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Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Society:

In attempting to perform the task which the kindness of this society has assigned me, I feel much embarrassed. I am unable to add any thing to the treasures of history and tradition which your researches have accumulated. Rich and ample as the field of our history is, you have gleaned its recollections with so much industry, distinguished as our country has already become by its attainments in art and science, you have gathered the trophies of American genius with such fidelity, that I should endeavor in vain to contribute any thing to your store of facts, or to illustrate the services you have rendered to philosophy. I would, therefore, only ask your permission, to tender my grateful acknowledgments to the founders and patrons of this society, for the great public benefits which they have conferred, and to exhort you to persevere in the praiseworthy design which has been so auspiciously commenced and prosecuted.

The value of history to mankind is now so obvious, that it is regarded as indispensable to the progress of civilized society; its rudest traditions are cherished even by barbarians, with pious solicitude. Its scope and objects are far more comprehensive in the present age, than in those periods of remote antiquity, when the historian was a mere chronicler of battles and warlike adventure. History is now associated with philosophy; with that philosophy which scans with microscopic severity the deep current of public events; which traces out moral effects to their causes and their consequences; which analyzes the mysterious and complex fabric of society; which investigates and establishes truth; which discriminates justly between the transient prejudice of an hour and the enduring sentiment of ages. History stands now on an eminence which it never occupied before. It has been placed there by the enlightened and unfettered spirit of inquiry, which prompts man in this age to know all that can be known of the past, as he forms his own deliberate judgment of the present and the future. It is not the historian or the philosopher, only, who now draws lessons of wisdom from this fountain of human experience, or who has a greater responsibility to meet, and a higher standard of usefulness to attain. History is no longer a sealed book to any who are capable of appreciating the true dignity of man, or who feel that "longing after immortality" which, in the patriot's bosom, associates the fame or the reproach of his country with his own. The relations which each individual now bears to the society of which he is a member, are widely different from those which were borne by individuals but a few centuries since. The offices of history have not only been expanded and elevated, but they have enlarged

the sphere of individual usefulness and responsibility; they have exalted the moral and intellectual condition of man. Each member of society has now an interest in so acting his part through life, as to contribute his mite to the materials of a history, worthy of being recorded for his country, and of being remembered by posterity. Every man now stands before this great mirror of ages, and while he contemplates the instructive picture of the past, he is constrained to look forward, and to desire that the historian of his own age and country, may be able to exhibit a less revolting portrait of both, than he sees reflected from the melancholy wreck of human ambition.

The great lesson which history teaches, is, that public virtue is the first, chief cause of national happiness and glory. That history is sometimes profaned by venal adulation, is too true; but the verdict of posterity is generally just; it is always impartial; and soon or late mankind are sure to render that applause or that censure which is due to good or to bad men and measures. The voice of history is heard only by posterity. It is difficult, if not impossible, for men to form an impartial estimate of cotemporary public characters or events, so apt are the judgments of the wisest and the feelings of the best to be deceived and betrayed. But when time has allayed the turbulent passions of the moment—when death has fixed its seal on the busy agents in the great drama of life, history comes like the beam of a bright sun to dispel the cloud, and to record its verdict on the adamant of eternal truth. The general impartiality of history is abundantly attested by its sketches of the most illustrious examples of our race; for there are few of that small portion of mankind who have become subjects of historical allusion, who, if they could see their own images as they are reflected from this faithful mirror, would not prefer the oblivion of the multitude to the bad eminence which they have reached. That more men are remembered for their vices than their virtues, is a truth which human pride cannot conceal—a truth pregnant with the great lesson, that there is only one immortality that is really desirable, the immortality of doing good. It may, indeed, be supposed that this was the end at which each ambitious candidate for fame has always aimed, and that every man of whom history has taken note, actually persuaded himself (if he has not persuaded posterity,) that he was really doing good when he erected the imperishable monuments of his remembrance. It may be that Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and many others, cherished this delusion as to themselves, while in succession and at distant intervals, they led their armies to the field, and desolated firesides and continents with the gloomy havoc of war. Cotemporaries seem never to have been wanting, who either shared or attempted to perpetuate this delusion,—for they who had power have always found parasites, who strove to speak with the trumpet of fame, and to proclaim their idols to posterity as public benefactors. But history has done its duty. No power has yet been found to awe its slow but certain

testimony; no victory was ever achieved by warrior, no plot by statesman, so splendid as to dazzle its clear, keen vision; the genius of song and of eloquence has labored in vain to avert the inevitable sentence of truth and time. How few of all the heroes of ancient or modern ages, does the ploughman of the nineteenth century envy or respect, as in his cottage he reads the sad memorials of crime by which they are remembered? How often have posterity awarded to the memory of the dead that justice which had been withheld from the living? How often has the palm of immortality been torn from those for whom statues and altars were erected, and bestowed on men who lived obscure, and died despised, beneath the frowns and contumely of an age incapable of appreciating their worth? With all its record of human guilt and infamy, history still affords encouragement to virtue, and warnings to vice.

The existence and increasing usefulness of this society, furnishes the best proof that the high objects of history are justly appreciated in our own state. It was founded in time to receive the impressive and auspicious benedictions of the last, and some of the best men of the best race which our country has yet seen. John Marshall was its first president, while James Madison and others, whose fame history will delight to perpetuate, whose virtues posterity will continue to applaud, were among its early patrons. If our association had no other field of usefulness before it, there is enough to interest and to animate us, in the task of kindling the public virtues of our youth, by exhibiting the brilliant, moral and intellectual examples of such men as these, in preserving every trace, and developing in all their full proportions, that glorious race of statesmen and patriots, so many of whom lived long to enjoy and to hal- low the public benefits which they pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to obtain.

Though we differ in many respects from the nations of the old world, there is one particular in which the contrast is at once striking, and to us a source of gratification. If our country has no antiquity, we are also exempt from those painful traits of history, which only serve to remind us of the crimes or the follies of our ancestors; a history in which we can only trace the progress of public virtue and intelligence, by mourning over the corruptions and calamities of former times. Young as our country is in years, it is old in all that can entitle it to rank with the freest, the happiest, the greatest: and may heaven in mercy grant, that its best days may not already have been numbered! But whatever future destiny may await this commonwealth, its early history is an epoch which the Virginian can always remember with pride. The history which we have, is enough to give immortality to the name of our state, though her mountains and her plains should be struck to-morrow from the map of the world. Already does the statesman and the hero turn to the pages of the past, and wonder as he reads the story of our revolutionary men. The American colonies and the American states have history enough to excite our countrymen to admire and to emulate the noblest examples of public virtue, which have shed dignity and lustre on human nature.

The circumstances under which our country has been settled and brought to its present state of power and prosperity, were most favorable to the culture of those

masculine virtues, of which so many eminent instances abound in our history. The American colonies sprang at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, into vigorous maturity, armed and adorned by the virtues, unshackled by the vices of the parent country. The pilgrim came to seek shelter and repose in the American forest, from the religious intolerance of his own country: the cavalier, who wept at home over the degenerate tyranny of Charles the first, the licentious profligacy of Charles the second, or the hypocrisy and anarchy of Cromwell, came here to find that freedom, for which a Hampden sighed and a Sidney bled: the enterprising merchant came here, as he goes every where, the bold pioneer of civilization, wealth and refinement: they all left behind them the passive submission, the lethargy, the time-serving obsequiousness of a corrupt but beloved country, while they brought with them the courage, the free spirit, the energy and manly virtue of the best race of England. These men turned with loathing and disgust from scenes of political degeneracy, from the court intrigues and ecclesiastical knavery of Europe, to brave the dangers and privations of a land, of which they had only heard in fabulous narrative. They have laid here the deep, (and God grant they may be,) the lasting foundations of that structure of civil society, which has shed so many blessings on their posterity, and attracted so generally the admiration of the world. The high and noble impulses under which the early settlers of this country acted, were infused into their descendants. They selected a theatre, ample, and in all respects adapted to the great design of renovating the civil condition of man, by the full development of the moral and intellectual resources of his nature.

The character of our past history compensates well for the want of national antiquity, and with so many examples of generous self-devotion and heroic public virtue before him, the American patriot might well supplicate heaven that the blessings of such a youth might be perpetual. The dauntless and romantic chivalry of John Smith and his associates at Jamestown; the general principles of strict justice which marked the intercourse of our ancestors with the savage aborigines; the loyal fidelity with which they clung to the British constitution, while it extended to them the rights of freeborn Englishmen; their indomitable spirit in resisting British tyranny, when its accumulated burdens had become hopeless and intolerable—furnish recollections which must always entitle these portions of our history to the respect of mankind, while they cannot fail to inspire the descendants of such sires with a desire to imitate, if they cannot excel, their pristine virtues and glory. May I not claim too, as one of the bright spots in Virginia's history, the patient constancy, the angelic clemency of the celebrated, but unfortunate, Indian princess Pocahontas? She deserves the tribute of our filial remembrance as the foster-mother of this colony; for it was she, who, with that gentle compassion and that resistless charm which woman only possesses, subdued the ferocity of her tribe, and saved the infant settlement of our fathers from destruction. But there is one, sir, who stands forward on the canvass of American history so prominent—who towers so far above all public benefactors, that if Virginia had given birth to no other hero or statesman, the name of **GEORGE WASHINGTON** alone, would render the fame of his

country eternal. His ashes rest on the wild cliffs of his native Potomac, where, after giving independence and freedom and glory to his country, he retired from the applause of the world, to live and to die a private citizen. Without a monument in the state which he immortalized, his memory has received the homage of the great and the good throughout the earth. The moral splendor of his life has shaken thrones to their foundations, and vindicated human rights more effectually than ten thousand battles. In private and public, he displayed a steady consistency of virtue, which was superior to temptation—a wisdom which, without vanity or ostentation, was never employed but for the benefit of others—an expanded and self-denying benevolence, which, when we behold the unparalleled tenor of his life, persuades us that he lived only for his country. There are many names which have come to us from distant antiquity—there are many that will go down with his to future ages; but the man has not yet lived who, like him, was a warrior without an enemy—a statesman without reproach—a voluntary and an exemplary citizen of that republic, which had made him its dictator in war, its chief magistrate in peace—which hailed him in peace and war, the father of his country. How paltry, how insignificant do crowns and conquests appear, when the glittering haubles are arrayed by history with the commanding public virtues of such a man! The American youth needs no longer to traverse Greece and Rome, or modern Europe, for models of public virtue; here is one from whom the best and the bravest, that ever lived or ever bled, from Marathon to Waterloo, might have learned the duty that man owes to his country.

It is not enough for us to admire or applaud the examples of such men; their characters should be studied, their lives scanned, their virtues imitated. Not only is public virtue the source of permanent good to society, but public vice, as its counterpart, is the source of unmitigated evil. "The ill that men do lives after them," and public men often exert an influence over the destinies of their fellow-beings, which is seen and felt long after they are forgotten. Their examples are remembered, and others are encouraged by their success, or deterred by their failure, from following in their footsteps. The interests of society equally require that examples of public vice should be exposed and denounced, and that public virtue should be approved and cherished. The tastes and habits of a people are formed and regulated in a great measure by the standard of virtue and vice which prevails among their public men. If, in the chances and accidents of life, virtue does not always succeed, or vice does not always fail, this should not discourage from the pursuit of the one, or the dread of the other, as individual happiness does not more essentially depend on sound moral principles and upright deportment, than does the permanent welfare of a nation on preserving the proper distinctions between public virtue and public vice. It is sometimes attempted to discriminate between public and private virtue and vice. We hear men spoken of as political knaves, to whom public opinion awards private virtues, while others who are known to be destitute of private virtue, are sometimes held in high esteem for their public excellencies. The two qualities are unchangeably the same under all circumstances. Virtue cannot be-

come vice, nor vice virtue, by the transition from private to public station. There is always, and everywhere, a commanding dignity, an attractive loveliness, about one—a repulsive deformity about the other; neither penury nor rags can disgrace virtue, nor can the imperial purple cover the loathsomeness of vice, or give it even the courtier's respect, as he pays the reluctant tribute of hypocrisy to virtue. Unprincipled men do often possess mental endowments which qualify them for great usefulness; but it may be questioned, whether in governments depending for their success on popular virtue, states ever receive from the services of such men an equivalent for the encouragement which their distinction confers on vice. How much reason have we to desire that the business of public affairs should never become, in our country, what it everywhere was until within the last century—a mere traffic of cunning and chicanery, in which the many were always the dupes of the few! Even now, the intercourse between nations is not regulated by those principles of natural justice which are held sacred among individuals; but governments are often excused—nay, they sometimes claim a merit, for conduct which would exclude private citizens from the confidence and respect of society. History may do much to correct this evil; public virtue can do more. The citizen of the United States cannot fail to derive pleasure from the reflection, that our own government, though so recently established in the great family of nations, has yet done much to repudiate the Punic faith from the art of diplomacy, and to introduce the same standard of simplicity and sincerity which generally prevails in the private transactions of men. European diplomacy, until recently, exhibited little else than a system of undisguised deception and treachery, which will cause many ambassadors to be regarded by history as national swindlers. By reflecting the simple virtues which reside in the mass of the people, a republican government may acquire a more imperishable renown than dominion of earth and the seas ever gave. Until a nation has become so thoroughly corrupt as to lose all regard for that good faith which is the cement of society, there is no danger that a people will do themselves the deliberate wrong of confiding their affairs to depraved men. They may be temporarily blinded by the violence of faction; they may act for a time under mistaken impulses; or they may attempt to gain some momentary advantage by the sacrifice of sound principles: for these are but the frailties of human nature, and nations are only masses of individuals. But errors like these will be atoned for. Until public virtue is extinct, there will always be found a recuperative energy, adequate, on great emergencies, to restore the moral equilibrium of a state.

If public virtue is calculated to promote the happiness of communities generally, how absolutely indispensable are its influences to the success of those forms of government where the popular will is supreme law? When a people really govern themselves, it follows that the standard of public virtue or vice which prevails among them, must be the standard of their government. In other governments, the sceptre may devolve by accident into the hands of imbecility or depravity; but when a nation of rational men act of their own free and deliberate choice, history will hold them responsible

for the consequences. The delirium of France during her first revolution, almost obliterated the distinctions between vice and virtue, and after many years of agony and civil distraction, after passing through scenes of unparalleled carnage and horror, she sunk back at last for repose in the arms of an iron despotism. Neither the tyranny of the Bourbons, nor the enthusiasm of a nation in arms for liberty—not the tragic splendor of Marengo and Austerlitz, or the mournful grandeur of Elba and St. Helena, can expiate the crimes for which France stands already arraigned before posterity. The sinister arts of selfish and corrupt ambition, have led to as rapid a decline of virtue, and as deep national humiliation, in other countries, as France experienced from more violent and bloody causes. Perhaps there is no argument which can be urged with so much force in favor of popular governments, (apart from the natural rights involved) as that which, two thousand years past, was assumed, and which history has since established, that a greater share of virtue must always be found among the people, than in any of those privileged classes of men, by whom they have been generally governed. To evade the force of this consideration, those who have attempted to govern a people without their consent, have been compelled to resort either to the pretexts of divine right, or to some other means of delusion, in order to extort from superstition or credulity what reason could neither ask nor concede. Government is based on public virtue; its great end is the suppression of those vices which render men naturally hostile and dangerous to each other. Because human laws could devise no adequate rewards for virtue, it has been left to seek its ultimate blessing in another and better world, before the righteous God of the Universe, while penal codes have been designed, by means of punishments, to restrain the vicious passions of mankind. As without vice, the salutary restraints of laws would not be required, so the existence of civil government is itself a proof of the capacity in a community to appreciate virtue, and of the desire to promote it. It is a consequence, then, that those governments which most effectually attain the great ends for which they are instituted, furnish the strongest proof of the existence and active influence of public virtue.

Periods of public vice have always been periods of public calamity, while those eras of history, which have been most distinguished for public virtue, have been uniformly the most prosperous and happy. In contemplating the reigns of the monarchs who have lived, we have frequently seen great splendor and power, and sometimes many evidences that the nations under their charge were prosperous, while the utmost profligacy prevailed in their courts, and to some extent among their people. But in looking back on the long record of the past, ages seem to us as hours, and if the decline of virtue has not always been visited with instant evils, we can now trace their connexion on the great map of human affairs, as distinctly as we perceive the lights and shadows of the natural world. Without attempting to furnish detailed proofs of this position, it may suffice to advert to the frequent and almost incessant wars which have occurred, and which deserve to rank among the greatest evils of our race, and to remember, that perhaps without an exception, they have been caused by the want of that justice among nations,

which it is the business of civil laws to enforce among individuals.

The wisest lawgivers who have attempted to improve the social condition of man, have commenced their systems by laying the foundation for a high order of virtue. The plans of education and government established by the celebrated Lycurgus at Sparta, owe all their success to the rigid and inflexible principles of public virtue which they inculcated. Their chief object was to impress the minds of his countrymen with the conviction, that each citizen belonged absolutely to the state. To this end did he abolish commerce, and commit even the necessary pursuits of agriculture principally to slaves. He reduced all men to the level of equality in fortune and condition, and exacted the most painful habits of self-denial from the whole people. The adherence of his countrymen for a long period to this stern discipline, affords a very strong proof of the great influence which public virtue may acquire; for Lycurgus gained his ascendancy over the Spartans, by first laying down a crown, when by wearing it he would have excited dissensions, and he sealed his devotion to the public good, by seeking voluntary and perpetual exile, after obtaining a pledge that his institutions should be preserved until his return. If the virtues of Solon accomplished less for Athens, it was the fault of his countrymen, who by their caprice and inconstancy, have exhibited the most striking instance in history of the proximity of the moral sublime to the ridiculous, of national grandeur and magnificence to national ingratitude and servility. Though Thrasybulus dethroned the "thirty tyrants," and Demosthenes exerted his matchless powers of eloquence, their history shows that neither prowess nor genius can retrieve the affairs of a state which has once become the victim of political intrigue and corruption. Thebes is indebted for the place which it holds in the recollection of men, alone to the eminent virtues of Pelopidas and Epaminondas, by whom their country was elevated from ignominy and a jest to the distinguished honor of subduing the most warlike states of Greece. Rome, once the proud mistress of the world, in arts and genius and arms, now an inferior city, known only by the still majestic ruins of its ancient splendor, is a singular instance of national vicissitude, a striking proof of the power of virtue and vice to exalt or to degrade a people. As a monarchy, a republic, an empire and a provincial city, under its consuls, its dictators, or its senate, whether carrying its rapid conquests to the confines of the habitable world, or suing for mercy to barbarians at its gates, Rome in all the extremities of its destiny, abounds with instruction for nations who are willing to be wise without suffering the experience of others. We may here learn how easily liberty degenerates into licentiousness—how soon the intrepid virtue of the republic sinks into the timid slavishness of despotism—by what arts the free and the brave become the mere instruments of ambitious intrigue—how the conservative spirit of party glides into the fatal violence of faction—how inevitably the fabric of a nation's freedom and greatness crumbles and falls when it rests not on the firm foundation of virtue. It may be profitable for our countrymen to know and to remember, the means, by which the people who expelled the Tarquins and established the tribunes, became so enervated

and depraved, that cooks and fidlers were held in more esteem than statesmen or generals, and that horses were admitted to stand for the consulship. They who will examine the causes and the progress of this melancholy decline, will adopt the sentiment of an ancient poet, who said

"Moribus antiquis stat res Romana."

It was virtue alone that gave to Rome its liberty and its distinction; it was the decay of its public virtue that rendered it finally the country of wretchedness and slavery.

It would be of little avail for us to speculate on the various causes which lead to national decline. If there are any peculiar circumstances affecting us as a people, it becomes our duty while we contemplate the fate of nations that have gone before us, to consider in what respects we resemble and in what we differ from them. Inhabiting as we do, what is so emphatically a new world, we have become familiarized with facts which would be wondered at elsewhere as phenomena. After the lapse of but little more than two centuries since the settlement of our country, we seem to be yet only on the threshold of our national existence. Vast regions of unexplored territory yet lie around us; the restless spirit of American enterprise is daily opening new avenues of wealth and unfolding new resources of power, while states and cities are rising up with magic rapidity, and the limits of our country are extending like the horizon before us as we advance. So wide is the field of American enterprise, so sudden are the changes in our social condition, that our tastes, habits and opinions all partake more or less of the busy spirit of innovation which yet rules the destinies of this country. Youth has no time for forming local attachments, age no opportunity for cherishing those tender associations, which are inspired in older countries by the domestic scenes and events of successive generations. Few among us regard themselves as permanently settled, fewer still succeed to places which were occupied by their fathers; neighborhoods and families are dispersed; the parental roof is abandoned by our offspring ere they arrive at maturity, to seek new homes and fortunes in the field of distant adventure. While these habits impart boldness and vigor to our national character, they are not calculated to give it stability or to establish a fixed standard of public virtue. The sudden and easy acquisition of wealth in our country, may also have some influence in the formation of our moral character as a nation. The ancients supposed that luxury was the chief impediment to public virtue. It is not the possession of wealth which is adverse to high moral improvement, so much as the means by which it is frequently acquired. The spirit of speculation and hazard, which sometimes amasses great wealth in a short time, while it is by no means favorable to the permanent happiness of the lucky adventurer, encourages restlessness and discontent, and agitates society with visions destined to disappointment. When wealth comes to be regarded as the chief good, or virtuous poverty ceases to command respect, there is reason to fear that the moral sense of society has become dangerously infected. Like all other republics, our country has been and will probably continue to be the theatre of strong party excitements. The spirit of party is so naturally con-

nected with free government, that where a perfect tolerance of opinion and of speech exists, men, if they think at all, will entertain different views as to their interests, or if these are identical, as to the measures by which they are to be preserved and promoted. This spirit, like ambition, is beneficial to man when it is regulated and directed by the public good, but when it is defiled by selfishness, and seeks power or public honors as its ends, and not as the means by which nobler ends are to be accomplished, it soon degenerates into the sordid spirit of faction, and is destructive of liberty, order and virtue. There is a vice peculiar to our times, if not to our country, which has been called *Ultraism*. It is a species of enthusiasm or fanaticism, which in its dangerous zeal disdains moderation as indifference, denounces temperance as lukewarmness, prudence as timidity, caution as insensibility, attachment to the laws and settled institutions of one's country as aristocracy, and scouts the accumulated wisdom of all past time as behind the spirit of the age. This vice does sometimes counterfeit the mien of virtue so exactly, it disguises its fatal tendencies so plausibly, as to insinuate itself as the friend of liberty and religion, into the senate, the pulpit and the press. There is much in the condition of our country to encourage this evil. Novelty alone possesses charms that seldom fail to attract, while enthusiasm often persuades where reason has failed to convince. The time will come, we trust—it may be yet distant—but we still trust it will come, when these reeds shall cease to be shaken by the wind, when the great moral and political experiments of this country shall be crowned with complete success, when the standards of truth, justice and liberty will be fixed forever.

There is but one principle which can sustain public or private virtue, which can secure public or private happiness—it is religion. The christian religion gives a new and sacred impulse to virtue—it imposes new and awful restraints on vice. It beams from heaven on society, as the sun irradiates the earth, animating, enlightening, purifying, preserving its moral elements, which would soon sink of themselves into dark chaos. Like the atmosphere, it embraces and cherishes those who are unmindful of its blessings. In the storm of battle and the repose of peace—in all the vicissitudes of private or public life—in the hovel or on the throne, as man floats and struggles on the surface of the great tide of events, he is continually admonished of his immortal destinies and obligations; his passions are subdued—his hopes brightened, his sorrows mitigated, by the strong and steady light which revelation sheds on scenes that lie beyond the grave. As the philosophy of Socrates and Plato was unable to search out the holy mysteries of revealed religion, so the virtues of those in modern times, whose hopes and whose fears extend not beyond the narrow precincts of this life, would rob man of his immortality and omnipotence of his dominion. Though the "kingdom" of christianity "is not of this world," its influences are here. They teach man the painful lessons of humility, of self-knowledge, and of self-government—they teach him to "do unto others, as he would that they should do unto him"—they emancipate his spirit from the corroding fetters of time—they enable him to appreciate justly, those objects which are gained only to be relinquished

without being enjoyed—they teach him to live, not “like the beasts that perish,” but as one who hopes for eternal rest in the bosom of Jehovah. Who can doubt that the gentle and peaceful spirit of christianity, is the spirit and the power of God, as he beholds it when it first breathed in the humble manger at Bethlehem—when it sealed its mission of mercy on the cross of Calvary—when amidst the splendid magnificence of heathen empires, it had no temple on earth but the bosoms of its despised votaries—and now, when it has spread over kingdoms and continents—when its altars are erected in every nation of the earth, and in all the islands of the sea?

GOLDEN ATTRACTIONS.

“Aunt, what did you think of the remark Miss Weston made this morning about her friend Julia’s engagement?” said Clara Auburn to her aunt, as they were sitting together after dinner.

“Do you mean,” said Mrs. Auburn, “what she said respecting her prospect of happiness on the score of the great wealth of her intended husband? I will tell you what I think, my dear. I think if she lives to see her friend ten years a wife—nay, *five*—she will see that riches *alone* cannot confer happiness. But perhaps the gentleman in question has other qualifications to render her happy. I once had a friend who married for money. I will tell you her story.”

Octavia Horton was the most splendid girl I ever knew. She was the eldest of *many* children, but the *only daughter* of affluent, and highly-gifted parents. Neither expense nor pains were spared to give her an accomplished and finished education, and well did she improve her advantages. Blessed with a superior mind, and an uncommon share of independence of character, she returned, after having finished her studies, to her native village, possessed of every grace a parent’s heart could desire. Indeed, she seemed made to command and receive adoration. Methinks I see her now as she then appeared! That superb head, completely covered with those soft, light-brown ringlets, and those celestial eyes, now mild as the blue ether, anon flashing with radiance—ah, no wonder that all worshipped at that shrine of beauty! All *did* worship; few saw her that did not lay their incense on the same altar. She had many admirers, and laughed, sung, walked with them all, but to none of them did she give marks of preference. Ah, I little thought *then*, that that noble heart would be sacrificed to the god mammon! I recollect she once said to me of one of her admirers, an elegant, fascinating young man, whom I was inclined to think she favored—“What a pity he is not *rich*, that he need not spend years in plodding over law books, and then as many more to obtain a fortune!”

Octavia’s father’s residence was situated in a delightfully picturesque village in the heart of New England; the society, though small, was elegant and refined. Octavia had never travelled, save to make occasional short visits to the nearest city. But her parents had; and from their descriptions, and from reading, she panted to see the world—the *great world*, in all its

splendor. Alas, how little does the heart of a maiden of seventeen realize the snares, the deceit, the emptiness, the *altogether vanity* of the great world!

In one of her visits to the city, she was seen by a gentleman, who at once became her devoted admirer. Mr. Thornhill was a bachelor, rising thirty years of age—immensely rich. He had always been a warm admirer of the ladies, but had never thought it best to enter the married state, until Miss Horton’s all-powerful beauty met his observation. In person, Thornhill was well-looking, tall, and rather noble; but it was evident, by his conversation, that his education was sadly deficient. He was born and bred in the middling class of society; but by successful speculations becoming very wealthy, he had assumed a forward—I should say an *impudent* air, that often passes for independence of manner. He followed in Octavia’s train, her most obsequious lover. She was rather disdainful at first; but his artful flatteries of her beauty, elegance, and taste; his remarks on the admiration she would command in our large cities; and his occasional hints, that should he be so fortunate as to get a wife to his taste, he should travel through the Union, and so-forth, began to dazzle her fancy, and led her one time to say to me, “H—, I hope that Thornhill will not offer himself; it would be such a temptation, I should fear for myself!” Nevertheless, he *did* offer, and *was accepted*; and in three months she was swimming in that sea, the *great world*, she had so often sighed for. Her husband fulfilled his promise. Immediately after their marriage, they visited all the large cities, and every place of note in our own country; then went to Europe, visited London, Paris, Rome—and at the end of three years returned to the United States. Not long after, I visited her at her splendid mansion in the vicinity of the capital. She was, if possible, more beautiful than ever—and no one would have dreamed that she was not happy; but we were no sooner alone, than her long repressed feelings burst forth.

“Alas, dear H—,” said she, as she leaned her head on my shoulder, half suffocated with her swelling tears, “alas, that I could be *such a fool* as to suppose that money and splendor could confer happiness! I am surfeited with riches, and return to my native country, disappointed—wretched—disgusted with the world, but more than all, with myself! To be tied for life to a man I can never love—a man old enough to be my father—heartless, insensible, and who, because he dresses me in velvets and pearls, and carries me about to gratify *his pride*, as one would display a fine horse or picture, thinks me unreasonable not to be happy! Not yet twenty-one years old, think of the prospect before me! Wretch that I am—that I was!”

“But why not continue to travel, my dear friend!” said I. “You formerly thought you could never grow weary of travelling.”

“Continue to travel,” said she, “with such a companion! I am in dismay every time he opens his lips, lest he should expose his ignorance and vulgarity! No—I will never travel more. I will try to perform my duty to him, and my friends at *home*, that, if possible, my dear parents may remain in ignorance of the wretchedness their ill-judged indulgence has entailed on their daughter!”

“But dear aunt,” interrupted Clara, “why did her

parents permit her to marry so vulgar a man?—and when she was so very young, too!"

"They were scarcely acquainted with him, my dear. I before told you that his exterior was rather imposing, and he was much thought of in the world, as rich men are very apt to be; and though I know that her mother did not fully approve of the match, yet she would not interfere, where she thought the happiness of her darling daughter concerned. I have only to add, that to complete the chagrin and mortification of my friend, Mr. W—, her former lover, settled near her. He had become a popular lawyer, and was on the highway to honor, fame, and riches; and beside, he had obtained a wife every way qualified to make him happy.

"The unhappiness of Octavia was increased by living in the neighborhood. She was continually contrasting her situation with what it might have been had she chosen a husband more discreetly.

"You may now judge, my dear niece, of the power of money *alone*, to confer happiness."

H.

PASSAGES

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE LATE GEORGE LEPNER.

My friend, the late *George Lepner*, was in the habit during the last eight or ten years of his life, whenever an idea struck him which he thought he might afterwards turn to account, of committing it immediately to paper. Three large portfolios now in my possession owe their contents to this practice. In the following selections from these depositories I have made no attempt at arrangement, either according to the subject-matter, or the dates of the writings. Perhaps I am wrong in supposing that they will possess, in the eyes of others, any of the interest they have in mine; but any one of their readers, whoever passed an hour with Mr. Lepner, will pardon their publication.

One of his Administrators.

How sickening are the sentimental effusions upon the subject of the "poor Indians," which are continually appearing in newspapers, fourth of July orations, &c. &c. One might almost suppose that their authors regretted that they lived in a land of civilization, and had strong yearnings for the tomahawk and blanket. I am very far from denying that many instances of cruelty and rapacity are justly chargeable upon the whites in their intercourse with the aborigines; but he who is ignorant that the savage must ever recede before the man of civilization, is in ignorance of the purpose of Providence in placing us upon this globe, and of the terms upon which it was bestowed upon the children of Adam. "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," and "thou shalt eat the herb of the field;" "in the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," are the divine mandates. The square mile which furnishes game to a single family of hunters, will support a thousand families by agriculture and the mechanic arts, of which agriculture is the parent. Man, the man of civilization, who has cultivated land formerly overspread with forests, and vocal with beasts of prey, and men scarcely less ferocious, is asked for the production of his title to it; he may, with more reason, inquire, "What was the title of him who preceded me?" Are the thousand families of cultivators and artisans to stand around the square mile of the savage and starve, whilst he is gain-

ing a precarious subsistence by the chase? How then can the earth be replenished? The plain fact, that the continuance and spread of beasts of prey are opposed to the increase of mankind, is a conclusive evidence that the life of the huntsman was not the calling destined for the continued employment of man. The hunter is necessary only that the farmer may follow. The savage who will not earn his subsistence, after the diminution of game, in the way that Providence prescribed, has the right of way upon the soil, and nothing more, until the agriculturist appears for whom it was intended.

The reviewer of Brockden Brown's novels, in a magazine which Dr. James M'Henry published in Philadelphia some years since, finds fault with Brown for giving to a young Irishman, in *Edgar Huntley*, the name of *Clithero*, which the critic says is an *Italian name*. How that may be, I am not sufficiently versed in Italian to say; but certain it is, that an *English* dramatic writer of eminence in the reign of James I. was named *Clitheroe*, and there is now in Yorkshire a town of the same name. So much for hyper-criticism.

How common it is to hear the expression used, "Time seems to go faster and faster" every year! Few of us, however, observe, that this apparently increasing fleetness may be explained upon mathematical principles. Every year is a less portion of the time we have spent than the year which preceded it. The years appear to become shorter and shorter, because the older we grow, the longer period have we to compare the past year with. The child who has completed its second year, has spent in its last year the half of its past life; but the child who is three years of age, has in its last year spent but the one-third of its past life, and having twice as long a previous existence to compare that year with as the child of two years, its last year appears shorter in proportion. Children and young persons are too busily engaged with the novelties which each year presents to their notice, to know or care any thing about the speed of time: it is only when the enjoyments of life begin to pall upon our senses, that we have leisure to observe the flight of time.

If the theatre be, as its advocates assert that it is, "the school of morals," it must be confessed that the men and women, who are most regular in their attendance at school, must be considered very dull scholars from the little or no progress that they make in morals.

Persons in distress frequently have consolation administered to them, in the shape of exhortations to compare their sufferings with those of others who are supposed to have suffered more. But if I have lost a child to whom I was devotedly attached, can it be, and ought it to be, any comfort to me that one of my neighbors has lost two? My own grief is *positive*, not *comparative*. I grieve because my own loss is great, not because it is greater than that of any other; with this question I have nothing to do. I cannot measure the anguish of others; and in the absorbing immensity of my own sorrows, I feel no desire to do so. Besides, one man of keen feelings may suffer more at the loss of a single child, than another of duller sensibilities at the loss of his whole family. Such consolations are an appeal

to the selfishness of our nature, and are insulting to him to whom they are offered.

So intent are we Americans upon carrying out our favorite maxim "go ahead," that the great, the mighty *past* seems unworthy of our regard. Possessed of a history of which any nation in the world might be proud, "few and far between" are they who will engage in its study. The memorials of our former days are carelessly scattered, never again to be gathered. A few years since, several trunks of valuable letters by the men of the revolution lay exposed in a stable at Princeton, for any one to take as he pleased. A great disregard, which would amaze an Englishman, is shown for the buildings, interesting from their connection with past days. The councils of Philadelphia have doomed to destruction "the old court-house," where the provincial legislature of Pennsylvania met; where the great lawyers of the Province displayed their eloquence; where the elections of Philadelphia were held, and contests, not always bloodless, were carried on for the political ascendancy between the proprietaries' party and that of the people; where Whitfield preached from the balcony, and where Franklin was inaugurated president of Pennsylvania; and for the great and weighty object, that the drays and carts may save five yards and six inches in going from one side of Market street to another. The Philadelphians now begin to talk of pulling down the state-house—the *Hall of Independence*! Down with the antique—down with the time-honored and the venerable, if we can turn a few pennies by their overthrow!

Were a man in a room full of company to approach a lady, and lay his hands upon her waist, shoulders, &c. he would most probably be speedily ejected from the apartment. Such behavior would be considered a gross insult. But if a few fiddles be playing, this conduct which would be otherwise called insulting, is now thought very allowable, being only called *waltzing*.

Voltaire, who was wont, when alluding to our Saviour, to say and write "crush the wretch," was in the habit of partaking of the communion! It is easy to know what to think of Voltaire, but what shall we say of the priests who permitted such sacrilege? When at Ferny he kept a chaplain, remarkable for nothing but his stupidity, which, perhaps, was Voltaire's motive for the choice of him. He probably wished that the contrast between their religious sentiments should be heightened by a contrast between their intellectual faculties, unfavorable to the professed christian.

It is not unprecedented for a young lady of amiability, talents and beauty, to pass her life in the single state, because she has in addition a fortune. The dread of fortune-hunters, who are not scarce any where, and the suggestions of friends and relatives, that the attentions she receives are paid to her purse, inspire a distrust of the attachment of real and disinterested suitors, which shut her heart to the admission of a reciprocal passion. Let not young ladies who respect Hymen be too desirous of possessing all the attractions which are commonly considered desirable for entering his service.

Have you received an anonymous letter?—throw it

into the fire without mentioning the matter to your most intimate friend. The pleasure which the writer expected to derive, was in knowing how you were mortified, vexed and enraged on the receipt of it. But if you conceal the fact that it has come to hand, you nip his base enjoyment in the bud, and lead him to the conclusion, that the offspring of his malignity has not reached its destination.

TO HYMEN.

To Hymen Hymenae.—Catullus.

Dear Hymen, how happy thou art!
(I have said, and will say it again,)
As thou bindest the hand and the heart
In thy bright and beneficent chain.

And thou comest from Heaven above,
(For there thou wert born, I believe,)
To fetter the fugitive Love,
And give every Adam his Eve.

And our ladies are fondly intent,
And our gentlemen eager, to know
All the blessings that thou hast been sent
To confer upon mortals below.

And the bride and the bridegroom rejoice
When thou comest with sweet-wine and cake,
To sanction the elegant choice
That Fancy enticed them to make.

Then that neat little roundel of gold,
The symbol and pledge of their troth,
Speaks of comforts and pleasures untold,
That shall gild and encircle them both.

O Hymen, the friend of our race,
How long wilt thou leave me alone?
Thou knowest the Daphne I chase;
Ah! when wilt thou make her my own?

BACCALAUREUS.

Playford.

MADRIGAL.

Tout se suit ici-bas; le plaisir et la peine.—La Fontaine.

All things are changing here below:
Thus Pleasure always follows Pain;
Now Winter shrouds the earth in snow;
Now Spring sets out her flowers again.

So change is Nature's law, you see;
But Ellen breaks it without fear;
For she is still the same to me,
And cruel still through all the year.

GLIMPSES INTO THE BIOGRAPHY

OF A NAMELESS TRAVELLER.

CHAP. II.

Early acquirements—Benefits of novel reading—Periodical literature—Critics, and a secret or two of their craft—The secret respect commanded by genius—Scholarship suddenly acquired, and its effects—Modern erudition.

I have received a liberal education: the first part of it I picked up profusely when and where I pleased, and the latter portion of it has been forced upon me by the world, with a prodigality for which I am its obliged debtor. To say that my course of instruction was such as to organize my mind with scientific regularity, would be such a departure from the truth, as, were I capable of disregarding it, the very style of these memoirs would, perhaps, afford abundant refutation of; but to say that it was greatly diversified, and that it is as good as that of many regularly bred "scholars," would, possibly, be nothing more than is apparent to the reader already. Yet my education has been picked up, as I said before, in all manner of ways—helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy; or, as they say in the West, "any how." One thing, however, is certain—I *have it*, by some means, and value it highly, let me have come by it as I may. It is my only comfort; it is the source of all the real amusement I enjoy. And yet it is a harem-scarem sort of an education after all. You shall judge.

Some person sent me to school, and compelled me to remain there, off and on, until my fourteenth year. I disliked study excessively. I "played truant," or played sick, as my fancy dictated. I cannot be certain as to the exact proportion of time, but I think about every other day. Nevertheless, I became acquainted, and grew fascinated with a certain kind of reading, and gratified my taste therefor on the very days I played sick on the one hand, while on the other, I had the rudiments of a plain English education beat into me in such manner, as impressed them strongly upon my mind. For the latter, my "lasting remembrances" are due my teachers, and, having never done so before, I here tender them the same.

The taste for reading, of which I have spoken, was quite elevated and refined—it was for reading novels; and as I, in some way, was placed in a circulating library, I had a fair chance of gratifying it after I left school. My desire to devour this *light* food was entirely Grahameish. At one time I was feverish and wild, and at another my morbid imagination, though glutted, or rather half starved, with it, was still appeaseless, and I pursued my course with a sort of cold-blooded perseverance. The days were too short, and midnight—nay, even dawn, sometimes came too soon for me.

Whatever deleterious effects this might have had upon the general welfare of the circulating library, it made its attendant a gentleman. I never could bear to soil my hands with any low employment, since; a thing to which an absence of that profusion which Fortune has occasionally showered upon the less deserving, might have driven me, had I not thus luckily acquired notions far above it. It likewise made me very observant: the motives for human actions, which

my authors racked their brains in searching out, learned me a valuable lesson; and I will be bound no disguised robber, genteel rascal, innocent footpad, vulgar lady, virtuous mistress, or the like, have ever crossed my path since, without my suspecting their true characters.

