarez, who holds

supremacy over the other ladies, suggests that it is not yet the hour to admit the child to her mother's presence; and immediately after, a page announces the Marquis of Posa, as having arrived from the Netherlands, and waiting to present a letter to her majesty. The lady of Olivarez objects to his admission at such a time and place, as a violation of court etiquette, but is overruled by the queen, who commands the entrance of the marquis, and permits her scrupulous governess to retire. The noble knight is most graciously received; and in the course of conversation takes occasion to relate a story bearing much resemblance to the queen's own history—of a lady betrothed to a prince who was afterwards supplanted by his uncle. Both Elizabeth and the princess of Eboli are much interested in the narration; the former then sends Eboli to fetch her daughter; the marquis seizes the occasion to request leave to introduce his friend into the presence. Carlos enters, and kneeling, kisses the hand of his mother-in-law: the marquis and ladies retire out of sight. The scene that ensues is admirable; the passionate sorrow and devotion of the prince, and the dignity and inexorable virtue of the youthful queen, are beautifully pictured. We cannot perceive that she cherishes a single emotion towards Carlos, at variance with her duty to her royal husband. She appeals to his manhood and heroic spirit to conquer his ill-fated passion; "Elizabeth," she says, "was your first love; let your second be Spain." He promises silence if not forgetfulness, and the Marquis of Posa suddenly rushes in, announces the king, and leads his friend hastily away. Philip enters with several of his nobles, and asks why he finds his wife alone. The marchioness of Mondekar, who comes up at this juncture, and attempts to divert the displeasure of the sovereign, is dismissed by him from the court, and banished from Madrid for ten years. The queen, indignant at the suspicions cast upon herself, and the treatment of her domestic, evades a reply to the king's questions, and bids the marchioness a weeping adieu, giving her her girdle as a token of favor and remembrance. Philip utters a half apology for his harshness, by expressing his anxiety to be without the shadow of a rival in his wife's affections.

I am called

The richest man in Christendom; the sun
Goes never down on my domain; yet all
Another once possessed, and after me
Full many a monarch shall possess. One thing
Is all mine own. What the king has, belongs
To fortune—but Elizabeth to Philip.

He afterwards incidentally inquires of the courtiers after his son, and enjoins it upon them to watch his movements. The Duke of Alba willingly undertakes the task, boasting himself to be to the throne of Spain what the cherub was to the gate of Paradise. After this high-flown simile, Count Lerma ventures to speak in favor of the prince, but is silenced by Philip, who then departs, accompanied by the queen and his train. Carlos and Posa return; the former declares his resolution to ask of his father the government of Flanders, which he hopes to obtain by his solicitations, and thereby escape from the temptations continually presented during his residence in the court. He means to make a last appeal to parental feeling in the bosom of the king, and hopes to regain the confidence and affection

so long lost. Posa expresses the most enthusiastic approbation of his purpose, and they pledge inviolable friendship. The prince has a just appreciation of the noble and disinterested character of his friend, and values his esteem beyond aught in the world.

In the second act Carlos seeks the king, and implores a private audience. The Duke of Alba is in presence, and is excessively reluctant to depart; nor is it without displeasure that Philip, at the repeated solicitations of his son, sends him away. The prince, alone with his father, lays open his heart; implores forgiveness for his offences, and expresses in the most ardent language, his dutiful affection and desire for a perfect reconciliation. Upon the machinations of designing courtiers, he charges the fault of the breach that has so long existed between them; pleads that he will do for good will the service his corrupted ministers do for their own interests; that a purer fount of love than gold can purchase, swells in the heart of Philip's son. The king is not unmoved by this generous abandonment, but coldly answers that those he traduces are his proved servants. With increasing earnestness Carlos appeals to the parental feelings of his father; and the following picture of happiness succeeds the startled admission of Philip that he is alone upon a throne.

"You have been so, my lord. Hate me no more,
And I will love you with a duteous love
And ardent; but oh, hate me not; How lovely,
How sweet it is, in a fair soul, to feel
Ourselves as holy things enshrined; to know
Our happiness another cheek doth kindle,
Our trouble doth another bosom swell,
Our sorrow fill with tears another's eyes.
How sweet and glorious is it, hand in hand,
With a beloved and duteous son, once more
To tread the rose-strewed path of early youth!
To dream again life's dream of pleasure o'er!
How sweet and blessed in your children's virtue,
Immortal, ever present to endure,
The benefactor of a century!
How fair to plant, what a beloved offspring
One day shall reap; to sow what shall make glad
Their future fields; to anticipate the joy,
The gratitude which they shall feel! My father,
Your priest is wisely silent of this Eden
On Earth!"

Carlos then offers his petition that he may have the command of the army appointed to quell the insurrection in Brabant. He hopes much from the attachment of the Netherlands to him, and reasonably anticipates that his appearance in person, his dignity as crown prince, and the course of mildness and forbearance he proposes to pursue, may bring them back to their allegiance. The king intimates gloomily his suspicion that treacherous designs against his life are concealed under the philanthropic zeal of his son; Carlos is horror-struck and deeply wounded at the insinuation, but withdraws not his prayer, pressing it more earnestly again and again, in spite of the rising displeasure of the monarch. Philip haughtily and decisively rejects his suit, having bestowed the command upon Alba, and commands the mortified prince to remain in Spain; Carlos leaves the audience chamber, and the Duke of Alba entering receives the royal orders to prepare for his immediate departure to Brussels, to take his leave of the queen

and the prince. The cautious courtier observes the emotion yet visible on the countenance of his master, and asks if it is caused by the subject of his conference with his son. Philip merely tells him the subject of their conversation was Duke Alba; and thus alarming his fears bids him seek a reconciliation with the prince, hinting darkly his doubts of the honesty and candor of the noble duke, who, troubled at this intimation, departs disconcerted.

The next scene takes place in an ante-chamber to the queen's apartment. Carlos is in conference with a page belonging to the queen, who has privately brought him a letter and a key. In a tumult of contending feelings, the prince breaks the seal, and at the same moment duke Alba crosses to the inner chamber. The letter is in a female hand, and appoints a meeting in a cabinet attached to her majesty's apartments, safe from intrusion, where the writer promises that "the reward of love" shall be bestowed. Carlos is ignorant of the queen's hand writing, but does not for a moment imagine the letter to be from any other than herself. In this supposition he is confirmed by the page, whom he knows to belong to Elizabeth, and who replies to his eager questions that the letter was given him by "her own hand." The possessor of the hand is not named by either—and hence arises the mistake. The surprise and agitation of the prince are extreme; yet in the bitterness of a spirit wounded by unkindness, he does not hesitate to accept the bliss he fancies offered to him. Before he can escape from the ante-chamber, Alba enters and requests a conference. A long interview follows, which at length, in spite of the studied calmness of the duke, terminates in a dispute; both draw their swords, but are interrupted by the queen, who rushes from her chamber. The effect of her appearance is instantaneous; Carlos at a word of remonstrance from her, drops his sword, and embracing Alba asks his forgiveness. The queen, accompanied by the duke, returns into her closet.

We are next introduced into a cabinet, where the Princess of Eboli, fancifully dressed, is playing on the lute. She is enamored of the prince, and is anxiously awaiting the return of the messenger, by whom she despatched her letter. The page of the preceding scene appears—she starts up and hastily questions him; he relates the words and the emotion of the prince on the reception of the billet, and informs her that he may be momentarily expected. The boy is dismissed, and Carlos enters the cabinet by means of the key conveyed to him by the page. His surprise at finding himself alone with the princess of Eboli, his embarrassment, and efforts to explain his apparently unexpected appearance, are almost amusing. The graceful and animated conversation of the lady does much to remove the first awkwardness of his mistake, and he becomes insensibly interested, though quite unable to account for the apparent pleasure with which his fancied intrusion is received. The princess informs him of the king's design to bestow her hand upon Don Ruy Gomez, Count of Silva, and of her aversion to the match; and wishes to be guided by his counsel, which she asks as from a dear friend. Her sentiments on love excite the admiration of the prince, who nevertheless seems marvelously ignorant of the drift of all her intimations.

"*Princess of Eboli.* Love is alone the price of love. It is

The invaluable diamond, which I give
Freely away—or else, forever hid,
Must bury—like the noble-hearted merchant
Who all unmoved by the Rialto's gold,
Or king's displeasure, to the mighty sea
Gave back his pearl, too proud to part with it
Below its price!"

Again she fancifully styles the passion, or rather the charms which awaken it, "the sister hues of one divine beam—the leaves upon one lovely flower." The prince is enchanted with her wit and beauty, and the crisis approaches.

"*Princess of Eboli.* Long since had I departed from this court,

And from the world departed; buried me
Within the cloister's walls, but that one tie
Still held me back—one tie, that to the world
Binds me with force resistless. Ah! perchance
A phantom! yet so dear to me! I love;
And I am—not beloved.

Carlos. You are—you are!

Truly as God doth dwell in Heaven. I swear it—
You are—unspeakably.

Princess of Eboli. And dost thou swear it!

That was indeed mine angel's voice! Yes—yes!
If thou dost swear it—Carlos—then indeed
Do I believe—I am!"

This avowal on the lady's part is understood; but the prince—though he opens his arms to receive her when in the transport of affection she throws herself into them—has no idea of returning in coin the love so unexpectedly offered to him. A sudden thought has struck him; it is no less than to make the enamored princess a confidant of his attachment to his mother-in-law. He does not dream of the existence of such a thing as feminine jealousy; but is proceeding, in accordance with his mad design, to acquaint her with his love for another, when she suddenly interrupts his communication by her exclamations of horror and surprise. The truth flashes upon her mind; and in an agony of shame she demands her key and letters. She had a few moments before shown him a letter to her from the king, which he retains in his possession. Carlos refuses to give up the letters, and leaves her to mortification and regret. Reasoning upon what she has seen and heard, she conjectures that the queen is her fortunate rival; nor can she imagine the love of the prince unreturned by its object, however elevated and passionless her royal mistress has hitherto appeared.

In the mean time, Duke Alba and Domingo are in conference. Alba relates his meeting and dispute with Carlos, the sudden change in his conduct at a glance from the queen, and his altered demeanor towards him. The cautious priest replies that he has long suspected the attachment hinted at, but uttered no suspicions so long as proof was wanting. Another incident is mentioned by the Duke; he had observed the countenance of the prince when he left his father,—it was sad and overcast, but in the queen's ante-room, mantled with an expression of triumphant joy. He had even expressed satisfaction at the appointment of Alba to the command of the army to the Netherlands. The Duke himself is disposed to consider this appointment more of a banishment than a mark of favor. The two artful courtiers arrange a plot for the ruin of the prince, who

is hateful to both on account of his independent spirit, and dreaded by reason of his right to the crown. Both agree that the suspicions of the king must be awakened; but to the fulfilment of their plans there wants one ally, the Princess of Eboli, who is beloved by the king. At this moment she appears; Alba retires, and she directs the priest, who had been the bearer of the king's letter to her, to signify to Philip her readiness to receive him. Her insinuations against the honor of the queen, and vows that she will expose her to the wrath of her husband, are answered with joy by Domingo, who calls the Duke to confirm their league. It is agreed that the princess shall first accuse the queen; as her majesty's companion and confidant her testimony will be accepted. Domingo suggests ingenious means of proof, and Alba mentions the page he had seen in close conversation with Carlos; but Eboli, alarmed, diverts their suspicion by hastily assuring them that no weight is to be attached to such evidence.

Scene fourteenth exhibits Carlos in a remote monastery with a Prior, with whom he awaits the arrival of the Marquis of Posa. The Prior retires, and the prince relates to his friend the ill success of his petition, and his further alienation from the king. He tells him also of the mysterious summons, and his interview with the lady of Eboli; shows the king's love-letter to her, and exulting, asserts that such a document is sufficient to free the queen from her matrimonial obligations. Posa warns him against the arts of the princess, and unfolds her character; reasons against the blind passion which still rages in the bosom of the prince, arouses his sense of shame, rebukes him for his madness, and overwhelms him with the consciousness of guilt. He obtains possession of the letter, and having listened to the expressions of remorse and warm trust in him, which fall from the lips of his repentant friend, rewards him by permitting him to seek an audience with Elizabeth. The zealous politician perceives that the only way to lead the prince to the fulfilment of his far-reaching designs, is to take advantage of the queen's influence over him.

The third act opens in the king's sleeping chamber. Philip is alone; a table, with a burning lamp, is near him, on which he leans in deep thought, gazing upon a letter and a medallion lying before him. These have been taken recently from a casket belonging to the queen, and sent as proof of her guilt to the jealous sovereign, whose first words show that the poison is working. He calls Count Lerma from the adjoining chamber, and addresses him; but the unsuspecting old man cannot comprehend the mysterious hints of the agitated monarch.

"Count Lerma. My greatest—my best king——"

Philip. King—only king!

And ever king! No better answer this

Than the dull solemn cavern's empty echo!

Upon this rock I strike, and will have water—

Water, to quench my burning fever's thirst—

He gives me glowing gold!"

Lerma is dismissed and Duke Alba summoned; the letter is shown to him, and he says he recognizes the prince's hand writing; encouraged to speak freely, he mentions the fact of the presence of Carlos with the queen in the garden at Aranjuez. After this information the king suddenly changes his manner; haughtily dismisses the duke, and calls his confessor. Domingo's

evidence is in substance the same with that of his fellow conspirator, but his doubts are more cautiously and artfully expressed. Having heard him through, Philip recalls Alba, and charges both with a plot for the destruction of his son: alluding to Alba's hostility, he remarks—

"How gladly would the innocent man now arm

His petty spite with my wrath's giant arm!

I am the bow, ye think in your wild fancies,

That may be bent for service at your will!

Yet have I mine own pleasure," &c.

After reflection, the king declares his intention to command a public trial of the queen, and reminding them that her doom will be death if found guilty—asks if they, as her accusers, will embrace the alternative, and submit to the same sentence, if she is proved innocent. Duke Alba consents to support his charge on these terms, and is ordered to wait further commands in the audience chamber.

In the hall of audience are assembled the prince and grandees of Spain, waiting the arrival of the sovereign. Medina Sidonia, the admiral, has just returned from an unsuccessful expedition.

"Medina Sidonia. I lost him a brave fleet
Such as ne'er yet did crown the seas. What is
A head like this, against full seventy,
Seventy sunken gallies! But, my prince,
Five sons I lost—hopeful as you—that breaks
My heart——"

The unfortunate commander has sealed his own doom in the opinion of those around him; for none are ignorant that there is a cloud on the royal brow. The admiral would rather face English cannon than the displeasure of his master, but is comforted by Carlos, who exhorts him to hope the best from the king's grace and his own innocence. When he kneels to relate his misfortunes to Philip, he is graciously pardoned for the faults of storms and rocks, and welcomed to Madrid. The king then inquires the reason of the absence of the Marquis of Posa, who has failed to pay his duty at the feet of his sovereign since his return from his journey. The Count Lerma, Duke Alba and the Duke of Feria in turn praise the Marquis, and relate the noble deeds he has accomplished.

"Philip. I am amazed. And what must be the man
Hath done all this, yet among three, thus questioned,
Hath not a single foe? Be sure, this man
Must have a character most singular,
Or none at all; if but to wonder at,
I must speak with him.

(to Duke Alba) After mass is heard,
Conduct him to my cabinet."

The boldness and dignity displayed by the Marquis in the subsequent interview with the king, develop his character, and unfold the project to which he had devoted his life. Bent on the accomplishment of his object, the deliverance of the Netherlands from oppression, he hesitates not to condemn Philip's policy in the government of his distant provinces. The king seems not displeased at his boldness, and from grave remonstrance the enthusiast soon passes to the most impassioned pleading. With earnest eloquence he paints the spirit of independence that is abroad, and warns the monarch not to oppose his will to this growing power.

"Marquis. You hope to end, as you have now begun!

Hope to retard the change o'er Christendom
Already ripe—the universal spring,
The world to bring again to pristine childhood.
You will, alone throughout all Europe, throw
Yourself against the wheel of a world's fate,
Which unimpeded in full course doth roll."

Again,

"You, who would fain plant for eternity,
Sow death! A work thus forced can ne'er endure
Beyond its maker's breath!"

Although the king listens without anger to such declamation, he soon after coldly dismisses the subject, and expressing a wish to engage the disinterested Posa in his service, sounds him upon the subject of Carlos and the queen. The Marquis is silent at Philip's first allusion to his domestic troubles.

King. I understand you.
Yet if among all fathers I must be
The most unhappy—as a husband, may I not
Call myself blest?

Marquis of Posa. If the possession of
A hopeful son, a wife most virtuous,
Can give a mortal right to be thus deemed,
You are most blest in both.

King. No—I am not!
And that I am not—have I never felt
So deeply as even now!

Marquis of Posa. The prince is noble
And good. I never found him otherwise.

King. But I have. What he hath despoiled me of,
No sceptre can restore—a noble queen—

Marquis of Posa. Who dares to say so, Sire?

King. Who? Calumny!
The world! Myself! Here lie the proofs that both
Condemn, incontrovertibly—and others
Are close at hand, which make me fear the worst.
Yet, Marquis, it is sad if I believe
Only one side! Who is 't accuses her?
If she could e'er be thought to stoop so low,
So deeply to imbrue her soul in crime,
How readily may I believe, in sooth,
An Eboli can slander!—And the priest,
Doth he not hate my son—and her? Duke Alba—
Know I not that he meditates revenge?
My wife is worth them all.

* * * * *

To fall into such crime, as they do charge
Upon the queen, costs much. So easily,
As they would fain persuade me, is not broken
The holy tie of honor. Men I know,
Marquis—and such a man I long have lacked.
You are noble and free-hearted—know mankind—
And therefore have I chosen you.

Marquis of Posa. Me—Sire?

King. You stand before your lord—and yet have
nought—

Nought for yourself to beg. That's new to me.
You shall be just; emotion from your glance
Can ne'er conceal itself. Watch well my son:
Search the queen's heart. I will permission give you
To speak with her in private. Leave me now."