My employer, of the circulating library, was a man possessed of one of the most tender consciences, perhaps, that ever came within the range of the reader's observation. Finding that my propensity led me to despise the drudgery of the details of his business—in other words, to neglect his interests—and being, on account of certain moral obligations into which he had inadvertently run his neck respecting me, unwilling to set me adrift (as I possibly deserved) on the wide sea of the world, he got rid of me by giving me a *letter of recommendation* to a bookseller in one of our large cities, with whom he dealt, and who was at that time in want of a clerk, "preferring," as he said, "a boy from the country." If he thought to ensnare an unsophisticated rustic, he assuredly caught a tartar. However, I had no reason to complain, either of my recommendatory letter or my new situation, whatever might have been the experience of my new master.

A new field of literature was opened to me. My present employer was himself the publisher of a periodical, and the agent for several Reviews, Magazines, *et cetera*. I had already become quite conversant with the geography of most of the deserted palaces, dilapidated castles, and ruined abbeys, and with the characters of the "precious villains" who, either openly or by stealth, inhabited them, accounts of which are to be met with in the entire annals of romance. I now found, upon glancing over the publication of my new master, some criticisms upon the productions of my favorite authors, in which the writers quarrelled like fury with the notions of the novelists, upset all their dogmas in relation to the motives inducing human actions, denied the "historical facts" upon which they professed their books were founded, and, above all, tore to pieces the private characters of the authors themselves; all of which, their assertions, they duly nailed with specious quotations from the Latin, Greek, or some other learned language, at the end of every paragraph—if, perchance, there were not two or three scattered through it.

It is quite astonishing to think with what a tremendous avidity I took hold of my new employment. These critics, said I, are surely the most learned men in the universe! Why, they know more than the authors themselves, whom, heretofore, I have considered immensely erudite! But, as my reading of periodicals became more extended, I found that a few were willing to sustain the authors, and, moreover, to set down their brother critics for unqualified jacks. This set me to thinking seriously, and, my curiosity being highly excited, I began to think of applying to the volumes of solid matter with which the shelves were crowded. It was a severe task to a pure novel reader, and it was with difficulty I brought myself to the fatigue of it. I, however, did it, and found more food for surprise. In referring to the histories by eminent authors, I discovered that in many instances both the novelists and the critics who flouted them, were alike misinformed, or wilfully wrong. Getting interested in these books, I occasionally read a half dozen or ten pages farther on; but this was the extent of my historical researches.

The taste I had so completely become a slave to, unfitted me for patient investigation. I could not give up the lighter and more masticatory food, for the tougher and more substantial: the consequence is, I have never read one of the large standard histories through in my life. Fortunately, however, I remember what I have read, because I read no farther than an excited interest prompted me; and I had a silly fashion of stopping to strut about, and imagine myself completely cock of the walk, after a self-instituted comparison between real or fancied points in my character, and in those of the celebrated personages of whom I read. I say, these things, and particularly the latter, silly as it might have been, impressed what I did read upon my mind; and this I take to be the reason I have had occasion to find myself a better general historian than many with whom I have been thrown in contact, who have been compelled to go ploddingly through the whole routine, under some pedantic, literary drill-sergeant.

The next thing which attracted my curiosity puzzled me not a little. This was to get into the mystery of the Latin, Greek, and other lingoish quotations I met with in the *critiques*. For some days I ruminated upon the matter, cursing myself in true novel-heroic style for not having made some little progress in classical studies at school, when an opportunity to do so was offered me, and when I made every exertion (and successfully) to evade it. Two or three times I took up a Latin Grammar, manfully resolving to commence a self-taught education, inasmuch as I had read in the magazines desultory anecdotes of certain great men having done so. This, however, was dryer, by all odds, than the histories, and each attempt was abandoned in despair. But in the midst of my affliction on the subject, an accident revealed to me a *short cut* by which I might jump blindfolded, head and ears, into the very centre of classical learning.

A person who wrote the most bitter and reckless of all the critical anathemas of which my employer's magazine was the receptacle, and whose effusions, at the same time, were most crowded with classical allusions and quotations, frequently came into the store and amused himself (if such a red-hot-pepper-pod-and-vinegar-cruit sort of an animal could be amused,) with looking over, and taking notes from, the books upon the shelves. He bore the appearance of the shabby genteel; but he was, beyond doubt, the most morose, snappish, unsocial, cross-grained, little, threadbare-coated scamp of an unhappy poor-devil-author I ever saw. Nevertheless, I used to watch his every motion, as though he had been another Doctor Johnson. Nothing in his surly manner could deter me from executing every little office for his convenience when in the store, and though I never received the least indication of thanks for my pains, I was indefatigable in my efforts to please him. I almost loved the ground the fellow walked upon. The cause of this constant but unrequited affection on my part, is soon told: Besides being a defamatory critic of the first (i. e. the rankest) order, he had once actually written and published a romance! which, although it broke him and staggered his publisher, was one of the most furious and high-wrought things imaginable. Fiends glared at you from every page while you read it, and one hellish, horrid woof of *Diablerie* enveloped the *tout ensemble*. Mephistopheles! was it not awful?

It was only on one subject this individual could be brought to talk more than a minute at a time; but on that he was eloquent in the extreme, and at times he even grew killingly pathetic upon his favorite theme. The subject was the precarious fortune of "Men of Genius." True it is, circumstances were against the authority, coming as it did from such a source; but the little fellow spoke much truth nevertheless. To be candid, his work was not so *very* badly put together, and considering the prevailing taste of novel readers, it was somewhat singular that it turned out so complete and perfect a failure as it did. But I am swerving from the proposed track.

Until my desire to dive into the hidden recesses whence the critics drew their allusions and quotations, I had never noticed what particular books this personage consulted. I now resolved to watch him narrowly. I did so, and my surprise may be judged, when I found that he regularly passed by the voluminous classical works with which the shelves groaned, and spent hours in poring over and taking notes from the "Universal Gazetteer," the "Biographical Dictionary," the "Classical Dictionary," and, above all, and more than all, the "Dictionary of Quotations!"

This discovery had its effect. After an examination into the nature of his favorite volumes, my reverence for the surly little wretch gradually died away. He was still Johnson, but I was no longer Boswell. The force of habit, only, prevented the reversion in my feelings toward him being more sudden; but a new region was opened to me by the incident, for which I ought, perhaps, to thank him—I became instantanously an anonymous contributor to my employer's Review! ay, and many is the aspiring young author I sent to the shades with a string of quotations from the ancients, long and denunciatory enough to sink a ship of the line. I sincerely beg their several pardons I aver; for it was not in my nature or my intention to abuse them undeservedly, as I could easily convince them, had not the unpublished contents of my employer's contribution box been long since destroyed: but the long and the short of the matter is, I was determined to appear in print, a critic, at all hazards. That, for the time being, was my fever, my rage, my agony; and the feeling was only increased by the circumstance, that my contributions at first were not published. But one day an expression dropped from my respected employer (a man of experience in periodical literature), from which I took a useful hint. Gentle reader, what do you think it was? Why nothing more or less than this, which I give *verbatim et literatim*, as a literary relic, worthy of preservation by D'Israeli—"Praisin' of young authors," said the worthy Mr. Bound-in-calf, "is *teery* *teentursome* for a new magerzine!"

As hinted above, I took my cue from that simple sentence. I never afterwards praised any author, except those whom the world had unequivocally agreed to consider *good*—any evidence of my own judgment to the contrary notwithstanding. The balance of them I pelted worse than the "pitiless storm" ever did old Lear. Great Jupiter, Apollo, and the nine, in a breath! didn't I tear them? The works, and the thence deduced private character of the authors (whose minds I regularly placed upon a dead level with those of the most rascally characters they depicted), I stuffed together into com-

plete fire-ships of "classic allusion," while with the lightning of "quotations from hoar antiquity," from the midst of *clouds* (this is a capital figure) of lofty "scholarship," I hurled thunderbolts of "deep research," which rove, rent, tore, exploded, and blew them to—atoms.

I repeat, and wish it to be remembered, that I most sincerely beg pardon of the sufferers. What I did was wrong—unjust, in every particular—I freely confess it: but then to have one's "penetrating judgment," and one's "excessive erudition" praised to the very skies in one's own hearing—how could I resist it? Ugh! I have even stood and trembled with delight at the lavish praises of the subscribers to our magazine, unconscious, as they were, that the object of their admiration was so near them, and far enough from dreaming that he was but a stripling—a lately translated country bumpkin—without (to come down to plain facts) any "research" at all!

CHAP. III.

Being a sort of Digest of the doctrine of Bears and Lions; and withal, making as plain as the light of day, the true method of sustaining, what certain men call "a permanent literary taste."

"The biography of any man, if *truly* told, is interesting."

It is of particular importance to *me* to establish the infallibility of this assertion—a thing I should be saved the trouble of doing, were it not that there are extant at present a number of upstarts, who make a business of denying every proposition which has passed from age to age unquestioned, merely because it has done so.

The writing down of the sentiment, though it is undoubtedly an "eternal truth," is ascribed to Doctor Johnson. I do not recollect reading it in his published works, though it may be there, and probably is. If not, it will certainly be found in his biography, in which is not only pretty much all he ever said, but a great deal he never did say. From the same production may be learned two curious facts; to wit—a profound doctor, with all his learning, may be a *boor* and a most erudite biographer, with all his disposition to instruct the world, a *bore*; or, if the reader is fond of a play upon words, and is besides, like myself, equally fond of *truth*, he may spell the first epithet with the *re*, and the last with the *oo*, without at all impairing the correctness of the proposition. By way of farther variety, and without risking the least departure from certainty, he might squeeze the diphthong *ea* into the centre of the first, and *oa* into the middle of the latter. But as plain *truth* is not always *decent*, it would be advisable, in this latter case, to garnish the expression by the addition of a few words; thereby rendering it not only decent, but genteel and learned also. Thus, he should observe with due regard to a certain air of refinement, or, as some call it, affectation, of manner while he utters it, that "as Johnson was unquestionably the great bear (*ursa major*) of English literature, even so was Boswell, quite as unquestionably, the very wild boar of English biography." Why you may be as vulgar or harsh as you please, merely by making a show of learning, I do not feel called upon to explain here. The fact is, however, established; and in company of sufficient refinement, the

reader may cite any passage he pleases from any writer whom it has been decided is a great man, and if any lady should be led to blush at it, she may be safely set down as mawkish, or a prude.

I once had my head examined—bumpologically—in the regular way, by a "practical phrenologist." It was not Dr. Caldwell, nor any of the other half dozen *theorists* whom the reader may have in his head, or at his head, but a *practical* man, *par* advertisement. He gave the opinion, that I was decidedly *anti-concentrative*! The truth of the assertion may be best expressed, perhaps, by a phrase much in use of late, though rather an equivocal one—it may be "*partially* true"—that is, I *may* be slightly given to centrifugality; but, as the reader must have noticed, it never leads me so far from my main object, that I cannot get back to it. Had this, therefore, been all the man uttered, I might have forgiven him, at least theoretically, if not in his own way. But, he added (and here it is absolutely necessary to parenthesize, that some men are really too incautious in their declarations respecting others), that in my cranium, *number ten* was so very large, that *concentrativeness* was utterly extirpated by it! Now, as I once read medicine (my studies are various) a whole fortnight, under a disciple of the "*new school*" (vulgarly called steam doctors), and had personally tested the medicines used therein, which, to save, what is called by the genii of that belief, "Latin slang," are christened by *numbers*, I thought the fellow a very wizard, who knew by a touch of the finger that I had been dabbling so much in red pepper and what not, that it had eaten away a very important part of my brains. When, however, upon farther investigation, I discovered that *number ten* was a phrenological term, signifying *self esteem*, I was quite as much surprised at the impudent assurance of the "practical" wretch, as I am sure the reader must be from what I have already revealed to him of my own character. As for me, the blood of my maternal grandfather, and all his French ancestors, boiled in my veins like the fermentation of a compound syrup in a hot pantry: I was in the *grande passion* in half a second, and told the fellow in a voice of thunder, that I doubted not his own brains, *en masse*, had been extirpated *crabologically*—their functions being performed the while—it followed irresistibly—*clawsologically*.

Now, some people, when in a passion, often say the most nonsensical things in the world, and when the fit passes over, they ascribe the same to their utter inability to control themselves under the influence of their temper. This, however, is not the case with those who fling themselves into a passion, and out of it again, *upon principle*—in other words, for the sake of having a *chance* to say what they please, to justify themselves for cheating their opponent, or something of that sort. Of the latter I am incapable, it is true; but that any thing I ever said, when apparently in a passion, is in any wise more senseless than what I have said at other times, is, peradventure, problematical. The ignorant—no, the unlearned—no, the unread—that's the word—the unread, I say, for example, may suppose that my allusion to the crab and the claws, when in a passion with the practical phrenologist aforesaid, was "*perfect nonsense*," or at least involved an idle hypothesis. If so, it only reveals their own ignorance; for Professor Inghram has devoted a chapter somewhere in the second

volume of his late work, "Lafitte," to this important subject, in which he has learnedly demonstrated, that a certain invertebral animal, belonging to the fourth section of the ten-legged, short-tailed *crustacea* of modern naturalists, called *carabus* by Pliny, *Cancer* by one Charles Linné (whose name, Heaven knows wherefore, it hath been deemed requisite to Latinize into Linnæus), and *rudgo*, which is to say, in our own respectable vernacular, A CRAB—may, upon occasion, fill a skull, out of which a pirate has knocked the brains—giving it not only *locomotion*, but, moreover, the power of drawing some pages of the most Eugene Aramic philosophy out of a genuine *loco foco*—such as the said Professor Inghram's hero, Lafitte, indubitably was, if a living fire-brand,—a perfect fireship and powder magazine,—a real "Lucifer," and a dead leveller (by means of a cutlass) of all those artificial distinctions in society, which are doubtless the effect of that unjust, because unequal, distribution of property, which has tormented the disinterested part of this unhappy world for ages,—is a *loco foco*. By the way, the science of government is one, the study of which I have somewhat neglected: I really must endeavor to get a couple of days to myself in order that I may master it by reading, unless I fall in the way of some lecturer on the subject who teaches it thoroughly in three evenings.

"The biography of any man, if truly told, is interesting."

Upon the whole, I know not if there be not as much of the centripetal as the centrifugal about me after all. Now, here am I back again at the starting point—the very centre of this difficult subject. "The biography of any man, if truly told, is interesting." No matter whose the sentence, it is generally accredited, and has passed into a maxim; and notwithstanding the fact, that part of the Doctor's biography, if ever so true, would be "stale, flat and unprofitable" as ditch water, if told of an every-day man, it is quite another thing when it relates to "The Great Bear of Literature." For example, Boswell says he used to call his old wife, in the most endearing manner in the world, *Tetty* or *Tetsey*—"which"—please note the quotation carefully—"like *Betty* or *Betsey*, is provincially used as a contraction for Elizabeth, her christian name." Now, this being told of a *great bear*, is highly important, though if the reader, who ten to one is not great, and, though I have no wish to discourage him, probably never will be, were to call his wife *Nancy*, which is a sort of anti-contraction for Ann; or *Hanky*, which is a Low Dutch contraction for Henrietta; or *Moll*, which is a contraction for Maria Louisa,—it is possible that not a soul in the wide world (except, perchance, the said Nancy, Hanky or Moll themselves) would care a fig about it. But there is an unfortunate circumstance relating to the matter nevertheless—it is this: that which makes so trifling a *fact* interesting, when told of the Doctor, would do the same by a *lie*, told of the same "distinguished literary character."

What then? Is the maxim to fall to the ground? Assuredly not—and you, sir, are evidently a person of shallow capacity and superficial attainments for giving breath to such a preposterous supposition. Recollect that *Doctor Johnson* authorized that maxim—and if your simple judgment would lead you to refute it, your judgment, and not the Doctor, is in error. Literary kings,

sir, like political kings, are infallible—they "can do no wrong." This must be unqualifiedly acknowledged; for it is only by doing so that a "pure and permanent literary taste" can be preserved from age to age. An acknowledged great bear *cannot* be wrong: if he seems so in any particular point, it is only because you have not read the various commentators and annotators upon that point. Thus, you will perceive, Shakspeare is never unnatural, Milton never unpoetical, Young never unsublime, Newton never unphilosophical, and Johnson never unsound. If the commentators and annotators have not made out this clearly, it is only because there have not been commentators and annotators enough. The man who fancies he detects fallibility in them, had better keep his mouth shut in the vicinity of "ears polite" as well as ears literary, unless he would himself be graced by ears jackassie. He had also better keep out of the reviews and magazines; for if he should cheat an editor and smuggle his conceits into the reading world, the critics would pounce upon him like vultures, and grey-headed literateurs would say, "there is more hope of a fool than of him." And they would say truly: the only course is to clip your judgment when it grows too independent, and follow in the beaten track. I know this, because I have tried it, as shown in the last chapter—and as I mean to be *read*, and through *respectable channels* too, I shall agree with the bears, boars, lions, and kings literary, on all occasions. As a respected friend of mine used to observe, "it is an extremely difficult matter to discover a weasel somnambulizing." But to *concentrate*.

There is another fact, possibly growing out of, and which certainly ought to go side by side with, the Doctor's—and after I have stated it, I have no doubt it will, like his, pass into an incontrovertible maxim. When it does so, I hope it may not be utterly forgotten, that it is of *my* coinage. Here it is:

The biography of an acknowledged *great* man is *always* interesting—*whether true or not*.

This last sentiment is certainly indisputable. There are a thousand proofs of it to be seen every day. The appetite of the reading world for the biography of any author they may have chosen to consider *great*, is so ravenous, that they swallow down every thing relating to him, no matter how told, or by whom—but if written by himself or another *great* writer, they run stark mad after it forthwith. My maxim, however, is *no more* true than the Doctor's, or its converse; and, consequently, it is absolutely requisite that the life of a *little* bear or lion *must* be true to be interesting at all. I have only a remark or two to make by way of "practical improvement," and I close this chapter.

1st. Beyond all manner of question, *I am not* a great man *now*, whatever I may be.

2nd. It would do me no good if I were, for it is unalterable that I must remain *nameless* forever.

3rd. There is no possible chance of making my memoirs interesting, unless by adhering rigidly to truth.

4th. This being the state of the case, the reader may depend upon my veracity, and consequently will read all I write with great relish.

ARTHUR GORDON PYM.

NO II.

The middle of April at length arrived, and every thing had been matured. The note was written, and delivered, and on a Monday morning I left the house for the New Bedford packet, as supposed. I went, however, straight to Augustus, who was waiting for me at the corner of a street. It had been our original plan that I should keep out of the way until dark, and then slip on board the brig; but as there was now a thick fog in our favor it was agreed to lose no time in secreting me. Augustus led the way to the wharf, and I followed at a little distance enveloped in a thick seaman's cloak, which he had brought with him, so that my person might not be easily recognized. Just as we turned the second corner after passing Mr. Edmund's well, who should appear standing right in front of me and looking me full in the face, but old Mr. Peterson, my grandfather? "Why, bless my soul, Gordon," said he, after a long pause, "why, why,—*whose* dirty cloak is that you have on?" "Sir!" I replied, assuming, as well as I could in the exigency of the moment, an air of offended surprise, and talking in the gruffest of all imaginable tones, "Sir! you are a sum'mat mistaken—my name, in the first place, bee'nt nothing at all like Goddin, and I'd want you for to know better, you blackguard, than to call my new obercoat a darty one!" For my life I could hardly refrain from screaming with laughter at the odd manner in which the old gentleman received this handsome rebuke. He started back two or three steps, turned first pale and then excessively red, threw up his spectacles, then, putting them down, ran full tilt at me with his umbrella uplifted. He stopped short, however, in his career, as if struck with a sudden recollection, and presently, turning round, hobbled off down the street, shaking all the while with rage, and muttering between his teeth "wont do—new glasses—thought it was Gordon—d—d good for nothing salt water Long Tom."

After this narrow escape we proceeded with greater caution, and arrived at our point of destination in safety. There were only one or two of the hands on board, and these were busy forward, doing something to the steerage combings. Captain Barnard, we knew very well, was engaged at Lloyd and Vredenburg's, and would remain there until late in the evening, so we had little to apprehend on his account. Augustus went first up the vessel's side, and in a short while I followed him, without being noticed by the men at work. We proceeded at once into the cabin, and found no person there. It was fitted up in the most comfortable style—a thing somewhat unusual in a whaling vessel. There were four very excellent state-rooms, with wide and convenient berths. There was also a large stove, I took notice, and a remarkably thick and valuable carpet, covering the floor of both the cabin and state-rooms. The ceiling was full seven feet high, and in short every thing appeared of a more roomy and agreeable nature than I had anticipated. Augustus, however, would allow me but little time for observation, insisting upon the necessity of my concealing myself as soon as possible. He led the way into his own state-room, which was on the starboard side of the brig, and next to the bulk-heads. Upon entering, he closed the door and

bolted it. I thought I had never seen a nicer little room than the one in which I now found myself. It was about ten feet long, and had only one berth, which, as I said before, was wide and convenient. In that portion of the closet nearest the bulk-heads, there was a space of four feet square, containing a table, a chair, and a set of hanging shelves full of books, chiefly books of voyages and travels. There were many other little comforts in the room—among which I ought not to forget a kind of safe or refrigerator, in which Augustus pointed out to me a host of delicacies, both in the eating and drinking department.

He now pressed with his knuckles upon a certain spot of the carpet in one corner of the space just mentioned, letting me know that a portion of the flooring, about sixteen inches square, had been neatly cut out and again adjusted. As he pressed, this portion rose up, where it joined the shifting-boards, sufficiently to allow the passage of his finger beneath. In this manner he raised the mouth of the trap (to which the carpet was still fastened by tacks) and I found that it led into the after hold. He next lit a small taper by means of a phosphorus match, and, placing the light in a dark lantern, descended with it through the opening, bidding me follow. I did so, and he then pulled the cover upon the hole, by means of a nail driven into the under side—the carpet, of course, resuming its original position on the floor of the state-room, and all traces of the aperture being concealed.

The taper gave out so feeble a ray, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could grope my way through the confused mass of lumber among which I now found myself. By degrees, however, my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and I proceeded with less trouble, holding on to the skirts of my friend's coat. He brought me, at length, after creeping and winding through innumerable narrow passages, to an iron-bound box, such as is used sometimes for packing fine earthenware. It was nearly four feet high and full six long, but very narrow. Two large empty oil casks lay on the top of it, and above these again a vast quantity of straw matting piled up as high as the floor of the cabin. In every other direction around, was wedged as closely as possible, even up to the ceiling, a complete chaos of almost every species of ship furniture, together with a heterogeneous medley of crates, hampers, barrels and bales, so that it seemed a matter no less than miraculous that we had discovered any passage at all to the box. I afterwards found that Augustus had purposely arranged the stowage in this hold with a view to affording me a thorough concealment, having had only one assistant in the labor, a man not going out in the brig.

My companion now showed me that one of the ends of the box could be removed at pleasure. He slipped it aside and displayed the interior, at which I was excessively amused. A mattress from one of the cabin berths covered the whole of its bottom, and it contained almost every article of mere comfort which could be crowded into so small a space, allowing me at the same time sufficient room for my accommodation, either in a sitting position or lying at full length. Among other things there were some books, pen ink and paper, three blankets, a large jug full of water, a keg of sea-biscuit, three or four immense Bologna sausages, an enormous ham, a cold leg of roast mutton, and half a dozen bot-

bles of cordials and liqueurs. I proceeded immediately to take possession of my little apartment, and this with feelings of higher satisfaction, I am sure, than any monarch ever experienced upon entering a new palace. Augustus now pointed out to me the method of fastening the open end of the box, and then, holding the taper close to the deck, showed me a piece of dark whipcord lying along it. This he said extended from my hiding place throughout all the necessary windings among the lumber, to a nail which was driven into the deck of the hold immediately beneath the trap-door leading into his state-room. By means of this cord I should be enabled readily to trace my way out without his guidance, provided any unlooked-for accident should render such a step necessary. He now took his departure, leaving with me the lantern, together with a copious supply of tapers and phosphorus, and promising to pay me a visit as often as he could contrive to do so without observation. This was on the seventeenth of April.

I remained three days and nights (as nearly as I could guess) in my hiding-place, without getting out of it all, except twice for the purpose of stretching my limbs by standing erect between two crates just opposite the opening. During the whole period I saw nothing of Augustus; but this occasioned me little uneasiness, as I knew the brig was expected to put to sea every hour, and in the bustle he would not easily find opportunities of coming down to me. At length I heard the trap open and shut, and presently he called in a low voice, asking if all was well, and if there was any thing I wanted. "Nothing," I replied; "I am as comfortable as can be; when will the brig sail?" "She will be under way in less than half an hour," he answered. "I came to let you know, and for fear you should be uneasy at my absence. I shall not have a chance of coming down again for some time—perhaps for three or four days more. All is going on right above board. After I go up and close the trap, do you creep along by the whipcord to where the nail is driven in. You will find my watch there—it may be useful to you as you have no daylight to keep time by. I suppose you can't tell how long you have been buried—only three days—this is the twentieth. I would bring the watch to your box, but am afraid of being missed." With this he went up.

In about an hour after he had gone I distinctly felt the brig in motion, and congratulated myself upon having at length fairly commenced a voyage. Satisfied with this idea I determined to make my mind as easy as possible, and await the course of events until I should be permitted to exchange the box for the more roomy, although hardly more comfortable, accommodations of the cabin. My first care was to get the watch. Leaving the taper burning, I groped along in the dark, following the cord through windings innumerable, in some of which I discovered that, after toiling a long distance, I was brought back within a foot or two of a former position. At length I reached the nail, and, securing the object of my journey, returned with it in safety. I now looked over the books which had been so thoughtfully provided, and selected the Expedition of Lewis and Clarke to the mouth of the Columbia. With this I amused myself for some time, when, growing sleepy, I extinguished the light with great care, and soon fell into a sound slumber.

Upon awaking I felt strangely confused in mind, and

some time elapsed before I could bring to recollection all the various circumstances of my situation. By degrees, however, I remembered all. Striking a light, I looked at the watch; but it was run down, and there were, consequently, no means of determining how long I had slept. My limbs were greatly cramped, and I was forced to relieve them by standing between the crates. Presently, feeling an almost ravenous appetite, I bethought myself of the cold mutton, some of which I had eaten just before going to sleep, and found excellent. What was my astonishment at discovering it to be in a state of absolute putrefaction! This circumstance occasioned me great disquietude; for, connecting it with the disorder of mind I experienced upon awaking, I began to suppose that I must have slept for an inordinately long period of time. The close atmosphere of the hold might have had something to do with this, and might, in the end, be productive of the most serious results. My head ached excessively; I fancied that I drew every breath with difficulty; and, in short, I was oppressed with a multitude of gloomy feelings. Still I could not venture to make any disturbance by opening the trap or otherwise, and, having wound up the watch, contented myself as well as possible.

Throughout the whole of the next tedious twenty-four hours no person came to my relief, and I could not help accusing Augustus of the grossest inattention. What alarmed me chiefly was, that the water in my jug was reduced to about half a pint, and I was suffering much from thirst, having eaten freely of the Bologna sausages after the loss of my mutton. I became very uneasy, and could no longer take any interest in my books. I was overpowered, too, with a desire to sleep, yet trembled at the thought of indulging it, lest there might exist some pernicious influence, like that of burning charcoal, in the confined air of the hold. In the meantime the roll of the brig told me that we were far in the main ocean, and a dull humming sound which reached my ears as if from an immense distance, convinced me no ordinary gale was blowing. I could not imagine a reason for the absence of Augustus. We were surely far enough advanced on our voyage to allow of my going up. Some accident might have happened to him—but I could think of none which would account for his suffering me to remain so long a prisoner, except indeed his having suddenly died or fallen overboard, and upon this idea I could not dwell with any degree of patience. It was possible that we had been baffled by head winds, and were still in the near vicinity of Nantucket. This notion, however, I was forced to abandon; for, such being the case, the brig must have frequently gone about; and I was entirely satisfied from her continual inclination to the larboard that she had been sailing, all along, with a steady breeze on her starboard quarter. Besides, granting that we were still in the neighborhood of the island, why should not Augustus have visited me and informed me of the circumstance? Pondering in this manner upon the difficulties of my solitary and cheerless condition, I resolved to wait yet another twenty-four hours, when, if no relief were obtained, I would make my way to the trap, and endeavor either to hold a parley with my friend, or get at least a little fresh air through the opening, and a further supply of water from his state-room. While occupied with this thought, however, I fell, in spite of every exertion

to the contrary, into a state of profound sleep, or rather stupor. My dreams were of the most terrific description. Every species of calamity and horror befell me. Among other miseries I was smothered to death between huge pillows by demons of the most ghastly and ferocious aspect. Immense serpents held me in their embrace, and looked earnestly in my face with their fearfully shining eyes. Then deserts limitless and of the most forlorn and awe-inspiring character, spread themselves out before me. Immensely tall trunks of trees, grey and leafless, rose up in endless succession as far as the eye could reach. Their roots were concealed in wide-spreading morasses, whose dreary water lay intensely black, still, and altogether terrible, beneath. And the strange trees seemed endowed with a human vitality, and, waving to and fro their skeleton arms, were crying to the silent waters for mercy in the shrill and piercing accents of the most acute agony and despair. The scene changed; and I stood naked and alone amid the burning sand plains of Zahara. At my feet lay crouched a fierce lion of the tropics. Suddenly his wild eyes opened and fell upon me. With a convulsive bound he sprang to his feet and laid bare his horrible teeth. In another instant there burst from his red throat a roar like the thunder of the firmament, and I fell impetuously to the earth. Stifling in a paroxysm of terror, I at last found myself partially awake. My dream then was not all a dream. Now at least I was in possession of my senses. The paws of some huge and real monster were pressing heavily upon my bosom—his hot breath was in my ear—and his white and ghastly fangs were gleaming upon me through the gloom.

Had a thousand lives hung upon the movement of a limb or the utterance of a syllable, I could neither have stirred nor spoken. The beast, whatever it was, retained his position without attempting any immediate violence, while I lay in an utterly helpless, and, I fancied, a dying condition beneath him. I felt that my powers of body and mind were fast leaving me—in a word, that I was perishing, and perishing of sheer fright. My brain swam—I grew deadly sick—my vision failed—even the glaring eye-balls above me grew dim. Making a last strong effort, I at length breathed a faint ejaculation to God, and resigned myself to die. The sound of my voice seemed to arouse all the latent fury of the animal. He precipitated himself at full length upon my body—but what was my astonishment when with a long and low whine he commenced licking my face and hands with the greatest eagerness and with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection and joy! I was bewildered, utterly lost in amazement—but I could not forget the peculiar whine of my Newfoundland dog Tiger, and the odd manner of his caresses I well knew. It was he. I experienced a sudden rush of blood to my temples—a giddy and overpowering sense of deliverance and re-animation. I rose hurriedly from the mattress upon which I had been lying, and, throwing myself upon the neck of my faithful follower and friend, relieved the long oppression of my bosom in a flood of the most passionate tears.

As upon a former occasion, my conceptions were in a state of the greatest indistinctness and confusion after leaving the mattress. For a long time I found it nearly impossible to connect any ideas—but by very slow degrees my thinking faculties returned, and I again called

to memory the several incidents of my condition. For the presence of Tiger I tried in vain to account; and, after busying myself with a thousand different conjectures respecting him, was forced to content myself with rejoicing that he was with me to share my dreary solitude, and render me comfort by his caresses. Most people love their dogs—but for Tiger I had an affection far more ardent than common; and never, certainly, did any creature more truly deserve it. For seven years he had been my inseparable companion, and in a multitude of instances had given evidence of all the noble qualities for which we value the animal. I had rescued him, when a puppy, from the clutches of a malignant little villain in Nantucket, who was leading him, with a rope round his neck, to the water; and the grown dog repaid the obligation, about three years afterwards, by saving me from the bludgeon of a street robber.

Getting now hold of the watch, I found, upon applying it to my ear, that it had again run down—but at this I was not at all surprised, being convinced, from the peculiar state of my feelings, that I had slept, as before, for a very long period of time—how long, it was of course impossible to say. I was burning up with fever, and my thirst was almost intolerable. I felt about the box for my little remaining supply of water—for I had no light, the taper having burned to the socket of the lantern, and the phosphorus-box not coming readily to hand. Upon finding the jug, however, I discovered it to be empty—Tiger, no doubt, having been tempted to drink it, as well as to devour the remnant of mutton, the bone of which lay, well picked, by the opening of the box. The spoiled meat I could well spare, but my heart sank as I thought of the water. I was feeble in the extreme—so much so, that I shook all over, as with an ague, at the slightest movement or exertion. To add to my troubles, the brig was pitching and rolling with great violence, and the oil-casks which lay upon my box were in momentary danger of falling down, so as to block up the only way of ingress or egress. I felt, also, terrible sufferings from sea-sickness. These considerations determined me to make my way, at all hazards, to the trap, and obtain immediate relief, before I should be incapacitated from doing so altogether. Having come to this resolve, I again felt about for the phosphorus-box and tapers. The former I found, after some little trouble; but not discovering the tapers as soon as I had expected, (for I remembered very nearly the spot in which I had placed them,) I gave up the search for the present, and bidding Tiger lie quiet, began at once my journey towards the trap.

In this attempt, my great feebleness became more than ever apparent. It was with the utmost difficulty I could crawl along at all, and very frequently my limbs sank suddenly from beneath me; when, falling prostrate on my face, I would remain, for some minutes, in a state bordering on insensibility. Still I struggled forward by slow degrees, dreading every moment that I should swoon amid the narrow and intricate windings of the lumber, in which event I had nothing but death to expect as the result. At length, upon making a push forward, with all the energy I could command, I struck my forehead violently against the sharp corner of an iron-bound crate. The accident only stunned me for a few moments; but I found, to my inexpressible grief,

that the quick and violent roll of the vessel had thrown the crate entirely across my path, so as effectually to block up the passage. With my utmost exertions, I could not move it a single inch from its position, it being closely wedged in among the surrounding boxes and ship furniture. It became necessary, therefore, enfeebled as I was, either to quit the guidance of the whipcord and seek out a new passage, or to climb over the obstacle, and resume the path on the other side. The former alternative presented too many difficulties and dangers to be thought of without a shudder. In my present weak state of both mind and body, I should infallibly lose my way if I attempted it, and perish miserably amid the dismal and disgusting labyrinths of the hold. I proceeded, therefore, without hesitation, to summon up all my remaining strength and fortitude, and endeavor, as I best might, to clamber over the crate.

Upon standing erect, with this end in view, I found the undertaking even a more serious task than my fears had led me to imagine. On each side of the narrow passage arose a complete wall of various heavy lumber, which the least blunder on my part might be the means of bringing down upon my head; or, if this accident did not occur, the path might be effectually blocked up against my return by the descending mass, as it was in front by the obstacle there. The crate itself was a long and unwieldy box, upon which no foot-hold could be obtained. In vain I attempted, by every means in my power, to reach the top, with the hope of being thus enabled to draw myself up. Had I succeeded in reaching it, it is certain that my strength would have proved utterly inadequate to the task of getting over, and it was better in every respect that I failed. At length, in a desperate effort to force the crate from its ground, I felt a strong vibration in the side next me. I thrust my hand eagerly to the edge of the planks, and found that a very large one was loose. With my pocket-knife, which luckily I had with me, I succeeded, after great labor, in prizing it entirely off, and, getting through the aperture, discovered, to my exceeding joy, that there were no boards on the opposite side—in other words, that the top was wanting, it being the bottom through which I had forced my way. I now met with no important difficulty in proceeding along the line, until I finally reached the nail. With a beating heart I stood erect, and with a gentle touch, pressed against the cover of the trap. It did not rise as soon as I had expected, and I pressed it with somewhat more determination, still dreading lest some other person than Augustus might be in his state-room. The door, however, to my astonishment, remained steady, and I became somewhat uneasy, for I knew that it had formerly required little or no effort to remove it. I pushed it strongly—it was nevertheless firm: with all my strength—it still did not give way: with rage, with fury, with despair—it set at defiance my utmost efforts—and it was evident, from the unyielding nature of the resistance, that the hole had either been discovered and effectually nailed up, or that some immense weight had been placed upon it, which it was useless to think of removing.

My sensations were those of extreme horror and dismay. In vain I attempted to reason on the probable cause of my being thus entombed. I could summon up no connected chain of reflection, and, sinking on the

floor, gave way, unresistingly, to the most gloomy imaginings, in which the dreadful deaths of thirst, famine, suffocation, and premature interment, crowded upon me as the prominent disasters to be encountered. At length there returned to me some portion of presence of mind. I arose, and felt with my fingers for the seams or cracks of the aperture. Having found them, I examined them closely, to ascertain if they emitted any light from the state-room; but none was visible. I then forced the pen-blade of my knife through them, until I met with some hard obstacle. Scraping against it, I discovered it to be a solid mass of iron, which, from its peculiar wavy feel as I passed the blade along it, I concluded to be a chain-cable. The only course now left me was to retrace my way to the box, and there either yield to my sad fate, or try so to tranquilize my mind, as to admit of my arranging some plan of escape. I immediately set about the attempt, and succeeded, after innumerable difficulties, in getting back. As I sank, utterly exhausted, upon the mattress, Tiger threw himself at full length by my side, and seemed as if desirous, by his caresses, of consoling me in my troubles, and urging me to bear them with fortitude.

The singularity of his behavior at length forcibly arrested my attention. After licking my face and hands for some minutes, he would suddenly cease doing so, and utter a low whine. Upon reaching out my hand towards him, I then invariably found him lying on his back, with his paws uplifted. This conduct, so frequently repeated, appeared strange, and I could in no manner account for it. As the dog seemed distressed, I concluded that he had received some injury, and, taking his paws in my hands, I examined them one by one, but found no sign of any hurt. I then supposed him hungry, and gave him a large piece of ham, which he devoured with avidity—afterwards, however, resuming his extraordinary manœuvres. I now imagined that he was suffering, like myself, the torments of thirst, and was about adopting this conclusion as the true one, when the idea occurred to me that I had as yet only examined his paws, and that there might possibly be a wound upon some portion of his body or head. The latter I felt carefully over, but found nothing. On passing my hand however, along his back, I perceived a slight erection of the hair extending completely across it. Probing this with my finger I discovered a string, and, tracing it up, found that it encircled the whole body. Upon a closer scrutiny, I came across a small slip of what had the feeling of letter paper, through which the string had been fastened in such a manner as to bring it immediately beneath the left shoulder of the animal.

The thought instantly occurred to me that the paper was a note from Augustus, and that some unaccountable accident having happened, to prevent his relieving me from my dungeon, he had devised this method of acquainting me with the true state of affairs. Trembling with eagerness, I now commenced another search for my phosphorus matches and tapers. I had a confused recollection of having put them carefully away, just before falling asleep; and, indeed, previously to my last journey to the trap, I had been able to remember the exact spot where I had deposited them. But now I endeavored in vain to call it to mind, and busied myself for a full hour in a fruitless and vexatious search

for the missing articles—never, surely, was there a more tantalizing state of anxiety and suspense. At length, while groping about, with my head close to the ballast, near the opening of the box, and outside of it, I perceived a faint glimmering of light in the direction of the steerage. Greatly surprised, I endeavored to make my way towards it, as it appeared to be but a few feet from my position. Scarcely had I moved with this intention, when I lost sight of the glimmer entirely, and before I could bring it into view again, was obliged to feel along by the box, until I had exactly resumed my original situation. Now moving my head with caution to and fro, I found that, by proceeding slowly, with great care, in an opposite direction to that in which I had at first started, I was enabled to draw near the light, still keeping it in view. Presently I came directly upon it, (having squeezed my way through innumerable narrow windings) and found that it proceeded from some fragments of my matches lying in an empty barrel turned upon its side. I was wondering how they came in such a place, when my hand fell upon two or three pieces of taper-wax, which had been evidently mumbled by the dog. I concluded at once that he had devoured the whole of my supply of candles, and I felt hopeless of being ever able to read the note of Augustus. The small remnants of the wax were so mashed up among other rubbish in the barrel, that I despaired of deriving any service from them, and left them as they were. The phosphorus, of which there was only a speck or two, I gathered up as well as I could, and returned with it, after much difficulty, to my box, where Tiger had all the while remained.

What to do next I could not tell. The hold was so intensely dark, that I could not see my hand, however close I would hold it to my face. The white slip of paper could barely be discerned, and not even that, when I looked at it directly: by turning the exterior portions of the retina towards it, that is to say, by surveying it slightly askance, I found that it became in some measure perceptible. Thus the gloom of my prison may be imagined, and the note of my friend, if indeed it were a note from him, seemed only likely to throw me into farther trouble, by disquieting, to no purpose, my already enfeebled and agitated mind. In vain I revolved in my brain a multitude of absurd expedients for procuring light—such expedients precisely, as a man in the perturbed sleep occasioned by opium, would be apt to fall upon for a similar purpose—each and all of which appear by turns to the dreamer, the most reasonable and the most preposterous of conceptions, just as the reasoning or imaginative faculties flicker, alternately, one above the other. At last an idea occurred to me which seemed rational, and which gave me cause to wonder, very justly, that I had not entertained it before. I placed the slip of paper on the back of a book, and, collecting the fragments of the phosphorus matches which I had brought from the barrel, laid them together upon the paper. I then, with the palm of my hand, rubbed the whole over quickly, yet steadily. A clear light diffused itself immediately throughout the whole surface, and had there been any writing upon it, I should not have experienced the least difficulty, I am sure, in reading it. Not a syllable was there, however—nothing but a dreary and unsatisfactory blank;

the illumination died away in a few seconds, and my heart died away within me as it went.

I have before stated more than once, that my intellect, for some period prior to this, had been in a condition nearly bordering on idiocy. There were, to be sure, momentary intervals of perfect sanity, and, now and then, even of energy, but these were few. It must be remembered that I had been, for many days certainly, inhaling the almost pestilential atmosphere of a close hold in a whaling vessel, and a long portion of that time but scantily supplied with water. For the last fourteen or fifteen hours I had none—nor had I slept during that time. Salt provisions of the most exciting kind had been my chief, and indeed since the loss of the mutton, my only supply of food, with the exception of the sea biscuit; and these latter were utterly useless to me, as they were too dry and hard to be swallowed in the swollen and parched condition of my throat. I was now in a high state of fever, and, in every respect, exceedingly ill. This will account for the fact, that many miserable hours of despondency elapsed after my last adventure with the phosphorus, before the thought suggested itself that I had examined only one side of the paper. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings of rage, (for I believe I was more angry than any thing else) when the egregious oversight I had committed flashed suddenly upon my perception. The blunder itself would have been unimportant, had not my own folly and impetuosity rendered it otherwise—in my disappointment at not finding some words upon the slip. I had childishly torn it to pieces and thrown it away, it was impossible to say where.

From the worst part of this dilemma I was relieved by the sagacity of Tiger. Having gotten, after long search, a small piece of the note, I put it to the dog's nose, and endeavored to make him understand that he must bring me the rest of it. To my astonishment (for I had taught him none of the usual tricks for which his breed are famous,) he seemed to enter at once into my meaning, and, rummaging about for a few moments, soon found another considerable portion. Bringing me this, he paused awhile, and, rubbing his nose against my hand, appeared to be waiting for my approval of what he had done. I patted him on the head, when he immediately made off again. It was now some minutes before he came back—but when he did come, he brought with him a large slip, which proved to be all the paper missing—it having been torn, it seems, only into three pieces. Luckily I had no trouble in finding what few fragments of the phosphorus were left—being guided by the indistinct glow one or two of the particles still emitted. My difficulties had taught me the necessity of caution, and I now took time to reflect upon what I was about to do. It was very probable, I considered, that some words were written upon that side of the paper which had not been examined—but which side was that? Fitting the pieces together gave me no clue in this respect, although it assured me that the words (if there were any) would be found all on one side, and connected in a proper manner, as written. There was the greater necessity of ascertaining the point in question beyond a doubt, as the phosphorus remaining would be altogether insufficient for a third attempt, should I fail in the one I was now about to make. I placed the paper on a book as before, and sat for some

minutes thoughtfully revolving the matter over in my mind. At last I thought it barely possible that the written side might have some unevenness in its surface, which a delicate sense of feeling might enable me to detect. I determined to make the experiment, and passed my finger very carefully over the side which first presented itself—nothing, however, was perceptible, and I turned the paper, adjusting it on the book. I now again carried my fore-finger cautiously along, when I was aware of an exceedingly slight, but still discernible glow, which followed it as it proceeded. This, I knew, must arise from some very minute remaining particles of the phosphorus with which I had covered the paper in my previous attempt. The other or under side, then, was that on which lay the writing, if writing there should finally prove to be. Again I turned the note, and went to work as I had previously done. Having rubbed in the phosphorus, a brilliancy ensued as before—but this time several lines of M.S. in a large hand, and apparently in red ink, became distinctly visible. The glimmer, although sufficiently bright, was but momentary. Still, had I not been too greatly excited, there would have been ample time enough for me to peruse the whole three sentences before me—for I saw there were three. In my anxiety, however, to read all at once, I succeeded only in reading the seven concluding words, which thus appeared: "*blood—your life depends upon lying close.*"

Had I been able to ascertain the entire contents of the note—the full meaning of the admonition which my friend had thus attempted to convey, that admonition, even although it should have revealed a story of disaster the most unspeakable, could not, I am firmly convinced, have imbued my mind with one tithe of the harrowing and yet indefinable horror with which I was inspired by the fragmentary warning thus received. And "*blood*" too, that word of all words—so rife at all times with mystery, and suffering, and terror—how trebly full of import did it now appear!—how chillily and heavily (disjointed, as it thus was, from any foregoing words to qualify or render it distinct) did its vague syllables fall, amid the deep gloom of my prison, into the innermost recesses of my soul!

Augustus had, undoubtedly, good reasons for wishing me to remain concealed, and I formed a thousand surmises as to what they could be—but I could think of nothing affording a satisfactory solution of the mystery. Just after returning from my last journey to the trap, and before my attention had been otherwise directed by the singular conduct of Tiger, I had come to the resolution of making myself heard at all events by those on board, or, if I could not succeed in this directly, of trying to cut my way through the orlop deck. The half certainty which I felt, of being able to accomplish one of these two purposes in the last emergency, had given me courage (which I should not otherwise have had) to endure the evils of my situation. The few words I had been able to read, however, had cut me off from these final resources, and I now, for the first time, felt all the misery of my fate. In a paroxysm of despair I threw myself again upon the mattress, where, for about the period of a day and night, I lay in a kind of stupor, relieved only by momentary intervals of reason and recollection.

At length I once more arose, and busied myself in

reflection upon the horrors which encompassed me. For another twenty-four hours it was barely possible that I might exist without water—for a longer time I could not do so. During the first portion of my imprisonment I had made free use of the cordials with which Augustus had supplied me, but they only served to excite fever, without in the least degree assuaging my thirst. I had now only about a gill left, and this was of a species of strong peach liqueur at which my stomach revolted. The sausages were entirely consumed; of the ham nothing remained but a small piece of the skin; and all the biscuit, except a few fragments of one, had been eaten by Tiger. To add to my troubles I found that my head-ach was increasing momentarily, and with it the species of delirium which had distressed me more or less since my first falling asleep. For some hours past it had been with the greatest difficulty I could breathe at all, and now each attempt at so doing was attended with the most distressing spasmodic action of the chest. But there was still another, and very different source of disquietude, and one, indeed, whose harassing terrors had been the chief means of arousing me to exertion from my stupor on the mattress. It arose from the demeanor of the dog.

I first observed an alteration in his conduct while rubbing in the phosphorus on the paper in my last attempt. As I rubbed, he ran his nose against my hand with a slight snarl; but I was too greatly excited at the time to pay much attention to the circumstance. Soon afterwards, it will be remembered, I threw myself on the mattress, and fell into a species of lethargy. Presently I became aware of a singular hissing sound close at my ears, and discovered it to proceed from Tiger, who was panting and wheezing in a state of the greatest apparent excitement, his eyeballs flashing fiercely through the gloom. I spoke to him, when he replied with a low growl, and then remained quiet. Presently I relapsed into my stupor, from which I was again awakened in a similar manner. This was repeated three or four times, until finally his behavior inspired me with so great a degree of fear, that I became fully aroused. He was now lying close by the door of the box, snarling fearfully, although in a kind of undertone, and grinding his teeth as if strongly convulsed. I had no doubt whatever that the want of water, or the confined atmosphere of the hold, had driven him mad, and I was at a loss what course to pursue. I could not endure the thought of killing him, yet it seemed absolutely necessary for my own safety. I could distinctly perceive his eyes fastened upon me with an expression of the most deadly animosity, and I expected every instant that he would attack me. At last I could endure my terrible situation no longer, and determined to make my way from the box at all hazards, and dispatch him, if his opposition should render it necessary for me to do so. To get out, I had to pass directly over his body, and he already seemed to anticipate my design—raising himself upon his fore legs (as I perceived by the altered position of his eyes), and displaying the whole of his white fangs, which were easily discernible. I took the remains of the ham-skin, and the bottle containing the liqueur, and secured them about my person, together with a large carving-knife which Augustus had left me—then, folding my cloak as closely around me as possible, I made a movement towards the mouth of the box. No sooner

did I do this than the dog sprang with a loud growl towards my throat. The whole weight of his body struck me on the right shoulder, and I fell violently to the left, while the enraged animal passed entirely over me. I had fallen upon my knees with my head buried among the blankets, and these protected me from a second furious assault, during which I felt the sharp teeth pressing vigorously upon the woollen which enveloped my neck—yet, luckily, without being able to penetrate all the folds. I was now beneath the dog, and a few moments would place me completely in his power. Despair gave me strength, and I rose bodily up, shaking him from me by main force, and dragging with me the blankets from the mattress. These I now threw over him, and before he could extricate himself I had gotten through the door and closed it effectually against his pursuit. In this struggle, however, I had been forced to drop the morsel of ham-skin, and I now found my whole stock of provisions reduced to a single gill of liqueur. As this reflection crossed my mind I felt myself actuated by one of those fits of perverseness which might be supposed to influence a spoiled child in similar circumstances, and, raising the bottle to my lips, I drained it to the last drop, and dashed it furiously upon the ground.

Scarcely had the echo of the crash died away, when I heard my name pronounced in an eager but subdued voice, issuing from the direction of the steerage. So unexpected was any thing of the kind, and so intense was the emotion excited within me by the sound, that I endeavored in vain to reply. My powers of voice totally failed, and, in an agony of terror lest my friend should conclude me dead and return without attempting to reach me, I stood up between the crates near the door of the box, trembling convulsively, and gasping and struggling for utterance. Had a thousand worlds depended upon a syllable, I could not have spoken it. There was a slight movement now audible among the lumber somewhere forward of my station. The sound presently grew less distinct, then again less so, and still less. Shall I ever forget my feelings at this moment? He was going—my friend—my companion, from whom I had a right to expect so much—he was going—he would abandon me—he was gone! He would leave me to perish miserably, to expire in the most horrible and loathsome of dungeons—and one word—one little syllable would save me—yet that single syllable I could not utter! I felt, I am sure, more than ten thousand times the agonies of death itself. My brain reeled, and I fell, deadly sick, against the end of the box.

As I fell, the carving-knife was shaken out from the waistband of my pantaloons, and dropped with a rattling sound to the floor. Never did any strain of the richest melody come so sweetly to my ears! With the intensest anxiety I listened to ascertain the effect of the noise upon Augustus—for I knew that the person who called my name could be no one but himself. All was silent for some moments. At length I again heard the word, *Arthur!* repeated in a low tone, and one full of hesitation. Reviving hope loosened at once my powers of speech, and I now screamed, at the top of my voice, "*Augustus! oh Augustus!*" "Hush!—for God's sake be silent!" he replied, in a voice trembling with agitation, "I will be with you immediately—as soon as I can make my way through the hold." For a long time I

heard him moving among the lumber, and every moment seemed to me an age. At length I felt his hand upon my shoulder, and he placed at the same moment a bottle of water to my lips. Those only who have been suddenly redeemed from the jaws of the tomb, or who have known the insufferable torments of thirst under circumstances as aggravated as those which encompassed me in my dreary prison, can form any idea of the unutterable transports which that one long draught, of the richest of all physical luxuries, afforded.

When I had in some degree satisfied my thirst, Augustus produced from his pocket three or four cold boiled potatoes, which I devoured with the greatest avidity. He had brought with him a light in a dark lantern, and the grateful rays afforded me scarcely less comfort than the food and drink. But I was impatient to learn the cause of his protracted absence, and he proceeded to recount what had happened on board during my incarceration.

The brig put to sea, as I had supposed, in about an hour after he had left the watch. This was on the twentieth of April. It will be remembered that I had then been in the hold for three days; and, during this period there was so constant a bustle on board, and so much running to and fro, especially in the cabin and state-rooms, that he had had no chance of visiting me without the risk of having the secret of the trap discovered. When at length he did come, I had assured him that I was doing as well as possible; and, therefore, for the two next days, he felt but little uneasiness on my account—still, however, watching an opportunity of going down. It was not until the fourth day that he found one. Several times during this interval he had made up his mind to let his father know of the adventure, and have me come up at once; but we were still within reaching distance of Nantucket, and it was doubtful, from some expressions which had escaped Captain Barnard, whether he would not immediately put back if he discovered me to be on board. Besides, upon thinking the matter over, Augustus, so he told me, could not imagine that I was in immediate want, or that I would hesitate, in such case, to make myself heard at the trap. When, therefore, he considered every thing, he concluded to let me stay, until he could meet with an opportunity of visiting me unobserved. This, as I said before, did not occur until the fourth day after his bringing me the watch, and the seventh since I had first entered the hold. He then went down, without taking with him any water or provisions, intending in the first place merely to call my attention, and get me to come from the box to the trap—when he would go up to the state-room and thence hand me down a supply. When he descended for this purpose he found that I was asleep, for it seems that I was snoring very loudly. From all the calculations I can make on the subject, this must have been the slumber into which I fell just after my return from the trap with the watch, and which, consequently, must have lasted for more than three entire days and nights at the very least. Latterly, I have had reason, both from my own experience and the assurance of others, to be acquainted with the strong soporific effects of the stench arising from old fish oil when closely confined; and when I think of the condition of the hold in which I was imprisoned, and the long period during which the

brig had been used as a whaling-vessel, I am more inclined to wonder that I awoke at all, after once falling asleep, than that I should have slept uninterruptedly for the period specified above.

Augustus called to me, at first in a low voice and without closing the trap—but I made him no reply. He then shut the trap, and spoke to me in a louder, and finally in a very loud tone—still I continued to snore. He was now at a loss what to do. It would take him some time to make his way through the lumber to my box, and in the meanwhile his absence would be noticed by Captain Barnard, who had occasion for his services every minute, in arranging and copying papers connected with the business of the voyage. He determined therefore, upon reflection, to ascend, and await another opportunity of visiting me. He was the more easily induced to this resolve, as my slumber appeared to be of the most tranquil nature, and he could not suppose that I had undergone any inconvenience from my incarceration. He had just made up his mind on these points, when his attention was arrested by an unusual bustle, the sound of which proceeded apparently from the cabin. He sprang through the trap as quickly as possible, closed it, and threw open the door of his state-room. No sooner had he put his foot over the threshold, than a pistol flashed in his face, and he was knocked down, at the same moment, by a blow from a handspike.

A strong hand held him on the cabin floor, with a tight grasp upon his throat—still he was able to see what was going on around him. His father was tied hand and foot, and lying along the steps of the companion way with his head down, and a deep wound in the forehead, from which the blood was flowing in a continued stream. He spoke not a word, and was apparently dying. Over him stood the first mate, eyeing him with an expression of fiendish derision, and deliberately searching his pockets, from which he presently drew forth a large wallet and a chronometer. Seven of the crew (among whom was the cook, a negro) were rummaging the state-rooms on the larboard for arms, where they soon equipped themselves with muskets and ammunition. Beside Augustus and Captain Barnard, there were nine men altogether in the cabin, and these among the most ruffianly of the brig's company. The villains now went upon deck, taking my friend with them, after having secured his arms behind his back. They proceeded straight to the fore-castle, which was fastened down—two of the mutineers standing by it with axes—two also at the main hatch. The mate called out in a loud voice, "Do you hear there below? tumble up with you!—one by one, now, mark that!—and no grumbling." It was some minutes before any one appeared: at last, an Englishman, who had shipped as a raw hand, came up, weeping piteously, and entreating the mate in the most humble manner to spare his life. The only reply was a blow on the forehead from an axe. The poor fellow fell to the deck without a groan, and the black cook lifted him up in his arms as he would a child, and tossed him deliberately into the sea. Hearing the blow and the plunge of the body, the men below could now be induced to venture on deck by neither threats nor promises, until a proposition was made to smoke them out. A general rush then ensued, and for a moment it seemed possible that the

brig might be retaken. The mutineers, however, succeeded at last in closing the fore-castle effectually before more than six of their opponents could get up. These six, finding themselves so greatly outnumbered and without arms, submitted after a brief struggle. The mate gave them fair words—no doubt with a view of inducing those below to yield, for they had no difficulty in hearing all that was said on deck. The result proved his sagacity, no less than his diabolical villainy. All in the fore-castle presently signified their intention of submitting, and, ascending one by one, were pinioned and thrown on their backs, together with the first six—there being in all, of the crew who were not concerned in the mutiny, twenty-seven.

LINES.

We read in the Memoir of his Life prefixed to his *Poems* (Galignani's Edition), that the young poet Keats, who died of a consumption which he had brought on by his poetical studies, said some time before his death, anticipating that event, that "he felt the flowers growing over him."

And what sweet fancy flowers were those
Which thou, young bard, didst feel
Already growing o'er thy grave?
Thou whom Apollo could not save,
Or would not, for his own bright dart
Was quivering in thy bleeding heart,
And gave the wound no balm could heal.
Flowers of all hues, and every name;
Especially fair Beauty's rose,
And the bright laurel dear to Fame.

READINGS WITH MY PENCIL.

NO. V.

"Legere sine calamo est dormire."—*Quintilian*.

30. "Man's history may be told in very few words: *he always meant to live,—and died.*"—*Latimer*.

How quaint! How true! It would serve for the epitaph of MAN,—THE SPECIES! Do but examine its beautiful appositiveness. "He always meant to live,—and died." Oh how true is it that if the *pleasure* of to-morrow be fancied greater than that of to-day, so may also be its *sorrow*! In a few years, I say, that palace is mine. True,—and that is my funeral passing from its portal!—I shall possess the loves and affections of home and friendship. Yes,—and when dearest they shall be torn away!—I will be in all men's thoughts, and on all men's tongues. So I may,—and be, too, the object of envy and hate, because I am so!—I will owe no man favors, and be independent of every one, but myself. That is practicable,—and so it is, that I may be thus left to die friendless and alone. Ah, it is very, very true: *we mean* to live, and *we die*!

31. "Superficiality is a fearful thing: for they whom it characterizes cannot rid themselves of it, so fanned to sleep are they by the wings of the vampire that in poverishes their minds, while it soothes their self-love."—*Edgeworth*.

Nothing is effective without attention,—nothing at-

tainable without fixedness of purpose. The wood kindles only when the rays of the sun are concentrated by the burning glass to a single point: it receives a little heat, and much brilliancy, when those rays are thrown upon it *without* a focus,—but it will never take fire, till the focus is produced.

32. "The God of the Christian, the Christian himself delights to represent as a tyrant,—jealous of man's enjoyments,—placing heavy burdens on his shoulders,—exactng severe tasks at his hands; his walk ever in misery; his feet ever in chains, and all this for his God's pleasure alone."—*Paine*.

FALSE!—Stand, follower of the infidel, with me, in stillness, in the midst of the works of nature. See rain coming gently down into earth's furrows,—see the sun, enriching the earth with rays of golden lustre, and of golden worth,—see the fruits, gathered in their season: and tell me if, when gratitude is warming yonder reaper's heart, and his heart is rising fast to the God he believes in, his wings can droop down to earth by the thought that he who fills all living things with plenteousness, is but a hateful, frowning tyrant? The scoffer knew it was false!

33. "Their God is their foe."—*Ibid*.

The blasphemy of an infidel, who had not the animal courage to die true to his life-long creed. Did he ever think of *existence*? Whence flowed his blood? Whence comes sustenance to the human frame? Upon the care exerted by some overruling power over the nerves, the lungs, the muscles, enabling a man to draw even a single breath of life? Did he ever reflect upon the exquisite formation of the organs of the senses,—or the understanding,—the will,—the affections,—and these in a sphere, full of objects for their exercise? And did he ever see sincere believers in our religion, who did not attribute **ALL** these sources of blessing and happiness to the God they worship, and he blasphemes? No, no! the scoffer should rather have said, "*Their God is my foe.*"

34. "Above all things, cultivate pride. I do not mean, as you have seen by what I have already written, to advise you to assume any thing that does not belong to you;—I only mean to bid you to maintain all that does."—*Chesterfield*.

A miserable piece of advice from a father to a son. Pride,—such as my Lord Chesterfield meant in this extract,—gains nothing by its elevation but to totter on the edge of a precipice,—and calls on many eyes to see its fall.

35. "The family pew! My grandfather's father was the first who sat there, and now my grandson's little feet press the same hassock on which the old man knelt. Could that pew speak, what tales would it relate, &c.!"—*The Parson's Daughter*, by Hook.

This thought has often occurred to me at church: and when I have looked around, and asked myself a similar question,—as "If that fretted roof could speak, what tales would it narrate?" I have felt the reply to be something like the following. A frivolous thing of fashion soliciting the grace of God against the pomps and vanities of the world,—an avaricious trader, professing to lay up treasures in heaven,—a revengeful spirit praying to be forgiven, as it forgives,—a mind engrossed with the present scene purporting to feel delight in visitations of the pure spirit of God! If such insincerity were practised towards man, it would be an insult,—and yet it is every day practised towards Jehovah. *Profession, ending in itself, is useless.*

36. "I carried my crime with me. I knew it was not known to the world, yet I felt that the world knew it. Every eye seemed to mark me out as its perpetrator,—every lip seemed about to utter my condemnation."—*Victor Hugo*.

A face, beaming with intelligence, lowers,—the eye seeks the ground,—thought leaves the lips alone,—a tinge of vermilion lies on the cheek. Why? *There is guilt.* How sure it is to curse every faculty! How it sends memory back to fetch fuel to feed the fire of conscience! How it eats its way into the core of life's best and fairest gifts! It works silently, but never in vain. The form,—the shell,—lasts till death: then it is dust and ashes. But where is the soul? It perished before! And the murderer?—was guilt. He seized the heart, and drained its life-blood dry. J. F. O.

STANZAS.

When rosy Evening's sweetest light
Fades like our joys too soon away,
How dear the thought, that but a night
Divides it from the brighter day.

So to the dying Christian's eye,
The twilight of the world retires
But to reveal the heavenly sky,
And glory's everlasting fires.

That sky, those fires unfading shine
O'er boundless plains of life and love,
Reflections of that smile divine
That makes the perfect bliss above.

Washington City.

R. R. G.

SULLY:

A TALE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

LETTER I.

Forgive the wrong
If with grave truth, light fiction we combine.
Wiffen's Tasso.

In days of yore knights were created with no little pomp: but less ceremony is requisite at the present time.

Sully's Note Book.

My Dear L.—In beginning my Blue Ridge Letters, permit me to call your imagination to one of its simplest efforts. Revert to the year —, of the current century, and fancy a youth who on a pedestrian excursion has reached a slope of the Ridge that descends into the valley, accompanied by a spotted pointer, and carrying a gun so light that he twirls it every now and then for his amusement. It was in the month of March, on an afternoon prematurely bright for the season, that Sully first saw the Shenandoah.

The inquiry will naturally arise—what prompted me to leave populous cities, to sojourn for a year beyond the Ridge? Believe me, it was not to search for romance or objects to which poets have given the name of picturesque. The study of man is more interesting than the place at which he lives, and to be versed in manners is more important than an acquaintance with the lights and shades which diversify the face of nature. The writings of Goëthe will be more lasting than those of Byron; because the German has painted man in his habits better than the Anglo-Grecian bard.

The charm of friendship is superior to that of adventure, because a steady light is to be preferred to a meteor. Roman orators, after commanding the attention of senates, sought for the balm of life among the saloons of their villas. An attachment to a young Virginian, formed some years before at an eastern university, carried me over the Ridge, in search of a man who never deceived me; and it was my happiness to reach his home in the twilight of the day to which allusion has been made.

To compass the object of this miniature collection of letters, it will be necessary to descend to a few details. Phil Parker was ambitious at the university. He had not laid a weighty hand on the casket of science; but he coveted either political eminence, or that celebrity which flows from the cultivation of letters. He possessed classical taste, a vein of original humor, and had he persevered in cultivating his talent for composition, he would have approached the style of Goldsmith. But a few years had made some changes. He had come to his patrimony somewhat earlier than he had anticipated. His time since his marriage had been taken up in improving the grounds that lay about his mansion. His assortment of books wore an air of elegance; but my suspicions were soon awakened that my friend Phil had devoted himself principally to agriculture, for there was a divergency in his conversation to the nature of soils, the properties of marl, the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy, and to pictures of Bakewell sheep. When rallied on the loss of his ambition, he would laugh and say—Sully, you will be wiser after awhile.

A point will here be gained, if the writer can succeed in laying before you, an outline of "Mountain View." In building, the ancestry of Phil Parker had paid attention to the counsels of Lord Bacon, and of that quaint writer Thomas Fuller, so far as elevation was concerned. The mansion was seated on a rising in the valley, and its proportions lay between the English cottage and the Norman castle. It had a porch supported by pillars, whilst the windows were trellised with vines. This porch was a place from which a person might sketch on a mental canvass whatever the Ridge presented in its mountain moods. The water prospects included no bay: but at the foot of the mountain, the Shenandoah was seen to wind from morning till night.

The day after my arrival Phil Parker proposed to take me on a stroll; after which, said he, you are to be invested with an order of knighthood. Having put on his slouched hat, and taken up his staff, he told me to follow: but my taste was rather too sentimental to be entertained with orchards. The park indeed always delights me, because it is filled with graceful forms. The citron and orange groves, which have been reflected so long in the lights of oriental fiction, produce at times some aversion even to the greenest hills. After the conclusion of our ramble, friend Phil was looking with some earnestness at a piece of pasture land, not far from where we stood. What object, said he, as connected with that pasture, interests you most deeply? There is a charm, said I, about that dappled pony, which finds its way to the heart. Then, said he, let me affix this sylvan bugle to the button of your waistcoat, and you will become a rural knight: but before appending the ingenious trifle, he sounded it,

and at the whistle the pony came tilting from the clover field and stood by my side. We then took down a new bridle from the antlers of a stag which had been inserted into an elm tree fronting the house, and by the time that the animal was caparisoned, Oscar, an old family servant, led out the riding horse of his master. We scoured the hills, and the proprietor of "Mountain View" was unusually affable; but my head was in a reverie. Whilst he was talking of the battle of Jena, my eye was measuring the vale through which we were ambling; or whilst he was discussing the policy of Europe, my thoughts were in the glens of the mountain. My attention was absorbed in the scenery, though we have been among objects much wilder, and the capital city of Virginia has around it an assemblage of softer features. Its hills and ravines, and James river winding down among rocks, by which it is broken into abrupt falls, render it quite romantic. The Shenandoah is sufficiently serpentine, following in its course the bends of the Ridge; but it seems to creep with a pace rather too uniform. The valley has many glades in it, which openings show measures of improvement, but not improvement of the highest grade.

After completing our ride and getting fairly into the house, Phil Parker took me to a room, of which he constituted me sole occupant, and in a few minutes Oscar brought into the apartment an armed chair. Sully, said friend Phil, you always had a vein of ideality in your pericranium, and for this reason that you may indulge in your day dreams, the mother of my wife presents you with this old family relic. Friend Phil, said I, you must send up, in addition, a plenty of paper, ink, and a few of your best goose quills. Whilst amusing myself by writing either on politics or literature, you can go to your sheep-cotes; and furthermore, provide me with a good pipe and tobacco, and when we are at leisure we will recall past days.

The fables of the Greeks point to mountains as the abodes of the Muses. To the Phocian Parnassus the Greek poets looked for inspiration, and though it yielded the bleakest prospects as to this life, it tempted multitudes to its celestial elevation. The Muses have despatched many of their children into the dales, where amid dew and herbs, they have sung of the grotto and the hermitage: but not till they were crowned even to such lowly offices, among the pinnacles in which they dwell. Had Say, the naturalist, spent months in the valley of Shenandoah, he would probably have chased its insects far and wide. Had Wilson the ornithologist been there, he would have coveted its birds with all the strength of his ruling passion. Had Cuvier been one of its inhabitants he might have thought of its minerals; but the eye of Tasso would have been in the Blue Ridge. His thoughts would have turned on the improvements which might be made in it; how its objects might have been differently adjusted, and how its summits might have been arranged to more ideal effect. He would have placed on it the gazelle gliding among declivities multiplied by his imagination, or he would have heard the murmuring of the bee at work among its shrubs. His eye would have reached every point in its devious course, and would have often returned from the extremes to the central link of the chain. The interior of the earth may belong to philosophy; but to its circumference the title of the poet

is transparent as the milky way. Suspect me not of a poetical temperament, though we confess that we sometimes watched the mists of the mountain, and more than once in a morning's ride let fall our bridle reins to mark some appearance it was making which it had not previously made.

The vicinity of which we speak is connected with the tide-water country, or in other words, many years since lowlanders took it into occupancy. They deserted settlements abounding in some respects with superior advantages. The lower country was indented with creeks. In supplying the means of subsistence the water vied with the land; but some motive sufficiently strong brought from the lowlands a colony, consisting of families closely connected by ties of affinity. Their seats are located at convenient distances, and social pleasures are duly cherished. The farms, however, are interspersed occasionally with the acres of some German, who takes an honest pride in the jingle of his bells as his team comes back from market. With all my predilections for mountains, candor constrains me to prefer the manners of the lowlanders. Whether the fact be capable of solution from philosophical causes, we will not determine: but for amenity, constancy in friendship, a refined hospitality, and the mellow courtesies of life, the palm is due, not to mountaineers, but to those who live in champaigne countries. In migrating beyond the Ridge the lowlanders found a soil rich as cream, but they lost the wealth of the sea. To those who live on the seaboard there is something fascinating in the affections being connected by commerce with foreign lands. The hand of commerce plants the tropical flower among our indigenous tribes, and its chain takes into captivity the Persian Deer and the Chamois of the Alps, and supplies intellectual associations by which we become interested in the history of distant countries, or in the ingenious tales or the brilliant fables which have delighted their inhabitants.

So far as fertility is concerned, the valley may be advantageously contrasted with much of the country that lies on the east of the Ridge. The sources of its fruitfulness it is not my business to explore, nor do we feel sufficiently at home in philosophy to speculate on the theory of Jefferson. His theory is, that the valley in past ages has been the bed of a lake, but the waters have disappeared that it might become the abode of a part of our species. Leaving out of the question the philosophy of this statement, we may be permitted to admire the poetry which the statement includes. If there ever was a time when impetuous waves lashed the summits of the North Mountain—when Indian canoes shot across the Lake, or when monsters of the deep sported on its surface, then the retreat of the waters has left exuviae or spoils for the poet. When the Nile draws back its dispersed waves to their natural bed, that river can point to the cities and towns of the Delta, and this mimic sea on finding egress from its barriers might have pointed back to the traces of beauty which were left in its wake. It left caves whose structure baffles the ingenuity of man—grottoes encrusted with shells of every dye—mineral springs that dot its recesses, and granite bridges that span the wave and clasp the adjacent hills.

In concluding this letter, it may not be amiss in the writer to state his object in the humble intellectual

effort which is to engage his attention for a few of his leisure nights. He has no ingenious tale to unfold. Invention may be an endowment of others; but the writer sets up no claim to its possession. His object is to recall a few impressions of past days, before those impressions shall become too dim to be retraced. There was a time with the writer when hope impelled his steps and led him forward among tints which are fast dispersing, and when the affections were murmuring in ecstasy over urns crowned with the flowers of the imagination. At that time several of these letters were committed to paper, and our object in enlarging them is to record the value of friendship, some offices of benevolence, some traits of hospitality, and some conversations, in which opulence and obscurity met on equal grounds. It would give me pleasure to depict the manners of an interesting family or the customs of an interesting settlement. These are themes to which it is not necessary to bring the power of analysis which distinguished the Baroness De Stael, or the impassioned eloquence of Rousseau, or the gorgeous coloring of the elder poets, who found materials fresh to their hand before they had been combined by pre-existent genius. Happy will the writer deem himself if he can bring among scenes so simple, a pencil adapted to the objects about which it is to be employed. There is a charm in the letters of Gray, and even of the younger Lyttleton, which has to some extent at least enhanced our intellectual pleasures. Adieu.

LETTER II.

Our partiality, even to an old chair, may be defended by referring to great names.

When a boy, he took to the rod and line, and in a green old age what is he but an angler? *Sully's Note Book.*

My Dear L.—By the middle of April the family chair had become quite useful. It served to assuage the sickness of a night, besides making me tranquil enough to read several new productions. It is strange how fondly we become attached even to inanimate objects. The pen which Tasso used in writing his Epic, has for ages excited interest among the people of Italy—Cowper exalted his Olney sofa into the public view, and you have read a volume about Gay's chair. The Devonshire wit had a touch of the constructive organ, for he certainly did build a most commodious chair. We have somewhere seen a lithographic print of it, and could not help wondering at its complex mechanism. It had even a money box; which box, after the breaking up of the South Sea scheme, was generally empty, but after his death important manuscripts were found in one of its recesses, which had been prepared by the fabulist as he sat in that chair under the myrtles of the Duke of Devonshire.

As the Emperor of Austria was anxious to find out whether Napoleon might not have been descended from the kings of Corsica, we have not been without a wish to discover whether this chair might not have belonged to some man of letters. This conjecture may possibly be true, for it was brought many years ago from England to a seat on James river, and from thence found its way to the Rappahannock, and at length cherished an invalid like myself over the Ridge. The traditional statistics about it may be comprised in a few sentences.

When it reached this country it was covered with black morocco, and studded with brass nails; but in the course of time it put on a red morocco coat. It is well suited to an interior saloon in Thomson's Castle of Indolence, for it has a place where the head can recline, like the limber head of a bird just shot—and it is not without a projecting rest for a pair of lazy feet. It has wheels; and several times, when too busy to rise, old Oscar gave me a ride about my room. After the chair came into my possession an upholsterer engaged to put it into first rate order, and he affixed a tablet to write on, together with several boxes. One of the boxes was to hold my essays, and another was suited to the manuscripts of a voluminous history, and a third was a kind of poet's corner or place, in which to deposit brief songs and rural odes. But one day I sent for a cabinet maker, and told him that a usurer had been dunning me, and requested him to make for it a strong box; and the next time the usurer darkened my room, upon the box being pulled out, he raised his hands and took himself off. It has been my lot, in the fluctuations of life, to live in more places than one, and each time, on breaking up, my wife wished me to part with the chair; but the chair is still mine. An eccentric genius once advised me to prepare for it a magic lantern; and one night three blind men, probably Homer, Ossian and Milton, stood before me, and talked for some time; after which men of letters came often at twilight, and enabled me to determine several litigated points—such as the birth-place of Homer, the forgeries of Macpherson, and the order in which Shakspeare wrote his plays. Milton specially charged me to say, that he would have been a better poet if he had not been so great a politician; and Sir William Jones told me, that he should have paid less attention to forgotten literature, and produced works which might have enriched the passing age. But my old chair has not been used exclusively for intellectual purposes. Proving as it did a source of annoyance to my wife, I was determined to employ it in celebrating the anniversary of my marriage. In my yard stands an antique oak, about the size of the one at Allonville in France, in which a monk is said to have built a chapel. This was a felicitous thought—to transform a gnarled tree into a rural temple; but on the anniversary alluded to, my children wheeled me out under the foliage of my old oak, whilst the birds were singing over our heads, and the flowers seemed to be at play in the breeze. In the sports some peasant children united—and from that time this monarch of my lawn has been sacred to domestic happiness. The next morning my wife was wonderfully appeased, and she remarked with a smile, "Sully, if you will send and buy me a new chair, you are welcome to keep the old one as long as you please." After the lapse of many years it is my good fortune to be writing these reminiscences whilst seated comfortably in that same old chair of which such particular mention has been made. But it may be well to go on with my narrative. Being engaged one day in conversation with Phil Parker, it came into my head to ask him whether the neighborhood furnished no specimens of character somewhat out of the way. He replied that he could not think of any,—when his mother-in-law spoke up and said, that the old Angler was not without eccentric traits. "The old Angler," said I; "the very man." The day of my crossing the Shenandoah, the

ferryman being out of the way, the Angler brought me over in his canoe. At this, friend Phil ordered my enchanted pony, and told Oscar to saddle his old sorrel, and show me the way to the Angler's house. As we passed along the air was mild, and hawthorn blossoms were beginning to adorn the hedges, while Oscar entertained me with various inquiries. His questions turned very much on James river—whether the gentleman he had the honor of riding with didn't come from that way, and how the people were getting along since he left. After ambling at our leisure for some time we descended a declivity—and among a few sycamores, seated on some twisted roots, was the old Angler. He seemed agitated for a moment; but as soon as Oscar took my bridle, the fisherman came forward with confidence and gave me his hand. There were some hand-nets drying on the bushes, and some rods with red corks suspended on the trees. "It delights me, Angler," said I, "to see you so comfortably fixed, with a few fertile acres, and a house just on the bank of the river. Let me add to your establishment a book, written by Izaak Walton, wherein you will find prints of all sorts of fish." "Thank you," said he, "that is the book of which Phil Parker spoke, and he told me to sell my blue cap to get the wherewithal." "But, Angler," said I, "you can keep your cap, and at the same time own the book." He would have replied, but he saw my attention engaged in measuring his tall person and his long visage, and his countenance which wore a shade of pensiveness. Perhaps no head was ever better made for mirthfulness; but still the Angler was taciturn.

We returned on the route by which we had gone, and on the ride Oscar looked more considerate than usual. His face was expressive of a burdened mind, but he did not break the silence. At length I said to him, "Oscar, isn't the Angler thought by the people about here a little odd?" "Oscar don't like," replied he, "to say all to sich a gentleman as you, Squire Sully; but the old man wont work. He git up in the mornin, and paddles up and paddles down, and Oscar call, call, and he wont do nothin but look like a sleepy owl." "Well, Oscar, hav'nt such ways led to bad consequences?" "Most monstrous bad," rejoined he; "the sheriff come for taxes, but he can't find the old fishmunger—and they say that there place, Angler's Rest, is goin to be sold, and interust will count; and he's about startin to the back woods." In this unvarnished statement Oscar had given me a key to unlock the sombre looks of the Angler, whilst for the balance of the ride that key was turned on all my joyous feelings, keeping them imprisoned in the chamber of profound reflection.

The Angler was born on James river, and the only casket he owns is a collection of shells taken from its strand. But he went to the banks of the Shenandoah, and finding in that river less spoil than in the rivers of the lower country, he decamped awhile to the west. There he became a comrade of Daniel Boone, but a thought took him that old friends were the best, and he returned. By the way, there is a chapter in his life which may be called the Indian Episode. He visited several tribes of those barbarians—made his home among them, and won their confidence. When he came off, one of their chiefs gave him a pipe, a tomahawk, and a wampum belt. Since which time he has been darting about the Shenandoah, watching the smoke as

it curls from his chimney, and, during the swell of the river, helping travellers across. In this last respect he is a benefactor—and a fair lady, of whom more will appear in the sequel, was indebted to him for the continuance of a life which ever since has been redolent with gladness. The incident is somewhat romantic. Gertrude B. was riding the pony, since become mine, and in fording the river he unfortunately lost the ford, and got entangled among the rocks. Her attendants became alarmed, but the Angler had a kind of pluripresence in the river. He appeared just at the right time, and it so happened that the very day before Phil Parker had given him the bugle; but it took three powerful whistles before Pilgrim reached the shore. We have heard of Arabian merchants who have laid spices on their camels; but never did Oriental camel or Andalusian mule keep in safety so beautiful a burden as did my spotted pony.

The above narrative lays the basis for a few remarks, and it almost tempts me to wish that philosophy had claimed a larger portion of my studies. Human character frequently displays itself in oblique forms. The notion of reducing men to one precise standard of habit, is a notion Utopian in its origin. The plan of the world is complex as to its material structure, and the manners of men, into whose occupancy the world is given, are equally difficult of solution. It is supposed that any ruling passion is adverse to our fortunes, unless it happen to be the one which overwhelms the heart in the vortex of covetousness. In conformity with such views many predicted that, in his old age, poverty would come on the Angler, and they watched with basilisk gaze the downfall of his sequestered dwelling. What was conjecture for a long while, seemed at last to be transformed into certainty. We are reminded here of an incident in the life of Sir Stamford Raffles. After serving his king for many years in the east, he reduced his fortune to objects that could be comprehended within the dimensions of an Indian. He took captive every bird of eastern gardens, and every kind of animal that had bounded among oriental woods. These were to be translated to the parks of England; but in the Indian Ocean the vessel took fire and became a splendid wreck. Such wrecks we behold every day, and some were waxing bold in admonitions to the Angler, whose own fortunes were on the wane. But suppose the ruin of the Angler to be complete; the officers of justice could have nothing but a few rods and corks and skiffs. Is it to be wondered at, that an old man whose intellectual resources are scanty, should have been wedded to that as an occupation, which as an amusement delighted such philosophers as Sir Humphrey Davy, and Paley the Archdeacon of Carlisle.