Act III, Scene 10.

Posa takes advantage of this permission speedily to demand an audience of the queen. Act fourth opens in her apartment, where she welcomes to her presence

the princess of Eboli, who has been for some days indisposed. Agitated from the consciousness of guilt, the unhappy girl implores leave to retire, and passes out as the Marquis enters, bearing as he alleges a message from the king. At his special request, the ladies withdraw; and not noticing the extreme surprise of Elizabeth at seeing him employed as a royal messenger, he proceeds to the real object of his visit—warns her of danger, and gives her a letter from Carlos, imploring an interview. Posa warmly seconds this request, and overcomes the queen's scruples by assuring her that the measure is necessary, not only to the private happiness of the prince, but to the weal of the state. The liberty of Flanders is sacrificed; and Alba's appointment as leader of the royal army has struck a death blow to the hopes of the people. But one way remains to prevent the destruction impending over those provinces, and their loss by the Spanish crown; it must be undertaken by the prince—who must be persuaded to the enterprise by her.

Marquis of Posa. He must
Be disobedient to the royal will,
Must privately betake himself to Brussels;
With open arms the Flemings there await him.
The Netherlands will to his standard throng,
A good thing is made strong by the alliance
Of a king's son. He makes the Spanish throne
Tremble before his arms. That which the king
Refused in Madrid, he constrained will grant
In Brussels."

After some hesitation, the queen consents to what she imagines a measure of necessity, and writes a few lines to Carlos, recommending him to follow the advice of the Marquis. Their interview is ended by the appearance of the Duchess of Olivarez.

Meanwhile Count Lerma, with good intent, but injudicious zeal, warns Carlos against the Marquis of Posa; acquaints him with his long audience and close confidence with the king; and mentions that he heard from the door his own name and Elizabeth's uttered. The prince thanks him for his caution, which excites in his bosom no distrust of his friend, as is proved by their subsequent interview. Posa gives him the queen's note, then asks for it, as it is more safe in his custody. With evident reluctance, Carlos confides the precious paper to his hands, than as if ashamed of his suspicion, throws himself trembling with agitation upon his neck.

The next scene is in the royal cabinet, when Philip is alone with the Infanta, his daughter. The medallion and letter are before him; he has thrown the former in a transport of jealousy upon the floor. The queen enters and throws herself at his feet, strongly agitated, demanding justice against the felon who has robbed her casket. The offender, she suggests, must be of rank, for a pearl and diamond of immense value were left untouched, and only a letter and medallion taken away. To the king's stern questions she answers without hesitation, that both were gifts from the prince, sent before her marriage with the king. Her openness and unevasive answers convey to the mind of the reader the most perfect conviction of her entire innocence; the slightest wavering or shadow of fear would have marred all. The child finds the medallion on the floor and brings it to her mother; who then in a strain of beautiful remonstrance rebukes the king for his unjust suspicions

and unfair trial of her. Philip acknowledges that the casket was opened at his command, and haughtily asks if she has never deceived him, reminding her of the scene in the garden at Aranjuez. The queen candidly confesses her disingenuous evasion of his inquiries at that time; but excuses herself by charging her lord with unwarrantable harshness of manner, before her domestics. She would not be judged then as a culprit before the assembled courtiers, and therefore suffered him to suppose she had been alone. She censures also his cruel injustice towards his son, and avows the warmest esteem for the prince, who had once been her affianced husband. As a near relative, and one who has borne a name yet nearer, tenderness is due to him. As might be expected the king reproves this unusual boldness; becoming more violent he pushes the child away; the queen, offended at his invectives, takes her daughter by the hand, and with dignified composure walks to the door of the cabinet. She can proceed no further, but overcome by her feelings falls in a swoon on the threshold; the alarm is given; she is carried to her apartment by her women, but not till the news of so ominous an incident is spread through the court. Philip dismisses his courtiers, but welcomes eagerly the Marquis of Posa, who demands a private audience, and gives the king a pocket-book, which he says he took from the prince's chamber. Among the papers it contains, is the letter from the princess of Eboli to Carlos; at sight of this paper a light flashes upon the mind of the king, who perceives her motive for traducing her mistress. The Marquis receives permission to control the movements of the prince, and a full warrant for his arrest and imprisonment, should he at any time deem such a measure necessary.

In the gallery Carlos meets again the boding Count Lerma. The old man describes his pocket-book, of blue velvet wrought with gold, and tells him he saw it in the king's hand, while Posa stood beside him, and received the royal thanks for "the discovery." The prince cannot disbelieve a story so well attested, but fears not for himself; his whole soul is bent to secure the safety of the queen, which he conceives endangered by the unfortunate note sent to him by Posa, that was in the pocket-book when he gave it to the Marquis. It is a beautiful trait in the character of this youth, that under no circumstances does it enter his head to doubt the nobleness of his friend. Even in the face of this damning evidence, his only exclamation is, "I have lost him!" He knows the Marquis to be actuated by motives higher than those affecting the private safety or happiness of any man in the realm; and if he imagines that he is to be offered up for the good of a nation, he thinks not of charging with treachery or cruelty the man who, he is convinced, is impelled by necessity to the course he pursues.

Duke Alba and Domingo, burning with envy and jealousy towards Posa, repair to the queen, and warn her against him. She receives their protestations of loyal devotion with haughty coldness.

"Queen. Most worthy sir, and you, my noble Duke, You do surprise me, truly. Such devotion From the Duke Alba—from Domingo—sooth, I ne'er expected. And I know full well How I must value it. You speak of plots Which threaten me—may I inquire—

Alba. We pray you
Look well unto the lord of Posa, he,
Private commission from his Majesty
Who holds.

Queen. I hear with pleasure, sirs, unmixed,
The king hath chosen so well. I long have heard
The Marquis, as a noble knight, reported—
As a great man. Never was royal favor—
The highest grace—more righteously bestowed.

Domingo. More righteously bestowed? Nay—we
know better."

We are next introduced to the apartment of the princess of Eboli. The repentant lady is surprised by Carlos, who in despair of assistance from any other source, comes to beseech her, by her past tenderness for him, to help him to an audience with his mother. In her extreme surprise and confusion, she scarcely comprehends his request; they are interrupted by the Marquis of Posa, followed by two officers of the guard. Displaying the royal warrant, he arrests Carlos, and hurries him away before he has time to utter another word; then endeavors to learn from the lady how much he has already communicated. He holds a dagger to her breast, threatening to murder her if she will not disclose the secret; then struck by a sudden thought, releases her. Eboli rushes to the queen's presence and falls at the feet of her mistress, to announce the prince's arrest by the Marquis.

"Queen. Now, God be praised, it was by Posa's
hand

He was made prisoner.

Princess of Eboli. And say you that
So calmly, queen? So coldly? Righteous Heaven!
You think not—Oh! you know not—

Queen. Wherefore he's
A prisoner? For some error, I suppose,
Which to the headlong character of youth
Was natural.

Princess of Eboli. Oh no—no! I know better!
O queen! An infamous, a devilish deed!
For him there is no safety more! He dies!

Queen. He dies?

Princess of Eboli. And I—I am his murderess!

Queen. He dies? Insane—consider you.

Princess of Eboli. And wherefore,
Wherefore dies he? Oh, could I but have known
That it would come to this!

Queen. (taking her hand) Princess, your senses
Have quite forsaken you. Collect your spirits,
Compose yourself—that without looks of horror
That so affright me, you may tell me all.
What know you? What has happened?

Princess of Eboli. Oh, not thus,
Not with such heavenly condescension—not
So graciously—my mistress! Flames of hell
Rage in this conscious breast. I am not worthy
To raise my look profane up to that summit
Of purity and glory. Crush, oh, crush
The wretch who at your feet lies bowed by shame,
Repentance—self-aborrence!

Queen. Unhappy girl,
What have you to confess?

Princess of Eboli. Angel of light!
Pure being! Yet you know not—you suspect not
The demon whom you smile upon so sweetly.

Now learn to know him. I—I was the felon
Who robbed your casket.

Queen. You?

Princess of Eboli. And who delivered
That letter to the king.

Queen. You?

Princess of Eboli. And who dared
Accuse you.

Queen. You—you could——

Princess of Eboli. Revenge—love—madness—
I hated you—I loved the prince.

Queen. You loved him?

Princess of Eboli. I told him of my passion—and I
found

No answering love.

Queen. (after a pause) Oh now—is all unriddled!
Stand up: you loved him—I forgive you all—
All is forgotten now; arise! (takes her by the arm)

Princess of Eboli. No—no!
A horrible confession yet remains.

Not yet, great queen!"

After the disclosure which ensues, the queen, in silence, retires to her closet. She can forgive duplicity and malice towards herself, but her nature revolts from such infamy as is revealed to her. The Duchess of Olivarez enters from the closet, and demands from the prostrate princess her cross and key; she delivers them up, listens a few moments in vain for the queen's return, then despairing, rushes out.

In the presence of Elizabeth, the Marquis of Posa speaks in a tone of the greatest despondency, announcing the loss of the game in which he had staked his life. Yet he quiets her apprehensions on the prince's account; the cause demanded one victim, and he has devoted himself. With melancholy presentiment of his own approaching fate, he commits his friend to the queen, whom he beseeches to regard him with unalterable affection, that he may yet fulfil the high destiny reserved for him and be a benefactor to his people.

In the mean time the king's ante-room is crowded by the nobles of Spain, and the royal ministers, waiting to see the monarch, who has forbid all access to his person. Don Raimond von Taxis brings an intercepted letter to the Prince of Orange, that he must deliver to Philip without delay. He enters the royal cabinet; Alba and Domingo remain without in suspense, trembling for their own fate; the other courtiers busy themselves in conjectures respecting the strange conduct of the king—the imprisonment of his son, and the ominous aspect of affairs. Count Lerma comes into the antechamber, apparently shocked, and summons Alba to the presence. The princess of Eboli hastily enters from without and is rushing to the king, but is held back by Domingo; at length Alba returns and announces their complete triumph.

The explanation of these events is reserved for the last act, which discovers Carlos in a dungeon, into which the Marquis enters. Though the unfortunate youth can no longer doubt the perfidy of his friend, he does not dream of reproaching him for an act he is convinced sprang from necessity, but only regrets that the queen should have been involved in his destruction. Convinced that both are victims deliberately sacrificed, his surprise is extreme when Posa gives him again the queen's letter that he had committed to his safe keeping,

and had imagined in the hands of Philip. An eclatissement ensues; in the midst of which Duke Alba enters to announce his freedom, and apologize on the part of the king for the mistake that led to his imprisonment. The prince refuses to take back his sword, or leave the dungeon till his father comes in person to restore him to liberty. Alba departs with this message to the king, and the Marquis, exulting in the success of his scheme, explains fully all his past conduct. He has seemed to be the prince's enemy only that he may serve him better. When deceived by Count Lerma's officious representations, Carlos had thrown himself at the feet of the princess of Eboli, and Posa had arrived too late to prevent a confession, which in the hands of that envious woman might ruin all, the Marquis had suddenly resolved upon a bold manœuvre. This was no less than to divert the king's suspicions to himself, and thereby secure time for the prince's escape to Brabant. For this purpose he wrote the letter to the Prince of Orange, stating that he (the Marquis) was in love with the queen; that he sought to fix the sovereign's suspicion upon his son, who was not only innocent of the offence, but had endeavored, through the princess of Eboli, to warn his mother-in-law against the arts of Posa. This letter, as the writer intended, was intercepted by Taxis, and carried to the king; and, in consequence, the prince was restored to favor. The Marquis implores the prince to escape into Flanders, where his duty lies; Carlos refuses to leave him; at the same instant a shot is heard through the prison door, and the gallant Posa falls and expires. The king and nobles enter; Philip offers to embrace his son, who repels him indignantly, and discloses the fact that Posa was his friend.

"Here your approach is death—I'll not embrace you.
(to nobles) Why stand ye thus embarrassed round?

What deed

Of horror have I done? Have I assailed
The Lord's anointed? Fear ye nought. I lay
No hand on him. Behold ye not the brand
Upon his brow? Him God hath marked!"

None of the reproaches of Carlos are so bitter to his father, as his taunting allusions to the fraud practised upon the king by the deceased.

"Your favor you bestowed

On him—he died for me. Your confidence,
Your friendship you did urge—nay, force upon him;
Your sceptre was the play-thing of his hands;
He cast it forth, and died for me! And was
It possible? Could you give credit—you—
To such a dull deceit? How slightly he
Must have esteemed you, that he ever dreamed
With this poor mockery to overreach you!

* * * * *

He was no man for you! He knew it
Himself right well—as he, with all your crowns,
Rejected you. This holy heart was crushed
Beneath your iron hand. You could do nought
But murder him! * *

Even you he could have made
Most fortunate! His heart was rich enough
In its overflow to have contented you.
A fragment of his spirit would have made you
A God! * *

O you, who stand assembled here

With wonder and with terror mute, condemn not
The youth who dared reproachful words to utter
Against his father and his king. Lo, here!
For me he died! Have you yet tears? Flows blood,
Not molten brass, within your veins? Look here—
Condemn me not!

(*To the King.*) And you, perhaps, await
The close of this unnatural history.

Here is my sword: you are my king again.
Think you I tremble at your sovereign vengeance?
Slay me, as you have slain the best and noblest.
My life is forfeited. I know it well.
What now is life to me? All I renounce
That in this world awaits me. Seek henceforth
'Mong strangers for your son. Here lies my kingdom!"

A tumult is heard without, and an officer of the guard
enters in haste.

"*Officer.*—Rebellion!

Where is the king?—All Madrid is in arms!
In countless crowds the raging populace
Surround the palace. They exclaim—the prince
Is in arrest, his life in mortal peril.
The people will behold him living, safe,
Or Madrid will be soon in flames!

Nobles.—Save—save

The king!

Alba.—Fly, sire—there's danger—hasten hence;
We know not yet who arms the populace.

King. (*waking from a stupor.*)—Stands my throne
firm? Am I yet sovereign here?

I am no longer king—These cowards weep,
Made tender by a boy. They only wait
The signal, from my side to fall away.
I am betrayed by rebels.

Alba.—Sire—my king!

What dreadful fantasy—

King.—Lo! yonder—haste,
Prostrate yourselves! Before a promising
And youthful king kneel down! I now am nothing
But an old powerless man!

Alba.—Is't come to this?
Spaniards!

King.—Go—clothe him in the royal robes!
Lead him o'er my crushed corpse!"

The attendants bear off his majesty, and Carlos, left
alone, is joined by Merkado, physician to the Queen,
who brings her request for an interview, that she may
communicate to him his deceased friend's last charge.
The prince is to be in the vault at midnight, in the
habit of a monk, that he may be taken for the ghost of
the dead emperor by the superstitious guards.

The Dukes of Feria and Alba meet in the king's
ante-chamber waiting for an audience. Alba has a new
discovery to make; a monk has been arrested, who
had found private access to the prince's apartment. In
the fear of death, he produced a paper, consigned to
his care by the Marquis of Posa, and addressed to Carlos,
appointing his proposed interview with the Queen
at midnight, his subsequent departure from Madrid for
the Netherlands, and his rebellion, at the head of those
provinces, against the Spanish yoke. Philip enters,
but evidently in no condition to hear the communication
of his ministers. His passionate grief for the death of
Posa, and his lamentations, strikingly display the pride
which is the ruling passion of his nature.

"*King.*—Give the dead back to me; I must possess
him

Again.

Domingo (*to Alba.*)—Speak you to him.

King.—He thought so poorly
Of me, and died i' the error. I must have him
Again; he must think otherwise of me!

Alba.—Sire—

King.—Who speaks here? have you forgotten whom
You stand before? Why kneel you not—bold man?
I am your king, and I will have submission.
Must all neglect, because there's one has dared
Despise me?

Alba.—O, no more of him, my lord!
Another foe, important as he was,
Is in your kingdom's heart!

Feria.—Prince Carlos—

King.—He had a friend, who has met death for him;
For him—with me he had a kingdom shared!
How looked he down on me! So haughtily
None look down from a throne."

* * * * *
"The dead is here no more. Who dares to say
That I am happy? In the grave dwells one
Who did withhold esteem from me! What worth
Are all the living to me? One high spirit,
One freeborn man, lived in this century;
One—he despised me—and died!

Alba.—So we
Have lived in vain! Let us, too, Spaniards, go
Down to the grave! Even in death, this man
Of the king's heart doth rob us!"

The reflections of Philip show that he also discerned
the lofty character of the deceased:

"To whom brought he
This offering?—to the boy my son? No—never!
I'll ne'er believe it. For a boy dies not
A Posa. Friendship's sordid flame fills not
A Posa's heart. It stretched itself to embrace
Humanity. * * *
Not Philip he disdained for Carlos—but
The old man to the youth, his hopeful scholar.
The father's setting sun could not enlighten
His new day's work. The task he but deferred
For the son's rising light!"

Act V, Scene 9.

An officer enters with the intelligence of the ghost
seen in the vault. The king having at length been
made to comprehend the new danger, sends for the
Grand Inquisitor, and orders the entrances to the
vault to be stopped. The ensuing interview of Philip
with the aged dignitary, and the humility with which
the haughty sovereign receives the rebuke of the church,
shows the superstition often attendant upon cruelty.
The king informs him of his designs respecting his son,
and asks,

"Canst thou a new belief establish,
That shall excuse us a son's bloody death?

Grand Inquisitor.—To appease eternal righteousness,
expired
The Son of God upon the cross.

King.—Thou wilt
Throughout all Europe this opinion spread?

Gr. Inq.—Far as the Cross is honored.

King.—I do violence

To nature ; her all-powerful voice wilt thou
To silence also bring?

Gr. Inq.—Before Belief

Avails no voice of nature.

King.—I resign

My office as his judge into thy hands.

May I do this?

Gr. Inq.—Give him to me."