But for the honor of our race, we never can believe that the consecration of ourselves to some noble pursuit is forbidden, or that fortune is stern because of such consecration. This gothic sentiment would level the summits of Parnassus to the dust, and heave from their basis the Delphic steep. Not to speak of the many prosperous poets who have lived, may not the calamities of the unfortunate be traced to other causes than genius. It was not genius, but despotism, that incarcerated Tasso in the cells of Ferrara. The wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines brought on the misfortunes of Dante; but even in his banishment the muses bore

to him the laurel wreath, and chanted around him the dirge of exile. The same revolution which crushed Milton, crushed the peers of the realm. When robbers led Tasso to their cave, they dismissed him, after the bard stood disclosed—and lawless men were awed in the presence of him who had penned *Samson Agonistes*. But the obligation of debt is the scourge of civilized society, and we are tempted at times to wish that Lacedæmon had been our native republic, or that the savage clans which rove on our borders, would give me the freedom of their wigwams. But we leave declamation to those who lead in popular assemblies, for it becomes the tongue of eloquence better than the pen of Sully.

1798–1830.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES,

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire.

Translated from the French, for the Messenger.

MOREAU.

The criminal participation of Moreau in the conspiracy of 1804 can be as little questioned as that of Pichegru; at a subsequent period he did not hesitate to boast of the fact. The First Consul was convinced of his guilt, yet wished to save him. When once brought before the tribunal, Napoleon expected a capital condemnation: he would have pardoned him, and had even promised to do so. The First Consul prized too highly the glory of arms to permit the blood of a victorious general to stain the scaffold. I would not have answered for the life of Moreau under a prince whose sword had never been drawn. Napoleon regarded the judgment of the criminal tribunal, which condemned Moreau to two years of imprisonment, as an act of weakness. "Imprisonment for two years," he exclaimed. "One would absolutely think Moreau had stolen a handkerchief." Bonaparte accused the criminal tribunal of the Seine of weakness, and he was not wrong.

When once arraigned, the part performed by those who were accused of participating in the conspiracy of Georges, was not the same as that which they had played while preparing for the trial. During these preparations, and in the hope that the government would recoil from the arraignment of Moreau, the prisoners adopted the part of placing themselves behind this General, and presenting him as their chief. When once before the judges, Moreau himself being arraigned, they had no longer any hope but from a political commotion. For this purpose it was necessary to hold up as innocent and pure, a General, powerfully defended by the glory of his name, and by the affection and devotion of the generals and other officers whom he had led to victory; it was necessary, in a word, to present him as the rival in genius and glory of the First Consul, and as the victim of his jealousy.

In consequence of these proceedings, which soon produced their effect on public opinion, the duty of the tribunal was insensibly changed. It was no longer a conspiracy which it had to investigate; they were no

longer conspirators whom it had to judge: the question became a political one—and every body knows how much, unfortunately, all judges are inclined to arrogate political power. By the adroitness of the defence, the tribunal was led to pronounce between Moreau and his successful rival.

The First Consul immediately perceived this situation of things: thus he spoke of the criminal tribunal, which from the beginning had shown great partiality for Moreau, as *the dictatorship of the palace of justice*; or rather, *the dictatorship of M. Thuriot*.

I have said that Moreau was as guilty as Pichegru. This statement requires some explanation. Moreau was as guilty, but in a different way; and the nature of his guilt was such as to explain, to justify to a certain point, the sort of favor which was manifested towards him. The ambitious schemes of the First Consul had already begun to show themselves; he was already Consul for life. The word Emperor had not yet been pronounced, but it was murmured every where. Pichegru had bargained with the Bourbons—he had taken his guarantees—he worked openly for them. Moreau, on the contrary, agreeing to the conspiracy, said, "Do what you please with Bonaparte, but never speak to me of the Bourbons: I will have nothing to do with them."

Moreau probably wished to await the event for the purpose of profiting by it himself. There had existed between himself and Bonaparte,—a war of man against man,—of general against general,—a rivalry of ambition. This is the whole secret of the matter.

It is easy to understand, then, that in the face of the ambitious schemes of Napoleon, Moreau, represented as the last of the Romans,—as the defender of the expiring republic,—would necessarily obtain the favor and support of all the devoted friends of republicanism remaining in France—that is to say, in the army, of all whom the genius of Napoleon had not yet fascinated—who had neither made the campaigns of Italy nor those of Egypt; in the civil service, of all whom past circumstances had attached to the existing order of things, and who had reason to fear a change; and, finally, of all who were honestly republicans. The nation was thus broken into two parts, represented even in the bosom of the tribunal.

The same disinclination to the Bourbons which rendered Moreau hostile to the schemes of Pichegru, who was their slave, still influenced him when he left America in 1812, and when in 1813 he proceeded to the camp of the Allies to draw up a plan for the invasion of France. He was as little in favor of the Bourbons in 1813 as in 1804: he detested them. The proof of these sentiments was found in a letter from his wife intercepted in 1813. She urged him to adopt their cause. It is evident from this, that it was not their cause which he desired to serve.

Moreau was the personal enemy and rival of Bonaparte. The First Consul had cause to be convinced of the fact some time before, on the publication of a sort of pamphlet, printed in the form of a posting bill, in Brittany, and addressed to all general officers and commanders of corps. Very few copies of this piece reached their address: there was one, however, which came to the hands of General Rapatel, a former aid-de-camp of Moreau, and his friend. The First Consul instructed the Minister of his Police to have a conference with

Moreau on the subject. The General affected an appearance of carelessness, but defended himself badly; and when the Minister rendered an account of the interview to the First Consul, he received this singular reply:

"All these stupid, underhand dealings weary and fatigue me. Were Moreau in my place I would be his first aid-de-camp. If he believes himself better suited than I am to govern—He govern!—Poor France! Let him come and dispute my power with me; but frankly, openly, tell him to be to-morrow at the *Bois de Boulogne*,* at seven o'clock. Our two swords will cut the difficulty."

The Minister of Police, charged with such a communication, called again on Moreau, and persuaded him without much difficulty that it was not to the *Bois de Boulogne* that he should go the next morning, but to the Tuileries, to the *levée* of the First Consul. Moreau went accordingly—and Bonaparte, notified in the course of the night, received him with marked kindness, and without saying a word on the subject of their differences. Bonaparte hoped to the very last moment to reconcile him by kindness; but Moreau, proud and intractable, constantly repelled his advances. He saw in the First Consul the usurper of a power which ought to have belonged to him.

When Moreau, denounced by Roland, the friend of Pichegru, was arrested and conducted to the Temple, the First Consul, charging the chief judge to examine him, gave him his first instructions in these terms:

"In the first place, see if Moreau wishes to speak to me; in that case, take him in your carriage, and bring him here: let every thing be concluded between us two."

Moreau preferred to be silent.

THE ART OF WAR.

On Moreau's first visit, after his fine retreat through the Black Forest, to General Bonaparte, then recently returned from his first campaign in Italy, concluded with so much honor by the treaty of Campo-Formio, a very interesting conversation on the art of war occurred between the two Generals. Moreau, while receiving the compliments of General Bonaparte, rather excused himself for having been obliged to fall back before an enemy superior in numbers to his own forces.

"What would you have?" replied Bonaparte. "Our troops are too much divided; and, in the end, victory must always remain with the most numerous battalions."

"It is a principle substantially true; but you have proved by your campaign in Italy that it is not of universal application. Have we not often seen inferiority in numbers amply balanced by the bravery, the experience, the discipline, and, above all, by the talents of the chief?"

"Yes, in a single battle; but rarely in a war."

"Then you reduce the art of war to a single and very simple game: the only object will be to raise more troops than the enemy. If this be true, of what use are tactics and strategy, and the various expedients devised for counteracting superior numbers?"

"Let us understand each other," replied Bonaparte. "I am far from contending that, with an army inferior

* A celebrated duelling ground just beyond the barriers of Paris.

in number, one may not obtain victories over a stronger force. These victories will be due to the valor and discipline of the troops, to the devotion of the officers, and perhaps to the genius of the general. If these victories be decisive, one may gather the honors of a campaign; but if the war is prolonged, if it lasts many years, the smaller number will infallibly succumb to the greater.

"Every change in the system of war gives an advantage to him who is the first to put it in practice. Frederick triumphed over all his enemies, because he carried into the contest a new system of warfare; because he opposed to the irregular order of battle of his predecessors his rigorously calculated tactics—to their imperfect, his perfect organization—his powerful discipline to the disorder of their armies.

"We have beaten the school of Frederick, because we also have created a system; to his methodical strategy, to his tactics,—of which all the movements were foreseen,—we have opposed rapid marches and surprises. In the first wars of the republic, we had to deal with generals of the school of Frederick. They waited until their plans were all matured before commencing a campaign: they never began to march until they had studied and calculated at length every possible accident from the nature of the ground. All their movements were traced out before-hand—they regulated ours in the same way.

"If they gave battle, it was on their part a mathematical problem, resolved on paper, and which they came to apply on the field.

"To these calculations what did we oppose?—our new system. The enemy had regulated our movements by our depots of provisions: according to him we ought to arrive on a given day on the ground which he selected; but we passed three depots in a day, and he encountered us three days sooner than he expected, and on ground he had not studied.

"These learned generals accept the battle which we offer them—regulate their lines, their reserve—take all the precautions that the science of war can indicate; it happens that a colonel of huzzars, desirous of the embroidery of a general, seizes advantage of a wavering in the execution of a *manœuvre*, to throw himself with six or seven hundred horse on a point at which he perceived some disorder, and effects a breach, the effects of which are felt to the very extremity of the lines. When such an occurrence took place, the enemy's generals were completely confounded: *the movement had not been expected*. It is in this way that they have lost ten battles against us. An Austrian general, taken prisoner in the campaign of Italy, said to some officers of our army—"I greatly prefer being a prisoner to continuing the war with you: there is no longer any thing settled; there is no more science; science is no longer acknowledged."

"During our first wars this was not a system; it was the natural result of the patriotic ardor, of the enthusiasm of the young soldiers, of the young officers, of the young generals of the republic; experience only has worked it into a system; and to translate this system into words, one may say that, at this day, the art of war is the art of concentrating, on a given point, more force and in less time, than the enemy.

"The art of war is, then, to determine on a field of battle the point at which a decisive blow may be given,

and to present more force there than the enemy can oppose to you. This is the secret of a great captain; it is the genius of war. To crush a weaker enemy—to disperse bands of undisciplined plunderers, is not an art—it is hardly a trade; but, with a small army, to present to an enemy a force always superior at the point which he wishes, or is forced to attack, is an evidence of genius, and is that which constitutes a general.

"Frederick made war a science—we have made it an art; it is no longer a calculation—it is a work of genius.

"And with it battles may be gained. One may triumph during four, six, eight campaigns; but if really inferior in number, he must be conquered in the end, because victories exhaust the strength of an army more slowly, but as certainly as defeats themselves.

"A nation is conquered whenever it suffers itself to be invaded at home. A people who submit to be invaded are destitute of courage. There is no power in the world sufficient to invade a people determined not to be invaded."

PITT AND FOX.

"What must one think," said Pitt to M. Otto, "of a government always at the mercy of a blow from a dagger?"

At the time that Pitt had the courage to speak this, England maintained the agents of the Infernal Machine in her pay. France owes to England the three debarcations of Biville, the arms and the money for the conspiracy of Georges, besides the succors in money, arms, and ammunition previously thrown into la Vendée. Pitt spoke in these terms of the French government, at a moment when a captain in the Royal British Navy was employed to transport and debark on the coast of France those who proposed to assassinate Bonaparte.

Napoleon never had occasion to reply to Pitt; but he answered a man worthy of hearing him, when, speaking of England, he said to Mr. Fox, "What must one think of a government which arms assassins against me?" Fox blushed for England.

Afterwards, when, about the year 1806, a person named Guillet, an old master of the Tennis Court of the Princes, went to see Mr. Fox, to propose to assassinate Napoleon, this distinguished man hastened to denounce him to the Minister of Foreign Relations, M. de Talleyrand. His letter was full of the indignation of an honest man, shocked at the proposal of such a crime. "The laws of England," said he, "do not allow me to treat this fellow as he merits. I can only drive him from England. I will find means, however, to detain him long enough for you to put yourself on your guard."

Guillet did not return to France. In 1809 he was taken in Germany, brought to Paris, and confined in the Bicetre. He had then the audacity to accuse Fox of having induced him to proceed to England for the purpose of employing him to assassinate Bonaparte.

Since the revolution of July, since civil war has desolated the Peninsula, a man apparently about sixty or sixty-five, presented himself at one of the *bureaux* of the division of general police, at the office of the Minister of the Interior, offering to perform any arduous

duty: in Spain for example. This man, who declared his name to be Guillet, was badly received by the chief of the bureau, to whom he addressed himself. If he had been closely examined, if the name of Don Carlos had been pronounced, perhaps he would have offered to seize the person of this prince. Was not the Guillet of 1834 the Guillet of 1806?

THE BARON F*****.

NOW A PEER OF FRANCE.

The Baron F***** is a man of talent, an admirable public officer, and a profound jurist. His capacity has been fully appreciated for thirty-five years, by all who have ever had business with him. On this point the Emperor frequently rendered him justice; he also acknowledged his honorable character and conduct, yet he never showed him the least favor—never bestowed on him one of those high offices—those offices of confidence, which he was so fond of conferring on members of his council of state. Master of Requests at the period of the creation of this council, the restoration found the Baron F***** still Master of Requests.

Under the empire, the title of Master of Requests was of some importance. Alexander Lameth, prefect of the department of the Po, with fifty thousand francs of salary, and one hundred thousand for the expenses of his establishment, was simply Master of Requests. Dupont Delporte, prefect of Parma, and nephew of the Duke of Bassano, was but a Master of Requests. M. de Chabrol, afterwards Minister of the Marine and of Finance, and, under the empire, Intendant General of Finance at Florence, and at a later period at Alexandria, was only Master of Requests; but at that period a Master of Requests might be called to any office. We have seen a simple Auditor to the Council of State, M. Taboureaux, Intendant General of the Finances of Piedmont. Baron F***** is, perhaps, the only Master of Requests who has never done any thing but make reports to the Council of State.

I do not know whether the Baron knows even at this day the cause of the ill luck which has so long weighed on him, and which must have the more surprised him, as, at the beginning of the Consulate, he was received with extreme favor. If I have the honor to be read by him, and he still recollects and will call to his mind events of thirty-three years standing, he will recognize the cause in the circumstance I am about to mention.

The First Consul was riding out in the environs of Morfontaine; he was in a *caleche*, with his sister Eliza, afterward Grand Duchess of Tuscany. His carriage was followed by two others, in which some of his aids-de-camp, and a few persons admitted to his intimacy, were seated; among these was M. de F*****. Bonaparte had ordered some horses from the province of Limousin, which he was desirous of looking at, to be brought out at a convenient resting place. He was pleased with one of them, and mounted him, to try his gaits. A few minutes afterwards the horse made a violent start, and unsaddled his rider, who was thrown his head against a clump of trees.

The First Consul was senseless; for an instant he might have been thought dead; several persons were despatched in the greatest haste for assistance. The

sister of Bonaparte was seated on the ground, holding her brother's head in her lap, and exerting herself in vain to restore him. All who were present formed themselves in a group around them. M. de F***** said in a low voice, *We must inform Cambacérès instantly.* At that moment Bonaparte came to himself; his eyes were not yet open, but he had heard the words pronounced, and recognized the voice of the speaker. A second afterwards, having completely regained his senses, he glanced his eyes furiously on the point in the group whence the words had proceeded, got into his *caleche*, and gave orders to depart immediately.

Ever afterwards, to the very period of his abdication, he had the strange weakness never to forgive M. de F***** for thinking, for an instant, that he could die.

A CONSPIRACY.

It is characteristic of ordinary minds, to believe, in matters of police, in the reports of agents. Fouché compared the honest functionaries, whom the public persists in calling informers, to coaches obliged to set off whether full or empty. An agent of the police finds it necessary to make a daily report in order to gain his pay, and to give evidence of his zeal. If he knows nothing, he invents; if, by accident, he discovers any thing, he hopes to render himself of more importance, by magnifying his subject. Agents are excellent for the purposes of safety, for assassins, robbers, and women of the town; but whenever they meddle with politics, their blunders are as numerous as their actions. Political police is, besides, more useless in France than in any other country; a Frenchman who engages in any conspiracy tells it to so many people, that it would be truly extraordinary if among the whole number of his confidants, he encounters no friend of the minister or of the prefect of police. The true political police with us is the police of politeness, the police of conversation and indiscretion. Never was the political police better regulated than under the empire; never were fewer agents employed, and yet, every day, Fouché filled two or three baskets with reports, which he never read.

Of all the governments that were ever fastened upon France, that of the Directory was unquestionably the most ridiculous. The Directors, with perhaps some exceptions, believed in the police as one believes in the Deity; and Gohier, one of the rulers of that day, was more credulous than all the rest. Had he lived in our time, it would have been for him that the conspiracy of the towers of Notre Dame would have been invented. The individuals charged with the police under the Directory were the same who were afterwards employed under the empire; they were intelligent and capable, and consequently perfectly incredulous; they fled from the *soirees* of the Directors, certain of perceiving on entering, the restless figure of Gohier, and hearing for the thousandth time the question—*Is there any news? Have you any report to make to me?* The answer was always in the negative, and the Director never took the trouble to conceal his disappointment.

M. Real, who then discharged the duties corresponding to those of our prefects of police, found himself one evening at the house of Fouché, at the moment that the minister was preparing to go to the Luxembourg.

Come with me, said Fouché; let us go to the Directory.

Faith, not I.

And why not?

Because I shall there meet Gohier, who, as usual, will come with his bewildered look, to demand a report from me.

Does that embarrass you? Search this basket, it contains nearly two hundred; select the most amusing or the most silly; he will then have something with which to occupy himself and his *contre-police*, for a week or two.

M. Real took the basket between his legs, and began to examine its contents. The first report which he got hold of seemed too silly; the second not enough so; finally, he found one which denounced *an assemblage of four or five hundred men in a garden a league and a half from Paris*. This assemblage *had been seen* by the agent many days in succession; he had approached very near, but the men who were collected there, undoubtedly to plot a conspiracy, spoke so low that he was unable to hear any thing.

If, said M. Real, Gohier is not content with such a discovery as this, he must be indeed unreasonable.

They set off for the Luxembourg; Gohier was there, looking as usual. His first words were:

Is there any news? Have you a report?

Here is one; I confess I put no faith in it; but, citizen Director, you will read it, and perhaps you may think differently.

Gohier took it to read; from the first words his attention was redoubled; after running hastily over two or three pages he begun anew and read more slowly.

Citizen Real, said he, this is a much more serious affair than you appear to think. It is not the first time that I have been told of this assembly; I am really astonished that you pay such little attention to things so important. Do, I pray you, have the matter more narrowly examined, and render me an account of the result.

M. Real first thought he had been deceived. Have I then been so unfortunate, he said to himself, as to place my hand on a police report containing the truth, among two hundred others filled, beyond doubt, with lies. But he was soon re-assured; Gohier had been notified by his *contre-police*, and M. Real knew that in every country which has the happiness to possess a *contre-police*, its duties are always discharged by the agents of the regular establishment, who manage in this way to feed at two racks, for which purpose they have only to make two versions of the same report.

On returning home he hastily despatched to the place indicated in the report, a man on whose intelligence he could rely, and who undertook to discover the truth. He returned the next morning.

Sir, said he to his principal, with a half bantering tone, I have caught them in the act.

Indeed!

Yes, sir, in the act.

How much truth is there in the affair?

Nearly as much as one generally finds in the reports of police agents, a fourth, a fifth; in this case it is almost a sixth.

Let us have an end of the matter; explain yourself.

I am ready to do so. The garden alluded to belongs

to a hat maker. At night, when the weather is clear, (for they have omitted to tell you that these assemblages are only held in good weather) the latter places his hats out to dry on sticks in the garden. Now, suppose there were a hedge of the height of these sticks, one would only see the hats; and even the most acute agent should be allowed to suppose that these hats covered the heads of men. I have spoken.

In the evening M. Real was at the Directory; and in a tone of the greatest gravity recounted to Gohier his discovery of the conspiracy of the hats. Gohier never forgave him. It is true, that to this first mystification there was added a second a little more *piquant*, the invitation to breakfast the 18th *Brumaire*, from the same to the same.

THE PROBABLE CAUSES

Of the Arrest and Condemnation of the Duke d'Enghien.

The condemnation of the Duke d'Enghien to death was an act so little anticipated, so little in harmony with the character and conduct of Napoleon, that every suggestion on the motives of this extraordinary proceeding, obtained easy belief. It was easy to believe that the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien was a sacrifice to the Jacobin party, which, to excuse the Consulate for life, exacted a formal proof of rupture with the ancient dynasty, and the party of the emigration. It might have been thought, also, that the seizure of this prince on a foreign territory, was an act of high political character advised by M. de Talleyrand—a defiance thrown in the teeth of the powers who afforded an asylum to the Bourbons—in a word, a revolutionary menace. Napoleon, having occasion, while at St. Helena, to explain himself on this important fact, which preceded but a few days his accession to the imperial throne, always represented it as a just reprisal for the criminal intrigues constantly fomented against him by the Bourbons and their friends, as a terrible answer to the explosion of the Infernal Machine and the conspiracy of Georges. But the seizure of the prince was so suddenly decided upon, so rapidly executed, so promptly followed by trial, condemnation and death, that it must have resulted from a more powerful cause, from a more urgent consideration than a negotiation with a party, or a profound political combination. Of this cause, of this motive, the Emperor never spoke.

The makers of history have constructed, on the subject of the death of the Duke d'Enghien, a drama, in which they have distributed the parts according to the well known characters of the individuals whom they wished to appear in it. Thus they have taken Josephine, whose goodness was so well known, and thrown her at the knees of her husband, to beg with tears and sighs the life of the young Duke. They called to their aid the exalted reason of the Second Consul Cambacères, making him to address to his colleague and master the most solemn warnings. Unfortunately it is more than probable that neither Josephine nor Cambacères had any knowledge of the arrest, trial, condemnation, or execution of the Duke d'Enghien, until the morning of the 21st of March, when it was first announced to

the people of Paris, and to M. Real himself, one of the most important chiefs of police.

There was in the affair of the Duke d'Enghien every thing that has been mentioned, except a guarantee offered to the Jacobin party; to that party, unfortunately, Napoleon would never give any. There was certainly occasion for threatening reprisals against foreign powers; but there was anger and melancholy error at the bottom of this execution.

I am about to transcribe a version in which I implicitly believe. It appears to me in keeping with the circumstances, with the characters, and with the exigency of the moment; the facts are connected together in a natural way, and so far as I am informed, nothing tends to throw any doubt on its correctness.

The exposure of Georges' conspiracy, establishes the fact, that this bold chief had made one express condition indispensable to the execution of his plan—the presence at Paris of one of the princes of the royal family, which he wished to re-establish.

Georges, Cadoudal, the Messrs. Polignac, de Rivière, and many others, mentioned, in an intercepted correspondence exhibited on the trial, that they had come from England to Paris to attack the First Consul with an open force. They announced that their troop was formed, and that they waited under arms a Bourbon to give the signal.

The conspirators thought the Count d'Artois was the prince who was to meet them; no evidence, no confession established this fact; and it was well known that under such circumstances it would have been difficult to move him; he had proved it so. But Georges strongly adhered to this idea; he wished that at the very instant the government should be destroyed in the person of its chief, a French prince should be ready to seize the authority, and surround himself with his partizans, and thus prevent the scattered limbs of the republic from again uniting themselves.

Who was the prince thus expected? The police searched with great activity to ascertain the person. It was known that the Count de Provence, Louis XVIII, was in Poland with the Duke d'Angoulême; that the Count d'Artois, the Duke de Berri, and the Duke of Orleans were in England. It was known that all these princes lived in a retired manner, and that nothing about them gave any evidence of arrangements for an important movement.

While these things were going on, General Moncey, inspector general of *gendarmerie*, communicated to the First Consul a report which had been addressed to him by an officer of *gendarmerie*, charged with the duty of secretly reconnoitering the environs of Etteinheim, the residence of the Duke d'Enghien. The police, whatever may be said, was perfectly acquainted with the residence of this prince, at four leagues from the frontier of France; it observed him attentively, following all his movements, yet without disturbing him; it even allowed him to come, in secret, to the theatre at Strasbourg; the Duke d'Enghien annoyed, would have been a more dangerous character in their eyes. Misfortune would have it, that in this deplorable affair, the First Consul, from some, I know not what sentiment of distrust, put the police entirely aside. A word from M. Real would have explained every thing.

In his report the officer of *gendarmerie* informed his

chief that the Duke lived, apparently, very quietly at Etteinheim, but that he had around him many emigrant general officers, one of whom was General Dumouriez, and an English Colonel.

The officer of *gendarmerie* had either misunderstood what was told him, or he wrote very badly. The person whom he designated as General Dumouriez was M. de Thumery, and the pretended English Colonel an equerry, employed as a huntsman in the service of the prince.

This fatal revelation, conforming so naturally to what was already known of the conspiracy, was a flash of light for the First Consul. The Duke d'Enghien was the prince expected. The presence near him of General Dumouriez, explained itself by the necessity of combining a plan for the invasion of France, to co-operate with the attempt of Georges and the insurrection of Pichegru; and lastly, the arrival of an *English commissioner at the head quarters of the prince*, was new and superabundant proof of the assistance promised by England, and of its avowed participation.

It will be seen that the impressions produced by the report of the officer of *gendarmerie*, made every thing assume a suspicious appearance, when, indeed, there was nothing but what might have been naturally accounted for in another way. A short time before a diplomatic effort had been made, at the court of the Elector of Bade, by *M. de Caulaincourt*, to obtain the removal of the Duke d'Enghien to a greater distance. The evasive answer of the Elector, and the well known suspicious character of his disposition towards the French government, coincided with the pretended hostile attitude of the prince. The house of Etteinheim thus became a place of head quarters, and the equerry, transformed into a colonel, a commissioner of the English government.

Bonaparte, generally difficult to be persuaded, seized on any idea the more quickly from the very fact of its not having been suggested to him. In such cases nothing could shake his convictions: he even carefully avoided all who might, by giving him information, alter his determinations. The reading of the report irritated him extremely: he saw in it all the extent and ramification of the conspiracy. His course was instantly taken: a few hours afterwards his orders were given; from that moment the sentence of death was pronounced against the Duke d'Enghien.

His mind had become so gloomy, that the First Consul was for several days almost inaccessible. Escaping for a moment from these reflections, he would utter a few angry and menacing words. In one of these fits of passion, Cambacères caught the word *Bourbon*; then, and only at that time, and without at all thinking of the Duke d'Enghien, he thought he might risk an observation. He mentioned that, in the event of any prince of the dethroned family being seized in France, it would be well to treat him with indulgence—citing in support of his position the principles of the law of nations—he quoted Blackstone, who declared that the efforts of a dispossessed prince to reconquer what he had lost could only be punished by exile.

"Do you think then, sir," cried Bonaparte, "that I will suffer myself to be assassinated like a dog? that I will not throw back upon others the terrors with which they wish to surround my life? No, no; I will strike a blow that shall make them all tremble."

The orders of the First Consul had been given to those who were the most devoted to his service. The Duke d'Enghien was arrested—carried to Vincennes—tried and condemned, before the ministers or the police knew any thing of the matter. M. Real set off for Vincennes the 21st of March, at nine in the morning, not in virtue of any particular commission that had been given him, but on the receipt of the notification of his arrival, transmitted by the governor of the prison of Vincennes in the daily report which he addressed to the councillor of state, specially charged with the management of every thing relative to the tranquillity and internal security of the republic. The Duke d'Enghien had ceased to exist since six in the morning, and M. Real met, at the barrière St. Antoine, General Savary, who induced him to return.

I had written thus far, when on a new examination of the papers relative to the trial and condemnation of the Duke, I discovered two pieces of evidence which appeared to me favorable to the opinion I have just given.

I find, in the first place, in the examination made by M. Dautaucourt, a captain-major of *gendarmerie d'élite*, acting as captain-reporter of the prince: *the twelfth year of the Republic, the 29th Ventose, twelve at night*: to the question, "If he knew the ex-General Dumouriez; if he had had any connexion with him?" he replied, "No more than the other; I never saw him."

The words, "*no more than the other*," referred to the negative answer, which immediately preceded in the examination, to a question concerning Pichegru.

I find moreover in the judgment as it was published—I say *published*, and not *rendered*, for reasons that will be afterwards seen:

"Louis—Antoine—Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, &c. &c.—accused:

1stly—2dly—3dly—4thly—5thly.

"6thly. Of being a favorer and accomplice of the conspiracy contrived by the English against the life of the First Consul, and of intending, in the event of the success of that conspiracy, to enter France."*

THE MINUTES OF THE JUDGMENT OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

I do not pretend in this place to pronounce an opinion on the arrest, trial and condemnation of the Duke d'Enghien; it is too exciting a question. I am convinced that the Duke d'Enghien had entered, like all the other princes of his family, into the vast conspiracy formed against the French government and its chief; but I am ready to admit, that little disposed to take an active part, he was not at work at the moment of his arrest. One of the most profound and wisest men of the empire has been made to say that the condemnation of the Duke d'Enghien was more than a crime; that it was a blunder. The individual to whom these machiavellian words were ascribed, knows very well that if the arrest and execution of the Duke were a crime, because in that extraordinary proceeding all the protecting formalities of the law were violated, at least, and experience has proved it, it was not a blunder; for his death

* Marshal Moncey is happily still alive: he might, if necessary, be consulted.

put an end, as by enchantment, to all the little conspiracies of princes which the police were daily disconcerting. However, this is not the matter with which I pretend to concern myself; I wish only to establish a fact.

During the fifteen years of the restoration, numerous works were published on the subject of the trial and death of the Duke d'Enghien. Some individuals who had become repentant, when repentance was likely to be profitable, denied at pleasure the accusation of having more or less contributed to this event. One circumstance to which no attention has been paid, is this, that the true text of the judgment which condemned the Prince never appeared in any of these works. The reason is plain enough; this text, the authentic minutes of the judgment, was never published because it was not in existence.

A judgment condemning the Duke d'Enghien to death, was published in the *Moniteur*, and sold in the streets of Paris; but this was not the judgment that was actually pronounced, and in virtue of which the Prince was shot.

The true judgment was in these words. I copy it literally; the blanks existed in the original:

"The commission, after the President had read his declarations to the accused, asked if he had any thing to add in his defence; to which he replied, that he had nothing more to say, and that he persisted in what he had already said.

"The President caused the prisoner to be withdrawn; the council deliberated in secret, and the President collected the votes, beginning with the youngest in rank, the President giving his opinion last; the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty ———, and the ——— article of the law of ———, in these words ———, was applied to him, and in consequence he was condemned to death.

"Ordered that the present judgment be executed immediately by the *captain reporter*, after reading it to the prisoner in presence of the different detachments of the corps of the garrison.

"Done, closed, and adjudged at one sitting, at Vincennes, the day, month, and year above written, and signed by us."

Such a judgment, it will be easily understood, could not be published; a new dress was necessary. Accordingly, the councillor of state, specially charged with the management of every thing relative to the tranquillity and internal security of the republic, wrote to the general of brigade Hullin, commanding the grenadiers of the guard:

"General,—I beg you to transmit me the judgment rendered this morning against the Duke d'Enghien, as well as the interrogatories propounded to him.

"I will be obliged if you can place them in the hands of the agent who carries my letter. I have the honor to be, &c.

REAL."

A little while afterwards, another letter was sent from the councillor of state to general Hullin.

"General,—I wait the judgment and the interrogatories of the ex-Duke d'Enghien, for the purpose of visiting the First Consul at Malmaison.

"Will you inform me at what hour I can have these pieces. The bearer of my letter can take charge of the

bundle, and wait until it is ready, if the copies are nearly prepared. I have the honor, &c.

REAL."

At last the judgment is sent, carried to Malmaison, and submitted to the First Consul. All Paris was engaged in discussing the subject of the execution, which had taken place the preceding night; it was necessary for the government to explain itself. It was at this period that the new judgment was prepared, such as it was afterwards published. The members of the military commission were not present, so that their signatures could not be obtained; but their names were placed under the new judgment, and the former one was cancelled.

I find still another piece from the hands of M. Real.

"Paris, 2d germinal of the 12th year of the republic.

"The councillor of state, &c. &c. has received from the general of brigade Hullin, commanding the foot grenadiers of the guard, a little *paquet*, containing *some hair, a gold ring, and a letter*; this little *paquet* bearing the following superscription: *To be delivered to madam, the Princess de Rohan, from the ci-devant Duke d'Enghien.*

REAL."

It is then true that there exists no *authentic* and *signed* minute of the judgment, by virtue of which the Duke d'Enghien was shot.

FOUCHÉ.

It seems to be the fate of men placed on thrones, to distrust their best friends, and to weary them out with unjust suspicions. I do not intend to examine into the fact, whether Fouché, soured by his disgrace in 1810, became a traitor in 1815. The conduct of the minister at this period is very naturally explained, in an answer which he gave to a question addressed to him by the Emperor, at the moment of his setting out on the campaign of 1809.

What will you do, Fouché, should I happen to die by a cannon ball or other accident?

I would seize as much power as I could, to avoid the necessity of being governed by events.

Very good; it is the privilege of the game.

What I wish to say here is, that Fouché was the best minister of Napoleon, and the one best placed to be of service to him. After having suppressed the revolution, Napoleon, as First Consul, or Emperor, was engaged in bringing about a reaction. Fouché was the only minister who moderated this movement, useful and necessary if arrested at a given point, but dangerous if pushed beyond.

The Emperor was inclined to see only enemies among those over whom he had immediately triumphed. He forgot that those very persons had themselves conquered others, and that those others would not pardon him for having finally profited by the first victory.

Fouché was convinced that the royalists were the true enemies of the Emperor. He took care of, and defended the Jacobins, over whom his former connections enabled him to exercise a very great moral influence; and he oppressed, with the whole weight of his hatred, the royalists, whom he had learnt to appreciate correctly. This conduct of Fouché, contrary to the

private opinions of the Emperor, gave rise to frequent and violent quarrels between Napoleon and his Minister.

When, after the explosion of the third Nivose, the First Consul returned to the Tuileries, the calm which he had preserved during the whole evening at the opera, gave place to a terrible fit of passion. His first accusation was, as usual, against the Jacobins, and indirectly, in ambiguous terms, against Fouché himself. The Minister perceived it, his disgrace appeared imminent, but he did not bend; without a moment's hesitation he defended the Jacobins, and accused the royalists. Even afterwards, when the truth was known, Napoleon did not forgive his Minister, not because he had suffered so dangerous a conspiracy to be consummated, but because he had been in the right in opposing him and his secret affections.

The Minister, who could not be openly struck, was assailed through his department. The Ministry of Police was suppressed, and that department was annexed to the Ministry of Justice. This was an error, and a most serious one. The chief judge, Minister of Justice, called the Police the disgraceful part of his ministry. The Police, wanting, under his management, the direction necessary to so complicated a department, suffered the conspiracy of Georges to break out.

Fouché always appeared to me the very model of a minister for a government succeeding a revolution. He possessed, under the consulate and the empire, the merit, at that time very rare, of having an opinion of his own on men and things, of daring to support it against a master who suffered little contradiction, and of acting in keeping with that opinion. Fouché alone under the consulate and the empire, was really a minister; after his disgrace, there were only clerks, very good for executing or transmitting orders, but incapable themselves of any important step.

In 1809, after the battle of Esling, so fatal to our cavalry, at the moment that Napoleon, having his bridges on the Danube carried away, saw his army separated by that river, and placed in a perilous situation, which exacted of him prodigies of valor and genius, information was brought to Paris that Lord Chatham, brother of Pitt, at the head of an English expedition, having carried Flushing, was advancing upon Antwerp, and threatened Belgium. On the receipt of this news, the Prince Arch-Chancellor assembled a council of Ministers. Fouché, who had returned to the ministry in 1804, assisted at it. His advice was, to appeal immediately to the National Guards, and to send them against the enemy.

"What would the Emperor and the army say, if France, defended by them abroad, should suffer her hearths to be insulted while waiting their assistance?"

Such were the words of the Minister of Police. The Arch-Chancellor replied:

"Monsieur Fouché, I do not wish to have my head cut off. I have despatched a courier to the Emperor—we must await his answer."

"And for my part," replied the Minister of Police, "I will do my duty while awaiting it."

On that very day, while the Arch-Chancellor, the Minister of War, and the Minister of the Interior guarded silence, the Minister of Police addressed his manifesto to the bravery of Frenchmen, and ordered

the National Guards throughout the empire to march. From this circumstance one may see what a man Fouché was—what energetic impulse he was capable of giving to public affairs. The seventeenth day after the circular of the Minister, the department of the north set in motion the last detachment of a *levée* of 14,000 men, in uniform, armed and equipped. M. de Pommereuil was Prefect of this department. The department of Moselle equally distinguished itself on this occasion: it had M. de Vaublanc for Prefect, who has since lived through the whole Restoration on his reputation of a good Prefect under the empire. The English expedition retired precipitately before the French militia, to whom Fouché had given the Prince of Ponté-Corvo for chief, much as he was out of favor at that moment.

The Emperor either could not or dared not blame the Minister of Police; but he openly expressed his dissatisfaction that, in his empire, any single minister had sufficient power to raise and to arm the whole country.

The secret of the second disgrace of Fouché is, perhaps, to be found in the great service which he rendered to the Emperor in 1809. It was deferred for a year, and attributed to an entirely different cause—to a cause to which the Emperor, in full council of ministers, gave all the gravity of a charge of high treason, but which, at bottom, had nothing serious in it, if it was not a farce prepared on purpose.

In separating from Fouché,—a man of genius, capacity for business, and energy,—Napoleon deprived himself of one of his most useful servants. From 1804 to 1810 the Emperor had overrun Europe, and the empire had been maintained in a state of perfect tranquillity: from 1810 to 1814 he had cause to regret the loss of this minister. During the two periods of his ministry Fouché concealed much from the First Consul and the Emperor; but while he kept from him those things which he could well afford to be ignorant of, Fouché served him with a zeal and ability much more useful than the obsequiousness of the rest of his ministers.

NEW JERSEY.

Jaunt to Patterson—The Falls—Volcanic Rocks—The Manufactories—Thom the Sculptor, &c.

Most persons prefer to visit this interesting place during summer, when its picturesque scenery is clothed in beautiful verdure. But there are attractions about it, also, during winter, and at all seasons, which make it an agreeable excursion. There are few places in our immediate vicinity which combine so much of the beautiful and useful. Situated at the foot of an isolated link of that curious chain of Trap Rocks which, a few miles to the north, form the parapet of the Pallisadoes on the Hudson river, it enjoys an immense water-power for manufacturing purposes, from the celebrated Falls of the Passaic river, which here tumble down the perpendicular precipice. The admirer of nature's works is struck with the grandeur of this geological formation, the sides of which are cut out as regularly as a wall of masonry. But a greater architect than the possessor of human hands has here been at work. By comparing the angles and sides of the steep precipices, it is evident that they were once united, and have been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature; as the jutting angles and cornices could all be neatly dove-tailed, if they were approximated together in the gap or gorge through which the river now falls into the deep basins below. These latter have some of them a depth of more than six hundred feet, and have never yet been fathomed to their bottom. This, taken in connection with the fissures or clefts in the solid rock which

are seen in various places, and into which we look down near a hundred feet—being less generally than a foot in width the whole depth—lead to the well-grounded supposition, that a volcanic, subterranean fire has once existed in this region. Trap or basalt rock is generally supposed, by the Plutonian theory, to be thrown up by fire, and we find in these rocks additional corroboration of such supposition, by the burnt appearance of the stone, in some places assuming appearances like the pumice stone of Vesuvius, filled with spherical cells, indicative of the action of heat. *Amygdaloid* and beautiful *agates* are also found here; and some of these precious stones are transparent crystals, as richly empurpled as the most exquisite amethysts we have ever seen; all pointing out the same formation. This basaltic formation also, as is shown by the excavations for canals around their base, cut by enterprising manufacturers (who have thus, unconsciously, contributed, on a gigantic scale, to the investigations of the geologist,) and as is also seen at the Pallisadoes, reposes,—curious as it may seem,—on horizontal strata of red sandstone. The impressions of corals, or perhaps ferns (most probably the former,) which these contain, prove that the formation of this sandstone beneath the superincumbent trap, was anterior to the existence of animal life or vegetation, and yet posterior to the older formation of trap. The latter must, therefore, have been thrown up by volcanic action from below the sandstone on which it now reposes. This trap is composed of horizontal strata of perpendicular columns, or hexagonal pillars, the regular outlines of which are in many places discernible, and would be more so, were it perfected into basalt, like the remarkable Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland; so that the mass of Trap Rock is in perpendicular formations, resting on the perfectly horizontal layers of sandstone, on which it stands at right angles. The whole of this structure is so curious, that we might write volumes upon it; but we must pass to other objects. On the frowning precipices are erected, near the falls, several picturesque pleasure-gardens and pavilions, underneath groves of pine trees; one of which, kept by Mr. Crane, is an excellent establishment, furnished with the best of larders and liquors. Here, also, are wooden swings erected between the higher trees; some of them the most commodious and secure we have ever seen. To our surprise we also found here, perched on the top of the rocks, our old friends "Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny," so admirably carved in white sandstone by the celebrated uneducated Scotch sculptor Thom, who has chosen Patterson for his residence. After being defrauded, as we have heard, of the profits he ought to have received from this curious statuary, by those to whom he had, like other men of genius, unsuspectingly entrusted the exhibition of his works, he has modestly located himself here, and is humbly occupied in carving out of the fine red sandstone of this region, pilasters and columns, the beauty of which, and the fine finish of the artist's chisel, struck our attention as we passed through the streets. We could not help stopping here for a moment, while we admired and mourned the humiliation of mind, whose noble powers were thus degraded to a servile occupation—yet in misfortune, soaring by its superiority, imprinted like a deathless seal on its productions, over its own grave, d g by ignorant knavery and sordid treachery.

From these reflections on the master productions of art, we turned again in rapture to the more masterly works of nature, as portrayed in the romantic scenery which every where discloses its beauties at this remarkable spot. On the winding river above the falls, we saw the cleared plots of unborn cities, already chalked out, *in futuro*, on the gentle promontories, by the proprietors of these new purchases (Messrs. Philemon Dickerson, Dudley Selden, Seth Geer, and others.) One of these plots attracted our notice on the more elevated portion of the ridge, where the Morris canal winds along on its sublime course, the surplus water of which is to be turned into three successive tiers or basins, admitting of the construction of sixty mills if necessary. This part of the river above the falls is the place, also, where the great public road, now cut through the gorge of the precipice from Patterson below, and rising by a gentle ascent, will pass by an admirably constructed bridge, now being built, through the tract of Messrs. Dickerson, Selden, Geer, &c. to the upper country of the Passaic. The cascade itself, so celebrated as the lion of this part of the world, of which many a sentimental tourist has written and poet sung, was dashing down the rocks in all its gorgeous splendor. Masses of white congealed foam, which can be seen only in this cold weather, encrusted the black rocks with exquisite chasing or embossed work, as if the

froth had been suddenly petrified in its course by the touch of Perseus' wand. Below were suspended, by the moving mass of green water that rolled its glassy arch into the deep abyss beneath, long ranges of spire-pointed icicles, that resembled the pipes of some vast organ, composed of transparent crystals—such was their regular shape and size, and their exact distance from each other in parallel lines. Above the clouds of the spray we traced, as the sun burst out, a most lovely rainbow, commingling its rich prismatic hues of orange, purple and gold, with the bright opaque mass of waters over which it was spread. The amethyst crystals, found in the surrounding rocks, and which we have already mentioned, seemed to have borrowed their celestial hues from this divine symbol, of the glittering imagery of which they may be said to be the *mineral incarnation*, if we dare use this license of expression. So we had here all the sublimity, in miniature, of the great cataract of Niagara. Nothing seemed to take away from it but the encroachments, or rather disfigurements, of art on the summits of these monumental rocks, which were more attractive far to behold, as a lady of Patterson truly said, when existing in their native wild scenery. The bridge of wood, on a level with the cascade, but directly below where it comes over, also mars, in some measure, the combination of beautiful objects with which it stands in such awkward contrast. From the lofty crag where we stood, we saw the rapids below passing swiftly down into the bed of the river, and stretched out along the banks the white dwelling-houses of the town of Patterson, connected by long bridges. Near these, in the centre of the channel, lies one of the most charming little islets of pine trees, and green lawn and shrubbery, and gravelled shore, we ever beheld. A connecting link should be made to this from the bridge; and it ought to be held as sacrilege to make the slightest alteration in this truly picturesque little gem, except an abutment above to turn the course of the current from it, and a pavilion, or rural cottage, to be built underneath the embowering branches of the pines. Patterson is, besides, another Manchester and Birmingham in miniature. It is in a most prosperous condition, and in addition to its long ranges of massive stone and brick factories, for cotton, woollens, &c. placed on three successive tiers of artificial canals brought from the river above the falls, there are now being erected four more large edifices, viz. two cotton factories, one for locomotive engines (a great business now in our country, and opening a new source of revenue for American enterprise,) and one for the manufacture of an ingenious species of fire-arms, patented by Mr. Colt. This gentleman and Gov. Dickerson, both of whom are residents of Patterson, have done wonders to exalt the character and enlarge the trade of this thriving city.

But enough, for the present, of this exhaustless theme. Wending our way to the hospitable mansion of our guide, cicerone and friend, a foreign gentleman with us noticed, as we proceeded along, the handsome equipages and fashionable dress of the farmers, and their wives and daughters, just returning home from church, and could not understand how our agriculturists were so well off in the world, with their money in the funds and large possessions of land, until we enlightened him on the subject, by explaining that our country was yet too happy, and all our population too rich and comfortable in the world, to know any such class as the peasantry (or *paysans*) the vassals and serfs of Europe. In the afternoon, we again took the cars that brought us, and going at a secure pace of only twenty miles an hour—quite enough, in all conscience, for tourists travelling through this charming country—we coursed onward upon our way to Bergen and Jersey City. *Appropos* of all this level tract. Our own great river Hudson, doubtless, once had one of its embouchures on those vast marshes, stretching down to Newark Bay: and the Pallisadoe rocks at Patterson were then, in all probability, washed by its current, as those above Hoboken are to-day. Every thought almost of the beauties we had left behind us, was now absorbed and forgotten in the twilight scenery which suddenly broke upon our view in the western sky, and the pageantry of which, though daily familiar to American eyes, ever astonishes and delights. It was a broad, magnificent drop-curtain, hanging down from the azure firmament, and composed of the brightest golden hues, here and there streaked with long lines of blue slender clouds, tipped on their edges with dyes more gorgeous than the Tyrean purple; patches also were seen of a dazzling blood-red, recalling the bright hues of the red berries of a hush which attracted our notice at Patterson, loaded with crimson-colored fruit, though stripped of foliage, at this season, yet ap-

pearing as if in full blossom; and the effect of which, when the ground is covered with snow, is said to be, as it necessarily must, one of the most striking ornaments in the door-yards. This, we believe, is one of the numerous indigenous rare shrubs and plants peculiar, as is said by botanists, to the soil of New Jersey.

But the sky—the sky! Can we forget it in this floral episode?—which, gentle reader, excuse! In the burnished yellow of one uniform color which lighted up the lower part of the horizon, and rested on the dark blue outline in the distance, we saw the spires of Newark, the bridge over the broad Hackensack, and the bolder, steeper curvature of Snake Hill. This latter spot is another sainted ground of romance and legend, standing like a high rocky island in the midst of the meadows, and from which our friend told us it is in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, that there was once a regular ferry to Bergen on the ridge or promontory beyond. Through the gorge which the rail-road makes on Bergen Hill, and where we take swift-footed horses that never afterwards, when placed before ordinary vehicles, can be made to go off a straight line, we were galloped, in two miles, into the depot in Jersey City; whence the steamboat waiting for us, now as swiftly bore us to our good old City of Gotham, where gas-lighted lamps, in the evening dusk, told us the refreshing beverage of tea was awaiting us at our homes.

DRINK AND AWAY.

"There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying 'Drink and Away,' from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins."

Dr. Shaw.

When the fount of Pleasure, bright,
Sparkles in the rosy ray,
Bubbling over with delight,
"Drink," poor pilgrim, "and away;"
For the lurking foe is nigh,
And to dally is to die.

But there is a fount above,
Flowing from Jehovah's throne,
Fount of beatific Love,
That, when earth and time are flown,
Thou shalt drink, and safely stay,
"Drink," and never go "away."

REVIEW

OF PRESIDENT DEW'S ADDRESS.

We have read with great attention the Introductory Address of President Dew, lately delivered before the Students of the College of William and Mary. It is a very interesting performance, presenting most agreeable information in regard to the condition and prospects of the Institution, giving a clear and comprehensive view of the enlarged course of studies to be pursued, and closing with some advice to the students, at once wise and parental, the tone and spirit of which cannot be too highly commended.

President Dew may now be regarded as a writer of established reputation. Possessing fine talents, combined with great industry and a popular style, his compositions will doubtless exercise no little influence on the opinions and taste of the rising generation. The productions of such a writer, occupying too, as Presi-

dent Dew does, a station, which confers not only influence, but a species of authority in the republic of letters, should be distinguished both for correctness of sentiment and purity of style; and so far from protecting him from criticism, the eminence of the author renders it the more necessary that his errors should be exposed, in order that they may be avoided by those who may select him as a model for imitation. Dissenting from some of the views presented in this address, and deeming it, as a literary production, liable to just criticism, we propose briefly to review it; and shall endeavor, in a candid and respectful manner, to point out some of its faults in style and errors in doctrine.

The style is flowing and harmonious, but seems to us more florid and declamatory than is consistent with good taste in so grave a performance as an Inaugural Address. It is, moreover, not remarkable for purity or precision. We may possibly be regarded as performing a task useless, if not invidious, in entering into an enumeration of errors, in the use of words, committed perhaps through haste or inadvertence. But in this republican country, where the tendency to corruption in our language is so great, that many seem to consider the privilege of murdering the "king's English" at pleasure, as a necessary part of liberty, we cannot think that verbal criticism ought to be regarded as an art altogether useless. There can, at least, be no cause of just complaint against its exercise, when the work to be reviewed is the finished production of a gentleman of acknowledged erudition, who is professionally engaged in imparting to others instruction in the art of composition.

The offences against purity of style in this Address are numerous, and may be classed, in the language of grammarians, under the general heads of *barbarisms* and *improprieties*. Some words in it are not pure English, and others are applied in a sense not sanctioned by good use, or the definitions of the best lexicographers. For example, we have *to ornament* used as a verb, in place of *to adorn*, at once a legitimate and much more elegant expression. An error of the same kind is committed in the use of *based on* for *founded on*. Although the latter of these expressions is frequently used in conversation and in public speaking, yet neither of them will be found in any work of such acknowledged merit that it may be regarded as a standard. We have also this expression—"rail-roads are constructing." Expressions of this kind are ungrammatical, and may be easily avoided without offending against good taste; and although they may be tolerated in colloquial discourse, should never be introduced in an elaborate composition. By this criticism we wish, by no means, to be understood as sanctioning the still more objectionable phrase "are being constructed," which of late has become fashionable. The words *pervasive* and *incipiency* are new to our ear: they are not found in Walker, and not having seen them in the course of our reading, we infer that they have not yet been licensed by that use, *quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi*.

"There is nothing" (says the address) "in which our speakers are more defective than in comprehension of idea." In this short sentence are two improprieties of expression. The author means, that there is nothing in which our speakers are more deficient than in *comprehensiveness* of idea. *Comprehension* occurs again in the same sense, in the same paragraph, and also in a note.

Our author was probably misled by the use of this word in Burke's celebrated description of the character of Lord Grenville, which was evidently in his mind when the address was prepared. He cannot, however, plead the authority of this distinguished writer. The word was used by him in its proper sense, as denoting an *act* and not a *quality* of the mind. His expression is, "a far more extensive comprehension of things."*

We might add to this enumeration other expressions not free from objection, and point out defects in the structure of many of the sentences of the address that might be amended. But we desire not to be considered hypercritical; and no good purpose would probably be accomplished by prosecuting farther this species of verbal criticism. Enough has already been said to convince us of the facility with which even the best writers may fall into errors of expression, and of the importance of cultivating that habit of discrimination in the use of words, without which can never be attained, a style at once elegant, perspicuous and correct.

In the course of his address, President Dew pays a well-deserved tribute to the value of classical learning; and it should be a subject of congratulation with the friends of William and Mary, that this important department of education, which has so long been neglected, is about to receive a proper degree of attention in that venerable institution. It is most remarkable, however, that a gentleman of our author's extensive acquirements, and one so thoroughly impressed with the importance of this species of literature, should have been so very unfortunate in his classical quotations. These should never be introduced in a written composition, particularly in one emanating from a learned institution, unless they be apposite, and calculated to illustrate or adorn the subject under consideration. Nor should they be used except in the very language and true spirit of the author from whom they are borrowed. In violation of these rules, President Dew has introduced in his address the following prosaic line: "*Addicti jurare in verba nullius magistri*." How little this adds to the force or elegance of his composition, the genuine lovers of classical literature can determine. It can scarcely be regarded as a quotation; and literally rendered into English, it would be flat and insipid, and perfectly ridiculous as a part of the highly-wrought passage in which it occurs. The whole force and beauty of the original, "*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*," are destroyed, and the classical reader is at a loss to determine for what good purpose the sacrifice has been made.

The next quotation occurs in a very labored passage, which, though evidently intended to be highly finished, is exceedingly defective. We will, therefore, transcribe it: "Hence it is, that old William and Mary can boast of so astonishing a number of distinguished statesmen in proportion to her alumni—statesmen with whom she might boldly challenge any other institution in this country or the world—statesmen who, whilst they have woven the chaplet of her glory, and engraven her name

* We might have said, with truth, that this sentence contains three improprieties of expression. The word *idea* is used by our author neither in its philosophical nor popular sense. We presume he intended to use it in its popular sense, in which it is synonymous with a *thought*, an *opinion*. It is never used to signify mind, or the power of thought, in which sense our author seems to have applied it.

on the page of our country's history, have illustrated by their eloquence and *statesmanship*, the *national legislature* and *federal government*, and carried their *pertasive* influence into the councils of every state in our wide-spread confederacy. So that we may well say of our alma mater, in view of these brilliant results, in the language of one of the Trojan wanderers:

‘*Quis jam locus,
Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris ?*”

Some of the defects of this passage are indicated by the words in italics, and will be sufficiently obvious to the eye of the critical reader. But our present business is with the quotation. How entirely have the spirit and meaning of the author been misconceived! These beautiful lines constitute a part of one of those tender and pathetic passages that so frequently occur in the *Æneid*, and for which Virgil, above all writers of epic poetry, is distinguished. *Æneas*, who uttered them, was in no situation for the display of feelings of triumph or exultation. Having witnessed the destruction of Troy, and the melancholy fate of the greater part of his countrymen, he had fled from the fury of the Greeks, with a party of wretched companions, trusting to the winds and waves to bear them to a peaceful settlement in some other region of the earth. After long wandering, and a series of adventures the most calamitous, he sails from Sicily, where he had buried his father Anchises, *omnis curæ casusque letamen*, to seek the coasts of Italy. On his voyage he encounters the anger of the Gods, is overtaken by a furious tempest, and his fleet tossed for a long time on the waves, is finally dispersed, and he and his companions driven by the storm on the shores of Africa. *Æneas* and his faithful friend *Achates* proceed to Carthage, where, entering the temple of Juno, they perceive some pictures representing the most affecting scenes of the siege of Troy. In this situation, an exile and a wanderer, subdued with grief, and about to appeal to the compassion of Queen Dido for succor, *Æneas*, looking on the pictures, and overwhelmed with the recollection of the misfortunes of his country,

“*Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus inquit, Achate,
Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris ?*”

The mind of *Æneas* whilst he contemplated these pictures, and uttered in the fulness of his heart this pathetic speech, may well be supposed to have been filled with a number of the most melancholy and touching associations. The hostile chiefs in battle array; the fierce conflict; the rout of the Trojans; the pursuit of the Greeks; the wounded and the slain; the dead body of the proud Hector drawn around the walls of Troy; the crowds of Trojan women stupified with horror, flying to the temple, with hair disheveled and beating their breasts, imploring the compassion of the unkind Goddess; *Polites* wounded, flying from his pursuer, and falling and pouring out his blood in the presence of his parents; the aged Priam, attended by his affectionate Hecuba and her daughters, dragged trembling from the altar, and falling in the blood of that son whose death he had vainly attempted to avenge; the sacking of the city; the lurid glare of the midnight conflagration;—all these, with many other scenes of thrilling horror, rushed upon his mind, and filled his imagination

with a variety of images, the most touching, awful, terrible and sublime.

Well might *Æneas* in view, not “of these brilliant results,” but of the direful calamities that had overwhelmed his country, exclaim, in the agony of his heart,

“*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris !*”*

Having finished our criticism of this address as a literary production, we come now to consider it in a much more important point of view, as presenting the opinions of a gentleman of acknowledged abilities and experience on the interesting subject of collegiate education in Virginia.

In regard to the correctness of the general views of President Dew on this subject, there can be no room for diversity of opinion. All must concur as to the importance of an enlarged and liberal course of study in every department of literature and science. The value of the classics, of mathematics, of physics, of moral and political philosophy, of civil engineering as a practical pursuit, and of the law as an enlightened and liberal profession, must be universally acknowledged. It is only when he descends from the chair of the President, and assumes that of the Professor, that the views of our author become liable to objection. Here he expatiates with the ardor of an enthusiast on the pre-eminent importance, dignity and difficulty of his own favorite studies; and substituting declamation for argument, his reasoning becomes necessarily unsatisfactory and his conclusions erroneous. He urges the students by all those exciting motives of pride, patriotism and ambition, that are so easily kindled in the youthful breast, to press on in the acquisition of political knowledge with the view to future usefulness and distinction. He tells them that the great mass of high intellect in every country must be employed in morals and politics; that “politics here is the business of every man, however humble his condition may be. We have it in commission to instruct the world in the science and the art of government”—and appeals to them to know if they are willing “to add themselves to the great mass of unambitious and illiterate citizens, who have been in all ages and in all countries the blind instruments with which despotism has achieved its results.” Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to underrate the importance of the study of moral and political philosophy. So far are we from entertaining such a purpose, that no person can, in our estimation, aspire to the character of an educated gentleman who is not well informed on these subjects. Nor do we deny the propriety of making the study of them form a part, and an important part too, of collegiate education. The study of morals, indeed, should commence at a period of life much earlier than that at which youths are prepared to enter on their collegiate course; the best school of practical

* *Laboris* in this passage is properly rendered *calamity* or *misfortune*. The word *labor* is frequently used in this sense by classical authors. We recollect having seen in the newspapers, some years ago, a most successful exposure of a similar error to that we have been criticising, by our gifted Wirt, who was alike distinguished as an elegant scholar, a profound jurist, and an eloquent orator. It was in reply to a speech of the late Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, in the Supreme Court of the United States. He corrected the error into which Mr. Emmet had fallen, and retorted the quotation upon him with the most happy effect.

morality being found at the knee of a pious mother, who draws her lessons from those simple yet sublime truths, which are suited to the taste and capacity of both children and philosophers. But however important correct information on these subjects may be deemed, no sufficient reason can be perceived for giving them such a pre-eminence over other studies in a course of collegiate instruction. It should never be forgotten that education constitutes the business of life; and he who, at the close of his collegiate career, deems it complete, in any one department of learning, can never be more than a literary sciolist. He may trade successfully for a time on his small capital of ready change, but will soon find himself bankrupt in knowledge, and unable to meet the smallest draft that may be made upon him. The great object of collegiate education, is to excite in the youthful mind a taste for learning, and to point out the readiest paths by which her temples may be reached. All that can be expected of the most perfect system, is to lay before the mind of the pupil a general map of the great world of science, on which may be delineated the boundaries of the various provinces, the *terra incognita*, the chief cities of the different empires, and the beautiful streams that irrigate and fertilize the whole. To fill up this outline should constitute the business of after life. Could we commend the course of a teacher of geography, who in preparing a map of the world for the use of his scholars, should, after faintly delineating the general outlines of the whole, select one favorite country on which to employ all the arts of the painter and the varied tints of the rainbow, to give to it distinctness and coloring—presenting a landscape, rich in all those objects distinguished for natural beauty or artificial elegance—silver lakes, lofty mountains, green valleys, beautiful rivers whitened with the sails of commerce, thriving villages and splendid cities, with their noble castles, magnificent palaces, and lofty spires pointing to the clouds? The gorgeous splendor of such a picture, would captivate the youthful imagination, and cause the pupil to turn with indifference or disgust from the contemplation of other portions of the world as barren wastes, offering nothing to repay the labor of inquiry or research. It is no less unwise in those who preside over our institutions of learning, to hold up to the minds of the students the pre-eminent advantages of any one department of science or philosophy.

We are well aware that these opinions of President Dew are not peculiar to himself, but have been maintained by metaphysicians of no little celebrity. One at least of his predecessors, as we have reason to know, had his hobbies. Metaphysics and political economy were the constant themes of his discourse, and the ardor of his devotion being communicated to his pupils, they became inspired with so strong a passion for these studies, as to render them almost insensible to the attractions of mathematics, and of those physical sciences, the study of which cannot be so successfully prosecuted in after life, in consequence of the want of those helps which professors, cabinets and laboratories only can afford.

The study of general principles, so earnestly insisted on by President Dew, is so captivating to the mind, that it too frequently begets a contempt for matters of detail. Those who have been in the habit of roaming

at large in the vast regions of speculation, find it difficult to bring down their minds from their lofty contemplations, to the consideration of the concerns of ordinary life. Hence men of speculation are rarely men of action. And to this circumstance, we think, is mainly to be attributed that want of practical usefulness, so frequently remarked among the educated gentlemen of Virginia. We have good writers, profound lawyers, and eloquent debaters; but what evidence of practical talent have we exhibited in our public works, in the arts, or in agriculture? Burke's character of Lord Grenville, so frequently quoted by professors of moral and political philosophy, has doubtless had considerable influence in forming the habits of thought of many of our aspirants for political distinction. Properly considered, this admirable portrait could have been productive of no injurious effects. But, unfortunately, one side only of the picture is too generally contemplated. Whilst the mere man of detail is looked upon with contempt, it is forgotten that there is another character, precisely his opposite, not so useful, and infinitely more dangerous; and that there is a class of politicians who, as Burke said of Lord Chatham on a certain occasion, "for wise men, are too much governed by general maxims." This fondness for generalization, when indulged to excess, becomes almost a passion; and we have known some gentlemen who, from long practice in such pursuits, could construct out of a single fact a magnificent theorem. A general principle, to be worth any thing, should be established by a long and laborious process of induction. But, unfortunately, those who are most conversant in the use of general principles, have rarely a sufficient degree of patience, in the study of details, to enable them to distinguish, arrange, and classify the numerous particulars necessary to the establishment of a general truth. Hence it is that so many of the most beautiful theories in politics are found to be fallacious. It is not that theories are necessarily false, but that the facts on which they are supposed to be founded, have not been accurately observed. Whilst it is true that the study of general principles is absolutely necessary to produce a proper enlargement of the mind, it is no less certain that a knowledge of details, and a habit of attention to particulars, are equally important in forming that practical fitness for the conduct of human affairs, which is so essential to success in every department of life. There is much truth and sound philosophy in the remark of Dugald Stewart: "When theoretical knowledge and practical skill are happily combined in the same person, the intellectual power of man appears in its full perfection, and fits him equally to conduct with a masterly hand the details of ordinary business, and to contend successfully with the untried difficulties of new and hazardous situations." In fact, no mind can be said to be truly great, that is not constituted like that admirably contrived organ of the largest and most sagacious of living animals, which can at once embrace the minutest and the greatest objects.

It cannot be denied that Virginia has produced many shining characters. Her sons have been among the wisest in the council, and the bravest in the field. But how often have the talents of her youth been misdirected, and their energies wasted! Who that has observed the current of events, has not marked the pro-

gress, and too common fate of genius in Virginia? Many of our young men emerge from the seminaries of learning, and like meteors in a November night, flash across the horizon, dazzling us for a moment with a brilliant splendor, and then are extinguished forever. Others, like the eccentric comet, appearing more rarely, and endowed with more power to destroy than to build up, have attracted for a little longer period the gaze and admiration of the multitude. But although all have been wrapped in admiration at the splendor of their exhibitions, yet when their destined course is run, no deep-felt sorrow pervades the land; and none having anticipated from them any beneficent results, all are content if, in their departure, they shed not a blighting and a withering influence. But how few have there been who, like the glorious orb of day, rising refulgent above the horizon, have gone on increasing in light and power, dispensing comfort and joy and gladness through the land, until they have attained the fulness of meridian glory, and then descending from their high elevation with the true dignity of that resplendent luminary, shedding even in their setting a mellow light, have sunk to rest amidst the benedictions of grateful thousands. One such statesman, at least, may Virginia boast; *clarum et venerabile nomen*. The pride of the schoolmen may well be rebuked, when they reflect how little of his pre-eminent wisdom, and almost godlike virtues, this most illustrious of men owed to the vaunted lessons of their philosophy.

Among the greatest evils that has ever afflicted this commonwealth, is the morbid desire of her sons for political distinction. It has been the bane of the republic, destroying every thing like useful enterprise in Virginia, and banishing from their homes thousands of our citizens, to find preferment among the people of other states, or from the patronage of the federal government. No sooner do our young men leave their seminaries of learning, than, deeming themselves politicians and statesmen, ready made according to the philosophy of the best schools, they rush with ardor into the political arena. Disappointed in their ambitious aspirations, with their taste depraved, and having lost all capacity for useful employment, they become reckless and abandoned; or falling in with a dominant party, they sacrifice all independence of character, and stoop to the lowest arts of the demagogue, hoping to creep to that eminence to which they had vainly attempted to soar. Nor is this passion for political life confined to the educated portion of our people. Truly has President Dew said, "our whole state is a great political nursery." It swarms with politicians of every age, and hue, and size. But, unfortunately, for one statesman we have a hundred demagogues. Next to a standing army in time of peace, a class of professed politicians, set apart expressly for the business of public life, is most dangerous to the liberties of a free state. Such men must necessarily be the Swiss of party. Considering politics as their vocation, they must needs seek for employment. If they fail to find it in the independent discharge of their duty as representatives of the people, they must seek it in mean compliances with the imperious mandates of party leaders, or in a course of degrading servility and sycophancy to the dispensers of federal patronage. Let us do nothing to increase this numerous swarm of hungry politicians. What we need in Virginia, is a class of

educated country gentlemen, well instructed, not only in moral and political philosophy, but in polite literature, and especially in those physical sciences so intimately connected with agriculture, that most ancient, honorable and independent of all pursuits. Such persons would be qualified at once to discharge well the duties of citizens and of statesmen; and like one of the most celebrated of the ancient Romans, could step from their ploughs to the most important offices of the state, without elevating their own dignity, or degrading the high stations to which they might be called.

If we were disposed to detract from the dignity of the study of moral and political philosophy, we might join issue with President Dew on the proposition which he has so broadly stated, that "the great mass of high intellect, in all ages and countries, has been employed in morals and politics;" and we might appeal to the history of the world, and the testimony of many of the wisest of mankind, to disprove the doctrine that seems to be a corollary from this proposition, that the highest intellect is necessary to political success. The truth of the remark of the celebrated Chancellor Oxenstein, who, with great abilities, had the opportunity of extensive observation and experience in one of the most distinguished courts of his age, has been so universally acknowledged, that the remark has become almost proverbial: "Go," said he to his son, who expressed diffidence of his capacity for office, "Go, and see for yourself, *quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*." The philosophic historian of the "Age of Louis XIV," has added the weight of his opinion to that of this distinguished statesman. He thus expresses himself: "In reading Mazarin's letters, and Cardinal de Retz's memoirs, we may easily perceive de Retz to have been the superior genius; nevertheless, the former attained the summit of power, and the latter was banished. In a word, it is a certain truth, that to be a powerful minister, little more is required than a middling understanding, good sense and fortune; but to be a good minister, the prevailing passion of the soul must be a love for the public good; and he is the greatest statesman, who leaves behind him the most noble monuments of public utility." But it is needless to multiply proofs upon this subject. In this country we have so many living witnesses, that men of very moderate abilities, and of still more slender acquirements, may rise to the highest offices in the state, that to doubt it, would imply a degree of skepticism, sufficient to resist the strongest evidence, or the most conclusive demonstration.*

We had designed to enter at large into a vindication of the claims of the physical sciences; and to endeavor, by examining them in connexion with the useful arts, with agriculture, and with the various interesting phenomena constituting the natural history of the world, to show that they are not inferior, in interest, utility or dignity, to moral or political philosophy. But the subject is too comprehensive for a single essay. We may,

* The author above quoted (Voltaire,) has also made the following very true and philosophical remarks: "There never was an age which had not some famous statesmen and soldiers: Politics and arms seem, unhappily, to be the two professions most natural to man; who must always be either negotiating or fighting. The most fortunate is accounted the greatest; and the public frequently attributes to merit, what is only the effect of an happy success."

possibly, on some future occasion, recur to it, and present our views on this branch of the subject to the readers of the "Messenger." In the meantime we take leave of President Dew, with the expression of our sincere respect for his talents and character, and our anxious wishes for the continued prosperity and usefulness of the venerable institution over which he has been called to preside.

N.

LEILA.

When first you look upon her face,
You little note beside
The timidness, that still betrays
The beauties it would hide :
But one by one they look out from
Her blushes and her eyes,
And still the last the loveliest,
Like stars from twilight skies.

And thoughts go sporting through her mind,
Like children among flowers ;
And deeds of gentle goodness are
The measure of her hours :
In soul or face she bears no trace
Of one from Eden driven ;
But like the rainbow, seems, though born
Of earth, a part of heaven.

G. H.

Washington City.

MARCO VISCONTI:

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It is but recently that the historical novel has been naturalized, if we may so express it, in Italy. Why it has been so long wanting among a people whose history is so rich in incident and materials for the exhibition of character, we cannot pretend to explain. The splendid romances of Scott, which became speedily known on the continent, were chiefly instrumental in awakening the public taste for that kind of fiction ; and Manzoni was not long in demonstrating to his countrymen, that there was no lack of ability among them to follow in the steps of "the Ariosto of the North." Since Manzoni, in the excess of religious zeal, has retired from the field of fiction, the arena has been open to other candidates for the prize of literary distinction ; and not a few have been the names entered upon the list.

The novels which have so rapidly succeeded each other within the last few years in Italy, are almost unknown to American readers. Very few, if any of them, have been translated even in England ; and we trust, therefore, that the task of exploring so rich a field, will prove as grateful to our readers as ourselves. We propose to examine some of those most worthy our attention. The difference in the dates of their appearance is too slight to render it necessary to observe the order

of time ; and we may, accordingly, take them in the order of their merit.

One of the latest and best of these productions, is the story whose title forms the subject of the present article. The period of history at which the scene is laid, is one fruitful in remarkable events, and favorable for the exhibition of conflicting passions and characters. The Peninsula, without a legitimate sovereign, had been for years a prey to faction, and agitated by the strife of the rival parties, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Matteo Visconti, duke of Milan, had been long at the head of the Ghibelline party ; and Pope John XXII, unable to compel him to resign his power, at the instance of Robert, king of Sicily, had excommunicated him, and laid Milan under an interdict. Matteo died ; succeeded by Galeazzo, the elder brother of Marco, who figures as the hero of the tale. Louis of Bavaria, having sent assistance to the Visconti while under pontifical displeasure, was excommunicated and deposed by his holiness ; but having descended into Italy and caused himself to be crowned at Rome, he in his turn instituted a process against Pope John, pronounced sentence of deposition against him, and appointed as his successor Pierre de Corvario, who took the name of Nicholas V. John resided at Avignon, and was acknowledged by the Guelphs.

It is at this period that the story commences. While Milan declared for the anti-pope, who had removed the interdict from the city and territory, the remote parts of the country, less prompt in shifting their allegiance, retained their faith to the legitimate pontiff, and refused to open their churches to the ministers of the new spiritual sovereign. Among the adherents to the old cause, were the inhabitants of Limonta, a small district on the lake of Como, and a feudal territory of the monastery of St. Ambrose of Milan, the Abbot of which had, among his other titles, that of Count of Limonta. One of the Visconti, who had been appointed Abbot of St. Ambrose in place of the true inheritor Astolfo da Lampugnano, had sent to Limonta, as his factor, one Pelagrua, who pretended to have discovered from some old deeds that the Limontese were not vassals, but *serfs* of the monastery. The cause is judged at Bellano ; and as it may be supposed that the inhabitants decline submitting to a claim which would deprive them of their liberty, in the absence of sufficient evidence on either side, it is agreed that the question shall be decided "by judgment of God," in the trial by combat.

The first scene opens in the house of the Count Oltradrado di Balzo, who resides in the neighborhood with his wife and daughter. His falconer announces the arrival of a waterman (*barcajuolo*), and his son from Bellano, who inform him of the sentence, and the approaching combat. The champion of the monastery is already chosen ; and their conjectures, who will fight for the cause of the people, are answered by the falconer, who exclaims, "Would that my son Lupo were here !" Michel, the waterman, in great dread lest his own son Arrigozzo should offer himself, proposes to depart in search of Lupo, whom he had seen at Como in the service of Ottorino Visconti. On the following Sunday a great commotion is excited about the church, where the adherents of the anti-pope are assembled to say mass. The dwelling of Pelagrua is next attacked by the irritated multitude ; he escapes from imminent danger, and

is compelled to fly, while his wife obtains shelter in the castle of the Count di Balzo. The whole of this chapter presents a most spirited and graphic picture. The peasantry are diverted from thoughts of slaughter by the arrival of Michel and his son with Lupo, who is unanimously chosen champion of the Limontese. The day of trial comes: Ottorino Visconti, having promised to be present in honor of his squire, arrives to witness the combat. As this youth plays so conspicuous a part in the ensuing history, it may not be amiss here to add a description of his first appearance.

"Our young cavalier was elegantly habited in crimson velvet, with a short blue mantle embroidered with silver, and lined with sables; a heavy chain of gold twice encircled his neck, falling to his breast; and under a cap, handsomely formed, of the same color with the mantle, escaped thick curls of black hair, waving down his neck; while a white plume that drooped on his left shoulder contrasted finely with his raven locks. Add to these, eyes sparkling with youthful fire, cheeks slightly browned by the sun in the active duties of the soldier, a tall and symmetrical person, displaying grace, but decision and boldness, in every action and movement, and in repose."

The Count di Balzo and his daughter also attend the trial; Ottorino recognizes and embraces an old friend in the father, and is presented by him to our heroine. Bice (the name is a contraction for Beatrice,) is saluted with loud praises on her entrance by the minstrel Tremacoldo, a favorite with the peasantry, who improvises a song in honor of her charms, and is rewarded by the gallant Ottorino with the chain of gold aforementioned. The trumpet gives signal for the combat to commence; the champions are sworn according to custom, when a difficulty arises from the circumstance that the weapons have not been blessed. This obstacle promises to occasion no little delay, as no regular priest can be found in time of interdict to incur the displeasure of the head of the church by pronouncing the benediction. Lupo, aware of the necessity of this ceremony, had previously secured a blessing in secret for his arms; and this is the only advantage he takes over his adversary. The people, however, are too much in dread of magic to dispense with a form then deemed of importance to prevent the use of spells or incantations to obtain success, and in extremity call upon Tremacoldo, who, having been a priest before he assumed his present vocation, is fairly entitled to perform the office. The scene of buffoonery which ensues is highly characteristic of those times. The benediction at length pronounced, and the arms sprinkled, instead of holy water, with wine from the *cautina* of the archbishop, the champions betake themselves to their posts, armed with shields and clubs, which, as they were not of noble blood, were the only weapons allowed them.

After an obstinate fight, Lupo vanquishes his opponent, and drags him from the field. He is received and borne off with acclamations by the people whose liberty he has preserved; but escapes from their gratitude to join his patron and the count. The noble party returning homeward by the lake, are overtaken by a violent storm and wrecked among the rocks; with difficulty they reach a place of security, all safe except Arrigozzo, the son of the waterman, whose body is afterwards drawn from the water. The grief of Michel for this

terrible bereavement is most touchingly and naturally described, and the subsequent scene in his hut is one of the most admirable portions of the book. At present he is alone in his sorrow.

"All stood round looking at him with a terrified air; none dared to offer him a word of consolation. But the priest, having left him some time to his grief, approached him, and instead of addressing the bereaved father himself, laid his hand on the son's head as it rested on Michel's knees, and said with emotion:

"My poor Arrigozzo! thou hast ever been a good son, fearing God and loving thy parents!"

"It is true! it is true!" cried the father, quite softened by the praise bestowed on the dead; 'I did not deserve so good a son.'

"In these times when faith is beset with temptations," pursued the priest, 'who knows, my poor Michel, that it is not in mercy the Lord has called him, while he is yet in innocence? Go, resign the gift to him who bestowed it, and who resumed it, for ends that we cannot know, but which are most surely those of righteousness and love for his elect.'

"Oh! but what shall I do in the world without him?" cried the waterman; 'what shall I answer to my poor Martha, returning home, when she asks me what I have done with our boy?'

"The Lord will not forsake you," insisted the good priest, sorrowfully. 'He who has assigned you the affliction, will give you strength to bear it.'

"Our party are by no means resigned to the prospect of spending the night on the rock; and however pleasing to the young Ottorino it may be to be near Bice in so romantic a situation, it becomes necessary to devise some means for gaining assistance. The indefatigable Lupo volunteers his aid; and climbs a precipice at his own imminent hazard.

"Those who from the rock followed him with their eyes, trembling with fear at every uncertain movement, saw him by the fitful light already half way up, holding by the steep masses which still echoed the rolling thunder, and hanging over the waves that murmured beneath him; yet still above his head they beheld other peaks, more threatening, more desperate than the first.

"Lupo had found by chance a small cavity where he was able to rest himself and take breath; thence he looked downward to measure the distance he had accomplished, but instantly withdrew his eyes, dazzled and bewildered by the height; then after a few moments he made the sign of the cross, and returned to his labor. From time to time as he approached the summit, his figure diminished in size; now scarcely distinguished from the rocks, it seemed now some bush shaken by the wind, or a falcon fluttering his wings, in search of prey among the cliffs."

* * * *

"The young cavalier, without another word, seated himself on the rock near Bice. All eyes were turned upward towards the mountain of Tremezzo, behind which the sun had descended. Gigantic clouds, driven by the wind, were seen to unfold and roll in a hundred fantastic forms, tinged with a fiery red. The light grew less by degrees over all visible objects, which, the most distant at first, and gradually the nearer, became every moment paler and more indistinct; when the outlines could no longer be discerned, they seemed to take

other forms, to move, totter, and finally to disappear entirely. Those who looked toward the west, saw the sky yet crimson with the rays of the sun, but glancing downward from the highest peaks along the mountain slopes to the shore of the lake, no longer perceived the houses, the shrubs, or the trees. Every prominence had disappeared, and the whole mountain showed only an immense shadow in relief against the sky. Gradually even the shadow grew indistinct, faded, and vanished entirely; the darkness became yet more dense, and our shipwrecked friends were soon wrapped in such gloom, that it was impossible to distinguish each other. Upon the changeful bosom of the lake, even through the darkness, could be seen afar the infuriated waves, which, struggling as they swelled upwards, burst into white foam, rolling tumultuously in chase of each other, and lashing the rock as if they threatened to swallow it up, roaring for the prey that had escaped their fury.

"All was silent, save that amidst the warring of the surge and the wind, might be heard the low, monotonous, continued tones of poor Michel, telling his beads over the corpse of his son.

"Ottorino was holding Bice's hand, which, in the moment of her terror, she had suffered him to take, feeling reassured by the vicinity of one who could protect her. Her father, who, seated on the other side, had stooped his head between his knees, his teeth chattering with fear and cold, could not contribute much to her feeling of security. Her long locks, blown about by the wind, were swept against the young man's face; and even in that desolate condition, surrounded by so many objects to awaken fear or compassion, he would not have given that moment for the happiest in his life."