The cold and brief manner in which this arrangement is concluded is appalling. The plot hastens to its catastrophe. In a remote apartment the queen's last meeting with the doomed prince takes place. Our last extract shall be a part of the final scene.

"*Carlos (sinking on one knee before her.)*—Elizabeth!

Queen.—And thus we meet again!

Carlos.—And thus we meet again!

Queen.—Arise; we will not,

Carlos, grow weak. Not with unworthy tears
Must the great dead be honored. Tears may flow
For smaller ills! He offered up himself
For you!" * * * O, Carlos,
I spoke for you. On my security
He left this place in joy. Will you my words
Make false?

Carlos.—A monument I'll build to him—
No king had e'er the like. Above his dust
Shall bloom a paradise.

Queen.—So have I wished!

That was the mighty meaning of his death!
He chose me his last will to execute;
I claim the debt of you. I hold you bound
To the fulfilment of this oath!"

Carlos has awakened from his former madness; devoted only to the accomplishment of his friend's dying request, he disclaims the entertainment of any other feelings for the queen than an affection founded on the circumstance that she was the confidant and friend of the Marquis. At this juncture the King, Grand Inquisitor, and Nobles appear in the back-ground, unperceived by the Prince or Elizabeth.

"*Carlos.*—Now I depart from Spain,
And see my father in this life no more;
I cannot love him—nature in my breast
Is now extinct—be you again his wife;
His son is lost to him. Return to duty.
I go to rescue my oppressed people
From tyrant hands. Madrid sees me as king,
Or never more. Now for our last farewell!
* * * Did you hear nought?

Queen.—No, nothing—save the clock
That sounds our separation.

Carlos.—Then good night,
Mother; from Ghent you will receive the letter
Which shall the secret of this interview
Make public. I depart—henceforth with Philip
To walk an open path. Henceforth between us
There's nothing secret. You shall never need
To shun the world's eyes.

This is my last deceit. (*Attempts to put on his mask—
the king steps between them.*)

King.—It is your last! (*Queen falls senseless.*)

Carlos (catches her in his arms.)—Is she dead?

Oh, heaven and earth!

King.—Cardinal! I have done
My part—do yours!"

We have occupied so much space in the details of this long and intricate play, that we are compelled to curtail our remarks, and as much as possible. Schiller has undoubtedly rendered his tragedy the more interesting, from the glowing picture he presents of the manners of the times. In the character of the Queen we think he has succeeded better than Alfieri; in that of Philip, not so well. Schiller's Philip is a tyrant; but the tyrant in Alfieri is painted in colors infinitely stronger. Perhaps we are shown too uniformly the darker side of the picture, but it is in all respects a powerful one. It was a bold and fine thought in the Italian poet, to represent the monarch of Spain as keeping himself aloof from all confidence or support from others, and shrouding his designs ever in the inscrutable veil of hypocrisy. Even in the presence of Gomez, his tried counsellor and servant, Filippo maintains the same guarded and haughty reserve. His commands are brief and laconic to a studied degree, and his follower in cruelty rather divines his meaning, from his long habits of sharing in the schemes of his master, than gathers the full import of the words uttered, from the king's language. On no occasion does the king express openly what we might suppose his feelings; it is only by his actions, and by penetrating through his habitual deceit, that we are able to judge of his plans. In the council scene, his hypocrisy deceives all his courtiers; and in the catastrophe, the half-spoken expression of rising remorse is checked on the instant, while he imposes silence, under the penalty of death, on his accomplice in crime. This character is one which it well suited the austere genius of Alfieri to depict; one touch of relenting, or of a communicative spirit towards his servant, and the whole had been marred. He walks with unfaltering step towards the goal of his intent, wrapped in cold and impenetrable reserve. Far different is the King that Schiller has painted. He is comparatively open-hearted; and exhibits a confidence and candor towards the Marquis of Posa, a being whose nature could never accord with his, that seems to us quite misplaced in the character of a tyrant like Philip. His jealousy is also that of pride, and pride is his master passion; but the author has not done well to make him indulge in such lengthened soliloquies. The Queen is a beautiful creation; ingenuousness, dignity, and tenderness are finely displayed in her lovely character. In aristocratic and feminine reserve, she is much superior to Isabella in Alfieri, whose passion and devotedness are more undisguised than is becoming to her sex and station. We do not admire the readiness with which she discloses her still lingering preference for Carlos; and her hesitation and embarrassment in presence of the King, are unfavorably contrasted with the boldness, founded on the consciousness of innocence, in Schiller's Elizabeth. Alfieri has but sketched his other personages; Gomez is a reflection of his master, and Perez appears but once to any purpose. The minor persons in the German drama are, on the other hand, highly interesting. The princess of Eboli is natural; her jealous attachment to the prince urging her into a conspiracy which ends in his destruction, her subsequent remorse and confession of guilt, and vain efforts to save him, are all natural and dramatic. The character of the Marquis of Posa might itself form the subject of an essay. A citizen of the world, and devoted to the ac-

complishment of his Utopian schemes of government, his friendship is secondary to this pervading and ruling desire. Hence his manner to Carlos on their first interview after his return to Spain. He has early accustomed himself to look upon his friend as the crown prince, and to anticipate the high destiny he is to fulfil. This idea gives constraint to his demeanor; and while Carlos opens his arms to welcome the friend of his bosom, the political dreamer and enthusiast kneels at his feet. It would have been the part of a true friend to discourage the unfortunate attachment between the prince and his mother-in-law, but it occurs to the Marquis that Flanders would have nothing to hope from Carlos, while he languished with hopeless love. Liberated from the thralldom of absorbing misery, he might be moulded to any thing his friend could desire; and with this view Posa himself undertakes to further his wishes. There is much that is noble in the character of the prince; with a tender and benevolent heart, enthusiasm for all that is great and good and beautiful, with delicacy and firmness of nature, and generosity amounting to a fault, his imprudence and want of foresight occasion all his misfortunes. The elements of future greatness are in his nature, but his fiery impatience of temperament prevent his obeying the dictates of an elevated judgment.

We have little to say upon the conduct of the plot and the style of these two plays. The last scenes in Schiller's tragedy are too long, and the catastrophe not striking; "Filippo" in this respect contrasts favorably with it; the closing scene, as in most of Alfieri's pieces, is brief, rapid and animated. We cannot admire the stratagem of the ghost's appearance in the German play. The style of two productions so different in character, the one adhering rigidly to the prescribed rules of the classic school, and the other admitting all the exuberant graces and dramatic effect belonging to another and more modern system, can hardly be compared. The diction of Alfieri is severe and harsh, and his extreme brevity might pass for affectation. That of the German dramatist is far more pleasing and poetical. The work of the latter is in almost every respect most to our taste, though Alfieri has decidedly the advantage in his delineation of Philip.

LOAN TO THE MESSENGER.

NO. V.

The following stanzas have never as yet been published. They are from the pen of a young friend of the transcriber, and written at his request. He now takes the same liberty with them as with others from divers sources hitherto, and inscribes them respectfully to the readers of the Messenger.

J. F. O.

TO A NAMELESS ONE.

Lady! we never met before
Within the world's wide space,—
And yet, the more I gaze, the more
I recollect thy face.

Each feature to my mind recalls
An image of the past,
Which, where the shade of Memory falls,
Is sacred to the last.

But she, whose charms in thine I trace,
Was not, alas! of earth:
And yet of more than mortal grace,
For Fancy gave her birth.
She haunted me by sunlit streams,
And burst upon my sight,
When through the pleasant land of dreams,
My spirit roved by night.

Lost idol! why didst thou depart?
Oh let thine earnest eyes,—
Abstraction—vision though thou art,—
Once more my soul surprise.
She comes,—a gay and laughing girl!
(Whom, happy, does she seek?)
And raven curls their links unfurl
Adown her blushing cheek.

Her Grecian lineaments are bright
With beauty half divine:
She is "a phantom of delight,"
Her dark eyes are—like thine!
As music to a soul oppressed,
As spring-flowers to the bee,
As sunbeams to the Ocean's breast,
Her presence is to me!

I clasp her to my heart once more,—
I am again a boy,—
The past shows nothing to deplore,
The future is all joy!
We wander through deserted halls,
We climb the wooded height,
We hear the roar of water-falls,
And watch the eagle's flight.

We stand where sunset colors lie
Upon a lake at rest,—
And oh! what clouds of Tyrian dye
Are sloping down the west!
And see! above the purple pile
The evening star appears,
While she, who cheered me with her smiles,
Now tries to hide her tears!

Enough! the spell is at an end,—
The pageant floats away,—
And I no more may idly bend
At Mem'ry's shrine to day.
I turn to thee, whose beauty first
That shape of love renewed,
And waked emotions, that were nursed
Long since, in solitude.

I turn to thee, and start to see,
Again that face and mien,—
Those glassy ringlets, floating free,
Those eyes of sparkling sheen!
Two visions have waylaid my heart,—
An old one and a new;
And, Lady! by my faith, thou art
The fairer of the two!

Editorial.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE SWISS HEIRESS.

The Swiss Heiress; or The Bride of Destiny—A Tale.
Baltimore: Joseph Robinson.

The Swiss Heiress should be read by all who have nothing better to do. We are patient, and having gone through the whole book with the most dogged determination, are now enabled to pronounce it one of the most solemn of farces. Let us see if it be not possible to give some idea of the plot. It is the year 1780, and "the attention of the reader is directed, first, to a Castle whose proud battlements rise amidst the pines and firs of the Swiss mountains, while, at its base, roll the waters of Lake Geneva," and, second, to the sun which is setting somewhat more slowly than usual, because he is "unwilling to terminate the natal day of the young heiress of the Baron de Rheinswald, the wealthy proprietor of Montargis castle, and its beautiful environs." We are thus left to infer—putting the two sentences and circumstances in apposition—that the Montargis Castle where dwells the young heiress of the Baron de Rheinswald, is neither more nor less than the identical castle "with the proud battlements" et cetera, that "rises amid the pines and firs" and so forth, of the "Swiss Mountains and the Lake of Geneva" and all that. However this may be, the Baron de Rheinswald is a "Catholic of high repute" who "early in life marries a lady of great wealth, a member of his own church, actuated by ambition"—that is to say, there was either something or somebody "actuated by ambition," but we shall not say whether it was a lady or a church. The lady (or perhaps now the church) "lived but five years after the union, and at her death earnestly and solemnly implored that her only son might be devoted to the priesthood." The lady, or the church (let us reconcile the difficulty by calling the thing "Mother Church") being thus deceased, the bereaved Baron marries a second wife. She being a protestant however, the high contracting parties sign an instrument by which it is agreed "that the eldest child shall be educated by the mother's direction, a protestant, the second be subject to the father's will and a catholic, and thus alternately with all their children." This, it must be allowed is a contrivance well adapted for effect. Only think of the interesting little creatures all taking it "turn about!" What fights, too, they will have, when breeched, over their prayer-books and bread-and-butter! Our author pauses in horror at anticipated consequences, and takes this excellent opportunity of repeating what "a late writer" (a great friend of his by the bye) says in regard to "chemical combinations" and "opposite properties."

The first child is a son, and called William. The second is a daughter, Miss Laura, our heroine, the "Swiss Heiress," and the "Bride of Destiny." She is the "Swiss Heiress" in virtue of a certain "dispensation from the church of Rome, by which the estates of the Baron were to descend to his first catholic child by his second marriage" and she becomes the "Bride of

Destiny" because the Baron has very properly selected for her a husband, without consulting her Heiress-ship about the matter. This intended husband is one Count Laniski, young, good-looking, noble, valiant, wise, accomplished, generous, amiable, and possessed of a thousand other good qualities—all of which, of course, are just a thousand better reasons why the Bride of Destiny, being a heroine, will have nothing to do with him. Accordingly, at eight years old, she grows melancholy and interesting, patronizes the gipsies, curses the Count Laniski, talks about "fate, fore-knowledge, and free-will," and throws aside her bread-and-butter for desperation and a guitar. In spite of all she can do, however, the narrative gets on very slowly, and we are upon the point of throwing the lady (banjo and all) into the street, when the Count himself makes his appearance at the Castle, and thereby frightens her to such a degree that, having delivered a soliloquy, she runs off with her "Brother William" to America.

"Brother William," however, is luckily killed at the siege of Yorktown, and the "Bride of Destiny" herself is recaptured by her family, the whole of whom, having nothing better to do, have set out in pursuit of her—to wit—her half brother Albert, (who is now Baron de Rheinswald, the old Baron being dead) Clermont a croaking old monk, and Madam de Montelieu a croaking old somebody else. These good people, it seems, are still determined that the "Swiss Heiress" shall be the "Bride of Destiny"—that is to say, the bride of the Count Laniski. To make matters doubly sure too on this head, the old Baron has sworn a round oath on his death-bed, leaving the "Swiss Heiress" his "eternal curse" in the event of her disobedience.

Having caught and properly secured the young lady, the new Baron de Rheinswald takes up his residence for a time "on the borders of Vermont and Canada." Some years elapse, and so forth. The "Bride of Destiny" is nearly one and twenty; and the Count Laniski makes his appearance with a view of urging his claim. The Heiress, we are forced to say, now behaves in a very unbecoming and unaccountable manner. She should have hung herself as the only rational course, and—heigho!—it would have saved us a world of trouble. But, not having forgotten her old bad habits, she persists in talking about "fate, foreknowledge, and free will," and it is not therefore to be wondered at that matters in general assume a truly distressing complexion. Just at this crisis, however, a Mr. Frederick Mortimer makes his interesting début. Never certainly was a more accomplished young man! As becomes a gentleman with such an appellation as Frederick Mortimer, he is more beautiful than Apollo, more sentimental than De Lisle, more distingué than Pelham, and, positively, more mysterious than the "mysterious lady." He sympathizes with the woes of the "Bride of Destiny," looks unutterable threats at the Count Laniski, beats even the "Swiss Heiress" at discoursing of "free will," and the author of the "Swiss Heiress" at quoting paragraphs from a "late writer." The heart of the "Bride of Destiny" is touched—sensibly touched. But Love, in romance, must have impediments, and the Loves of the "Bride of Destiny" and Mr. Frederick Mortimer have two. The first is some inexpressible mystery connected with a certain gold ring, of which the Heiress is especially careful, and the second is that rascally old Baron

Rheinswald's "eternal curse." Nothing farther therefore can be done in the premises, but as we have now only reached Chapter the Sixth, and there are to be seventeen chapters in all, it is necessary to do something—and what better can be done than to talk, until Chapter the Fifteenth, about "fate, foreknowledge, and free will?" Only imagine a string of delightful sentences, such as the following, for the short space of three hundred and ninety-six pages!

"How rapidly time flies," said the Count, "I have been here weeks, and they seem but days."

"I am not surprised, my lord," said Mrs. Falkner, smiling.

"Nor I," he returned, also smiling. "This place, such society, wraps the senses in such blissful illusion that I 'take no note of time.' The clock strikes unheeded, unheard."

"Why do you smile, Miss Montargis?" asked Mrs. Falkner.

"I was just thinking," she replied, "that Count Laniski had unconsciously given a 'local habitation and a name' to the fabled region where cold is so intense as to congeal sound."

Mrs. Falkner bowed, but could not comprehend what such a region had to do with Count Laniski's compliment to the heiress.

"Take care, Mr. Mortimer," said Miss Montargis, still smiling, "you are in dangerous vicinity. Have you no fear of cold?"

"It is not sufficiently *positiver*," he replied, "to destroy my belief that it exists with much *latent* warmth, which it requires but a little address to render quite *sensible*."

Mortimer spoke with mingled playfulness and seriousness, but the latter prevailed, and Miss Montargis felt it a reproof, and blushed, she scarcely knew why.

"To be sensible," she said, "it must affect others. Who ever felt its influence? not *she* at least who has painfully realized its *negativeness*."

"I am sure you speak mysteries to me," said Mrs. Falkner, laughing, "what can you mean?" &c. &c.

We would proceed, but are positively out of patience with the gross stupidity of Mrs. Falkner, who cannot understand what the other ladies and gentlemen are talking about. Now we have no doubt whatever they are discoursing of "fate, foreknowledge, and free will."

About chapter the fifteenth it appears that the Count Laniski is not the Count Laniski at all, but only Mr. Theodore Montelieu, and the son of that old rigmarole, Madam Montelieu, the housekeeper. It now appears, also, that even that Count Laniski whose appearance at Montargis Castle had such effect upon the nerves of our heroine, was not the Count Laniski at all, but only the same Mr. Theodore Montelieu, the same son of the same old rigmarole. The true Count, it seems, in his younger days, had as little partiality for the match ordained him by fate and the two fathers, as the very "Bride of Destiny" herself, and, being at college with Mr. Theodore Montelieu at the time appointed for his visit to Montargis Castle, had no scruple in allowing the latter gentleman to personate his Countship in the visit. By these means Mr. M. has an opportunity of seeing his mother, the old rigmarole, who is housekeeper, or something of that kind, at the Castle. The precious couple (that is to say the old rigmarole and her son) now get up a plot, by which it is determined that the son shall personate the Count to the end of the chapter, and so marry the heiress. It is with this end in view, that Mr. Theodore Montelieu is now playing Count at the residence of the Baron in Vermont. Mr. Frederick Mortimer, however, is sadly in his way, and torments the poor fellow grievously, by grinning at him, and sighing at him, and folding his arms at him, and looking at him askint, and talking him to death about "fate and foreknowledge and free will." At last Mr. Mortimer tells the gentleman flatly that he

knows very well who he is, leaving it to be inferred that he also knows very well who he is not. Hereupon Mr. Theodore Montelieu calls Mr. Frederick Mortimer a liar, a big liar, or something to that effect, and challenges him to a fight, with a view of either blowing out his already small modicum of brains, or having the exceedingly few blown out, which he himself (Mr. Theodore Montelieu) possesses. Mr. Mortimer, however, being a hero, declines fighting, and contents himself, for the present, with looking mysterious.

It will now be seen that matters are coming to a crisis. Mr. Mortimer is obliged to go to Philadelphia; but, lest Mr. Montelieu should whisk off the heiress in his absence, he insists upon that gentleman bearing him company. Having reached, however, the city of brotherly love, the ingenious young man gives his keeper the slip, hurries back to Vermont, and gets every thing ready for his wedding. Miss Montargis is very angry and talks about the inexplicable ring, fate, foreknowledge and free will—but old Clermont, the Baron, and Mr. Montelieu, on the other hand, get in an absolute passion and talk about nothing less than the old Baron Rheinswald and his "eternal curse." The ceremony therefore proceeds, when just at the most proper moment, and all as it should be, in rushes—Mr. Frederick Mortimer!—it will be seen that he has come back from Philadelphia. He assures the company that the Count Laniski, (that is to say Mr. Theodore Montelieu,) is not the Count Laniski at all, but only Mr. Theodore Montelieu; and moreover, that he himself (Mr. Frederick Mortimer) is not only Mr. Frederick Mortimer, but the bonâ fide Count Laniski into the bargain. And more than this, it is very clearly explained how Miss Laura Montargis is not by any means Miss Laura Montargis, but only the Baroness de Thionville, and how the Baroness de Thionville is the wife of the Baron de Thionville, and how, after all, the Baron de Thionville is the Count Laniski, or else Mr. Frederick Mortimer, or else—that is to say—how Mr. Frederick Mortimer is 'nt altogether the Count Laniski, but—but only the Baron de Thionville, or else the Baroness de Thionville—in short, how every body concerned in the business is not precisely what he is, and is precisely what he is not. After this horrible development, if we recollect, all the dramatis personæ faint outright, one after the other. The inquisitive reader may be assured, however, that the whole story ends judiciously, and just as it ought to do, and with a very excellent quotation from one of the very best of the "late writers."

Humph! and this is the "Swiss Heiress," to say nothing of the "Bride of Destiny." However—it is a valuable "work"—and now, in the name of "fate, foreknowledge and free will," we solemnly consign it to the fire.

ROSZEL'S ADDRESS.

Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of Dickinson College, July 21, 1836, by S. A. Roszel, A. M. Principal of the Grammar School. Published by Request of the Board of Trustees. Baltimore: John W. Woods.

Mr. Roszel, we have good reason for knowing, is a scholar, of classical knowledge more extensive, and far more accurate than usual. In his very eloquent Address on Education now before us, he has confined

himself to the consideration of "tutorial instruction as embraced under the divisions of the subjects to be taught, and the manner of teaching them." Of the first branch of his theme, the greater portion is occupied in a defence of the learned tongues from the encroachments of a misconceived utilitarianism, and in urging their suitability as a study for the young. Here, Mr. R. is not only forcible, but has contrived to be in a great measure, original. We are especially pleased to see that, in giving due weight to the ordinary ethical and merely wordly considerations on this topic, he has most wisely dwelt at greater length on the loftier prospective benefits, and true spiritual uses of classical attainment. We cite from this portion of the address a passage of great fervor and beauty.

But are there not translations? If there were, a perusal of them would be profitless, for it is to be borne in mind, that the tenor of the preceding remarks has been uniformly to demonstrate the advantages, not only of a perusal, but of the study of the dead languages. And so this question is destitute of pertinence. But there never was a translation of an ancient author. Versions there are, a majority of them dull and spiritless, lifeless and jejune, but they are not translations. And so are there odorless roses, and there might be beamless suns. As in religion we aspire to drink from the fountain head so let it be in literature. Let us be imbued with its spiritual influences; for no one that has pondered them well can remain unimpressed by the magnificent divulgement of quenchless, illimitable intellect, by the resplendency of thought which bursts forth and glows with a steady fervor, in the pages of the blind bard of Greece, and the keen-sighted orator of Rome, with a vigor and intensity so powerful, that the typographical characters themselves seem to stand out, vivid and lustrous, like sentient gems, myriads of sparkling emanations, burning and lucent, flashing a sentiment in every word, an axiom in every line, a corollary in every paragraph. There is an inborn inexpressible satisfaction to the mind well attuned, in being able to appreciate the beauty and the strength, the essence and vitality of those inimitable and indestructible periods of the Athenian orator which called the ruddy blush of shame to the pallid cheek of the coward, stirred the elements of enthusiastic honor to tempestuous agitation, and excited the irrepressible shout, *To battle!* there is a chaste delight in perusing the cutting satire, the splendid oburgations, and the brilliant invectives of that eloquence, which startled the world's victor from his unsteady throne, and speaking in the bold terms of unquailing freedom, compelled the submission of arms to the toga. But there is a still deeper, more serene and holy rapture, in meditating on the accents of the Redeemer in the very dialect in which they fell from his sacred lips; in meditating with an awe ineffable, on the presumptuous sentence of an earth-born worm, which consigned to a death of ignominy and shame, the august God of the universe.

In Mr. R.'s remarks "on the manner of teaching"—on the duties of a teacher—there is much to command our admiration and respect—a clear conception of the nature and extent of tutorial duties, and a stern sense of the elevated moral standing of the tutor.

We see, or we fancy we see, in the wording of this Address, another instance of that tendency to *Johnsonism* which is the Scylla on the one hand, while a jejune style is the Charybdis on the other, of the philological scholar. In the present case we refer not to *sesquipedalia verba*, of which there are few, but to the too frequent use of primitive meanings, and the origination of words at will, to suit the purposes of the moment. But to these sins (for the world will have them such) a fellow-feeling has taught us to be lenient—and, indeed, while some few of Mr. Roszel's inventions are certainly not English, there are still but *very few* of them "*qui ne le doivent pas être*."

WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time. By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart. author of "Memoirs of My Own Time." Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The "Memoirs of My Own Time" were published in 1815. They excited the greatest commotion, and if we are to believe the Baronet, no literary work ever procured for its author "a more numerous list of powerful and inveterate enemies." The queen, the regent, and the princesses of the royal family disliked the portrait drawn of George the Third, which every reasonable person will allow to be by no means a caricature. They disapproved too, of the somewhat free comments on the peace of 1763, and were highly incensed at certain *personal* disclosures in regard to the king. The first Lord of the Treasury, son of Charles Jenkinson, was offended at the "just and impartial" character given his father. The partisans, respectively, of Pitt and Fox, arose in arms at what they considered the gross abuse of their leaders. The relatives of Lord North were enraged at the account of his junction with Fox in 1783, notwithstanding the Baronet himself considers that "he had done justice to that most accomplished and amiable nobleman." But this was not all. The Earl of Bute would not be appeased. The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke of a prosecution in the court of King's Bench on account of the reflections (unavoidable, we are told) made on the resignation of the Earl of Shelburne. The "Quarterly Review" in an article written, we are assured, by "men" in official situations, held the "Memoirs" up to general reprobation as an "imbecile and immoral work," while the "Edinburg" joined in the hue and cry with still greater virulence, and even more disgusting personal abuse. Lastly, and much more than all to the purpose, Count Woronzow, in consequence of the mention made of him by the Baronet, in his relation of the circumstances connected with the marriage of the Princess Royal to the late Duke of Wirtemberg, instituted a prosecution, in order to vindicate his own official diplomatic conduct. Garrow, then Attorney-General, was retained for the prosecution, and it is to be observed that, passing over in few words the particular passage for which the suit was commenced, he dwelt with the greatest severity against the "Memoirs" at large. The disposition of the government towards the defendant may, however, be fully estimated by the fact, that although the court repeatedly disclaimed having authorized the Attorney-General to call for a *vindictive* judgment, declaring his sole object to be the clearing up of his own character; and although the Baronet, for an offence which he declared to be unintentional, made at once the most ample, prompt and public apology, still the vindictive judgment of six months imprisonment, and a fine of five hundred pounds, was ordered into execution, a part of the imprisonment actually carried into effect, and the fine remitted only through the most energetic and persevering exertions of Woronzow himself. "Such," says the author of the Memoirs, "was the combination of assailants which my inflexible regard to truth assembled from the most opposite quarters." These clamors and difficulties, however, he considered as more than sufficiently counterbalanced by the testimony, now first communicated to the world, of the late Sir George Osborn—a testimony indeed which should

be considered of authority. This gentleman, a near relative of Lord North's, was of ancient descent, high character, and large property; and from 1775, until the king's final loss of reason, was one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. In a letter to the Baronet shortly after his commitment to the King's Bench, he thus writes: "I have your first here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon." For ourselves, we had as soon depend upon the character here given of the "Memoirs" as upon that more highly colored portrait of them painted by the Attorney-General.

Thus persecuted, the Baronet took a lesson from experience, and declined to publish the work now before us during his life-time. He adopted also the necessary measures to guard against its issue during the life-time of George the Fourth. In so doing, he has, of course, secured his own personal convenience, but the delay has deprived his reminiscences of that cotemporary interest which is the chief seasoning of all similar works. Still the Baronet's pages will excite no ordinary attention, and will be read with unusual profit and pleasure. The book may be regarded as a series of parliamentary sketches, in which are introduced, at random, a thousand other subjects either connected or unconnected with the debates—such as historical notices of the measures introduced,—personal anecdotes and delineations of the speakers—political facts and inferences—attempts at explaining the hidden motives of ministers or their agents—rumors of the day—and remarks upon public events or characters abroad. The Baronet is sadly given to scandal, and is peculiarly *piquant* in the indulgence of his propensity. At the same time there should be no doubt (for there assuredly is no reason for doubting) that he is fully in earnest in every word he says, and implicitly relies in the truth of his own narrative. The lighter portions of his book, therefore, have all the merit of *vraisemblance*, as well as of *haut gout*. His style is occasionally very minute and prosy—but not when he has a subject to his fancy. He is then a brilliant and vivid writer, as he is at all times a sagacious one. He has a happy manner, when warmed with an important idea, of presenting only its characteristic features to the view—leaving in a proper shadow points of minor effect. The reader is thus frequently astonished at finding himself fully possessed of a subject about which very little has been said.

Among the chief characters that figure in the "Memoirs," and concerning each of whom the Baronet has a world of pithy anecdote, we note Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Louis the Sixteenth, George the Third, the Queen and royal family, Sir James Lowther, Lord Chesterfield, the late Marquis of Abercorn (John James Hamilton,) Lady Payne (Mademoiselle de Kelbel,) Lord North, Sir Philip Francis the reputed author of Junius, Sir William Draper the defeated antagonist of that writer, George Rose, (the indefatigable and faithful factotum of Pitt,) the Duke of Queensbury, Harry Dundas, Hastings with his agent Major Scott, Lord Eldon, Grey, Sidmouth, Thurlow, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Liverpool, Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Gordon, and

(we should not have forgotten him) the late dirty Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey. Of this illustrious personage a laughable account is given. On one occasion—at a great whig dinner at the Crown and Anchor, (in February 1798, while all England was threatened with revolution, and when Ireland was on the brink of open rebellion,) his Grace, inspired as usual with wine, was fool enough to drink "The sovereign majesty of the people." "Assuredly," says the Baronet drolly enough, "it was not in the 'Bill of Rights,' nor in the principles on which reposes the revolution of 1688, that the Duke could discover any mention of such an attribute of the people. Their liberties and franchises are there enumerated; but their *majesty* was neither recognized or imagined by those persons who were foremost in expelling James the Second." His Grace accompanied the toast with some pithy observations relating to "the two thousand persons who, under General Washington, first procured reform and liberty for the thirteen American colonies." Of course it is not very singular that his remarks were considered as savoring of sedition. Growing sober, next morning, he became apprehensive of having proceeded too far. Accordingly, a day or two afterwards, hearing that his words had excited much wrath at St. James's, he waited on the Duke of York with an excuse and an apology, concluding with a request that, in the event of invasion, his regiment of militia might be assigned the post of danger. His Royal Highness listened to him with much attention, and assured him that his desire should be made known to the king—breaking off the conversation abruptly, however, with "Apropos, my lord, have you seen Blue-Beard?" (the popular pantomime of the day.) In *two days* after this interview the "dirty Duke" received his dismissal both from the lord-lieutenancy and from his regiment.

There are several connected narrations of some length and great interest in the volume before us. One of these concerns the noted Westminster election, when the charms and address of the Duchess of Devonshire aided Fox so largely in defeating the governmental influence—another the accusations of Hastings and Impey—another the debates on the Regency Bill. The "Diamond Necklace" affair, in which Madame de la Motte performed so important a part, is related clearly and pointedly, but with some little diffuseness. We abridge the Baronet's account of this extraordinary matter.

Prince Louis de Rohan, second brother of the Duke de Montbazou, was fifty-one years of age at the epoch in question. He was a prelate of elegant manners, of restless ambition, and of talents, although ill-regulated. It appears that he was credulous and easily duped by the designing. Previous to his attainment of the episcopal dignity, and while only coadjutor of Strasburg, he had been employed in diplomacy, and acted, during a considerable time, as Ambassador from the Court of France at Vienna, in the reign of Maria Theresa. Returning home, he attempted to reach the ministerial situation left vacant by Maurepas. But Louis the Sixteenth had imbibed strong prejudices against him, and the queen held him in still greater aversion. Yet he was resolutely bent upon acquiring her favor, and indeed entertained, it seems, the hope of rendering himself personally acceptable to her. At this time she

was very beautiful, loved admiration, was accessible to flattery, and not yet thirteen years of age.

Among the numerous individuals who then frequented Versailles with the view of advancing their fortune, was Mademoiselle de la Valois. She became an object of royal notice, through the accidental discovery of her descent from Henry the Second, by one of his mistresses, St. Renny, a Piedmontese lady of noble birth. A small pension was bestowed on her, and she soon afterwards married a gentleman of the name of La Motte, one of the Count de Provence's body guards. His duties retaining him at Versailles near the person of the Count, Madame de la Motte became well known to the Cardinal de Rohan, whose character she appears to have studied with great attention. She herself was totally devoid of moral principle, and her habits of expense induced her to resort to the most desperate expedients for recruiting her finances. About this time, one Boehmer, a German jeweller well known at the court of France, had in possession a most costly diamond necklace, valued at near seventy thousand pounds sterling, and obtained permission to exhibit it to her majesty. The queen, however, declined buying it. Madame de la Motte receiving information of the fact, resolved to fabricate a letter from the queen to herself, authorizing her to make the purchase. In this letter Marie Antoinette was made to express a determination of taking the necklace at a certain indicated price—under the positive reserve, however, that the matter should remain a profound secret, and that Boehmer would agree to receive his payment by instalments, in notes under her own hand, drawn on her treasurer at stipulated periods.

Furnished with this authority, Madame de la Motte repaired to the Cardinal de Rohan. Submitting to him, as if in confidence, the queen's pretended letter, she dwelt on the excellent opportunity which then presented itself to him, of acquiring her majesty's favor. She urged him to see Boehmer, and to assure him of the queen's desire—the proof of which lay before him. The Cardinal, however credulous, refused to embark in the affair, without receiving from Marie's own mouth the requisite authority. Madame de la Motte had foreseen this impediment and already provided against it. There lived at that time in Paris an actress, one Mademoiselle D'Oliva, who in her figure bore great resemblance to the queen. This lady they bribed to personate her majesty—asserting that a frolic only was intended.

Matters being thus arranged, Madame de la Motte acquainted the Cardinal that Marie Antoinette felt the propriety of his eminence's scruples, and with a view of removing them, and at the same time of testifying her sense of his services, had resolved to grant him an interview in the gardens of Versailles—but that certain precautions must be adopted lest the transaction should come to the knowledge of the king. With this end the Cardinal was told her majesty had fixed upon a retired and shady spot, to which she could repair muffled up in such a manner as to elude notice. "The interview," Madame de la Motte added, "must be very short, and the queen resolutely refuses to speak a single word lest she may be overheard." Instead of verbally authorizing De Rohan to pledge her authority to Boehmer, it was therefore settled that she hold in her hand a flower, which, on the Cardinal's approaching her, she would immediately extend to him as a mark of her approval.

This blundering plot, we are told, succeeded. Mademoiselle D'Oliva personated the queen à merveille, and the Cardinal, blinded by love and ambition, was thoroughly duped. Convinced that he had now received an unquestionable assurance of Marie Antoinette's approbation, he no longer hesitated to pledge himself to Boehmer. A deduction of above eight thousand pounds on the price demanded, having been procured from him, promissory notes for the remainder, exceeding sixty thousand pounds, drawn and signed in the queen's name, payable at various periods by her treasurer, were delivered to the jeweller by Madame de la Motte. She then received from him the necklace. Her husband having obtained leave of absence, under the pretence of visiting the place of his nativity, carried off the diamonds, and, arriving safe in London, disposed of some of the finest stones among the dealers of that city. Madame de la Motte herself, we cannot exactly understand why, remained at Paris. The Cardinal, also, continued in unsuspecting security at court. But the day arriving when her majesty's first promissory note became due, the fraud was of course discovered. As soon as the part which de Rohan had performed in it was fully ascertained, the whole matter was laid by her majesty before the king. Louis, after consulting with some of his ministers, finally determined upon the Cardinal's arrest. "Such an event," says our author, "taking place in the person of a member of the Sacred College, an ecclesiastic of the highest birth and greatest connections, related through the kings of Navarre to the sovereign himself, and grand almoner of France, might well excite universal amazement. Since the arrest of Fouquet, superintendant of the finances, by Louis the Fourteenth, in 1661, no similar act of royal authority had been performed: for we cannot justly compare with it the seizure and imprisonment of the Duke of Maine in 1718, by order of the Regent Duke of Orleans. The Cardinal de Rohan's crime was private and personal, wholly unconnected with the state, though affecting the person and character of the queen. He was conducted to the Bastille, invariably maintaining that he had acted throughout the whole business with the purest intentions; always conceiving that he was authorized by her majesty, and was doing her a pleasure. Madame de la Motte, Mademoiselle D'Oliva, and some other suspected individuals were also conveyed to the same fortress. Notwithstanding the queen's evident innocence in this singular robbery, a numerous class of Parisians either believed or affected to believe her implicated in the guilt of the whole transaction.