Lupo soon brings boats to their assistance, and they are conveyed ashore. Ottorino is invited to pass some days at the castle, and as might be expected, falls in love with its beautiful heiress, who becomes equally attached to him. Ermelinda, the mother of Bice, is not slow to perceive the turn affairs are taking, and is sorely troubled at the discovery, knowing the design of Marco Visconti, the kinsman and patron of Ottorino, to wed his young protégé to a daughter of Rusconi. Having ascertained that negotiations have actually been commenced for the hand of that lady, the prudent mother warns her daughter against the impropriety of suffering the elegant stranger to make any impression on her heart. But, as it too often happens in such cases, the advice comes a little too late, and only produces the effect of plunging the enamored girl into a sea of disappointment and vexation, and causing her to wear a chilling aspect of reserve towards her lover, on the day previous to his departure for Milan. The knight, who is much grieved at her sudden change of manner, failing in his attempt to seek an explanation from herself, contrives to hide a letter between the leaves of her Dante, which it seems she read by stealth at night. In this he avows his passion for her, and his determination to seek her hand, at the same time confessing the unfortunate entanglement prepared for him by his friend Marco. This letter is duly carried by the dutiful maiden to her mother.

Ermelinda is a favorite with our author; she is represented as possessing every matronly grace, sensible, dignified, and in every way superior to her husband.

An episodic chapter gives us an insight into her history. She had been in her youth betrothed to Marco Visconti, in opposition to the wishes of her father, who wished to compel her to marry the Count di Balzo. An attempt was made by her lover to carry her off; but her fear of her father's displeasure prevented its success. Afterwards she had resisted every endeavor to induce her to marry another, till convinced of the inconstancy of Marco by a letter from him renouncing all claim to her hand, and returning half a chain of gold which had been broken between them as a pledge of faith. Some time after her marriage Ermelinda, one day while hunting, met a knight armed, with his visor down, who demanded the chain, which she still carried in her bosom. Having received that and the letter addressed to her, he pronounced the letter a forgery, alleging that the chain had been stolen from him; and abruptly bidding her farewell, rode out of sight. Since then she had never seen the lover of her youth, who had highly distinguished himself, and obtained almost sovereign power in Italy.

The following is the first description of this singular personage:

"Marco was above the middle height; his age about forty-five. The hardships of a troubled and tempestuous life, if they had robbed his countenance of its first freshness, its first fire, of its juvenile expression of light-heartedness and daringness, had substituted a severe yet gentle gravity, an air of self-possession and hauteur, an indefinite expression of melancholy, which displayed habitual discontent of mind, yet without the slightest mixture of bitterness.

"The uncommon paleness of his face was rendered yet more striking by his thick dark beard, and a pair of heavy well defined eyebrows, and eyes of excessive brilliancy; while the deep color that now and then suffused his cheeks, gave testimony of strong internal emotions. In those moments he seemed younger; the fleeting crimson gave to his countenance its primitive beauty, with a certain singular mixture of pride and bashfulness.

"But he who saw that countenance when the lighting of wrath transformed it in an instant, when its habitual paleness grew yet deeper, and the brow contracted, and the eyes became darker as they flashed fire, would have likened it to the lake, whose tranquil and polished surface, by the sudden onset of the wind, is stirred to the tempest's fury.

"He wore a robe of black velvet, open before, and lined with grey nimiver, over a silken vest confined with a girdle, fastened by a rich golden buckle; in the girdle was a long dagger with the handle studded with rubies.

"His head was uncovered, and his dark hair, parted over an ample and majestic forehead, hung on both sides as low as the ear, following the contour of his face."

The wise politician had already begun to foresee the issue of his support of the anti-pope Nicholas.

"'You well understand,' (he says to his kinsman,) 'that the legitimate pope is he of Avignon. He has persecuted my father, all my family, all our friends; has excommunicated us, taken the cross from us, and done his worst against us; yet for all that has he not ceased to be the true pope. Do you believe that, so many years as I have been his enemy, I have been at

peace with my own conscience, knowing myself under ban of the church?"

But we have no room to notice the political plans, manœuvres and events, which are so skilfully interwoven in these volumes with the incidents of more domestic interest. There are many striking and graphic scenes, in which the multitude play a part, as well as the higher personages. The tumult before the church in Monza, and other pictures of a similar kind, are most spiritedly described, and remind us, without being imitations, of like exhibitions in some of Scott's novels. As much previous explanation would be necessary to render these passages interesting, we shall only follow the fortunes of the individuals with whom we have already made acquaintance, separating the thread of the narrative from the web which surrounds it.

The Count di Balzo and his family are summoned by Marco to Milan; and leave Limonta without reluctance, as a residence in that district has become dangerous from the disturbances among the people, and the apprehension of severe revenge on the part of the new Abbot, for their disregard of the dignity of his agent, and contempt of his orders. Lupo is despatched thither by Ottorino, to warn his fellow-townsmen against the effects of the Abbot's wrath. The Count, therefore, who is cowardly, vacillating and selfish by nature, and has all his life scrupulously avoided committing himself by siding with either party, is well pleased to quit so perilous a vicinity for the protection of the noble and powerful Marco; besides that his vanity is flattered by the invitation to Milan, and the chief's intimation that he might become necessary to him. Marco's principal reason for this attention is a curiosity to see the daughter, of whom Ottorino had given so glowing a description. They are invited to a magnificent banquet at his palace on their arrival, which the Countess Ermelinda, from motives of delicacy, of course declines attending. At this sumptuous feast, minutely and gorgeously described, at which the guests arrange a tournament in honor of the election of Azzo Visconti, nephew of Marco, to the office of Imperial Vicar, the stately host devotes his attentions to Bice, whose strong resemblance in voice and person to her mother, calls up again all the emotions of his youth. This pleasing excitement he experiences in her presence determines him to cultivate her intimacy.

The scene then changes to Limonta, where we follow our friend Lupo. In the hut of the poor waterman, Michel and his wife sit down in desolate sorrow to their lonely evening meal; and the utter misery of the bereaved parents is pathetically depicted. The silence of the cottage is soon disturbed.

"It was late; nothing was heard except the low moaning of the lake, and now and then the surging of the wind among the chestnut boughs which concealed the waterman's hut. Then suddenly the dog (by the way, this dog, which had belonged to Arrigozzo, is the hero of a most touching little episode) which had been snugly reposing on the bed, started up, pricking up his ears and uttering a low growl; then leaped down and ran towards the door barking most furiously. Michel and his wife listened; but they could hear nothing, save the accustomed murmur of the waves. The waterman unbarred the door, and going out, distinguished in the distance on his right, towards Limonta, the barking of

another dog, belonging to the fisherman; he ascended a small knoll behind his hut, and looking towards the town, saw the sky in that quarter crimsoned, and the rocks illuminated with a fitful and lurid glare. 'Fire in Limonta!' exclaimed he, and hastened towards the spot, to give what aid he might. His wife only called after him, 'Take care of yourself!' and returned to her cottage to pray for the distressed.

"Michel as he went on heard other cries from that direction and from the mountain, at first so distinct that he could have pointed out the dwelling from which they came; but gradually increasing they mingled with each other, till all became general confusion.

"Michel had mounted a hill, and could ascertain that the fire had been purposely kindled, as he saw burning at once two houses at opposite ends of the hamlet. Listening attentively, he could distinguish amidst the confused tumult voices of menace and blasphemy; could see in the disorder the flashing of breastplates and of lances. It was then he first suspected the real state of the case.

"Meanwhile the fire increased; in a moment the ground seemed to be covered with flame. The lake reflected the lurid light, and several small boats were seen detached from the shore and urged across the waters. These crafts and those within them were at first clearly visible in the glare; but the light gradually fell from them as they receded, now scarcely distinguished, now strongly illuminated as they shot into a sudden stream of light, till they disappeared in the deep darkness around them.

"The waterman halted as he was about to plunge into the midst of the fray; withheld by the thought of her he had left alone in her wretched hut.

"While he stood, he heard a noise as of something living approaching; and retired behind the trunk of an old olive, discerned by the light of the flames, reaching even to that spot, a woman with a child in her arms, and another clinging to her dress, who was driving a cow before her. The reluctant animal cast a backward glance at the hamlet, and stimulated probably by regret for the loss of comfortable stable accommodations, belled mournfully; the lament was responded to in various directions, and from various distances, from other unfortunates who found themselves in the same condition of exile.

"Michel recognized the woman, came forward, and addressing her by name—'What has happened?' he asked. 'Tell me, can any help be afforded?'

"'The soldiers of the monastery have set fire to our homes,' answered the frightened fugitive, 'and murdered those who fell into their hands; we are undone! we are lost utterly! Oh *misericordia!* that I should see this night! 'tis the last night for Limonta; the Lord is chastising us for some great sin. Michael,' she added in an imploring tone, 'since Providence has sent you here, have the charity to help me drag forward this beast, which is all remaining to me to support my poor children.'

"The waterman took the cord in his right hand, carrying on his left arm the little girl who had followed crying in her mother's steps; and accommodating his pace with that of the terrified woman, they all turned towards Bellagio.

"'The Lord show to you and the dead,' said the

woman, 'the pity you have shown to the poor widow; you will find your reward in another world, and your good deed shall be so much for the soul of your Arrigozzo. Ah, Michel! you have the compassion of all the village; they have spoken of nothing but your misfortune; but to-morrow, the many who will have to mourn for their sons, will envy you for having lost yours in the manner you did.'

"Michel went on in silence, casting a glance, now at the burning village, now at his own dwelling. Having placed the widow and her family in safety, he returned hastily to his hut.

"Hardly had he stepped in, when he saw a man coming towards him, partly armed; and believing him one of the ruffians from Limonta, he laid hold of the iron bar he used for fastening the door, and resolutely advanced; but the soldier cried out quickly—

"'Michel, do you not know me?'

"'Ah! it is Lupo! Are you also come with these dogs?'

"'God keep me from it! I came to liberate you; but it was too late; the soldiers had already taken the ground, and all was in flames, and our friends either murdered or fled. Now, since force cannot avail, we must betake ourselves to invention, to prevent the evil not already done; to get from the claws of these devils, those prisoners they have taken alive, and will hang to-morrow, as Stefano the fisherman told me, whom I met on the shore of the lake in coming hither.'

"'Santo Dio! for me—I would see—but—and then, what can we do, two against so many?' said the waterman.

"'We are not quite alone; there are some others waiting for us, and I have already thought of a stratagem; but I have need of your help, and have therefore come to seek you, knowing you a man of courage.'

"'Santo Dio!' exclaimed Michel; you see very well——'

"But his wife, guessing the kind solicitude that made him waver, said quickly—'Think not of me! our guardian angel will watch over this house, and if—if——. It is charity to our neighbor—and we are bound—go—go!'

"Michel only answered, 'The Lord protect you!' and hastened away in company with Lupo, who on the way opened to him his project; they devised some amendments of it together, and each prepared himself for the part he was to act. When they reached the village, Lupo, taking a by-path, went to gather three or four other Limontese, armed with hatchets and knives, who lay waiting for him in a cellar; and Michel quite unarmed, not even with a stick, kept his way directly towards the chapel, where the soldiers of the monastery were assembled. Hardly had he made his appearance, when one of them ran towards him with his sword raised to strike him; but the waterman holding up his hands, before he came up with him, called out—'I seek for your captain; is he not named Bellebuono?'

"'I have a secret—come—show me where he may be found—something of benefit to you—and to him.'

"'Alla peggio,' said the soldier to himself; 'it is another loggerhead come to be strung up; it will be a wax taper the more for the feast to-morrow. Come, then,' said he aloud, 'villano, come with me;' and this

said, he led him into the little church where was gathered the poor booty rifled from the peasantry, and where stood, with their hands tied behind them, the seven wretches who had fallen alive into the hands of the licentious soldiery, and were only spared for insult. The Limontine immediately recognized the priest among the captives, whom he saw receive a blow on the head, at the moment of his entrance.

"'Here is Bellebuono,' said the man who had conducted Michel thither, pointing to the soldier who had struck the curate. Our waterman approached him; and the captain, who looked at the first glance as if he would devour him alive, soon softened at the sound of certain words whispered in his ear. They spoke together some time in a low tone, and then the captain of the sixty lances took with him four of the soldiers, and departed, guided by the Limontine towards a small house at some distance from the hamlet, near the valley of Roucate.

"'For more than three hundred florins? thou hast said?' demanded Bellebuono of his guide, as the two walked on eight or ten paces in advance of the four soldiers in company.

"'Certainly,' was the reply; 'it is the treasure of the church saved for perhaps twenty years.'

"'But the house of the parish priest—is it not that near the belfry?'

"'This to which I lead you is that of his kinsman; and the treasure is here.'

"'Diavolo! is it not possible that some of my soldiers have found it in the search they have made every where to-night?'

"'Quite impossible! who would ever think of searching in the place I have mentioned to you?'

"'Meantime they arrived in front of a house situated on the declivity; and Michel said—'It is this.'

"'You, Ribaldo, and you, Vinciguerra,' then said Bellebuono, 'stand here on guard without; let no one come out who is not with me; and at my first call you must shout for assistance if it be necessary. You others—come on.'

"'One word,' said the waterman to the chief who had delivered the order, speaking in a loud voice, so as to be heard by all the four—'Then you promise me to liberate unhurt all those you have made prisoners?'

"'Yes—I promised you; I will give you all except the curate, who has so disgusted me with his cursed sermons, that I have a mind to see if the coward will preach when he has a rope under his neck.'

"'Nay—nay,' insisted Michel; 'all—you told me so.'

"'Well then; I will give you also the curate, provided what you show me be worth more than the fool's life.'

"Those who had received the command remained on guard at the entrance; Bellebuono, Michel and the other two ascended a small staircase, and found themselves in a passage, opposite which there was another door.

"'If you will let me go down with you—said the Limontine to the captain, 'I will show you the spot.'

"'Ah knave!' was the answer, 'there may be some cheating in this business; no—no—remain here with these two good friends who shall bear thee company. Soldiers, whatever should happen, let him not escape till I return.'

"The two soldiers took the waterman between them, and he submitted in silence; only, still addressing Bellebuono, who having taken a lantern, approached the above mentioned door, he added—'You cannot mistake; after the second chamber, a winding staircase, under the fourth barrel, a square stone—'

"'Yes—yes—I remember all,' answered the chief.

"'If you will let me descend with you'—insisted the waterman.

"'I will do it by myself.' Those were the last words of the ruffian who had already penetrated to the second chamber; the noise of his footsteps were heard on a staircase below; the light of the lantern slowly diminished, then vanished entirely. Some moments passed in silence, after which was heard far below, from the cellar, a dull noise, as if a heavy body had fallen down.

"The waterman trembled all over; it seemed as if his heart would leap from his bosom. It was well for him there was no light in the passage to reveal his agitation to the two guards.

"'What can that noise be?' muttered the soldiers who held Michel between them. 'Could Bellebuono have stumbled? have moved any thing? should some one be hidden there? Let us go and see!'

"'Let us go. But no—he told us to wait here for him.'

"During this brief conversation, by the faint light yet afforded from the burning buildings, Bellebuono was seen looking from the door through which he had departed, and making a sign to the waterman. Michel approached him, exchanged a few whispered words, then raising his voice so as to be heard by the guards in whose keeping he had been left, 'Well,' said he, 'I have kept my promise; it belongs to you to fulfil yours.'

"They went out, joining the other two that had remained outside to watch, and proceeded towards the chapel. While they were in the lane, the waterman remained some paces behind his companions, with him whom they obeyed as their leader, busy in endeavoring to clean a gauntlet that was stained with blood.

"'What is the use of it?' said the other; 'its purity from blood, rather than its stains, would be a mark in such a night as this.' They whispered together again, and then raising himself up, the waterman called his companions who went on before: 'Listen, your captain here is going down a moment to the shore to deposit in the boat something he has under his arm, and will return speedily. Meanwhile you must come with me and release me the prisoners.'

"At this moment, the man, who had till then been whispering with Michel, said in an undertone to the soldiers, 'Ribaldo, and you, Vinciguerra, and you two,' and he threw to each of them some silver coin, 'this is for earnest money; go, and release those prisoners quickly.' This said, he turned down the slope and disappeared.

"The waterman went on with the four; one of whom said to his comrade, 'Did you observe Bellebuono's altered voice; he seemed not the same person.'

"'Probably from his visor being down,' responded the other.

"'More likely,' said the first, 'from the bundle he carried under his arm.'

"'Maladetta!' exclaimed a third, 'we soldiers are not wont to see the like; and we had the trouble—'

"'He said he meant to share with us all, did he not?' demanded the first of Michel.

"'Exactly,' was the answer; 'one half he means to keep for himself, and the other he will divide among you four.'

"'Brave countryman,' cried the first, 'nor must thou remain with an empty palm, for thou art a good fellow and a friend to bold soldiers.'

"'For me, I ask nothing else but what your captain promised me, and if you give me aught else it will be so much charity.'

"'Take it, villano, take it—take it,' and each forced into his hand a piece of the money they had just received, rendered generous by the expectation of the larger booty Bellebuono had secured for them.

"They entered the church, and here the four soldiers commanded, in the name of their leader, the sentinels to release the prisoners, and helped to cut the cords from those who were bound. When they were liberated, and on foot, Vinciguerra said to the waterman, 'Away, good man, now you will be satisfied.'

"But while Michel hastened towards the mountain with the freed captives, who in extasies of joy inundated him with questions, the news of their release had gone abroad, and a crowd of soldiers ran to prevent the departure of the prisoners.

"'It is not true!' they cried impetuously; 'it is not true! Bellebuono could not have given such an order.'

"'He did, he did! he gave it to me! he gave it to us,' shouted the four.

"'No, no! it is all a trick!' exclaimed another more loudly; 'going hence but a short time ago in company with you all, the captain stopped a moment to whisper in my ear, bidding me have ready yet another rope to accommodate this villain, as soon as he had returned.'

"'But he said so to us,' insisted the four; 'he commanded us to satisfy this honest man, by setting the prisoners at liberty.'

"'No, no—it is not true!—it is all a trick!' shouted the multitude; and some began already to lay hands on the captives and the waterman, when there was heard a cry from many voices—

"'Bellebuono, Bellebuono! he is here!'

"And sure enough he was seen running towards the spot, completely enclosed in his armor, with his visor down, and his lance in his hand. When he had come up, he began to lay about him with his weapon right and left, with good christian blows, sparing none he came near, and crying, or rather muttering between his teeth, 'Ah! Canaglia! Canaglia!'

"The recipients of the blows drew back, discomfited and confused, and some endeavored humbly to excuse themselves. 'We did not believe it was your order!—for you said to me before you went—' while he never ceased beating about him as briskly as ever.

"When all were driven back, he gave his arm to the priest, made signal to the others to follow him, and they withdrew together along the first bypath that led to the mountain, leaving the soldiers about the chapel of Limonta to marvel and conjecture, and reproach each other, and rub their bruised shoulders.

"Having walked a considerable distance, the priest turned to his deliverer, who still held him by the arm,

assisting his ascent, and rendering every courtesy in his power, and said, he might now turn back, as they were in safety. All the rest crowded round the supposed Bellebuono, professing themselves indebted to him for their lives. Then he, taking the helmet from his head, discovered his face to them. My readers have already guessed the masker—it was Lupo.

"All that night, the next day, and the next, the soldiers waited the return of Bellebuono from the mountain; when the four who had accompanied him on his last expedition, returning to the house, descended the staircase down which they had heard him go, passed into a small subterranean apartment, thence into a cellar, and another apartment, where they found him lying dead upon the ground.

"Then was explained the treachery of the *villano*, as they called him. They understood that there had been enemies hidden in the cellar, and even found an absolute proof, as is said, in a coat of mail and a trooper's cloak, which one of the captain's murderers had left behind, when he assumed the dress of the ruffian, and in this disguise deceived, as we have seen, the soldiers of the monastery."

Poor Lupo is destined to pay for his gallant interference in behalf of his captured fellow townsmen. Lordrisio and the Abbot of St. Ambrose ask leave of Marco to punish the brave youth as a traitor to his liege lord; and Visconti, not now disposed to protect a retainer of his cousin Ottorino, giving consent, the armor-bearer is arrested and condemned to die. Ottorino, who is under the displeasure of Marco, awakened by feelings of jealousy, and cannot obtain admission to plead for the life of his follower, entreats the Count to use his influence to obtain this grace. His request is seconded by the prayers and tears of the father, mother, and sister of Lupo, who are all domestics in the Count's family; and Bice promises to unite her entreaties. They are invited to a banquet at the palace of Marco, given on the eve of his departure for Tuscany. The cautious Count, while preparing the way for a petition in favor of the doomed youth, is alarmed by an intimation from his host that he has provoked the hostility of Rusconi, by allowing the visits of Ottorino to his daughter, and risked also the displeasure of his noble friend. He is too much frightened to pursue his request, and abandoning Lupo to his fate, hastens to give the assurance that he will forbid his house to the lover of his daughter. Bice is more earnest and successful. Marco offers her his arm, leads her through the crowded rooms, and shows her the knights who are to engage in the approaching tournament. We will translate part of the ensuing scene.

"The combatants are twelve in number, as you know," said Visconti to the young lady, as he led her through the apartments; "eleven I can show to you, as they are here; but the twelfth you will not find. Yet there is no necessity that I should point him out, since I believe you are already acquainted with him; is it not so?"

"Bice colored deeply, but remained silent.

"I saw that you saluted him with much courtesy the day we passed your house together; and then I know he was at Limonta a long time, and that even now—"

"Yes—yes—I know him," said the young girl,

timidly looking down; "indeed, he has a squire, for whom—"

"We will not talk of his squires, if you please," interrupted Marco; "we talk of himself a little."

"At this moment the maiden, who, conducted by her companion, had entered a spacious apartment at the end of the banqueting rooms, turned accidentally round, and saw her father placing his finger on his lips with a significant gesture, an earnest signal for her to be silent. This increased greatly her embarrassment and apprehension, already great, at finding herself alone with a person of whom she had heard such things—at listening to words seemingly designed to search into the most hidden secret of her heart—and at her sense of awe, when upon the point of preferring a request of so much importance. Calling back, with an effort, all her feminine courage, which diminished not in such moments, she began with a trembling and imploring voice.

"Signor, may I hope you will listen to an humble and earnest petition of mine?"

"Have you not accepted me for your cavalier and vassal?" answered Marco; "how then becomes you such language to me? You have not to petition, but only to signify your will."

"Bice was silent for an instant; and in the meanwhile they had crossed three or four rooms, and entered a saloon separated from the view of the other guests. Neither the maiden, fully occupied with the object she had in view, nor Visconti, fired with a passion which completely overpowered his discretion, seemed conscious of the singularity, and even impropriety of their conduct, in thus separating from the company, or perhaps neither was aware that they had done so.

"When Bice found herself alone with her companion, she looked about her, and at first seemed bewildered; but immediately, sinking on her knees before him who stood at her side, she exclaimed, sobbing—"One word of yours can save him; have compassion on a desolate family! Oh, if I could weep as his poor father wept but just now!—if God would put his words in my mouth!—I am sure you could not refuse me!"

"She spoke thus, in the belief that her father had already informed Visconti of every thing; but he, who knew nothing of the matter, hearing her beseech him with so much emotion, and wholly unable to guess her meaning, stood at first in amazement; then yielding by turns to pity, love, and his confusion at beholding in so servile an attitude the queen of all his thoughts, forgetful of every thing else, he stooped to raise her, saying in hurried accents, "What is this? No—no—rise! You prostrate yourself before a human being? You?" But she maintained her position, and continued to implore, clasping her hands, and lifting up to him her tearful eyes, till Visconti almost believed he actually beheld in the kneeling girl her mother, as thus prostrate at his feet, so many years before, she had supplicated him the night he came to take her from her father's house. The tide of emotion almost overpowered him; he lifted up by force the trembling girl, and led her to a seat, while Bice, covering her face with both hands, wept for anguish, confusion and fear, till the tears flowed from between her slender fingers. "Tell me," continued Marco, without daring to approach nearer, "Tell me your wish, and I swear, as my hope

of eternal salvation is dear to me, I will do all in my power to fulfil it—all, should it involve my state, my life, my honor! Tell me—relieve me from this torture—tell me who it is I can save!

“Lupo,” answered the maiden, sobbing.

“Who? That vassal of the monastery of St. Ambrose, who has been condemned to capital punishment?”

“Yes—he is son to my father’s falconer, and brother to a favorite handmaiden of mine. Oh! if you could have seen them!”

“Well, weep no more—Lupo is safe. I give him to you. Could I thus purchase with my blood one of those tears! Come. Ermelinda, Ermelinda! You make me rave! Bice, weep no more—Lupo shall not die!”

“Do you say that he shall not die?”

“Yes, I swear it, on my soul!”

At these words the maiden sprang up, and rushed towards Visconti, to throw herself again, in a transport of gratitude, at his feet; but he, anticipating the motion, withheld her by force, and she, confused, agitated and palpitating, faint with excess of joy, sank breathless into his arms. Marco’s frame thrilled at the touch of so dear a burthen, as he felt the grateful tears of the lovely girl fall on his hand, and felt her heart beat against his agitated bosom. Half maddened with his passion, he stooped over, and kissed her fair forehead. Bice was conscious of the caress; but it disturbed her no more than would the kiss of a father—and quietly disengaging herself, with her eyes yet red with weeping, on her face that still bore the traces of emotion, appeared the smile of joy. So after the rain, breaks forth bright and clear the sunshine through the parting clouds, in the misty heaven of spring!

“The hero was in the hand of a girl. Marco approached a table, and standing, wrote a few lines to the Abbot of St. Ambrose, confused expressions of entreaty, command and menace, signifying that he should instantly set at liberty that Lupo, of whom they had spoken a few days ago. Having secured the letter with a silken string, on which he placed his seal he wrote the superscription, and giving it to Bice, ‘Let this be sent to the Abbot,’ said he, ‘and Lupo shall be restored to you.’

“‘The Lord will reward you for having spared this innocent blood,’ said the maiden, ‘for the tears you have wiped away; his family will pray for you—ever—ever;’ and she went towards the door.

“Bice,” said Marco, and he motioned her to remain, ‘grant me yet a moment; you have time enough till to-morrow to send the letter. Listen; this night I depart on a long journey, but the remembrance of this hour—your remembrance—Bice—believe me, you will be always in my thoughts—’

“And I too—will never forget the favor you have granted me. I too will pray for you; and to think I had such a dread of your presence—before; my mother told me so—that you have a good and generous heart.”

“Your mother does not hate me, then?—she has forgiven me;—and you, Bice, forgive me too?—you cannot hate me?”

“I?—what do you say? My gratitude—my homage—”

“Is not sufficient for me—is not what I ask of you!” exclaimed Visconti, taking between his trembling hands

one of hers. ‘What avails it to dissemble longer? Know, Bice, from the moment I first beheld you, my destiny was immutably fixed. I also await fearfully from your lips a sentence of life or death.’

“The young girl trembled like an aspen leaf, and struggled to disengage herself. But Visconti, interrupting himself, as if suddenly struck by a new thought, which at that instant flashed upon his mind, relaxed his hold upon her hand, so that Bice could withdraw it, and with a startling change in his countenance, after a moment of silence, asked in a severe tone:

“Tell me, this Lupo, is he not squire to some one you mentioned to me just now?”

“Yes, he is his squire.”

“His?—whose?”

“His—your cousin’s—that cavalier’s,” replied the maiden, who could not bring herself to utter the name.

“Tell me, whose?” insisted he more eagerly.

“Ottorino’s,” answered Bice, her whole face crimsoning as she spoke.

“Now answer, as you would answer your confessor on a death-bed,” said Marco in a hollow and trembling voice, ‘was it to gratify him you came to ask of me Lupo’s pardon?’

“It was my father who came to ask it.”

“This is no reply to my question. Tell me, on your life, was it he who urged you to this step?”

“Yes, he besought my father, because he, being under your displeasure, could not succeed—”

“Ah, you know all his secrets! and when did you see him?”

“A few moments before we entered your palace.”

“And you see him every day, do you not? and the promise—your promise which you have given him—tell me—was it from your heart? Are you his?—speak—speak—in the name of God!”

Bice, in affright, remained silent.

“You do not deny it, then?”

“No—I do not deny it,” faltered the maiden. “We—are betrothed.”

“Death and damnation!” exclaimed Marco, in a voice of suppressed rage; and snatching, while he spoke, the letter from Bice’s hands, rushed up to her furiously, as if about to tear her in pieces. The poor girl felt her limbs totter, her sight failed, and she fell in a swoon upon the floor.

Visconti stood a moment gazing on her sternly; his hand grasped his dagger involuntarily, but he quickly relinquished it; placed the letter in the girdle of the senseless girl, hastened from the apartment, and down a private staircase, till he reached a small interior court. Feeling at the moment a suffocating, frenzied desire of motion in the open air, he leaped upon the horse, which stood ready for his journey that night, and spurred him to his utmost speed along the first road that presented itself. One only among the many squires who were to accompany him, was in time to ride after his lord, and without being able to overtake him, followed at a distance. Such was the temper of that soul; at the first effervescence of passion, the present feeling overpowered every thought of the past and the future, and absorbed him entirely.

He rode as if flying from a pursuing enemy; but his enemy was still behind him, clung to him, and left him neither peace nor a breathing space.

"In his furious speed, in the midst of the darkness, feeling on his face the cool night breeze, which yielded him a feeling of something like refreshment, he continued to rush on like a madman, hearing nothing around him but the trampling of his horse, and the whistling of the air, that blew back the damp hair from his forehead.

"The noble steed, with the bridle loose, and bleeding flanks, rushed impetuously on, devouring the road without perceiving it, galloping to the right, to the left, through unbeaten pathways, over fields, through meadows and thickets, leaping bushes, and ditches, and torrents, at the risk of breaking his rider's neck against a tree, or tumbling into some stream. The cavalier, who in the rapidity of his course, and his impetuous boundings, felt some relief to the madness that tore his heart, ceased not to urge his horse forward with voice and spurs, which he had planted deep in the sides of the poor animal, and in a sort of delirium, was conscious only of a frantic desire to escape from all the world, and plunge into oblivion."

Lupo's scenes in the prison with Vinciguerra, and his interview with his father Ambrose, who brings his pardon, are admirable, but we have no room to notice them. We had also marked for extraction the description of the tournament, but must forego the pleasure of presenting it to our readers, spirited as it is, from the same imperative want. All the nobility of the city are present to honor this trial of martial skill. Ottorino is proclaimed victor of the field on the first day; Bice hears of his honors, and is sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to attend in company with her father the day succeeding. An unknown knight, in complete panoply of steel, with his visor down, and undistinguished by any badge or device, appears on the field, rides up to the shield of Ottorino, and instead of touching it with his lance as was the custom, pulls down and reverses it; that being the greatest insult that could be offered a cavalier, and the signal of a challenge *tutto transito*, or, as we say, a challenge to mortal combat.

This scene, which is probably suggested by a similar one in *Ivanhoe*, is highly wrought; the stranger shows considerable emotion when Lupo sounds the war-cry of his master, which is echoed by all lips—*Viva Marco Visconti!* After nearly breaking his lance in a crevice, they begin the charge; Ottorino is overthrown and wounded severely—his life having only been saved by the breaking of the lance, which had been so providentially disabled before the beginning of the action.

Marco Visconti becomes master of Lucca, which city had recently belonged to Castruccio Castracani, his friend. His bitter reflections on Castruccio's fate, and that of his beggared family, whose inheritance he has acquired, give us a deeper insight into the mind of this singular man. The sight of his friend's portrait poisons all the joy arising from the glory of conquest, the sight of his domain, and the shouts with which his vassals hail their new lord. Pelagrua, the factor who figured in the first chapters, arrives with letters from Milan; is questioned minutely concerning the family of the Count di Balzo, and from his patron's manifestations of extreme interest, divines the secret of his passion for Bice.

The city of Milan is besieged by the Emperor Louis. Lodrisio, an unworthy kinsman of Marco, enters into a

secret league with the Germans to betray the town, the governorship of which is promised him in case of success. This project, when all but successful, is defeated by the promptness and intrepidity of our friend Lupo, and the Germans are driven back. Lodrisio, disappointed and enraged, betakes himself to other schemes of villainy. Ottorino and Bice are secretly married, with the consent of her parents, and set off for a castle belonging to him, which after a few days they design to leave for the Holy Land. They are overtaken on the way by a courier, bearing a letter signed by Marco, couched in terms of kindness and contrition, expressing a desire to make amends for wrong done, and requesting an interview with Ottorino alone at Castel Seprio, a few miles distant. The young cavalier, who is anxious to recover the favor of his kinsman, and is ignorant of what had passed between him and Bice, departs in spite of her entreaties, promising to return in two hours. After several hours have elapsed, his anxious bride sends Lupo in quest of him; and soon after a messenger arrives, saying he is despatched from Ottorino to request she will proceed to Castelletto, the place of their destination, under his guidance, where her lord will join her on the morrow. She is not destined, however, so soon to meet her lover. The letter was a forgery; the whole plot has been contrived by the villain Lodrisio and Pelagrua to get her into their power, hoping thereby to obtain ascendancy over Marco. Instead of being conducted to Castelletto, she is led to Rosate, a castle owned by Visconti, and under the charge of Pelagrua; there, deceived, she awaits from day to day the promised arrival of Ottorino. Her parents, who visit Castelletto believing here there, are desperate at her loss; no clue for her recovery is found, till Lupo, delivered from prison through the agency of our old acquaintance Tremacoldo, informs the afflicted mother of the snare which had been laid for them. Ermelinda writes an appealing letter to Marco, and commits it to the care of Lupo, who, after narrowly escaping assassination on the road, traces Visconti from Lucca to Florence, and places the letter in his hands. The indignation of that cavalier at the fraud practised in his name, and his grief at the reflection that Ermelinda believes him guilty of the abduction of her daughter, know no bounds. He hastens to Milan, and is conducted by Lupo at night to the palace of the Count. We must make room for the interview between him and Ermelinda.

"Marco having loosened his helmet, took it off and laid it on the table; then threw himself on a seat to await the entrance of Ermelinda. Twenty-five years had passed since he had seen her; what changes, what revolutions in both their fates from that time to this! How had he left her! How should he find her! With what courage sustain her look, which would reproach him for the death of a father and her present desolation, after so much love and so much virtue!

"At every slight noise, every stirring of the air, every flitting shadow, he would exclaim, 'It is she!' and a cold shiver ran through all his frame.

"But he remained not long in expectation; he saw the door open softly, and a female figure enter, in a white loose dress, with her hair simply arranged, but without disorder. A faint color was in her cheeks, evidently brought there by some extraordinary agitation, and soon yielding to her usual paleness. In her eyes,

swollen and red with weeping and long vigils, a ray of hope was seen, disturbed apparently, however, by some secret despondency.

"Visconti was not at first certain that it was she; so much had years and, more than they, afflictions changed her; and though from her appearance in that place, from her evident emotion, he inferred that it could be no other than the mother of Bice, he was not sufficiently assured to address her. The lady, who had stopped some paces from him, frankly extended her hand, and with downcast eyes, asked, 'Is it you?'"

"It was the same sweet tone, the same gentle voice, whose melody had so often intoxicated his youth. He sprang to his feet as if bewildered, almost in awe, and fixed his astonished eyes once more upon her face, as if seeking and hoping to find in that moment of surprise, the same beauty, the same enchanting loveliness that had been so many years the light of his existence; whose remembrance alone had inspired him with his passion for Bice—but the next instant, in returning consciousness, he dropped his eyes once more on the ground, and stood in troubled silence.

"Is it you?" continued Ermelinda, in accents of deep yet calm sorrow, 'come in person to restore me life? The Lord will reward you for this work of mercy. I said it ever in my heart, when he knows the misery he has caused, he cannot hold out against it—for he is noble and generous.'

"Marco at these words, moved with strong emotion, sympathy for her sufferings, and filled with confusion and self-loathing, waved his hand angrily, at which motion the Countess started in dismay. 'I noble? I generous?' cried he with faltering voice; 'for pity, Ermelinda, cease this cruel mockery. I—I am a wretch—a madman—most unhappy; but not so utterly depraved that I feel it not—that I find not consolation in confessing it—in confessing it to you—'

"Oh! talk not so; God forgive you; I have already forgiven you; the joy you make me feel in this moment, compensates for past anguish. Now, tell me, where is my child? when shall I see her again?"

"Have you not then succeeded in gaining intelligence of her by means of the minstrel who was sent to trace her?" asked Marco, eagerly.

"At this the Countess seemed suddenly disconcerted; a cloud came over her face, which had been lighted with hope; she looked into Visconti's face, then answered hesitatingly: 'The minstrel, do you say? No—he has never appeared. But you—do you ask of me?'—and she could not go on.

"I understand you, Ermelinda," said her companion. "You believe that I caused the abduction of Bice; but it is not so. Know—"

"O God! what do I hear!—where is she then? Marco, forgive me; I do not question your word, but did you not just now yourself confess it. And I have long known, too, your feelings towards my unhappy child."

"Listen to me," said Visconti, looking down like a culprit, and speaking in a slow and faltering voice, which became from time to time broken with agitation; "listen to me, Ermelinda. It is true, I loved your daughter; I loved her with a frantic passion. It was your image impressed on her features, your spirit that seemed transfused into hers, that charmed me, and

blinded my judgment. Oh! could I have laid a crown at her feet! have made her the arbitress of my fate! There was a moment in which I tasted the sweetness of such a hope, and in that moment I was lost; the secret poison ran through my veins, and rushed like a torrent through my heart. When I was assured that the maiden was already pledged to another, it was too late; the wound was incurable. I will not tell you by what long and bitter grief I was led to the madness of meditating the death of my kinsman, my noble, generous friend! I shudder yet when I reflect that I was on the point of imbruing in his blood this hand, which he has so often clasped with the warm respectful affection of a son!"

"You speak of Ottorino?"

"Yes. The unknown cavalier who encountered him with murderous arms on the day of the tournament, was he who now stands before you."

"The Countess mildly raised her eyes to Visconti's face, and was about to speak; but he went on with still increasing vehemence: 'No—first hear all. You know at that time I was obliged to leave this place; well, in departing I left behind an iniquitous command; I enjoined it on a villain that he should prevent the marriage of that youth with your daughter. My gold in his hands bought a traitor in your very house, among your most confidential domestics. But I repeat it, Ermelinda, I did not command the carrying off of Bice, nor had the least knowledge of it—but the wretch to whom I gave so infamous a charge, probably took courage to go even to that extreme. In any case I am a miserable—dishonored—'

"No, no, Marco; I pray you do not use such language; it becomes you not; he cannot be depraved who feels such deep remorse for his fault. The tempest of your passions might draw you from the right path, but the heart of Marco, I am sure,—I never doubted it, the heart of Marco was never base."

"Oh, my consoling angel!" exclaimed Marco, quite softened, 'what a balm for me are your words! Ermelinda, Ermelinda! had you been ever at my side, my light and guide in the gloomy and joyless path of life, my days had passed tranquil and innocent, full of the joys of conjugal and parental love! now in the decline of years, would the past have to bear the grievous weight of such wanderings! You do not believe me depraved? I thank you, Ermelinda, I thank you! Since you say it, even I will believe myself not utterly so. How could a heart be quite corrupted, which ever burns with the flame kindled by your angelic loveliness and virtue. Yes, Ermelinda, I believe it, believe it for your sake, that I am yet less guilty than unhappy.'

"The Countess hid her face in her hands and wept silently.

"Now I am all yours," continued Marco, in accents of still deeper feeling. 'Could my blood make atonement for what you have suffered, how willingly would I shed it, even to the last drop! I will seek for Bice to give her back to you; to make her happy in the husband of her choice; I will find Ottorino, this shall be my care, and bestow on him with my own hand the bride I envied him. His happiness shall stand in account against the ills I have made him suffer; against my long and harsh ingratitude to so much devotion

and fidelity. I shall not be at peace till I see you all happy; till I have dragged into the light this secret iniquity.'

"Here he paused a moment and fixed his eyes on the face of the Countess, who was still weeping; then grasping his dagger, exclaimed in furious tones, 'Let the villains tremble who have to render account for those tears! Wo, wo to them all! Hear me, Ermelinda, if I should have to tear them one by one from the altar, I swear to you—I swear by hell——'

"'Nay, Marco,' interrupted the Countess, lifting up her head with a gentle dignity, 'let not blasphemy be heard from christian lips. How can you hope the Lord will bless the work of mercy to which you have devoted yourself, if it be undertaken with revenge in your heart? What trust can I place in the deeds of one who has not God with him?'