This account is followed up by the relation of a private and personal adventure of the Baronet, of the most romantic and altogether extraordinary character. He gives the detailed narrative of a plot, in which he acted a conspicuous part as secret agent, for the restoration of the imprisoned queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, and to which George the Third had given his approbation and promised his assistance. Had this revolution been carried into effect it would have brought about the most important changes in the political aspect of the north of Europe. The sudden death of the queen put an end to the attempt, however, just when all preparations were completed, and success was beyond a reasonable doubt. In the spring of 1784, a similar exer-

tion placed the young prince royal, then only sixteen years of age, in possession of the Regency, which his mother's death alone prevented her from attaining in 1775. After the queen's decease, some of her most active friends interested themselves with George the Third to procure the Baronet a proper remuneration for his services. For nearly six years, however, the attempt was unsuccessful. The final result is thus related by the author himself.

"In 1780 I came into Parliament; and some months afterwards as I was seated nearly behind Lord North in the House of Commons, only a few members being present, and no important business in agitation, he suddenly turned round to me. Speaking in a low tone of voice so as not to be overheard, "Mr. Wraxall," said he, "I have received his majesty's command to see and talk to you. He informs me that you rendered very important services to the late queen of Denmark, of which he has related to me the particulars. He is desirous of acknowledging them. We must have some conversation together on the subject. Can you come to me to Busby Park, dine, and pass the day?" I waited on him there in June 1781, and was received by him in his cabinet alone. Having most patiently heard my account of the enterprise in which I engaged for the queen Matilda's restoration, he asked me what remuneration I demanded. I answered, one thousand guineas, as a compensation for the expense which I had incurred in her majesty's service, and an employment. He assured me that I should have both. Robinson, then Secretary to the Treasury, paid me the money soon afterwards; and I confidently believe Lord North would have fulfilled his promise of employing me, or rather of giving me a place of considerable emolument, if his administration had not terminated early in the following year, 1782.

The volume concludes with an appendix embodying a variety of correspondence in relation to this singular matter, under the heading of "Letters and Papers respecting the Queen of Denmark." Altogether, these "Posthumous Memoirs" afford a rich fund of entertainment—and in especial to the lovers of political gossip we most heartily recommend their perusal.

AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1837. Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.

This is the eighth number of a work more justly entitled to be called "A Repository of Useful Knowledge" than any with which we are acquainted. From its commencement it has been under the editorial management of Mr. J. E. Worcester, for more than twenty years known to the American public as an able and most indefatigable author and compiler. If we are not mistaken, this period at least has elapsed since the publication of his "Gazetteer of the United States." Besides that work, of whose great merit it is of course unnecessary now to speak, Mr. W. has written "The Elements of Geography"—"The Elements of History"—an Edition of Johnson's Dictionary as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers—an Abridgment of the American Dictionary of Doctor Webster—and a "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names." All these publications are of high reputation and evince unusual perseverance and ability.

A glance at the "American Almanac" will suffice to assure any one that no ordinary talent, and industry, have been employed in bringing it to its present condition. An acute judgment has been necessary in the

selection of the most needful topics, to the exclusion of others having only a comparative value—in the condensation of matter—in the means of acquiring information—and in the estimation of the degree of credit which should be given it when received. The variety of themes handled in the volume, the perspicuity and brevity with which they are treated, their excellent arrangement, and the general accuracy of the statistical details, should secure for the work a circulation even more extensive than at present. With the exception of the astronomical department, for which we are indebted to Mr. Paine, it is understood that *all* the contents of the volume (a thick and closely printed octavo of 324 pages, abounding in intricate calculations) have been prepared by the indefatigable editor himself.

The "Almanac" for 1837 contains the usual register of the National and State Governments, an American and Foreign obituary and chronicle of recent events, a valuable "Treatise on the use of Anthracite Coal," by Professor Denison Olmsted of Yale, an account of "Public Libraries," a "Statistical View of the Population of the United States," a series of Tables relating to the "Cultivation, Manufacture, and Foreign Trade of Cotton," and Meteorological notices of Seasons and the Weather. In the account of each individual State pains have been taken to give accurate intelligence respecting all matters of Internal Improvement—more especially in regard to Canals and Rail-Roads. In the next volume some further details upon this head are promised—some account also of Pauperism in the United States, and a wider variety of statistical notices in relation to foreign countries. We have before stated our conviction, and here repeat it, that no work of equal extent in America embodies as much really important information—important to the public at large—as the eight published volumes of Mr. Worcester's Almanac. We believe that complete sets of the work can still be obtained upon application to the publisher, Mr. Charles Bowen of Boston. Its mechanical execution, like that of all books from the same press, is worthy of the highest commendation.

COOPER'S SWITZERLAND.

Sketches of Switzerland. By an American. Part Second. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

The London Spectator has very justly observed of this, Mr. Cooper's last work, that two circumstances suffice to distinguish it from the class of sketchy tours. He has contrived to impart a *narrative* interest to his journey; and, being an American, yet intimately conversant with all the beauties of the Old World, he looks at Switzerland with a more instructed eye than the mass of travellers, and is enabled to commit its landscapes to a comparison which few of them have the means of making—thus possessing an idiosyncrasy giving freshness to what otherwise would be faded. In our notice of Part 1, of the work before us, we had occasion to express our full sense of the writer's descriptive powers, refined and strengthened as they now appear to us to be. Is it that Mr. Cooper derives vigor from spleen, as Antæus from earth? This idea might indeed be entertained were his improved power to-day not especially perceptible in his delineations of the calm majesty of nature. It must be observed by all

who have read the "Headsman," and who now read the "Sketches," that the same scenes are frequently the subject of comment in each work. The drawings in the former are seldom more than mediocre—in the latter we meet with the vivid coloring of a master.

The subject of the first two volumes is Mr. Cooper's visit to Switzerland in 1828—that of the two now published, his visit in 1832. The four years intervening had effected changes of great moment in the political aspect of all Europe, and produced of course a modification of feeling, taste, and opinion in our author. In his preface he pithily observes—"Four years in Europe are an age to the American, as are four years in America to the European. Jefferson has somewhere said that no American ought to be more than five years at a time out of his own country, lest he get *behind* it. This may be true as to its *facts*—but the author is convinced that there is more danger of his getting before it as to opinion. It is not improbable that this book may furnish evidence of both these truths." In the last sentence there may be some little arrogance, but in the one preceding there is even more positive truth. We are a bull-headed and prejudiced people, and it were well if we had a few more of the stamp of Mr. Cooper who would feel themselves at liberty to tell us so to our teeth.

The criticism alluded to in the following passage has never met our observation. Since it is the fashion to decry the author of "the Prairie" just now, we are astonished at no degree of malignity or scurrility whatever on the part of the little gentlemen who are determined to follow that fashion—but we are surprised that Mr. C. should have thought himself *really* suspected of any such ridiculous "purposes."

Some one, in criticising the First Part of Switzerland, has intimated that the writer has a purpose to serve with the "Trades' Unions" by the purport of some of his remarks. As this is a country in which the avowal of a tolerably sordid and base motive seems to be indispensable, even to safety, the writer desires to express his sense of the critic's liberality, as it may save him from a much graver imputation. There is really a painful humiliation in the reflection, that a citizen of mature years, with as good natural and accidental means for preferment as have fallen to the share of most others, may pass his life without a *fact* of any sort to impeach his disinterestedness, and yet not be able to express a generous or just sentiment in behalf of his fellow creatures, without laying himself open to suspicions as degrading to those who entertain them, as they are injurious to all independence of thought and manliness of character.

The present volumes strike us as more entertaining upon the whole than those which preceded them. They embrace a wide range of stirring anecdote, and some details of a very singular nature indeed. As the book will be universally read it is scarcely necessary to say more.

PROFESSOR DEW'S ADDRESS.

An Address delivered before the Students of William and Mary at the opening of the College on Monday, October 10, 1836. By Thomas R. Dew, President, and Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy. Published by request of the Students. Richmond: T. W. White.

Of the talents and great acquirements of Professor Dew it is quite unnecessary to speak. His accession to the Presidency of William and Mary is a source of hearty congratulation with all the real friends of the institution. Already we perceive the influence of his

character, and unusual energy, in an increasing attention on the part of the public to the capabilities of this venerable academy—and in a re-assured hope of her ultimate prosperity. Indeed she had never more brilliant prospects than just now, and there can be little doubt that at least as many students as have ever entered, will enter this year. The number has at no time been very great it is true; and yet, in proportion to her alumni, this institution has given to the world more useful men than *any other*—more truly great statesmen. Perhaps the scenery and recollection of the place, the hospitable population, the political atmosphere, have all conspired to imbue the mind of the student at Williamsburg with a tinge of utilitarianism. Her graduates have always been distinguished by minds well adapted to *business*, and for the greatest efficiency of character. Some colleges may have equalled her in Physics and Mathematics—indeed we are aware of *one* institution, at least, which far surpasses her in these studies—but few can claim a rivalry with her in Moral and Political Science; and it should not be denied that these latter are the subjects which give the greatest finish to the mind, and exalt it to the loftiest elevation. To William and Mary is especially due the high *political* character of Virginia.

She is the oldest college in the Union save one, and even older than that, if we may date back to the establishment of an academy (one of some note) prior to the erection of the present buildings. Respect for her long and great services, and veneration for her ancient walls, will have weight among the people of Virginia. As efficient an education can now be procured in her lecture-rooms as elsewhere in the Union. Her discipline is rigid, but relies strongly on the chivalry and honor of the Southern student. We will attempt to convey briefly some idea of the several professorial departments.

The plan embraces a course of general study which may be pursued to great advantage by all, without reference to the nature of the profession contemplated. Besides this the subject of Law is included. In the classical school is a preparatory department for elementary instruction. In the higher branch the attention of the student is confined to Horace, Cicero de Oratore, Terence, Juvenal, Livy and Tacitus; Xenophon's Anabasis, Æschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, Sophocles, Thucydides, and Homer. He will be required to read these works with facility, to master portions of history which may be referred to, and to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the whole Philosophy of the Latin and Greek Grammars. For a degree in the classical department it is necessary that the candidate should not only be a proficient in the studies just mentioned, but that he should obtain a certificate of qualification on the junior mathematical, rhetorical and historical courses. The classical graduate therefore, must be more than a mere Latin and Greek scholar. Besides this degree there are three others—those of A. B., B. L. and A. M. The courses necessary for the degree of A. B. embrace the four great departments of physics, morals, and politics. The degree of B. L. is not conferred for a mere knowledge of Laws. The candidate must have studied, besides the municipal law, the subject of government and national law, together with some exposition of our own system of

government. He must, moreover, have obtained the Baccalaureate honor in this or some other institution, or else have attended a full course of lectures in some one of the scientific departments of William and Mary. The degree of A. M. (the highest honor conferred by the college) requires generally two years additional study after obtaining the bachelor's degree, and in these two years all the studies pursued in the first portion of the collegiate career are amplified—the principles of science are now applied to facts. A school of civil engineering is most properly attached to the institution.

Would our limits permit, we would be proud to make long extracts from the excellent Address now before us. It is, as usual with every thing from the same source, comprehensive and eloquent, and full of every species of encouragement to the searcher after knowledge. We can well imagine the enthusiasm enkindled in the student by sentences such as these—

There is no privileged class here to rule by the right divine. Far different is our case from the despotisms of the ancient world, or the monarchies of the modern. Sovereignty resided formerly at Babylon, at Thebes, at Persepolis. Now we find it at Paris, Vienna, and London. But in our own more happy country, it pervades our territory like the very air we breathe, reaching the farthest and binding the most distant together. Politics here is the business of every man, no matter how humble his condition may be. We have it in commission to instruct the world in the science and the art of government. We must, if we succeed, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a well educated, virtuous, intelligent people, "free without licentiousness—religious without a religious establishment—obedient to laws administered by citizen magistrates, without the show of official lictors or fasces, and without the aid of mercenary legions or janissaries." As a nation, a glorious charge has devolved upon us. Our condition prescribes to each one the salutary law of Solon, that there shall be no neutrals here. Each one must play his part in the great political drama; and you, gentlemen, who have assembled here for the purpose of receiving a liberal education, must recollect that fortunate circumstances have placed you among the privileged few. Every motive of honor, of patriotism, and a laudable ambition, should stimulate to the utmost exertion. Neglect not the precious opportunity which is afforded you. The *fine talents* are entrusted to your care; beware lest you bury or throw them away. This is the most important era of your life—the very seed-time of your existence; success now may insure you success hereafter.

The age in which you live, and the circumstances by which you are surrounded, as inhabitants of the south, create a special demand for your utmost exertions. The times are indeed interesting and momentous. We seem to have arrived at one of those great periods in the history of man, when fearful and important changes are threatened in the destiny of the world. In the prophetic language of the boldest of philosophers, we may perhaps with truth affirm, that "the crisis of revolutions is at hand." Never were the opinions of the world more unsettled and more clashing than at this moment. Monarchists and democrats, conservatives and radicals, whigs and tories, agrarians and aristocrats, slave-holders and non-slave-holders, are all now in the great field of contention. What will be the result of this awful conflict, none can say. England's most eloquent and learned divine tells us, that there now sits an unnatural scowl on the aspect of the population—a resolved sturdiness in their attitude and gait; and whether we look to the profane recklessness of their habits, or to the deep and settled hatred which rankles in their hearts, we cannot but read in these moral characteristics the omens of some great and impending overthrow. The whole continent of Europe is agitated by the conflicts of opinions and principles; and we are far, very far from the calm and quiet condition which betokens the undoubted safety of the republic.

When the times are so interesting and exciting; when clouds are lowering above the political horizon, portending fearful storms; when the lapse of time is every day disclosing great

and startling events, can you, gentlemen, fold your arms in inglorious indolence—throw away the opportunity that is now offered you—fail to prepare for the important part which should devolve on you, and add yourselves to the great mass of the un-aspiring?

MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS.

Memorials of Mrs. Hemans, with Illustrations of her Literary Character from her Private Correspondence. By Henry F. Chorley. New York: Saunders and Otley.

Mr. Chorley is well known to American readers as a contributor to the chief of the London Annuals, and still better as the author of the stirring volumes entitled "Conti, the Discarded, with Other Tales and Fancies." We have long regarded him as one of the most brilliant among the literary stars of England, as a writer of great natural and cultivated taste, and of a refined yet vigorous and lofty imagination. As a musical connoisseur, or rather as profoundly versed in the only true philosophy of the science, he may be considered as unrivalled. There are, moreover, few persons now living upon whose appreciation of a poetical character we would look with a higher respect, and we had consequently promised ourselves no ordinary gratification in his "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans." Nor have we been disappointed.

About fourteen months ago Mr. Chorley collected and published in the London Athenæum some deeply interesting reminiscences of Mrs. H. of which the volumes now before us are an extension. A variety of materials, afforded him by friends, has enabled him to continue his notices beyond the period of his own personal acquaintance, and, by linking correspondence and anecdote, to trace out, with great facility and beauty, the entire progress of the mind of the poetess. He has exclusively confined himself, however, to this one object, and refrained from touching upon such occurrences in her private life as were not actually necessary in the illustrations of her mental and literary existence. The "Memorials" therefore, it is right to state, lay no claim to the entire fulness of Biography. The following brief personal notice is to be found in the opening pages:

Felicia Dorothea Browne—the second daughter and the fourth child of a family of three sons and three daughters—was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1794. Her father was a native of Ireland, belonging to a branch of the Sligo family; her mother, a Miss Wagner, was a descendant of a Venetian house, whose old name, Veniero, had in the course of time been corrupted into this German form. Among its members were numbered three who rose to the dignity of Doge, and one who bore the honorable rank of commander at the battle of Lepanto. In the waning days of the Republic, Miss Browne's grandfather held the humble situation of Venetian consul in Liverpool. The maiden name of his wife was Haddock, a good and ancient one among the yeomanry of Lancashire; three of the issue of this union are still surviving. To these few genealogical notices it may be added that Felicia Dorothea was the fifth bearing that christian name in her mother's family, that her elder sister, Eliza, of whom affectionate mention is made in her earliest poems, died of a decline at the age of eighteen; and that her brother Claude, who reached manhood, died in America several years ago. Two brothers older than herself, and one sister, her junior, are therefore all that now survive.

It must not be supposed from what we say that Mr. Chorley has given us nothing of personal history. The volumes abound delightfully in such anecdotes of the poetess as go to illustrate her literary peculiarities and career. These indeed form the staple of the book, and, in the truly exquisite narration of Mr. Chorley, are

moulded into something far more impressive than we can imagine any legitimate biography. We cannot refrain from turning over one by one the pages as we write, and presenting our readers with some mere outlines of the many reminiscences which the author has so beautifully filled up. We shall intersperse them with some of Mr. C's. observations, and occasionally with our own.

The "stately names of her maternal ancestors" seem to have made an early and strong impression upon the poetess, tinging her mind at once with the spirit of romance. To this fact she would often allude half playfully, half proudly. She was accustomed to say that although the years of childhood are usually happy, her own were too visionary not to form an exception. At the epoch of her death she was meditating a work to be called "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood."—When a child she was exceedingly beautiful: so much so as to attract universal attention. Her complexion was brilliant, her hair long and curling, and of a bright golden color. In her latter years it deepened into brown, but remained silken, profuse, and wavy to the last.—A lady once remarked in her hearing, "That child is not made for happiness I know; her color comes and goes too fast." This remark our poetess never forgot, and she spoke of it as causing her much pain at the moment.—She took great delight, when young, in reciting aloud poems and fragments of plays. "Douglas" was an especial favorite. The scene of her rehearsals was generally an old, large, and dimly-lighted room, an old nursery, looking upon the sea. Her memory is said to have been almost supernatural.—When she was little more than five years old, her father removed his family from Liverpool to North Wales. This circumstance had great influence upon her imagination. The mansion removed to was old, solitary, and spacious, lying close to the sea shore, and shut in, in front, by a chain of rocky hills. In her last illness she frequently alluded to the atmosphere of romance which invested her here. The house bore the reputation of being haunted. On one occasion, having heard a rumor concerning a "fiery grey hound which kept watch at the end of an avenue," she sallied forth at midnight anxious to encounter the goblin. Speaking of this period, she observed, that could she have been then able to foresee the height of reputation to which she subsequently attained, she would have experienced a far higher happiness than the reality ever occasioned. Few in similar circumstances but have thought thus without expressing it.—She was early a reader of Shakspeare, and was soon possessed with a desire of personifying his creations. Imogen and Beatrice were her favorites, neither of which characters, Mr. Chorley remarks, is "without strong points of resemblance to herself."—A freak usual with her was to arise at night, when the whole family were asleep, and making her way to the sea shore, to indulge in a stolen bath.—She was never at school. "Had she been sent to one," observes Mr. Chorley, "she would more probably have run away." The only things she was ever regularly taught were English Grammar, French, and the rudiments of Latin. Her Latin teacher used to deplore "that she was not a man to have borne away the highest honors at college."—Her attention was first attracted to the literature and chivalry of Spain by the circumstance of a near relation

being engaged in the Peninsular war. She shrunk with more than ordinary feminine timidity from bodily pain, refusing even to have her ears pierced for rings, and yet delighted in records of martial glory. One of her favorite ornaments was the Cross of the Legion of Honor, taken on some Spanish battle-field. Campbell's Odes were her delight; the lines, especially,

Now joy, old England! rise
In the triumph of thy might!

Yet she had little taste for mere pageantry.—An unkind review to which her earliest poems gave occasion so preyed upon her mind as to confine her for several days to bed.—During the latter part of her life a gentleman called upon her and thanked her with great earnestness for the serious benefit he had derived from "the Sceptic," which he stated to have been instrumental in rescuing him from gross infidelity.—The first noted literary character with whom she became intimately acquainted, was Bishop Heber, to whom she was introduced in her twenty-fifth year. She confided her literary plans to him, and always spoke of him with affection. It was at his instigation she first attempted dramatic composition. He was her adviser in the "Vespers of Palermo." This play was brought forward at Covent Garden in December 1823, the principal characters being taken by Young, Charles Kemble, Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss Kelly. It was not well received, but the authoress bore her disappointment cheerfully. The drama was afterwards produced with much greater success in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott wrote an epilogue for it, and from this circumstance arose the subsequent acquaintance between the "Great Unknown" and Mrs. H—. Of Kean, she said that "seeing him act was like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning."—She possessed a fine feeling for music as well as for drawing.—Of the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" she thus expresses a just critical opinion: "The book is certainly full of deep feeling and beautiful language, but there are many passages which, I think, would have been better omitted; and although I can bear as much fictitious woe as other people, I really began to feel it an infliction at last."—She compliments Captain Basil Hall's "temperate style of writing."—Speaking of the short descriptive *recitative* which so frequently introduces a lyrical burst of feeling in the minor pieces of our poetess, Mr. Chorley observes: "This form of composition became so especially popular in America, that hardly a poet has arisen since the influence of Mrs. Hemans' genius made itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic, who has not attempted something of a similar subject and construction."—Among the last strangers who visited her in her illness, were a Jewish gentleman and lady, who entreated admittance to "the author of the 'Hebrew Mother.'"—"There shall be no more snow," in the "Tyrolese Evening Hymn," seems to have been suggested by Schiller's lines in the "*Nadwessische Todtenklage*:"

Wohl ihm er ist hingegangen
Wo kein schnee mehr ist!—

The "Lays of Many Lands," which appeared chiefly in the New Monthly Magazine, were suggested, as she herself owned, by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*." She spoke of the German language as "rich and affectionate, in which I take much delight."—She considered "The Forest Sanctuary" as the best of her

works: the subject was suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and the poem was written for the most part in—a laundry. These verses are pointed out by Chorley as beautiful, which assuredly they are.

And if she mingled with the festive train
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present though afar.

He praises also with great justice the entire episode of "Queen-like Teresa—radiant Inez!"—She was so much excited by the composition of "Mozart's Requiem," that her physician forbade her to write for weeks afterwards.—She regarded Professor Norton, who undertook the publication of her works (or rather its superintendence) in this country, as one of her firmest friends. A packet with a letter from this gentleman to the poetess containing offers of service, and a self-introduction was lost upon the Ulverstone sands. They were afterwards discovered drying at an inn fire, and forwarded to their address. With Dr. Channing she frequently corresponded. An offer of a certain and liberal income was made her in the hope of tempting her to take up her residence in Boston and conduct a periodical.—Mr. Chorley draws a fine distinction between Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury. "The former," he says, "came through Thought to Poetry, the latter through Poetry to Thought." He cites a passage in the "Three Histories" of Miss Jewsbury, as descriptive of the personal appearance of Mrs. H. at the period of his first acquaintance with her. It is the portrait of Egeria, and will be remembered by most of our readers. It ends thus: "She was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman—the Italy of human beings."—Retzsch and Flaxman were Mrs. H.'s favorites among modern artists. She was especially pleased with the group in the Outlines to Hamlet—of Laertes and Hamlet struggling over the corpse of Ophelia.—In 1823 she finally established herself at Wavertree. "Her house here," says our author, "was too small to deserve the name; the third of a cluster or row close to a dusty road, and yet too townish in its appearance and situation to be called a cottage. It was set in a small court, and within doors was gloomy and comfortless, for its two parlors (one with a tiny book-room opening from it) were hardly larger than closets; but with her harp and her books, and the flowers with which she loved to fill her little rooms, they presently assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance."—Some odd examples are given of the ridiculous and hyperbolical compliments paid the poetess, e. g. "I have heard her requested to read aloud that 'the visitor might carry away an impression of the sweetness of her tones.'" "I have been present when another eccentric guest, upon her characterizing some favorite poem as happily as was her wont, clapped her hands as at a theatre, and exclaimed, 'O Mrs. Hemans! do say that again, that I may put it down and remember it.'"—Among Spanish authors Mrs. H. admired Herrera, and Luis Ponce de Leon. The lyrics in Gil Polo's *Diana* were favorites with her. Burger's *Leonore* (concerning which and Sir Walter Scott see an anecdote in our notice, this month, of *Schloss Hainfeld*) she was never tired of hearing, "for the sake of its wonderful rhythm and energy." In the power of producing awe, however, she gave the preference to the *Ancient Mari-*

ner. She liked the writings of Novalis and Tieck. Possibly she did not love Goethe so well as Schiller. She delighted in Herder's translation of the *Cid* Romances, and took pleasure in some of the poems of A. W. Schlegel. Grillpazzer and Oehlenschluger were favorites among the minor German tragedians. Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" pleased her. In her copy of *Corinne* the following passage was underscored, and the words "C'est moi!" written in the margin. "De toutes mes facultés la plus puissante est la faculté de souffrir. Je suis née pour le bonheur. Mon caractère est confiant, mon imagination est animée; mais la peine excite en moi Je ne sais quelle impetuosité qui peut troubler ma raison, ou me donner de la mort. Je vous le répète encore, ménagez-moi; la gaieté, la mobilité ne me servent qu'en apparence: mais il y a dans mon ame des abymes de tristesse dont Je ne pouvais me défendre qu'en me preservant de l'amour."—In the summer of 1829 Mrs. H. visited Scotland, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. One anecdote told by her of the novelist is highly piquant and characteristic of both. "Well—we had reached a rustic seat in the wood, and were to rest there—but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. 'Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,' said Sir Walter, 'to take the seat?' 'I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.' 'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my good advisers say it will give me the rheumatism.'"—Speaking of Martin's picture of *Nineveh* Mrs. H. says: "It seems to me that something more of gloomy grandeur might have been thrown about the funeral pyre; that it should have looked more like a thing apart, almost suggesting of itself the idea of an awful sacrifice." She agrees with Wordsworth, that Burns' "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled" is "wretched stuff." She justly despised all allegorical personifications. Among the books which she chiefly admired in her later days, are the Discourses of Bishop Hall, Bishop Leighton, and Jeremy Taylor; the "Natural History of Enthusiasm;" Mrs. Austin's Translations and Criticisms; Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women;" Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii;" Miss Edgeworth's "Helen," and Miss Mitford's Sketches. The Scriptures were her daily study.—Wordsworth was then her favorite poet. Of Miss Kemble's "Francis" she thus speaks. "Have you not been disappointed in Miss Kemble's Tragedy? To me there seems a coarseness of idea and expression in many parts, which from a woman is absolutely startling. I can scarcely think it has sustaining power to bear itself up at its present height of popularity."

We take from Volume I, the following passage in regard to Schiller's "Don Carlos," a comparison of which drama with the "Filippo" of Alfieri, will be found in this number of the Messenger. The words we copy are those of Mrs. Hemans.

The interview between Philip the Second and Posa, is certainly very powerful, but to me its interest is always destroyed by a sense of utter impossibility which haunts me throughout. Not even Schiller's mighty spells can, I think, win the most "unquestioning spirit" to suppose that such a voice of truth and freedom could have been lifted up, and endured, in the presence of the cold, stern, Philip the Second—that he would, even for a

moment, have listened to the language thus fearlessly bursting from a noble heart. Three of the most impressive scenes towards the close of the play, might, I think, be linked together, leaving out the intervening ones, with much effect—the one in which Carlos, standing by the body of his friend, forces his father to the contemplation of the dead; the one in which the king comes forward, with his fearful dreamy remorse, alone amidst his court,

Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus, &c.

and the subsequent interview between Philip and the Grand Inquisitor, in which the whole spirit of those fanatic days seems embodied.

In perusing these volumes the reader will not fail to be struck with the evidence they contain of a more than ordinary *joyousness* of temperament in Mrs. Hemans. He will be astonished also in finding himself able to say that he has at length seen a book, dealing much in strictly personal memoirs, wherein no shadow of vanity or affectation could be discerned in either the Memorialist or his subject. In concluding this notice we must not forget to impress upon our friends that we have been speaking altogether of the work issued by Saunders and Otley, publishers of the highest respectability, who have come among us as strangers, and who, as such, have an undeniable claim upon our courtesy. Their edition is embellished with two fine engravings, one of the poetess's favorite residence in Wales, the other of the poetess herself. We shall beg our friends also to remember that this edition, and this exclusively, is printed for the benefit of the children of Mrs. Hemans. To Southerners, at least, we feel that nothing farther need be said.

DR. HAXALL'S DISSERTATION.

A Dissertation on the Importance of Physical Signs in the Various Diseases of the Abdomen and Thorax. By Robert W. Haxall, M. D. of Richmond, Va. Boston: Perkins and Marvin.

The Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, having propounded the question, "How far are the external means of exploring the condition of the internal organs useful and important?" a gold medal was, in consequence, awarded to this Dissertation on the subject, by our townsman Dr. Haxall. Notwithstanding the modesty of his motto, "*Je n'enseigne pas, Je raconte,*" he has here given evidence, not to be misunderstood, of a far wider range of study, of experience, of theoretical and practical knowledge, than that attained, except in rare cases, by our medical men. He has evinced too more than ordinary powers of analysis, and his Essay will command (oh, rare occurrence in the generality of similar Essays!) the entire respect of every well-educated man, as a literary composition in its own peculiar character nearly faultless.

The Dissertation does not respond, in the fullest extent, to the category proposed. The only available method of discussing the question, "How far are the external means of exploring the condition of the internal organs useful and important?" is to show, as far as possible, the deficiencies of other means—to point out the inconvenience and want of certainty attending a diagnosis deduced from symptoms merely general or functional, and to demonstrate the advantages, if any, of those signs (afforded by external examination) which, in medical language, are alone denominated *physical*. But to do all this would require a much larger treatise

than the Committee had in contemplation, and so far, it appears to us, they have been over-hasty in proposing a query so illimitable. Our author (probably thinking thus) has wisely confined himself to diseases occurring in the common routine of practice, and here again only to such as affect the cavities of the Abdomen and Thorax. The brain is not treated of—for, except in a few strictly surgical instances, the unyielding parietes of the skull will admit of no diagnosis deduced from their examination.

In the discussion of the subject thus narrowed, Dr. Haxall has commented upon the physical signs which (assisted as they always are by functional symptoms) lead to the detection of the diseases of the *liver*, the *spleen*, the *uterus*, the *ovary*, the *kidney*, the *bladder*, the *stomach*, and the *intestines*—of *Typhoid* or *Typhus Fever*—of *Inflammation of the Peritonæum*—of *Pleura*, *Pleura-pneumonia*, *Hydrothorax*, *Pneumothorax*, *Catarrh*, *Emphysema*, *Asthma*, *Dilatation of the Bronchia*, *Pneumonia*, *Pulmonary Apoplexy*, and *Phthisis*—of *Pericarditis*, *Hypertrophy of the Heart*, *Dilatation of that organ*, and lastly, of *Aneurism of the Aorta*.

The most important and altogether the most original portion of the Essay, is that relating to the fever called *Typhoid*. The pathology of fever in general has been at all times a fruitful subject of discussion. Solidists, humorists, and advocates of the idiopathic doctrine, have each their disciples among the medical profession. Dr. H. advocates no theory in especial, but in regard to typhus fever agrees with M. Louis in supposing the true lesion of the disease to reside in an organic alteration of the glands of Peyer. He denies consequently that bilious fever, pneumonia, dysentery, or indeed any other malady, assumes, at any stage, what can be properly called a "typhoid" character, unless the word "typhoid" be regarded as expressive of mere *debility*. The chief diagnostic signs he maintains to be physical, but enters into a minute account of *all* the symptoms of the disorder. The Essay is embraced in a pamphlet, beautifully printed, of 108 pages.

SCHLOSS HAINFELD.

Skimmings; or a Winter at Schloss Hainfeld in Lower Styria. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, F. R. S. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

"Skimmings," we apprehend, is hardly better, as a title than "Pencilings" or "Inklings"—yet Captain Hall has prefixed this little piece of affectation to some pages of interest. His book, we are informed in the Preface, is intended as a pioneer to a work of larger dimensions, and consisting of passages from journals written during three different excursions to the Continent. The specimen now given us is principally valuable as treating of a region but little known, or at least very partially described.

Towards the close of April 1834, the Captain, accompanied by his wife and family, being on his way from Rome to Naples, received an invitation from a certain Countess Purgstall to visit her castle or Schloss of Hainfeld near Gratz in Lower Styria. The Countess, whose name and existence were equally unknown to our travellers, was found to be an elderly Scotch lady, who forty years before having married an Austrian nobleman, went with him to Germany, and never re-

turned to Scotland. She claimed moreover to be an early friend of Sir James Hall, the captain's father. Induced by the knowledge of this fact, by the earnest manner in which the old lady urged her invitation, and more especially by a desire of seeing Lower Styria, our author paid her a visit in October, taking the homeward route through that country instead of following the usual track of English travellers through the Tyrol.

The Countess Purgstall is a character in whom the reader finds himself insensibly interested. Her maiden name was Jane Anne Cranstoun. She was the sister of Lord Corehouse, and of Mrs. Dugald Stuart—moreover our travellers find her a most agreeable companion and hostess, and discover beyond a doubt that from herself Sir Walter Scott depicted Die Vernon, the most original and spirited of his female paintings. It is, consequently, almost needless to say that in early youth the Countess was a votary of the gay world; and the circumstances under which she was so solicitous for a visit from the son of her old friend, were the more touching on this account. Her only son, a boy of premature talent, having died, she had given herself up to grief; and for three years she had been confined to bed. Captain Hall and his family remained with her, at her urgent desire, until her decease, which took place upon the 23d of March, within a day of the period long before designated by herself for that event.

Besides the variety of singular anecdotes respecting the Countess and her household, the volume is enriched with many curious stories, scandalous, legendary, or superstitious. In a chapter entitled "The Neighbors," we have the Austrian nobility at their country residences strikingly contrasted with the English *noblesse*. Here is an account of a dinner given the Captain at the castle of an Hungarian nobleman, near the village of St. Gothard.

In the midst of these national discussions the dinner appeared; and as our morning's expedition had made us more than usually hungry, we looked forward with less dread than we had ever done before to the overloaded table, which all reports of the nature and extent of a German dinner led us to expect. But our fears on this score, if we had any, were groundless, for a less loaded repast never was seen. There was positively too little for the company, and we felt awkward at having, by our intrusion, diminished the scanty allowance of the family. Every dish was carried off the table as clean as if, instead of a goodly company of Hungarian ladies and gentlemen, with a couple of hungry heretics from England, the Baron had introduced a dozen of his wild boar hounds to lick the platters.

As this was the only Hungarian dinner we saw during our stay in these parts, a notice of it may perhaps interest the lovers of good cheer. We had first of all coldish, dirty-looking, thin soup; then a plate with ill-cut slices of ill-salted tongue; and, after a long and dreary interval, a dish consisting of slices of boiled beef, very cold, very fat, and very tough. I know not whence the fat came; for in that country there are no cattle bred for the table, but only for the plough and the wagon, and after many years of labor they are killed, not because they are fit to be eaten, (quite the contrary) but because they can work no longer. The next dish promised better; it was a salmon twisted into a circle, with his tail in his mouth, like the allegorical images of eternity. But I am sure if I were to live, as the Americans say, from July to Eternity, I should not wish to look upon the like of such a fish again. It had been brought all the way from Carinthia by the bold Baron himself. I need not say more. And yet its bones were

so nicely cleaned, that the skeleton might have been placed in a museum of natural history, and named by Agassiz or Deshayes without further trouble. Next arrived a dish of sausages which disappeared in what the Germans call an Augenblick or twinkling of an eye. Lastly, came the roast, as it always does in those countries, but instead of a jolly English surloin or haunch, the dish consisted of a small shred of what they facetiously called venison—but such venison! Yet had the original stag been alive from which this morsel was hewn, it could not have moved off faster. To wind up all, instead of dessert, we were presented with a soup-plate holding eleven small dry sweet cakes, each as big as a Geneose watch glass. In short, not to spin out this sad repast, it reminded me of long by-gone days spent in the midshipmen's birth on short allowance, where the daily beef and bread of his gracious Majesty used to vanish in like manner, and leave, as Shakspeare says, "not a wreck behind." I ought not to omit that the wine was scarcely drinkable, excepting, I presume, one bottle of Burgundy, which the generous master of the house kept faithfully to himself, not offering even the lady by his side, a stranger and his own invited guest, a single glass, but drinking the whole, to the last drop, himself! So much for a Hungarian magnate!