"'You are an angel,' exclaimed Visconti, 'and I—I am only a wretch. Now away; before the dawn, I shall be at my castle of Rosate; to-morrow's sun shall see your wishes fulfilled. Adieu.'"

But the good resolutions of Marco are too late. After much search, Bice is found insensible in a vault of the castle of Rosate, where with her faithful maiden Lauretta, she had wandered in endeavoring to escape. She is brought into her chamber and restored to the embraces of her parents, but her protracted sufferings have proved too much for her feeble frame. Her last scenes with her friends are simple and pathetic. The following account of her death cannot fail to give our readers a favorable impression of the powers of our author:

"But on a sudden the profound quiet that reigned in those apartments was broken by the noise of hasty footsteps ascending the stairs; the keeper's wife arose, and met at the entrance two persons who were earnestly exchanging a few words. One of the two paused at the door; the other rushed into the chamber, flung himself on his knees at the bed-side, and grasping and kissing the drapery, watered it with his tears. Ermelinda, the Count and Lauretta recognised Ottorino; the rest knew it could be no other.

"The young man had just arrived from the castle of Binasco, accompanied by him in whose name he had been made prisoner, and who had hastened in person to liberate him.

"The dying girl, disturbed by the sudden confusion, opened her eyes languidly, and without being able to discover the cause, those standing around intercepting her sight, asked what it was.

"'Give thanks to God,' said the confessor, tenderly; 'you have taken the bitter cup at his hands; have taken it with peace and gratitude; with the same spirit receive now the joy he offers you, that both may contribute to the welfare of your soul.'

"'What—Ottorino?' asked the invalid, making a last effort to pronounce the name.

"'It is your husband,' replied the priest, and turning to the youth he raised and led him nearer the bed. Bice fixed on his countenance her eyes, in which gleamed the last rays of life, and stretched out her hand, over which he bent his face, agonized yet no longer tearful. After an instant, the dying girl drew the hand feebly towards her, and looked up at him, signing at the same time to her mother, and striving apparently to say

something she could not distinctly utter. Her mother guessed her thoughts, and turning to the young man: 'She would tell you she has given her nuptial ring to her mother, and she wishes you to receive it.' The face of Bice was animated with a smile expressive of satisfaction. Ermelinda then drew the ring from her finger and gave it to Ottorino, who kissed it, saying, 'It shall go with me to the grave.'

"'Yet one petition your bride has bequeathed you,' continued the priest, 'that you lay aside, if your heart ever cherished them, all thoughts of revenging her death. Vengeance belongeth unto God.'

"Her eyes were fixed anxiously on the countenance of the young man, who stood in silence with his head dropped on his breast; but the confessor seeing his irresolution, took him by the arm—'Come!' he demanded in a grave and severe tone, 'Will you promise it? Will you promise it to her who, on the last step between life and death, between time and eternity, asks it of you as a grace, imposes it on you as a duty, in the name of that God before whom she is about to appear?'

"'Yes—I promise it!' answered Ottorino, bursting into passionate tears. Bice thanked him with a look full of angelic sweetness, signifying clearly that she had nothing further to desire in this world.

"The priest then made sign to those around, and as they knelt, resumed the interrupted prayers. Only in a moment of suspense and universal silence, the expiring girl heard a sound of suppressed sobbing, that came from the adjoining chamber, and lifting her eyes feebly to her mother's face, seemed to ask who was there. The Countess hid her face between her hands, for she could no longer command herself to articulate a word; but the priest bending over the dying, said in a low tone, 'Pray also for him, chiefly for him; it is Marco Visconti.' The maiden gently inclined her head to signify that she did so, and was not seen to raise it again; she was dead."

The other personages of the tale are soon disposed of. Marco, in his vindictive pursuit of Lodrisio, is betrayed by him, through false accusations sent to Azzo Visconti, into the power of the latter, by whose servants he is basely murdered. The last chapter closes with a lament or *servente* on the death of this celebrated chief. Bice is buried at Limonta, where the Count and Countess continue to reside. Ottorino departs for the Holy Land.

Our extracts from these volumes have been tolerably copious, and we trust have convinced the reader that Marco Visconti is a production of no ordinary merit. Grossi, the author, has been some years known in Italy by his poetical works, *La Fuggitiva*, *I Lombardi alla prima Oraziata*, and *Ildegonda*. The latter is a touching story in verse, illustrating the evils of bigotry and ambition. But it needed not his previous reputation to account for the high popularity of this novel. The incidents are abundant, and succeed each other naturally, contributing ever to the development of the plot, as well as the illustration of individual or national character. The domestic details are most skilfully blended with incidents of political interest. The dialogue is spirited and natural; and this is a rare merit in Italian novelists. The exhibition of the manners of the times, and the pictures of persons and ceremonies, are graphic without being too minute. It is a fault with many wri-

ters of this class, that the interest is frequently suspended, and the reader detained, to attend to some trifling description of dress or scene. We have here no occasion to complain. To crown all, this work is full of character. Marco has all the interest of reality; bold and generous, but self-willed, ambitious and haughty, his actions arise from blended motives. His disappointments excite our sympathy, and his nobleness frequently commands our admiration. Even in the depths of his remorse and self-humiliation, he preserves the dignity that adorned his power. Ottorino is a high-spirited youth, full of loyal devotion for his cousin and the protector of his childhood, who, even in the midst of his jealous hatred, knows him too noble for any act of treachery. The Count is weak and over cautious; and his contemptible selfishness is well contrasted with the firmness and noble-minded dignity of Ermelinda. Bice is a lovely creation; ingenuous, affectionate and high-minded, she has no care on earth but her attachment to her parents and her passionate love for Ottorino. The minor personages are not less strongly marked. Lupo, who has indeed a right to be called the hero of the tale, is drawn with a pen worthy of Scott. The numerous individuals besides these, entitled to notice, are described with masterly touches, and show that our author did not lavish his skill upon one or two favorite characters.

We are far from imagining that, by our brief and imperfect outline of this story, we have lessened its interest to our readers; so rich is the book in interesting incident and description. Will not some admirer of Italian literature present it to the public in an English dress? Superior to most of the novels of the present day, in this country and England, and not as yet surpassed by any in Italy, we are confident the success of a translation would well reward such an enterprise, and therefore recommend it to the attention of the scholar.

ON READING THE

"PAUL AND VIRGINIA"

Of St. Pierre.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Whence those portentous sounds
That through the forest sigh?
Say,—why in giddy rounds
Do yon wild sea-birds fly?
Doth Night's fair regent bow
With secret fears oppress,
That livid circles stain her brow,
And clouds her course molest?
Yon mariner with presage drear,
Why doth he roam the beach and bend the anxious ear?

Haste lofty Ship! with banners proudly streaming,
Haste to thy haven, ere the tempest rise,
Thou, who dost bear in beauty brightly beaming
The young Virginia to her native skies,
From Gallia's shore to that lone isle returning,
O'er whose dark mountain tops and shadowy vales

In lingering gold a tropic sun is burning;
Rapturously her home she hails
Where from the rock the silvery fount is springing,
In her soft nest the sweet bengali singing,
And there, when Eve the tamarind leaf doth close,
Or bright Aurora wake the rose,
And touch the bamboo-tops with flame,
The prayer is never breath'd without her idol name.

Hark, to the thunder's roar!
Red lightning's pierce the sky,
Hoarse billows lash the rugged shore,
And Ocean's depths reply.
The Ship! The Ship!—she foils the gazer's eye,
Plunging 'neath the surges proud,
And then her rent sails quivering fly
Above the cleaving cloud,
Wild o'er her deck the breakers roar
Tossing their vengeful crests. Dark Storm! what wilt
thou more?

Come to the sounding beach, for she is there
Whom the young lover rush'd to meet,
No bridal garland decks her hair,
Save where the sea-weed its damp mesh hath braided;
The rose-leaf on her cheek hath faded
To a sad violet hue: yet still 'tis sweet
To gaze upon the early dead, who wear
Such fixed and holy smile, above all mortal care.

Where are those visions bright
Of Love and Hope on pinions white,
Which hover'd o'er her on the deep,
Or glided to her couch of sleep?
Where all the gilded gifts from Fancy's store?
Nought but this sea-wash'd bed upon her native shore!

Rest, gentle Voyager! thy dirge is swelling,
And sad the mournful train
Unclose for thee that narrow dwelling
Where tempests beat in vain.
Fast by that hallowed fane
Where in pure prayer was bow'd thine infant head
Thy virgin grave is spread:
Fragrant blossoms deck the bier,
And o'er thy turf-crown'd bed flows forth Affection's tear.

Yet one there is, with years and sorrows bent,
And care-worn brow, of every hope beguil'd,
Who with a mother's untold anguish went
Down to the grave, lamenting o'er her child;
He too, that stricken lover, he
Whose soul was with the maid
Since childhood its first dawn display'd,
Where might his bridal chamber be
Save where her form is laid?
Wither'd the plants, their garden's cherish'd pride,
With their cool, sheltering arms, the tall bananas died,
The mouldering cottage sank, the sparkling streamlet
dried.

All, all are gone!—Yet weep not, thou whose eye
Beyond this changeful sky
Scanneth the mansions of the blest,
Where the earth-chasten'd and the pure ones rest,
Safe from the surging sea, the tempest's breath,
The pang of pining love, or ruthless shaft of death.

SCRAPIANA.

They tell us of Waller, that when Lady Sunderland, whom he had berhymed under the name of Sacharissa, when she was the beautiful and accomplished Lady Dorothea Sydney, and they were both young together, after marrying, losing her husband, and living in great retirement for thirty years, reappeared in the *beau monde*, and happened to meet her old admirer at Lady Wharton's, she addressed him with a courteous smile, and, reminding him of their youthful days, "When," said she, "Mr. Waller, will you write such fine verses on me again?" "Madam," said he, "when your Ladyship is young and handsome again." This answer passes, I believe, for very witty; but, in my opinion, it was poor, and mean, and altogether unworthy of a gentleman and poet. Obviously he ought rather to have replied, (laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing as gracefully as possible,)

This moment, Madam, if you choose;
For, Beauty triumphing o'er Time,
Those charms that first inspired my Muse,
Are charming still—and still I rhyme.

Cardan wrote over the door of his study, *Tempus ager meus*—Time is my estate: a good hint to himself to improve, and to visitors not to trespass upon it.

Voltaire said, "originality is nothing but judicious imitation." He might have illustrated his remark by copious quotations from his own works.

The Roman law calls the compensation, or fee, which a lawyer receives for his services, *honorarium quiddam*; that is, his *honorary something*. The phrase, however, was more *literally* translated by a gentleman of the green bag, who, having got a brother barrister to argue a cause for him, said to him when he was done, very pleasantly, at the same time giving him a chew of tobacco, "Thank you, sir, for your speech; and there is your *honorary quid* for your pains."

In the old Biscayan language, (termed the Basque,) the moon is called "the Light of the Dead."

Howitt says, "what is called the *fading* of the leaf, ought rather to be called the *kindling* of the leaf."

Chorley, in his Memorials of the late Mrs. Hemans, tells us that she used to wear a brooch which contained a small lock of Lord Byron's hair, and that it was a favorite ornament of her person till the poet's Memoirs appeared, when she laid it aside, and never wore it again. This act speaks for itself, and needs no comment. Yet I cannot help supposing her saying to the trinket, as she put it away from her—

Go, Brooch; I will no longer wear
The lock I loved, of Harold's hair,
When I esteemed him all divine,
The idol of my Fancy's shrine;
For, skilled to play the poet's part,
I find he had no poet's heart;
But made both love and faith his jest;
Go, therefore, from my woman's breast,
And lie thou henceforth any where;
But thou canst have no business there.

"An excellent book," says Coleridge, "is like a well chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply

the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return with the same healthful appetite."

"It is only in the company of the good," says the author of the Doctor, (Doctor Southey, I suppose,) "that real enjoyment is to be found; any other society is hollow and heartless. You may be excited by the play of wit, by the collision of ambitious spirits, and by the brilliant exhibition of self-confident power; but the satisfaction ends with the scene. Far unlike this is the quiet, confiding intercourse of sincere minds and friendly hearts, knowing, and loving, and esteeming each other."

It was a saying of the Cardinal de Retz, "*il vaut mieux faire des sottises que d'en dire*"—it is better to do foolish things than to say them. May be so; but it must be better still not to do them either.

Some people who can talk very wisely, are apt to act very otherwise. Charles II. of England, and of Virginia, must have been one of this class, if we may credit the epitaph which Rochester wrote for him, when he had fallen dead-drunk under the table:

Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Pope condescended to write an inscription for a dog's collar:

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Sharp and snappish enough, and, of course, quite in character—I mean for the dog.

Under a fine painting of St. Bruno in solitude, some Italian wrote these words: "*Egli è vivo, e parlerebbe se non osservasse la rigola del silenzio*:"—that is,

It is St. Bruno; he is living now;
And he would talk to you but for his vow.

A Greek poet wrote this inscription for a statue of Niobe:

Εκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεύξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο
Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἐμπαλιν ἐργασάτο.

That is, in English:

Apollo turned me into stone—in vain—
Praxiteles has turned me back again.

Voltaire has turned this pretty conceit into French metre, thus:

*Le fatal courroux des dieux
Changea cette femme en pierre;
Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux;
Et a fait tout le contraire.*

And Bland, in his Translations from the Anthology, has turned the French, instead of the Greek, into English, thus:

This female, so the poets sing,
Was changed to stone by Dian's curse;
The sculptor did a better thing;
He did exactly the reverse.

I would turn the Greek itself into English, something in this way:

Latona's wrath, too sadly shown,
Turned this fair Niobe to stone:
The sculptor said, "It must not be;"
And turned her back again, you see.

PLEASURABLE SENSATIONS.

BY S. A. ROSZEL.

Nothing is at rest. From the tiny leaflet that quivers at the voice of the gentle zephyr of a summer eve, to the sky-wooing mountain which tosses its woody crest, amidst the sublimity of savage grandeur, to the lofty region where the eagle roams; from the diminutive but provident insect, performing its wonted offices of necessity or of pleasure in its secluded inch of earth on a desert isle, to the impetuous lords of creation who thunder forth an ire more terrific than that of the forest jaguar in the hostile encounter and the ensanguined fray; from this comparatively small and imperceptible globe, which immortal spirits so madly and yet so fondly covet as their eternal home, to the countless myriads of immeasurable spheres, wheeling their complicated circuits, performing their mysterious transits, and accomplishing their self-sustained revolutions, as they have done since that glorious moment when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," with a wonderful regularity and an unwearied assiduity in the solemn silence of universal space;—all, all in motion. All worlds, with their millions of animate and inanimate creatures, are in one perpetual progress of organization, increase, dissolution, reproduction, change. And amidst the busiest and most restless of these creatures, is man; the victim of passion—the martyr to the materiality of his own formation—the natural, often justifiable, but inevitable suicide;—joy, hope, bliss, grief, agony, despair, alternating unintermittedly in his throbbing bosom, from the cradle to the grave. Nor is the tomb itself an asylum. The limbs, now so forcefully agitated at the biddings of the heart, or the sovereign mandates of the imperious will, shall, even in the lowly sepulchre, experience successive mutations and iterated forms, until they, with the spirit that lends them energy and life, shall be summoned by the irresistible decree of the king immortal, eternal and invisible, to await an award of their destiny in another and an unseen sphere.

Nor is this ceaseless change—this incessant mobility, repugnant to our material nature, or our intellectual aspirations. A state of absolute torpor, or annihilation, of utter and irrecoverable quietude, is revolting to our inclinations and our desires. Nay, on the existence of this mutability does our happiness, or, at least, our pleasure depend; and were there to ensue, in any individual, a total suspension of the physical functions, and the spark of life still miraculously to glow within its carnal prison-house, such a man, of all beings, would be the most miserable. All those agreeable sensations which dulcify the asperities of existence, and redeem our moments from the dominion of ennui and wretchedness, arise from the continuous, though occasionally imperceptible, operations of the motive principle. To the illustration of this proposition, the remainder of this disquisition shall be devoted.

Every one has doubtlessly observed the impossibility, even in total solitude, and in complete and undisturbed isolation, where there is nothing to agitate, of maintaining a position or an attitude perfectly, and in the most meaning sense of the term, still. While the whole mind, the whole man, apparently is immersed in cogita-

tions the most absorbing and profound,—all the faculties concentrated upon the solution of some intricate problem, or on the pursuit of some abstruse, web-woven analysis,—there is generally a concurrent exertion of the muscles of the frame, producing a movement of some member—the foot, the hand, the head; to the creation of which inquietude, the train of ideas then occupying the attention of the mental powers, is altogether unadapted. The body for a while seems to assume the right of self-control, and, independent of the intellect, to act upon its own responsibilities. That the secret of all this lies in the irreversible tendency of the animal economy to originate its own peculiar pleasurable emotions, will be readily perceived on a slight examination of our material constitution.

It is an irrefutable truth, that whatever exercises without fatiguing the organs of the system, is productive of agreeable sensations; and it is thus generative on account of the operations of the agency of transpiration. Exhalations altogether imperceptible to our vision, and perhaps to our positive consciousness, are continually emitted from the pores of our corporeal frames. Were these effluvia for a period undischarged, and forced to remain in the blood, they would impurify that element, corrupt the fountain of vitality, and thus overthrow the constitution. If their transmission be imprudently accelerated, the constituents of vitality are deprived too hastily of a portion of their inherent energy, and thus, ultimately, similar unfortunate effects are produced. This same principle of transpiration, when amplified and subjected to the modifications imposed by the various laws of our physical conformation, produces perspiration—of the beneficial effects of which, when judiciously promoted, and its deleterious tendencies when suddenly arrested or too copiously discharged, all are aware. Sanctorius, a professor of the university of Padua, who flourished in the commencement of the seventeenth century, says, in his work *Ars de Statica Medicina*, that it is owing to this peculiar exercise of the organs of transpiration, that the genial warmth of a fire in winter, and the coolness of a refreshing breeze in summer, are so exceedingly grateful; and the researches of succeeding ontologists have effectually verified a proposition which, with Sanctorius, was simply a hypothesis.

But a demonstration of the truth of the assertion, that whatever exercises without fatiguing the organs, is productive of grateful feelings, will be more satisfactorily established by a confinement of our observation to the operations of certain of them. And first, with regard to the eye. It is only on this ground that we can rationally account for the great diversity of preferences as to color. To one, the gaud and glare of brilliant vermilion is extremely pleasing; to another, the melting cloud-like ethereal tints of the cerulean are captivating; to a third, the demure and quiet aspect of a sober green is delightful; while to many, a fantastic combination of all hues, as exhibited in the rainbow in the gorgeous varieties of the sun-lit clouds, or the dazzling glories of Juno's winged steeds; or, to speak with a simplicity that shall be welcome to the comprehension of the most unimaginative and illiterate, the vast variety of incongruous tints, displayed on the surface of a piece of painted muslin or Manchester calico, are exquisitely alluring. Now, the differences in all these particular

cases, are easily explicable, by reverting to the fact of the several degrees of strength, and the various capabilities of toleration of the perceptive, visual fibres. The nerves of the eye of the individual who asserts a predilection for the dazzling and sunny golden yellow, are much less delicate than those of the person whose preference is in favor of the green. The pleasure which the latter color affords is more durable, simply because its action upon the optic nerve is more equable and gentle. One can gaze upon the former as a fleeting pageant, but a continued inspection invariably disgusts; while a survey of the latter inspires serene and tranquil sensations. We can gaze at the sun but for a moment without detriment to the faculty of sight, while the verdant hues of a landscape, fresh in the luxuriance of virescence, are ever sources of pleasure. We turn with an emotion of satiety from a view of the burnished clouds, freaking in fantastic confusion around the car of the monarch of day, as he enters the chambers of the west, and look with delight into the calm depths of the impalpable cerulean, where the eye wanders with no disagreeable object to arrest its range, lost in the luxury of its unlimited roving.

So with taste. The different capabilities of the gustatory nerve must account for the countless preferences of diverse dishes. The *bon vivant* fancies viands eloquent of the exquisite skill of Vatel;* the cynical dyspeptic anathematizes his epicureanism, and contentedly munches his insipid crust of oaten bread. Of two companions at a *table d'hôte*, one will distort his muscles into indescribable writhings at the tartness of a condiment, while the other will discuss a jar of Underwood's prime mangoes with inimitable gust, testifying to their deliciousness with intermittent, labial smacks. Some semi-barbarians exhaust their rhetoric in encomiastic tributes to the flavor of the edible mastodon of horticulture, vulgarly called cabbage—Ugh!—and its fitting concomitants, leeks—Ugh! ugh!! While the attenuated pink of social refinement,—the incarnated essence of sublimated civilization, can tolerate nothing more powerful than the merest modicum of snow-white salad.

Now, although many of our predilections are artificial, yet they are not entirely so; and their diversity is satisfactorily elucidated on the principle maintained. That a preference, or even an inclination for many of the more pungent articles of deglutition, is not natural, or, at least, innate, is readily conceded. Were this the fact, we might well impugn the justice of our common parent, nature—who, in consideration of the purposes for which our various organs are designed, has so constructed us, that the introduction or incorporation of acrid substances into our system, by the ordinary methods of respiration and digestion, would invariably engender diseases by the violence of their impressions on the nervous papillæ, forming the seats of taste and smell.

But the specification of none of the senses is more firmly corroborative of the truth of the theory under contemplation, than that of the ear. The seat of hearing in this wonderful organ is composed of nervous fibres of a spiral form, of different degrees of elasticity.

* Not Vattel, author of the *Laws of Nations*, but the cook to Louis XIV, who, in consequence of the non-arrival of a species of fish to grace a festive occasion, fell upon his sword.

Any tone is agreeable in the same proportion that it finds the chords of this strange instrument to be healthy or in unison; contrarily, it is harsh and grating when the fibres are diseased or discomposed. All have experienced the variety of emotions produced by dissimilar voices, although the words, and the sentiments conveyed by those words, may have been the same. In the one case we have been pleased by some indefinable sympathy between feeling and sound, without any regard to the import of the language. For instance, in orations, the most trite and insipid facts, unmoving dogmas and time-worn apophthegms, which fall from some lips with a droughthy and disgusting tediousness, come from others clothed in tones so sweet, so harmonious, so exquisitely modulated, that we are cheated into rapture, and we know not, care not why. Is it needful that I adduce music as an auxiliary in the illustration of this subject? Observe good old father Feltham's description of sweet sounds: "Lively tunes," says he, "do lighten the mind; grave ones give it melancholy; lofty ones raise it and advance it above. Whose dull blood will not caper in his veins, when the very air he breathes frisketh in a tickled motion? Who but can fix his eye and thoughts, when he hears the sighs and dying groans gestured forth from the mournful instrument? And I think he hath not a mind well tempered, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly anthem. And they that despise music wholly, may well be suspected to be something of a savage nature."

Truly, this sterling writer of an age of intellectual bullion was right. And yet of those who are intensely susceptible of the influence of music, how diversified are the tastes? Simply too, as it respects the sound. Petrarch cites an instance of a man who could not, with any patience, endure the melody of a nightingale's voice, but who was absolutely emparadised by the guttural wailings of a disconsolate frog. In this person, the chords of the ear were so closely compacted, as to be insensible to the impression of other than the coarsest notes.

The combination of the unison with the octave is affirmed to be productive of the highest species of melody. But I can perceive no superiority in this association over that of any other. Not that I discredit the fact. My incredulity on this point is no greater than it is respecting the delight which many profess to enjoy in tracing the various complications of an Italian bravura. They, doubtless, from the attunement of their auricular perceptions, can detect a vein of incomparable delicacy of execution throughout the performance; while, to me, it appears a labyrinthine jargon, causing disquiet rather than satisfaction, from an apprehension that the performer may injure his or her pulmonary organs. A lady takes her seat at the piano, and when she demands what tune shall be played, note the incongruity of prejudices. Col. Hector Blunderbuss requests the "Battle of Prague," or some dunder and blixum march; while the Hon. Languish Lackadaisy, the sentimentalist, petitions with a sigh, for an air embodying those soft, bland, lute-like intonations, which fall on the vexed spirit like showers of rose-leaves on an arid soil—a witching strain, now expanding in a sense-wildering volume and filling space with intumescent grandeur, until the sensibilities become drowned in the excess of their agitation; and anon stealing in mellow modula-

tions over the soul, like blissful emanations from the celestial choir, winding in soothing meanderings along the worn chords of the passion-thrilled heart, assuaging every irritation, prolonging each charm by many a wavy echo; now less audible, and now tremulously indistinct, until finally it trembles in the distance and lingers on the eve of expiration, as if loth to relinquish an existence so transcendently harmonious.

Had an *anatomist* examined the ears of the respective gentlemen in their infancy, he would have assigned the field and the drum to the Colonel, and the parlor to Sir Languish.

In connexion with this department of the subject, I might dilate, perhaps profitably, on the elysian sensations produced by threading the tortuous maze of a cotillion, or that most poetical, that most lyrical of dances, the mazourka. But should the soft pure light of the eyes of a fair devotee of Terpsichore flatter these pages with a glance, it will become more brilliant with joyance at the recollection which the simple record of this type and representative of the grace of motion will excite, and thus render the illustration superfluous. So I shall proceed to a cursory examination of another and more important division of the discourse, viz: that which appertains more immediately to the affections of the heart.

All of the affections of the heart, unless embittered by fear or hatred, are capable of generating pleasure. The principle and distinctive reason why love is procreative of more and more exquisite happiness than any other *passion*—I beg Mrs. Jameson's pardon—is, because it imparts a general and diffusive expansion to the blood, and by its salutary operations on the animal spirits, promotes in a lower degree equanimity or complacency, and in a more exalted, exhilaration. Not that an alloyed and ignoble species of gratification may not spring from the indulgence of a misanthropic, or the nourishment of a vengeful disposition. There is, on the other hand, a kind of malignant, fiendish, infernal delight experienced in its entertainment. But it is a morbid, distorted and unnatural perversion of a trait inherently amiable; and it is to be remembered, that these atrocious emotions of hatred and malevolence, do not of themselves and legitimately dispense pleasure; it is not self-existent in them. By no means. The agreeable portion of the feeling is deduced from collateral circumstances; is the ante-shadow of a coming substance; the product of the anticipated consequence of their indulgence, as compassing some object that may be auxiliary to some secular, and in all probability sinister interest. Whereas love *per se*, innately, by the genial and equable influence which it sheds on the delicate susceptibilities of the heart, must ever be attended with joyousness. It is absolutely and unconditionally impossible to dissociate love and pleasure. But, mark me! by the term love, I do not mean that puling, earthy and sensual counterfeit which brain-coddled underlings of age vainly imagine to be *la belle passion*. That is merely a compound of desire, vanity, speculation, and prurient self-esteem, seasoned with a tolerable sprinkling of jealousy, moroseness, melancholy and innocuous despair. Abundant specimens of this whining malady may be found minutely depicted in any one of those board or linen-bound volumes, reposing on the table of some budding miss

or blubbering master of seventeen or thereabouts; and it may be lavished as well and honorably upon a lap-dog as on a perpendicular puppy of human breed. It dictates doggrel stanzas to the abashed and persecuted moon, and very pathetic ejaculations to old, yellow, lifeless, autumnal leaves, and the consumptive stumps of dilapidated trees. Pshaw! this execrable moral leprosy is not love. Well, then, what is?

Love is that controlling, pervading, purifying, preservative spirit or influence, which has its essence in virtue and its entity in truth. That spirit which is inevitably in, and of itself, the deity—the grand omnipotent energy that restrains worlds within their orbits, man within his sphere, and the heavens and their intelligent hosts in that unfelt and peaceful subordination to the prototype of all law emanating from justice, wherein consists the perfection of that rational freedom, which affords happiness to the spirits of just men made perfect. As developed among regenerate men, when reviled it revileth not again; but it hopeth all things, beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. It possesses an elasticity which no accumulation of suffering can suppress—no slander, that voracious hell-hound of fame, can exacerbate; but it abides ever the pure uncontaminated effusion from a higher, holier, happier clime than earth's, swelling the heart of the victim of adversity with an ineffable resignation, and filling the bosom of the christian with that triumphant peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

It will be discerned from this amplitude of definition, that love, if not a synonym with virtue, is certainly its basis; and from every variety and modification of the attribute, the principal of which are benevolence, humility, and charity, (taken in its vulgar acception) a greater or less degree of pleasure arises. And when we have no other design in view than the enjoyment that emanates from the act of loving, as manifested by its sway and guidance of our movements, we may be pronounced disinterested. The disinterestedness of the christian should proceed to this point, but not an iota farther. If he pauses ere he attain it, he is ungrateful and unfaithful; if he desires to go beyond it, then has he not attained it—for there is a sufficiency in the fruition utterly incompatible with the harboring of desire.

This is the most beautiful and attractive demonstration which the theme under discussion presents. And when the mind, divested of all irrelevant considerations in the calm solitude of its own contemplations, reflects seriously on the aptitude of the exercise of virtue to the production of genuine felicity, how strange, how exceeding strange does it appear, that when virtue is thus its own reward, it requires all the threatenings which the wrath of the God of terror can pronounce, and all the promises which the condescension of the God of mercy can devise, to deter man from a voluntary embrace of utter wretchedness—to allure him to the tempting bowers of bliss.

The peculiarities of a good man's attributes may be determined by the sensations which his personal appearance creates. The high and heroic qualities which distinguish the magnanimous spirit, produce emotions widely different from those experienced in the contemplation of a trait simply and only amiable. The beauty of the soul, it is true, is evidenced in both cases by its

influence on the physical frame. A fortunate conformation of the organs is denoted by a carriage of freedom; that of the fluids by a vivacious mien. An air of delicacy springs from a refined imagination—of softness, from a complacent temper—of majesty, from sublimity of sentiment—of tenderness, from a concentrated philanthropy. Now, all of these are agreeable, not so much from our approbation of the qualities indicated, as from the sensations which they involuntarily excite.

As it regards intellectual beauty or completeness, the same position may be easily maintained. Who that has witnessed the flashes of an irrepressible mental power,—the impress of a noble intellect on lineaments on which every "God had set his seal to give the world assurance of a man,"—the forceful manifestations of genius,—but that has felt sensations most delicious? And yet totally distinct in nature and kind from those accompanying the perception of charms only personal? There is a sympathetic communication inexplicable, but not the less powerful, between mind and mind, which, acting on the sensitive, nervous fibres of the system, never fails to produce a sort of happy glow—a glow, an intensity, a fervor, essentially differing from that caused by gazing on features expressionless, though cast in a faultless mould, and wrought to a material perfection, that would have apotheosized Phidias.

Who is disappointed on perceiving an individual, eminent for his intellectual endowments, homely or ill-featured? Is it not considered rather a disparagement to the man of mental might, to be otherwise than irregular in his facial contour; unless, indeed, he be so inexpressibly uncomely, as to challenge the envy of a satyr, or to throw a respectable baboon into convulsions by a comparison. Would Daniel Webster be less admired and venerated were he Belvidere Apollo?—or could Henry Clay gather a single additional laurel from the circumstance of possessing as many personal charms as the statue which enchants the world? And certainly neither the northern nor western statesman will present a claim to a niche in the portrait gallery of Aphrodite. It is inborn, inbred dignity of soul, that confers beauty on such men; and it is that which compels us to regard them as models of excellence. Not excellence of face and form, physically; but of understanding and intellect, mentally. The one is the glory of the animal, the other of the inner man. Your soulless beauties, your imbecile dolls and puppets, your faultless monsters, and your pretty men, are utter nonentities when weighed in the scale of spiritual beauty. Grace is ever more to be appreciated than prettiness; because, none can be at the same time truly graceful and destitute of internal merits, and because intellect is ever graceful in its developments. Where we do discover a noble soul invested with loveliness as a garment, we yield a ready homage to its glorious presence, and tender it our tributes of admiration with unreluctant hearts.

This cursory investigation of the various departments of this speculation, with a brief advertence to the consequences necessarily emanating from its establishment, must suffice for the present. The grand and inevitable inference to be deduced from our conviction of the existence of the motive principle, subordinating the mental,

moral and material world of man—for man is a world within himself—to its propulsive and restraining influence, and conducting the various operations of the mind and body with a harmony so exquisite, is the necessity of the existence of a being, whose indefinite superiority must extend to absolute supremacy. Natural theology is but a branch of physics. When the science of anatomy first arrested observation, it was discovered that the size and strength of each muscle was proportional to that of the bone to which it was attached. This admirable contrivance was immediately urged as an objection of infinite force against the doctrine of Epicurus, which denied the existence of a Deity, and asserted the formation of all things from the fortuitous combination of accidental agencies, not atoms. This ludicrous memento of human skill at world-manipulation, has been a favorite with metaphysical fools of a later date. The Epicureans retorted, that this adaptation was only observable in individuals of accomplished maturity, whose muscles had become thus perfected and symmetrized by sympathy and exercise. Galen demonstrated the futility of their plea, by the dissection of the body of an infant, and the exhibition of the complete correspondence of the muscular with every other department of physical organization. So this refuge of atheism was destroyed. But this, though a pertinent, is but a negative proof of the fact respecting the connexion of theology with the material construction.

In the fabrications of art, the relations which the several parts bear to the production of certain definite results, are never revealed but by tardily received instruction. In nature it is otherwise. We immediately detect a harmony of action and design, by its effect in the creation of agreeable sensations, of which we are positively conscious. Now, is it rational to suppose, that what in the former case is altogether dependent on adventitious extrinsic instruction, can in the latter be accidentally received, independently of illumination from any source whatever? No sane mind will indulge the supposition one moment. If, then, in the one instance, that of art, the instructor be man, according to all logical reasoning, the teacher in the other, that of nature, must be an intelligence just as superior to man as nature is superior to art; and the immeasurable disparity between these must constitute the natural teacher a supreme being.

Again, of all the objects which engender pleasant sensations, none is more common or conspicuous than a lovely face. But this excites not a modicum of the delightful emotions generated and sustained by a contemplation of the splendor of intellectual beauty; nor this in a like degree or kind, with those inspired by a meditation on some action characteristic of magnanimity of soul. The gradation of experience in these several specifications, cannot, without an impugment of indestructible principles of reason, be attributed to causality. Such a reference would immediately dissolve all connexion between physical organization and the results dependent on it; i. e. between cause and effect. And he who defends such a solecism, should be speedily accommodated with a strait-jacket and an apartment in a lunatic asylum, at the expense of that beneficent caterer for the enjoyment of its constituents, the generous public.

Further, the sensations produced by listening to an

anthem, by contemplating the symmetry of a statue, or by the survey of a landscape; by the enjoyment of company—not a company of blockheads, chilled by the imposition of a prevailing contemptible formula of etiquette, into stupid automata, but of intelligent free agents—are more refined and agreeable than those flowing from a gratification of the sensual appetites. But a deprivation of the former causes no positive pain, while an omission to satisfy the clamorous cravings of the latter, is productive of sensations at least uncomfortable. Why is this? Plainly because one is a direct disobedience of the mandates of nature; while the other is but a refusal to gratify the prepossessions of a taste fostered by art and an artificial education. If there were no superior intelligence, it would be irrational to imagine that we should pay an indemnity for an intrenchment on the principles of existence, and escape, scot free, from a violation of commands, a submission to which is productive of more exalted, more intellectual pleasure.

Finally, the laws of sensation are correlative with those of motion. The motive agency in the purely material system, causes the conflict of ethereal substances, the concussion of clouds, the intermingling of vapors, and the effusion of rain to fertilize the earth and gladden creation. So with sensation. Our emotions sometimes jar, sometimes rush together and recoil with pain; yet the crisis thus indicated, is often the arbiter of succeeding peace—the renovator of those very sensations themselves, and the rectifier of the derangement of the nervous structure. As upon the exercise of the principle of motion, depends the purification of the elements, and the preservation of all bodies within their legitimate spheres, so the sensitive constitution maintains the equilibrium of the nervous organization, and that complete, requisite co-operation of the various animal functions which qualify us, from the commencement to the termination of life, to receive and enjoy objects in themselves pleasurable; and from the consciousness of the agreeableness of feeling produced by the exercise of charitable offices, disposes us to our duty towards others and to God.

In this admirable harmony of the physical, mental and moral worlds, christianity discovers one of its most efficient auxiliaries. The solitary blade of grass creeping from the crevice of a shattered rock, is an argument in favor of the existence of God. The ferocious delight experienced by the constrictor, in his cruel convolutions around the crushed body of his victim, speaks the presence of nature, and the power of nature's sovereign. The beautiful star, radiating its glories from the realms of space, and sentinelling heaven's arch-way with the undying lustre of a sleepless vigilance, attests the presence and energy of a supreme controller; while man, in the plenitude of matchless reason,—all bathed as he may be with inspiration from the inexhaustible fount of intelligence; dignified and celestialized by the impress of a God-like image; indulging aspirations for a world, to attain which unaided, an angel's pinion is too frail; for a bliss, to fathom which, the ken of uncreated wisdom alone is competent;—man, when he is *man*, though a worm, is a God; and loudly proclaims in the immunities of his lot and the beatitude of his destiny, that to be a philosopher is to be a christian.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

Translated from the French.

Near the lake of Geneva is an antique cottage, which the Swiss regard with sentiments of horror and respect. Travellers only visit there to seek shelter and protection from the storms. In this lonely sanctuary, sacred to sorrow, once dwelt an interesting family, of whom nothing now remains save the remembrance of their virtues and their misfortunes. Grandson was the head of this family. Old and venerable, he was beloved and revered by his children, and by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. His virtues and integrity acquired him such an honorable reputation, that the lords of the most distinguished cantons round about came to him to submit their differences for final adjustment. From the moment that he had pronounced his decision, the quarrels ceased, and the parties were as freely reconciled as though God himself had spoken.

The old gentleman possessed an honest competency; but, above all, he was happy in the bosom of his family. His wife and daughter Emma, the only child left of a numerous progeny, were constant and unremitting in their kindness and attentions to render agreeable the few remaining days that he might live. He loved his daughter, who had entered her twentieth year, and wished, before the tomb should enclose him, to assure himself of her happiness, by uniting her in marriage with the young Ernest de Semler.

Ernest was descended from a great and opulent family in Switzerland; but his rare qualities, and not his vast riches, had gained the heart of Grandson. From earliest youth his benevolent disposition seemed to indicate that he would ever be the friend of suffering humanity. Since the death of his parents his castle had become the asylum of the unfortunate; and never did a poor person supplicate his charity in vain. When the winter, the season of tempests, had arrived to make nature sorrowful, and cover Switzerland with dismal mourning, he employed robust and courageous men to keep watch during the night, in order to relieve unfortunate travellers that the storms had overtaken upon the snow-covered mountains. Often in the middle of the most stormy nights has he been awakened by cries of distress. He would then light the lanterns and torches, and guide his men over the precipices and deep cavities, occasioned by the sinking of the snow, to afford relief to the sufferer. In a word, not a day passed without his performing some benevolent act; but still he was not entirely happy. One thing remained to perfect his felicity—the hand of Emma.

Grandson, knowing the intentions of Ernest, took occasion one day to call his daughter to him, and, in the presence of her mother, addressed her in these words: "My dear Emma—Heaven will soon receive me; from thy tenderness and affection I must shortly be separated: thou art the hope of my family; in thee only can it be perpetuated—and I have chosen for thee a husband."

"A husband!" replied Emma; "a husband for me! Must I then leave you?"

"No, my daughter; we will continue to live together; Ernest has promised me, —"

"Ernest! what, father, Ernest to be my husband!"

"Yes, my child; he loves thee much, and anxiously awaits the moment when he shall call me by the endearing name of father."

"Without doubt, then," replied Emma, playfully, her beautiful countenance suffused with blushes, "he will be your son."

Grandson, seeing the innocent confusion of his daughter, said to her: "Why blush you for a love so virtuous? I see with pleasure that the heart of my daughter accords with mine, and that her marriage will crown the happiness of my old age." After a moment's silence, "My daughter," he continued, "before I die I wish to light the torch at thy wedding; and this month must not pass without witnessing thy union with Ernest de Semler."

At these words, his daughter fell on her knees to thank him for his tender solicitude. He raised her, and embracing her, tears of gratitude flowed unbidden and unrestrained from his aged eyes upon the virgin forehead of Emma.

Madam Grandson was much affected: she also pressed her daughter to her bosom, and said: "Emma, I consent to thy marriage—may I witness thy felicity!"

The last expression of her mother struck Emma as a presage of evil, and caused her to shed tears of bitterness.