At Chapter X, we were somewhat astonished at meeting with an old friend, in the shape of the verses beginning "*My Life is like the Summer Rose*." These lines are thus introduced. "One day, when I entered the Countess' room, I observed that she had been writing; but on my sitting down by her bedside, she sent away the apparatus, retaining only one sheet of paper, which she held up, and said—'You have written your life; here is mine,' and she put into my hands the following copy of verses, by whom written she would not tell me. Probably they are by herself, for they are certainly exactly such as suited her cast of thought." Here it certainly appears that the Countess desired the Captain to think them her composition. Surely these stanzas have had a singular notoriety, and many claimants!

It appears very clearly from the relation of Captain Hall and from a letter of Lockhart's, published in the volume before us, that the Countess Purgstall (Miss Cranstoun) had no little influence in the formation of the literary character of Sir Walter Scott. In his youth the great novelist, then comparatively unknown, was received on friendly terms by the family of Dugald Stuart, of which Miss Cranstoun, the elder sister of Mrs. Stuart, was a member. This intimacy, we are told, led Sir Walter frequently to consult Miss C. in regard to his literary productions, and we should infer that the sagacity of the young lady readily appreciated the great merit of her protégé. On this head an anecdote of deep interest is related. Burger's poem "*Leonore*" was received in Scotland about 1793, and a translation of it read by Mrs. Barbauld, at the house of Dugald Stuart. Miss Cranstoun's description of the poem and its effect, took possession of the mind of Sir Walter, and, having with great effort studied the lines in the original, he at length completed himself a poetical translation, and Miss Cranstoun, very much to her astonishment, was aroused one morning at half past six o'clock, to listen to its recital by the translator in person. Of course she gave it all attention, and begged permission to retain the MS. for a few days to look it over at leisure. To this the poet consented—adding that she had as well keep it until his return from the country, whither he was about to proceed on a visit. Of this

intended visit, it seems the critic was aware. As soon as Sir Walter had gone, she sent for their common friend Mr. Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinneder, and confided to him a scheme for having the MS. printed. An arrangement was made with Mr. Robert Miller the bookseller, by which a small edition of "Leonore" was to be hastily thrown off, one copy to be done on the finest paper and superbly bound. Mr. Miller had the book soon ready, and despatched it to the address of "Mr. Scott," so as to arrive when the company were assembled round the tea-table after dinner. Much curiosity was expressed by all—not forgetting Miss C—to ascertain the contents of so beautiful a little volume. The envelope was at length torn off by the astonished author, who, for the first time, thus saw himself in print, and who, "all unconscious of the glories which awaited him, had possibly never dreamed of appearing in such a dress." He was now called upon to read the poem—and the effect upon the company is said to have been electrical. These reminiscences of Sir Walter form, possibly, the most interesting portions of Schloss Hainfeld. The entire volume, however, has many charms of matter, and more especially of manner. Captain Hall is no ordinary writer. This justice must be done him.

PETER SNOOK.

Peter Snook, a Tale of the City; Follow your Nose; and other Strange Tales. By the Author of 'Chartley,' the 'Invisible Gentleman,' &c. &c. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

The 'Invisible Gentleman' was exceedingly popular—and is. It belongs to a class of works which every one takes a pleasure in reading, and yet which every one thinks it his duty to condemn. Its author is one of the best of the English Magazinites—possessing a large share of Imagination, and a wonderful fertility of Fancy or Invention. With the exception of Boz, of the London Morning Chronicle, and, perhaps a couple of the writers in Blackwood, he has no rivals in his particular line. We confess ourselves somewhat in doubt, however, whether Boz and the author of 'Chartley' are not one and the same—or have not some intimate connection. In the volume now before us, the two admirable Tales, 'Peter Snook' and 'The Lodging-House Bewitched,' might very well have been written by the author of 'Watkins Tottle,' of which they possess all the whimsical peculiarities, and nearly all the singular fidelity and vigor. The remaining papers, however, 'Follow your Nose,' and the 'Old Maiden's Talisman,' are more particularly characteristic of the author of the 'Invisible Gentleman.'

The first of the series is also the best, and presents so many striking points for the consideration of the Magazine writer—(by which we mean merely to designate the writer of the brief and piquant article, slightly exaggerated in all its proportions) that we feel inclined to speak of it more fully than is our usual custom in regard to reprints of English light literature.

Peter Snook, the hero, and the beau ideal of a Cockney, is a retail linen-draper in Bishopgate Street. He is of course a stupid and conceited, though at bottom a very good little fellow, and "always looks as if he was frightened." Matters go on very thrivingly with him,

until he becomes acquainted with Miss Clarinda Bodkin, "a young lady owning to almost thirty, and withal a great proficient in the mysteries of millinery and mantua-making." Love and ambition, however, set the little gentleman somewhat beside himself. "If Miss Clarinda would but have me," says he, "we might divide the shop, and have a linen-drapery side, and a haberdashery and millinery side, and one would help the other. There'd be only one rent to pay, and a double business—and it would be so comfortable too!" Thinking thus, Peter commences a desperate flirtation, to which Miss Clarinda but doubtfully responds. He escorts the lady to White Conduit House, Bagnigge Wells, and other "genteel" places of public resort—and finally is so rash as to accede to the proposition on her part of a trip to Margate. At this epoch of the narrative the writer takes occasion to observe that the subsequent proceedings of the hero are gathered from accounts rendered by himself, when called upon afterwards for certain explanations.

It is agreed that Miss Clarinda shall set out alone for Margate, and Mr. Snook follows after some indispensable arrangements. These occupy him until the middle of July, at which period, taking passage in the "Rose in June," he safely reaches his destination. But various misfortunes here await him—misfortunes admirably adapted to the meridian of Cockney feeling, and the capacity of Cockney endurance. His umbrella, for example, and a large brown paper parcel containing a new pea-green coat, and flower-patterned embroidered silk waistcoat, are tumbled into the water at the landing place, and Miss Bodkin forbids him her presence in his old clothes. By a tumble of his own too, the skin is rubbed off both his shins for several inches, and his surgeon, having no regard to the lover's cotillon engagements with Miss Clarinda, enjoins upon him a total abstinence from dancing. A cockchafer, moreover, is at the trouble of flying into one of his eyes, and, worse than all, a tall military-looking shoemaker, Mr. Last, has taken advantage of his delay in reaching Margate, to ingratiate himself with his mistress. Finally, he is "cut" by Last and rejected by the lady, and has nothing left for it but to secure a homeward passage in the "Rose in June." In the evening of the second day after his departure, the vessel drops anchor off Greenwich. Most of the passengers go ashore with the view of taking the stage to the city. Peter, however, who considers that he has already spent money enough to no purpose, prefers remaining on board. "We shall get to Billingsgate," says he "while I am sleeping, and I shall have plenty of time to go home and dress and go into the city and borrow the trifle I may want for Pester and Company's bill, that comes due the day after to-morrow." This determination is a source of much trouble to our hero, as will be seen in the sequel. Some shopmen who remain with him in the packet, tempt him to unusual indulgences in the way, first of brown stout, and secondly of positive French brandy. The consequence is, that Mr. Peter Snook falls, thirdly, asleep, and, fourthly, overboard.

About dawn, on the morning after this event, Ephraim Hobson, the confidential clerk and fac-totum of Mr. Peter Snook, is disturbed from a sound nap by the sudden appearance of his master. That gentleman

seems to be quite in a bustle, and delights Ephraim with an account of a "whacking wholesale order for exportation" just received. "Not a word to *any* body about the matter," exclaims Peter, with unusual emphasis; "it's such an opportunity as don't come often in a man's life time. There's a captain of a ship, he's the owner of her too; but never mind, there an't time to enter into particulars now, but you'll know all by and bye; all you have to do is to do as I tell you, so come along." Setting Ephraim to work, with directions to pack up immediately all the goods in the shop, with the exception of a few trifling articles, the master avows his intention of going into the city "to borrow enough money to make up Pester's bill for to-morrow." "I don't think you'll want much, sir," returned Hobson, with a self-complacent air. "I've been looking up the long winded 'uns, you see, since you've been gone, and have got Shy's money and Slack's account, which we'd pretty well given up for a bad job, and one or two more. There, there's the list, and there's the key to the strong-box, where you'll find the money, besides what I've took at the counter." Peter seems well pleased at this, and shortly afterwards goes out, saying he cannot tell when he will be back, and giving directions that whatever goods may be sent in during his absence shall be left untouched until his return.

It appears that after leaving his shop, Mr. Snook proceeded to that of Messieurs Job, Flashbill & Co. (one of whose clerks, on board the *Rose* in June, had been very liberal in supplying our hero with brandy on the night of his ducking,) looked over a large quantity of ducks and other goods, and finally made purchase of "a choice assortment" to be delivered the same day. His next visit was to Mr. Bluff, the managing partner in the banking house where he usually kept his cash. His business now was to request permission to overdraw a hundred pounds for a few days.

"Humph," said Mr. Bluff, "money is very scarce but—Bless me!—yes—it's he! Excuse me a minute, Mr. Snook, there's a gentleman at the front counter whom I want particularly to speak to—I'll be back with you directly." As he uttered these words, he rushed out, and, in passing one of the clerks on his way forward, he whispered—"Tell Scribe to look at Snook's account, and let me know directly." He then went to the front counter, where several people were waiting to pay and receive money. "Fine weather this, Mr. Butt. What! you're not out of town like the rest of them?"

"No," replied Mr. Butt, who kept a thriving gin-shop, "no, I sticks to my business—make hay while the sun shines—that's my maxim. Wife up at night—I up early in the morning."

The banker chatted and listened with great apparent interest, till the closing of a huge book on which he kept his eye, told him that his whispered order had been attended to. He then took a gracious leave of Mr. Butt, and returned back to the counting-house with a slip of paper, adroitly put in his hand while passing, on which was written, "Peter Snook, Linen Draper, Bishopgate Street—old account—increasing gradually—balance 153*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*—*very* regular." "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Snook," said he, "but we must catch people when we can. Well, what is it you were saying you wanted us to do?"

"I should like to be able to overdraw just for a few days," replied Peter.

"How much?"

"A hundred."

"Won't fifty do?"

"No, not quite sir."

"Well, you're an honest fellow, and don't come bothering us often, so I suppose we must not be too particular with you for this once."

Leaving Bluff, Mr. Snook hurries to overtake Mr. Butt, the dealer in spirits, who had just left the banking house before himself, and to give that gentleman an order for a hogshead of the best gin. As he is personally unknown to Mr. Butt he hands him a card on which is written "Peter Snook, linen and muslin warehouse, No. —, Bishopgate street within, &c. &c." and takes occasion to mention that he purchases at the recommendation of Mr. Bluff. The gin is to be at Queenhithe the same evening. The spirit-dealer, as soon as his new customer has taken leave, revolves in his mind the oddity of a linen-draper's buying a hogshead of gin, and determines to satisfy himself of Mr. Snook's responsibility by a personal application to Mr. Bluff. Upon reaching the bank, however, he is told by the clerks that Mr. Bluff, being in attendance upon a committee of the House of Commons, will not be home in any reasonable time—but also that Peter Snook is a perfectly safe man. The gin is accordingly sent; and several other large orders for different goods, upon other houses, are all promptly fulfilled in the same manner. Meantime Ephraim is busily engaged at home in receiving and inspecting the invoices of the various purchases as they arrive, at which employment he is occupied until dusk, when his master makes his appearance in unusually high spirits. We must here be pardoned for copying about a page.

"Well, Ephraim," he exclaimed, "this looks something like business! You hav'n't had such a job this many a day! Shop looks well now, eh?"

"You know best, sir," replied Hobson. "But hang me if I a'n't frightened. When we shall sell all these goods I'm sure I can't think. You talked of having a haberdashery side to the shop; but if we go on at this rate, we shall want another side for ourselves; I'm sure I don't know where Miss Bodkin is to be put."

"She go to Jericho!" said Peter, contemptuously. "As for the goods, my boy, they'll all be gone before to-morrow morning. All you and I have got to do is to pack 'em up; so let us turn to and strap at it."

Packing was Ephraim's favorite employment, but on the present occasion he set to work with a heavy heart. His master, on the contrary, appeared full of life and spirits, and corded boxes, sewed up trusses, and packed huge paper parcels with a celerity and an adroitness truly wonderful.

"Why, you don't get on, Hobson," he exclaimed; "see what I've done! Where's the ink-pot?—oh, here it is!" and he proceeded to mark his packages with his initials and the letter G below. "There," he resumed, "P. S. G.; that's for me at Gravesend. I'm to meet the Captain and owner there; show the goods—if there's any he don't like shall bring 'em back with me; get bills—bankers' acceptances for the rest; see 'em safe on board *then*—but *not before*, mind that Master Ephraim! No, no, keep my weather eye open as the men say on board the *Rose* in June. By the bye, I hav'n't told you yet about my falling overboard whap into the river."

"Falling overboard!" exclaimed the astonished shopman, quitting his occupation to stand erect and listen.

"Ay, ay," continued Peter—"see it won't do to tell you long stories *now*. There—mark that truss, will you? Know all about it some day. Lucky job though—tell you that; got this thundering order by it. Had one tumble, first going off, at Margate. Spoilt my peagreen—never mind—that was a lucky tumble too. Hadn't been for that, shouldn't so soon have found out the game a certain person was playing with me. She go to Jericho?"

But for the frequent repetition of this favorite expression, Ephraim Hobson has since declared he should have doubted his master's identity during the whole of that evening, as there was something very singular about him; and his strength and activity in moving the bales, boxes, and trusses, were such as he had never previously exhibited. The phrase condemning this, that, or the other thing or person to "go to Jericho," was the only expression that he uttered, as the shopman said, "natu-

rally," and Peter repeated that whimsical anathema as often as usual.

The goods being all packed up, carts arrive to carry them away; and, by half past ten o'clock, the shop is entirely cleared, with the exception of a few trifling articles, to make show on the shelves and counters. Two hackney coaches are called. Mr. Peter Snook gets into one with a variety of loose articles which would require too much time to pack, and his shopman into another with some more. Arriving at Queenhithe, they find all the goods previously sent already embarked in the hold of a long decked barge which lies near the shore. Mr. Snook now insists upon Ephraim's going on board and taking supper and some hot rum and water. This advice he follows to so good purpose that he is at length completely bewildered, when his master, taking him up in his arms, carries him on shore, and there setting him down, leaves him to make the best of his way home as he can.

About eight next morning, Ephraim awaking, of course in a sad condition both of body and mind, sets himself immediately about arranging the appearance of the shop "so as to secure the credit of the concern." In spite of all his ingenuity, however, it maintains a poverty-stricken appearance—which circumstance excites some most unreasonable suspicions in the mind of Mr. Bluff's clerk, upon his calling at ten with Pester and Co.'s bill, (three hundred and sixteen pounds seventeen shillings) and receiving, by way of payment, a check upon his own banking house for the amount—Mr. Snook having written this check before his departure with the goods, and left it with Ephraim. Upon reaching the bank therefore, the clerk inquires if Peter Snook's check is good for three hundred and sixteen pounds odd, and is told that it is not worth a farthing, Mr. S. having overdrawn already for a hundred. While Mr. Bluff and his assistants are conversing upon this subject, Butt, the gin-dealer, calls to thank the banker for having recommended him a customer—which the banker denies having done. An explanation ensues and "stop thief!" is the cry. Ephraim is sent for, and reluctantly made to tell all he knows of his master's proceedings on the day before—by which means a knowledge is obtained of the other houses who (it is supposed) have been swindled. Getting a description of the barge which conveyed the goods from Queenhithe, the whole party of creditors now set off in pursuit.

About dawn the next morning they overtake the barge a little below Gravesend—when four men are observed leaving her upon sight of the pursuers and rowing to the shore in a skiff. Peter Snook is found sitting quietly in the cabin, and although apparently a little surprised at seeing Mr. Pester, betrays nothing like embarrassment or fear.

"Ah, Mr. Pester, is it you? Glad to see you, sir! So you've been taking a trip out o' town, and are going back with us? We shall get to Billingsgate between eight and nine, they say; and I hope it won't be later, as I've a bill of yours comes due to-day, and I want to be at home in time to write a check for it."

The goods are also found on board, together with three men in the hold, gagged and tied hand and foot. They give a strange account of themselves. Being in the employ of Mr. Heaviside a lighterman, they were put in charge of "The Flitter," when she was hired by Peter Snook for a trip to Gravesend. According

to their orders they took the barge in the first instance to a wharf near Queenhithe, and helped to load her with some goods brought down in carts. Mr. Snook afterwards came on board bringing with him two fierce looking men and "a little man with a hooked nose," (Ephraim.) Mr. S. and the little man then "had a sort of a jollification" in the cabin, till the latter got drunk and was carried ashore. They then proceeded down the river, nothing particular occurring till they had passed Greenwich Hospital, when Mr. S. ordered them to lay the barge alongside a large black sided ship. No sooner was the order obeyed than they were boarded by a number of men from said ship, who seized them, bound them hand and foot, gagged them and put them down into the hold.

The immediate consequence of this information is, that our poor friend Peter is bound hand and foot, gagged, and put down into the hold in the same manner, by way of retaliation, and for sake-keeping on his way back to the city. On the arrival of the party a meeting of the creditors is called. Peter appears before them in a great rage and with the air of an injured man. Indeed, his behavior is so mal-a-propos to his situation, as entirely to puzzle his interrogators. He accuses the whole party of a conspiracy.

"Peter Snook," said Mr. Pester solemnly, from the chair, "that look does not become you after what has passed. Let me advise you to conduct yourself with propriety. You will find that the best policy, depend on't."

"A pretty thing for you, for to come to talk of propriety!" exclaimed Peter; "you that seed me laid hold on by a set of ruffins, and never said a word, nor given information afterwards! And here have I been kept away from business I don't know how long, and shut up like a dog in a kennel; but I look upon't you were at the bottom of it all—you and that fellow with the plum-pudding face, as blowed me up about a cask of gin! What you both mean by it I can't think; but if there's any law in the land, I'll make you remember it, both of you—that's what I will!"

Mr. Snook swears that he never saw Mr. Jobb in his life except on the occasion of his capture in "The Flitter," and positively denies having looked out any parcel of goods at the house of Jobb, Flashbill & Co. With the banker, Mr. Bluff, he acknowledges an acquaintance—but not having drawn for the two hundred and seventy pounds odd, or having ever overdrawn for a shilling in his life. Moreover he is clearly of opinion that the banker has still in his hands more than a hundred and fifty pounds of his (Mr. Snook's) money. He also designates several gentlemen as being no creditors of his, although they were of the number of those from whom large purchases had been made for the "whacking" shipping order, and although their goods were found in "The Flitter." Ephraim is summoned, and testifies to all the particulars of his master's return, and the subsequent packing, cart-loading and embarkation as already told—accounting for the extravagances of Mr. Snook as being "all along of that Miss Bodkin."

"Lor, master, hi's glad to see you agin," exclaimed Ephraim. "Who'd ha' thought as 'twould come to this?"

"Come to what?" cried Peter. "I'll make 'em repent of it, every man Jack of 'em, before I've done, if there's law to be had for love or money!"

"Ah, sir," said Ephraim, "we'd better have stuck to the retail. I was afraid that shipping consarn would'n't answer, and tell'd you so, if you recollect, but you would'n't harken to me."

"What shipping concern?" inquired Peter, with a look of amazement.

"La! master," exclaimed Ephraim, "it aint of any use to pretend to keep it a secret now, when every body knows it. I did'nt tell Mr. Pester, though, till the last, when all the goods was gone out of the shop, and the sheriff's officers had come to take possession of the house."

"Sheriff's officers in possession of my house!" roared Peter. "All the goods gone out of the shop! What do you mean by that, you rascal? What have you been doing in my absence?" And he sprang forward furiously, and seized the trembling shopman by the collar with a degree of violence which rendered it difficult for the two officers in attendance to disengage him from his hold.

Hereupon, Mr. Snap, the attorney retained by the creditors, harangues the company at some length, and intimates that Mr. Snook is either mad, or acting the madman for the purpose of evading punishment. A practitioner from Bedlam is sent for, and some artifices resorted to—but to no purpose. It is found impossible to decide upon the question of sanity. The medical gentleman in his report to the creditors confesses himself utterly perplexed, and, without giving a decision, details the particulars of a singular story told him by Mr. Snook himself concerning the mode of his escape from drowning after he fell overboard from the "Rose in June." "It is a strange unlikely tale to be sure," says the physician, "and if his general conversation was of that wild imaginative flighty kind which I have so often witnessed, I should say it was purely ideal; but he appears such a plain-spoken, simple sort of a person, that it is difficult to conceive how he could invent such a fiction." Mr. Snook's narration is then told, not in his very words, but in the author's own way, with all the particulars obtained from Peter's various recitations. This narration is singular enough but we shall give it only *in petto*.

Upon tumbling overboard, Mr. Snook (at least according to his own story) swam courageously as long as he could. He was upon the point of sinking, however, when an oar was thrust under his arm, and he found himself lifted in a boat by a "dozen dark looking men." He is taken on board a large ship, and the captain, who is a droll genius, and talks in rhyme somewhat after the fashion of Frazer's Magazine, entertains him with great cordiality, dresses him in a suit of his own clothes, makes him drink in the first place a brimmer of "something hot," and afterwards plies him with wines and liqueurs of all kinds, at a supper of the most magnificent description. Warmed in body and mind by this excellent cheer, Peter reveals his inmost secrets to his host and talks freely and minutely of a thousand things; of his man Ephraim and his oddities; of his bank account; of his great credit; of his adventures with Miss Bodkin, his prospects in trade, and especially the names, residences, et cetera, et cetera, of the wholesale houses with which he is in the habit of dealing. Presently, being somewhat overcome with wine, he goes to bed at the suggestion of the captain, who promises to call him in season for a boat in the morning which will convey him to Billingsgate in full time for Pester and Co.'s note. How long he slept is uncertain—but when he awoke a great change was observable in the captain's manner, who was somewhat brusque, and handed him over the ship's side into the barge where he was discovered by the creditors in pursuit, and which he was assured would convey him to Billingsgate.

This relation we have given in brief, and consequently it implies little or nothing. The result, however, to

which the reader is ingeniously led by the author, is that the real Peter Snook has been duped, and that the Peter Snook who made the various purchases about town, and who appeared to Ephraim only during the morning and evening twilight of the eventful day, was, in fact, no other person than the captain of "the strange, black-sided ship." We are to believe that, taking advantage of Peter's communicativeness, and a certain degree of personal resemblance to himself, he assumed our hero's clothes while he slept, and made a bold and nearly successful attempt at wholesale speculation.

The incidents of this story are forcibly conceived, and even in the hands of an ordinary writer would scarcely fail of effect. But in the present instance so unusual a tact is developed in the narration, that we are inclined to rank "Peter Snook" among the few tales which, each in their own way, are absolutely faultless. Such things, however, insignificant in themselves or their subjects, satisfy the mind of the literary critic precisely as we have known a few rude, and apparently unmeaning touches of the brush, fill with unalloyed pleasure the eye of the artist. But no—in the latter case effect is produced chiefly by arrangement, and a proper preponderance of objects. "Peter Snook" is rather a Flemish *home-piece*, and entitled to the very species of praise which should be awarded to the best of such pieces. The merit lies in the *chiaro 'scuro*—in that blending of light and shadow where nothing is *too distinct*, yet where the idea is fully conveyed—in the absence of all rigid outlines and all miniature painting—in the not undue warmth of the coloring—and in the slight tone of exaggeration prevalent, yet not amounting to caricature. We will venture to assert that no painter, who deserves to be called so, will read "Peter Snook" without assenting to what we say, and without a perfect consciousness that the principal rules of the plastic arts, founded as they surely are in a true perception of the beautiful, will apply in their fullest force to every species of literary composition.

LIFE OF RICHELIEU.

Lives of the Cardinal de Richelieu, Count Oxenstiern, Count Olivarez, and Cardinal Mazarin. By G. P. R. James. Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

As a novelist, Mr. James has never, certainly, been popular—nor has he, we think, deserved popularity. Neither do we mean to imply that with "the few" he has been held in very lofty estimation. He has fallen, apparently, upon that unlucky mediocrity permitted neither by Gods nor columns. His historical novels have been of a questionable character—neither veritable history, nor endurable romance—neither "fish, flesh, nor gude red herring." He has been lauded, it is true, by a great variety of journals, and in many instances mentioned with approbation by men whose critical opinions (could we fully ascertain them) would be entitled to the highest consideration. It is not, however, by the amount, so readily as by the nature or character of such public compliments, that we can estimate their intrinsic value, or that of the object complimented. No man speaks of James, as he speaks, (and cannot help speaking) of Scott, of Bulwer, of D'Israeli, and of numerous lesser minds than these—and all inferior to James, if we harken to the body rather than to the soul

of the testimonies offered hourly by the public press. The author of "Richelieu" and "Darnley" is lauded, by a great majority of those who laud him, from mere motives of duty, not of inclination—duty erroneously conceived. He is looked upon as the head and representative of those novelists who, in historical romance, attempt to blend interest with instruction. His sentiments are found to be pure—his *morals* unquestionable, and pointedly shown forth—his language indisputably correct. And for all this, praise, assuredly, but then only a certain degree of praise, should be awarded him. To be pure in his expressed opinions is a duty; and were his language as correct as any spoken, he would speak only as every gentleman should speak. In regard to his historical information, were it much more accurate, and twice as extensive as, from any visible indications, we have reason to believe it, it should still be remembered that similar attainments are possessed by many thousands of well-educated men of all countries, who look upon their knowledge with no more than ordinary complacency; and that a far, very far higher reach of erudition is within the grasp of any general reader having access to the great libraries of Paris or the Vatican. Something more than we have mentioned is necessary to place our author upon a level with the best of the English novelists—for here his admirers would desire us to place him. Had Sir Walter Scott never existed, and Waverley never been written, we would not, of course, award Mr. J. the merit of being the first to blend history, even successfully, with fiction. But as an indifferent imitator of the Scotch novelist in this respect, it is unnecessary to speak of the author of "Richelieu" any farther. To genius of any kind, it seems to us, that he has little pretension. In the solemn tranquillity of his pages we seldom stumble across a novel emotion, and if any matter of deep interest arises in the path, we are pretty sure to find it an interest appertaining to some historical fact equally vivid or more so in the original chronicles.

Of the volumes now before us we are enabled to speak more favorably—yet not in a tone of high commendation. The book might more properly be called "Notices of the Times of Richelieu," &c. Of course, in so small a compass, nothing like a minute account of the life and varied intrigues of even Mazarin alone, could be expected. What is done, however, is done with more than the author's usual ability, and with much more than his customary spirit. In the Life of Axel, Count Oxenstiern, there is, we believe, a great deal of information not to be met with in the more accessible historians of Sweden.

HALL'S LATIN GRAMMAR.

A new and compendious Latin Grammar; with appropriate exercises, Analytical and Synthetical. For the use of primary schools, academies, and colleges. By Baynard R. Hall, A. M. Principal of the Bedford Classical and Mathematical Academy, and formerly Professor of the Ancient Languages in the College of Indiana. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall.

The excellences of this grammar have been so well proved, and the work itself so heartily recommended by some of the first scholars in our country that, at this late day especially, we feel called upon to say but little in its behalf. But that little we can say conscientiously.

It appears to us at least as well adapted to its purposes as any Latin Grammar within our knowledge. In some respects it has merits to be met with in no other. It is free from every species of empiricism, and, following the good old track as far as that track can be judiciously followed, admits of no royal road to the acquisition of Latin. The arrangement is lucid and succinct—yet the work embodies a vast deal of matter which could have been obtained only through reference to many of the most elaborate treatises of Europe. In its analysis of *idiom* it excels any similar book now in common use—an advantage of the highest importance. The size of the work is moderate, yet nothing of consequence to the student is omitted. The definitions are remarkably concise—yet sufficiently full for any practical purpose. The prosodial rules at the beginning are easily comprehended, and thus placed, are easily applied in the further progress of the scholar. A great many useless things to be found in a majority of grammars are judiciously discarded, and lastly, the analytical and synthetical exercises are admirably suited to the illustration of the principles inculcated. Upon the whole, were we a teacher, we would prefer its use to that of any other Latin Grammar whatever.

BLAND'S CHANCERY REPORTS.

Reports of Cases decided in the High Court of Chancery of Maryland. By Theodorick Bland, Chancellor. Vol. 1, pp. 708, 8vo.

We cannot perceive any sufficient reason for the publication of this book. The tribunal whose decisions it reports, is not of the last resort;* they therefore are of very questionable authority, even in Maryland; and the Chancellor, though evidently a man of sense and learning, has not, like Kent, Marshall, or Hardwicke, that towering reputation which will stamp his *dicta* as law (either persuasively or conclusively) beyond the limits of his own state. The cases reported in chief, are all decided by the author of the book. In the notes are given many decisions of his predecessors. So that, wherever we look, there is still but the same inadequate weight of name and station.

Now, the enormous multiplication of books in every branch of knowledge is one of the greatest evils of this age; since it presents one of the most serious obstacles to the acquisition of correct information, by throwing in the reader's way piles of lumber, in which he must painfully grope for the scraps of useful matter, peradventure interspersed. In no department have the complaints of this evil been louder or more just, than in the law. There are five and twenty supreme courts, or courts of appeals, in the United States, (not to mention Arkansas or Michigan) each of which probably emits a yearly volume of its "cases;" besides as many professed legislative law-factories, all possessed with the notion of being Solons and Lycurguses. These surely can give both lawyers and people *rules of conduct* enough to keep their wits on the stretch, without any supplies from inauthoritative sources. The law books we get from England would of themselves now suffice to employ those *lucubrations of twenty years*, which used to be deemed few enough for a mastery of the legal profession. From these considerations, we hold him to be no friend to lawyers—and hardly a good citizen—who heedlessly

* Constitution of Maryland, Art. 56.

sends forth a bulky addition to their reading, to encumber and perplex the science, and make it more and more a riddle to common minds.

The volume before us, besides these more general objections, is liable to at least another special one. Many of its cases are inordinately voluminous. That of *Hannah K. Chase* fills 30 pages—*Lingan v. Henderson* 47 pages—*Cunningham v. Browning* 33 pages—*Owings' case* 40 pages—and "*the Chancellor's case*" 92 pages! The third one of these cases involves no principle that can *probably* affect any mortal out of Maryland, and the last is not even a *judicial* decision in Maryland! It is a mere determination of the legislature of that state, touching the salary of a judge. They might all, we are full sure, have been shortened by two-thirds, with great advantage to their perspicuity, as well as to the reader's time, patience and money.

There are no running dates on the margin, showing in what year each case was decided. But in other respects, the *getting up* of the book is uncommonly good. The paper, typography, and binding, are all of the first order. We are sorry however that these appliances were not bestowed to better purpose.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, (Prince of Canino), written by himself. Translated from the original manuscript, under the immediate superintendence of the author. Part the First, (from the year 1792, to the year 8 of the Republic.)

In the publication of these memoirs the Prince of Canino disclaims any personal views. "I do it," he says, "because they appear to offer materials of some value to a history so fruitful in great events, of which the serious study may be useful in future to my country." In the commencement of the brief introduction from which these words of his are quoted, he complains, but without acrimony, of the pamphleteers who have too often made him the subject of their leisure. "Revelations, secret memoirs, collections of anecdotes, the fruits of imaginations without shame or decency, have not spared me. I have read all of them in my retirement, and I was at first surprised how I could have drawn upon myself so many calumnies, never having offended any person. But my astonishment ceased when I had better appreciated my position—removed from public affairs, without influence, and almost always in silent or open opposition to the powers, though sufficiently near to keep them constantly in fear of my return to favor, how was it possible for the malice of the courtiers to leave me in repose?"

It is not our intention to speak at length of these memoirs. Neither is such a course necessary in regard to a work which will, and must be read, by every person who pretends to read at all. The author professes to suppress all details that are foreign to public affairs—yet he has not too strictly adhered to his intention. There are many merely personal and private anecdotes which have a very shadowy bearing, if any, upon the political movements of the times. That the whole volume is of deep interest it is almost unnecessary to say—for this the subject is alone an assurance. The style of the Prince de Canino, is sufficiently well known to a majority of our readers. The book now before us

possesses, in prose, many of those peculiarities of manner, which in so great a measure distinguished, and we must say disfigured, the author's poem of the *Circeide*. Here are the same affectations, the same *Tacitus-ism*, and the same indiscriminate elevation of tone. The edition of this book by Saunders and Otley is well printed, with a clear large type, and excellently bound.

MADRID IN 1835.

Madrid in 1835. Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula. By a Resident Officer. Two volumes in one. New York: Saunders & Otley.

One portion of this title appertains to volume the first, the other to volume the second. Of Madrid, the author has managed to present a vivid picture by means of a few almost scratchy outlines. He by no means goes over the whole ground of the city, nor is he more definite than necessary; but the most striking features of the life and still-life of the Metropolis are selected with judgment, and given with effect. The manner of the narrative is singularly *à la Trollope*—and this we look upon as no little recommendation with that large proportion of readers who, in laughing over a book, care not overmuch whether the laugh be at the author or with him.

The sketches, here, of the manners and social habits of Madrid are done with sufficient freedom, and a startling degree of *breadth*; yet the details, for the most part, have an air of profound truth, and the conviction will force itself upon the mind of the reader that the "Resident Officer" who amuses him is thoroughly conversant with his subject. Such passages as the following, however, are perhaps somewhat overcolored:

No place offers such perfect social facility as the Spanish *tertulia*. Any body presented by any other body at all known to the master of the house, is sure to be politely received, and, unless in some very peculiar case, offered the house—the usual compliment paid to a stranger or new acquaintance. The great demoralization of society in Spain, may be attributed, in no small degree, to this unbounded admission of a nameless crowd, destitute even of the slightest pretensions to birth, talent or character, into the best houses of the capital and country, where they elbow, and are elbowed by, the most distinguished individuals in the nation—on a footing of the most perfect equality. . . . A decent coat and look, and the show of a few ounces, are much better passports to society than the best character and station. The master of the house is frequently ignorant of the quality and circumstances of his guests. The usual answer to the query "Do you know that man?" is "No, I know nothing at all about him; he was introduced by so-and-so, who comes here often, but he appears a *buen sujeto, muy fino y atento*."

Notwithstanding the greater variety and racy picturesqueness of volume one, volume two will be found upon the whole more entertaining. Here the author deals freely, and *en connoisseur*, with the Ministry, the Monasteries, the Clergy and their influence, with Prisons, Beggars, Hospitals and Convents. This portion of the work includes also some memorabilia of the year 1835—the Cholera and the Massacre of July. A chapter on the Spanish Nobility is full of interest.

The work is a large octavo of 340 pages, handsomely printed and bound, and embellished with two good engravings—one of the Convent of the Salesas Viejas, the other of the Prado by twilight.