In order to recover herself from the confusion into which the confidence of her father had thrown her, Emma went the same day to indulge herself in one of her reveries upon the borders of the lake. She wished to be alone to commune with her own heart—to reflect upon her destiny—to call to remembrance the past, and to arrange her ideas of the future. In the midst of her promenade, as she was about seating herself upon a green turf bank at the foot of a large tree, Ernest, who had followed her unperceived, suddenly emerged from a neighboring grove upon her astonished vision. He carried under his arm a box, which he precipitately deposited at her feet. It was a casket—a wedding present. He took from the box a miniature portrait of himself, and presenting it to her, whom he had already named his affianced bride, said: "Dear Emma, it is then done; I have learned my happiness from the mouth of the venerable Grandson. You have consented to our marriage—witness the excess of my joy! But why turn your eyes from me, Emma? You love me not! Speak! Do you give me your hand only in obedience to the wishes of your father? Fear not to inform me: I will hear from you, and you alone, an avowal of your true sentiment—either hatred or love!"

"Stop, Ernest," replied Emma, "you are in error. In accepting you for my husband, I have followed, be assured, the dictates only of my own heart."

Ernest stood for a moment as one overburdened with happiness—being, until then, ignorant of the fact that he was beloved by Emma. In a few days the bouquets, the crowns of flowers, and the wedding dress were prepared, and all things in readiness for the consummation of the happy and much-desired event, when, unfortunately, Grandson was seized with a fever, which finally conducted him to the tomb.

At an early hour, being apprised of his illness, Ernest hastened to his aged friend, whom he already looked upon as his father. He was now with him continually during all his sickness. He sent to Geneva for a very

celebrated physician; but all was in vain. Grandson, feeling that he must die, and seeing his last hour approaching, called around his bed his wife and daughter, to whom he directed the following remarks: "Weep not at my departure: my career has been marked with honor, and the Eternal has appointed this day to be the last of my life." To Ernest, he said: "Dear Ernest, I confide to you this last lamb of a once numerous flock; take care of her. I leave to you all that I hold most dear in life—my wife and daughter."

Becoming exhausted, he was unable then to proceed; but after a few moments of rest, raising his head, already struck by the scythe of death, and extending his hands toward those who surrounded him, gave them his last blessing, and slept the sleep of the just.

His death was received with deep sorrow and mourning throughout the cantons; even the plays and festivals were all suspended, in consequence of the general lamentation.

Ernest had the remains of his venerable friend interred with all the pomp and magnificence that his great and extraordinary virtues demanded, and erected over them a costly monument, as a last proof of his affection for one he had so much loved and respected.

A year elapsed after the death of Grandson without Ernest's speaking of his affection for Emma, whose grief he respected too much to direct her from it. On the contrary, he went every day with her to spread upon the tomb of their father, flowers watered with their tears.

Madam Grandson and her daughter continued still at their cottage; and though both occupied the same sleeping apartments, she was ignorant that Emma was a somnambulist.

Every night Emma deserted her couch in her sleep, and directed her nocturnal steps towards the lake. Arriving upon its borders, she descended into the waters, and seemed to control the waves which came to caress her, while the zephyrs played in the curls of her flaxen hair.

The set time of mourning, according to the custom of the country, being over, Madam Grandson one evening said to Emma: "My daughter, rememberest thou thy father's wishes? The time is arrived to attend to them. To-morrow I will speak to Ernest of thy marriage—may it prove the happiness of you both! Thy father from on high will smile at the consummation of thy felicity."

At these words Emma dropped her head, and suffered her tears to flow at the remembrance of the loss she had sustained. Wishing to indulge her grief, she requested permission of her mother to take some repose. The night was already advanced, but still she could not close her eyes. At last she fell into a slumber—but what agitation! what frightful dreams troubled her!

Towards midnight she arose. Her mother was astonished to see her up at this hour; and though she never doubted her virtue, she also left her bed the better to watch her movements. Emma opened the door of the cottage and proceeded to the lake. Her mother followed; but what was her surprise to see her daughter descend into the water! "Emma! my daughter!" she imprudently cried, "what are you about to do!" At the sound of her voice Emma awoke. She was confused and horror-stricken—and immediately disappeared un-

der the waves! The mother terrified beyond description, was about to precipitate herself into the lake to rescue her, but was withheld by some fishermen whom her cries of distress had called to the place. Pointing to the waves and calling wildly to her daughter, she swooned away. The fishermen plunged at once into their boat, and sought to discover some traces of the unfortunate girl. In the meantime the inhabitants of the Canton, having learned the event, had assembled from all parts. Already was Ernest struggling in the waves in search of his love. At length he succeeded in rescuing her from the water, expiring. In vain did he seek to recall to life her whom he would call his wife! In vain did he press his burning lips to hers—cold and icy, she moved them only to bid him an eternal adieu!

Madam Grandson, whom care and attention had restored to consciousness, raising herself, looked upon the pallid features of her child: she called to her in the full agony of her grief, but received no response. At this inauspicious and mournful silence, but too sure a proof of Emma's death, she fell into her arms and rendered her last breath.

Such is the sad story of this unfortunate family. The same tomb enclosed the remains of the mother and daughter, near that of the father. Ernest, nearly overwhelmed with distress, each day goes to demand of heaven his bride; and the traveller cannot suppress a melancholy tear at the memory of so much unhappiness.

SIGH NOT.

BY MISS E. DRAPER.

For woman's love and her enchanting smile,
Sigh not—

They come to cheer life's gloomy scene awhile;
Yet are they fleeting as those heavenly dyes,
That look so beautiful in Evening skies.

For the bold glory of the banner'd host
Sigh not—

Its gorgeous glitter is forever lost
In death's dim shades that steal so darkly on,
Like black eclipse upon the mid-day sun.

For might, and conquest, and the tyrant's pride,
Sigh not—

It comes omnipotent as doth the tide,
Swift, fierce, aye, terrible—but soon 'tis seen
Ebbing away, as though it had not been.

For the loved dead, and o'er their memory,
Sigh not—

They never cast a lingering thought on thee;
Away, away, through shadowy realms they go,
Forgetting all things that were dear below.

For years gone by, and all the sweets they brought,
Sigh not—

The merry hours of childhood's sunny sport,
Say, could they now one passing joy impart
To age, and sickness, and a withered heart?

For years to come, and bliss they may bestow,
Sigh not—

To-day thy giddy heart beats high, yet oh,
Perchance, it would appal thine eye to see,
What in to-morrow is reserved for thee.

THE DISCUSSION.

A LEAF FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

In an opposite part of the room was a group, discussing with much animation and interest, a question apparently of great importance. The ladies were represented by one of their number, whose rapid and eloquent flow of language and vivacity of manner, seemed to give her the pre-eminence among her fair sisters—at least in pleading. The gentlemen had selected as their representative, a young fellow whose words rattled away like a locomotive engine—that is, never stopped. And he appeared to have the pre-eminence for empty noddle; for the gentlemen very generously offered their most light-headed, when challenged to present a champion who should maintain by all fair and honorable means, the superiority of the male sex, mentally and physically, against one commissioned to maintain the converse of the proposition, to wit—the superiority of the female sex, mentally and physically.

"Do you not admit, Mr. Spangle," commenced the lady, "if I establish upon the broad and deep basis of inductive accuracy and syllogistic consecutiveness, that, the acuteness of the female intellect is immeasurably superior to that of the male, that I have established premises from which the proposed conclusion follows with the certainty of Aristotle and the conclusiveness of Bacon?"

"Certainly, I admit it, Miss Mary Ann."

"Then in the first place, Mr. Spangle, pray define to me and this bright company the generally received idea of intellectual acuteness and mental sagacity, in which I contend for female superiority."

"Well then, Miss Mary Ann, I conceive in my mind that the generally received idea of intellectual acuteness and mental sagacity, as you very beautifully term it, is a certain subtle and inappreciable essential quality of the mental intellect, which is very remarkable for its dilative and expansive capacity, and which is supposed by the most transcendent philosophers of illustrious Greece and Rome, and also by some of modern days, especially of France and Germany, to have its place of residence in the regions of air—that is, Miss Mary Ann Dundy, to be more comprehensible and apprehensible —"

"Oh! don't refine, Mr. Spangle—for we perfectly comprehend and greatly admire the extreme lucidity of your views. You admit then that this mental acuteness, for which the female sex are the acknowledged superiors, is an exalted intellectual quality?"

"Undoubtedly, Miss Mary Ann; but I think—I think that the *onus probandi* rests upon Miss Mary Dundy, to exhibit by conclusive and irrefragable arguments, that this exalted and ethereal quality before mentioned, exists to a super-eminent degree in the intellect of the female mind."

"Well, sir, going as I do upon the immovable principles of inductive reasoning, I shall proceed to demonstrate, that the acuteness and tact which females have from time immemorial exhibited in foiling the desperate and repeated attacks which have been made upon her heart and hand, have developed higher degrees of this ethereal acuteness, than all the reasoning and discoveries of philosophers, and all the military skill of commanders!"

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" clapped the ladies.

The gentlemen could do nothing more than give utterance to an indistinct and discontented murmur—for they perceived that the lady was getting the better of their champion fast. But, Mr. Spangle thought, to be outdone by a lady, in using that sublime and incomprehensible member, the tongue—would be a lasting disgrace to his manship. So he ups with the panoply of Aristotle and plunges into the contest.

"But will Miss Mary Ann be so kind as to establish upon a firm basis, the assumption, that ability to guard a female heart from the gross and violent assaults of the other sex, is indicative of greater intellectual acuteness than the power of astronomical compilation and scientific military arrangement?"

"Most gladly," replied the lady, somewhat emboldened by the applause of her companions, "for see, sir, when the great Newton ascended in an astronomical tour to the heavens, he rose by means of an ascending series of mathematical calculations; and so also, when our own Franklin skimmed along upon the lightning's wing, he had something to support him. But what has a lady in that skill and adroitness for which she is so celebrated, but the unassisted sagacity of this ethereal mental acuteness, in which I have, as I trust, successfully contended?"

"But do you not suppose, Miss Mary Ann Dundy, that the depth and superlative readiness —"

"Oh! sir, I suppose every thing," interrupted the lady—and among the rest, I suppose that both gentlemen and ladies would award the palm of victory to me. What say you, Mr. Whyden?"

Thus called upon, Whyden proposed to pronounce a very learned decision.

"If I had not been highly delighted and edified with the argumentative and logical discussion of Miss Dundy, I should consider myself unable to appreciate what is eloquent and convincing. And if I did not, at the same time, feel the cogency of Mr. Spangle's very acute and metaphysical reasoning, I should attribute it to my want of depth and accuracy of thought, in which the gentleman appears to have made such proficiency." And here Whyden bowed, which Mr. Spangle returned with infinite condescension. "But if I could be allowed to offer my poor judgment in the case, I would suppose that Miss Dundy has the preponderance of arguments on her side for acuteness of intellect, which my friend very beautifully defined an ethereal and inappreciable essential quality of the mind supposed to reside in the air"—here Mr. Spangle bowed graciously—"and that Mr. Spangle has the preponderance of arguments on his side for the depth and superlative readiness of military commanders"—here Mr. Spangle bowed again. "But since the parties have not touched upon a very important division of the subject, to wit—the physical superiority of the male or female sex, accordingly as it might be decided, I think that the honors of the discussion should be divided until a more definite conclusion is arrived at."

F. M. C.

EPIGRAM.

Chloris would have you understand
She has refused my offered hand:
To prove I never offered it,
You see that I am single yet.

IMITATIONS

OF THE SPANISH OF MELENDEZ VALDEZ.

As flies through flowery paths the restless bee,
With busy murmur, till at length he meets,
Mid thousand roses, one that temptingly
Exhales the fragrance of its honeyed sweets;

Soon as he sees it, then with eager flight
And flutt'ring hope, he joyously descends,
And quickly in its bosom, hid from sight,
Feasts on the sweets with which the flower bends.

Thus, lovely maiden, did my anxious mind,
Before I e'er was bless'd with sight of thee,
Essay mid virgins such a one to find
Who fairest was, and from all error free.

But when I thee did meet, I yielded soon,
And all my soul enraptured with thy grace,
Desired no other greater, better boon,
Than that of gazing on thy heavenly face.

I thought when yet a simple child,
Should Love e'er pierce my heart,
The wound would be so sweet, so mild,
I sure would bless his dart.

But when advanced to riper years,
Dorilla fired my breast,
A prey to anxious doubts and fears,
I knew no longer rest.

I then, alas! was undeceived,
And found out to my cost,
That Cupid's treach'rous wound received,
All peace, all quiet's lost.

A SENTIMENT.

The prettiest amatory effusion ever elicited from a lover, is the following Italian stanza:

Felice chi vi mira,
Felice più chi per voi sospira,
Ma felicissimo poi,
Chi sospirando fa sospira voi!

The following may pass for a translation of it, *faute de mieux*:

Happy the man who looks on thee,
Still happier he who for thee sighs;
But happiest, oh! thrice happy he,
To whose soft sigh thy sigh replies!

Philadelphia.

THE JEWELLER'S SIGN.

As Harry and Lucy were walking one day,
Along the Brick Row, in their volatile way,
And talking of trifles, and telling their loves,
As fond and as free as a couple of doves;
They came to a sign which they could not but read;
Says Hal to the damsel, "we're lucky indeed:
See, 'Hymen a Jeweller!' 'tis just the thing.
Let's go in and get him to give us a ring."*

* There is, indeed, such a sign on E, or Main street, (frequently called the Brick Row)—only it happens to be Hyman, instead of "Hymen;" but our playful poet had, of course, a right to change the *h* into an *e* to suit his purpose—to amuse.

THOUGHTS

ON THE MANNER OF WRITING HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

The most perfect history, when separated from its philosophical accompaniment, is, in reality, but a sequence of anecdotes, more or less developed, and arranged in a methodical and chronological order.

What was history in its commencement, when nations did not yet enjoy the happiness of possessing those studious men, who seize upon facts for the purpose of analyzing them, and seek out their causes, consequences and connexions, to extract from the whole some useful lesson? If I am not deceived, the earliest history must have been but a collection of anecdotes.

Writers in this age pretend to instruct us: very well.

But two classes of persons read history; those who read superficially, and those who reflect.

Superficial readers pass over the reasonings to arrive at the facts, as, in reading a novel, they skip over the descriptions, that they may the sooner reach the catastrophe. So far as they are concerned, the philosophical labor of historians is absolutely superfluous.

Those who reflect, on the other hand, make a serious study of history: they make it the subject for meditation. Do they require that its facts should be reasoned on for their benefit?

That which is principally necessary for the one and the other, is the truth: for the first, because, when they desire to make themselves acquainted with facts, it is better that they should learn true than false ones; for the last, because, to enable them to judge correctly, the foundations on which they reason must be just.

The question is then reduced to these simple terms: Will more truth be found in a *primitive* history, in a collection of anecdotes, to use that term, than in history enveloped in its robes of philosophy?

Here I should distinguish between ancient and modern history.

I value but very cheaply ancient history: it has a sort of conventional truth which lends itself marvellously to all the reasonings that writers have thought fit to found upon it. This conventional truth receives from time to time frequent blows, by the discovery of a monument, of a tomb, of a medal, of a manuscript, of an inscription; but the particular error alone is corrected: if it was necessary to renew all the philosophical labor that has been based on this conventional truth, no Benedicines could be found equal to the task; besides, it would be the task of Penelope—it would be necessary to undo one day what had been done the preceding; for every day some new discovery comes, and points out a new error.

However, ancient history has this advantage, that in modern times it can be written without the least passion. Nobody gets excited about Sesostris, Pharaoh, Alcibiades, Themistocles, Socrates, Aristides, Scipio, Cæsar, or Pompey. They leave to these great men, without the least feeling of envy, the great qualities which have been so abundantly distributed among them: we take as truth what Plutarch and others have been pleased to assert concerning them. It is probable, however, that, in Plutarch's time, men generally, and writers especially, had the same faults and the same virtues that characterize the men and writers of our times. If, then, the Plutarch of that epoch spoke the truth as the *Plutarchs* of our day do, the philosophical

labor spent in ancient history must require, it will be conceded, to be a little revised. But I shall not charge myself with this labor.

Modern history is deficient. The truth is under our eyes, and it would seem to be enough to suffer the pen to take its course.

But is the truth, historical truth above all, such a palpable and material thing, that it is impossible to make it become a falsehood by the mere force of explanation?

I have known, and I now know, many historians: they have all honorable characters, and are generally esteemed. Had they confined themselves to the simple recital of facts, they would nearly all have agreed. But they have written history—they have written philosophical history, and have each attained a diametrically opposite result. With them facts disappear under their philosophical amplifications; the truth escaped with the facts, and yet all conscientiously believe that they have written the truth.

They have all been subjected, more or less, to the influence of the times, of their epocha, of their education: positive impartiality is not given to man. To obtain from an individual the truth, *the true truth*, you must take from him all the passions, both good and evil, of human nature: it is necessary, in a word, that he should not be a man.

Take Cromwell as an example: read all that has been successively written on the character of this extraordinary man, under the consulate, the empire, and the restoration: you will have three opinions, based upon facts identically the same, but presented in a different manner: you will have three opinions equally conscientious, perhaps, yet absolutely different from each other.

No man can ever have sufficient power over himself to cast off completely all the spirit, all the influence of party, of caste, of sect, of theory, of a school, or of a *coterie*. With a philosophical historian, whether he call himself Bossuet or Chateaubriand, facts do not control the reasoning; but the original opinions, the intimate convictions of the writer, control the facts, and distort them according to his necessities, because, above all things, he desires to be logical, and always believes himself supported by reason.

The reader will remark that I have only spoken of honest historians; and I have proved that it is vain to seek for truth among their writings. But if I had referred to those authors of another class, who write to defend or support a particular cause, or a political or religious party, I should in that case have found the truth sacrificed, not to a sentiment in a certain degree honorable, but to a sordid and base interest. With them truth does not bend under the weight of logic, but is thrown aside to make room for lies.

Is this truth, which I would seem unwilling to find any where, to be met with in a collection of anecdotes—in history written as it must have originally been? Yes; there are more chances in favor of truth in a collection of anecdotes, than in a philosophical history; not that I pretend that the author of a collection of anecdotes would have less than the philosophical historian his little hatreds and his little likings; not that he may not belong to a party; but that if he be in these respects subject to the same influences, he has in other respects an immense advantage over him.

In the first place, facts presented in isolated situations can be more easily verified; secondly, as the author of a collection of anecdotes has neither to bind them together, nor to seek out their causes, nor to trace their consequences, and has no occasion to make any particular idea predominate, he will naturally be freed from all the errors of logic.

From all this I conclude, that it is difficult to obtain truth in the history of ancient times, because they are removed to too great a distance from us; or in the history of modern times, because they are too near; and that if there be a chance of finding it any where, in matters of history, it must be in a collection of anecdotes.

A LAY IN WINTER.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Wherefore, oh, Winter, hast thou left thy tower,
Rashly to break into this sacred bower,
Thou, with thy dusky brow
And lip of snow?

I raised this bower beneath a fruitful breeze,
When suns were bright in April, and the trees
Had each, in Summer's gear,
Commenced the year.

I built it with a fond and curious art—
I built it for a creature of the heart—
Its flowers and leaves I wove,
To win her love.

Even as a shrine and shelter from the storm,
Meet for a true affection, and a form,
Its crowning and blest flower—
I raised this bower!

And April, as if joining in my toil,
Called forth a thousand shrubs from out the soil—
And green and purple gems,
Hung on their stems.

Then came the enamored Zephyrs through the day,
And here they took their wild and various play,
Singing, till all the grounds
Grew sweet with sounds.

And she I loved—when rose the yellow moon,
High in the blue etherial—follow'd soon,
Her voice of sweetest fear
Thrilling mine ear.

Here, without witness, that broad moon beside,
The sacred cords of well-placed love we tied,
And words I may not tell
Between us fell.

That time is gone—thou tenanted the bower,
Expelling all beside, with ruthless power—
Rending the quiet woods,
Trampling the buds.

The sacred shrine of love is overthrown—
The affrighted sweet divinity withdrawn,
And thy usurping foot
Beyond dispute.

I challenge not thy sway, nor fear its gloom—
The storms that make thy sovereignty, become,
Now, that the lov'd is lost,
My bosom's frost.

And since I may not the beloved restore,
To share their raptures with me as before,
I care not for the bower,
The leaf or flower.

They would remind my spirit, in the few
Sad trophies which the season might renew,
Of what, in all life's spring,
They could not bring.

For her I raised the bower, that she might make
Its loveliness to me—and for her sake
The leaves were taught to glow,
The buds to blow.

Ah! might they but behold her once again,
And she come back to sway their Summer train—
Alas! the idle prayer
Freezes in air!

Yet, but a little while, and thou wilt be
An exile, monarch Winter, sad like me—
To some far desert gone,
Howling and lone!

Oh, seated on her bow, when Summer comes
Cover'd with leaves, sweet airs, and flow'ry blooms—
Go,—fling thy sceptre down,
She wears thy crown!

A WINTER LAY IN SPRING.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Proudly, oh! proudly, in the sun's deep eye,
Which kindles all that underneath it lie,
The queenly Spring brings forth
The flowers of earth.

And Nature gladdens in the green array,
And all her subjects put on holiday—
The tree, all leafless late,
Its blossoms delicate.

There is no angry cloud upon the gale,
There is no brooding shadow on the vale—
The forests leap with life,
The city hath its strife.

But thou that made to me forest and town
Wear a fresh look of beauty not their own—
Persuading me, through thee,
All things to see!—

Thou wilt no more behold that sun's bright eye,
Nor pluck youth's flow'rs, nor watch the blessed sky—
Nor, in the glad some Spring,
Hear the wild mockbird sing.

Oh, never more will these in haunted shade
Put on their winning aspect to persuade
Thy heart to those sweet bounds,
That timed all natural sounds!

To thee the charm of forests has gone by—
Thou wilt behold no longer what thine eye
With the true mother taste
Had still embraced—

Spring's realm of flowers, and birds, and changing skies!
I see them in their ravishing glory rise—
Alas for them and me,
I see not thee!

PHILOSOPHY OF ANTIQUITY.

Heretofore philosophy has been empirical. Its object was to show the connexion of the contingent and variable with the absolute and invariable. We are about to behold at Elea or Velia, in Magna Græcia, a school, whose first dogma was, that experience is vanity, and perception useless, because they give no idea of change, which is one of the conditions of all things. It attributed the existence of the universe to intelligence, which was considered as the only thing real—an antique Berkleyism. This Pantheism, and identification of God and his creation, was formed by four philosophers of whom we are about to treat.

The first, was Xenophanes of Colophon. With his astronomy we have nothing to do in metaphysics. His *point de depart* was

Nullius inquitulm meiona timgd ngerhn eu.

He maintained, that all that really exists is eternal and immutable; that the world is an harmonious whole; God to be the most perfect of all things—infinite, illimited, and like unto nothing of earth.

Like his predecessors, to explain multiplicity and variety, he adopted the elemental theory. His causes were earth and water. He seems to have been undecided between the systems of empiricism and rationalism, and was wont to complain that uncertainty was the lot of man.

Parmenides developed the same system with more precision. According to him, reason is the only criterion of truth and reality. The senses, on the contrary, give but a fleeting shadow of the truth. From this dogma he derived the existence of a double system of knowledge—one true and the other apparent. Here we see, probably, the germ of one of the doctrines of Kant. His poem on nature treated of both of these systems, but more particularly of the former.

In the derivation of the first system of knowledge, Parmenides has his *point de depart* in pure being, which he identifies with knowledge and thought, and concludes that want of existence, thought and knowledge (pure,) are equally impossible; that all that exists is one and identical; also, that what exists is eternal, without beginning and variation, filling all space, and illimited; and, consequently, he concluded that motion is impossible. This consequence was the connecting link between his physics and metaphysics.

Melissus developed the same idealism with more profundity, but differed little in principle from his master Parmenides. Zeno, the Eleatic, was the friend and associate of Parmenides, with whom he visited Athens about the 80th Olympiad. He was the apologist of the extravagance of Eleatic idealism; and, in an exquisite piece of sophistry, he concluded to show that the realism of his opponents was not less absurd.

He announced the following propositions; and in them are condensed the whole of the Eleatic system. They, by his followers and the mass of his cotemporaries, were considered as irrefragable:

1st. Of many entities that are admitted to exist, we must attribute to some of them exclusive qualities. They must possess similarity and its opposite, unity and plurality, motion and repose. 2d. The divisibility of an extended object cannot be conceived without contradiction; for the object must be either simple or composite. If the first be true, the body has no extension, and does not exist. If the second be true, it is possessed of no unity, being at once finite and infinite. 3d. Motion in space presents insurmountable difficulties; if it be possible, space, in course of time, must be exhausted. And 4th. The objective reality of space cannot be conceived without imagining ourselves placed in another space, which was absurd.

By opposing rationalism and empiricism, he may be considered as a devotee of the skeptical code. In later days this system was resumed at Megara, and its popularity then and there was not less than at the time and place of its origin. It was not, however, admitted without controversy; but for Plato was reserved the honor of unveiling its errors—all of which sprung from the confusion, by the author, of ideas and their objects.

Next in order of time was Heraclitus the Ephesian. A student of the various systems which the fertile fancy of Hellas had produced, the first tendency of his mind was towards skepticism. At last, however, his opinions settled down into those of the Ionic school. Tenneman insists, that Plato and the stoics are under great obligations to him, and speaks of his views as wonderfully extended for the age in which he lived (500 B. C.) In one respect, he leant towards the Eleatics. It was in his belief in the duplex system of knowledge of Parmenides.

Among the various systems raised in opposition to the Eleatics, there is one particularly deserving of mention, on account of the approximation of its dogmas to the current physical theories of the present day. This school of philosophy was founded by Leucippus, and maintained doctrines nearly similar to what is now called the atomic theory. He declared that by these doctrines both reason and experience were satisfied. He admitted the existence of vacuum, and asserted the ultimate indivisibility of atoms, by whose combination and separation all things are created and destroyed, and by whose diverse mode of combination, he accounts for the variability of external objects. He maintained the soul to be not different in nature from, but part and piece of, the body.

There was one principle running through all ancient philosophy; and how widely soever the systems varied, they still had this one point of resemblance. It was a unity—some one principle common to all things. On the character of this common principle depends that of the theory; and we will almost invariably find them materialists or spiritualists. Accordingly, they adopt an element or principle for their unity.

Democritus, from Abdera, did not differ from Leucippus: he added to his opinions a psychological theory: he maintained the existence of (*eidola*) emanations of objects, which, imprinting themselves on the senses, create perception. Philosophers of all sects seem now to have adopted Parmenides' duplex system. In Democritus, of all the Greeks, we first find an acknowledgment of the incapacity of man to realize and comprehend the existence of the Deity. He declares the reason to be, that the *eidola* thrown off by the Gods were too stupendous to be realized by mortal senses.

Philosophy had not only raised itself from a primary examination of the mere phenomena of nature, to a high degree of astronomical and physical science; but, what was of far greater importance, had dared to form exalted and wonderful speculations in the vast field of human psychology, and had in some cases proceeded so far as to make deep inquisition into the soul's future destiny. Physics had been for a time deserted for pure philosophy—matter for mind. We have just seen the former mingling itself again insensibly with metaphysics, and the effect of that theory, the doctrines of which flowed from the atomic school. Blind necessity was adopted as the motive power of all physics; and for a people young in metaphysics, to confound the ruling principles of the one science with those of the other, was a *facilis descensus*.

We see in this era an exact prototype of the state of English philosophy in that fertile age of paradoxes, when the mysticism of Berkeley was opposed by the doctrine of the materialists, created by the half physical, half mental philosophers, immediately following in point of time—Spinoza and Descartes. Indeed, in the doctrines of Spinoza, we find a pantheism almost a transfusion of that of the Eleatic school; and it was a natural error to imagine all things governed by those laws which the stupendous discoveries in physics, just then in progress, were unveiling.

As philosophy, in later times, threw, by degrees, its skepticism aside, and settled down into a rational code,—Hume and his coadjutors preparing the way for Kant and Reid,—so, among the ancients, the Eleatics and Abderites, were the pioneers of Aristotle and Plato.

It is worthy of remark, in passing, how little light has been shed by laborious commentaries, on the text of the masters of olden time. Explanations have but served to make darkness visible. The thousand commentators on Plato and Aristotle produced a thousand schools, as each expounder of the Bible gave rise to a new sect in theology; and we are about to see a long series of polemics commence, occupying the best talents of antiquity, but, in the end, serving only as Phari, to warn the navigators of the sea of metaphysics against the quicksands which its apparently smooth waters conceal.

EPIGRAM.

Tom looks very wise, and imagines, no doubt,
That whilst he says nothing you can't find him out;
But who doesn't see that the sad solemn fowl,
Whether silent or screeching, is only an owl?

MARTIAL MINOR.

THE LOST STAR.

BY GEORGE W. THOMPSON.

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."

The star that shone upon thy birth
No longer lights the sky;
And thus the brightest, best of earth,
In all their beauty die;
And o'er the sky the clouds will sweep,
Where once thy bright star shone;
And o'er thy grave the dews will weep—
But will not weep alone.

The summer winds, with balm and light,
Will chase those clouds away;
And, in the azure depths of night,
The host of stars display;
But where thy natal star once shone,
No ray will light the sky;
Yet 'round its memory thoughts are thrown—
The thoughts that never die.

The summer winds will drink the dew
That night in silence gave;
And passing years—how brief and few!
Smooth down thy nameless grave:
Thy star no more may meet my eye
To sooth desponding hours,
But he who lov'd, and saw thee die,
Will strew thy grave with flowers.

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, was held in the Hall of the House of Delegates on Tuesday Evening, the 14th inst. The President, Henry St. George Tucker, Esq. was in the chair, and a large number of members and auditors, ladies and gentlemen, attended. The Anniversary Oration was delivered by Thomas W. Gilmer, Esq. of Charlottesville, and was well received. The Report of the Standing Committee was also read, and laid upon the table. We hardly need add that the meeting was highly interesting, and altogether well calculated to make a deep and lasting impression of the utility and importance of the Institution, on the public mind.

An adjourned meeting of the Society was afterwards held in the same place, on Thursday Evening, the 16th inst. when the Report of the Standing Committee was taken up, and considered, and some salutary amendments of the constitution were adopted. Several resolutions were also passed, which must operate, we should think, to enlarge the sphere of the Society's influence upon all the interests which it has been established to promote. The most important of these, was a resolution to instruct the Standing Committee "to hold sessions of the Society on the Evenings of the second Tuesday (or some other day,) of January, March, November and December, in the Common Council Chamber, Academy, or such other place as they may appoint, for the reading of papers, and discoursing or conversing upon any topic connected with the object of the Society," under certain regulations designed to give it proper effect. These additional meetings will, of course, bring the members of the Society together a little oftener than heretofore, during the sessions of the General Assembly, and serve to collect, and afterwards diffuse, more valuable information through the community, in many different ways—all good.

We are pleased to learn from the Report of the Standing Committee, that a number of valuable donations and contributions have been made, during the past year, to the collections of the Society, in books, drawings, specimens of mineralogy, and curious papers—some of which, we trust, will hereafter see the light. And we are happy to hear that the Society propose to

publish a volume of their transactions, whenever the necessary funds can be obtained for the purpose.

Upon the whole, we are truly gratified to see the progress which the Society has already made, and rejoice still more in the hope which it has authorized us to entertain of the increased utility of its future proceedings.

LECTURES ON GREECE.

Mr. Perdicaris, who has been delivering public lectures upon the state of Greece, in various parts of the United States, for some two or three years past, has commenced a short course in this city. He gave his introductory in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on Saturday Evening, the 18th inst. before a large audience, composed of members of the General Assembly, and many of the most respectable citizens of our metropolis, and others from abroad. His chief object on this occasion was to vindicate his countrymen, the modern Greeks, from the aspersions which have been cast upon them by their enemies—and by some of their friends also, (particularly Lord Byron)—and his defence, as far as it went, was certainly very strong. His discourse, indeed, was generally good, and frequently fine; and some parts of it were even eloquent—or would have been so, if his elocution had properly sustained them. Unfortunately, however, his delivery was defective; his articulation indistinct, and his pronunciation exotic, and sometimes a little uncouth. His sentiments, accordingly, which were often poetical, and clothed in a florid and fanciful diction—redolent of the imaginative genius of his country—failed to produce their full effect, for want of the proper *expression* which they deserved, and desired, but could not obtain from his tongue. In spite of these defects, however, the force of his thoughts, and the beauty of his language, aided no doubt by the interest of his subject, and the sympathy of his hearers, made his address very agreeable; and we cannot doubt that his further efforts will be well sustained.

We understand that the design of Mr. Perdicaris in delivering these lectures, is to inform the people of the United States of the actual condition and prospects of those of Greece, to which he is about to return. At the same time, he is also collecting information upon the state of our own country—our institutions, laws, manners, customs, and other things—which he will lay before the Greeks in their own tongue. In this way he proposes to introduce, or rather to make the two nations better acquainted with each other; not doubting that a further knowledge of their common interests, and congenial traits, will serve to increase their mutual respect and esteem. The design is evidently both useful and graceful; and Mr. P. is, in many respects, well qualified to perform it. We hardly need say that we wish him all possible success in his laudable project.

LINES

Suggested by the remarks of Mr. Perdicaris, in his late lecture, relative to Lord Byron's poetical reflections on Greece.

And there was *one* who did her wrong,
A swan of proud Pindaric song,
Whose strains no bosom can forget,
And they impeach her honor yet;
Although it must be fairly owned,
The injury was well atoned.
" 'Tis Greece; but living Greece no more."
So sang the bard from Britain's shore,
Byron, whom all the Muses weep;
But err'd, for Greece was but asleep;
And soon he saw, with glad surprise,
The maid awaken and arise,
And rush into the sanguine field,
With sword and scythe—disdaining shield—
And, smitten with her classic charms,
He flew to aid—sung his last strain,
And died—expiring in her arms—
On Missolonghi's fatal plain.
He died—and Greece preserves his name
Among the glories of her fame.

Richmond, February 18, 1837.

TO OUR READERS.

We hardly need invite the attention of our readers to the "Notes and Anecdotes, Political and Miscellaneous," which we begin to publish in this number, and which we shall continue in our next. They have been translated for our pages from a lively and agreeable French work, which has lately appeared in Paris, entitled "Souvenirs Anecdotiques et Politiques, tirés du portefeuille d'un Fonctionnaire de L'Empire. Mis en ordre par Musnier Descloseaux;" and which we learn has excited some notice in that city.

The Author in his "Introduction" says: "I have long reflected what title I should give this book. It is, to speak correctly, a Collection of Anecdotes. But the title, Collection of Anecdotes, does not seem to me to convey the idea of a collection of historical facts, for the most part grave; all of them connected with men and things of serious importance.

"On the other hand, I do not pretend to write history, though the most perfect history, when separated from its philosophical accompaniment, is in reality but a sequence of anecdotes, more or less developed and arranged in a methodical and chronological order.

"I have then made a Collection of Anecdotes, and if I have assumed a title somewhat more ambitious, it is not with the intention of deceiving any one; but there are anecdotes upon anecdotes; the almanacs from that of Liege to that of France, multiplied to a hundred thousand copies, are also collections of anecdotes; and my work seems to me to be of a higher class

"If I have added to my title these words, *drawn from the Portfolio of an Officer of the Empire*, it is not a falsehood. I might without deviating from truth, have said, *drawn from the Portfolios of several officers of the Empire, and of the Restoration*. For, if I am indebted for the knowledge of the greater number of facts that I have reported, to one individual, who has long been in a situation to see and understand many important affairs, I have also obtained a large number of valuable documents from sources not less elevated, nor less to be relied on."

Our translator, who resides in Paris, briefly adds: "The stories are some of them amusing, and others interesting from their curious historical disclosures; besides, they have the merit of being true." As such, we shall serve them out to our readers, from time to time, as articles which we think they cannot fail to relish and enjoy.

We perceive that a writer in the *Pittsburg Daily Times*, (a new paper lately established in that city, which has been obligingly sent to us,) very gravely charges that the Lines which we published in our number for October last, as from the pen of Lindley Murray, were not in fact written by him, but by one "Huddesford, an Englishman of very little celebrity, and can be found," he says, "in Grigg's Philadelphia edition of 'The Western Songster,' published in 1829." Then after some twaddle sufficiently impertinent, he proceeds to say: "As a matter of common justice, it is to be hoped that the enlightened editor of the *Messenger* will apologize to his readers for the manner in which he has imposed upon them, in serving up literary dishes from the *Western Songster* for their amusement." The editor of the paper, too, seems inclined to back his man, and says: "Though our correspondent is somewhat sharp, the Editor of the *Messenger* will doubtless take his advice in good part;" and sagely adds—"We hope the paltry pilferer, who imposed on the *Messenger*, may be detected, and receive the castigation he so well merits." Thus, we see, they both concur in taking it for granted that the Lines are certainly Huddesford's, and that they were certainly copied from the *Western Songster*; and only differ on the small point whether we, or some correspondent of ours, purloined them from that little work.

Now, is it not strange that it never once occurred to either of this sapient pair, that even allowing that the Lines were certainly Huddesford's, yet that we, or our correspondent, might have been very innocently mistaken in ascribing them to Murray, and that we might accordingly have done so, without designing to "impose" upon any one in the case? And would it, in fact, have been any thing more than simply fair and decent in them to have supposed that we were so, when it must have been obvious upon a moment's reflection, that we could neither of us gain any thing by the erroneous ascription, since we did not, most certainly, pretend to pass the Lines off for our own? And if the

writer happened to find them printed in the *Western Songster*, did it necessarily follow that we could have copied them only from that collection, which must itself have been copied, of course, from many other sources? And do not our writer and editor both now perceive that they have done us and our correspondent gross injustice by their paltry charge? If they do not, it can only be because (what we are still most unwilling to believe) they have really not a single grain of sense between them. At any rate, we are quite sure that all candid persons will readily excuse us from answering the remarks of such scribblers any further; and we feel indeed that we have done them too much honor already by noticing them at all.

We owe it, however, to our readers, to state very briefly the evidence on which (knowing nothing of Huddesford, who, it seems, is "a poet of small celebrity,") we ascribed the Lines to Murray. We shall only say, then, that a gentleman of worth and talent, to whom we are indebted for other favors, sent them to us as a literary curiosity, proceeding, as he believed, from the pen of the grammarian; and we published them accordingly as such, without dreaming, of course, that they would or could be claimed for any other author. But how did our correspondent fall into the mistake (if it is one) of thinking that they were Murray's? Why, he found them, as he informs us, written in a paper which had been put away by his mother, a venerable lady who was distinguished for her literary taste, and who had been in her early youth the schoolmate and constant companion and bosom friend of the sisters of Murray, in New York, among a parcel of letters, notes, and other communications from them to her: the paper was endorsed "Lindley Murray to his Wife;" it bears every mark of age, and must have been written, as he thinks, at least as far back as the year 1783.

Now, it is easy to see that this evidence was quite sufficient to justify our friend in concluding, as he did, that the Lines were really Murray's; and it is certainly not yet proved that they are not. They are found, indeed, it seems, in the *Western Songster*, ascribed to Huddesford. But it does not yet appear that Huddesford ever published them himself with his name; for it will hardly be contended, we presume, that he communicated them to the compiler of the *Western Songster*, published in 1829, when it has been shown that they must have been written at least as early as 1783, and Huddesford, whoever he was, most probably died many years ago; and if they were published by any other person, it is easy to see that that person may have erred in ascribing them to Huddesford, as well as our correspondent in ascribing them to Murray. We see the evidence on which the one, but do not, and cannot, see that on which the other may have proceeded in the case; and how, then, can we decide which is the strongest? Upon the whole, therefore, while we candidly confess that we are by no means free from doubt, we still think it but "common justice" to continue, with our correspondent, to ascribe the Lines to Murray, rather than to transfer them, with our *Pittsburg* pair, to Huddesford, upon the slight and insufficient proof before us.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The valuable communication of Professor Lieber has come to hand, but too late for our present number. It shall appear in our next.

The piece, "To the Passing Year," is a little too late for the subject, and for our columns too; but may find a place in them hereafter.

The "Sonnet to Spring" can wait, of course, till next month, when it will be more in season.

We have received several poetical effusions, apparently from very young bards, which, with all our tenderness for the buds of genius, we have been obliged to commit (according to the modest hints of their authors,) to the flames. Some of them, indeed, were not without points of promise; but these were not sufficient to save them from their fate. The writers, however, must not be discouraged. They may do and fare better another time.

We are requested to say, that "The Partisan Leader," and the review of that work in our last number, will be reviewed in the course of the ensuing Summer by a Virginian, and one of the present republican party of the State."